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consistent with giving a general support to the Constitutional policy which M. Buffet is supposed to represent, the Extreme Right ought never to have been admitted into it.

Probably M. Buffet was conscious that his explanation halted, for he lost no time in providing it with a crutch in the shape of Marshal MacMahon. The business of the electors, he said, is to send up two Chambers determined to support the Marshal in his resistance to anti-social programmes. Without this the task which he has undertaken will become impossible, "for it can never enter anybody's mind "that the Marshal of France, the victor of Magenta and the "Malakoff, can ever make himself the docile instrument of "the Radical party and the instrument of subversive pas-"sions." There are two senses in which these words may be taken. In the most natural sense they contain a threat of resignation. In that case the "task" to which M. Buffet refers will mean the work of governing the country, a task to which the Marshal will no longer feel equal if he has not a Legislature in which he can feel confidence. But this "task" may also stand, though less obviously, for the work of governing the country under the present Constitutional Laws, in which case the implied threat relates not so much to resignation as to some act in the nature of a *coup d'état*. Marshal MacMahon has never shown any disposition to put himself above the law, but the hints which have from time to time been put forward by his partisans seem rather to point in that direction. No one who bears in mind how critical the situation of France is, and how much more critical it may easily become, will deny that circumstances may arise in which it might be an open question, or something much less than an open question, whether the duty of the President to the country could be squared with his duty to the Legislature. There are conceivable cases in which a *coup d'état* may be the least of two evils. But it can never be wise to hint at this beforehand. Even threats of resignation, uttered by or in the name of a constitutional President, ought carefully to be avoided, because they encourage the idea that the Chief of the Executive views one Parliamentary party with more favour than another, and is so far disqualified for holding the balance even between them. M Thiers gained nothing by indulging in such threats, though in his case the objection which applies to them in Marshal MacMahon's mouth did not hold good, since he virtually held office at the pleasure of the Assembly, and was avowedly his own First Minister. A still greater mistake was committed by M. Buffet, or by some subordinate in the Ministry of the Interior, in the communication to all the newspapers of a semi-official note, in which the Marshal was made to congratulate M. Buffet on having so clearly defined the line Conservatives to whom the Government appeals, and to express confidence that the majority of the electors will comprehend these sentiments and concur in them. Supposing that the Marshal's confidence is justified, and that the electors really comprehend and share M. Buffet's sentiments, the value of the tribute rendered to the Government by the country will be lessened in proportion as it is made less spontaneous. The enemies of the Government will maintain that the official pressure brought to bear on the elections makes them no index to the feelings of the constituencies, and that most necessary and hitherto unattainable element of French politics, the existence of a genuine and unmistakable public opinion, will nowhere be found. If, on the other hand, the Marshal's advice is to be mistaken, and the electors return a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies resolved to [illegible] M. Thiers, the [illegible] consideration [illegible] whether, by [illegible] Council-General of Magnate and the [illegible] among the [illegible] threats are usually the [illegible] however wise they may be, [illegible] followed without a sacrifice of [illegible]

[illegible] spoke again. This time he [illegible] heads of the Government not to [illegible] Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. [illegible] There are few reasonable men [illegible] in their hearts feel a sense of [illegible] the Government on this point. [illegible] no [illegible] justification for the maintenance of the state of siege in the three principal cities of France, but [illegible] whether the Liberals would not be the [illegible] to [illegible] which might encourage the extreme [illegible] party to demonstrations which would certainly have their first result in the alarm given to timid voters. If a Liberal Government were in power, it would be very difficult to persevere in a policy of repression for which circumstances seem to give no excuse; but as the maintenance of the state of siege in these three cities will chiefly injure the Radical orators and journalists who cherish a wise dread of the General in command, the moderate Liberals may for once be thankful that M. Buffet has saved them from their friends. That this view was taken by a certain number of the Left was shown by the result of the division. A formal protest against the obnoxious principle was made on the question that the state of siege should be raised universally; but the minority of 329 which mustered in opposition to the Government on this point dwindled to 273 on the question that the state of siege should be raised in Paris. The more peacefully the elections are conducted and the more completely M. Buffet's forebodings are discredited by events, the better is the chance that wavering voters will pluck up courage and vote for the Republic in which they are slowly learning to feel some trust.

THE MALAY WAR.

HAPPILY the Malay war appears to be at an end, or if any fresh disturbances arise, there is every probability that they will be on a very small scale. The incidents of the outbreak have still to be learnt in detail, but many of the principal events are to be gathered from the information with which various correspondents have supplied the *Times*. The causes of the war are known to have been of the kind which always threaten a great Power when it tries with very small available resources to control, without governing, barbarous tribes. Disputes as to the chieftainship of such tribes are sure to be referred for settlement to the decision of an authority which is known to be just and well-intentioned, and is believed to be capable, if it is desirous, of enforcing its decisions. An English Governor, when an appeal of this sort is made to him, does not like to decline the opportunity of establishing peace among troublesome neighbours, and he selects the person whom he considers most fit or best entitled. But when his nominee proceeds to take possession of his prize, his defeated opponent, and all those who have been mortified by the choice made, very naturally consider how they may practically reverse the decision of the Governor. It is found that a pretender is in the field, and the pretender waits to see whether the power of England will be used against him. The Governor has no notion of guaranteeing the chieftainship to the candidate whom he has selected. He leaves him to take his chance. But still as this particular chief has been recognized, he is the person with whom all [illegible] are to be carried on. [illegible] British officer of [illegible] rank is therefore sent to [illegible] headquarters, and to advise him as to [illegible] dealings with [illegible]. Nor is this all. Even when [illegible] acknowledged chief, and no question of [illegible] leadership arises, it may seem very necessary to restrain the acknowledged chief from doing mischief to his neighbours, and from thinking himself at liberty to treat [illegible] as such wanderers from British territory as may [illegible] way into his district. The advice given is [illegible] heeded, and then it has to be put [illegible] shape, and to take the shape of an [illegible] the English Governor is announced in [illegible] English official is charged to make the [illegible] the Governor and the official are con-[illegible] peace will be made, no precautions are [illegible] Colonial goes into a nest of barbarians to do [illegible] strikingly offensive to them without anything [illegible] own courage and the majesty of [illegible]. Under such circumstances a catastrophe [illegible] happen. England seems far off, while the [illegible] is very near, and, if violence is resolved on, [illegible] easy prey. All these causes combined to lead to the murder of Mr. Birch. We had set up a chief in Perak whose authority was purely nominal. We had passed from giving advice to giving orders to a variety of petty rulers. Mr. Birch had no hesitation in going without any adequate protection to post up a proclamation announcing the reinstatement of England in distant Malay dominions. He had served for some years in Ceylon, and he was sent to Perak to [illegible] the mistake of thinking that the

Malays were of a nature as submissive as that of the Cingalese. The consequence was that he was treacherously murdered while in his bath. It may, however, be observed that, so far as he made the mistake of over-confidence, he did not make it alone. Those who sanctioned his expedition could not have been deluded by memories of Ceylon, and another English official was sent even further up the Perak river to post up a proclamation, and managed to get back safely. If British officials were not willing to take risks of this sort, it is not indeed easy to see how such control as we may think proper to be exercised over savage outlying tribes could be exercised at all. An adequate support, if given to our officials, would demand too many soldiers and cost too much money. They do their duty, prepared to die if necessary, and their only security is the conviction that, if they are killed, their death is sure to be avenged.

The murder of Mr. BIRCH has been duly punished; and the Malays have reason to feel sure that, if they venture to kill British officials, something very bad will happen to them. If there is but a handful of Englishmen within reasonable distance when such an occurrence as that of the murder of Mr. BIRCH takes place, the first thought of the handful is immediately to strike a blow which will serve as a punishment for the past and as a warning for the future. Here, again, it may easily happen that, the force employed being wholly inadequate, a new calamity ensues. If this first band of avengers is defeated, the enemy is encouraged, begins to think himself invincible, and prepares for resistance on a wider scale. This is what happened in Perak. A small British force, led by Captain INNES and other officers, endeavoured, by striking a sudden blow, to nip the outbreak in the bud. The force was too small; it was repulsed, and Captain INNES was killed. The outbreak gathered new strength, the discontented chiefs fortified numerous positions, and a considerable effort had to be made in order to render their defeat certain. But almost immediately after the expedition in which Captain INNES lost his life was repulsed, a British vessel, the *Pluto*, ascended the Perak river, drove with rockets the native inhabitants out of their stockades, burnt some villages, and made the Malays feel that, at any rate for those who live on the banks of a river, it is a very unsafe thing to defy the power of England. In this case a small expedition, acting at once, was successful, in the other case such an expedition was unsuccessful. But here again it may be said that, unless Englishmen showed this readiness to strike an immediate blow when the murder of an Englishman is to be avenged, it would be impossible for England to exercise any supremacy over wild tribes. The first available check on such tribes is that an unprotected Englishman, if instructed to do so by his Government, is ready to go among them and tell them to do what they may very much dislike doing. The second check on them is that, if they kill the lonely official, the first handful of English troops and sailors that can be got together will try to punish them. These checks may fail. They may murder the official; they may repulse, owing to local or numerical advantages, the handful of avengers that immediately attacks them. Then an organized and adequate force has to be collected, sufficient artillery, if possible, provided, and a regular plan of operations has to be designed. Such an operation has just been conducted in the Malay peninsula with conspicuous skill, courage, and success. While the main force under General COLBORNE advanced to the central position of Kinta, a detached body of Ghoorkas was sent to carry a strong position occupied by the enemy on the hills; and, owing to a dexterous flank movement, this position was carried without any serious loss. This virtually decided the war. Kinta was taken without fighting. The heads of the rebellion fled for refuge to the jungle or to Siamese territory, and the minor chiefs gave in their submission.

The whole history of this outbreak from the date of its actual commencement may be regarded with legitimate pride and satisfaction by Englishmen. Whether all that preceded the outbreak can also be looked on as satisfactory, whether it was wise to nominate a chief and take him into our especial favour, if not under our avowed protection, although he had no real following in his own district, whether the issue of such a proclamation as that which Mr. BIRCH and his colleague posted up passed, or did not pass, the bounds of prudence, are questions which no one can pretend to answer who does not know all the facts. If mistakes were made to which the outbreak can be fairly attributed, let us hope that what took place may be a warning for the future. But the unhesitating courage with which these officials undertook their dangerous task, the sense of personal superiority and reliance on their country which their action implied, the promptitude with which efforts were made to strike an immediate and telling blow, the effective manner in which the final operations were conducted, and the usefulness in the field of troops drawn from our Indian possessions, when led by British officers, are all matters that deserve recognition and admiration. What has been done has been done well, and it now remains to be determined what use is to be made of victory. It may be thought indispensable to place the whole peninsula, up to the Siamese boundary, under the direct authority of England. No general rule can be laid down as to when British territory is to be extended or not. Each case has to be decided on its own merits. Many very different considerations, most of which are unknown to Englishmen at home, have to be taken into account before it is decided what is to be done with the Malays. But besides the general objection to annexation as involving an increasing burden of government, there is one objection to which it appears due weight ought to be given. There always must be a region beyond our boundaries where we have to exercise influence, or control, or some kind of half-rule. We cannot endure too much disorder just beyond our limits. If we annex one set of barbarous tribes, there is always another set a little further off. In dealing with this crowd of series of outlying barbarians, we must at some point terminate the checks on their wild action which we have at our command—the check of the courage of military officials, the check of the promptitude of the scanty handful of Englishmen, and the final check of a more organized expedition. The presumption ought to be in favour of these checks; are sufficient. In the case of the Malays not nothing is as yet known that can make us doubt that this presumption is not well founded. We have applied our final check, and it has acted with little loss of time, life, or money. If this is not enough, we ought to have it shown very clearly why it is not enough. The Ashantees defied us; we punished them, broke their power, and left them alone. The Malays defied us; we have punished them, or can punish them, and break their power as effectually as may be thought proper. This is the treatment on which, as a rule, we must rely as adequate in dealing with barbarous tribes lying on our borders. The Malays may be a necessary exception; it may be indispensable to do more, and to annex them. But until it is demonstrated that they are an exception, it may be fairly assumed that they come within the rule.

LORD STANHOPE.

LORD STANHOPE never held high political office, and he was not possessed of brilliant ability, but he occupied a distinct position which he had created for himself. Among contemporaries of his own rank he was almost the only professed author. It is not a little remarkable that, of four or five hundred hereditary peers, not half a dozen have ever published a volume. Many of the number are highly accomplished; almost all can command leisure, and a few have studied science; but, with the exception of two or three new peers, and of the Duke of ARGYLL, they have not sought to achieve literary fame. Lord STANHOPE was perhaps attracted to the subject of his first important historical work by the part which his ancestor, the founder of the peerage, took in the wars and negotiations of the time; but his selection of the Spanish War of Succession also displayed the tact and sound judgment which were employed in every business that he undertook. The ground was unoccupied by any considerable English historian, and the stirring episode of the Spanish War both admitted of separate treatment and naturally connected itself with the general history which might, as the result showed, furnish materials for future labours. His greater work on the History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles is still the standard and popular account of one of the most important parts of English history. The style is neither faultless nor especially vigorous; but the book is thoroughly readable. In Lord STANHOPE's youth the philosophy of history had not been

invented; and his intellect was not of the subtle kind which delights in proving that all which happens might have been foreseen, if competent prophets had been forthcoming. Students who are familiar with the voluminous Letters and Memoirs of the period may perhaps think that the historian is not happy in depicting characters, and that his imagination was not active enough to reproduce the characteristic features of Parliamentary and aristocratic supremacy; but a connected narrative greatly facilitates the comprehension of original documents; and some of the principal events lay outside the scope of autobiographers and correspondents. The story of the Jacobite insurrection of 1745 had never before been so well told, and probably the majority of educated Englishmen have first learned from Lord STANHOPE the history of the unlucky American war. The beginning and end of the period were happily chosen. The wars of MARLBOROUGH had bequeathed to England a legacy of thirty years of peace, which was employed by the great Whig statesmen, and especially by WALPOLE, in consolidating the tenure of the House of Hanover, and the system which had been founded in 1688. Another twenty years of almost continual war with France ended with the splendid triumphs of the elder PITT, and with the foundation of the Indian Empire. From the accession of GEORGE III. to the Peace of Versailles new political conditions had been established; and the adherents of the PRETENDER or their descendants had become the warmest supporters of the reigning dynasty. The time included in the history is neither too long nor too short; and it admits of a certain unity of treatment. Lord STANHOPE's chief merits as an historian are veracity and fairness, qualities which are often wanting in the compositions of more ambitious writers. His last considerable work on the Reign of Queen ANNE to the Peace of Utrecht formed a curious contrast with MACAULAY'S History, of which it was intended to be a continuation. In force, in eloquence, in imagination, there could be no comparison between the two historians, who happened to be intimate friends; but it was some compensation for Lord STANHOPE's inferiority that his sole object was to report the truth as far as he could ascertain it. Lord STANHOPE'S Life of PITT also may be compared with one of the most brilliant of Lord MACAULAY'S biographical Essays. Notwithstanding the family connexion, and the domestic relations between Lady HESTER STANHOPE and her uncle the great Minister, Lord STANHOPE added but little to the facts which were already known, but the statesman whom he describes is, like the rest of mankind, consistent and intelligible. Lord MACAULAY, according to his favourite method, exaggerated PITT'S merits and defects, and made one-half of his career an antithesis of the other. Antithesis is an effective figure of rhetoric, but there is no antithesis in human nature. The English nation trusted PITT to the day of his death, not because they recognized an organic change in his character, but because they knew him to be the same. Lord STANHOPE seems to have had no reason, except some casual literary impulse, for selecting BELISARIUS and CONDÉ as the subjects of separate historical treatises; but the Life of CONDÉ was a not inconsiderable feat, because it was written in French. The style, though it probably falls far short of the requirements of fastidious French critics, seems to ordinary English readers neither inaccurate nor ungraceful. Composition in a foreign language is at best an amusement or a scholastic exercise; but Lord STANHOPE deserves credit having done with tolerable success what few of his countrymen could do at all.

Having fairly established his position as a man of letters, STANHOPE by his rank and station naturally became a putative, and on occasion a patron, of his craft. One [illegible] the chief advantages of a graduated form of society is [illegible] facility which rank affords for evading invidious competition. It is highly desirable that the Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor should be the ablest candidate who can [illegible] selected from the party or the profession; but ordinary [illegible] and honorary distinctions cause far less jealousy when they are awarded with some regard to social prece- [illegible] It is difficult to adjust to the satisfaction of all [illegible] ive eminence of popular authors; but who is at the same time an Earl is accepted [illegible] onvy and without hesitation as a leader; nor is [illegible] erence entirely conventional. The head of a political [illegible] even of the second rank, unless he is utterly devoid [illegible] tual faculty, acquires unconsciously an historical [illegible] cation. The history of Rome or of the Roman aristocracy is to be learnt more accurately from CICERO'S writings than in the laborious treatises of modern scholars who have exploded fabulous traditions. The personages of his philosophical or oratorical Dialogues are always selected from the families which built up the greatness of the commonwealth. CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS, SCÆVOLA, CRASSUS, and an earlier C. JULIUS CÆSAR, incessantly diversify the stately courtesy of their discourse with anecdotes of their illustrious contemporaries or ancestors, who anticipated them or shared with them in the custody of the national tradition. Lord STANHOPE also belonged to a consular family, whose annals he had carefully studied, and his rank, his character, and his literary reputation gave him access to the society of the greatest statesmen of his time. He preserved and arranged with methodical care his correspondence with many eminent men. He had letters from TALLEYRAND and from the Duke of WELLINGTON; and he was joined with Lord CARDWELL in the trust of publishing Sir ROBERT PEEL'S cumbrous apologies. Lord STANHOPE'S collections of earlier family papers were still more interesting. One series of letters was addressed by Lord CHATHAM to Lady STANHOPE, wife of the second Earl, who was then Governor of Gibraltar. By permission of his friends CHATHAM was temporarily occupying Chevening, where his active mind was bent on designing a new approach through the park to the house. His offer to do the work for a small sum was accepted by Lord and Lady STANHOPE, and a beautiful drive which is still used is the result, though, as might have been expected, the estimate was exceeded in the proportion of eight or nine to one. Some of the letters are from Lord STANHOPE'S bailiff, whose puzzled reverence for the great and restless stranger is both amusing and instructive.

With so many advantages, natural and acquired, Lord STANHOPE was naturally placed at the head of many institutions which were more or less concerned with history and letters. He was a fitting President of the Society of Antiquaries, not because he had any special knowledge of antiquities, but as one who appreciated the value of the raw material of history. He was also President of the Corporation of the Literary Fund, Trustee of the British Museum, and a conspicuous member of half a dozen other Associations. In all his various capacities he conscientiously discharged the duties of office; and his courteous bearing secured him the cordial aid of colleagues and subordinates. In the House of Lords Lord STANHOPE uniformly adhered to the moderate form of Conservatism which he had preferred when he was a follower of PEEL. While he voted with his party, he from time to time showed remarkable sagacity in discerning the time for abolishing some obsolete practice. Lord STANHOPE proposed and carried the discontinuance of the party pamphlets in the form of occasional liturgies which stigmatized the memory of GUY FAWKES and celebrated the advent of WILLIAM III., or which to the confusion of Puritans recorded the martyrdom of CHARLES I. The discontinuance of the creation of Irish peers will have been in great measure due to Lord STANHOPE'S dislike of useless anomalies. The National Portrait Gallery, which will hereafter possess great historical value, was established on Lord STANHOPE'S proposal. In all respects he invested to the utmost advantage the respectable sum of talents which had been entrusted to his care. Although he had no pretension to be great, his life was greatly and variously useful, and he has perhaps left no successor who will exactly fill his place.

THE ADMIRALTY.

NAVAL questions of all kinds seem to be continually turning up, and there can be no doubt that the most urgent and important duty of Parliament, as soon as it meets, will be to take the whole subject of the navy into earnest consideration. The gallant little fellows of the *Goliath* have illustrated, in a particularly noble and affecting manner, the splendid materials which are at hand for the formation of a navy equal in pluck and steady discipline to the best we have ever had. The issue of a revised edition of the Fugitive Slave Circular has rescued the Admiralty from an utterly false position; while, on the other hand, the announcement which has just been made as to the inquiry into the collision between the *Monarch* and the *Halcyon* brings out very strongly the side of naval administration which at present seems to be the weakest.

It must be presumed that the Foreign Office is —

free from responsibility for the publication of the Slave Circular as it first appeared, but it is amazing that any officer at the Admiralty could, in his sober senses, have signed such a document. It will be remembered that it laid down "the broad rule" that a fugitive slave must not be "permanently received" on board a British ship, "unless his life would be endangered if he were not "allowed to come on board." The writer's imbecile confusion of mind was thus shown in his assumption, first, that any person, whether slave or not, could under any circumstances whatever be permanently accommodated on board of one of Her Majesty's ships, unless he had business to do there; and, secondly, that British sailors are the sort of people who would allow a poor wretch to be drowned under their eyes merely because he might happen to be a slave. The maritime rights claimed by this country were also stated in a very confusing manner, which might be supposed to imply a partial surrender of the territorial character of QUEEN'S ships; and the Circular wound up with some weak-minded twaddle about advising slave-owners to be kind to their slaves. What Lord DERBY meant when he said that this farrago of nonsense came from the "highest legal authority" will perhaps one day be explained; but the extreme contempt which Lord DERBY in the same breath showed for this authority, whoever he may be, by promising to tear up his Circular if anybody did not like it, was certainly justified by the nature of the document. Government departments must be very badly managed when it is possible that such a thing could happen, and it is surprising that the mistake should not have been instantly rectified. This, however, has at last been done, and we must acknowledge, on the whole, very fairly. The main objection which we see to the new Circular is that it is perhaps too long and wordy. Officers of the navy are now informed that "when any "person, professing or appearing to be a fugitive slave, "seeks admission to one of Her Majesty's ships on the "high seas, beyond the limit of territorial waters, and "claims the protection of the British flag, the command-"ing officer is to bear in mind that, although Her "Majesty's Government is desirous by every means in its "power to remove or mitigate the evils of slavery, yet Her "Majesty's ships are not intended for the reception of "persons other than their officers and crew." A commanding officer is therefore "to satisfy himself, before re-"ceiving the fugitive on board, that there is sufficient "reason in the particular case for thus receiving "him." The fugitive may then be retained on board the ship until he can be landed in some country or transferred to some other ship where he will be at liberty. It is next laid down very justly that "within the territorial waters of a foreign State com-"manding officers of Her Majesty's ships are bound by the "comity of nations, while maintaining the proper exemp-"tion of their ships from local jurisdiction, not to allow "them to become a shelter for those who would be charge-"able with the violation of the law of the place." In such a case, therefore, a fugitive slave is to be received on board only if his life is in manifest danger, and must not be permitted to remain after the danger is past. But—and this is important—"commanding officers are not to entertain "any demand for the surrender of such person, or enter "into any examination as to his status." If a fugitive not in danger of his life pleads for protection on the ground that he has been kept in slavery contrary to treaties to which England is a party, he may be retained while inquiry is made, and it is suggested that this should be done through the nearest British consular authority. Special reports are also to be made in every case. The Circular, as it now stands, seems to meet the main principle of the case—that English ships are not to interfere with the private affairs of other countries, either in the way of helping slaves to run away or, on the other hand, by becoming slave-catchers in the service of the owners. The demand of the Anti-Slavery Society, that the scope of the instructions should be extended so as to make the deck of a QUEEN'S ship under all circumstances a refuge for slaves, is easily answered. England has never undertaken, and cannot undertake, the Quixotic task of attempting to suppress slavery by force of arms in independent countries all over the world.

We are glad to see that the Government is disposed to profit by the important lesson which has been given by the training-ship boys at Grays. Here we have a lot of workhouse boys in an old ship on the Thames, under a half-pay staff commander, who is not only content with his modest work, but gives his heart to it, and is perhaps hopeless of anything better, though evidently a most careful and efficient officer, with the true ring of the old British tar about him. "Boys," he said, when the poor little fellows clung about him, and besought him with tears, and even clinging about his neck, to go before them, "that's not the "way we do in the navy." He used to exercise the company every Friday in boating to quarters, leaving the ship, and rowing round her, in half an hour altogether; nor was this exercise confined to fine weather, for it was equally practised when the wind was blowing "a fresh." On every occasion they got out every one on board, women and all, in half an hour. Mr. BARRINGER, the Chairman of the joint-parish Committee managing the ship, stated that he had often seen the company called to fire quarters, and that the time from the bell being sounded to the water coming out of the ports was only a minute and three-quarters. It may be believed that, if Captain BOUCHIER and his lads had been on board the *Vanguard*, that ship might have had another and very different history. But the Captain is probably an obscure person, without any influence. Ironclads are reserved for the friends of great people to be drowned in, or at least to run that risk. An ironclad has of late got to be like a crack regiment, and its accommodation is reserved for the pets of the Admiralty. The chief occupation of these vessels appears to be to go on jolly trips, with lots of dancing and dinner parties; how much the fortnight's festivities on the Irish coast may have had to do with the obfuscation of the Reserve Squadron will perhaps never be publicly known. What is wanted most of all in the navy is a liberal extension of the training-ship system, and the encouragement of hard-working, practical officers.

It is important to observe how discipline is practised at Grays, an obscure and insignificant station beyond the reach of Admiralty interference, and in other branches of the service. What does Mr. WARD HUNT do for discipline? H.M.S. *Alberta* runs down a yacht with loss of life, and, instead of instituting a searching public inquiry into the cause and circumstances of the collision, he favours the officer who is *primâ facie* responsible for it by an exemption from the ordinary rules of the service as to staff appointments. The *Vanguard* is sunk in trying to avoid running down a strange vessel; and the heaviest punishment is awarded to the officers. Lieutenant EVANS of the *Iron Duke*, in his eagerness to be safe in a fog, steers the ship to one side, and, if she had been kept to that course, no collision would probably have occurred; but he is disgraced, while his Captain, who was below during an important movement, whose steam-whistle was dumb in the fog, and who had not the faintest idea of the rate at which the ship was going, is absolved. Rear-Admiral TARLETON is expressly justified in going at full speed through a dense fog, at the moment of a critical operation on the part of the squadron, and in leaving his ships without any guidance as to speed. Then, again, the *Iron Duke* fills suddenly with water, and the crew are about to go off in despair, when happily the leak is at last discovered. The Admiralty publishes offhand an audacious assertion that there was "no possible "danger"; then it holds a secret inquiry, and, although there can be no question that somewhere or other there must have been gross neglect in allowing valves which, when opened, let the sea into the ship, to remain marked "shut" —a blunder which nobody discovered—yet the Admiralty has no more to say on the subject. The thing is hushed up. Then the *Monarch* runs down a Norwegian sailing vessel, which has her lights burning, and to which she was bound by the rules of the sea to give way; and here is the account of the Admiralty's decision in the papers:—"The "decision of the Admiralty respecting the *Monarch* and "*Haldene* collision has been communicated officially to the "members of the Court of Inquiry held at Devonport. It "is that the explanation given is so far satisfactory that "no one on board the *Monarch* can be held sufficiently to "blame to render him liable to trial by court-martial." The whole of the evidence is suppressed, and the public is expected to be satisfied with this conclusion. It is hardly too much to say, under such circumstances, that to leave the present FIRST LORD at the Admiralty would be deliberately to incur a public danger. Nothing which folly and perversity could think of has been left undone to encourage carelessness and blundering, and to break up the discipline of the service.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER AND THE *NONCONFORMIST*.

THE Dean of WESTMINSTER has lately been engaged in a controversy with the *Nonconformist* newspaper, as to the precise scope of which the parties to it are not agreed. The DEAN conceives himself to be arguing out the general issue between comprehension and disestablishment; the *Nonconformist* insists that all that is actually in dispute is the question, raised by the DEAN himself, "Whether those "who urge disestablishment are fairly chargeable with the "policy of extermination and destruction." It is not our business to decide which of the two has the best of the quarrel upon a point which both would admit to be, by comparison, of little general interest. The *Nonconformist* may have a fair ground of complaint against the DEAN for changing the inquiry whether the objects which the advocates of disestablishment propose to themselves are rightly described as a policy of extermination and destruction to the inquiry whether the policy so described is "injurious to the best interests of freedom, of charity, and of "progress." But, at all events, the issue raised, fairly or unfairly, by the Dean of WESTMINSTER is one of greater moment than the issue to which his adversary, quite reasonably it may be, desires to pin him. Perhaps we may go further, and say that, in the present position of the controversy, the Dean of WESTMINSTER'S own attitude towards it is the most interesting point of the three. It is one of the advantages incident to the present stagnation in English politics that we can go to church or stay away from it without the least apprehension that before our next visit the fabric will have been either secularized or assigned to the members of some religious or irreligious persuasion with whose doctrine and ritual we are not acquainted. Disestablishment has ceased for the time to be of much interest, except such as it derives from the sword play of the particular controversialist who is preaching or deprecating it. It is unnecessary to add that when the Dean of WESTMINSTER is in the field there is always something to attract the spectator's attention.

If the object of the disestablishment policy were simply to destroy Episcopacy, the DEAN would seemingly regard its success with little or no alarm. He concedes that after disestablishment there would remain an institution bearing the episcopal name, "probably with its sacerdotal and "exclusive pretensions enormously developed, with its "bishops perhaps indefinitely multiplied, and its separation "from Nonconformists certainly intensified." But while disestablishment would leave Episcopacy untouched, it would destroy "Erastianism, and in the judgment of many" Erastianism "is far more beneficial than mere Episcopacy, "and far less liable to superstitious abuse." The DEAN describes Erastianism by four principal characteristics. It gives the nation a share in the government of the Church; it subjects the fancies of the clergy to the control of the most intelligent portion of the laity; it secures to at least one institution in the country a liberty which admits of almost every school of theology within its pale; and it encourages as much intercourse with Nonconformists as the nation represented in Parliament desires. The last of these alleged advantages is really a particular instance of the first. If the nation has a share in the government of the Church, it can plainly use its power for the encouragement of as much intercourse with Nonconformists as it happens to desire. It does not seem to have occurred to the Dean of WESTMINSTER that there is some reason to doubt whether the nation as represented in Parliament is altogether at one with him upon this question. Mr. FREEMANTLE'S aspirations after intercourse with Nonconformists were frowned down by his own counsel; and if the nation represented in Parliament is to have that weight in ecclesiastical matters which Erastianism attributes to it, the simplest way for those who think the counsel in question wrong would be to have a Bill providing for a free exchange of pulpits between Nonconformist ministers and the clergy introduced into Parliament, and to submit to be guided by the event. As all the world knows, this is not the Dean of WESTMINSTER'S view of the matter. On the contrary, he makes it a special point in his case that, under the beneficent Erastianism which at present prevails, Dr. MOFFATT can lecture in Westminster Abbey—a privilege which would certainly not be conceded to him if the Church had been disestablished and the Abbey had been sold either to the Roman Church or to the "small but wealthy section of High Church Episco-"palians." It is painful to have to state that the *Nonconformist*, with an absence of sweetness which entirely justifies Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S criticism, has described this "miracle of catholicity" as "indicative of a vein of "humbug running through our Church administration," and has further asserted that "the DEAN'S contributions to "the present controversy" have only confirmed its impression of the "utter unreality of the whole movement "towards comprehension." Even a yet more terrible consequence of disestablishment which the DEAN hints at makes no impression on his heartless adversary. If, says Dr. STANLEY, "the government of the Church were "to be transferred from Parliament and the courts "of law . . . . to Convocation, or any like body, ". . . it is certain that neither the present Dean of WEST-"MINSTER nor those like-minded with him would either "obtain or retain or desire the places they now occupy." There is something mysterious about this impersonal way of describing himself which is very impressive, and the picture which it conjures up of a Church without Dr. STANLEY is one which we do not wish to see realized. But we are sorry to say the *Nonconformist* is not a bit impressed by it. On the contrary, it declares, first, that it does not for a moment believe that in a disestablished Church there would be no place for the Dean of WESTMINSTER; and, secondly, that, if the disestablished Church rejected him, a dozen others would contend for him. It is plain that the DEAN has mistaken the adversary with whom he has to deal. Westminster Abbey does not count for so much in the eyes of Dissenters as it does in the eyes of the Dean of WESTMINSTER. They do not feel that a system under which Dr. MOFFATT finds admission to the nave is worth preserving at any price, or that a change which might conceivably banish the present DEAN from the choir is necessarily to be resisted to the death.

The two remaining advantages of Erastianism are not more certainly secured by the present ecclesiastical system than the encouragement of intercourse with Nonconformists. We should like to see the provisions which subject the fancies of the clergy to the control of the most intelligent portion of the laity fully set out. That they are subjected to the control of the laity we do not deny. Inasmuch as the laity are the paymasters, this is pretty much the case under every ecclesiastical system, though less perhaps in the Church of England than in most others. But where is the provision ensuring that this control shall be exercised by the "most intelligent portion" of the laity? We do not suspect the Dean of WESTMINSTER of having the House of Commons in his mind when he wrote these words, because he is doubtless aware that where religious questions are concerned the House of Commons knows no mean between utter indifference and unreasoning panic. It must therefore be taken as a complimentary description of Lord PENZANCE, who as Judge of the new Court may in a sense be said to have the fancies of the clergy under his control. We have every disposition to believe that, as soon as Lord PENZANCE has the opportunity, he will prove himself a most intelligent portion of the laity; but it seems rather a dangerous narrowing of the issue between establishment and disestablishment to make the Public Worship Act one of the four pillars on which the existing system rests. What if the Act should prove a dead letter, and the Church should by consequence have to go for the future on three legs? A year hence, perhaps, Lord PENZANCE may have covered himself with glory, and have put all the fancies of the clergy under his feet, and then, of course, the DEAN will have a perfect right to point to the new court as a matchless guarantee "of freedom, of "charity, and of progress." But it would have been more prudent to wait to see what "the most intelligent portion "of the laity" actually does before using him as a principal argument against disestablishment.

The fourth recommendation of the existing ecclesiastical system, if it came in a will, would, we think, be pronounced void for uncertainty. Erastianism secures "to at least one "institution in the country a liberty which admits of "almost every school of theology within its pale." No doubt Erastianism, as exemplified in the Church of England, admits a good many schools of theology. But then it does this on no principle, and consequently, though almost every school of theology may be admitted, it is difficult to say, without a law-suit, whether any particular school of theology can be admitted. The *Nonconformist* hints that Mr. VOYSEY and Mr. MARTINEAU each represent a school of theology, and yet they cannot be

admitted into the Church of England, at all events not further than the lecturer's desk in Westminster Abbey; and then it goes on to say, with the same distressing plainness of speech which we have before mourned over, that "to "talk of a Church with three creeds, each narrower than "the other, and a liturgy pregnant with mediæval doc- "trine, and a rigid Act of Uniformity in force, as receptive "of 'every school of theology,' is simply to describe it as "an institution for the cultivation and encouragement of "evasion, reticence, and hypocrisy." Of course it is very sad that the Dean of WESTMINSTER should have fallen in the way of Dissenters so blind to the merits of his engaging comprehensiveness as the conductors of the *Nonconformist*. But it may be profitable to him to learn that there are some Dissenters who hold that "the claim of com- "prehensiveness in the Church, as its own documents "define it, simply sickens the conscience." At all events, it may teach him that the line of defence which he has set up, however intellectually interesting, does not promise to go for much with the advocates of disestablishment. To say that the comprehensiveness of the Church of England is a happy, though accidental, result of its relations with the State is one thing; to say that it is a result which was contemplated when its relations with the State were determined, or that it can be justified by legal argument based on those relations, is another and a very different thing.

SPALATO.

THE main object of centres of all historical and architectural inquiries on the Dalmatian coast is of course the home of Diocletian, the still abiding palace at Spalato. From a local point of view, it is the spot which the greatest of the long line of renowned Illyrian Emperors chose as his resting-place from the toils of warfare and government, and where he reared the vastest and noblest dwelling that ever arose at the bidding of a single man. From an œcumenical point of view, Spalato is yet more. If it does not rank with Rome, Old and New, with Ravenna and with Trier, it is because it never was, like them, an actual seat of empire. But it not the less marks a stage, and one of the greatest stages, in the history of the Empire. On his own Dalmatian soil, Diocles of Salona, Diocletian of Rome, was the man who had won fame for his own land, and who, on the throne of the world, did not forget his provincial birthplace. In the sight of Rome and of the world Jovius Augustus was more than this. Alike in the history of politics and in the history of art, he has left his mark on all time that has come after him, and it is on his own Spalato that his mark has been most deeply stamped. The polity of Rome and the architecture of Rome alike received a new life at his hands. In each alike he cast away shams and pretences, and made the true construction of the fabric stand out before men's eyes. Master of the Roman world, if not King, yet more than King, he let the true nature of his power be seen, and, first among the Cæsars, surveyed himself with the outward pomp of sovereignty. In a smaller man we might have deemed the change a mark of weakness, a sign of childish delight in gewgaws, titles, and trappings. Such could hardly have been the motive in the man who, when he deemed that his work was done, could cast away both the form and the substance of power, and could so steadily withstand all temptations to take them up again. It was simply that the change was fully wrought, that the chief magistrate of the commonwealth had gradually changed into the sovereign of the Empire, that Imperator, Cæsar, and Augustus, once titles lowlier than that of King, had now become, as they have ever since remained, titles far loftier. The change was wrought, and all that Diocletian did was to announce the fact of the change to the world. So again, now that the Roman city had grown into the Roman world, a hill by the Tiber had long ceased to be a fit dwelling-place for rulers who had to keep back hostile inroads from the Rhine and the Euphrates. This fact too Diocletian announced to the world. He planted his Augusti and his Cæsars on spots better suited for defence against the German and the Persian than the spot which had been chosen for defence against the Sabine and the Etruscan. Jupiter of the Capitol and his representatives on earth were to be equally at home in every corner of their dominions. Nor is it wonderful if, with such aims before him, he deemed that a faith which taught that Jupiter of the Capitol was a thing of nought was a faith which it became his votary to root out from all the lands that bowed to Jove and to Jovius. What if his work in some sort failed? what if his system of fourfold rule broke up before his own eyes—if his Bithynian capital soon gave way to the wiser choice of a successor, if the faith which he persecuted became, almost on the morrow, the faith of his Empire? Still his work did not wholly fail. He taught that Empire was more than kingship, a lesson never forgotten by those who, for fifteen hundred years after him, wore the diadem of Diocletian rather than of Augustus. In some sort he founded the Roman Empire. What Constantine did was at once to undo and to complete his work by making that Empire Holy.

Such a man, if not actually a creator, yet so pre-eminently one who moulded the creations of others into new shapes, might well take to himself a name from the supreme deity of his creed, the deity of whom he loved to be deemed the special votary. The conception which had grown up in the mind, and had been carried out by the hand, of the peasant of Salona might well entitle him to his proud surname. Nor did the organizing hand of Jovius confine its sphere to the polity of the Empire only. He built himself a house, and, above all builders, he might boast himself of the house that he had builded. Fast by his own birthplace—a meaner soul might have chosen some distant spot—Diocletian reared the palace which marks a still greater epoch in Roman art than his political changes mark in Roman polity. On the inmost shore of one of the lake-like inlets of the Hadriatic, an inlet guarded almost from sight by the great island of Bua at its mouth, lay his own Salona, now desolate, then one of the great cities of the Roman world. But it was not in the city, it was not close under its walls, that Diocletian fixed his home. An isthmus between the bay of Salona and the outer sea cuts off a peninsula, which again throws out two horns into the water to form the harbour which has for ages supplanted Salona. There, not on any hill-top, but on a level spot by the coast, with the sea in front, with a background of more distant mountains, and with one peaked hill rising between the two seas like a watch-tower, did Diocletian build the house to which he withdrew when he deemed that his work of empire was over. And in building that house, he won for himself, or for the nameless genius whom he set at work, a place in the history of art worthy to rank alongside of Iktinos of Athens and Anthemios of Byzantium, of William of Durham and of Hugh of Lincoln.

And now the birthplace of Jovius is forsaken, but his house still abides, and abides in a shape marvellously little shorn of its ancient greatness. The name which it still bears comes straight from the name of the elder home of the Cæsars. The fates of the two spots have been in a strange way the converse of one another. By the banks of the Tiber the city of Romulus became the house of a single man; by the shores of the Hadriatic the house of a single man became a city. The Palatine hill became the *Palatium* of the Cæsars, and *Palatium* was the name which was borne by the house of Cæsar by the Dalmatian shore. The house became a city; but its name still clave to it, and the house of Jovius still, at least in the mouths of its own inhabitants, keeps its name in the slightly altered form of Spalato.

He placed his home in a goodly land, on a spot whose first sight is striking at any moment but special indeed is the good luck of him who for the first time draws near to Spalato at the hour of sunset. It is a moment to be marked in a life, as we round the island headland, one of the stony Dalmatian hills rising bleak and barren from the sea, and catch the first glimpse of the city, the tall bell-tower, the proud rampart of mountains which forms its background. But the sight is more spirit-stirring still if we come on that sight at the very moment when—in sight of the home of the great persecutor we may use the language of mythology—the sun-god has just sunk into his golden cup. The sinking sun seems no unfit symbol, as we look on the spot where the lord of the world withdrew to seek for rest after his toils. Another moment the headland is rounded; its top is kindled like Vesuvius in the last rays of the sunlight; the lesser light is kindled before the greater has wholly failed us, and, by the light of sun and moon together, we can trace out the long line of the sea-front of the palace which became a city. No nobler site could surely have been found within the bounds of the Empire of the two Augusti and their Cæsars. The sea in front, the mountains behind, the headlands, the bays, the islands scattered around, might indeed have formed a realm from which the prince who had there fixed his home would have been unwise to go forth again to wrestle with the storms of the world which lay beyond its borders. The mountains have drawn nearer to the shore; the islands have gathered round the entrance of the haven, as if to shut out all but the noble bay and its immediate surroundings, as if to fence in a dominion worthy of Jovius himself.

We land with the moon lighting up the water, with the stars above us, the northern wain shining on the Hadriatic, as if, while Diocletian was hidden by Salona, the star of Constantine was rising over York and Trier. Dimly rising above us we see, disfigured indeed, but not destroyed, the pillared front of the palace, reminding us of the Tabularium of Rome's own Capitol. We pass under gloomy arches, through dark passages, and presently we find ourselves in the centre of palace and city, between those two renowned rows of arches which mark the greatest of all epochs in the history of the building art. We think how the man who reorganized the Empire of Rome was also the man who first put harmony and consistency into the architecture of Rome. We think that, if it was in truth the crown of Diocletian which passed to every Cæsar from the first Constantius to the last Francis, it was no less in the pile which rose into being at his word that the germ was planted which grew into Pisa and Durham, into Westminster and St. Ouens. There is light enough to mark the columns put for the first time to their true Roman use, and to think how strange was the fate which called up on this spot the arrangement which had entered the brain of no earlier artist-arrangement which, but a few years later, was to be applied to another use in the basilica of the Lateran and in St. Paul without the walls. Yes, it is in the court of the persecuter, the man who boasted that he had wiped out the Christian superstition from the

world, that we see the noblest forestalling of the long arcades of the Christian basilica. It is with thoughts like these, thoughts pressing all the more upon us where every outline is clear and every detail is invisible, that we tread for the first time the court of Jovius—the columns with their arches on either side of us, the vast bell-tower rising to the sky, as if to mock the art of those whose mightiest works might still seem only to grovel upon earth. Nowhere within the compass of the Roman world do we find ourselves more distinctly in the presence of one of the great minds of the world's history; we see that, alike in politics and in art, Diocletian breathed a living soul into a lifeless body. In the bitter irony of the triumphant faith, his mausoleum has become a church, his temple has become a baptistery, the great bell-tower rises proudly over his own work; his immediate dwelling-place is broken down and crowded with paltry houses; but the sea front and the Golden Gate are still there amid all disfigurements, and the great peristyle stands almost unhurt, to remind us of the greatest advance that a single mind ever made in the progress of the building art.

At the present time the city into which the house of Diocletian has grown is the largest and most growing town of the Dalmatian coast. It has had to yield both spiritual and temporal precedence to Zara, but, both in actual population and all that forms the life of a city, Spalato greatly surpasses Zara and all its other neighbours. The youngest of the Dalmatian towns, which could boast neither of any mythical origin nor of any Imperial foundation, the city which, as it were, became a city by mere chance, has outstripped the colonies of Epidauros, of Corinth, and of Rome. The palace of Diocletian had but one occupant; after the founder no Emperor had dwelled in it, unless we hold that this was the villa near Salona where the deposed Emperor Nepos was slain, during the patriciate of Odoacer. The forsaken palace seems, while still almost new, to have become a cloth factory, where women worked, and which therefore appears in the Notitia as a Gynæcium. But when Salona was overthrown, the palace stood ready to afford shelter to those who were driven from their homes. The palace, in the widest sense of the word—for of course its vast circuit took in quarters for soldiers and officials of various kinds, as well as the rooms actually occupied by the Emperor—stood ready to become a city. It was a *chester* ready made, with its four streets, its four gates, all but that towards the sea flanked with octagonal towers, and with four greater square towers at the corners. To this day the enceinte of the walls is nearly perfect; and the space contained within them must be as large as that contained within some of the oldest *chesters* in our own island. The walls, the towers, the gates, are those of a city rather than of a house. Two of the gates, though their towers are gone, are nearly perfect; the *porta aurea*, with its graceful ornament, the *porta ferrea* in its stern plainness, strangely crowned with its small campanile of later days perched on its top. Within the walls, besides the splendid buildings which still remain, besides the broken-down walls and chambers which formed the immediate dwelling-place of the founder, the main streets were lined with massive arcades large parts of which still remain. Diocletian, in short, in building a house, had built a city. In the days of Constantine Porphyrogenitus it was a κάστρον—Greek and English had by his day alike borrowed the Latin name; but it was a κάστρον which Diocletian had built as his own house, and within which was his hall and palace. In his day the city bore the name of Aspalathon, which he explains to mean παλάτιον μικρόν. When the palace had thus become a common habitation of men, it is not wonderful that all the more private buildings whose use had passed away were broken down, disfigured, and put to mean uses. The work of building over the site must have gone on from that day to this. The view in Wheler shows several parts of the enclosure occupied by ruins which are now covered with houses. The real wonder is that so much has been spared and has survived to our own days. And we are rather surprised to find Constantine saying that in his time the greater part had been destroyed. For the parts which must always have been the stateliest remain still. The great open court, the peristyle, with its arcades, became the public piazza of the town; the mausoleum on one side of it and the temple on the other were preserved and put to Christian uses. We say the mausoleum, for we fully accept the suggestion made by Professor Glavinich, the curator of the museum of Spalato, that the present *duomo*, traditionally called the temple of Jupiter, was not a temple, but a mausoleum. These must have been the great public buildings of the palace, and, with the addition of the bell-tower, they remain the chief public buildings of the modern city. But, though the ancient square of the palace remains wonderfully perfect, the modern city, with its Venetian defences, its Venetian and later buildings, has spread itself far beyond the walls of Diocletian. But those walls have made the history of Spalato, and it is the great buildings which stand within them that give Spalato its special place in the history of architecture. In the face of them we hardly stop to think of the remains of Venetian or even of earlier times. Yet both within and without the palace walls scraps of Venetian work may be found which would attract the eye on any other spot, and hard by the north-western tower of Diocletian there remains a small, desecrated church of the Byzantine type, which out of Spalato might be set down as a treasure. But, as we stand beneath the arcades of Jovius, things which would elsewhere be treasures are as nothing. They, and the other buildings which stand in the connexion with them, form, as we have assumed throughout, an epoch in the history of art that they may claim some special notice in their strictly artistic character, apart from the general history and general impression of the city which they have at once created and made famous.

SEASONABLE NOVELTIES.

THE dustman's annual visit may well draw a protest from the long-suffering householder. Though the man has so often neglected to remove the dust during the year that is past, he yet expects, at the cost of his victims, the materials for a good week's drinking. The postman, too, must be remembered, though to memory dear at half-a-crown; by a cruel fiction we are compelled to thank him for delivering letters which we had much rather not receive, and to remunerate him handsomely for doing his duty to our great discomfort and constant annoyance. The irony of civilized life is so well exemplified by these yearly impositions that it is not until the turncock and the organ-blower call for their Christmas boxes that it occurs to us to expostulate. Do they not receive their wages? Are they not sufficiently paid? Does not the money come out of our pockets? And so, offering to forward a complaint to the vestry on their behalf, we may dismiss them unrewarded, and in all probability unsatisfied. But there is a heavier tax, and, what is worse, a tax against which it is hardly seemly to grumble. We must give presents to our friends and relations—nay, we must even receive presents from them. The postman and the dustman may be supposed by a stretch of benevolence to need our benefactions. They may perhaps be hungry. They are certainly thirsty. But there are people who have no real necessities, to whom a favouring Providence has afforded every possible blessing, and presents must be made to them also. It is easy to give a red cloak or a pound of tea to an old woman, and such a gift is not unreasonable. In a majority of cases it only injures the receiver, and no one else. But what are we to do for the gratification of an old gentleman, say with plenty of money and no particular tastes? We cannot offer him bonbons, for he probably dislikes them, and he has certainly no teeth to eat them with. He has no weakness for old china, nor does he collect tobacco-pipes, or even walking-sticks. The safe course would be to write him a pretty letter and give him nothing, but this idea never occurs to us. Our charitable intentions [illegible] our venerable and wealthy friend must be carried [illegible] the and expense to ourselves, and with a mere mockery of gratification to him. The recipients of such favours are obliged, no matter at what cost of truth, to express overwhelming delight, and people who under ordinary circumstances would not tell [illegible] lie to the world must perjure themselves and imperil their salvation for the sake of a Swiss châlet or a Punch-and-Judy peepholder, which is relegated to the lumber-room within the next few weeks. The great and sudden spread of Christmas cards, which cost little and are often worth as little, may be attributed to the want everywhere felt at this season for some more inoffensive and less soul-endangering way of testifying affection. But even Christmas cards already show signs of turning themselves into a tax. One great manufacturer has announced that he has spent many hundred pounds on the elaboration of a single card, and such a wonder of art must be handsomely paid for, of course. We have an awful warning before us in the French New Year *étrennes*, which have become so unmitigated a nuisance that Parisians are driven at this season into exile, and come over to study our Christmas *fêtes*, in order to escape the intolerable and costly observances at home. A pretty and simple tribute of regard has become one of the torments of life; and if we do not sternly repress the tendency to development in our own Christmas cards, a new agony will have to be added to the second column of the *Times*, so that people who are blessed, or cursed, with a large circle of acquaintance or a widely-branching family-tree, may advertise "No cards" in a new sense, the only alternative being the engagement of a secretary. His duties, when Valentine's Day is well over, would consist in directing envelopes, selecting cards and putting initials on the back, until Advent, Christmas, and Epiphany bring St. Valentine round again.

It seems to be quite certain that a very large sum of money has been spent during the past few weeks upon costly, and for the most part useless, articles. Few of the objects bought for Christmas presents have had any artistic beauty or any real value. We argue from the things shown in the shop windows of the principal thoroughfares and the arcades, nor does it seem unfair to judge from them of the prevailing tastes of the British public. The lady who encouraged her husband in racing, betting, and cards, "because they kept him out of mischief," must have had the terrors of Bond Street or the Burlington Arcade before her eyes. There must be people to buy the ivory thermometer in the shape of a cutter yacht. There must exist in somebody's mind an admiration for the dog-and-ring style in toothpick-stands. Unless such things are sold by the thousand, they will not pay the cost of production. And for novelties—that is to say, monstrosities more monstrous than anything before seen—an enhanced price, quite out of proportion to their value, has to be paid. The man who can torture a natural form into some utterly unmeaning shape expects, and probably receives, a handsome sum for his ingenuity. Yet it is sad to reflect that this vast outlay does

absolutely nothing for the encouragement of good art, and a great deal to foster the false and vulgar notions with which all our society is honeycombed. Of all that has been spent, it may safely be doubted if a hundred pounds found their way into the pockets of deserving artists. A hideous bonbon box often costs more than a picture, and its contents soon disappear, having only caused indigestion. True, the makers of bonbon boxes must live; but it is the fault of tasteless buyers which forces them to live by making ugly things; and artists nowadays may be found to design anything or to decorate anything. Many young artists are already employed in the production and ornamentation of china. Many more have taken to mural decoration, and are on the staff of great firms. There is no want of such taste among us; but the public, as we are constantly told, will not support high art. Poor ornament and meretricious work are encouraged, and the manufacturers are obliged, sometimes against their will, to meet the demand. The beautiful wares now produced in Staffordshire or at Lambeth have no chance with imitation Dresden and Sèvres which never crossed Mr. Gladstone's silver streak. If a firm of manufacturers attempts to improve the taste of its customers, it must proceed with the utmost caution, very gradually, and with almost the certainty of a loss. An experienced man can tell to a nicety which of his productions will sell the best, and it is almost always proved that the popularity of a design is in an inverse ratio to its merit. Some progress has unquestionably been made. Manufactures of artistic beauty do sell. We are beginning, though slowly, to perceive the niceties of harmonious colour in dress; true, we have not got beyond the tentative scale of neutralized semitones, and cannot yet manage contrasts; but in the choice of our Christmas presents, in the encouragement we give through them to real art, in the appreciation of true beauty either in form or colour, our generous public is yet in the experimental mazes of blundering infancy.

Fashion has as much influence upon nicknacks as it has upon dress, and Paris is often the arbiter for both. It is curious to watch how some particular form seems to become epidemic, and is to be seen reproduced in countless materials, and for all sorts of different purposes. Some time ago wheelbarrows were the rage. They were filled with salt, they dangled at watch-chains, they were used as pincushions, or employed as ornamental coal-scuttles. Then came the day of gipsy pots. Not only did we have them as egg-boilers and coffee-retorts, but as flower-glasses, inkstands, tea-kettles, and scent-bottles. At present manufacturers are evidently suffering from hats on the brain, and people who have more money than they know what to do with, and are amused by the small joke of buying incongruous forms for articles of everyday use, may gratify themselves by becoming the happy possessors of the exact imitation of a straw hat for a butter-cooler, and a "topper" for a biscuit-box. The ideas suggested are no more pleasant than those felt by a fastidious person who receives burnt almonds in a pair of exquisitely made top-boots. There seems to be a poverty of invention when we see the same form employed to collect ashes from a cigar, to hold a lady's thimble, and to be a watch-stand. Yet all these can now be had in the dainty and graceful shape of a gentleman's tall hat. Strange enough, it is in flower-vases that bad taste and ingenuity run riot most wildly. Ever since some manufacturer brought out the model of a hand grenade cup, there has been no cessation of designs which are only witty at first and out of place without being funny. In a ladies' newspaper it was lately announced that "rabbits are taking the place of squirrels as the presiding genius over plates and dishes, as well as flower-vases, and a donkey between panniers is a really charming receptacle." People whose taste is guided by fashion and novelty may further decorate their rooms by hanging round the walls white tame herring with blue ribbons round their necks and their mouths wide open to receive monthly roses instead of marine infusoria. We hear that "one of the newest receptacles for flowers is a broken vase in delicate green and white, with a couple of Cupids mounting over the broken portion." This is evidently intended to supply the place of the Louis Quatorze shoe with the Cupids asleep in the toe and the high heel made to hold violets. It was so successful attracting, it is said, not only the patronage of the aristocracy, but that of Royalty itself—that it could scarcely be produced fast enough. Whenever fashion comes to be stronger than art, which has now for a long time been the case, popular taste will remain uneducated and childish. A much admired and very "chaste" inspiration of inventive genius may be seen in a blue or pink china Eden lying on its back, and holding a ball for flowers between its paws. To harmonize with this table ornament a sweet thing in candlesticks is of equally admirable design. A Cupid on his back kicks a drum with his upraised foot, the drum being supposed to form a suitable socket for the candle. A pair of windmills in ormolu, [illegible] and the Bear talk in carved wood, may be obtained for [illegible] same purpose, and if the purchaser should chance to be [illegible]arch [illegible]amps instead of candlesticks, he may gratify his zoological as[illegible]s his æsthetic tastes by buying stuffed monkeys. These [illegible] be had in all sorts of poses and impossible attitudes, grasping glass globes in their hideous [illegible]. The [illegible] dress and undressed, and the pair of [illegible] imaginary Irishmen and his wife are never without a [illegible] group of people to stare at them. Those whose taste is entomological can rejoice in the acquisition of a stuffed pheasant, not for stewing, but to hold on its back a rose-coloured globe with a lace-paper shade. The proper inkstand for a table already furnished with some of these costly works of art might perhaps be the anvil with its hammer and pincers, or, in the country, a more rural conception in which the pen-rests are formed of croquet hoops, balls, and mallets. At the seaside the "dolphin" would be appropriate, with its "body and tail in a double twist," while nothing can form a more fitting paper-weight than one at present popular which represents a swan standing on a mirror with a pincushion on its back, although for our part we prefer one in the form of a beehive, as it seems to teach a moral lesson. A present was once defined as a thing of value which cannot be bought. Few such presents are now even attempted. A death's head forms a fashionable breast-pin; and a brilliant sarcasm is supposed to lurk in the bowl of a spoon which contains the letter U, and fulfils the duties of a brooch.

DR. PUSEY ON UNION WITH THE EASTERN CHURCH.

DR. PUSEY'S great learning is ennobled by unusually fine moral qualities, but he fails in some of the essential attributes of a leader. To a degree far beyond the other leaders of the Tractarian movement he has always led the life of a recluse, hardly ever mingling personally in the general society of the great world, and knowing but little comparatively of the currents of thought and feeling which agitate the common-rooms even of his own University. The result is that he sometimes makes mistakes from which a better knowledge of the world would have saved him. Some of these will be fresh in the memory of our readers, and the last, and not the least, of them is the letter which he has just addressed to the *Times* on the subject of union with the Eastern Church. It was a mistake to write on such a theme at all to the *Times*, and we have no doubt that when Dr. Pusey saw his letter in juxtaposition with the entertainments of Harlequin and the revelries of Cremorne he must have been struck with the incongruity. It was a mistake to choose Christmastide for what was certainly a message of anything but glad tidings to men of good-will to the cause of Christian reunion. But the greatest mistake of all was to rush into print before he had made himself acquainted with the facts which he has criticized with such curious maladroitness. He tells the readers of the *Times* that he has resigned his membership in the Eastern Church Association "on the ground of the aggressive line as to the English Church adopted by Russian ecclesiastics, and of some other apprehensions." The "other apprehensions," we suppose, are those which are unfolded in the body of the letter, and we shall examine them presently. But we regret that he has not explained more fully "the aggressive line as to the English Church adopted by Russian ecclesiastics." We happen to know something of the *animus* of Russian ecclesiastics towards the Church of England, and we confess ourselves in total ignorance of what Dr. Pusey means. As a matter of fact, Russian ecclesiastics have delivered lectures in the capital of Russia, within the last year, in defence of Anglican orders and of the catholicity of the English Church. Surely Dr. Pusey knows better than to mistake the spiteful impertinences of Dr. Overbeck for the real feelings of Russian ecclesiastics. Let him read the Report of the last Bonn Conference, and he will find the line "adopted by Russian ecclesiastics" towards the English Church the very reverse of "aggressive." Indeed it seems to us that it is Dr. Pusey who has adopted an aggressive line, not only towards Russian ecclesiastics, but towards all who do not look at these questions from precisely the same point of view as himself. The explanation probably is that his letter was written hurriedly on the impulse of the moment, and fails to express his calm and deliberate judgment.

The explanation of the *Filioque* adopted at Bonn "really prepares," in Dr. Pusey's opinion, "the way for the abandonment of the expression of our belief in the mode of existence of Almighty God—*i.e.* in God as He is." This is a most serious accusation, and ought to be supported, we take leave to say, by something more cogent than even Dr. Pusey's *ipse dixit*. He charitably acquits "the framers" indeed of any such intention. But the alternative is a charge of constructive heresy against a theologian of the calibre of Dr. Döllinger, to say nothing of the eminent divines with whom the venerable President of the Bonn Conference was in daily consultation. Dr. Pusey is a man of profound and varied learning, and of acknowledged eminence as a theologian; but he would be the first to admit that Dr. Döllinger is at least his equal in these respects, and the fact that Dr. Döllinger saw no lurking heresy in the formula respecting the *Filioque* might have suggested to Dr. Pusey a doubt as to the correctness of his own interpretation. Nor does the gravity of the accusation end here. Dr. Pusey, by implication, accuses the whole Eastern Church of material heresy. For if the *Filioque* is so absolutely essential to "the expression of our belief in the mode of existence of Almighty God—[illegible]hat the abandonment of it, even in deference to the ruling of an Œcumenical Council, would be equivalent to the abandonment of our belief in God, it follows that the Eastern Church has for centuries erred from the faith in respect to the very first article of the creed. But though this is implied in Dr. Pusey's proposition, it is impossible that he can mean anything so extravagant. And indeed, towards the end of his letter, he recommends the very course which was practically adopted at Bonn. "It would have been much better," he says, "to claim, in case of reunion, the possession of our here-

ditary Creed (with which our faith is practically bound up), while disclaiming any error which the Greeks have erroneously imputed to it, or any wish that they should adopt it." This is precisely what the Western theologians did claim at Bonn, and their claim was allowed. They admitted that the introduction of the *Filioque* into the Creed was an "ecclesiastical irregularity," but the question of its removal was left in abeyance. The aim of the Conference was to ascertain whether East and West meant the same thing under their different modes of expression, with a view to the "building of a house," as Dr. Döllinger expressed it, "in which they might both dwell together," leaving the ecclesiastical status of the *Filioque* to the determination of a future Œcumenical Council. Dr. Pusey is in error if he supposes that the propositions agreed upon at Bonn were intended to be adopted as substitutes for the *Filioque*. They were intended as an explanation of the sense in which the Westerns use the expression, and of nothing more. If Dr. Pusey had read the Report of the Conference, he would have found that "the question of abandoning the expression of our belief" was not seriously debated at Bonn, much less decided.

Dr. Pusey's third proposition is so perplexing that we must quote it in full before we venture to criticize it:—

> That one of the propositions to which we are requested to express our consent is misleading, and calculated to raise prejudices against the truth, since the reception of the Nicæno-Constantinopolitan Creed in the Western Church, for itself, together with the addition of the *Filioque*, is no more "ecclesiastically irregular" than the additions to the Nicene Creed by the Council of Constantinople, wholly a Greek Council, for its necessities in the East. The Creed also, with this addition, was notoriously received under the impression that it was the Creed, enlarged by the Council.

Dr. Pusey, we are sure, would admit, on reflection, that the doctrine broached in this paragraph is dangerous and revolutionary. What does he mean us to infer from the fact that "the Council of Constantinople" was "wholly a Greek Council"? The Nicene Council was almost "a Greek Council." But what of that? Was it therefore not œcumenical? What constitutes the œcumenicity of a Council? Certainly not the number or the variety of its members, but its acceptance by the Church. The attendance of Councils always bore a representative character, and in all of those which are received as œcumenical only a moiety of the Episcopate of Christendom was present. The second Œcumenical Council was attended by only one hundred and fifty, the third Council by about two hundred, and the Council of Nicæa itself by only three hundred and eighteen, the whole number of sees in Christendom meanwhile being about eighteen hundred. The test of a Council's being œcumenical, therefore, was the acceptance of its authority and decrees by the Church dispersed. A Council which did not answer this test, however general or numerous—and some of the heretical Councils outnumbered some of the orthodox in the proportion of three to one—was not considered œcumenical. A Council which did answer the test, whether "wholly Greek" or not, was truly œcumenical. Now the Council of Constantinople was not only accepted by the Church dispersed, but its œcumenical character was emphatically asserted by the Fathers of Chalcedon, a Council which was certainly not "wholly Greek." The authority of the Council of Constantinople is therefore quite on a par with that of any other undisputed Œcumenical Council. The fact then stands thus. The Council of Constantinople made an addition to the Nicene Creed which all Christendom has accepted. Into the Latin form of the Creed, on the other hand, an expression (*Filioque*) found its way—nobody seems to know how—which was for a while authoritatively repudiated even in the West; but which the Bishops of Rome eventually attempted to impose, on their own sole authority, upon the whole of Christendom, and thereby caused that rent between East and West which is still unhealed. Yet Dr. Pusey asserts that this tyrannous imposition of the Western formula "is no more ecclesiastically irregular than the additions to the Nicene Creed by the Council of Constantinople." He "thinks it also a misstatement that the words 'and the Son' have for so long time divided the East from the West," and this because "writers on the Greek side have said that 'the dispute was not about the Creed, but about the Sees'—*i.e.* the absolute authority claimed by the See of Rome over the Eastern Patriarchates, so different from the relations of earlier times." But there is no contradiction between the two statements. The claim to make an addition to an Œcumenical Creed on the sole authority of the Bishop of Rome was a proof and symbol of "the absolute authority" arrogated to that see, and was resisted on that ground to the last extremity of schism. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not advocate the surrender of the *Filioque*. We agree with Dr. Pusey that its surrender now by any authority short of œcumenical might shake the faith of many. It is, in fact, just because we deprecate [illegible] surrender that [illegible] lament such an untenable defence of it [illegible] may lead, by [illegible] the recoil, to an agitation in favour of surrender.

Dr. Pusey's attempt to prove a contradi[illegible]tween one of the Bonn propositions and "our Creeds and [illegible]s" is as onesided and exaggerated as his defence of the eccl[illegible]cal irregularity of the *Filioque*. In the first place, he is not [illegible]te in saying that the proposition which he condemns "states *falsely* [the italics are his] that the Holy Ghost goes not forth [illegible] the Son." It is very elaborately explained that what [illegible]eant is that He does not proceed from the Son as the ἀρχή, or *aitia*, or the πηγή of the Godhead, but only as the *instrumental* cause of His mission; and the mission was acknowledged by the Easterns to be from eternity. There is not even a verbal contradiction between this and the declaration of the Western form of the Creed, that the Holy Spirit "proceedeth from the Father and the Son." To "proceed from," and "to proceed out of," are not exact equivalents. Every word in the Bonn proposition was the result of prolonged discussions, and is charged with meaning; but the meaning is necessarily lost when, not even the whole proposition, but one of its clauses, is torn from its context and history, and presented to an ignorant public in its naked and mutilated isolation. The proposition denies nothing but the existence of two ἀρχαί in the Godhead, which "our Creeds and Articles" do not affirm. Dr. Pusey goes on to assert that "any proceedings on the part of the English Church with regard to the Creeds on this great truth would be utterly useless as to the object alleged, 'the removal of our unhappy divisions,' since there are other grave points which would hinder the Eastern Church from accepting our communion." He does not explain what these grave points are; but he would admit, we suppose, that the Easterns themselves are the best judges as to that, and it has been stated publicly that the lamented Archbishop Lycurgus declared at Bonn, on behalf of himself and the other Orientals, that, the difficulty as to the *Filioque* once removed, they saw nothing to prevent intercommunion between the Eastern Church on the one hand and the English Church and Old Catholics on the other.

We find ourselves unable to follow the logic of Dr. Pusey's sixth proposition. He objects to majorities overriding the convictions of the minority, as in the Vatican Council, and draws the illogical conclusion that, since "it is manifest," as he thinks, "that in the English Church also the majority is not now prepared to enter into communion with the Eastern Church," therefore the minority, which is prepared, ought not to be allowed to remove obstacles out of the way of such intercommunion, but must still remain under a self-imposed paralysis. It may be true that the Lower House of Convocation "inadequately represents the clergy," but, such as it is, it is the only representative they have, and it represents them, on the whole, very fairly.

Dr. Pusey thinks that negotiations like the Bonn Conferences would probably "end in the disruption of the English Church," and "would, while pending, increase divisions among ourselves, rather than promote unity with the Eastern Church." If he can find time to read the reports of the Conference, he will see cause to change his mind. What the divines assembled at Bonn aimed at was simply the removal of obstacles to intercommunion. But Dr. Pusey knows that the Church of England has never forbidden the fullest intercommunion between her members and the Eastern Church. The Bonn Conferences, therefore, can do nothing in this respect which is not already an accomplished fact. The Church of England, as such, has never broken communion with the Eastern Church, and does not forbid it now; and Dr. Pusey's fears are accordingly purely chimerical. The clergy and laity of the Church of England are as free now as they ever can be to hold communion with the Eastern Church, and the main object of the Bonn Conferences was to remove misunderstandings on the part of the Orientals. In short, Dr. Pusey has evidently written under an entire misapprehension as to the facts; and when he comes to see this, we believe he will be too generous not to acknowledge his [illegible]take. The same manly spirit which has prompted him to write the *Times*, without consulting any one, the moment he saw what seemed to him a peril to the faith for which he has suffered so much, will doubtless induce him to renew his labours in the cause of Christian reunion as soon as he finds that the danger which he has sought to avert is purely imaginary. He has lately given to the world his high estimate of the theological learning and acumen of the late Bishop of Brechin, and the last official act of that lamented prelate was to draft a resolution for his Synod by way of cordial approval of the propositions which have so unnecessarily excited Dr. Pusey's alarm.

QUEBEC.

THERE is no one among the many who cherish pleasant memories of Quebec who will not feel thankful that that ancient town has escaped a danger from its own citizens greater possibly than an enemy would have inflicted on it. The spirit of so-called improvement has been rife within its walls. Some of its inhabitants have visited the methodically planned cities of the West, and have talked with Yankee tourists about the beauties of their flourishing, but painfully dull, towns, until the idea seized them of pulling down those memorials of a past age which Quebec, almost alone among the cities of the Western Hemisphere, possesses, and of assimilating it to the [illegible]rn of a fifth-rate Chicago or St. Louis. [illegible]e the departure [illegible] British troops and the withdrawal of the [illegible]ering care of the [illegible]al Engineers, the ramparts which [illegible] rounded the [illegible]er town, dividing its aristocratic quarters [illegible] the busy suburbs [illegible] the [illegible]fs and warehouses that [illegible]rder the St. Lawrence, have fallen [illegible] disrepair. The guard-houses [illegible] sentry-boxes stand deserted [illegible]e walls, and the [illegible]e pushed aside and overturned by the [illegible]s who use the [illegible]ed ramparts as a playground. The gates were found to be [illegible]uments to traffic, the walls were said to obstruct the view, and the Town Council became persuaded that they were living in the old-world corner, and that if they could only sweep away these memories of former times, and lay out Quebec with right-angled streets and avenues as

well as its unfortunate site would permit, they would be handed down to future ages as men who had done much to regenerate their native land. Fired with these ideas, a deputation composed of some of the leading citizens went to Ottawa, and laid their plans before the Dominion Government, whose sanction was required before any step could be taken. Happily, on their arrival at the capital, the deputation met with men of greater breadth of view than themselves; they found that those who had visited Europe had learnt to appreciate the value of historical remains; and, when they sought the approval of the Governor-General, they discovered that their contemplated act would be looked upon in England as a piece of unmitigated vandalism. No doubt the deputation had something to allege on their side of the question; but it was pointed out to them that the end they had in view could be attained without the sacrifices they proposed to make, and that modern improvements were not incompatible with the preservation of the memorials of former years. With great good sense, Town Council adopted the plans submitted to them by Lord Dufferin, and decided to consult an eminent engineer and architect, so that Quebec, like the more ancient walled cities of England—York and Chester—might, whilst adapting itself to modern requirements retain most of its picturesque characteristics. A scheme was approved, money was voted by the municipality which it is hoped the Dominion Government may supplement—and the threatened danger has been averted from a city unique in its historical interest.

So many Englishmen have visited, either as soldiers or as travellers, this ancient city of Canada, that any description of it seems almost superfluous. But a slight sketch of its situation and present condition may serve to convey a general idea of the contemplated changes to persons who have never seen it, and to refresh the memories of others who have proved some of the pleasantest years of their lives within its walls. The citadel—still garrisoned by soldiers wearing the uniform of the Royal Artillery, and not unworthy of their predecessors of the Imperial army—stands on the highest point of the promontory formed by the junction of the river St. Charles with the St. Lawrence. Connected with it are the upper town, making a sort of second city, the extensive suburbs, the fertile valley of the Charles and the hills and forests stretching away to the north, while immediately at the foot of the rock on which the citadel stands is the broad stream of the St. Lawrence, dividing it from the villages of Point Levis and the three modern forts—a portion of the system of defence that looks towards the United States. There are few views that can surpass in natural beauty that obtained from the citadel of Quebec; but nature has been greatly assisted by the picturesque combination of ramparts, convents, churches, and high-gabled houses roofed with tin, shining like silver, that fill up the foreground. The fortifications of Quebec are unlike those of any other town: they possess much of the picturesqueness of mediæval architecture, with the reality of modern ramparts, and the relics of our civil wars in regard to armour, they represent a period in military history which their destruction would leave unrecorded. But to the painter they possess qualities of even greater value than to the soldier, and it is a matter of regret that so few of our artists have availed themselves of the mine of wealth that Quebec would so bountifully supply. To have levelled these ramparts, to have cut down the poplar trees by which the French colonists invariably marked their settlements, to have destroyed the houses and streets which witnessed the death of Montcalm and the entrance of the victorious army whose leader fell at the moment of success, would have been a sacrilege which Canadians in future ages would never have forgiven. The country is only now awakening to the value of historical landmarks. The struggles inseparable from early colonization, the necessity of providing for the means of each day's existence, and that habit of continually looking forward which characterizes young and energetic nationalities, have hitherto prevented the due appreciation of the antiquities of Quebec, even by those who are more especially interested in their preservation.

In 1534 Jacques Cartier found the Indian village of Stadacona occupying the present site of the city, and his successor, Samuel de Champlain, with a true perception of the value of the position, established a trading post which gradually grew into a fort, a village, and a town, and which became the seat of the Government that so long contested the empire of North America with the English race. The issue of this contest is well known; and when Quebec fell in 1759, the French colonists, secured by treaty in the possession of their laws, their religion, and their liberties, continued to occupy the cultivated lands between Montreal and the sea, leaving to the English the task of pushing forward civilization into the forests that bordered the great lakes. Although selected as the residence of the new Governors, Quebec preserved the impress which the French had given to its buildings and to its society, and retained somewhat of the appearance of an old Norman town transplanted to the further side of the Atlantic. Its colleges, convents, and churches, its narrow streets, and the people who throng them, are unlike anything that America can show elsewhere. They indicate a race and a society completely different from the almost unvarying type of American civilization, and, whilst affording a contrast to its restless energy, they present a picture of happiness and contentment which some may admire, even if they would not desire to imitate it. As wealth increased in the western part of Canada, claims were put forward by other towns to be the seat of Government, and Kingston, Montreal, and Toronto were successively selected. Quebec, however, maintained her position as one at least of the capitals of Canada, whilst she was always looked on as the principal fortress, and in fact as the key, of the country. For some years previously to the formation of the Dominion by the union of the several provinces, and to the selection of Ottawa as its permanent capital, Quebec had regained the privilege of being the place where the Governor resided and where Parliament assembled; but when the seat of Government was removed, and almost simultaneously the troops withdrawn, she felt the double blow, and for a few years lived somewhat on the retrospect of her former prosperity. Now, however, fresh life seems to have animated her. Her citizens are determined that the French metropolis shall take her place among Canadian cities, and are desirous to increase her commerce and her wealth. A railway has been begun along the north shore of the St. Lawrence as an additional means of communication with Montreal, and it is hoped that this and other improvements will insure an influx of prosperity. It was with the avowed object of opening fresh streets that the destruction of the ramparts was proposed; but now that the Town Council are convinced that all that they desire can be attained without the sacrifice of so much that induces tourists to visit Quebec, they have agreed to spend a considerable sum of money to effect the necessary changes, and at the same time to preserve its picturesque beauty.

The ramparts are to be kept in repair; wherever it is necessary to pierce them in order to create fresh thoroughfares, light bridges will be thrown across the streets, and the openings will be flanked by towers which will break the somewhat dead level of the walls. The enceinte will be preserved, and even extended, as it is proposed to prolong Durham Terrace—on which the old château of St. Louis recently stood, and which overlooks the lower town—under the walls of the citadel, and so to the fields adjoining the historic Plains of Abraham, where, outside the St. Louis gate, a garden is to be laid out. It is even hinted that the summer residence of the Governor-General, adapted from the officers' quarters in the citadel, may be improved, and that the château of St. Louis may be rebuilt on the angle of the fortress which commands the unrivalled view well known to all visitors to Quebec. If these improvements are carried out, Canada will possess a city which no town in the Empire can surpass or even equal in its peculiar style of beauty. More than this, the Canadians will have afforded a proof that they have advanced in growth and in the education that should accompany material progress. By their appreciation of historical remains, and by their preservation of the memorials of the past, they show a desire to build up a history connected with the early events that characterized the birth of their country, whilst they will be able to point with pride to the evidence of French culture which exercises no inconsiderable influence on the national character. Coming from a Government which is supposed more especially to represent the energy of Ontario, the voting of money towards the improvement of Quebec is a satisfactory indication of the consolidation of the Dominion, and of the unity of feeling between the French and English populations.

Whatever future may await Canada, Quebec must always be identified with the most striking episodes of her earlier history. The pioneers of civilization lived, traded, and fought within its ancient stockades; the priests who first taught the Christian faith to North America suffered and died within sight of the convents which were the first public buildings to rise within its walls; and the able men who endeavoured to carry out Richelieu's ambitious policy of extending the French power up the valley of the St. Lawrence, through the great Lakes, and down the long extent of the Mississippi, organized from Quebec the half-warlike, half-trading expeditions that pushed civilization into the deserts of the West. The military revers that befel the French need leave no soreness among the descendants of those who under Montcalm fought so bravely, and for a long time so successfully, to preserve the inheritance bequeathed to them; whilst the victory gained at so great a cost on the Plains of Abraham will always count among the events that have exercised a powerful and enduring influence on the destinies of the world. To have wiped away the mural records of old Quebec would have been to have blotted out one of those pictures of the past which instruct more vividly than any written history; and as their loss would have been felt beyond the precincts of the Dominion, so would those who failed to appreciate their value have been condemned by the public opinion of the two nations which boast to have contributed more than any others towards the civilization of modern times. Even in England it is only in recent years that the effect of the culture of art on the education of the community has been fully recognized; and it is satisfactory to perceive that, under the guidance of a Governor-General well known for his appreciation of what is excellent in art and literature, the leaders of the Canadian people have shown a determination so far to profit by the lessons of the mother-country as to make some sacrifice to retain and improve that which indirectly, but not the less surely, tends to the intellectual progress of the nation.

MR. BEECHER AGAIN.

An eminent, or at least conspicuous, Nonconformist minister in London is said to have declared that, when he heard of the result of the Beecher-Tilton trial, he felt an irre-

sistible desire to hug somebody; and it may be admitted that a more appropriate method of rejoicing on such an occasion could scarcely be imagined. It is possible that Mr. Beecher's friends in this country will be again moved to similar transports when they hear that the unsavoury notoriety which he has of late acquired has been attended by a marked advance in the popularity of Plymouth Church. At the annual meeting of the members, which was held the other day, a highly satisfactory rate of progress was triumphantly exhibited. "The front part of the room," we read in one of the New York papers, "was filled entirely" with what the reporter calls "ladies"; and there were "fewer than a dozen men in eight rows of seats." Whatever may be thought of the conclusiveness of the evidence as to Mr. Beecher on the specific charge against him, there can be no doubt that he had indulged in scandalous familiarities with the wife of one of his flock, and diverted her affection from her husband, and that he had also given countenance to the worst suspicions against himself by the peculiar relations which he continued to maintain with his accusers until he found them bent upon exposure. Under these circumstances, there is a curious and disagreeable significance in the feminine enthusiasm which has been excited on his behalf. The Annual Report of Plymouth Church states that it now numbers 2,490 members, being an increase of 100 during the year, and there has also been a corresponding increase in the collections. The Report concludes by declaring that the church has cause to thank God for the many blessings He has showered upon it. Mr. Beecher himself was present at the meeting, and "offered an unusually long and fervent prayer." It would appear, however, that though the fame of his philandering and osculatory habits has apparently added to his attractiveness as a pastor among a certain class of women, his triumph has not been wholly unalloyed. Several members of his church have declared themselves by no means satisfied that he has cleared his character, and demand further inquiry. Moreover, a very bad spirit towards Mr. Beecher has—so, at least, he complains—been shown by rival churches which apparently continue to attach some importance to the ordinary decencies of life. Dr. Parker's insidious attempt to fasten upon English Dissenting ministers a participation in some of the improprieties of the Beecher system has been promptly and indignantly repudiated by the persons thus calumniated; and it appears that in the United States also the Congregationalists are by no means willing to be identified with the kissing and cuddling of Brooklyn. At a recent meeting of his church Mr. Beecher broke out into a protest against the persecution to which he says he has been subjected. Plymouth Church, he said, "now stands alone, separated by a barrier as it were from its neighbours, and in a peculiar position." "Those from whom we had a right to expect sympathy have not shown it, nor have they extended to this church the soft side of the hand; but when they came, it was never with the palm, but always with the knuckles." He went on to complain that he had been pelted with "fiery ice"—this might be a better description of his own character, as he himself represents it, which is that he is ice that never melts even under the warmest provocation—and had suffered long and patiently; yet "they had now come to that point at which it was very plain that the campaign had but begun." These remarks seem to have had especial reference to the doubting members of Plymouth Church, whom the pastor and his friends have been trying to get rid of by the process of summary ejection without trial or hearing. Other Congregational bodies have been shocked by this unscrupulous despotism; but the Beecherites contend that each church is a separate church, absolute and competent to govern itself, and having exclusive jurisdiction over all its affairs. There is no doubt that this is a correct description of the legal position of a Congregational church as regards other churches; but the members of such a church have, under the law, rights of which they cannot be deprived.

When the case of Queen Caroline was before the public, Mary Lamb, Charles Lamb's sister, and in a certain way a woman of keen insight, remarked, "I should not think the better of her if she were what is called 'innocent,'" meaning that mind and character are of more significance than a particular and casual act. This applies very strongly to Mr. Beecher's case; into whatever depth of the pit he may himself have fallen, he has set a bad example to other people in, by his own confession, going so near the slippery edge. It is necessary to understand the exact position which Mr. Beecher at present occupies. He submitted for several years to hear accusations constantly made against him, and to hear them assumed as undeniable, by persons before whom he grovelled in the most abject and despairing manner. When the secret could no longer be suppressed, an attempt was made to get out of the difficulty by a church council, which, being under the influence of Mr. Beecher's special friends, decided, after an imperfect and onesided investigation, in the pastor's favour. This, however, had no effect on public opinion, and Beecher, after much hesitation, brought an action for libel against Tilton. There was a long trial, and the jury could not agree on a verdict. Beecher had, however, another opportunity of getting the case tried, for he had also raised an action for libel against Moulton, one of his chief assailants; but, being overcome by a spirit of Christian forgiveness, he voluntarily applied to have the case withdrawn, in spite of the defendant's energetic opposition. Yet, in the face of this, Mr. Beecher, at a meeting of the church on December 17, professed to be still anxious for another trial, only it must be one to his own taste. He will not go to a civil court, he has had enough of that. Nor will he submit to a general council of ministers. "When," he said, "I am asked to re-open, on this issue, the record of the former proceedings, in what fills four large octavo volumes, when I am asked to take the measure of this entangled and obscure mass of iniquity, and ask it to be brought into the hands of a council of ministers, gathered together from all parts of the country, that must come on Tuesday and then get home by Sunday again, then I do object." "I will not," he added, "sit before a jury of foxes and wolves." Therefore, as Mr. Beecher has no stomach for any more civil proceedings, and regards other ministers of his own school as "foxes and wolves," there will be some difficulty in providing him with any form of inquiry which will please him. What he himself suggests is a picked body of church delegates, to be selected at the discretion of his own Committee, to decide in the first instance whether it is the duty of Plymouth Church to reopen the investigation; and it can hardly be doubted what would be the result of such a farce. The spirit in which the Committee has already acted in arbitrarily striking off the roll Mrs. Moulton, Deacon West, and other members of the church without a hearing, because they have declared themselves still dissatisfied with Mr Beecher's conduct, sufficiently indicates what might be expected from them. A telegram from New York announces that, whatever the churches may do, Mr. Moulton has determined to enter an action against Mr. Beecher for malicious prosecution, so that the whole question will then come up again before the Supreme Court.

It is unfortunate that this loathsome subject should be kept before the public in this way, but the unabashed and brazen manner in which Mr. Beecher has paraded himself since the last trial perhaps renders it inevitable. As we have said, even those who do not think that everything has been proved against him must acknowledge that he behaved with a scandalous disregard of the primitive elements of ministerial decency; and under such circumstances it would have been his duty to indicate some sense of that contrition which he professed to feel when he used to crouch and whimper, like a whipped hound who has committed an offence against propriety, at the feet of his accusers. Instead of this, during the whole of this inglorious business he has been perpetually thrusting himself into [illegible] and doing his utmost to make capital out of a nasty, prurient [illegible]osity. He has been giving his sympathetic help to Mr [illegible] Sankey. In his own church he is more triumphant and [illegible] than ever; his platform is gay and fragrant with [illegible] bouquets, and the reporters never fail to note his good [illegible] and how "ruddy and [illegible] he always is. Even [illegible] would have been [illegible] But Mr. Be[illegible] he has to deal with [illegible] Tweed [illegible] by [illegible] examination of his [illegible] probably be sorr[illegible] as affords him another opportunity of showing how easily he could again escape. And Beecher, after all the disgraceful exposures he has gone through, finds his audiences and his collections increasing, has more flowers than ever showered on him by fervent devotees, is more widely reported at the Bar, and, in short, enjoys all those attributes of notoriety which he regarded to the risk [illegible] The spe[illegible]ch the characters of such men in themselves, as the indication which the tolerance extended to them affords of a general unsoundness of opinion and morality.

DECLINE OF LIBERAL CATHOLICISM.

THE Canadian Correspondent of the *Times* gave the other day some rather curious statistics as to the state of religious parties in Lower Canada or Quebec, which it will be remembered is chiefly French and Roman Catholic. The Guibord burial case is still fresh in every one's memory, and would alone suffice to illustrate the prevalence of the *odium theologicum* there in a somewhat virulent form. But it is not pleasant to learn that this miserable affair is so far from being anything exceptional that it is merely one out of many passing indications of a general and established fact. The *Institut Canadien* to which Guibord belonged, and his membership of which was the sole cause of the refusal of Christian burial to his remains and the solemn cursing of his grave, is said to include pretty nearly the whole Liberal Catholicism of French Canada, and it was till lately a large and influential society to which men of mark and high position deemed it an honour to belong. But since the Vatican Council—which its plausible advocates in this country are never tired of assuring us has changed nothing and introduced no novelties—all this has been completely altered. The word has been passed from Rome that Liberal Catholicism is to be put down, and the "Institute" is done accordingly. Its members have sunk to a mere fraction of what they were—there are said to be now only 165 of them—and one of its most prominent representatives, who had warmly espoused the cause of Guibord's widow in the recent suit, found it necessary to retire from all connexion with it on the eve of the last general election, as the only means of securing the clerical support which was essential to his return to Parliament. That the great body of educated Catholics in Canada are really liberal in sentiment is not disputed, but they dare not avow their real sentiments. The Catholic vote is completely under the control of the clergy, and they of course are under the dominion of Rome. So entirely is this the case that in all questions of the general policy of the

Confederacy in which the hierarchy care to interest themselves, the Quebec vote is exclusively Ultramontane. Our readers may recollect that in 1867 the new Dominion, comprising Upper and Lower Canada (Quebec), Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, was formed into a Confederation under the name of Canada, certain rights, however, being reserved to the several Provincial Legislatures. In Lower Canada, as was before observed, the great majority are French Roman Catholics, while in the other provinces there is a considerable and active Catholic minority. By an Act of the Imperial Parliament passed in 1774 —when politicians of all classes were [illegible] to laugh at Popery as a harmless and effete superstition—certain privileges, the precise nature and extent of which has recently been made matter of dispute, were secured in perpetuity to "His Majesty's subjects professing the religion of the Church of Rome" in Quebec. But it is not only in Quebec that the Ultramontane and aggressive party is making itself felt. The Common School Act, passed four years ago by the local Legislature of New Brunswick, making assessment compulsory, and restricting legislative aid under its provisions to non-sectarian schools, has all along been vehemently opposed and denounced by the Roman Catholic minority, whose schools—in common with those of the Episcopalian and some other communions—were thereby deprived of the State grants they had previously enjoyed. We need not enter here on the details of the controversy, which is still raging, further than to say that desperate attempts were made to override the action of the Provincial Legislature by an appeal to the Dominion Parliament; and since the latter has very properly acknowledged its constitutional incompetence to interfere, an address has now been voted to the Queen, requesting Her Majesty to use her influence for the modification of the obnoxious Act. Meanwhile the Government of New Brunswick, backed by an overwhelming majority of the Legislature, declines to recede from the position it has taken up. And so matters rest for the present, till it is known what course will be taken by the Imperial Government on the address to the Queen.

We have dwelt thus far on the state of religious discord in Canada, not so much for its own sake as because it supplies an apt illustration of the changed and changing attitude of what has now become the dominant section of the Roman Catholic Church generally. Catholicism has always been the leading religion in Canada; but these troubles are of very recent growth, because till lately it was not only possible, but very common, to be a Roman Catholic without being a "Romanist"—as the word is frequently used by German writers—or, to adopt the less courteous phraseology familiar to our own ears, a Papist. With the exception of a diminishing and then discredited school, chiefly confined to the Jesuits, and which the leading representatives both of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and laity in the British dominions treated with unconcealed contempt, the Church and the Pope were at this time very far from being convertible terms. That, for all practical purposes, the one means the other is now a recognized commonplace of every tiro in Ultramontane theology, an axiom to adopt Lord Macaulay's formula—with which every schoolboy at a well-conducted and orthodox seminary must be familiar, and which the Vatican Synod has elevated to an article of faith. It is obvious that under such a *régime* Liberal Catholicism at once becomes an anachronism; it must resist or cease to be. That its powers of resistance are exhausted, or that it will not hereafter assert itself with even more and effect intensified by the force of reaction, we are very far from saying. But that for the moment it is down there can be no doubt, and as little that the triumphant faction is never weary of crying *Vae victis* over its prostrate foes. Montalembert is dead, and, so far as the Pope was concerned, narrowly escaped being [illegible] without Christian rites; Döllinger and Hyacinthe are excommunicate; a death-bed retractation was wrung from the unwilling lips of Father Gratry; the German Episcopate, if we may be allowed an expressive colloquialism, shelladdled *en masse*; Newman is reduced to sorrowful silence, and delivered over to the tender mercies, cruel in their contemptuous politeness, of the leading organ of English Ultramontanism. Rome for the time has succeeded in making a solitude, and her satellites call it peace.

In saying this we may perhaps seem to be merely re-echoing the cuckoo cry of Ultramontane preachers and journalists for the last five years, and they will be ready to congratulate us on our at last acknowledging the great fact which they have been so sedulously employed in dinning into our ears. It was Cardinal Manning, if our memory serves us rightly, who said, in one of his newspaper letters on the Gladstone controversy, that he could count the opponents of the Vatican dogmas in the Church. There was an Anglican prelate some years ago, and one of the ablest and most sober-minded of them too, who said he could "count on his fingers" the clergy who maintained the doctrine of Apostolic succession. Even Bishop Baring would hardly venture on such an assertion now. Cardinal Manning gauged the number of anti-infallibilists by the few, like Lord Camoys and Mr. Petre, who happened to have occasion to write letters on the subject to the *Times*; but there are cases where "de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem *non* est ratio," and it is more than probable that this will turn out to be one of them. The habits of a lifetime are not easily broken through, and few habits are stronger or more deeply ingrained into a man's whole nature than that of deference to ecclesiastical authority in a devout Roman Catholic. It must have been evident to all who took the trouble to watch the course, how slowly and reluctantly even a man of Dr. Döllinger's powerful intellect and force of character could wrench himself, so to speak, from all complicity with a system which his judgment and conscience alike condemned. And what was difficult to him would be tenfold more difficult to others whose strength, whether of conviction or character, cannot be supposed to equal his. It is no proof, therefore, if for a time they are reduced to silence, that Liberal Catholics have changed their opinions or lost courage. A despotic rule under which, as was shown not long ago, a casual letter to the newspapers may expose a gentleman of unimpeachable character to prompt excommunication at the hands of his bishop, was sure of course to produce some effect on those who have always been taught to regard ecclesiastical judgments as sacred and solemn things. The authorities who have adopted this drastic policy knew that they could reckon on at least a temporary success, and they have not been disappointed. It remains to be seen whether it will be equally successful in the long run. For the present, no doubt, Liberal Roman Catholics must have something of the feeling so oddly described by Bishop Dupanloup when he says that he is "cast, like Daniel, into the fiery furnace at Babylon": but still there were some—though Daniel was not one of them—who not only managed to endure the fiery furnace, but also, as was said of a later victim of persecution, lighted a candle at the flame which was not soon put out. Rome triumphs just now over her disaffected subjects by an opposite policy to that of her Imperial namesake. She cannot subdue the mighty, but she crushes the timid and submissive. Such victories are apt to be suicidal. Some years ago a very distinguished Roman Catholic writer, on whom the iron heel of authority pressed heavily, observed, as for the moment he laid down his pen, that "the silent thinkers of the Church" were doing a work the fruit of which would be hereafter manifested. The Ultramontane journalists of the day covered him with their bitterest ridicule, but he may yet live perhaps to see his words come true. If Liberal Catholics are silenced, their rivals may be pretty sure that they are neither converted nor convinced.

MR. IRVING AND *PUNCH*.

It may be thought perhaps that it would have been wiser if Mr. Irving had treated the attack which has been made on him in a Pall Mall Gazette paper with dignified contempt, instead of giving an opportunity of advertising its obscure existence in a police court. But there can be no doubt that the attack in question was, from every point of view, quite unwarrantable. We have no desire to discuss the question in its legal aspects; but it is obvious that the article complained of was, on the face of it, a violation of the proprieties of journalism, and that it was clearly intended to hold up Mr. Irving to what French lawyers would call "hatred and contempt." The article, which was in the form of a letter addressed to 'A Fashionable Tragedian,' began by assuming that the performance of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum had been a failure; which, it appears, it was not, at least in the ordinary managerial sense, seeing that the play was performed eighty times—a longer run than usual of this play—and that it is intended to reproduce it at some future time; but of course it has not been so successful as *Hamlet*, always a more popular piece, and there has no doubt been some disappointment with regard to Mr Irving's conception of the principal character. The writer of the article begins by beseeching the tragedian whom he is addressing, "in the name of humanity, to which, in spite of your transcendent abilities, you cannot avoid belonging," and "for the sake of order and morality," to abandon the idea of following up *Macbeth* by *Othello*. And then he goes on to draw up a sweeping indictment against the fashionable tragedian for the injurious influence which he is alleged to have exercised on the dramatic art. "For some years past you have been the prime mover in a series of [illegible]s which, carried by you to the utmost point of realistic ghastliness, have undermined the constitution of society, and familiarized the masses with the most loathsome details of crime and bloodshed. With the hireling portion of the press at your command you have induced the vulgar and unthinking to consider you a model of histrionic ability, and pioneer of an intellectual and cultured school of dramatic art. Having thus focussed the attention of the mob, you have not hesitated nightly to debauch its intelligence, to steep it in an atmosphere of diabolical lust and crude carnage, to cast around the foulest outrages the glamour of a false sentimentality. You have idealized blank-verse butchery until murder and assassination have come to be considered the natural environments of the noble and the heroic." In short, the writer maintains that "for the disgusting bloodthirstiness and callous immorality of the present day," the tragedian in question is "in a great measure responsible," having "pandered to the lowest passions of our nature by clothing in an attractive garb the vilest actions of which we are capable"; and he winds up by saying that, if the subject of his v[illegible] on in this way, he will "increase the epidemic of murder one-hundredfold," besides degrading the drama. It may perhaps be imagined from this rhapsody that, if the Whitechapel murder had not happened before the production of *Macbeth*, the writer would have added the instigation of that atrocity to the catalogue of the fashionable tragedian's crimes; and there [illegible]ubt that Mr. Irving is here re[illegible]

This is obviously not fair or reasonable criticism, and the best defence that could have been made for it would have been that it was only a bad joke, and intended to reflect ridicule on Mr. Irving's

hostile critics. This must have been its effect on any intelligent mind, and therefore we think that an actor of established reputation, even though a tragedian, could have afforded to laugh at it. It will be observed that, as regards the charges first advanced against Mr. Irving, they involve an even more serious accusation against the author of *Macbeth* and *Othello*, whose words Mr. Irving merely recites, as several generations of actors have done before him; and it will be thought rather late in the day to gibbet Shakspeare as a corrupter of the public mind. There is a reasonable objection to such plays as *Jack Sheppard* which present crime in an aspect which has undoubtedly a fascination for weak intellects, especially when accompanied by vicious propensities; but we should have thought that there was nobody out of Bedlam who could possibly fancy that *Macbeth* or *Othello* had a tendency to encourage murder. The distinct moral of each play is to show at once the folly and agony of yielding to a murderous impulse. Any one who sees *Othello* feels impressed with a deep sense of the danger to which even a naturally generous and loving nature is exposed from the insidious influence of an imaginative jealousy; and *Macbeth* demonstrates not only the paralysing remorse, but the futility, of murder for purposes of ambition. We do not know what may be Mr. Irving's conception of Othello, but we should imagine from his rendering both of Hamlet and Macbeth, that he would probably lean to a more tender and refined interpretation than has been usual in the traditions of the stage, and possibly as a protest against some of the brutalities of the Italian school. Indeed, the main charge against Mr. Irving's Macbeth in the criticism of the day has been that he has failed to do justice to the rude manliness of the character, and has made him too despicable a sneak. Argument on this point is, however, a mere waste of time, and when a writer accuses an actor of debauching public morality by bringing before the public the works of the greatest and noblest of all poets, every one must know what to take him for. The motley is conspicuous, and it is easy to recognize the poor folly which thinks to be funny by being spiteful and extravagant.

With Mr. Irving's Shakspearian personations the writer in *Fun* ignorantly couples some modern pieces in which this actor has also made himself known. "As a burgomaster," he says, "a schoolmaster, a king, a brother, a prince, and a chieftain, all of murderous proclivities, you have deluged the modern stage with the sanguine fluid"—this is, we suppose, what is called "bees-lud!" at transpontine theatres—"and strewn it with corpses." The modern characters in which Mr. Irving has appeared are certainly not to our own taste, for we think them sickly and unpleasant. His Charles I., however, rather suggested how sweetly and prettily one may walk to the axe than showed a taste for murder; and, though the heroes of *The Bells* and *Eugene Aram* are both really murderers, the representation of their agonies is calculated rather to deter than to encourage any imitation of their example. There is, however, we allow, something morbid and unwholesome in both of these plays. In Shakspeare nothing horrible is introduced for its own sake, and such horrors as there are lose their brutalizing influence in the large humanity which surrounds them. In *The Bells* and *Eugene Aram* we have merely a dismal study in the morbid anatomy of crime, without any subtlety of character or anything to elevate and exhilarate the mind. A critic who puts the interpretation of Shakspeare on a level with the representation of such parts as the burgomaster who has murdered a Jew for the sake of his pelf, and the equally sordid crime of Eugene Aram, at once attests his own utter imbecility. It has been with a deep and natural satisfaction that sincere believers in the value of the stage as an important agent in forming, if not exactly public opinion, yet public taste and moral sentiment, observed an actor so intellectual and accomplished as Mr. Irving abandoning those errors of his earlier career by which he gained attention, and using his hold upon the multitude for the purpose of making it acquainted with the highest creations of dramatic art. It is possible that in choosing Othello as his next experiment Mr. Irving may have made a mistake, but it would be both ungenerous and unjust to assume this before we see what he has to offer us. At the same time, the range of Shakspeare is so wide and varied that it is impossible not to regret that a competent artist should restrict himself to a comparatively narrow range of parts. It is not every tragedian who, like Garrick, is as much at home in comedy as in tragedy. But experience has shown that the best actors have been those who avoided the temptation of an overpowering mannerism by the choice of a judicious and refreshing variety of subjects. There was undoubtedly too much of Eugene Aram in Mr. Irving's Macbeth; and, without attempting actual comedy, he might find more than one Shakspearian character—Richard III. for one—in which that capacity for keen and graphic delineation of character which he showed a few years ago in a small part in the *Two Roses* might be worthily displayed. The sensitive nature of an artist stands especially in need of the healthy relaxation of occasional change of work. It is impossible to imagine anything more debilitating than these one hundred and two hundred repetitions of the same part, and it may be doubted whether even the most robust and elastic of the great actors of the past could have kept up with it.

REPRESENTATIVE BREWERS.

THE editor of a publication called *The Licensed Victuallers' Year-Book* thinks that the "Trade" for which he writes cannot fail to be interested in a series of portraits and biographies of men whose names are, as he truly says, familiar in his subscribers' mouths as household words. It may be interesting even beyond the "Trade" to hear what its organ has to say of the characters and careers of the "Representative Brewers of England," of the methods by which they or their fathers attained success, and of the position they now hold and the duties it involves. It may be expected that, in writing the lives of heroes of any class, a mythical element will be introduced and great results attributed to disproportionately small causes. A deceased judge liked to tell an audience of barristers that he ascribed his own professional success to the habit of staying late at chambers; but his hearers were aware that, besides his own ability, audacity, and perseverance, he was helped by a discreet marriage. In the same way, when we are told that one of the firm of Truman, Hanbury, and Co. was never two minutes late for business in his life, we feel that punctuality, although a valuable quality in business, goes but a little way towards brewing good beer. It must be remembered, too, that the subjects of these notices are not only great brewers; they are leaders of a class which conceives itself to have been threatened with Parliamentary confiscation; and in leaders those who follow expect to find higher qualities than industry and regularity in business. Accordingly, this editor, in presenting to his readers the portrait of Mr. Robert Tennant, M.P. for Leeds, mentions that "on both sides he is descended from the famous Dalesmen who, in so many crises of English history, have come to the front." With an eloquence which we regret to spoil by abridgment, he tells how these Dalesmen withstood the Norman conquerors until they made peace as equals, built world-renowned abbeys and priories, gave the great Earl of Warwick his choicest troops, and also gave Edward of York the troops with which he defeated his too powerful subject. Thence came the men who followed Fairfax, "himself an Otley man," the men who died with Derwentwater and Nithisdale, "the stalwart horsemen of the Household Brigade," and, finally, Mr. Robert Tennant, who "proved the strength of courage of a good cause" by getting returned for Leeds at the election of 1874. We remark, but not as an objection to this history, that the Dalesmen seem to have thought any cause, good or bad, better than none. It were pity indeed that their fighting qualities should not shine in use, and therefore we are not surprised to find that they followed with equal valour and fidelity Warwick and York, Fairfax and Derwentwater. That stalwart horseman Captain Dalgetty, surveying with impartial eye the contending parties of his native land, cannot precisely say which is the best cause; but he can say that he has fought knee-deep in blood for a cause that was many degrees worse than the worst of them all. The Dalesmen no doubt made excellent soldiers for any leader, and this writer seems to forget that mercenaries or even clansmen are rather a low type of heroes. But he writes under the genuine local enthusiasm which makes his district and its people the finest in England. He thinks that there is nothing more beautiful than the course of the Wharfe to its junction with the Ouse, although probably this, like other rivers of the West Riding, is now black and poisonous from the refuse of cloth works on its banks. It might be interesting to know the source of the water used by the Brunswick Brewery Company of Leeds in which Mr. Tennant is a partner.

We are told in the notice of Mr. Bass that "the peculiar virtue of Burton water" for brewing purposes was discovered in early times, but whether Burton beer is now brewed from Trent water we are not told. The firm of which Mr. Bass is the chief invented pale or bitter beer, and substituted this article for the strong brown ale which first made Burton famous. The original brewers of "India Pale Ale" were Londoners, and it was in attempting to rival them in the production of an article that would bear the voyage to the East and suit the climate that Mr. Bass managed to hit the taste of his countrymen alike in India and at home. A shipwreck introduced his beer in Liverpool, and the Great Exhibition of 1851 made it generally known as draught beer in London. Afflicted humanity may confess that it finds in pale ale some compensation for the nuisance of perpetually recurring International Exhibitions. "The great London brewers," says this writer, "openly laughed to scorn the efforts of the Midlandmen to poach on their manors." But pale ale rapidly overran the territory of porter, and now these rivals meet equally and peacefully under the popular form of "half-and-half." As we understand, the business of Bass and Co. is now the largest in the kingdom, and its rapid and marvellous growth contains, we are told, a valuable lesson for all who are willing to learn it. "It has been produced neither by puffing nor luck, but by steady hard work, constant determination to produce the very best article that capital and science combined could wring from malt and hops, and unswerving, undeviating integrity." The writer allows that it is possible, although not probable, that without this last qualification the house of Bass and Co. might have heaped up colossal fortunes, but he is sure that they would not stand as high as they do in the estimation of their fellow-men. It is a comfort to hear the organ of a powerful trade grinding such excellent morality as this. But although principles are grand things, they must in general be combined with capital, and helped by time, to make colossal fortunes. Mr. Bass's grandfather began to brew beer at Burton in 1777, and the business has been growing ever since. Several of the London firms are older than this, and the lesson to be learned from their history is that the steady pursuit of one object for several generations will make the fortune of a family. The business of Barclay, Perkins, and Co. was carried on early in the eighteenth century by Mr. Halsey, who made a fortune out of it,

and sold it to Mr. Thrale, whose son's executors sold it to Mr. David Barclay of the banking firm, who put his nephew, Robert Barclay, and Thrale's old manager Perkins, into the brewery. This was in 1781, and twelve years afterwards this business was the third largest in London, while that of Truman, Hanbury, and Co., which has now existed for a century and a half, was fourth. For more than twenty years these two firms have been indisputably before all other London breweries. We are told that Mr. Robert Barclay, the first brewer of the name, made up his mind that he must throw in his lot with the London Retail Trade. He discouraged private customers, and told them they could only obtain his porter through a licensed victualler. He was a man "of broad views and wide intelligence," and no doubt showed it in this instance. Yet it would have been rather hard on private families in London if all brewers had held equally "broad" views. The house of Truman and Co. numbers among its former partners Sir T. F. Buxton, who had so much to do with the abolition of the slave-trade. As might be expected from his connexions, the firm to which he belonged was brought strongly under Sabbatarian influence; and Mr. Robert Hanbury expressed his regret that, do what they would—and they had done a good deal—their beer would work on Sundays.

The portrait and notice of Mr. Drew, of the Shadwell Bakery, may remind scoffers of the proportion between Falstaff's sack and bread. Mr. Drew has largely extended the business of his firm by adopting the "broad" views of Mr. Barclay. He makes cakes and biscuits for licensed victuallers alone, and he supplies not only edibles, but also glass dishes and covers and ornamental tablets, by which it is supposed that cakes and biscuits are made more attractive. It would only be a further extension of the same principle if this firm supplied ribbons and other ornamental articles to the young ladies who are the real attractions of refreshment bars. It may be easily supposed that a bakery which supplies the Crystal Palace and Messrs. Spiers and Pond does a large business. And the head of this firm, like the great brewers, has a house where he farms, gardens, and acts the country gentleman, and he also patronizes art, and supports, as well he may, the "Trade" charities. We are told by the editor, and he ought to know, that a quarter of a century ago no one would have dreamed of a biscuit baker having so much influence with the "Trade." Still, after accurately taking stock on the so extensive premises, we might ask, what is this among so many? We can better understand the power of the public as after viewing these sketches of their leaders. The editor would seem to be personally Conservative, but he properly treats all political questions as secondary to the interests of the "Trade." Not that he advocates these interests extravagantly or in discord to public health and morals. We observe that he twice commends the subjects of his sketches for advocating a uniform early time of closing public-houses. And although he is sometimes bitter with the Permissivites, as he calls Sir Wilfrid Lawson's followers, his prevailing tone is that of gentle pity for fanatics who are blind to the virtues of beer. He tells us that the monks were the best brewers in the middle ages, and their beneficent work has been continued by the great establishments whose chiefs he delights to honour. Although beer is no longer brewed in St. Augustine's Monastery at Canterbury, yet a site for the "Original" Brewery has been found in the immediate neighbourhood. Whether the water from St. Augustine's Well is still used in brewing we do not know, and perhaps had better not inquire, as we might thus bring ourselves in face of the all-pervading difficulty of sewage. Let it suffice that Canterbury adjoins some of the best barley land in England, and is near the finest hop grounds. These "representative brewers" may be fairly called a commercial aristocracy, and the organization of which they are the head, and the licensed victuallers are the body, works harmoniously for the common good. They are all wealthy, and the younger members, at any rate, have been at school and college, and are well qualified to be active and successful in business in middle life, and to be models of country gentlemen and magistrates in riper years. The licensed victuallers are content, and even proud, to contemplate the greatness they help to make. Chairmen can be found for the annual festivals of their charities able to make conventional speeches without faults of grammar or pronunciation, and "munificent donations" are forthcoming, as well they may be, from the chairman and his friends when the plate goes round after dinner. These wealthy brewers cannot escape the influence of the ideas which prevail in cultivated society, and their advocacy of the interests of the "Trade" is necessarily mitigated, if not by moral or economic considerations, at least by sensibility to ridicule. This aristocracy, if prudently guided, may long withstand the assaults of organized fanaticism.

THE THEATRES.

AN advertisement which has appeared this week is characteristic of modern management. It is announced that Mr. Irving will perform Hamlet for a few nights "prior to his appearance as Othello and to the production of Tennyson's *Queen Mary*, in both of which plays Mr. Irving and Miss Bateman will appear." It is complacently assumed that, if the public knows that these two performers will appear in any play, that will suffice: but we venture to think that, at least as regards *Othello*, something more might be expected. If the public wish to see a foreign actor in this play who comes to England for a short time, they may put up with a mere "scratch" company to play with him. But when an English manager proposes at leisure to produce *Othello*, he ought to do his best to fill all parts in it efficiently, even at the risk of allowing it to be perceived that other actors are comparable to Mr. Irving. We shall know when the play is produced, if not before, who undertakes Iago. Where is the respectable mediocrity who will avoid glaring failure while disclaiming all pretence to divide honours with Mr. Irving? We do not assume that the representative of Iago has been chosen on this principle; but we may infer from experience that, if the management had anything particular in store, it would have found its way into the advertisements. The best actors of the best time were content to play in turn Othello and Iago, and thus they at once improved themselves and interested the public. However, it is something gained when one play does not stand in the bills at this house for an entire season, and the appearance of Mr. Irving as Othello, however accompanied, will excite and probably repay curiosity.

Managers, observing the diversity of opinions among critics, may comfort themselves by inferring that they represent the public. Where tastes are so various it must be difficult not to please somebody; and when an actor has attained a certain position, a meaning will be found for everything he does. The manager of the Gaiety Theatre, slightly anticipating Boxing Day, produced a piece which we should have described as a seasonable drollery. There are two acts of drama fairly written and well acted, and then a third act, in which Mr. Toole commits all the absurdities he possibly can within the time. The analogy to a pantomime beginning with verbal jokes and ending with clown stealing eggs to load a blunderbuss is close, and we should have the right appropriate. But it appears that when Mr. Toole as waiter spills salad over a guest's white waistcoat, he means as much as Lord Burleigh meant when he shook his head. We do not know whether appreciative criticism has been written on the after-piece called *Toole at Sea*, and we can only say that it deserves to be thus treated quite as well as the third act of *Uncle's*. The first two acts might be seen with pleasure at any time, and as regards the third act it may be remarked, that Christmas comes but once a year, and both Mr. Byron and Mr. Toole could do better if they thought it necessary. At the Globe Theatre, as we lately observed, they have pantomime all the year round, and it is easy to believe that the "Christmas edition" of *Bluebeard* is worthy of its name.

There is an opening in life for a modern Dick Whittington whose cat could destroy the "rats" which infest our ships, but youthful ambition is not now greatly stimulated by the prospect of being thrice Lord Mayor. As the Frenchman said of a fox-hunt, "I have been," and one term of office would probably satisfy any ordinary desire for distinction or notoriety. We do not know whether this is one of the nursery stories which are supposed to have a moral purpose, or whether the embarcation by Dick's master of his entire stock-in-trade in fraud of creditors is an orthodox tradition or an embellishment by Mr. Blanchard. It is at any rate certain that the cat in the pantomime of *Whittington* will do much to make the fortune of Drury Lane Theatre. It may be remarked that, in the ages before Sir John Lubbock, City clerks who desired to make merry on a holiday had to do so before business hours in the morning. It is long since a may-pole was erected in Cornhill; but we believe that a month ago a skating-rink existed in Cheapside, and therefore it would not be true to say that all fun has been banished from the City. Dick's master ships himself, his goods, his daughter, his apprentice, and his cook, for Zanzibar, and they are accompanied by the inevitable cat, who makes the fortune of the whole party by killing the rats which infest the Sultan's table. The Sultan returns with the party to England, and it is rather an inadequate issue of his visit to make him marry the cook. We have been lately visited by a Sultan of Zanzibar, who made, with the help of an interpreter, speeches which displayed surprising familiarity with English habits and modes of thought. Mr. Brittain Wright, who is a very competent autocrat of burlesque, has little to do, and indeed the piece depends wholly on the Vokes family for its success. The cat is specially meritorious, but the other parts afford no particular opening for talent, and the performers only do what they have done before. It may be said, on the whole, that this is not a strong pantomime. It is pleasantly written, like all Mr. Blanchard's compositions, and he does not pun with the audacity of other writers. But there is no exuberant drollery in Whittington's adventures, and the harlequinade is dull.

The "good old English farce," as the playbill calls it, of *A Roland for an Oliver* begins the evening at Covent Garden, and, as it is tolerably played, it is at least as amusing as the pantomime which follows it. The date of this farce, if any one is curious about it, may be inferred from its mentioning Buckle, who won the St. Leger in 1800, as a well-known jockey. Its reception by the audience, or so much thereof as has arrived, might perhaps induce managers to revive the old practice of combining a drama of some merit with a pantomime in the same evening. The modern pantomimes are too palpably spun out to the length which vicious custom requires; and although we do not complain of the clown and the policeman for doing exactly the same as they have done for years, yet poverty of invention might counsel brevity. We must allow that at this house the harlequinade is shorter than at Drury Lane; but if the manager explained its brevity by saying that he did not wish to be tedious, we might be tempted to retort, "But you were tedious." He has, however,

been fairly successful in the earlier and more important part of his work. The familiar story of *Cinderella* is made to carry a good deal of boisterous fun. The toilets of the two elder sisters before the ball are performed with all the solemnities proper to the occasion, including the knocking of an attendant through a looking-glass, and the procession of guests to and from the ball is cleverly contrived. The dances at the ball have more variety than is usual in the ballets which now help to make out a pantomime, and the last of the series, by girls dressed as sailors, receives a well-deserved *encore*. The life, light, and gaiety of the scene would have tempted any girl to linger as Cinderella did, and almost the only unreality lies in the supposition that anybody could be expected to quit a ball at twelve o'clock. Like the farce which preceded it, the story of Cinderella bears internal evidence of its antiquity. There is nothing in this pantomime so good as the cat at Drury Lane, but if it were not for the special talent of the company at that house, we do not think there would be much to choose between the two pantomimes.

That "favourite comedy," as it is well called, *A Lesson in Love*, is now performed nightly at the Strand Theatre, with deserved applause, and furnishes an agreeable relaxation after the laborious round of pantomimes. The burlesques at this house have of late been rather heavy, and it is, therefore, pleasant to acknowledge the genuine fun of *Antarctic*, of which the scene is as wide as possible from that suggested by the title. Captain Ultramarine has gone on an expedition to the South Pole, where he has been frozen up or otherwise detained for so long that his daughter has grown up and become a serious embarrassment to her guardian, Paletot, a Parisian tailor. He is about to be married, and fears that it will be impossible to explain satisfactorily to his bride his relation to a girl who is almost as old as she is. A friend whom he consults assures him that his bride will never believe in the South Pole, and he is reduced to the desperate expedient of himself personating the absent father. This is all very well when he first goes down to the school where the girl is, but when his bride and her father, who has been a detective, arrive there the plot thickens considerably. He tries to get rid of his father-in-law by thrusting him into a dark closet. A struggle ensues, and his coat-sleeve is torn off. He supplies its place with a bent stove-pipe, and finds himself unable to give his arm to his wife. Ultimately a telegram arrives from the real Captain Ultramarine, and his daughter, called Flo, in compliment to the polar ice, is to be married to a lover who has courted her under the disguise of a professor lecturing on the geography of Africa to the class in which she is at school. She has another suitor, a farmer, who comes up to Paris to inquire whether marriage is against the covenants of his lease. The songs and dances in all these burlesques and pantomimes have a strong family resemblance, and only the Vokes family at Drury Lane display eminent talent in grotesque dancing. Some dancers of both sexes take a good deal of trouble to be awkward, being apparently under the impression that they are thus showing cleverness. Among houses which have not offered any special novelty at Christmas, we should mention the Charing Cross Theatre, where Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy, *An Unequal Match*, has been creditably performed. Mr. Sothern has resumed his old part of David Garrick at the Haymarket. At several houses no change at all has been lately made, and the plays which seem to be most permanently attractive are all of a high class. But people who like to be amused without the trouble of listening or thinking have ample opportunity.

REVIEWS.

LLOYD'S AGE OF PERICLES.*

In one sense it is unfortunate that Thucydides chose to write the history of the years of war rather than that of the fifty years of peace that preceded them. It was in his power to have given to the world as a "possession for ever," not the melancholy picture of the disruption of a society stored with all the richest endowments of life, but the happier picture of its construction and development. He chose, however, as was perhaps inevitable, the story which was most present to his mind when he wrote, the story of passion and struggle, and he dismissed the πεντήκοντα ἔτη in a few chapters. The result is that the world is literally left without any direct account of what is most valuable and most characteristically Greek in Greek history. Herodotus, it is true, even outside the main line of his epic narrative, represents for us one of the great achievements of Hellas, its diffusiveness; his own travels and the travels of his pen from Egypt to Scythia, from Lydia to Thurii, are a reflection of that one great work which Hellas did, the spread of its own culture round the shores of the Mediterranean and the Euxine. But Herodotus tells us little, and Thucydides tells us less, of the culture itself. Both have their eye upon the Greek soldier rather than on the sculptor, upon the battle-field rather than upon the market-place. So that while the Roman historians have seized accurately enough upon the central fact of their own history, the line of constitutional development, the Greek historians never saw that the central facts in Greek history were neither military nor political, but artistic and speculative. In this sense the real lessons that we learn from Thucydides are more from what he puts into the history than from the history itself; more from the speeches than from the narrative, more from his generalized remarks upon the Corcyrean revolutions than from the account of the sea-fights between Corcyra and Corinth. Of course Thucydides is valuable from all points of view—valuable as a model of condensed narrative, as an authority for the political history of the time nearly free from bias, as the first historian whose method has been scientific, however limited his aim. But for those who really wish to reconstruct for themselves a picture of Hellas as a whole, Thucydides is singularly unsatisfactory, and the very extent of his actual performance makes a modern reader look upon its limitations with a feeling almost of resentment.

Modern writers have followed Thucydides too exactly, and it was quite time that some one should come forward in England to write the history of the Fifty Years in a comprehensive way. Grote's treatment of them cannot be called satisfactory; he gives far less space to them than to the details of the war, and of the two hundred pages which they do occupy, only three are given to art. Phidias is the only artist on whom he dwells at all; Polygnotus, the painter of the Stoa, is dismissed in a line, and Praxiteles is never mentioned. Grote, however, was a politician of politicians, and his History of Greece is really a history only of Greek politics. In that field he is without a rival, and this generation ought never to forget the debt it owes him. But he was without some of the qualifications for an historian of Greece—he had neither the calmness of Thirlwall nor the geographical and artistic insight of Curtius. Grote's account of the administration of Pericles may no doubt be more exact than that of Curtius; but the impression of Athenian life as a whole left by the latter is truer than that left by the former, simply because the German is the more poetical historian of the two. But from the nature of the case neither writer has attempted to go very far into the details of the Fifty Years; the amount of the ground they covered forbade it. Mr. Watkiss Lloyd has tried in the book before us to supplement their work by a special history of Athens during the interval between the Persian and Peloponnesian wars—an interval which he rather unfairly calls the *Age of Pericles*. "The Age of Themistocles and Pericles" would have been a less misleading title; for Themistocles is at least as much the hero of the first volume as Pericles is of the second. The book begins with the battle of Salamis; it goes on through the lives and policies of Cimon and Themistocles, through the poetry of Pindar and Æschylus and the sculptures of Ægina; and it is only in the thirtieth chapter, half way through the book, that we begin to hear of the statesman who gives it its name. This is a serious blemish. Pericles is undoubtedly the greatest, the most essentially Athenian of the Athenians; but language ceases to have any meaning if his name is given indiscriminately to a whole period with a part of which he had everything, and with a part of which he had nothing, to do.

Mr. Lloyd begins his preface by complaining of the scanty treatment which the period has received from Thucydides, whose summary is sufficient for his own purpose, but, "compared with our present rational requirements, is jejune and unsatisfactory." The history of the arts escapes his notice altogether, and yet—

> The life of the people during this happier and more tranquil period was as much engrossed by poetry and the arts as by politics; of the two interests, at present so distinct, each is found among the Greeks reacting on the other, and it is often difficult to determine which is predominant. Notices dispersed and incidental, doubtless, are fortunately recoverable from other sources, that go some way to supply what did not fall within the plan of the historian, it is in the belief that these have not hitherto had full justice done to them as illustrations of the progressive Hellenic story that attention is invited to yet another presentation of the history of Hellas.

Accordingly the author proceeds to state the results of his study of these "notices dispersed and incidental." The two chief features of his book are its consistent attempt to unravel the chronological difficulties of the time, and its effort to draw out the relation which art, philosophy, and religion in Greece bore to one another and to politics. In point of chronology Mr. Lloyd's endeavour has been "to disentangle confusion that was indifferent to biographers intent exclusively on the illustration of character, to compilers who were more concerned to be comprehensive than critical, to theorists who cared more for general philosophy than its particular development, to say nothing of writers only on the look out for opportunities to be smart in the first place, and in the next picturesque." With regard to the second feature of which we spoke, he has given an account of Greek poetry from Pindar to Euripides; of architecture from the theatre of Agatharcus to the Parthenon and the Propylæa; of sculpture from the early days of Sicyon and Ægina to the supreme achievements of Phidias; of music from the times of the tetrachord to those of Pherynis, the Wagner of the Periclean age; of philosophy down to Anaxagoras; of religion, with its attendant ceremonies and superstitions, down to the death of Pericles. By far the most original part of the book is the way in which, by a skilful use of what is known or conjectured about the chronology, works of art and literature are made to illustrate the political events or the political temper of the time that produced them. Where other historians have been content merely to summarize tendencies—to call Æschylus a conservative and Euripides a sceptic and a sophist—Mr. Lloyd attempts to show the reaction between art and opinion, and between art and history, by a careful noting of actual events and of contemporary poems or buildings.

* *The Age of Pericles: a History of the Politics and Arts of Greece from the Persian to the Peloponnesian War.* By William Watkiss Lloyd. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

For instance, not only does he point, as every other historian has pointed, to the *Persæ* of Æschylus as the obvious product of the Persian wars, but he calls attention to the exact date (473–472 B.C.) as the very moment when "the fame of another naval victory over the barbarians at the western extremity of Hellas, achieved by Hiero of Syracuse," was reaching Athens. Then with great—perhaps with too great—ingenuity, he proceeds to reconstruct the trilogy or tetralogy of which the *Persæ* forms part. The *Phineus*, which introduced it, "referred to the preliminary trial of Athenian strength with the Persian at Artemisium"; the mythical story of Phineus telling how he, the son-in-law of the Athenian nymph Oreithyia, is freed from the tormenting harpies by his kinsmen the sons of Boreas; and the story of Artemisium, as recorded by Herodotus, telling how Athens was bidden by an oracle to invoke the aid of her son-in-law Boreas, and how, accordingly, the north wind blew and scattered the harpies of Persia. Again, the title of the third play survives as *Glaucus of Potniæ*—the offending hero remembered by Virgil's line, "Potniades malis Glaucum absumpsere quadrigæ." Glaucus in the story is overthrown in a chariot race, and torn to pieces by mares maddened by a draught of the sacred spring of Potniæ. Now Potniæ "may be said to be on the very battle-field of Platæa"; at least, Pausanias, the traveller, saw it on his way from Platæa, at about ten stadia from Thebes, on the very ground covered by the Persian retreat. The great services of the Athenians in the battle were against the Persian cavalry, which we may suppose to have choked or ruined the sacred spring; "and it is at least easy to see how the fate of Masistius and Mardonius on their Nisæan chargers and the rout and carnage of the mounted Immortals may have been brought into connexion with interference or desecration at the maddening waters of Potniæ, close to their encampment." And, lastly, the concluding satyric play, *Prometheus the Fire-bringer*, may, Mr. Lloyd thinks, be taken as symbolizing the return of brightness to Hellas after the dispersion of the dark barbarian cloud; and "had a further specific appropriateness from the renewal of pure fire from Delphi after the Persian evacuation and preparatory to the sacrifice to Zeus Eleutherius."

We have taken this treatment of the *Persæ* as a good instance of Mr. Lloyd's ingenuity in weaving together history and literature. Other examples are frequent, so frequent indeed as to throw much new light upon the way in which Greek tragedies were composed. A new meaning is given to Aristophanes's description of the tragedians as "the political and moral monitors of their countrymen," if the Danaid trilogy of Æschylus is shown to have reference to an Argive alliance; the *Antigone* of Sophocles to be suggested by the crime of the Sybarites and the desertion of Telys by his own soothsayer Callias; the *Medea* of Euripides, and the trilogy of which it forms part, to have been a poetical plea against the cruelty of the decree which expelled the Megarians. As Mr. Lloyd says:—"A poet who addressed a serious play to such an audience as the Athenian, that came to the theatre thrilling with all the agitated and suspended interests of the politics of the time, could scarcely hope to retain attention unless he so chose his theme and treated it as to affect, however covertly, whatever sympathies were likely at the time to be most alert and sensitive." Here indeed lies the charm of Greek history, not in the fact that Greece produced unrivalled sculptures, unrivalled religious tragedies, but in the fact that life in Greece was so simple and harmonious that a poet brooding on the right and wrong of a political act produced a tragedy, and that the joy of Hellas in her liberation from the Mede found expression in the Zeus of Olympia. The clear way in which this book brings out this interpenetration of art and politics in Greece is its chief merit.

Besides this there are many other views which strike us as for the most part original, though here, as occasionally in the main lines of the book, the author's characteristic fault of over-subtlety is apparent. For example, here is an explanation of the common Athenian boast:—

> It was the great pride of the Athenians that they were autochthonous, a boast which was founded on the principle that neither their history nor their legends, which would have been accepted as equal in authority, could tell of their nation having ever been, like so many others, ejected in a body from their territory.

The real reason for the *lot* is suggested:—

> In fact, in the most democratical of ancient societies it was well understood that offices which were obtainable through election must needs be gained by those who could intimidate, or bribe, or command deference, even independently of special qualifications, and must fall to an aristocracy, whether of birth or of wealth.

In Chapter XV. an ingenious collation of hints about the relationship between the families of Miltiades, Thucydides the historian, Peisistratus, and therefore Pericles, brings out very forcibly the small extent of the noble society of Athens. In the next chapter is an excellent account of the connexion of the name, not of Themistocles, but of Aristides, with the concession of political rights to the "nautical throng." The whole treatment of the question of Athenian bigotry and obscurantism—the blackest stain on the Athenian character—is excellent; and the application of the author's remarks to the persecution of Pericles through his friends is very happily expressed:—

> Without constituting ourselves guarantors of the morals of Pheidias and Pericles, to say nothing of Aspasia, we may perceive that these charges were combined with a skill that knows too well how to fix a moral slur by a doctrinal prejudice, or, as alternative, a still more hated and perilous doctrinal prejudice by a moral slur.

While acknowledging the merits of this book, it would be unfair not to notice its faults, which are by no means inconsiderable, although they are mainly faults of form. The whole arrangement of the subjects treated is difficult and somewhat obscure, though, as the preface says, "the very varied evidence which comes under consideration renders necessary an occasional and even frequent shifting of point of view." But no such excuse can be made for the obscurity and harshness of Mr. Lloyd's style, which indeed reminds the reader more of a German professorial treatise than of an English work. The passages which we have quoted will give some indication of what we mean; but here are one or two more—chosen almost at random—which will exhibit the author's defects of manner more conspicuously:—

> The world is familiar with the experience that a political party does not at once relinquish the reins of power because all independent guidance is so utterly lost as no longer to leave choice between repugnant alternatives. Then the veriest Eupatrid, whether by descent or predilection, can anticipate sagaciously at last, though it may be only after prolonged resistance has proved useless, that from the vantage ground he holds the influence of class may be made to tell but little less effectively in the new state of things than in the old.

This is a perfectly true remark, when one gets at what it means, but as it stands it is like bad German, or like Mr. Browning put into prose. Again, here is a sentence more difficult still:—

> The Philoctetes seems to have presented the healing by reconciliation of a breach of much the same nature as is hopelessly angry in the Medea, a reconciliation effected by Ulysses, who, not unaided by divine interposition, countervails the appeals of the Phrygian envoys to the vindictive passion of the so deeply injured hero.

Æschylus, whom Mr. Lloyd admires so much, and Thucydides, whom he has studied so profitably, may have written as obscurely as this, but they never wrote in a style so contrary to the spirit of their own language. We fear that all the positive merits of the book, its learning, its solidity, the completeness with which it conceives Greek life, will struggle with difficulty against the dead weight of a style which even students will find it hard to master.

PICCIOTTO'S SKETCHES OF ANGLO-JEWISH HISTORY.*

It is surprising how little is known in this country of the early history of the Jews amongst us, and of their rise after centuries of oppression, contumely, and degradation to their present position of political and social equality. Even among the Jews themselves, save those exceptionally well informed, such knowledge seems to be rare, or imperfect enough to form matter for surprise. Mr. Picciotto, who makes this statement the ground for putting together a work of interest and value upon the subject, has done much to cast off this reproach from English literature, and to do justice to an important phase of modern history. No one perhaps, unless, like himself, of the race of whose second exodus from bondage to liberty he has given us the record, would have felt equal to the task, so scanty and scattered were the materials, and so slight the aids to be found from any formal archives or annals of the Hebrew community, or from any literary efforts of his fellow-countrymen. Absorbed, as he conceives them to have been, in the work of money-making, their undeniable genius and perseverance found no congenial outlet in literary culture. Thus our author found the field all but unirodden. Even the archives of the older synagogues, treasures of useful and valuable lore, remained scarcely explored, or even known. Besides being jealously guarded by their official custodians, who themselves had but a faint notion of their contents, these records were written mainly in the Spanish and Portuguese languages, or in the Jewish-German dialect, inaccessible to more than an extremely small number of readers. To these Mr. Picciotto has had the privilege of free access, with every assistance that the good will of the officials was able to yield, and he has supplemented his researches by diligent ransacking of libraries, public and private, and hunting up of family archives and other depositories of information. Originally put forth in the columns of the *Jewish Chronicle*, in a series of papers headed "Sketches of Anglo-Jewish History," his labours have now been recast in a more systematic form, and he offers them to the public at large with a modest plea for consideration as being the first Israelite who has given a full and connected account of the vicissitudes passed through by the Jews of Great Britain from the days of the Heptarchy to the middle of the present century.

Harrowing tales come at times to our ears of outrage and persecution committed upon the Jews in Eastern and Southern Europe. But the worst of these fall infinitely short of the horrors perpetrated upon that unhappy people by our remote forefathers. No race of inferior tenacity or endurance could have passed through the ordeal and lived. From almost the earliest times to which historical research goes back this irrepressible stock is found taking root in England and thriving, out of sight indeed, but with a persistent and even vigorous growth. Their genius for money-making made them at once a power in the land and a mark for the spoiler. What little toleration or favour they received had for its motive to give breathing time for the accumulation of fresh hoards for prey. The bees must not be killed outright, but the combs left to be stored with new honey. Fabulous tales of the settling of Jews in these islands have been based upon fanciful etymologies of Cornish and other names of

* *Sketches of Anglo-Jewish History.* By James Picciotto. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

places, as well as upon speculative notions of Jewish merchants being associated with Phœnician navigators in the tin trade with Britain. The first authentic trace of their presence in England is found in a canon of Ecbright, Archbishop of York, issued between A.D. 740 and 751, that no Christian shall presume to eat with a Jew, or shall judaize. A charter of Wihtlaf (whom Mr. Picciotto queerly calls Whitgiaff), King of the Mercians, in 838, confirms the Abbey of Croyland in the possession of all lands, tenements, and gifts bestowed upon them by Christians and Jews. It has been asserted, but without certain evidence, that the Jews were banished from England at the beginning of the eleventh century, and returned with William the Conqueror. It is known, however, that many Jews settled here under his reign, that he encouraged their immigration hither from Rouen, and assigned them as a residence a city which is not named. Numbers of them subsequently took up their abode at Oxford, holding most of the houses in the parishes of St. Edward and St. Aldate's, which had thence the names of the Great and Little Jewries. They also built a synagogue there. Some of their houses, being resorted to by scholars, came to be designated as Moyse's Hall, Jacob's Hall, and Lombards' Hall, and it is possible that Jewish learning and science may have made itself felt in the teaching of the University. Under Rufus, who was an indifferent son of the Church, great freedom had been given to the Jews both in trade and in the exercise of their religion. By his orders a theological contest was publicly held in London between certain bishops and Jewish rabbis, the King swearing by the face of St. Luke that, if the rabbis had the best of it, he would become a Jew. Happily, say the Christian chroniclers, the bishops triumphed, the Jewish historian significantly pointing us to the comment of the lion upon the picture of a lion conquered by a man. Mr. Picciotto has a queer story of Rufus taking pay from the Jews for forbidding any of their body to turn Christians, and receiving sixty marks from a certain Israelite father, bidding with his favourite oath the Jew's son, whose name was Stephen, to revert to Judaism, which he had given up; but the bold young convert refused, and, being suffered to go free, his father received back half the reward from the King. The strongest proof of the power and influence attained by Jews is their having had church benefices, kept vacant by the King, given to them to farm. Alarmed at the progress made by the Jews, the Church under Henry I. sent monks to preach against them in various cities. At this time only one burial-place was allowed them in all England, and thither their dead had to be carried from all parts of the country. It was called Jews' Garden, the site of the present Jewin Street, in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate. The toleration they enjoyed under the first three kings after the Conquest was not destined to last long. Popular clamour became rife against them, and they were ground down by heavy taxes and contributions enforced by torture and outrage of every kind. In the ninth year of Stephen the absurd charge of crucifying children was for the first time trumped up against them at Norwich, and this was followed up by similar proceedings at Gloucester and St. Edmundsbury. A tallage of a fourth part of their goods was levied upon them at one time under Henry II., and nearly half of the sum of 60,000*l.*, raised for the King's journey to the Holy Land, was exacted from the Jews. With Richard began special enormities against the unhappy people, with which the pages of *Ivanhoe* have made the modern public familiar. On the slightest pretext they were hurried to the stake, and the tragedy of York Castle, in which the horrors and the desperate heroism of the siege of Jerusalem were re-enacted, gave a climax to an ascending series of atrocities. All this while the light of Jewish life was not put out. The learning of their rabbis drew scholars to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, York, and other centres, as well as to London; and, in 1159 A.D. or thereabouts, the great Aben Ezra is believed to have lectured in England. In medicine, logic, philosophy, and geometry they were pre-eminent, though their skill in leechcraft was popularly set down to unholy arts or to cabbalistic lore. John, who had for good reasons wished to stand well with the Hebrews, granted them unwonted safeguards and immunities, signing two charters in the second year of his reign, one for the Jews of England, the other for those of Normandy. But, whether designed as a blind and a snare or not, this merciful policy was soon changed for the most pitiless persecution and spoliation, the barons joining in the exactions of the King. The reign of Henry III. brought happier days, though it may be doubted whether good will dictated the wearing of the distinctive badge which every Jew, and soon afterwards every Jewess, was by law compelled to wear upon the breast. This ordinance was re-enacted in the Statutes of Jewry, early in the reign of Edward I. Of this code, as well as of the other statutory enactments affecting his fellow-countrymen, our author has made diligent and careful use, and his book throughout shows that he has spared no pains to exhaust the materials available for his subject. He has thus been enabled to trace in minute detail the advance of public policy and private prejudice to the monstrous decree of utter expulsion which went forth against the whole community under Edward I., when (in 1290) not less than 15,000 Jews, according to the closest computation, quitted the shores of England, their houses and the bulk of their property being appropriated by the King, and their valuable store of books enriching the libraries of Stamford and Oxford.

A race so irrepressible as the Jewish was not to be permanently excluded from a country which held out such opportunities for commercial enterprise and the accumulation of wealth. How soon or in what numbers they began to creep once more into the forbidden realm it is difficult to determine. But in the reign of Elizabeth we hear of their visiting England freely. The Queen herself had a Jewish physician, Rodrigo Lopez, who, however, fell a victim to popular jealousy on a fictitious charge of compassing the death of the Queen by poison. It was not till the tolerant rule of Cromwell that the Israelites obtained a safe and permanent settlement in England. A Jew named Jacobs is known to have opened a coffee-shop in Oxford in 1650. A deal of apocryphal talk has come down to us concerning negotiations with foreign Jews for the sale of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Bodleian Library, Oxford, for half a million of money. What, however, is of historical interest is the mission of the learned and liberal-minded Menasseh Ben Israel, who pleaded with effect the cause of his English brethren before the Lord Protector and the Privy Council, despite the violent and narrow opposition of Prynne. Cromwell was made ridiculous by the attempt of some over-zealous partisans to make him out a descendant of the Messiah, if not Shiloh himself. No formal decision in favour of the Jewish claims can be authenticated beyond the loose jotting of Evelyn, under date December 14, 1655—"Now were the Jews admitted"—and Burnet's statement of Cromwell having brought a company of them over to England, and giving them leave to build a synagogue. It was in 1662 that Jewish worship was for the first time openly set up, a house in King Street, Aldgate, being fitted up for a temporary synagogue. The oldest congregation, however, in London is stated by our author to have been that of the Sephardim, or Spanish and Portuguese Jews. A curious list is given by him, of uncertain date, but probably belonging to the reign of Charles II., handed down from the papers of Emanuel da Costa, an eminent natural philosopher of the time, containing the names of the original settlers. Some of these are hard to penetrate through the disguise of the spelling of that period, but nearly all are of Portuguese or Spanish form. The heads of families are twenty-five in number, proving the inaccuracy of the statement in *Anglia Judaica* that the whole body of Jews in London in 1663 did not exceed twelve. Dr. Chamberlain at the same time speaks of thirty or forty families, and one Thomas Greenhalgh, who visited the King Street synagogue the year after it was opened, found therein upwards of "one hundred men, apparently of affluence, and the ladies were very richly attired."

To the rules carefully laid down for the organization and discipline of this little community is in no small degree owing the firm foothold and growing security which from that time to this the Jewish body has held in London. With no severer powers of control than those of fines and the *Beracha* or *Herem* (excommunication), the founders of the Sephardic congregation laid down a code of laws which the good sense and loyalty of the body sufficed to enforce and to keep in respect. These laws may be roughly classed under three heads—the internal service of the synagogue; the maintenance of the congregation, with the raising and administration of its funds; and, finally, the regulation of the social conduct of Jews both towards each other and towards Christians. Under the guidance and control of wise and cautious rulers the slender commonwealth of Israel grew imperceptibly, but surely, and at a rate so rapid that in 1670 the House of Commons was moved to direct an inquiry to be made into the number of Jews in this country, and on what terms they were permitted to reside here. Unfortunately the report was not published, and the important information which it might have afforded us has been lost.

Mr. Picciotto has given a clear abstract of the Naturalization Act of 1753, and its abrupt repeal in the year following, in deference to the blind panic and prejudice of the public, and in spite of the more liberal pleadings of Earl Temple, Pelham, and Pitt. The successive stages by which the Jews won their way to the complete emancipation and political equality which has been secured to them during the present reign are easily to be followed under our author's guidance. For a large class of readers the most attractive part of the book will probably be that in which he traces the origin and rise of the Jewish families which have made themselves a name, not in England only, but throughout Europe, for financial and commercial ability, for the wealth which has swayed national counsels, affected the fortunes of war, and turned the flood of monetary panic. How the Goldsmids, the Bernals, the Ricardos, the Rothschilds, and other millionaire magnates built up their colossal fortunes; how the names of the elder and younger Disraeli rose to fame in letters and politics, while others have contributed by their talents and labours in learning, in the arts, in political life, and in philanthropy, to dispel the cloud which for ages hung over the Jewish race, will be found drawn out in full and interesting detail in Mr. Picciotto's closing pages. All classes of readers will feel grateful for the mass of varied information which he has presented to them.

THE MIGHT AND MIRTH OF LITERATURE.*

MR. JOHN WALKER VILANT MACBETH is a person of a cheerfully sentimental disposition, benevolent intentions, and moderate parts, who has had the misfortune to read, write, and talk a great deal more than is good for him. It has therefore occurred to him to write an exhaustive treatise on Figures of Speech, which "claims to be of the greatest value in studying

* *The Might and Mirth of Literature: a Treatise on Figurative Language, &c. &c.* By John Walker Vilant Macbeth. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

language and literature." We may concede to him that the subject is sadly neglected:—

Writers generally, even the ablest, are wholly in the dark as to the precise distinction between a trope and a metonymy; and very few even of literary men have so much as ever heard of Implication or Hypocatastasis, one of the most important figures, and one, too, that is perpetually shedding its light on us.

So Mr. Macbeth laments in his Introduction: and certainly we do not remember that we ever consciously blessed the useful light of Hypocatastasis. The worst of it is that we seem doomed to remain in our ignorance, for we have failed to discover anything about Implication or Hypocatastasis in our author's own text, though he has "added up the mortal amount" of two hundred and twenty-five figures of speech by the use of his own and other men's perverse invention. At the end of this singularly unassuming Introduction comes the first appearance of the one feature of the book on which we feel bound to speak with some seriousness. Mr. Macbeth appears, by the publishers' advertisements, to be a Professor in the University of West Virginia, and by internal evidence to be a cultivator of pulpit oratory and religious fine writing. The particular style he cultivates in this matter is one which we fear is not uncommon in America, but happily has not yet established itself in England; we mean the assumption of an offensive and patronizing familiarity with persons and things whose names all men of education and right feeling in this country, whatever may be their theological or even anti-theological opinions, are accustomed to hold in respect, are unwilling to invoke for trifling occasions, and are careful to mention, when they do mention them, with a certain reverence and decent reserve. This writer goes out of his way to cry anathema upon "men such as Darwin and Mill; such as Herbert Spencer and Dr. Tyndall." His wiser and more instructed countrymen have given ample and various proof that they know better. But of one thing we are sure, speaking quite apart from any disputed points of speculation, and simply on behalf of civilized literature and good manners, that the nauseous and maudlin sentiment scattered broadcast through this book in the name of religion would excite very much the same feelings of disgust in any of the heretics who ought to be "branded" along with Mr. Darwin—we use the writer's own charitable and clerical epithet—and in the Moderator of the Scottish General Assembly or the Archbishop of Canterbury. We can hardly give specimens of the writer's performances in this kind without justly offending our own readers. Enough to say that he delights in using the words and actions of the Founder of the Christian religion, whom he is pleased to think "the most poetic personage that ever walked the earth," by way of specimens for the demonstration of his figures of speech, not without fluent commentary in such tone and language as we have indicated. When he vouchsafes to let us know that he, Mr. John Walker Vilant Macbeth, likes the Old Testament more the older he grows, or that some volume of Mr. Spurgeon's is "soaked in Gospel," we can afford to be merely amused; and we may now pass with a sense of relief from the category of offences to that of absurdities.

The quantity of literature, good, bad, and indifferent, which has been turned over by Mr. Macbeth in the course of his omnivorous and undigested reading is manifestly very large. The quality of the knowledge he has derived from it is remarkable, and in some ways unique. We are quite accustomed to people who do not know that English is English, or who claim to know that it is something else. We are also aware of a fortunately increasing number of people who do know this elementary truth. But we now fall in with a writer and professing teacher of English who has worked himself into such a state that at the same time he knows and does not know it: and this not by any subtle imagination or recondite process of confusion, but by the much simpler method of not letting anything he learns penetrate more than skin-deep. When we find a man calling Sir John Maundeville's Travels the first prose work published in England, or talking about "Anglo-Saxon, the mother-tongue of our mother-tongue, and so our venerable grandmother-tongue," we generally know what more to expect. But, thirty pages after this last flower of filial piety, we find Mr. Macbeth complacently telling us that, "in strict accuracy," he knows very well that English is a great deal older than the fourteenth century, and that in fact the tongue of Alfred and Cædmon was neither "Anglo-Saxon" nor "Semi-Saxon." In like manner our author professes a vast admiration for Chaucer, but pays Mr. Morris a compliment for which assuredly Mr. Morris would not thank him, by remarking that the *Earthly Paradise* has "far more than Chaucer's melody, for nobody has been able to tell what was the great old writer's law of rhythm—it is doubtful if our poetry at that time had any." To say in the right place that "nobody knows" is the mark of the truest knowledge; to say it in the wrong place is the mark of impudent ignorance. Our amazement in this place is somewhat qualified when we observe that elsewhere in the book Mr. Macbeth quotes a familiar passage from the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, and prints it in such a fashion as utterly to ruin the metre. So, again, it is hardly credible that a man who has read any old English should give the words *mazed, ware, fore, gin* (begin), as examples of the figure *aphæresis*; or that one who has read any English at all should torture Marvel's "Mexique bay" into "Mexic" (short for Mexican!), as an instance of *apocope*. For a writer whose rudiments of grammar and prosody are in this condition, it is natural enough to define archaism as "a form which consists of old modes of spelling," and to give just half a page to it; clearly it is the safest thing he can do.

Mr. Macbeth's judgments of English authors, past and present, are not without their curious infelicities. He lumps together all the Elizabethan dramatists, including by name Ben Jonson, as "men of very great genius—undisciplined, but genuine." He has formerly spoken with contempt of the *Faery Queen*, but is now pleased solemnly to retract his censure, having discovered that (along with the Old Testament) it improves on acquaintance. He undertakes to give a list of the classical allegories of the English language, and leaves out the *Tale of a Tub*. To contemporaries he is, as a rule, gracious, and chiefly to himself, drawing largely on his own verse for illustrations. We can only say of this that it is worse than his prose. We are thankful to know, on Mr. Macbeth's authority, that George Eliot is a very able novelist, and the *Spanish Gypsy* well worth reading, and that the poems of Matthew Arnold are superior; but his charity outruns us when he finds "many good things" in Mr. Gilfillan, whom our readers may know—or not know—as a writer of gushing prefaces to editions of British poets. Yet he does draw a line somewhere, for Dr. Cumming's works do not rise to genius. Mr. Stedman, a critic of really considerable merit, of whose work we had a good specimen under our hands some weeks ago, will no doubt be proud to find himself here set down as "deft and original" in verse. Mr. Macbeth is not much happier when he takes excursions into classical and Continental literature. He shows with what diligence he has read his Rabelais by writing down Panurge a "fat monk." He has discovered by some inscrutable process that Goethe's *Iphigenia* is a "noble Christian drama"; but perhaps we are to understand the epithet as expressing only vague laudation in the school of religious sentimentality to which Mr. Macbeth belongs. As to the classics, he cries, "O for a truly judicious expurgator!" but, as far as his own allusions go, he shows a disposition to add rather than take away; for he finds a "thousand-laughtered sea" in Homer, presumably by a confused recollection of the extremely well-known "countless laughter of the sea waves" in the *Prometheus* of Æschylus. For an example of Aristophanes's parody he chooses the *Clouds*, where there is remarkably little (if anything) of genuine parody; no scholar who had read Aristophanes to any purpose could thus ignore the elaborate and admirable parodies of the rival tragedians in the *Frogs*. He further displays his scholarship by going into raptures over the beauty of *telegram*, a convenient but barbarously formed word whose barbarism was amply discussed and exposed when it was new; and he offers "to risk his fame for the future age in which he believes so strongly, on a word which he now invents. It is the word—Cosmarch; from Cosmos, the world, and Archon, a ruler." The Cosmarch will be the president of the universal commonwealth of the future. We must let our author speak for himself here; it involves giving a specimen of the peculiar manner which we had meant to spare our readers, but there may as well be one specimen to show that we have exaggerated nothing:—

The word is regularly formed, precisely expressive, compact, musical; a word which invites and defies criticism; another proof of how exhaustless our language is. But will it ever be needed? It will; for our Hero, King Jesus, reigns; and hath resolved. The adoption of this word will be our test of success as a writer.

After this there is no occasion to be surprised at Mr. Macbeth quoting from himself in preference to Shakspeare, as it happens in this wise. He speaks of the colloquial use of "your," perfectly common in Shakspeare (for example, "Your water is a sore decayer of your dead body"; "Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun—so is your crocodile"), catalogues the figure as "Proprietorship," and thereupon "your author supplies an instance" in a piece of ridiculous bombast of his own. Nor were we at all startled on coming, about three-quarters of the way through the book, on this modest estimate of the value of the writer's instructions:—

Altogether, the man who will not labour, for many a year, to make himself exceedingly familiar with all these exquisite weapons of oratory is too mean-minded to deserve to be let into a pulpit.

We shall never deserve to be let into Mr. Macbeth's pulpit; but we confess that we have been partially rewarded for wading through his book by finding one joke in the wilderness, and here it is:—

It sometimes happens also that the mere name of a place may be the very climax of the ludicrous. Many years ago, a preacher in Newburyport, whose warm imagination drank in the nautical beauties of the locality, was descanting before a large audience upon the perils of unrepentant sinners as they drifted down the stream of time. He compared them to a tempest-tossed bark, bowing under the hurricane, every bit of canvas torn from its spars, and driving furiously upon adjacent breakers. At the climax of his skillfully [*sic*] elaborated metaphor, the minister shouted,

"And how, O how shall the poor mariner be saved?"

An old salt in the gallery, with his whole soul absorbed in the scene, sprang to his feet and screamed,

"Let him put his helm hard down, and bear away for Squam."

And so we take leave of Mr. Macbeth and his two hundred and twenty-five—or two hundred and twenty-six—figures of speech, probably for ever; for if we should hereafter come in sight of any companion or sequel to them, we shall hardly face another such hydra-headed monster, but rather without more ado put our helm hard down and bear away for Squam.

PARISH'S SUSSEX DIALECT.*

IT would hardly have been worth while to notice this book, did it not appear to be in some way connected with the English Dialect Society, a Society which has Mr. Skeat to its Secretary. Indeed we read in the preface that the author "owes more than he is able to express" to Mr. Skeat "for the guidance that he has given him, and the pains which he has taken to render the work as free as possible from imperfections." The author adds, "Without his assistance I could never have presented it to the reader in the form it now assumes." The question which occurs to us on reading this, and on looking through the book, is what its amount of imperfections would have been, and what form it would have taken, if Mr. Skeat had not given it the advantage of his guidance. To us it seems simply one of those old-fashioned glossaries, the use of which is not easy to understand, in which a man undertakes to set down the dialectical peculiarities of a certain district, and then goes and puts down every word used in that district which differs from high-polite book English, whether it is in any way characteristic of that particular district or not. Here we have what professes to be a Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect, while a very large proportion of the words in it belong to Sussex simply in the sense in which they belong to any other county. We turn over page after page, and find words which we have known all our days in parts far away from Sussex. In the pages at the end of the book which come from the English Dialect Society we find a reference to certain rules for "word-collectors." Now we can quite understand that, for a mere word-collector, it may be very well that he should set down every word or phrase or pronunciation differing from book English which he hears in his own district. This may very fittingly be the first stage in making a glossary. In the mere process of collection it is always well to take note of a hundred things that are not wanted rather than to fail to take note of one thing that is wanted. But surely this first stage ought not to be the last stage. Surely, before the results of such a collection appear in a book, labelled as a glossary of a particular district, the collection should be sifted to see what really does and what really does not illustrate the dialect of the district. It may happen that the collector may be able to go through this process of sifting for himself, or it may be better that some one else should do it for him. At any rate, it should be done by somebody. Some kind of classification should be made before the thing is put into the shape of a book. But here Mr. Parish has simply gone and put down every word which he has heard in Sussex which he would not be likely to find in his morning's newspaper or in the last book from Mudie, whether it is in any way characteristic of Sussex, or illustrative of Sussex, or not. He seems to have no kind of notion what Sussex is. Yet the name of the land pretty well tells its own history. Sussex is the land of the South-Saxons. The South-Saxons are part of a greater whole, the Saxons; the Saxons are again, as far as Britain is concerned, part of a greater whole, the English. Such obvious facts as these lie on the surface, and they ought to be present to any one who sets to work on the South-Saxon dialect. Of words, phrases, forms of words, used in Sussex, there can hardly fail to be four classes. There will be first the words and forms which the tongue of Sussex has in common with the tongue of the rest of England, written as well as spoken. Secondly, there will be the words which have dropped out of written English, but which are retained in popular speech everywhere. Thirdly, there will be the words and forms common to Sussex with the rest of Saxon England, but which are peculiar to Saxon England. Lastly, there will be the words or forms which are absolutely distinctive of Sussex, and which mark off the special South-Saxon dialect from the wider Saxon tongue. The first three classes there cannot fail to be; and in a shire which once was a distinct kingdom, and which always has had a very distinct history of its own, we should expect to find examples of the fourth class also. There may of course be any number of other classes besides—words borrowed either from foreign tongues, or from other dialects of English which have become in any way characteristic of the district—words which have grown up in later times or have acquired a special use in later times through any circumstances characteristic of the district. No doubt a man may make a very useful word-collector who is quite unable to classify the words that he collects in any such fashion as this. Such a man may be very well employed in making a mere list, which some better scholar may afterwards sift. All that we say is that, till the sifting process has been gone through by some one or other, the list should not be called a glossary, nor should it appear before the world in the shape of a book.

Mr. Parish seems to think that he has guarded himself against this objection by the title of the book, which he bids us remember "is not only a dictionary of the Sussex dialect, but also a collection of provincialisms in use in the county of Sussex." What is here meant by "provincialisms?" Mr. Parish says just before, "The rule of my selections has been to include any provincial word not likely to have been adopted from a book, which I found in constant use among people who, as far as I could ascertain, had never been out of the county." And just before that he says that his "chief difficulty has been in dealing with provincialisms unquestionably used in Sussex, but also in such common use elsewhere as apparently to deprive them of a distinctive character." By a provincialism then Mr. Parish understands anything which is not likely to have been learnt out of a book. That is to say, he puts into the Sussex glossary everything that he has heard in Sussex which differs from high-polite English. In short, as we set out by saying, we are still in the first stage, we have still a mere unsifted list of words.

It seems that one of the rules of the English Dialect Society is to abstain from etymology. This again is a very good rule for the mere word-collector. As we have already implied, a man may be quite fit to make a list whose etymological notions may be not a little wild. Even the Gloucestershire antiquary who thought that the local nomenclature of Gloucestershire was Hebrew might be quite capable of making a list of words in use in Gloucestershire which are not in use in high-polite English. The etymology should not come in till we come to the sifting process, but with the sifting process it should come in. Mr. Parish certainly seems to us to be still in a stage in which he would do well to leave etymology alone; but a man who is in that stage, though he may make a useful list, is not yet fit to make a glossary. Mr. Parish, busy as he has been among the South-Saxons, seems not yet to have grasped the great fact that the South-Saxons are the South-Saxons. They have been Saxons of the Saxons for fourteen hundred years; and what should they speak but the tongue of their forefathers?

Δωρίσδεν δ' ἔξεστι, δοκῶ, τοῖς Δωριέσσαι.

And right good Saxon, by Mr. Parish's account, they seem to speak. They have their *d* for *th*: their pronunciation is "broad and rather drawling"; that is to say, they stick to the diphthongal forms which distinguish Southern from Northern English. But the simple fact that Saxon people still talk Saxon is too simple for Mr. Parish, and he gives us instead a much more learned-sounding explanation:—

> The dialect of the Sussex people has been affected by the geographical position and the history of the country. It may be traced chiefly to Anglo-Saxon, Old Dutch, Old Welsh (or British), with a dash of 14th century French, and a little Scandinavian, the latter due to the sea-coast, which has for many generations invited hosts of friendly invaders to our shores, and has twice witnessed the landing of armies destined to influence the history and language of the whole country.

We might ask what is meant by South-Saxon being "traced chiefly to Anglo-Saxon"? But this is a trifle compared to what comes next. What can be the tongue which Mr. Parish means by "Old Dutch"? Then we should like to know something about the Old Welsh and Scandinavian. The two landings, Mr. Parish goes on to explain, are those of Romans and Normans. If by the former is meant the landing of Cæsar, a Kentish man might have something to say on that head. As to the Normans, Sussex undoubtedly saw plenty of them; but when the Normans have arrived, and their large monastic establishments have been founded, Mr. Parish goes on further to comment:—

> But it will be observed that most of our words now in common use, denoting agricultural and domestic implements, are either to be traced to an Anglo-Saxon derivation, or actually retain their original Anglo-Saxon names in all purity of spelling and pronunciation. From this source also nearly all the Sussex surnames and names of villages and farms, (noticed in the Appendix) are derived. Nor must I forget to remark that when the Sussex peasant speaks of the sun as *she*, he uses an expression which clearly asserts his German origin.

Here we were going to ask again, What should Mr. Parish expect his South-Saxons to speak except South-Saxon? only the puzzlement arising out of the last clause checks any such commonplace remark. What can be meant by "the German origin" of "the Sussex peasant"? Is this "German origin" the same as the "Anglo-Saxon," or the same as the "Old Dutch," or something different from both of them? Mr. Parish can hardly mean that Sussex has a specially High-German peasantry, and, if not, what is the force of the distinction? In short, as far as Teutonic philology goes, Mr. Parish seems to be altogether in the court of the Gentiles, or perhaps of the Semi-Saxons. But, when he gets out of those dangerous centuries thick set with thorns and thistles, he begins to tell us facts that are both curious and important. It seems that intercourse with French fishermen, the settlement of French refugees, the quartering of French prisoners, and a practice of "exchanging children with French families, in order that each might learn enough of the other language to be useful in after life," has brought in a good many modern French words. This fact and the explanation of the fact is just what we want a local observer for; only how is this modern French, which dates from 1562 onwards, to be reconciled with the statement quoted above about the "dash of fourteenth-century French?" Or is this last peculiar to the fishermen?

Mr. Parish goes on to tell us a great number of things as peculiarities of the South-Saxons, which are simply common to the South-Saxons with the rest of mankind. It is not only in Sussex that people catch at long words which they do not understand, and pronounce them in strange ways. Nor is it peculiar to Sussex to use what Mr. Parish calls "words of substitution." We can quite believe that in Sussex, and doubtless in Northumberland also, "a person hears a word which he does not quite understand; he does not take the trouble to ascertain either the meaning or the pronunciation of it, but he uses a word something like it." Thus, it seems, "bilious" becomes "rebellious," and "bronchitis" "brown crisis." This last is perhaps more ingenious than the form "bran Titus," by which this last ailment is called in another Saxon shire, but mere accidents of this kind cannot really illustrate the dialect of any district. To confound "fairies" and "Pharisees" is in no way peculiar to Sussex. The same practice flourishes in Hamp-

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* *A Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect and Collection of Provincialisms in Use in the County of Sussex.* By Rev. W. D. Parish. Lewes: Farncombe & Co. 1875.

no doubt in many other counties as well. But it is hing when we are told that

A Sussex man was once asked, "What is a pharisee?" and answered, with much deliberation and confidence, "A little creature rather bigger than a squirrel, and not quite so large as a fox," and I believe he expressed a general opinion.

Mr. Parish adds:—

Since writing the above, I find that polecats are called varies in Devonshire; so that possibly the person who gave this answer had been brought in contact with some west-country folk and had heard the word from them. It is not Sussex.

As we are among the *ps*, what is there particularly South-Saxon in the common seventeenth-century word "painful" applied to a preacher, or in the common phrases of being "partial" to a thing, or being "piqued," or "peert," or "poor," in the sense of thin, or "proper" in much the same sense in which Charles the First applied the word to Cornet Joyce's troopers? What is there characteristic of Sussex in "pargeting" a wall? We have heard the word in Gloucestershire, and we have no doubt that it may be heard anywhere. It will certainly be found, as a received architectural term, in Mr. Parker's Glossary. The willow is surely, if not during the rest of the year, at least on Palm Sunday, known everywhere, and not only in Sussex, as the "palm;" and will Sir William Harcourt allow that "pannage," defined as "the mast of the oak, and such on which swine"—Mr. Parish makes no mention of the other class of inferior animals—"feed in the woods," belongs to one shire more than another? We can fully believe that "a copyhold right to these existed in one of the manors at Brighton"; but surely it may just as well have existed in a manor in Cornwall, or in the land which used to be North Durham. But we should like to know something about a "paul," which is defined to be "a division of tenantry land at Brighton, usually containing about the tenth part of a tenantry acre." Mr. Parish refers to "*Pal*, Ang. Sax., a stake," which is of course simply "pale"; but that sets us thinking what may be the connexion between "pale" and "palus," and also sets us wondering why Mr. C. H. Pearson left out "pale" in his list of real and imaginary words which he makes English in its earliest stage to have borrowed from Latin. "Pountle" is a word which we do not remember to have heard. Mr. Parish suggests that it is "probably a corruption of 'punctual,'" and he explains it to mean "honest, reliable." If this last word has really got into Sussex, could not the rest of England make a bargain that the South-Saxons should keep it to themselves?

So we go through the book, lighting at every page on words which belong to Sussex only as they belong to the rest of England. "Rape," as a local division, is very properly put down as specially South-Saxon. Why should Sussex claim any exclusive right in the "reeve"? This jumbling together of things which are characteristic and which are not destroys altogether to our mind the use of the book. No doubt in going through Mr. Parish's glossary, among many words which are familiar to us elsewhere, we come to many which are strange to us; but the example of the others takes away all certainty whether these are in any way distinctively South-Saxon. It is just as likely that they too may be simply common to Sussex with other districts, though we happen not to have come across them. After looking through Mr. Parish's glossary, we know no more what the real peculiarities of the Sussex dialect may be than we did before we opened the book. The thing of special interest to know would be what are the points, if any, in which South-Saxon differs from West-Saxon. But about this there is not a word. All that we really learn from the book is that the South-Saxons have in later times picked up a good many French words. In short, if Mr. Skeat's name had not been connected with the book, we should have cast it aside as one of the old-fashioned, unscientific glossaries. But, as Mr. Parish has brought Mr. Skeat's name in, we certainly are a little curious to know how far Mr. Skeat really approves of Mr. Parish's way of treating his subject.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.*

MR. McCARTHY'S last novel has, to begin with, the merit for which one must always be thankful, of being better than the one which preceded it. In *Linley Rochford*, while there were such good qualities as a certain grace of fancy and a pleasant style, there was also considerable improbability and inconsistency, and some savour of dulness. In *Dear Lady Disdain* there are fewer defects. The characters are life-like; some of them, what is more rare, original. The interest, though it turns upon no very startling occurrences, is sustained throughout; and the novel would stand well out from the common herd of three-volume novels if it had nothing to recommend it but the pleasantness of the style and excellence of its style. The fault of the book is in its construction. There are incidents which seem to demand explanation and receive none; there are others which delude the expectant novel-reader by leading him to expect a complicated chain of events to issue from them. He looks confidently for the revelations which custom teaches him to foresee; and, not finding them in the places where he imagines they are to occur, he supposes that the author has baffled conjecture in order to make his effect more startling when it comes, that he has diverted the attention of his readers as a conjuror does that of his spectators by a feigned trick, while he is secretly preparing the surprise which is to overwhelm them with astonishment. But the surprise never comes. The confidences made by Mrs. Jansen to the hero, upon which one cannot but conclude something was originally intended to hang by the author, produce no result at all, and for every purpose of the story might as well have been left out.

It would be unreasonable to demand that every incident connected with the characters of a novel should have some direct influence upon its course; and it would be undesirable that any such rule should be imposed upon writers. But that every incident upon which any stress is laid should have an evident relation to the matters in hand, should carry with it an evident and adequate cause for its existence, is surely advisable. In the writings of Tourguenef and of Mérimée, upon whom the Russian author has formed his style, it constantly happens that one is told of various episodes which at first sight may seem superfluous; but a very little observation and reflection will convince the reader that each of these episodes has a proper and necessary part to fulfil; and that, if any of them were taken away, there would be a perceptible loss in the effect of the character to whom it belonged. But the episodes in Mr. McCarthy's work, whatever their intention may be, fail to accomplish any purpose of revealing or illustrating character. This is, however, the only notable fault we can find with *Dear Lady Disdain*, and it must be remembered that the faults in a work of art assume importance according to the excellence with which they are contrasted.

The hero of Mr. McCarthy's novel, a young man bearing the singular name of Christmas Pembroke, is discovered at the beginning of the story established in an old-fashioned lodging in one of the streets running from the river to the Strand. He has returned to London from San Francisco and Japan; and a year before the date of the story his father, a clever engineer, died pronouncing the name "Dione." He has just received a letter signed Dione Lyle, purporting to be from an old friend of his father's, and asking him to pay her a visit at a place called Durewoods, in one of the Southern counties on the sea. While Christmas is talking to Captain Cameron, a chance acquaintance, the Captain hears a footstep outside the door, and, calling to its owner by the name of Sir John, invites him into Christmas's room:—

Sir John Challoner was one of those men whose presence seems to fill a room. Captain Cameron was tall and sinewy; Sir John was tall and full. He had a splendid head of dark hair, and his beard and whiskers were glossy in their darkness. His forehead, his teeth, the one hand which was ungloved were very white. He looked a little too large for a lady's doctor, and a little too well dressed for a banker. He might have been a president of the Royal Academy, or the chairman of a School Board perhaps. There was something at once grave and gracious about him which diffused an atmosphere of dignity through Christmas's little room.

Presently the Captain asks Sir John, "And how are you all at Durewoods? And how's my Lady Disdain?" Thus by a clever touch the author brings two of his characters who are destined to have a marked influence upon each other together, and arouses his reader's expectation without any appearance of effort. A few days later, arrived at the little village of Durewoods, to which he has steamed across a quiet bay, Christmas "seized his little portmanteau and strode on the pier, with a delicious sense of fragrant hedgerow smells and summer evening atmosphere, and the breathing of trees and the salt savour of the water all blended with an odd feeling of perplexity—not quite knowing where he was or what he was to do next. Nobody expected him apparently, or paid the least attention to him." But a young lady driving a pair of ponies down to the pier sees and compassionates his forlorn condition. 'Learning from him that he is, as she has guessed, the guest expected by Miss Lyle, she drives him up to Miss Lyle's house, where he is met by "a tall, grey old man dressed somewhat like a boatman." The manner of his reception by this personage is strange. He is led by him in silence through a covered passage full of ferns and flower-pots which lies between the house and the outer wall. "Christmas at first supposed that his guide was deaf or dumb, but as he began to descend the steps with careless foot, and eyes wandering over the flowers and ferns, the old man touched him on the arm, and said, with grave deliberation, 'Mister! Slow—None-quick. All right!'" It turns out that this curious being, who like many people in the book has a curious name—Merlin—is a Breton boatman and fisherman, whose first idea in life is devotion to Miss Lyle, whom he has served for years, while his second is that he is an accomplished English scholar. Miss Lyle—who is one of the characters about whom the reader is told too much and too little—takes a great liking to Christmas, and amongst other good advice warns him against falling in love with Lady Disdain—Marie Challoner. It is needless to say that he entirely neglects this advice. They go out together in a boat with Merlin, and are landed at one of Marie's favourite view points:—

They stepped ashore, and began to ascend a winding path that mounted upwards through the woods, and Christmas entered upon his first walk under trees with a young woman. For the woods and the path, and the soft bright mosses beneath their feet, and the little streams that sometimes sprang from under green-covered stones and ran to meet them; for the sunny openings here and there between the trees, and the deep blue overhead, Christmas had no eyes. The sweet-singing English birds sang in vain for him. Yet not perhaps quite in vain. Perhaps some tone of music coming from some outer source, from the skies and among the trees, did blend itself into his consciousness. Perhaps the voice of a song-bird will always from that hour bring back to his mind delicious associations of happy expansive moments, when his soul seemed to be filled with exquisite emotion. Not

* *Dear Lady Disdain.* By Justin McCarthy, Author of "Linley Rochford," "A Fair Saxon," "My Enemy's Daughter," &c., &c. London: Chatto & Co. 1875.

quite in vain, perhaps, did the startled squirrel bound so prettily away, and then peer so knowingly from his shelter in the high branches. Not in vain was the sky so blue. All went to make up the hour, and the picture, and the dream. But Christmas did not then know it. He only knew that he was walking by the side of Marie Challoner, and that his heart was beating, and he could have vaguely said with Browning's lover, "Who knows but the world may end to-day?"

Christmas Pembroke is not the only young man who falls a victim to Marie Challoner's charm. There is one Nathaniel Cramp, or Nat Cramp as he is commonly called, who has returned to his native village from London, where he has been studying under a distinguished hair-dresser. But he has a soul above hair-dressing. "There was his real life when he worked and drudged faithfully in the calling which grew every day more and more distasteful to him. There was his ideal life when he sat up of nights in his bedroom reading" a mixture of Browning, Carlyle, Tennyson, Mill, and Darwin, and making of them all "a mélange of half-comprehended poetry and quarter-comprehended philosophy and science." This poetic hair-dresser hears with agony of the intimacy which has sprung up between Marie and Christmas. While he is wandering on the pier at night he meets Christmas, from whom, not knowing who he is, he accepts a cigar. Presently his suspicions are aroused, and he asks, "Perhaps you are staying at Miss Lyle's?"—

"I am staying there," said the amazed Christmas. "Why do you ask? Have you any objection?"

"Take back your cigar—I want none of it! Take back your cigar!"

"My good fellow," said Christmas, coolly, "people don't usually take back lighted cigars which other people have begun to smoke."

"Then let it perish!" Nathaniel exclaimed, and he flung the cigar wildly out to sea, and stared with excited eyes.

"Let it perish by all means; but the next time anybody offers you a good cigar let me advise you to make up your mind first whether you mean to smoke it and be civil before you take it in your hand. Now may I ask who you are? No, though. I don't want to know. You are the rudest and most uncivil person I have ever met. But I suppose you have been drinking."

"Drinking!" Nathaniel cried. "Drinking! It's false! You insult me! It's a lie!"

The end of the meeting is that Cramp attacks Christmas, and in the struggle falls into the sea, whence Christmas rescues him full of gratitude and penitence. When Christmas's visit at Durewoods comes to an end, Sir John has seen the danger of an attachment growing between him and Marie, and has laid his own plans to counteract it. The course of the story is continued in London. We will not spoil the interest of readers by indicating what that course precisely is. But we may mention one or two of the characters, who are drawn with singular skill. There is Mrs. Seagraves, Captain Cameron's sister, whose peculiarities can be best explained by quoting one of her speeches. On hearing that Nat Cramp, to whom she has been listening, is a barber:—"A barber!" said Mrs. Seagraves, "how charming—what a very delightful idea! I do so love to know a barber—when he has intellect and high thought: not a common barber of course. I never knew that barbers had such advanced views. I shall always love barbers for the future—not love them really, you know, but feel that they are men and brothers. So very, very refreshing!" There is also Miss Sybil Jansen, the enthusiastic girl who makes foolish eloquent speeches in favour of women's rights, and whom one cannot help liking and pitying in spite of her folly. And there is Ronald Vidal, who is perhaps the best drawn, as he is certainly the most original, character in the book. In him Mr. McCarthy has caught, and caught very accurately, a type which is characteristic of these times, and which no previous author has used. Besides the social scenes at Durewoods and in London, the book contains some very interesting passages of life in America. Altogether *Dear Lady Disdain* is the cleverest and pleasantest novel we have seen for some time.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR JOHN RENNIE.*

THE discussion upon the widening of London Bridge has brought to remembrance the circumstances under which it was built, more than forty-five years ago, by the eminent civil engineer whose life and works are here described by himself. It was, like the naval docks at Sheerness and Chatham and the breakwater of Plymouth Harbour, a work designed by his father, who died in 1821. The Plymouth, Chatham, and Sheerness works indeed were more than half executed by the elder John Rennie. He had also completed both Southwark and Waterloo Bridges, and had commenced that of Vauxhall, before his design for a new one upon the site of the famous Old London Bridge was approved by a Parliamentary Committee. The task of its construction, but a few yards higher up the river, was entrusted to the second John Rennie, who then had to prepare the working drawings and specifications of detail. Its difficulty was greatly increased by the necessity meanwhile, for traffic accommodation, of keeping up the old bridge, with its large projecting pier-feet, called "starlings," buttressed by great piles of stone. The stream, both at ebb and flood tide, used to rush down between these massive obstructions in a series of formidable cascades. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth has turned them to account in one of his sensational romances. Their effect on the bed of the river, above and below the old bridge, was to scoop out deep holes, into which fell many of the loose stones heaped round the feet of the piers. It was in the upper hole, and at a great depth of water, 28 ft. low [illegible] of spring tides, with a rapid current so near the cataracts of old bridge, that John Rennie the younger laid his foundations. He managed the building of each of his piers in an oval cofferdam made of several rows of wooden piles set close together and caulked with tow and pitch, filling the spaces between the rows with puddled clay. Rennie had too much cause to remember these cofferdams, for he tumbled into one of them and was nearly killed by the fall. He relates the opposition that was raised by great coal-owners and statesmen to the new approach with an arch over Thames Street, the cost of which was to be defrayed by the City tax on coal. Lord Durham and Earl Grey were opposed to the Duke of Wellington upon this question, some time before the debates on the Reform Bill. But the Whig Premier had, in 1830, to bring his Majesty King William to the opening of the bridge, and of the present approach by King William Street, instead of Fish Street Hill. "Stare super vias antiquas" had been Lord Grey's motto in this affair of private Bill legislation.

Sir John Rennie, after his retirement from business, wrote from memory this account of his professional labours, and of his occasional travels in different parts of Europe. It has been edited by his son, Mr. C. G. C. Rennie, of whose share in the work we have only to say that the volume abounds with misprinted names, demanding careful revision when it shall again be sent through the press. Besides much that is tolerably interesting to the general reader, Sir John Rennie's commentary upon his own works is likely to be useful to the younger men of his profession. It might, indeed, have been rendered more instructive by the addition of a few maps, plans, and diagrams. Without such aids one cannot readily understand some of the matters described: such as the Eau Brink Cut near King's Lynn, the outfalls of the Nene and the Witham, the embankments of the Wash, the drainage of the Ancholme Level, and some harbour improvements. The talents of Sir John Rennie were most beneficially applied to these problems of managing water. He knew what to do with it, both in estuaries where bars are formed by the conflicting currents of river and sea, and likewise in lowlands which are marshy or flooded. These branches of engineering science have not, we suspect, of late years gained their full share of attention, compared with the more quickly profitable undertakings of railway construction. To say nothing of the storage of water for irrigation, which might, by the way, produce most valuable results in Australia, many of our rivers are still left without due regulation of their course and preservation of their outlet. It is scarcely creditable to the enterprise and skill of this age that half the midland shires of England, though remote from mountain torrents, have been twice laid under water in the past six months. Sir John Rennie, who was the author of a book on harbour works, intended also to write one treating of "hydraulics generally," and the drainage of fens and lowlands in Great Britain. We hope that the second edition of this autobiography will be furnished with plans, at least, of the Bedford Level and the Wash, and of the Ancholme or Axholm Level, in North Lincolnshire, with all the "hydraulic" cuttings and embankments.

An instance of the progress which mechanical contrivance has made since the early years of this century is the difficulty, at that time, of conveying a twenty-five ton block of granite from its quarry to be shipped at Peterhead. It was in 1813 that young John Rennie performed this feat, to the admiration of his contemporaries, for the building of Southwark Bridge. His next employment was in the interesting task of marine and trigonometrical surveying, under Mr. Francis Giles, for the choice of harbours and a packet line between the south-west coast of Scotland and the nearest Irish shore. In the survey also of the river Tyne, and in those for several canals to be made in different parts of England, he gained further experience at the age of twenty-one. He assisted, soon afterwards, in examining the position of Woolwich Dockyard, which his father had in vain advised the Admiralty to give up, together with that of Deptford, concentrating all the establishments for naval construction, repairs, equipment, stores, and armament in one great dockyard and arsenal at Northfleet. This scheme, which was approved by Pitt and Melville, would in Rennie's judgment have rendered it needless to create the now existing dockyards at Sheerness and Chatham. We have lately seen the abolition of the Woolwich Dockyard, upon which 340,000*l.* was spent under his supervision; but it was hardly possible for any Government, fifty or sixty years ago, to foresee that changes in naval architecture would make it useless for our present fleet. There is perhaps a little too much disposition to test the discernment shown by long past Administrations in any particular decision by the measure of subsequent experience or later acquirement in science. The projected ship canal from Portsmouth to L[illegible] one hundred yards wide and twenty-four feet deep, passing Guildford down the valley of the Wey to the Thames, might have been made, as Sir John Rennie thought, at half the cost of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway. Whether it would have proved so useful, at this day, as to supersede the London and South-Western Railway is another question; he evidently did think so in the railway times.

Among the harbour works of this able engineer are those of Portpatrick and Donaghadee, Kingstown, [illegible]ven, Sunderland, Ramsgate, and East Hartlepool, with others in the British Islands; and he furnished designs for Oporto, St. Ubes, and so on, at the request of the Portuguese Government. Besides these improvements, more fully described in his book on British and

* *Autobiography of Sir John Rennie, F.R.S., Past President of the Institution of Civil Engineers; comprising the History of his Professional Life, together with Reminiscences dating from the Commencement of the Century to the Present Time.* E. & F. N. Spon.

Foreign Harbours, he recommended, jointly with Mr. Murray, some desirable measures for making Portsmouth harbour accessible at low tide. The various inventions of machinery in which he was associated with his brother George as partner, were applied sometimes to the public service. They are used in the royal victualling establishments of Stonehouse and Portsmouth. This firm supplied the steam-engines for our ships of war at an early period. Sir John Rennie claimed the merit of having induced the Admiralty to adopt both the high-pressure condensing system and Penn's oscillating engines. His connexion indeed with some of these improvements was extremely slight, amounting to little more than an influential opinion in their favour. In other cases, as in that of the screw propeller, when he and his brother had been employed merely to construct what other persons had invented, Sir John Rennie led the Government to take it up. His precise enumeration of every piece of work, advice, or suggestion contributed by himself to the material conveniences of this age is characteristic of a prudent economist of professional renown.

In the railway department of engineering, on the contrary, Sir John Rennie was the author of many projects which were destined not to be carried into execution. He was, indeed, with his brother and Mr. Vignolles, and with George Stephenson, engaged on the Liverpool and Manchester line, and he laid out the Brighton and the Blackwall railways in 1838; but for other designs of this nature he failed to gain support. He would have conducted the London and Birmingham line by way of Aylesbury, Banbury, Bicester, and Warwick, which would have been more natural and agreeable to ancient habits of traffic. At the same time George Rennie would have continued the railway from Birmingham to Liverpool by Stafford and Runcorn, with a bridge there over the Mersey; and the Trent Valley line might have been spared. The first-mentioned plan was superseded by the Stephensons' line to Birmingham following that of the Grand Junction Canal; the second was put aside for Telford's canal continuation from Birmingham to join the Bridgewater Canal to the Mersey. We have not much fault to find with the London and North-Western as it is; but there would have been some advantages in the combination which the Rennies had in view, making Birmingham the middle point of communication from Manchester or Liverpool to London. In like manner, with regard to the Great Northern line, which was laid down in 1845, it may be admitted that a line taking Lincoln on the road to York, as proposed by the Company with which Rennie and Giles were connected, had prescriptive custom in its favour. The railway bridge over the Severn on Rennie's Bristol and Chepstow line might perhaps have prevented the need for the tunnel under that river now in construction, since it would have brought South Wales nearer to London as well as Bristol nearer to Liverpool. Sir John always regretted the neglect by the South-Eastern Railway Company of his Central Kent line, by Gravesend, Rochester, and Maidstone, to Dover, with a length fourteen miles less than what they made of their Dover line. The unlucky shareholders of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, which long afterwards came into existence, upon a hollow financial footing, to answer the same ends of traffic, have yet more cause for regret. Another case in which serious competition might have been averted, by the timely adoption of a more direct line offered to a Company already in possession of the traffic, is that of the Midland line to Manchester, or something like it, taking in Leicester and Burton. The London and North-Western Company did not exactly see it.

The simple mention of all Sir John Rennie's various engineering tasks, and of his unfulfilled schemes, or those performed by other people, would occupy too much of our space. In this multiplicity of business, which left him, after all, not a wealthy man, he sometimes enjoyed with keen mental relish the opportunities of foreign travel. His more leisurely tour in Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, during the two years before his father's death, is slightly flavoured with a romantic quest of adventure, congenial to the British rambler in those regions and in those Byronic days. Among ferocious klephts and banditti, the Suliotes and Mainotes and the lordly Moslem of the classic peninsula, this young Scotchman from an office in Stamford Street, Blackfriars, soon felt himself quite at home. One wonders if he wrote any poetry more or less in the strain of *Childe Harold*. He studied meantime, with commendable taste and zeal, the antiquities, the topography, and architecture of Athens and other Greek cities. It will not of course be supposed that he could have anything to tell us, from his observations in 1821, that is not now familiar to all the world. Some features indeed of the old Turkish rule in the Levant, before the Sultan's empire was half reformed, dismembered, and partly ruined, might be noted as tokens of regretted past. The same remark would perhaps apply to experiences of Spain in 1833, at the outbreak of the first [illegible]; and with the suggestion of a similar doubt whether [illegible] is absolute and universal. Of both those countries, perhaps of the Mediterranean shores all round, it is scarcely [illegible] to affirm, as he does of Tunis, that they are still capable of prosperity with a different sort of people and government. That reflection does not accompany Sir John Rennie and his readers to the fens of Holland, or even to Sweden and Russia, where he surveyed or superintended particular undertakings, though with results less satisfactory, from defects or mistakes of their chief administration, than he had hoped to achieve. The Swedish railway scheme is associated with the exemplary career of John Sadleir, who may stand as a set-off against the typical brigand of Calabria and of the Morea, to prove the superior blessedness of our civilization. But Sir John Rennie did not travel as a sentimental moralist; he took a robust pleasure in meeting with rough folk and hard fare on the byroads of Southern Europe. At the Portuguese frontier village of Ocana, being warned that the whole population was in a plot to rob him, he invited them all to a feast and dance at both the two village inns. He then, having played the agreeable host, and paid the bill overnight, decamped early in the morning without taking leave of his guests, a trick worthy of Ulysses. With compliments to the women, cigars and glasses of liquor for the men, and frank good-humoured civility to all, he could make his way in safety among the wildest mountaineers beyond reach of a protecting police. Sir John was one of the founders of the Travellers' Club, but was never what is now considered a great traveller. His only expedition further than those we have mentioned was to inspect and direct some harbour works at the Azores, which he twice visited, in the winters of 1861 and 1863. These personal reminiscences of foreign life, manners, and scenery form an entertaining mixture with the account of his engineering labours and designs. It deserves to be carefully reprinted, with the special illustrations which we have ventured to suggest.

THE GENERAL STAFF AND ITS PEACE DUTIES.*

THE name of Colonel Bronsart von Schellendorf is familiar to many persons as that of the officer entrusted on the German side with the brief negotiation which ended in the surrender at Sedan. Before and during the war he occupied an important position among the assistants whom Count Moltke kept at his side; and his appointment subsequently to the charge of the staff of the Guards Corps is a testimony at once to his efficiency and to the thoroughness of the conditions of the service of which he is a member, which require that headquarter duties should be interchanged ever and anon with those more directly connected with the care of troops. The volume he now offers us, confined purposely to the peace duties of the staff, is of far wider scope than the title signifies. Indeed, so various and interesting are its separate sections that we can do little more than indicate generally the contents of the greater part of them. The service, as treated of here, excludes of course the actual operations of war, since staff duties in relation to these are reserved for another volume. In this part, however, are to be found, completely elaborated, such distinct subjects as the meaning and duties of staff organization in its theory and practice; the growth of the present system of Prussia—it should perhaps be said of Germany; the conditions of the same service in each of the other great armies of the world, our own included; the whole peace arrangements of the German army on its present footing, as viewed apart from the same force in the gigantic proportions which it attains when mobilized; the means of bringing it suddenly into the field if the word be given; finally, the practical work of the staff in its three great peace duties of the bureau, the ordering of grand manœuvres, and the practice of reconnaissance. As one of the least known of these subjects we select the second, in dealing with which Colonel Bronsart gives us a complete historical treatise on his own special service. He here shows at once breadth of view and severe study of detail; and where he errs, the errors are so far excusable that they are national, and that he writes above all for his own comrades.

In the old days of the Prussian army the notion of a staff seems to have been restricted to certain high officers, who were found to be necessary by the Electors of Brandenburg when first forming a standing military force, just as a similar discovery was made by our own Parliament about the same time, when fairly committed to the Civil War. Thus an ordinance of 1657 provided for the pay of a Commissary General, a Quartermaster-General (at first known as the General-Wachtmeister), and two Adjutants-General, besides two so-called Quartermasters-General, charged especially with the engineer services of the Electorate. A deputy to the Quartermaster-General or Chief Engineer (for the functions were originally united), and two other engineers of rank, not specified, were soon afterwards added. It is clear that the duties of the Quartermaster-General's department were for a long period supposed to be inseparable from the engineer branch of the army; or, as Colonel Bronsart tells us:—

> Although the commissariat staff was formed specially for each campaign, the Quartermaster-General and his assistants had constant employment during peace time in the engineer branch. And it followed from these conditions that the historical development of the Prussian Quartermaster-General's staff is from the first associated with the latter, and its very one-sided functions among the general staff; and that the close connexion of the general staff with the corps of engineers lasted through more than a century down to the year 1806, when the Chief Engineer, General Geusau, was at the same time Quartermaster-General.

To which it may be added, since the author here rather states the facts than explains them, that the original connexion was a natural one enough, and the complete distinction which began when Scharnhorst, coming into power after Jena, first made of the scattered regimental units or bodies of engineers a fourth field arm of the service under his friend Gneisenau, was but the adoption of a proper division of labour. That most sagacious of organisers saw

* *Der Dienst des Generalstabes.* Von Bronsart v. Schellendorf. 1ter Theil. Mittler: Berlin. 1875.

that the time had come when armies could no longer be left to wait till the staff should prepare and assign a suitable force of engineers for each specific operation, but must carry what was necessary of this branch with them wherever they move, just as they did their guns and horses; and that this could only be done by making it part of the regimental forces to be combined in each division. Even he, however, so little leaned to what is now the tradition of the service that he chose for the head of the engineers a simple staff officer who happened to have distinguished himself in the defence of Colberg. The change was an important as well as a just one; and if the engineers lost for the time in position, they gained so largely in efficiency that the Prussian model of their employment for field duty as devised during Scharnhorst's administration has become the standing pattern for the armies of the world.

Having mentioned this later separation rather briefly, Colonel Bronsart goes back in point of time, and we follow him, to note the changes made by Frederick in the system of the staff as bequeathed to him. This had consisted, as before mentioned, mainly of the appointments of certain heads of departments. But at the time of his first Silesian campaign of 1741 we find added to these eight colonels, acting pretty much as what we should call divisional adjutants-general, and certain majors as aides-de-camp. On the other hand, the Quartermaster-General's staff was reduced to four officers, and a year later to two, a fact which is explained by our author as follows:—

> Frederick II. kept but few officers on his Quartermaster-General's staff. The great King was not only his own chief of staff, but he also filled in manifold ways the functions of staff officers of the lower grades. The King himself wrote out the proposals for operations, orders for the general distribution of troops, and special instructions, or at the least he dictated them. Orders for battle he gave by word of mouth. If he wanted help he had his aides-de-camp, some engineers, and mounted orderlies. The Quarter-master-General's staff hardly existed therefore even in name.

All this intense, and it may be said, with due deference to Mr. Carlyle, somewhat meddlesome and dangerous activity, is the very antipodes of the modern German military ideal, which is to create a system that shall not leave success dependent on any single man's brains. However much Frederick's biographers may hold it up to admiration, it stands self-condemned by the fact that he abandoned it as soon as Prussia was relieved from the terrible pressure of the Seven Years' War and the Peace of Hubertsburg gave him time for thought. Then he began at once to reverse the practice he had clung to during the ever-recurring exigencies of the struggle, and set about the foundation of a staff such as modern ideas make it, composed not merely of a set of heads of departments, but of selected officers taken for the time from regimental work for the purpose of assisting their superiors in the higher duty of organizing and leading the whole mass. Its beginning was modest enough. Six lieutenants were "posted to the staff for general duties," according to the modern phrase, soon after peace was signed, though no distinctive uniform was given them. But the number in the following year, as the King's ideas grew clearer, was increased to twelve, and this again a little later to fifteen. And, having once selected them, Frederick paid great attention to their proper instruction, and enforced a preliminary strict examination on those specially educated officers, as Colonel Massenbach, who, having already gained a local reputation for knowledge, were allowed to join the new service from armies belonging to other States of Germany.

Much is told us of this officer, whose connexion with the unhappy events of 1806 has made his name of peculiarly ill odour with Prussians. Colonel Bronsart declares that justice all the more demands the recognition of the services which he performed as deputy to the veteran General Geusau, the head of the department, in introducing that sort of practical training on the ground which is now recognized as the A B C of a staff officer's education. He laid out a regular course of this each summer, the winter following being devoted to indoor instruction, chiefly in the subjects raised by reconnaissance. Many of his favourite ideas, notably that of registering exactly all the available positions to be used in a country in the event of war under every possible contingency, have been condemned by experience. But he had the merit of first instituting a course which should throw each student for the higher staff on his own individual resources, and making him work alone so as to teach him to think for himself. Much comment is added on the errors which marred his conception. But they may be compressed into the one statement that he gave theory and fixed rule altogether too large a place in his system, and, in fact, made the mistake, so common with closet strategists, of imagining that bodies of men were to be as easily handled as pawns on a chessboard. The key to his notions of the qualifications for the service over which he presided may be found in the test he prevailed on King Frederick William to enforce. All candidates for admission were to be subject to an examination in geometry, trigonometry, fortifications, tactics, the art of war, and military history; as though, supposing officers to be found really qualified in all these, there could be any need of instructing them for years afterwards in theory. A competitive examination of this highly professional type was held in 1804, and of thirty-nine candidates the twenty-two best were admitted as probationers. Some, however, will be ready to condone this excessive zeal for pen and ink when they learn that, out of the grants made for the education of the staff, 1,500*l.*, or more than one-sixth, was for the expenses of the summer reconnaissances. But the fatal day of Jena was now at hand. Massenbach and his theorists were carefully distributed over the Prussian corps, "but failed to turn misfortune from their side." And this teacher of war by compass and measure himself undying ignominy by counselling the first shameful surrender in the open field, the capitulation of Prenzlau, "an evil example" (to our author) "which worked perniciously" elsewhere.

Nevertheless, as the book well shows, his successor, Scharnhorst, had the foundation of a better system ready to his hand. His genius, as appears from Colonel Bronsart's details, seized on all that was worth retaining, and eliminated the unpractical and pedantic. He taught the staff to work with the generals and troops as well as alone, and bequeathed to Prussia in this, as well as so many other parts of the military organization he established, a system so sound and efficient that it survived and grew in strength through the lassitude of the long peace that followed Waterloo, and burst on the astonished enemy in all its powers in 1866. The world looked on with amazement at the celerity and certainty with which a quarter of a million of soldiers who knew no training but that of peace burst over the Bohemian mountains before Benedek could concentrate his veteran army to meet them, converged on his position so suddenly that he was forced to fight at an utter disadvantage, and finally came into decisive action with such steadiness and vigour that lookers-on declared their tactical training to surpass even the strategical leadership which had won them their first advantages. Nor must it be forgotten—and a study of the pages before us will prove useful to those who would ignore it—that the same ever-active system has led the Prussian General Staff, under its present famous chief, to utilize the experience of two great wars so as to fill up every possible defect discovered by the events of 1866 and 1870. "Think nothing done while aught remains," the motto put by the poet into a conqueror's mouth, might well be assigned to this indefatigable corps; and it is drawing fresh strength from the fact that a grateful Empire acknowledges its public services in the past, and looks to it as a chief guard in the future. Colonel Bronsart evidently feels the power of this sentiment, though the coldness of a semi-official style, which much mars in our view the attractiveness of his work throughout, forbids him to dilate on that popular side of the military question which in Germany just now, with the growing freedom of her Diet, is certainly not the least important.

We have not space for even glancing at the contents of the other sections of this instructive volume. It is professedly not critical, and the author rarely comments on the facts which he brings together. Had he done so in that chapter which treats of our own staff the result would have been full of lessons, for so clear a view of its organization and condition was never put together before, and Colonel Bronsart evidently possesses the qualities of a perfectly impartial judge. In the few pages devoted to ourselves no point of importance is omitted. We note such points as the credit given to the practical character of our administration for the contrivance of putting the whole army thoroughly under a civilian administrator, whilst reserving for military authority the disciplinary care over its members. We admire the insight which enables a foreigner to understand how thoroughly dual this administration was not long since, from the fact that bringing the Horse Guards to the War Office lessened the receipt of letters at the latter by six hundred a day. We also mark the shrewd observation that our Intelligence Department appears so short-handed that the mere correspondence of the military representatives of the Foreign Office alone might keep it occupied; the judgment as to our minor expeditions, that the staff is out of all proportion to the number of troops employed; the sly remark that, though we in theory adhere to the old subdivision of duties between the adjutant and quartermaster-general throughout, in the lowest grade the brigade-major manages to perform both; and, finally, the striking comments on our overmanned War Office, where, as Colonel Bronsart truly says, much of the time of the higher military staff goes in ceaseless communication on details with the clerical officials. He further remarks that their position in this respect differs entirely from that of any other military staff in the world. In fact, want of personal responsibility, want of confidence in others, want of unity in action—relics of a past age when military jobbery had to be met at every turn—are the tribute now paid to an evil system which its defenders in their blindness suppose to be a cheap and honest administration.

MELINDA THE CABOCEER.*

MR. SKERTCHLY has undoubtedly enjoyed ample unities of studying the customs of the natives of the Coast. In 1871, in an evil hour for him, he accepted the pro invitation of the King of Dahomey to pay a friendly visit week. The monarch overwhelmed his white guest with and honours, but declined altogether to speed his depa was worse, he never permitted the distinguished stra from his capital except under a strong guard; and Skertchly did get leave of absence in the inte[illegible] orders to keep moving at the rate of thirty mile[illegible] Mr. Skertchly, who seems to be a highly intelligent man, made the best of a disagreeable situation. He struck up acquaintanceships with dignitaries of the Court and officers of the army, and informed himself minutely as to many things in the country which he was not permitted to judge of with his own eyes. He came

* *Melinda the Caboceer; or, Sport in Ashanti. a Tale of the Gold Coast.* By J. A. Skertchly, Author of "Dahomey as It Is," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

back to publish an entertaining account of his experiences in Dahomey, which we had the pleasure of noticing in a former number; and now he has supplemented it with a volume of sport and adventure, of which, however, the scenes are chiefly laid within the borders of the Ashantee country. His present book, as he tells us, is fiction founded on fact. The thread of romance which runs through the chapter is spun out of the personal narrative of a Caboceer (officer) in the service of King Koffee Kalcalli, who, having lost at once his liberty and his bride, ultimately recovered the one and the other; "while many of the hunting scenes," he adds, "are taken from my own adventures in Western Africa."

We should say that the book is likely to be more successful with enthusiastic youth than with critical middle age. There is abundance of "go" in it, and it is overcharged with thrilling incident. But the most obvious reflection is that nothing short of an almost impossible amount of marvellous good fortune could have brought the heroes, Danvers and Fortescue, through the manifold perils that beset them; while the victories they achieved over the savage animals they encountered are only to be paralleled by the labours of the heroic demigods of mythology. They emerge with honour and trophies from the midst of troops of ravening lions. They bag elephants by braces and leashes, bringing down the infuriated monsters with unerring aim when death in its most appalling form has approached them almost within arm's length. They have hand-to-hand grapples with gigantic pythons, who steal on them in the darkness in their very sleeping quarters. Scorpions, eleven inches long, drop down on their persons and get entangled in their boots and gaiters. They fall among hordes of driver ants, who stick them over with their remorseless stings as thickly as the quill points upon the fretful porcupine. Fetiche men armed with the murderous knife come thundering at the slightly barred doors of their dwelling. Revengeful savages tender them poisoned viands. Nor is the happy impunity they enjoy limited to their own persons. It extends to their black retainers, in whom they were most exceptionally fortunate, and in whom from the first moments of acquaintance they inspire a devoted attachment. Aziza, the mighty hunter whom they have been lucky enough to engage in their service, risks his life for one of his white masters the first day of his engagement. He and Melinda, the Ashantee Caboceer, twice snatch themselves from the jaws of death in the shape of infuriated alligators and a current hurrying them to a waterfall, by swinging themselves at the critical moment into the drooping boughs of a tree that chanced to hang convenient. At Coomassie they reverse the actual experiences of Mr. Skertchly in Dahomey, for the terrible Koffee Kalcalli not only receives them cordially at their coming, but dismisses them tolerably promptly with gifts. Up the country they have the misfortune to get involved in native quarrels; their presence inspires courage and discipline in a panic-stricken tribe, while their breechloaders turn the tide of battle against a host of warriors in the flush of victory. Finally, they assist the love-lorn Caboceer to recover his ravished bride, much in the manner of Cooper's Indian romances; and in a frail canoe they run the gauntlet of lurking dangers down an unfamiliar river swarming with savages. But, in spite of luck, coolness, and courage combined, we doubt if they could have extricated themselves with credit and safety had they not got on as admirably with the natives as if there had never been any confusion of tongues. Aziza and Melinda speak English with such purity and fluency that we should have imagined, as a matter of course, that their speech was translated, were it not for the occasional interpolation of such stereotyped phrases as "for true." This is the less surprising, however, since the village headmen in the remote interior have apparently mastered our idioms even to the length of indulging in graceful antithesis and appropriate slang. A chief beyond the inland frontier of Ashantee congratulates them in the following easy terms on the glorious victory the Englishmen have helped him to gain:—"Truly white people know how to fight too much, they never say die, and are as fierce in war as they are peaceful in their friendship." In fact, next to the piled-up sensationalism of the narrative, the general tone of the conversation tends to dispel illusion, and reminds us that the author is making a book and taking liberties with prosaic reality. For, in its way, the talk of himself and his English companion is as little probable as that of Aziza and the Caboceer. They enliven the most critical situations with chuckling over old Joe Millers; and, on the occasion we have referred to, when they and the fetiche man are on opposite sides of a frail enclosure, Danvers takes the opportunity of entertaining Fortescue with an incident that happened to him in High Holborn.

But, on the other hand, the volumes contain much that is interesting with regard to African sport, zoology, and scenery, as well as the manners and mode of living of the natives and the horrible "customs" of their Court ceremonial. As to the latter, it would seem almost hopeless to put them down; because, strange to say, though the people are their victims, they are countenanced by a strong popular sentiment. When a king dies, and there is a massacre in celebration of the funeral, the courtiers and their attendants pass through the gates of a bloody death into an existence more assured than the one they are leaving. When any event of importance occurs—when a white traveller, for example, arrives at Coomassie—it is etiquette that the king should formally announce it to his ancestors in the spirit world. He slays and sends off a couple of messengers, and, according to Mr. Skertchly, there need be no difficulty in finding volunteers for the errand. For those who carry such a commission will be taken every care of in the spirit palaces to which they are despatched; while the ordinary poor who die in course of nature are condemned to an eternity of torpid insensibility, with just vitality enough to make them sensible of their misery. That this theory is a just one seems confirmed by the demeanour of the doomed victims. Without being apparently under the influence of stimulants, they have been seen actually to beat time cheerfully to the music played in announcement of their imminent end. In most cases, however, they are effectually prevented from giving expression to feelings either of anguish or contentment, for a knife is skewered through their cheeks by way of gag, and their arms are firmly pinioned behind them. And the ceremony of slaughter shows a ghastly delight in butchery and bloodshed for their own sakes. The victim's head is struck off upon a war drum; the blood is suffered to stream into a calabash, and is afterwards smeared over the persons and weapons of the bystanders; while the affair is treated as a necessary interlude in the business which the monarch is transacting for the moment. At least it is likely to be more impressive to strangers than the dull details of our own Court etiquette, and it says much for the nerve of Fortescue and Danvers that they told the tyrant who had just paid them the sanguinary compliment, that no white man could think well of him so long as he sanctioned such practices. Making every allowance for its assuring one's future comfort, the custom of sacrifice must surely cloud the existence of many of the Ashantees if they ever give a thought to the future. The monarch's immediate Court circle is inevitably doomed in the event of his death, and the followers of men of any position have their lives bound up with that of their master. Even the twofold chance of death may perhaps scarcely count for much with a singularly unreflecting race; but the capricious tyranny of the fetiche is always present to every man. The fetiche is a superstition in which every one has firm faith, and according to native notions it may either be a blessing or a curse. Thus Aziza, the intelligent hunter, is persuaded that a strip of hide with the hair on will act as an infallible talisman against all perils of the chase. But, in compensation for such occasional mercies, he has to place himself absolutely in the hands of the ghostly go-between who interprets or executes the will of the supernatural power, and insists on implicit obedience to any commands he transmits. Thus the priest bears permanent sway in the savage community, and is tolerated and protected by the State in any license of crime. If he is not sufficiently bribed, or if he bears any grudge against any one, he simply accuses his enemy in the name of the fetiche, and insists on an ordeal which he himself directs. As likely as not, the test of innocence may be swallowing strong poison with impunity. Add to these sanguinary customs, and to the abuses of malignant superstition, the general insecurity of life and property even in the most settled districts, and Mr. Skertchly's pictures of Western Africa represent it as a hell upon earth; nor do we believe that the picture is greatly overcharged. The only villages safe from surprise and sudden destruction are those under the rule of some petty despot, who makes them pay dearly in one shape or other for his protection; as for the rest, the fact that the inhabitants may be sold for slaves is sufficient to tempt the cupidity of their neighbours. And not even the fact that a dead man is worth less than a living one will check that natural taste for carnage which breaks out in the excited savage. As for the climate, of course a native will thrive where a European would pine or die, but even among the natives loathsome and deadly diseases are exceedingly common. And unless they should ever set about reclaiming their swamps and clearing away their pestilential jungles, they will never get rid of the fevers, alligators, serpents, and four-footed beasts of prey, which make their life so precarious in the most favourable circumstances. We gather rather from Mr. Skertchly's former volumes than from his present one that he has but little faith in the perfectibility of the African, for we should say that, if there are many Melindas and Azizas, the race must have no small capacities for self-cultivation. But until things are changed considerably for the better, we should advise adventurous gentlemen fond of field sports to strike inland anywhere else than from the plague-stricken settlement of Cape Coast Castle. They can scarcely expect to have the good fortune of Fortescue and Danvers, or to re-embark themselves safely on board the English steamer, having escaped from men, beasts, and diseases.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE new series of M. Berryer's works * cannot be expected to meet with the general popularity which his political speeches obtained. The questions discussed before the Parliamentary assemblies of France were of European interest, and had more or less an international character. We are now asked to appreciate a lawyer's powers of logic and eloquence as brought to bear upon legal disputes of a private nature; and the *Plaidoyers* appeal to the sympathies of those persons only who can admire style and argumentative skill, independently of the special subjects which have called forth these valuable qualities. It would have been impossible, even if it had been desirable, to print all M. Berryer's legal speeches; many of them exist merely in the shape of rough notes, skeletons, or summaries; enough, however, is here preserved to give an excellent idea of the *finest specimens* among contemporary French barristers. The discourses contained in this

* *Œuvres de Berryer.—Plaidoyers.* Paris: Didier.

first volume range over the twenty years beginning with 1815, and amongst them will be found those delivered in defence of General Cambronne (1816), M. de Lamennais (1826), and M. de Chateaubriand (1833).

Two more volumes of M. Michelet's *Histoire du XIXe siècle* are now before us. The first, which takes us to the *coup d'état* of Brumaire *, is an attempt to rehabilitate the Directory, and to explain the struggle between the French Republic and the English Government headed by Pitt. Together with details on war and diplomacy, M. Michelet gives us curious particulars respecting the intellectual and religious movement of the day, and the various efforts made, on the one hand, to replace Christianity by a new form of religion, and, on the other, to reinstate Ultramontanist doctrines. Saint-Martin and the Théophilanthropists, Joseph de Maistre, and the Socialists of 1796, appear as the leading figures in this gallery of portraits, and a special place is reserved for that salon of the Rue du Bac where Mme. de Staël had raised the standard of constitutional liberty.

The period from the Consulate to the end of the First Empire † was one of spurious glory for France, and was characterized by a steady and progressive decay, physical, intellectual, and moral. M. Michelet, of course, ascribes this deplorable state of things to the fact that the philosophical principles of the eighteenth century were not duly carried out, and that the Imperial Government endeavoured to bring about an alliance between the doctrines of the *Encyclopédie* and the traditions of the Roman Catholic Church. We quite agree with him that such a hybrid system can produce no good results; but we must doubt whether the logical carrying out of the doctrines advocated in the *Contrat social* would be the best guarantee of liberty. M. Michelet is so impulsive that his work cannot seriously claim to be a history; but it is suggestive, and many of his estimates of men and events are striking. It may be regarded as a series of essays put together without much method, in which the strangest conclusions are often drawn from the most fanciful hypotheses.

The works of M. Philarète Chasles, now collected in one uniform edition, treat of every kind of subject, and deal with nearly the whole curriculum of literature, history, and philosophy. Happy in his selection of topics calculated to fill a lecture-room, M. Philarète Chasles unfortunately fancied that the popularity he enjoyed was due to an amount of erudition and a depth of thought which he never possessed; and his printed essays show this most conclusively. They are elegant improvisations, mixed with just enough of the scientific element to make them look profound without taking anything away from their agreeable character; but we are at a loss to discover the originality which is sometimes claimed for them. The present volume ‡ deals with antiquity; Greece, Rome, and Palestine are the fields where M. Philarète Chasles carries on his investigations; and the book ends with an essay on the sources of the Latin and Teutonic languages. The introductory chapter, the best in the whole series, is a sketch of the influence exercised upon literature by religious and social institutions.

The *conférences* § delivered by Father Didon, the Dominican preacher, have reached a second edition, and appear now with a new preface. The object of the orator is to solve the old problem of the reconciliation of science and faith, and to show that a return to Christianity is the only possible condition of life for modern society. It is curious to observe how all the modern apologetical writers belonging to the Roman Catholic Church are loud in proclaiming that, far from repudiating science, they welcome its teachings and sympathize with its votaries. This is of course highly satisfactory, but the error committed by Father Didon and most modern Roman Catholic divines consists in maintaining that their Church has always manifested the liberal mind which is characteristic of MM. de Montalembert, Lacordaire, Gratry, and Didon himself. The six lectures printed in this volume are written in a popular style, and may be recommended as an interesting summary of Christian apologetics.

One of the most melancholy facts in the present condition of France is the decrease of the population. The small number of births is no doubt the principal explanation of this state of things; but there is another cause — namely, the neglect with which children sent out to nurse are treated. In the case of foundlings the mortality resulting from the negligence of local authorities has reached enormous proportions, and the number of children still-born, now amounting to one-fifth of the total number of births, has increased five-fold in the course of twenty years. Dr. Brochard has devoted a very interesting little volume ‖ to a thorough discussion of this scandalous evil. Unfortunately, as M. de la Guéronnière remarks in his preface, bureaucracy—that leprosy of French civilization—has always prevented the working out of useful plans, and Dr. Brochard himself narrowly escaped being the victim of red-tapeism; so much easier is it to make revolutions than to introduce reforms. Dr. Brochard never ventures on a statement without supporting it by facts, and in so delicate a question as that which here occupies him he takes special care to be accurate. His conclusions are the following—(1) the *tour*, or place of admission for foundlings, should be re-established; (2) the [illegible] of relief now granted to the *filles-mères* should be consid[illegible] altered, so as to remove every possible encouragement to neglect; (3) the care of foundlings must be transferred fr[illegible] Government authorities to the hospitals; (4) the admini[illegible] inspection of foundlings must be replaced by medical supervision. An appendix of illustrative documents terminates the volume.

If we may believe M. Ribert *, Frenchmen certainly do not succeed as framers of political constitutions. He would probably say that the constitution promulgated by the First Republic is a perfect model; we do not think so, but we agree with him in many of his criticisms on the legislative work accomplished at Versailles during the course of last year. However, it has at any rate the merit of existing; it is destined to be for at least five years the guide of public life, and the instrument of the national will; it is wise, therefore, to make the best of it, and, instead of enumerating its defects, to show how it can be worked. M. Ribert begins by sketching the fundamental principles of this Constitution; he then examines in succession the parts to be performed respectively by the Chamber of Deputies, the President of the Republic, and the Senate; he defines the province within which each of these three can lawfully act; and, finally, he shows how even the least satisfactory political mechanism may be worked with a certain amount of satisfactory results. Although M. Ribert does not actually say so, he evidently ascribes to the monarchical factions of the Assembly the intention of what our neighbours call fishing in troubled waters, and of using a defective constitutional programme for the purpose of ruining the Republican cause.

Colonel Fabre has written an account of the Franco-Prussian war †, compiled from official sources, and illustrated with thirteen strategical maps. He shows that only men of first-rate genius can tell beforehand the results of a campaign; Turenne did so in 1674, and Bonaparte in 1800. The Germans, five years ago, were equally successful; not, however, in his opinion, because they possessed the same prophetic spirit, but simply through the blunders of their enemies.

The recent publications of Messrs. Didot include a work of much artistic as well as literary value; we mean the illustrated reprint of M. Wallon's *Jeanne d'Arc*.‡ First issued in an octavo form, it went quickly through two large editions. About the beginning of 1875 a duodecimo edition, completely revised and considerably augmented, made its appearance; and now it comes before us in the shape of a Christmas book, with all the resources supplied by the ingenuity of modern art, such as chromolithographs, woodcuts, and maps. We may describe this magnificent volume as a museum in which every detail connected with the Maid of Orleans has been collected and enshrined. In addition to M. Wallon's text we find here:—1st, an essay on the armour and military costume in use during the fifteenth century; 2nd, a map of France referring to the same epoch; 3rd, a note on the d'Arc family; 4th, a disquisition on the literary and musical compositions devoted to the heroine; 5th, an iconographic supplement; and, 6th, a facsimile of Joan of Arc's letters. A copious alphabetical index forms the fitting conclusion of the volume. As in the same publishers' editions of Joinville and Villehardouin, the illustrations are uniformly copied from contemporary sources, and may therefore be trusted as accurate specimens of fifteenth-century ornamentation.

As we are speaking of the Maid of Orleans, we may refer to a question connected with her which has often been discussed from different points of view. The English and Bourguignon chroniclers attempted to represent her as a mere instrument of the nobles who surrounded Charles VII., and even Sismondi gave his countenance to this absurd opinion. Other writers, such as Lingard and M. Henry Martin, have described her as acting under the influence of a sort of hallucination, while M. Villiaumé attributes her success to simple genius and military tact. We need scarcely say that M. Wallon examines and rejects these various theories in his monograph; M. de Bourbon-Lignières has taken the mission of *La Pucelle* for the theme of a distinct work §, in which he endeavours to prove that Joan of Arc was distinctly and clearly inspired by God to save her country from foreign invasion.

The expedition of the Duke of Guise against Naples is one of the least known episodes of the seventeenth century; it has suggested to MM. Loiseleur and Baguenault de Puchesse a volume of much value ‖, compiled with all the care and erudition to be expected from them. The documents here published are the official letters exchanged between the Count de Brienne, Secret[illegible] of State for Foreign Affairs under Mazarine, and the Marquis Fontenay-Mareuil, French Ambassador at Rome. All these papers belong to the public library of the city of Orléans, where M. Loiseleur, the curator, lately discovered them. The work begins with a long introduction explaining the cause of the expeditions undertaken by the Duke of Guise—expeditions conceived for the most trifling motive, and doomed to a melancholy issue.

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* *Histoire du XIXe siècle, jusqu'au 18 Brumaire.* Par Jules Michelet. Paris: Lévy.

† *Jusqu'à W[illegible]o.* Par Jules Michelet. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *L'antiquité [illegible]* Philarète Chasles. Paris: Charpentier.

L'homme selon [illegible]ligence et la foi; conférences. Par le p. Didon. Paris: [illegible].

‖ *La vérité sur les enfants trouvés, avec une préface par M. de la Guéronnière.* Par le dr. Brochard. Paris: Plon.

* *Esprit de la constitution du 25 février, 1875.* Par Léonce Ribert. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Précis de la guerre franco-allemande.* Par le colonel Fabre. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Jeanne d'Arc.* Par M. H. Wallon. Edition illustrée. Paris: Didot.

§ *Etude sur Jeanne d'Arc.* Par M. le comte de Bourbon-Lignières. Paris: Société bibliographique.

‖ *L'expedition du duc de Guise à Naples; Lettres, instructions, etc.* Publiées par M. G. Loiseleur et M. G. Baguenault de Puchesse. Paris: Didier.

The documents are, accompanied by copious notes, and analysed in a sort of calendar, terminated by an alphabetical index.

The small duodecimo recently published under the title *L'habitude et l'instinct* * is the last work composed by M. Albert Lemoine, one of the most distinguished professors of metaphysics in the University of France. It consists of two separate parts, the former of which, treating of habit, is the only one which the author was spared to finish. Previously to its publication it had been read at one of the sittings of the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques. The remainder is chiefly made up of sketches put together by M. Lemoine's friends, and left exactly as they were found amongst his papers, except where the meaning of certain passages required the addition of a few explanatory sentences. The admirable manner in which M. Lemoine explains the phenomena connected with habit makes us regret that he should not have been able to finish his researches. He begins by analysing the nature of habit, its effects, and its relations both to the intellect and the emotions; he then shows how it is affected by the will, and *vice versâ*, concluding his observations by remarks on the importance of habit in the economy of human life. The second part of the volume, which treats of instinct, contains a criticism of the opinions maintained on this subject by Montaigne, Descartes, and Condillac; the hypothesis of a connexion between instinct and heredity leads to an able discussion of Lamarck's views as expanded and illustrated by Mr. Darwin. M. Lemoine's sketch, fragmentary as it is, will be found very interesting by all readers who are attracted by metaphysical problems.

French literature boasts already of several valuable works on St. Anselm, his life and his philosophy; we need only mention the well-known monograph composed many years since by the late M. de Rémusat. The Royal Academy of Belgium thought, however, that there was room for another essay on the subject; and the Abbé van Weddingen obtained the prize in a competition which was accordingly opened.† In five chapters M. van Weddingen examines the philosophical and theological system of Anselm from every point of view, studying it not only in itself, but with reference to the numerous controversies which it produced. The volume before us seems to be the *coup d'essai* of the young author, and we can only hope that the success it has obtained will encourage him in the pursuit of studies for which he seems eminently qualified.

The pamphlet ‡ which M. Meydieu has translated from German into French is a psychological study of considerable importance. The fundamental principles adopted by the author may be briefly stated as follows:—Antagonism manifesting itself in combat is an essential condition of the idea of right, and an integral part of its nature. Every living being must resist attacks from outside; but physical existence does not constitute the whole of man; our greatness resides in our moral existence, the necessary condition of which is right. The man who defends his right does more, therefore, than struggle for a material object, a selfish advantage; his property is only accessory to his person, and thus, whilst he defends his possessions, he really struggles for the sense of his personality, for the condition of his moral existence. If the pamphlet before us has commended itself to the French translator, it is no doubt on account of the historical applications introduced in the second chapter, which have elicited from M. Meydieu some excellent remarks on the present state of France.

If we required a decisive proof that the most important works are not always the most voluminous, we might quote the remarkable essay lately published by M. Emile de Laveleye.§ One of the favourite theories of the materialists is that the destiny of nations depends on their physical constitution; MM. Littré, Taine, and Vacherot consider this as an axiom; they see nothing beyond, and in their fondness for physical causes they ignore facts as patent as the daylight. M. de Laveleye meets them with objections which they would find it very difficult to refute, and shows that religion is an element deserving at least as much notice, and carrying as much weight, as the qualities of the soil or the influences of the atmosphere. No one can call in question M. de Laveleye's competence to speak with authority on the dangers of the present situation. He is a religious and consistent member of the Catholic Church, and yet he brands Ultramontanism as the rock on which the civilisation of the nineteenth century must make shipwreck, *nisi Deus interesit*; his Liberalism cannot be impugned, and at the same time he reads to the French Republicans a lesson which they might well take to heart. We hope that his pamphlet will have a wide circulation.

The philosophy of history is a science for which data are constantly accumulating, and which can therefore be more satisfactorily studied now than was possible half a century ago. The civilisations of Assyria, Palestine, Greece, and Rome have few secrets for us; in whatever direction we move, we are treading comparatively safe ground. Bossuet, *sur l'histoire* on the one side, and Voltaire, *les mœurs* on the other, what the philosophy of

* *L'habitude et l'instinct.* Par Albert Lemoine. Paris: Ganmer-Baillière.

† *Essai critique sur la philosophie de St-Anselme de Cantorbéry.* Par Mgr. l'abbé van Weddingen. Bruxelles: [illegible]yes.

‡ *Le combat pour le droit.* Par le docteur d'Ihering. Traduit en français par A. F. Mayflieu. Paris: Durand.

§ *De l'avenir des peuples catholiques.* Par Emile de Laveleye. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

was when written under the influence of prejudice by men whose conclusions were formed long before they put pen to paper; and M. Aloys Berthoud, in an exhaustive article contributed to the last number of the *Bibliothèque universelle* *, proves that, in history as well as in politics, the line of argument adopted by the Ultra-Catholics and Rationalists is fundamentally the same. Both parties alike deal in arbitrary and sweeping assumptions which they regard as above the reach of argument. "The Pope is infallible," exclaim the former; "A miracle is impossible," retort the latter; two assertions equally gratuitous, and equally illustrative of the logic of writers who beg the question at the very outset of their respective works. The number of the *Revue suisse* in which M. Berthoud's essay appears contains also an interesting criticism on Sir Arthur Helps's *Ivan de Biron*, and a tale by Mlle. Berthe Vadier which is much better worth reading than most of the numerous productions poured forth from the Paris press.

The *Seconde vie de Marius Robert* † is passable, notwithstanding the questionable character of certain situations, and the idea developed by M. Paul Parfait may be called a moral one; but the *Roman de Béatrix* ‡ has not even the merit of style to redeem it; seldom has anything more offensive been offered to the public, and it is the most disagreeable part of the duties of a critic that he is compelled to read such trash for the purpose of cautioning others. The same remark applies to M. Hector Malot's *Marquise de Lucilière* §, and it is a relief for us to take up M. Louis Rambaud's *République de Martin* ‖, although it belongs to a class of novels in which we do not feel much interested—namely, political and satirical ones.

Under the title *Les Dianes et les Vénus* ¶, M. Arsène Houssaye has collected a few sketchy articles on Rembrandt, Leonardo da Vinci, Holbein, and other celebrated painters, ancient and modern. The ladies occupy an important place in these half-dozen chapters, as might have been expected from an author whose favourite studies are always in the atmosphere of the boudoir.

M. de Laprade's vigorous satires ** will be welcome to the great majority of readers. The first two originally appeared in the *Correspondant*; the third seemed too bold for insertion, and is now given as a natural complement of the rest, after remaining unpublished for nearly five years.

* *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse. Décembre* 1875. Lausanne: Bridel.

† *La seconde vie de Marius Robert.* Par Paul Parfait. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Le roman de Beatrix.* Par Robert Halt. Paris: Dentu.

§ *La marquise de Lucilière.* Par Hector Malot. Paris: Dentu.

‖ *La république de Martin.* Par Louis Rambaud. Paris: Charpentier.

¶ *Les Dianes et les Vénus.* Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris: Lévy.

** *Tribuns et Courtisans.* Par Victor de Laprade. Paris: Lemerre.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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INDIAN VICEROYS.

THE retirement of Lord NORTHBROOK a year before the expiration of his term of office is attributed to the strain on his health which his arduous duties have imposed. We are thus reminded of one of the most serious difficulties under which we govern India. The climate, although not destructive of energy so long as there is strength to respond to a call on it, uses up the springs of energy in all who go to India late in life, and in many who go there early. As a rule, we cannot profit by any long experience in the Viceroy except at the cost of his health or his life. Four years have brought us to the end of all that Lord NORTHBROOK can do for India without so serious a risk that common prudence warns him to shun it. And yet such difficulties as he has had to encounter are only those which in quiet and ordinary times every Viceroy must expect to encounter. The Bengal famine made a considerable call on his patience, courage, and ability, and he responded to this call in a manner which won him just and general admiration. But the crisis of the Bengal famine is not at all comparable to that of the Mutiny or of a great war. During Lord NORTHBROOK'S Viceroyalty there has been no native disaffection, no financial embarrassment, no serious war or threat of war on the part of the neighbours of India, no complication with Afghanistan, or Persia, or Russia, no cry about Indian affairs taken up in Parliament. No doubt Lord NORTHBROOK has himself largely contributed to this happy state of things. He has shown sense, ability, and rectitude of purpose, and he would not have got on so well as he has done with two successive Ministries unless he had deserved to get on well. He has had the ordinary duties of a Viceroy to perform, and he has performed them to every one's satisfaction. He has had a piece of accidental good fortune in the PRINCE'S visit coming just at the end of his career. To the success of this visit he has contributed in a very considerable degree by the excellence of the arrangements for the visit which were under his control. He has held a high and responsible post, and shown himself in every way worthy to hold it, and comes home having merited honour and obtained it.

It is necessarily difficult to form any precise judgment of a Viceroy's career, except under eventful and extraordinary circumstances, because it is impossible to know how far he does what he seems to do. He has the Secretary of State above him, and a whole host of able officials under him. Lord NORTHBROOK terminated the curious Baroda business by the deposition of the GAEKWAR; but Lord NORTHBROOK in taking this decisive step was only the agent of Lord SALISBURY. The expenditure of India on public works has lately been jealously watched and carefully restricted; but it is Lord SALISBURY who made and acted on the discovery that India cannot afford to construct with borrowed money works that do not pay. In all probability Lord NORTHBROOK thoroughly agreed with Lord SALISBURY as to the policy to be pursued both with regard to the GAEKWAR and as to public works; but he would have [illegible] SALISBURY'S policy [illegible] administration of affairs, in legislation [illegible] has also constant advisers at his [illegible] to recommend, the fruits of a [illegible] who understand [illegible] how to do it. He is the [illegible] and the force and advantageous [illegible] which he can always depend. For the adequate discharge of his duties under these circumstances a Viceroy needs two sets of qualities. In the first place, he is the head of Indian society. He ought to like the pomp and the pleasures of his office. He ought to be not only courteous, but sympathetic, able to win confidence, skilled in getting quickly out of very different men what he wants to hear from them. He must inspire a confidence in his integrity and justice. He must be willing to please and to be pleased. In the second place, he has to form an opinion on matters most of which are new to him; and, although willing to listen to every one who has a title to offer advice, he must make it felt that he at last forms an opinion that is his own. The Secretary of State cannot govern India unless there is some one in India on whom he can so far rely that he knows he may expect to receive from him a sensible and well-considered opinion. For India itself, too, it is indispensable that the Viceroy should be a man whom it takes sense, knowledge, and experience to persuade. Amiability alone, although the first requisite in quiet times, will not suffice, for it is the amiability of a master that is prized, and a Viceroy cannot be master if he is despised as weak or misjudging. Every one knows that a Viceroy cannot know much, but those who do know much very soon find that their knowledge is brought to its proper value when it is submitted to the criticism of a man who possesses great general ability, although he does not know their special subject. A Viceroy has also to satisfy in a vague way native opinion, and in a more special way the opinion of native princes and chiefs; but it can hardly be said that he needs any special qualities for this purpose. A courteous, amiable, honest, firm, able man is sure to satisfy the natives and their chiefs, if any one will. Occasionally a Viceroy finds an opportunity of doing, even in quiet times, something peculiarly his own, and, if he uses this opportunity well, he gains special credit. It is generally supposed that it was due to Lord NORTHBROOK'S personal enlightenment that the exportation of rice was not forbidden during the famine, in spite of much local clamour and the adverse criticism of those at home who ought to have known better. This piece of wisdom deserves special recognition. But, as a rule, a Viceroy proves himself to be a good Viceroy by being thought so. Two Secretaries of State have found in Lord NORTHBROOK a Viceroy in whom they could feel confidence. The world of Indian officials has dealt with him, and found him the right sort of man to deal with. The native princes have been satisfied with his bearing towards them. Indian society has liked and respected him. These are the tests by which the success of a Viceroy's career are to be tried, and it is because, in the case of Lord NORTHBROOK, these tests are satisfied, that he comes back with merited honour.

The appointment of Lord LYTTON as the next Vice[illegible] was received with general surprise, not because [illegible] had any reason for supposing that he was [illegible] post, but [illegible] except as a writer, he is [illegible] would have thought of [illegible] an [illegible] however, that [illegible] ought of him [illegible] is the business of a [illegible] pick out the right [illegible] even when their me[illegible] known to the world. Lord LYTTON has [illegible] many years in the diplomatic service, and has always shown great ability, industry and zeal in the limited sphere open to diplomatic servants of an inferior rank. He has

few months held a post in which he had a superior above him; and it is impossible to gather anything from a man being Minister at the very quiet place as Lisbon. The special knowledge which can be acquired by a diplomatist who has not reached the level of an embassy can scarcely be of any use in India. The notion that a Secretary of Legation at Paris has some occult power of estimating the bearings of Russian operations in Khokand has only to be stated to be dismissed. Lord LYTTON'S appointment must rest exclusively on his personal merits. He may be expected to show in a very high degree the first set of qualities which his office demands. He is sure to be courteous, amiable, and sympathetic; to discharge social duties gracefully; to please the world of officials and their wives; and to make people about him at their ease. Native kindliness and good sense are the foundation of all good manners; but Lord LYTTON has improved nature by the cultivation of a poet and the training of a diplomatist. Whether he will show the second set of qualities needed in a Viceroy, whether he will display real power, and will be able to act under a Secretary of State with sufficient independence and sufficient obedience, and to impress a sense of mastery on those with whom he has to deal, cannot be known until he is tried. His published reports on the countries where he has been stationed have always displayed a power of grouping and stating facts which no one but an able man could possess. But it is impossible from the best of reports written by a Secretary of Legation to judge whether he is or is not fit to be a Viceroy of India. His fitness can only be judged by a personal insight into character. The real reason to suppose Lord LYTTON fit is that Mr. DISRAELI has thought him fit. Mr. DISRAELI has gone out of his way to choose Lord LYTTON, and it may be assumed that Mr. DISRAELI has not gone out of his way without good grounds.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AND THE DRUIDS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S sanitary statistics of Oxford may possibly interest some of his graver and more intelligent constituents. If the Oxford Druids in general like to hear and talk about zymotic diseases after dinner, they are to be congratulated rather on their devotion to social science than on their participation in ordinary tastes. There is, indeed, some amusement to be derived from a display of versatility. Few advocates excel Sir W. HARCOURT in the professional faculty of acquiring and using any information which may suit his immediate purpose. In a few hours he knew all that could be known about the local death-rate, and he published the results of his hasty studies as fluently as if he had been discoursing on the shortcomings of the Government or the prospects of the Opposition. It is the duty of a member to defend the municipal administration of his borough, because the Town Council is elected by nearly the same voters as those whose names appear on the Parliamentary roll. It is satisfactory to find that works of drainage, worthy of Roman enterprise, have been at last projected for the diminution of the winter floods, which have long threatened the inhabitants of Oxford with malaria. The expenditure indeed seems to be almost unnecessary, as, according to the same authority, no place is more wholesome than an island rising out of a flooded fen. If any censorious Druid found the lecture on zymotic diseases inappropriate or dull, he had the satisfaction of remembering that his representative had only assumed a didactic character for the occasion. Sir W. HARCOURT was careful to state, before he plunged into the subject of diphtheria and smallpox, that he had deliberately resolved to say nothing which could amuse a frivolous hearer. His quips and his sarcasms delivered a few days before had provoked comments to the effect that his levity was excessive or unseasonable. He was now prepared to prove that he could deal as readily with the most depressing topics; but his constituents must understand that he was capable of better things than reading a sanitary paper at a Social Science Congress. Notwithstanding the criticism to which he had been subjected, he would perhaps have made another speech on current politics if the subject had been inviting.

Mr. HALL, who, as Sir W. HARCOURT said, had been elected to differ from him, intentionally or casually answered the objections which had been raised by his colleague to the policy of the Government. The Artisans' Dwellings Bill was a boon to the population of great towns; the Master and Servants Bill gave universal satisfaction; the Agricultural Holdings Bill had the paramount merit of not violating freedom of contract; the Suez Canal purchase, in spite of Lord DERBY, was a bold and patriotic act. Sir W. HARCOURT, having previously delivered his sanitary lecture, probably listened with good-natured toleration to the exposition of opinions which he had himself a few days before undertaken to confute. All facts have two sides as they are regarded from opposite quarters; and for the present it is Sir W. HARCOURT'S fortune to be placed on the seamy side of politics. As the Session will open in a month, it may be hoped that Oxford has witnessed the last retrospect of 1875. If no change takes place during the year in the position of parties, the next meeting of Druids will again learn from one member that the Government has blundered egregiously, and from the other that its practical legislation is calculated to render great benefits to the community. It is not impossible that foreign complications may provide more exciting subjects of discussion. The zymotic diseases of Oxford concern its inhabitants more nearly than the troubles of Turkey or the ambitious designs of Austria or Russia; but peace and war, and the growth or decay of empires, act on the imagination more powerfully than any hospital returns. The Suez Canal will alone furnish matter for an interesting debate. Sir W. HARCOURT perhaps already anticipates the pleasure of fastening the Ministry between the horns of a dilemma. If Mr. DISRAELI takes credit for a provident regard to English interests in the East, Lord DERBY must have created an erroneous impression when he described the purchase as a harmless financial operation.

It may be inferred, both from Sir W. HARCOURT'S party speech and from his willingness on a second occasion to leave politics untouched, that he is not seriously dissatisfied with the present state of affairs. It is of course his business to note the mistakes of his opponents and to rejoice in their occasional discomfiture; but he belongs to that not unimportant section of the Liberal party which has inherited Lord PALMERSTON'S judicious tendency to inaction. The Whigs are perhaps not equal in numbers to the advanced Liberals in the House, but they are for the most part on the staff; and they keep their more turbulent allies out of mischief. Both Lord HARTINGTON and Sir W. HARCOURT have explained, in not dissimilar language, their relation to more restless politicians. It is the duty of the leaders from time to time to check the ardour of petty factions by showing that discipline which is the condition of ultimate success requires acquiescence in differences of opinion. In a team of horses, or among a body of men on the march, the slowest regulates the pace. Until the Radicals can command a majority of their own, they must be content to wait for Liberals who are not in a hurry. If the alliance at any time becomes no longer tenable, the withdrawal of a restraint which now provokes impatience will not be found an unmixed advantage. It has always been the good fortune of England to be governed by parties which are not coincident with the social or economical stratification of society. When a French demagogue predicts the transfer of political power to a new class, he alarms all who are interested in the protection of property and in the maintenance of social stability. No similar anxiety would be caused in England by the accession of a Ministry which should include Lord HARTINGTON and Sir W. HARCOURT. In more revolutionary times, FOX'S violent language was the more readily tolerated or admired because friends and enemies knew that he was thoroughly steeped in aristocratic feeling and prejudice. Lord GREY, though he had belonged to the formidable Society of Friends of the People, excited no surprise or suspicion of inconsistency when he announced that he would stand by his order. Mr. GLADSTONE was the first Liberal statesman of the highest rank who discarded the Whig tradition. The consequence was that he alienated many hereditary supporters of the party, and that, as soon as the country desired an interval of repose, his popularity collapsed.

Although there is no fundamental difference of opinion between moderate Liberals or Whigs and Conservatives, only the shallowest politicians would attribute their party antagonism to hypocrisy or caprice. The distinction between Whig and Tory, while it is not the result of birth or of casual association, is one rather of temperament than of political theory. A Liberal of the older type has no superstitious aversion to change when he

is once convinced that it is expedient or necessary; but he requires his judgment to be satisfied that the balance of benefit is on the side of innovation. Lord MELBOURNE in the heat of the Reform agitation told Mr. GREVILLE that he doubted whether it would be possible to conduct the Government when the Reform Bill was passed. He had nevertheless made up his mind that the danger of a sweeping measure was less than the risk involved in resistance. When circumstances were less urgent Lord MELBOURNE was in the habit of asking a restless colleague whether things could not be let alone. There is no reason to apprehend the cessation of party contests through the failure of matter for dispute. The administrative miscarriages of every Government supply the Opposition for the time being with interesting and profitable topics. Great questions which tend to arouse strong passions are adjourned through the reluctance of Liberal leaders to disturb national institutions. Mr. FORSTER'S series of projected Reform Bills may perhaps be discussed, or even adopted, at some future time, but they will not become main political issues as long as Lord HARTINGTON is the official representative of the party. The assailants of the Established Church will have to consider whether they can afford to quarrel with Sir W. HARCOURT. Ready and passionate enthusiasm for the theories and measures which happen for the moment to be under discussion is a grave defect in a political leader, though it may be a useful element of possibly beneficent agitation. Neither O'CONNELL nor COBDEN possessed the qualities which are most valuable in a Minister or in the head of a party; but perhaps O'CONNELL would have found amusement in substituting for a political discourse a disquisition on death-rates and zymotic diseases, if sanitary science had been familiar to his generation.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE French Assembly has at last closed its long and troubled existence. It has come to the end of its varied history; and its wranglings, tumults, intrigues, and vacillations, its follies and its real services to France, are alike things of the past. Whatever may have been its demerits, it has at least left France in a much better state than it found it in, and it has done, intentionally or by accident, many good things. If the history of the Assembly is taken as a whole, and we forget for a moment how things happened, it is curious how much may be said in the Assembly's favour. It made peace; it freed the soil from the presence of the invader; it restored the financial credit of France; it rejected Protectionist theories; it renewed the Treaty of Commerce with England. It has been lavish of money for the reorganization of the army, and has put more men at the command of its generals than they know how to use. It has resolutely refused to have anything to do with crusades for the POPE, and has discountenanced the intrigues of Ultramontanism. It has maintained the national flag. It has damped the efforts of successive Monarchical pretenders. It has made all parties in turn disclaim a *coup d'état* as a treason to the nation. It has placed at the head of affairs a President who maintains order, and whom all alike acknowledge to be honest. It has given the country a Constitution by definitively proclaiming the Republic, and in establishing a Senate has so exercised its choice of a portion of the future Senators as to give, so far as in it lay, a decidedly Liberal colouring to the future Assembly. This is what the Assembly has done; and although it must be exceedingly astonished itself at some of its own performances, still it deserves in its collective capacity to have the credit of its good works. Nothing could have seemed so utterly improbable at the beginning of 1871 as that the Assembly then elected should last for five years, and that this should be the record of its works. It is true that this is not the whole record. The Assembly has passed some foolish measures, and deprived the country of the services of some able men. But of some at least of its pieces of unwisdom it may be fairly said that they constituted the price at which its good work was done. The new Press law, for example, is a very curious piece of legislation; but it is an engine which the present Ministry considers necessary, if it is to keep society sufficiently quiet to prevent recourse to a new dictatorship. To [illegible] men like the leaders of its present Ministry to devote themselves to preventing a new dictatorship is the first condition of the good work of the Assembly producing their fruit. It is also well that the Assembly has been the arena of the most [illegible] strife, of fierce political hatreds, of very [illegible] manœuvres. But the end of the whole [illegible] been that party spirit is less bitter than it was; there is a greater leaning to compromise, that violent men have become less violent, or have been forced into obscurity. Battles have been fought out in the Assembly which must have been fought out somewhere. Even personal rancour has in a measure exhausted itself. Such relief as the use of very bad language brings to the irritated minds of men has been largely enjoyed. Extreme theories have become discredited by being shown to be impracticable. Every party has had some rude lessons, and each has seen in turn that it cannot have its own way altogether. The five years that have witnessed the introduction of such a state of things cannot be said to have been spent in vain.

When the Assembly was elected the country cared for little except peace. The Imperialists were ruined by Sedan, and were thought the authors of the war. The Republicans were the war party. They had carried on the struggle with feverish energy, and their leaders were bent on protracting it after it had become entirely hopeless. The best representatives of the wish for peace seemed the adherents of the two sections of the BOURBON party. Accordingly a large majority of Legitimists and Orleanists was returned, and made the peace which France desired. But the Republic was the existing Government, and to have changed the Government would have caused a civil war. It was only by summoning to his aid a moderate Republican Ministry that M. THIERS managed to get power out of the hands of the Government of National Defence. The majority of the Assembly was well aware that, unless France were kept internally quiet, the peace so dearly bought might at any moment be endangered, and it had no choice but to acquiesce in being governed by M. THIERS and a decidedly Republican Ministry. The future might be considered open to any party that could win success; the Imperialists, however, being considered to be wholly disposed of by the almost unanimous vote of the Assembly deposing the EMPEROR. This was the famous *pacte de Bordeaux*, to which M. THIERS persistently stated that he added a clause of his own. The Assembly was, according to his view, to decide on the ultimate form of government, but he personally was pledged to the constitution of a definitive Republic, and was at liberty to give effect to his views in any way he thought proper. The Assembly might choose what government it pleased, but M. THIERS was to show it that it could choose nothing but a Republic. M. THIERS could not do without the Assembly, and the Assembly could not do without M. THIERS. To have constituted the Republic by the aid of a new Assembly would have endangered peace, and M. THIERS cared for peace above all things. To have overthrown M. THIERS would have endangered peace, and the Assembly cared about peace above all things. M. THIERS and the Assembly had to work together, and they worked together in a very peculiar fashion. From the date of the suppression of the Commune to May 1873 there was one long struggle between these strange allies. In all that concerned the establishment of peace M. THIERS was eminently successful. He kept on good terms with the Germans; he found the money to pay them; he made a new arrangement for the early evacuation of the territory of France. The Assembly admired and approved of his efforts in this direction, and desired to support and profit by them. But there its admiration and approbation began and ended. It differed from M. THIERS not only on the fundamental point of the establishment of the Republic, but on almost every minor point. It had views totally opposed to his on the reorganization of the army, on decentralization, on the taxation of raw material, on the formation of the Council of State, on almost every important Government measure. It was especially vexed by the constant interference of M. THIERS with its decisions. He spoke incessantly. He took everything on himself. He made everything a personal quarrel. He constantly obtruded himself as an indispensable person. He insisted on having his own way on the avowed ground that he was wise and the Assembly was foolish. There were innumerable grounds on which a rupture might any day take place; but, M. THIERS conceiving it to be his mission to establish the Republic by managing and persuading the Assembly, and the Assembly fearing the indignation of the country if it displaced so eminent a public servant, some sort of com-

promise on minor points was generally effected. The real reason why the majority of the Assembly decided to quarrel with M. THIERS was that it thought that he would effect his object and establish the Republic. From different causes one-fourth of the seats in the Assembly had become vacant, and these seats were mostly won by Republicans. M. GAMBETTA made himself a Parliamentary power, and constituted himself the special ally of M. THIERS. The majority of the Assembly believed that the Government of the day could do anything it liked in the country. The country was becoming Republican because M. THIERS favoured a Republic, and because it saw him leaning on the support of the Republican deputies. If the Government was changed, all this would, it was assumed, be changed at once. The recent elections did not represent the feelings of the country, but of the Government. It was only necessary to have a Government which would tell the country to be Legitimist or Orleanist, and it would be Legitimist or Orleanist as it was bid. Such were the sneers of the majority; and to get M. THIERS out of the way was therefore the only thing to be done. As soon as he had concluded the treaty with Germany by which the early liberation of the territory was assured, and he had thus ceased to be indispensable, the majority got rid of him, and put the Duke of BROGLIE in office to show what he could do for a Monarchy of some sort.

It must be owned that, according to the ordinary maxims of French parties, there was not much to complain of in the conduct of the majority. It was not really a question of recognizing the services of M. THIERS, although the majority was unfairly cold in its recognition of those services after it had benefited by them. However great might have been those services, M. THIERS, as head of the State, wished to set up a form of government of which the majority disapproved. To the objection that the voice of the country was against them, the majority replied that what was called the voice of the country was the voice of the Government for the time being; and there was much in the history of France during the last seventy years to justify the reply. It may also be said that, as things have turned out, it was much better for France that the Republic should be established in 1875 than in 1873. Unless the Duke of BROGLIE had come into power, the bubble of Legitimism would not have burst; the Orleanists would not have quarrelled with the supporters of HENRI V.; the experiment of a fusion would not have been shown to be impracticable; the Orleanists would not have been converted into Republicans by the Imperialists. It is true that the Imperialists have gained much by the delay. They have not only recovered from the stupor of an overwhelming defeat, but they have reconquered a good part of the official world, and they have managed to present themselves as the only possible Monarchical party. But if France, having tasted all the evils of a military despotism, wishes to taste them again, it does not deserve anything better. It can now have a Republic if it wishes for it, and the Republic is presented to it in a shape in which it can be accepted by those who do not much like a Republic. The Assembly has ended by giving the Republic a better chance than it would have given it if it had kept M. THIERS in power. The end of all its struggles and manœuvres has been to convince such men as the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER that they have to choose between the Republic and civil war, exile, or Cayenne. This is really a revolution of which the Fusion, the negotiations with Frohsdorf, the Septennate, the Constitution of February, the elections to the Senate, and the dissolution of the Assembly have been so many stages. The Assembly has rendered to France the great service of making it possible that this revolution should be effected gradually, without violence, and within the walls of a Chamber. The majority has, indeed, done precisely the reverse of what it meant to do. But it has done it, and France may accept what has been done, and be content to forget much of what happened while it was being done.

SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK ON EASTERN POLITICS.

IN an Essay on the Relations of the Western Powers with the East, published in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK deals with questions so vast as to be almost bewildering. In the East the writer includes European Turkey and the whole of Asia; nor can it be denied that England is directly or indirectly concerned in the affairs of all Oriental countries. Ethnological relations perhaps suggest some political connexion between the most distant countries which are described by the common name of the East. From the Adriatic to the Western coast of the Pacific the entire space is wholly or partially occupied by two great races. The Turkish language in its various dialects is spoken by settled populations and by wandering tribes from European Turkey to places far within the frontiers of China. The Chinese Empire is said to be twice or thrice as large as Europe, and it contains double the population. All the Turks are Mahometans, while those of the Chinese who profess any religion are Buddhists. For some years past the two races and religions have been engaged with various fortune in a contest which is not yet decided. At one time large districts in the west of China had thrown off their allegiance to the Imperial Government; and it seemed probable that one or more powerful Mahometan kingdoms would be established in the revolted territory. Since that time the obstinacy of the Chinese, backed by inexhaustible numbers, has gradually recovered a great part of the conquered provinces. The only remaining Mahometan potentate in that region is YAKOOB BEY of Yarkand, an able adventurer who has hitherto held his own, though he is threatened on either side by a powerful Empire. The recent mission to his Court from India found him well disposed to cultivate friendship and commercial intercourse with England; but, as the only access to his dominions from the South is over precipitous passes, it will scarcely be possible to afford him any political support. It was against this ruler that the *Times*, in a fit of cosmopolitan enthusiasm, lately urged the Russians to begin an unprovoked war. There can be little doubt of a favourable response to the overture as soon as the Russian army in Central Asia is ready for new enterprises; but the conquest and complete annexation of Khokand at present furnish the Russians with sufficient occupation. Unfortunately for himself, YAKOOB occupies the most convenient route from the Asiatic dominions of Russia to the northern provinces of China. In the interests of monopoly it will be found expedient to acquire Eastern Turkestan, unless indeed the Russians are anticipated by the former possessors of the country.

The relations of England with Eastern Turkestan happily require no action, inasmuch as it is impossible to render the actual possessor any practical aid. It is irritating to English producers and injurious to Asiatic consumers that the countries which are subjected to the monopoly of Russian manufacturers should be constantly extending; but it is out of the question to compete by force or diplomacy for the markets of Central Asia. If the Chinese succeed in reconquering Eastern Turkestan, the limit of Russian progress in that direction will be further west. As the main object of the Russians in that direction is to secure a trade with China, it matters to them comparatively little where the frontier line of the two Empires is drawn. Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, who has a minute and comprehensive knowledge of his subject, is deeply impressed with the power and the permanent character of the Chinese Empire. Adopting the largest estimate of the population, he justly holds that a community of 400,000,000 of men under a single Government, and with the same language and institutions, contains in itself a sufficient guarantee of vitality. It is his deliberate opinion that Russia is more liable than China to permanent disruption. The Chinese trade with Europe, however advantageous it may be to some of the provinces, only affects for the present the fringe of the Empire. The self-contained and self-satisfied isolation of the Chinese is not unintelligible when the antiquity and unchangeable character of their peculiar civilization are taken into account. There can be little doubt that the majority of the population would gladly dispense with intercourse with foreigners, and the dominant class of officials or educated gentry almost without exception stimulates the national prejudices. On the other hand, the love of industry, of trade, and of money-making which distinguishes the Chinese, has fostered commerce wherever it has been found possible to obtain access to markets. If the difficulty of reaching the interior by way of British Burmah is eventually overcome, it may be possible to establish a direct trade between India and Western China. The maritime commerce with the Eastern coast is already important; and it is capable of indefinite expansion. Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK has no remedy to propose for the unsatisfactory conditions of intercourse

with China, except a more general study of the national language and literature. It is unfortunate that the extreme difficulty of the language repels all but the most zealous students. No essential change is proposed in the actual relations of England and China. It was perhaps unnecessary to deprecate projects of conquest or annexation which have never been entertained. It is evident that it would be impossible to govern Chinese provinces, even if they had been conquered.

In Central and Western Asia Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK regards as not improbable a great religious insurrection, which might, as he suggests, extend to the Mahometans of India. With any danger of the kind the Indian Government must to the best of its power grapple when the occasion arises. There is happily no Turkish population on the south of the Himalayas; and a war to the north of the great mountain barrier would only concern the Russians. The repeated insurrections in Khokand may probably be prompted by religious motives as well as by a natural antipathy to foreign invaders. No symptom has yet appeared of a general rising extending beyond the province, nor is any suspicion entertained of the fidelity of the Mahometan subjects of Russia. The Caucasus has been effectually subdued, and the Russian Government has always practised tolerance to subjects of a different religion from its own. The various Turkish tribes are too much scattered, and too backward in civilization, to be capable of uniting in a common purpose. All the conditions of warfare have been changed or reversed since GENGHIS and TIMOUR overran with their Asiatic hordes large portions of the civilized world. The only Mahometan fanaticism against which it is at present necessary to provide is that which might urge the possible resistance of the dominant race in Turkey to the dictation of the European Governments, and to the political elevation of the Christians.

The general inference from Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK'S instructive dissertation is that it is extremely embarrassing to assume responsibilities for half the human race. Although the Western Powers are mentioned as a matter of form, England alone is interested in Mahometan revivals, in the resumption by China of lost territory, and generally in the affairs of the East. Russia, which has competing interests in many parts of Asia, is not a Western Power. The Chinese demand for opium materially affects the Indian Treasury; and the more or less faithful observance of commercial treaties is of the utmost importance to English trade. The exposition of the enormous population and resources of China tends to produce a feeling of satisfaction in the peaceable termination of recent disputes. It is true that no Chinese army could with any hope of success meet English troops in the field; but the amount of pressure which the Imperial Government would bear must always be uncertain. There is at present no other part of the world in which commercial intercourse with England is imposed by force or by the menace of force. In former times it was a common practice to secure markets by conquest. In China war becomes from time to time imminent, not through any desire to acquire territory, but for the maintenance of rights which have been secured by treaties. The burden naturally devolves on the nation which has the largest trade; but concessions which are obtained by English diplomacy enure to the benefit of all commercial States, and consequently the foreign community in China is remarkably exempt from national jealousies. Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK does justice to the knowledge and ability of his successor, Sir THOMAS WADE. Nothing can be done to maintain peace and to promote commerce in China, except by the employment of the most competent public servants, and by affording them steady support. The Chinese are very numerous; but nevertheless the firm language of the English Envoy, and the increase of the squadron in Chinese waters, produced a wholesome effect. It is impossible to manage the whole continent of Asia, or even the Chinese Empire. Difficulties must from time to time be encountered as well as circumstances may allow. In the meantime it is expedient to remember that Asiatic complications may easily become serious and formidable.

THE ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

NOW that the Assembly is gone, it becomes possible to realize more clearly the extent of the uncertainty which hangs over the political future of France. Until this week the elements out of which any possible combination must be made, and the proportions which they bear to one another, have been ascertained facts. The Chamber has been divided into so many sections, and each section has contained, roughly speaking, so many deputies. It is true that the difficulty of foreseeing in what way these several elements would group themselves together when it came to actual voting deprived this knowledge of much of its value. To have ascertained that a deputy is a Legitimist is something, but if he occasionally votes with the Extreme Radicals we may be no better able to forecast his action upon any given question. Still the determination of the motions of known bodies is a less difficult problem than the determination of the movements of bodies concerning which nothing is known. In the latter case there is nothing to start from; nothing to invite, because nothing to reward, speculation. The elections which will shortly begin will in all probability work a real disclosure of French opinion. That the Government will take no part in them is more than can be expected; but when all allowance has been made for this disturbing influence, there is no reason to doubt that the choice of the electors will be left substantially free. It is not the first time that they have been allowed this liberty; for in 1871 they seem to have voted without reference to anybody's will but their own. But in 1871 there was an overpowering force in action, in the general determination of the French people to make an end of the war. Men were chosen not by reason of their political opinions, but simply by the success with which they passed their examination on this one point. If a candidate was sound on that he was asked no further question. If he was not prepared to condemn the war alike in its inception and in its execution, it mattered little what he might have to say about anything else. This time, however, the electors will vote without any such absorbing pre-occupation. In form perhaps the Constitution of February may be said to be submitted to their judgment; but it remains to be seen whether the Constitution of February has sufficient vitality to make it the real subject of a contest.

The action of the Cabinet has certainly not been favourable to the presentation of the issue in this shape. The Constitution of February is not associated with any one man or set of men, and it is difficult to imagine an election turning on the acceptance or rejection of a document which is differently interpreted by the parties which profess to accept it. A fight between the High Church party and the Low Church party in the Church of England might as well turn on the acceptance or rejection of the Book of Common Prayer. There is as much difference between M. BUFFET'S interpretation of the Constitutional Laws and M. GAMBETTA'S as there is between the senses put on the Prayer-Book by those who talk of "our Catholic Formularies" and those who talk of "our Protestant Liturgy." If M. THIERS had taken a prominent part in the debates of the Assembly after his retirement from office, the Opposition would probably have held, if not a better, at all events a more assured, position before the country. As it is, to ask an elector to vote for M. THIERS, except in the particular constituencies in which he happens to be a candidate, would be either dangerous or unmeaning. If it implied that M. THIERS, in the event of a majority of his followers being returned, would assume the conduct of affairs in the Chambers, and take office under Marshal MACMAHON, it would convey a promise which to all appearance M. THIERS is not prepared to redeem. If it implied that M. THIERS looks forward to Marshal MACMAHON'S resignation in the event of a Liberal majority being returned, and that he is willing to succeed him if he does resign, the party which put forward such a programme would run some risk of being treated as traitors to the existing order of things. If M. THIERS cannot be put forward as the leader of the Opposition to the existing Government, who is there that is in a better position for the purpose? M. GAMBETTA is only the leader of the Left, as distinguished from the Left Centre; and though he is on good terms with the Left Centre, the alliance has been secured by the care with which he has kept himself in the background. The ascendency of the Left Centre in the counsels of the Left is simply the ascendency of a minority which is connected by many ties with the opposite party, and may consequently be expected to go over to them if it is not tempted to remain where it is by the concession of a disproportionate share of influence. This absence of a recognized leader is not peculiar to the Opposition. The Cabinet are in much

the same condition in this respect. They have a nominal chief in M. BUFFET, but there is no reason to suppose that their acceptance of him in this capacity is anything more than a temporary arrangement, only designed to subsist until circumstances show which is the most powerful element in the coalition. A DE BROGLIE Ministry or a DUFAURE Ministry would represent, if not a principle, at least an intelligible and consistent policy. A BUFFET Ministry is nothing but a device for bridging over the interval which must elapse before the Chambers which have to decide between rival policies can come together.

It seems to follow, therefore, that the electors will have to pronounce upon no definite measures and no definite men. If this meant that they were summoned to decide between the claims of rival forms of government, and that a victory of the Government would be identical with a Monarchical victory, while a victory of the Opposition would be identical with a Republican victory, the course of events would be more easily foretold. But no such distinction as this can be fairly drawn. Both the Government and the Opposition assume the Republican name, although some members of the Government only venture to assume it under their breath. If the real authors of the Constitution of February are in Opposition, its reputed author sits in the Cabinet. And if we pass from the name to the thing, and ask the Cabinet what they mean by calling themselves a Republican Government, the answer is that the Ministers are not able to say. The Cabinet is divided between a Liberal and a Conservative section, which can only work together by avoiding all inquiry into the signification of party names. The electors therefore, so far as they are guided by political considerations, will have to make their choice between the Republic as they suppose M. GAMBETTA to understand the term, the Republic as they suppose the Left Centre to understand it, and the Empire; unless the Orleanists may submit a fourth alternative in the shape of the Republic as the Duke of AUMALE is supposed to understand it. If each one of these theories of government had a definite and well-understood programme, or were associated with some well-known leader, the difficulty of making a choice would be a good deal simplified. But only two out of the four enjoy either of these advantages. The Left Centre and the Orleanists share the drawback of having no Parliamentary chief, and it would be a hard matter to put down in black and white what it is that they would do should they command a majority in the new Legislature. The Imperialists have a leader in the youth who, if fortune favours him, will be NAPOLEON IV., and the Left have a leader in M. GAMBETTA; but the necessity of not committing his partisans to open disaffection keeps the first silent, while the second confines himself to praises of the Constitutional Laws which might equally have been pronounced by a member of the Cabinet.

In this state of uncertainty, perhaps the most hopeful prospect of getting a moderately decisive verdict out of the constituencies lies in the probable unpopularity of M. BUFFET. Though the electors may not know very clearly what they want, it is possible that they may have come to more decided conclusions as to what they do not want. They may have doubts as to M. GAMBETTA'S moderation, they may suspect the Orleanists of cherishing Monarchical designs, they may be ignorant as to the composition of a Left Centre Ministry. All these states of mind are compatible with an unhesitating conviction that they do not wish to be governed by M. BUFFET. There have been instances—M. THIERS himself was a very conspicuous one—of a politician having a much stronger position in the country than in Parliament, and M. BUFFET may conceivably be more trusted by the constituencies than by their representatives in the late Assembly. But his desire to unite Conservatives of every shade in defence of a Republic which many of them abhor, against an Opposition which only desires to see the Republic placed under different guardianship, hardly admits of being stated in a form calculated to secure popular support. That the new Legislature may be Republican is probable; that it may be Imperialist is more than possible; that it may be Orleanist is at least possible. But whichever of these forms it takes, it is equally hard to see what claim M. BUFFET will have upon the confidence of the majority.

AMERICA.

IT is not without reason that the people of the United States boast of the unequalled advantages which they enjoy. Not only are they superior in wealth and in diffused intelligence to any other nation, but they have the felicity of absolute security abroad and of leisure to treat domestic politics rather as a pastime than as an anxious occupation. The Government can at its pleasure either dispense with a foreign policy or select its own times and reasons for defining its relations with its neighbours. Open or covert menaces of interference in Cuba have generally some reference to elections, and a standing dispute with Mexico arising from border outrages on the Rio Grande can be suspended or revived as convenience may require. A still larger discretion is exercised in the selection of domestic issues on which the strength of parties may be tried. It lately seemed probable that the main subject of controversy would be the measures by which the SECRETARY of the TREASURY proposes to prepare for a resumption of specie payments; but the PRESIDENT has for the time succeeded in diverting general attention to a topic which is at the same time interesting or amusing to many persons and utterly without practical importance. Before his speech was delivered at St. Louis, nothing seemed less probable than that a religious agitation should occupy general attention. The PRESIDENT appears to have estimated more justly than his critics the capacity of his fellow-citizens for sectarian excitement. The Episcopalian Methodists have been the first to respond to the appeal against Popery. One of their bishops unconsciously showed his appreciation of the PRESIDENT'S motives by calling on a sympathetic flock to pray for the renomination of General GRANT. The Methodist dignitary has since called attention to his own careful abstention from interference in secular politics. He explains that the Methodists were asked, not to nominate General GRANT, but to pray for his nomination; but, as they, in common with the members of other religions or civil bodies, possess the franchise, the distinction between prayers and votes is not readily intelligible. Since the days of ÆSOP'S carter it has been thought better to lift the wheel out of the rut than to trouble HERCULES for aid. If the Methodists are inclined to pray for General Grant, they will probably use their influence in his favour at the Republican Convention. It is possible that other Protestant communities may be equally anxious to express their animosity to Rome. General GRANT would care little for the fate of the Constitutional Amendment which he proposes if the No Popery party were strong enough to control the Republican policy.

The House of Representatives, like Bishop HAVEN and his flock, at once attributed the PRESIDENT'S sudden zeal for religious liberty to personal motives. In reply to his Constitutional Amendment both parties passed with rare unanimity a Resolution that re-election for a third time was contrary to the spirit of the Constitution. If it had been necessary to support by reasons a vote on which nearly the whole House was agreed, a plausible argument against re-election might have been founded on the PRESIDENT'S Message. General GRANT would not, it might have been said, have desired to stimulate sectarian antipathies if he had not hoped to profit by an appeal to popular prejudice. The considerations which determined the vote both of the Democrats and of the Republicans were perhaps of a different character. The majority of the House profess political hostility to the PRESIDENT; and the Republicans have no wish to be hampered in the approaching contest by the claims of a candidate who is supposed to be disqualified. The leader of the Republicans in the House, MR. BLAINE, is himself a candidate for the Presidency, and probably he is not unwilling to exclude a formidable competitor. It might have been thought that General GRANT'S ingenious experiment had wholly failed, if Mr. BLAINE himself had not recognized the expediency of raising a sectarian issue. After the vote against the third term Mr. BLAINE introduced a Resolution in favour of a Constitutional Amendment which is virtually the same as General GRANT'S. It is proposed that the several States shall be prohibited from founding any Established Church or from applying to purposes of religious education any funds raised by taxation. As no American State is likely to think of establishing a Church, and as no sect but the Roman Catholics desires the appropriation of public funds to denominational uses, the Amendment seems wholly unnecessary. The proposer only intends to outbid General

GRANT; but in offering a substitute for the recommendation of the Message, he admits that constitutional legislation for the object contemplated by the PRESIDENT is necessary and just. It is not probable that any serious attempt will be made to tamper with the Constitution. It might perhaps be possible to secure for Mr. BLAINE'S Amendment the necessary plurality of votes in the Senate and the House; but the decision of Congress would be inoperative without the subsequent adhesion of two-thirds of the State Legislatures. The powers of the States have, since the commencement of the Civil War, been made more and more subordinate to Federal supremacy; but they will scarcely be inclined to impose new restrictions on their own freedom of action.

The legislative duties of Congress are seldom onerous, and for the present neither party has anything to gain by the introduction of definite measures. The majority will disapprove any Bill which may be recommended by the Administration, and the Republicans have the power, through their control of the Senate, of defeating any Democratic proposal. As there was no pressing business to occupy the House, the members have gone to examine the preparations for the Philadelphia Exhibition, and perhaps when they return they may be willing to vote the moderate grant which is asked by the managers. Nothing which has yet been done since the beginning of the Session has excited so much interest as the selection to various posts in the service of the House of partisans of the majority. Nothing can be further from the thoughts either of Democrats or Republicans than the application to the staff of the Legislature of the principles of Civil Service Reform. In this department at least the spoils belong to the victor, and two hundred Republican placemen have been summarily dismissed. The Southern Democrats have succeeded in appointing to some of the vacant offices soldiers and civilians who had served the Confederate Government. It is a matter of course that the defeated Republicans should publish angry protests against the preference of rebels to loyal adherents of the Union. On the other side it is argued that the Southern States are fairly entitled to a share of patronage, and it is natural that they should prefer candidates who have been employed in the public service. It may perhaps be invidious to put ex-Confederates too prominently forward. That they should be eligible for office within a few years of the end of the war is a remarkable proof of the moderation and liberality which has on the whole marked the policy of the Federal Legislature towards the South. One result is that a future secession has become impossible.

As there is no real difference between political parties, the Democrats have lately been making exertions to devise some distinctive policy. One of the strangest of their proposals is the reduction of the regular army to ten thousand men. It is much to the credit of the officers and men, and of the War Department, that the actual force of twenty-six thousand men suffices to discharge the duties of the service. The PRESIDENT has for some time past discontinued his military intervention in the political squabbles of the Southern States, and the principal duty of the army is to watch and control the Indian tribes; but it is also necessary to have a reserve for any occasional service. The proposal to reduce the number is probably directed against the PRESIDENT, whose professional interest in the efficiency of the army is certainly not discreditable. Another project of the Democrats is the alteration by a Constitutional Amendment of the Presidential term. Several meetings of the party have approved the plan formerly adopted by the Confederacy of extending the term from four to six years, and of prohibiting re-election. Both changes would tend to remove the President from the struggles of parties, and it was natural that the founders of the Confederacy should so far deviate from their model. The people of the United States are wisely averse to unnecessary constitutional changes; and the latest elections raise a doubt whether the Democrats are in the majority. Almost every motion and every speech during the Session of Congress will have either for its sole or its secondary object a desire to influence the Presidential election. The balance of chances is at present against the nomination of General GRANT by the Republican party. The only competitor hitherto announced is Mr. BLAINE, who would probably be a respectable President. Both parties will abstain to the latest moment from pledging themselves to any nominee. The object of the managers will be to select the candidate who may command the greatest number of votes; and circumstances may at any time render it expedient to reconsider their choice. It will be more embarrassing to devise a platform or summary of political doctrines than to choose a nominee.

THE AGRICULTURAL CHILDREN'S ACT.

THE provisions of the Agricultural Children's Act would have been of the most modest kind, even if they had not been reduced to absolute insignificance by the want of any means to put them in force. In the race between work and school for the possession of a child, school has but a very short start. The legal roll of the words "From and after the commencement of this Act it "shall not be lawful for any employer, or his agent, to "employ any child in the execution of any kind of "agricultural work" loses much of its majesty when it turns out that they only apply to children "under the age "of eight." From eight to ten 250 school attendances are demanded yearly, and from ten to twelve 150. After the age of twelve no further attendance at school is prescribed, and in the case of a quick child, to whom school might be of more use than it commonly is, the obligation is further relaxed by the permission to send him to work as soon as he has reached the Fourth Standard in the Education Code. It is permissible to doubt whether, if this Act had been rigidly enforced, any real good would have come of it. Children would not have been sent into the fields before they were eight years old, but it by no means follows that they would have been sent to school. It has been found that one result of the Factory Acts is to lead parents to argue that, as they will be obliged to send their children to school for part of the day when they are old enough to go to work, it would be a waste of money and trouble to send them there before they are old enough to go to work. The reasoning of farm-labourers would probably have run in the same groove. The 250 attendances stipulated for between eight and ten would have given agricultural children a fair chance of receiving some useful instruction; but the limitation of the necessary attendance for the two following years to 150 might only have led them gently down to the contented ignorance which would have been their lot after twelve.

Speculations as to what might have been the operation of the Act had it been so framed as to be operative are of little importance in face of an almost universal agreement that, for any effect it has had upon the position of agricultural children, it might as well not have been passed. In one or two counties the police have been directed to enforce the Act, but, as a rule, nothing has been done. In March last the HOME SECRETARY invited the observations of the county magistrates on the subject, and a recently published Parliamentary return contains the answers which the invitation has called forth. The general drift of these answers is that, as there is no one appointed to take proceedings under the Act, no proceedings have been taken. There is really no exception to this statement, since even the answers that at first sight seem to conflict with it, prove on examination to express either a belief that the law had better not be enforced, or simply a hope that the means taken to enforce it may be more effectual than they promise to be. It is fair to say that answers of the former character are rare; indeed there is only one case in which the Justices recommend that no proceedings should be taken to put the law in operation, though there are several in which they do not express any desire to see it in operation. Of the second class of answers the most noticeable is the letter from the Chairman of the Surrey Quarter Sessions. In Surrey, as any one who knows the country round London must be aware, the magistrates have freely issued handbills calling attention to the terms of the Act, and warning those who break it that the county constabulary have been instructed to take proceedings in all cases where they observe it to be set at defiance. But the writer of the letter does not conceal his fear that this expedient may fail of its effect. The constabulary have other things to think of besides hunting up children who appear to be less than twelve years old, and ascertaining whether their parents have "obtained "and exhibited to the employer or his agent" a certificate stating the age of the child, and that he has completed the specified tale of school attendance during the previous year.

The Surrey magistrates do not rest their objection to the Act solely on the absence of any provisions for securing obedience to it. They give reasons for thinking that, even if this defect were remedied, the law would still be open

to much criticism. These reasons seem to resolve themselves into the allegation, borne out by some other statements in the correspondence, that the Act works unequally, and that the persons on whom it bears most heavily are not those on whom it is most expedient to bear heavily. Upon the first point there is a pertinent statement by the St. Ives magistrates that the law presses unfairly on the masters of agricultural gangs, who are compelled to obey the Act, while the farmers around them are disobeying the Act with impunity, and employing the very children whom the others dare not employ. The reason of this is, that the gang-masters cannot employ boys without a licence, whereas ordinary farmers need nothing of the kind. To obtain a licence an application to the magistrates is necessary, and this licence of course assumes that the holder of it is conforming to the law. If he is shown to have failed in this respect, his licence is revoked as a matter of course. In Surrey agricultural gangs are not in use, so that this particular anomaly is not met with. But the Surrey magistrates mention another anomaly of a more universal kind. The Act, they say, "interferes with the earnings of industrious children"; but it "leaves unmolested the good for nothing." This is the weak point of all indirect compulsion. Of course if the world went on as it should do, and all children went to work as a matter of course upon reaching a prescribed age, a good half-time system would be all that would be needed. But as a matter of fact there are large numbers of children who do not go to work until after they have passed the age at which, as at present appears, it is practicable to keep them at school, and it is with these that indirect compulsion so signally fails. The Surrey magistrates feel this keenly, because a large part of the county is suburban rather than rural, and as such is virtually withdrawn from the supervision of the county constabulary. With the general conclusion of the Chairman's letter we entirely agree. "Far more good," he says, "will be done "by bringing compulsion to bear upon the many children "who are at once useless to their parents and baneful to "themselves and others than upon the few children who "are lending a hand, however humbly, in the bread-winning "of the family." The objections to indirect compulsion standing alone could not be more succinctly stated. It catches the good, and it lets slip the bad. It says to the boy who is willing to work, You must not be employed without a certificate from your teacher that you have attended school a proper number of times. It says to the boy who does not want to work and prefers to play, We are not concerned with you; you may loaf about the streets, learn constantly all that is evil, and contribute nothing towards your own support—this is not our description, it is the description of the Chairman of the Surrey Quarter Sessions—but nothing will be said to you; you have no employer, consequently the law cannot touch you. There is no Act of Parliament to prevent a man from bringing up his son in ignorance and idleness; the utmost that has yet been arrived at is a law preventing an employer from allowing a child to be brought up in ignorance and industry.

"This ought ye to have done"—so we fancy the motto, if there were a motto, of the Agricultural Children's Act would run—"and not to have left the "other undone." The letter of the Surrey magistrates may be profitably studied by those justices who have lately been urging their colleagues to employ the rural police to enforce the Act. Granting that all is done that can be done, that farmers are frightened out of employing children under conditions forbidden by the Act, and that parents, finding work difficult to get, send their children to school, in default of being able to dispose of them in any more profitable way, what comes of it all? A certain number of children are got to school who would otherwise be at work. But how about the children who are not at work, and yet are not got to school? We do not mean that work is better than schooling for young children; we only say that work is better for them than the education which, if they are not sent to school, they are likely to pick up outside. The Agricultural Children's Act might possibly be a useful supplement to some general measure of educational compulsion, but it cannot possibly become a substitute for such a measure.

JUSTICE IN DISHABILLE.

JUSTICE, it is well known, has her lighter as well as her stern and awful moods; but it is perhaps seldom that she disports herself in so gay and unrestrained a fashion as in the recent prosecution for a "false, malicious, and "defamatory libel" at Guildhall. Whatever may be thought of the case from a judicial point of view, there can be no doubt that it was the crowning dramatic triumph of the season, much beyond either *Macbeth* or *Tottle's*, and it is impossible not to sympathize with the expectant audiences who must have been bitterly disappointed by the abrupt withdrawal of the piece. On the last day of the case, and we suppose in some degree on the other days, not only the court, but the approaches to it, were densely crowded. By the mob outside Mr. Irving was greeted with "enthusiastic cheering," and "even in "the court his appearance in the witness-box was "the signal for applause." Moreover, we are told, the public "frequently manifested their approval of "the course the proceedings were taking by cheers or "applause." The ways of the theatre were further adopted in the complimentary demonstration, similar to a call before the curtain, which the chief performers received as they left the Court. Alderman Sir R. Carden has thanked Mr. Irving for the service he has done to the public, and that gentleman has undoubtedly provided well for our amusement at a dull time of year. It might have been thought from the circumstances of the case that it would scarcely have afforded so much mirth. It opened indeed under the inspiration of tragedy, although it was quickly converted into the broadest farce. Mr. Irving himself fitly sustained his professional solemnity in giving his evidence, but he was rash perhaps in trusting to the support of Mr. Toole in keeping up this tone. In Lamb's biography of Liston a vivid account is given of this actor's passion for tragedy, and his cruel mortification at finding that whatever he said or did was greeted with laughter. Mr. Toole seems to suffer in a similar way, and, though no doubt perfectly serious himself, found it impossible to resist the hilarity of his audience. When, and even before, he said his name was John, everybody was convulsed; and when it was further elicited that he lived at Bayswater, the merriment of the spectators knew no bounds. A generous mind must feel the greatest compassion for a meritorious actor under such painful circumstances. Mr. Toole had evidently come there for the purpose of working on the finer feelings of human nature, and making a passionate vindication of his friend, and he was received with guffaws. Even the kindly magistrate turned the knife in the wound by inadvertently remarking that "nobody ever shed a tear when he saw Mr. Toole "play," though it is known that he has in his time played pathetic parts. Whether a popular *farceur* is naturally an authoritative witness as to the moral effects of tragedy may perhaps be doubted, but Mr. Toole did not get a fair chance. The spirit of the play was wholly changed, and from the moment he opened his mouth it was clear that Justice could keep neither her countenance nor her severity. It would have been impossible to commit any one for trial after so much fun. At a later stage an attempt was made to restore the proceedings, if not to the height of tragedy, at least to the level of sensational melodrama, and Mr. Dion Boucicault took as much of a "header" into the scene as circumstances would permit. He was announced to be struggling wildly with the crowd outside, and a body of police brought him imposingly into court. He was asked whether he thought that Mr. Irving "pandered to the mob," but this was too much even for the Alderman, who stopped the question. After a show of coy reluctance, Mr. Irving's representative withdrew his charge; justice and public opinion were appeased, and the curtain fell amidst loud and general applause.

It is easy to understand that a sensitive and high-minded artist should be pained by such an impertinent and offensive article as that complained of by Mr. Irving, and it is no doubt important that actors should, like other people, be protected against attacks on their personal character; but surely it was hardly worth while to make such a fuss about so small a matter. The remedy of a criminal prosecution is one of a very grave character, and ought not to be resorted to unless there is a corresponding gravity in the offence alleged. In this instance the article when it first appeared probably attracted very little [illegible] and it was so indecorously and absurdly extravag[illegible] one that one of

the defendants did not scruple to profess that its violence was intended to mark it as a joke. If nothing had been said about the matter, it would have been immediately forgotten. No reasonable person can for a moment suppose that such criticism from such a quarter could injure Mr. IRVING'S professional reputation in the faintest degree, or diminish its commercial value by a single farthing. Indeed, as Sir R. CARDEN remarked, it has probably done Mr. IRVING "extensive good," so that in a civil action it would be difficult to prove damage. When the injury was thus so vague and visionary, it could hardly be necessary to invoke the serious processes of criminal justice. Society would soon get into a very unhappy condition, and judicial machinery into a dead-lock, if every trumpery offence of this kind were to be made the subject of a prosecution. Little boys in the street sometimes cry very rude things after respectable old gentlemen; but it would be intolerable and absurd if the magistrates were to be kept hard at work hearing such disputes. Mr. IRVING'S legal adviser said that the case had been raised in the interests of the profession; but it would seem that there was, almost necessarily from the free and easy way in which the proceedings were conducted, some confusion of ideas as to the nature of the offence alleged. The assertion that Mr. IRVING was supported by "hireling journalists" conveyed an insinuation which might perhaps be laid hold of as libellous; but the rest of the article was merely an expression of opinion as to the influence of a particular kind of acting. No doubt the opinion was in the main extremely foolish, and the language altogether outrageous, but, apart from the preposterous violence of the writer's invective, we can see nothing in the view which was taken which anybody had not a right to say if he chose. Whether Mr. IRVING'S representation of MACBETH and HAMLET, and of certain characters in other plays, has a wholesome effect on the public mind is a question of opinion on which some people may think one thing and some another, and which, it seems to us, cannot properly be tried in a criminal court, or indeed in any court. If any personal viciousness had been imputed, or if it had been said that the actor in question was directly responsible for specific offences against morality, that would have been of course another thing. But there are notoriously many persons, and some of them very worthy persons, who hold that all dramatic performances without exception have a pernicious effect, and that the consequences attributed to some of Mr. IRVING'S personations are common to the whole stage, which they would gladly see suppressed; and persons who hold these views, rightly or wrongly, have a perfect right to express them.

We shall not be suspected of any desire to defend the particular article in question, but we are jealous for the freedom of public criticism, and, above all, of criticism in regard to the stage. Any one who considers the great influence which such exhibitions must necessarily have on large classes of susceptible and ignorant people cannot fail to see how important it is that the stage should be closely and sharply watched. When a critic errs from stupidity or bad taste, the errors of his criticism are pretty sure to be pointed out; and if, as in this case, he is wildly and extravagantly wrong, his very violence defeats itself. It is not difficult to explain how it is that actors, even more than men of letters, are peculiarly sensitive and irritable under criticism; but their natural distaste for criticism must not be allowed to interfere with any right of public judgment. As to summoning experts from the theatre to assist a tribunal in determining whether the influence of a play is moral or otherwise, nothing can be more absurd or unnecessary. Mr. TOOLE and Mr. BOUCICAULT have of course a right to form their own opinion of Mr. IRVING'S acting, but so have other people. If an actor is handled unfairly or too severely, he is never without friends or admirers to defend him; and in the course of discussion the truth comes out. We should be sorry to say anything unpleasant about the present case, but it is to be hoped that differences between artists and critics may henceforth be adjusted without reference to the criminal courts. Mr. IRVING is himself above the suspicion of having sought a telling advertisement, but we cannot be so sure of all members of his profession, and the police magistrates are busy enough already.

RATIONAL EXCITEMENT.

THE love of excitement seems to have been commonly regarded as a disturbing force in volition. People are supposed to indulge in it, not from deliberate preference, but simply from the overmastering influence of the exciting pleasure. According to this view, which has been advocated by philosophers from Plato downwards, the force of excitement is the power of a present gratification which, by taking full possession of consciousness, excludes all reflection, comparison of ends, and deliberate preference of one end to another. One familiar illustration of this process is the condition of a morally weak and highly sensitive mind in view of an object of sensuous gratification immediately presented to it. And there is little doubt that this is the mode in which most persons are acted upon by the intenser forms of pleasure. We may see abundant illustrations of this weakness in the everyday life of Englishmen. Now it is the workman, who, finding himself in possession of a little store of accumulating wages, cannot resist the temptation of an immediate indulgence in the noisy delights of alcoholic stimulation. At another time it is the wife of a struggling business man, who is transported by the prospect of decking herself in luxurious apparel, and who at the moment of temptation is wholly unrestrained by considerations of a wise economy. The records of our bankruptcy and criminal courts abundantly testify to the overwhelming power of present excitement over the minds of large numbers of the community.

But this is not the only way in which exciting pleasures exercise a peculiar attraction on the human mind. Many men and women love excitement in quite another way. They make it an object of conscious preference and of deliberate anticipation. If it is not a paradox, one may say that they seek excitement in a quiet manner by coolly setting themselves to attain it and to [illegible] themselves for it. Take, for example, the case of a young woman living in a rather dull way in a quiet country town, whose occasional happiness it is to visit London and to see a little of the gaieties of fashionable society. She looks forward to her yearly treat with a fair amount of composure for several months, and seeks in the most practical way to make all her other arrangements fit in with this supreme engagement. If other prospects open up which would conflict with this one, she carefully reflects on the choice presented to her, and, after full deliberation, determines to attain the more exciting form of enjoyment. All of us probably are aware of the existence of certain forms of pleasurable excitement which in this way attract us at a great distance in time and of which we make a perfectly deliberate selection.

At first sight it might seem as if these two forms of attraction really involved as their conditions precisely the same mental qualities. But if this were so, we should find the people who are most susceptible of the one susceptible of the other in a proportionate degree. Facts, however, do not appear to support this view. Although it is true that very lively and excitable people often unite a high susceptibility to immediate excitement with an eager pursuit of distant excitement, we find many who show the first quality apart from the second, and others who display the latter with but very little of the former. That is to say, there are those who are exceedingly weak in presence of an intense enjoyment within moderate reach, and who yet betray no energy in the pursuit of remote excitements. There are men, for example, who are carried away as with an irresistible urge at the sight of wine, who nevertheless show little or no tendency to go out of their way to indulge themselves in this peculiar gratification; and these are the cases of morbid appetite which it is possible to deal with remedially. On the other hand, there are those who seem very much bent on providing themselves with occasional emotional stimulants, and who yet do not manifest this kind of impotence under the attraction of an immediately present exciting object. For instance, the *bon vivant* who delights in the stimulus of a good dinner, spiced with the presence of jovial companions, may display an irresistible firmness in the pursuit of occasional gratifications of his taste, and yet be perfect master of himself if suddenly tempted to an immediate indulgence.

It is characteristic of this more moderate pursuit of excitement that it should assume the form of a purpose to indulge in the wished-for enjoyment at certain more or less regular intervals. People who are in this condition of mind consciously resolve to seek a periodical excitement. They make their moments of emotional exaltation an orderly element in their existence. It is probable that English people show this peculiar quality less clearly than foreigners. The French and the Germans are quite as fond of excitement as ourselves, probably a good deal more so, but they compass their end in a much more orderly fashion. A woman in Paris or Berlin who is obliged to think a good deal about the pecuniary cost of her amusements is accustomed to arrange her periodical visits to the theatre with the utmost care. The theatre is open every evening, but she is not tempted to rush off on hearing of some new attraction. She looks ahead and skilfully prepares for her coveted delight. She does not live in a daily state of uneasy craving, discontented with her ordinary surroundings. She throws herself heartily into present occupations, sustained with the pleasant visions of the coming holiday. She must have her moments of exalted bliss, but she can very well bring herself to wait for them. We have heard of German women who were so bent on securing this occasional ecstasy in the theatre or the opera-house that they willingly stinted themselves in quality and variety of diet in order to compass their object. Yet they were quite reasonable in respect

to the frequency of their pleasures, and did not by any means neglect all domestic duties for the sake of these amusements.

It is clear that the precise psychological conditions of this orderly pursuit of emotional exaltation must differ materially from those of the disturbing and absorbing passion for excitement already spoken of. It may be presumed that, in whatever way they pursue their object, lovers of excitement resemble one another in a certain high degree of nervous sensibility and emotional susceptibility. The English youth whose desires are instantly kindled into an overmastering passion at the sight of the cup, and the German student who looks forward with a flutter of pleasurable anticipation to his weekly carouse without intermitting his present studies, both display the same fundamental energy of nervous reaction to alcoholic stimulation. So, too, the idle English girl whose mind is thrown into disorder by the intrusion of inflaming images of theatrical spectacle, and the practical Frenchwoman who looks on eagerly to the next play and is yet perfectly content to live in the interval in the ordinary way, show the same kind of imaginative activity. But in each of these illustrations we see a great difference of mental condition. This difference may perhaps be defined as consisting in the presence or absence of a supreme volitional control. The systematic seeker after excitement may love his object very ardently indeed, and in this case he has all the conditions of that overpowering inflammability of feeling which we see in the contrasted examples. But along with this excitability of nervous organization he possesses a strength of will by which he can either hold down, so to speak, the violent emotional impulses or release them according to the purpose of the moment. He does not by any means seek to deprive himself of the luxury of indulging his peculiarly intense susceptibilities, he rather aims perhaps at cultivating them to the fullest degree. Only he makes them the conditions of a rationally pursued enjoyment, the raw material out of which he can fashion by well-conceived plan a high style of felicity.

But is it possible, one may ask, to combine any considerable degree of excitability with a perfectly rational choice of the highest happiness attainable? *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*, is supposed to represent the confession of all very excitable people. But, though the passion for excitement in its unrestrained forms necessarily interferes with a just comparison of the greater and the less in pleasure, it does not follow that, when held in subjection by a strong will, it is a disturbing element in one's calculations. A man or a woman with a turn for exciting amusements may reasonably recognize and make use of the experience that the rapturous enjoyments of an exalted mental condition are incommensurable with the ordinary pleasures of quiet moments. Suppose, for instance, that a man has a singular emotional susceptibility to music of a certain order, by virtue of which the delight of the opera or concert-room is incomparably more intense than any other known form of enjoyment. If at the same time he is a person of strong reason and will, he may wisely resolve to secure as much of this delight as possible. Experience teaches him that too great frequency of indulgence diminishes the zest of enjoyment, and consequently he sets himself to find, in a rough fashion, the number of gratifications which affords in the aggregate the highest sum of pleasure. With respect to a comparison of these exciting forms of enjoyment with other varieties, when they threaten to interfere with one another, it is obvious that because of their immeasurable nature they cannot become the elements of exact calculation. But it should be remembered that the most consistent pleasure-seeker does not always perform an exact calculation of the results of his action. In a good many cases he has to be satisfied with a very rough guess as to the direction of the greatest happiness. And this rude kind of reckoning the lover of excitement is able to perform too. He will first of all argue that his periodic mental intoxication, though very brief, is so unlike any other mode of pleasure as to be preferable to a long duration of the more commonplace satisfactions. He will reason further that the anticipation and review of such supreme delights, extending through the whole intervals of their recurrence, may, by removing the dreary sense of ennui and melancholy which people often experience amid the monotonous surroundings of ordinary life, so far increase the value of the exciting pleasures as to make it the part of wisdom to secure them, even at the sacrifice of some amount of daily comfort. In this way it appears possible to preserve a considerable degree of susceptibility to the more stimulating class of enjoyments, and yet to carry out with a fair amount of consistency a prudential regulation of the various pleasures of life. In other words, a keen relish for excitement, if only restrained by a strong will and directed by a clear judgment, seems to be perfectly compatible with a resolve to seek the greatest amount of happiness attainable.

DIOCLETIAN'S PLACE IN ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY.

WE have assumed more than once, in speaking of Spalato and other places, that the reign of Diocletian, which marks so great an era in the polity of Rome, and thereby in the general history of the world, marks an era equally great in its own way in the development of Roman architecture, and thereby in the general history of art. We have assumed that it was in his palace at Spalato that a change was made which had an effect on all later developments of architecture, and which in truth contained all later developments of architecture within it. This change is that by which, in the peristyle at Spalato, Corinthian columns are made to support arches. To make out our own case it is necessary to prove two things. It must be shown that the change is really of the importance which we attach to it; and it must be shown that it was at Spalato, or at least in some work of Diocletian, that the change was introduced. These two issues are quite distinct. The second is a mere question of fact. We are not aware of any existing building earlier than the palace of Spalato in which columns bearing arches are to be seen, and we think that there is evidence enough to show that the same arrangement was followed in other buildings of Diocletian. This, we think, comes very near to proving that it was to the taste of Diocletian, or of the architect whom he employed, that the change was due. But if any one can show that the same arrangement was followed in any building earlier than the time of Diocletian, it will be a mere correction of fact. The credit of a great step in art must be transferred from Diocletian to somebody else. We shall lose our parallel between the political changes of Diocletian and his architectural changes. But the importance of the architectural change in itself will be exactly the same, even though it be shown that some one else forestalled Diocletian in making it. The character of Diocletian will lose part of its interest; his building at Spalato will lose part of its interest; but the history of the development of the building art will remain exactly the same.

Of the general nature of the palace at Spalato we have already spoken. The parts of the building which have this special artistic importance are those which lie towards the sea; and the great sea-front, the *cryptoporticus* as it is called, is not the least important among them. The chief remaining buildings of the palace are these. The great peristyle is the centre of all; it consists of two rows of columns supporting arches, so exactly like the arcades of a basilica that it is at first difficult to believe that they never supported any roof or any superstructure of any kind, but that they always were mere open colonnades as they are now. The north end was open, and joined on to more massive arcades which run along the lines of street, and of which some parts still remain. The minuter arrangements of the palace must be studied in the great work of Adam. We are pointing out those only which have some bearing on the artistic history. At its south end towards the sea the peristyle is finished by the portico leading to the atrium. This consists of two columns, making of course three openings, of which those on each side are square-headed, while the central one is an arch. That is to say, the entablature with its mouldings is carried over the central space in an arched form. This gives on a vast scale the familiar outline of what is commonly called the Venetian window, a form very common in Gloucestershire, but which we do not remember at Venice. This form is found again in the cryptoporticus, the great sea-front. This seems to have been more perfect when Adam made his drawings than it is now. That is to say, many more mean windows have been cut through, to the ruin of many of the columns and arches. This front consisted of a long wall with two of the four square towers of the palace at each end, the upper part of the building forming the actual cryptoporticus or place of exercise. This had towards the sea a range of open arches, divided by square piers with attached half-columns of a kind of Doric, each with a bit of broken entablature projecting over it. Thus far there is nothing remarkable, nothing but what may easily be paralleled in other Roman buildings. But the range is broken at five points; at each end and in the middle is a composition of the same kind as that at the end of the peristyle—a Venetian window, in short, with the entablature carried in the arched form over the central space. Between these is a smaller break on each side of the centre-piece in which a single arch is made to spring, not immediately from the half-columns, but from the entablature which they support, and which is therefore of course interrupted at these points. From this side of the palace we may go to the opposite end, where is the splendid golden gate, the *Porta Aurea*. Here the actual doorway is, like the other doorways of the palace, square-headed with a joggled lintel. Over it is an arch, ready to receive a tympanum, the arrangement out of which, by various successive stages, our own Norman and later doorways grow. In the actual doorway, however, there is no use of the column, but on each side of it, and above it, are niches which may claim a place as stages in the development of the column and arch. In the lower pair the arch, perfectly plain, rises from square pilasters with capitals. Above the doorway an arcade of seven, the alternate arches being hollowed as niches, rises from small detached columns. The arches, however, do not rise immediately from the broken entablature which runs over them. This arcade has clearly made a great advance in the direction of the so-called palace of Theodoric and of all other buildings with ornamental Romanesque arcades.

With these details in our mind, it is well to go back to the peristyle. The two arcades themselves form only the centre of a large group of buildings. To the west lies the temple, commonly called that of Æsculapius, now the baptistery. This, as a temple, followed the usual form of a small and simple temple with a portico of four columns in front of it. It was the palace chapel of Diocletian, answering to St. George's at Windsor or St. Stephen's at Westminster, or to the renowned Christian Saracen chapel of Palermo. But, as a temple built after the ordinary manner of temples, it supplies no link in our chain. It may however be worth while for any traveller who can find the way to get to the upper story of a small house which blocks up its west end, and so to study the details of the pediment very close indeed. But the building on the other side of the peristyle is of greater importance, both in itself and as perhaps supplying the first stage

of the great development. This is the so-called temple of Jupiter, which we shall venture to speak of as the mausoleum. It is now the cathedral, formerly the metropolitan, church, a use for which it is singularly unfit, being surely one of the smallest of metropolitan churches, and certainly the darkest of churches of any kind. It has been adapted to its present use only by throwing out a choir and a chapel or two, to the great damage of the original plan. The choir, however, has some historic interest from its connexion with that famous Archbishop Mark Antonio de Dominis, who has a place in English as well as in Dalmatian ecclesiastical history. Outside, the octagon was surrounded by a portico of its own shape; inside, there were two orders of columns, the lower Corinthian, the upper Composite. These stand detached, and support broken entablatures, the upper range standing on the cornice of the lower. These columns serve no constructive purpose whatever; the upper range can at most have carried statues. The construction of the real building is purely that of the arch, with round-arched niches in four faces of the octagon, and the whole crowned with a cupola, which is a marvel in brickwork—a series of constructive arches rising one above another in a way which makes one rejoice that they can be seen. We would hardly exchange the sight of such a piece of constructive skill even for a Ravenna mosaic. It is usual to say that the friezes of this mausoleum, consisting largely of animal forms, hunting scenes and the like, are in a degraded style of art; but it should be remembered that they could only have been seen at a great height, and by lamplight. The galleries which now allow us to study them more nearly are, of course, mere excrescences. The columns, with their broken entablatures supporting nothing, are more justly blamed, but it is a blame which they must share with the whole series of Roman classical buildings. Certainly there is no building which can be more truly said to be a Greek mask placed on a Roman body than the mausoleum of Spalato; but perhaps in the very point where the evil reaches its height we may see the beginning of better things.

Now the Roman classical architecture, as we need hardly say yet again, was in truth an imperfect and transitional style, a style in which the constructive system was of one kind and the decorative system of another. A Roman body, a strong solid body of piers and arches, of vaults and cupolas, was clothed, as with a thin garment, with the Greek columns and their entablatures. To reach anything like a really consistent and harmonious style, the problem was to find some means by which the real Roman system of construction might be preserved and made prominent, without casting aside a feature of such exquisite beauty as the Greek column, especially in the stately and sumptuous form into which it had grown in Roman hands. The problem was to bring the arch and the column into union—in other words, to teach the column to support the arch. It strikes us that in the palace at Spalato we may see a series of attempts at so doing, a series of strivings, of experiments, one of which is at last crowned with complete success. Of these experiments some would seem to have been already tried elsewhere; of the successful one we know of no example earlier than Diocletian. Is it not possible that the columns supporting broken entablatures, an arrangement carried to its extreme point in the mausoleum, may have actually suggested the change? The columns had been brought to a state of uselessness so complete that it supplied a hint for making them useful. They stood out free from the wall; they did not serve their old Greek use of supporting a continuous entablature forming the real constructure of the building; they supported nothing, and served no real purpose whatever. The columns were impostors standing boldly out in front; behind them lurked the real construction of the arch, half hiding itself, as if it were ashamed. The greater the incongruity between the constructive and the decorative system, the more easily would the thought suggest itself of bringing the two together. The columns were standing there doing nothing. Why should they not be set to work to support the arches? The arches, the real construction, were hiding themselves behind. Why should they not be brought forward and set upon the columns? It seems to us that in the cryptoporticus, in the *Porta Aurea*, in the portico of the atrium, we see a series of unsuccessful experiments. The arch was set over the column, but it was made to spring from the continuous entablature or from the broken entablature, or, as in the case of the Venetian windows, the entablature itself was made to take the form of an arch. All these attempts were more or less awkward; the last was specially heavy; the cornice running round in the arched form is certainly not satisfactory; but in the peristyle the right thing was hit upon; the arch was made to spring bodily from the capital of the column, and was moulded, not with the full mouldings of the entablature, but with those of the architrave only. The entablature might run above as the finish of the whole building, but it has become a mere finish, a greater cornice. It is the finish of the wall, and nothing else. Alike in the constructive and in the decorative arrangements, the columns support the arches, the arches rest on the columns. There is no mask, no clothing; construction and decoration had again become the same thing, as they had been in the old Grecian, as they were to be in the coming Romanesque and Gothic. The battle had been won. The germ of Pisa and Durham and Westminster had been called into life.

In saying this we do not mean to rule that the peristyle, because it attempts successfully what in other parts of the palace is attempted unsuccessfully, is therefore necessarily the latest part of the palace. In a case of this kind, when an artist is striving after something without exactly knowing what he is striving after, while he has before his eyes a floating idea of something which has never yet appeared in stone or brick, it does not at all follow that he will make all his experiments in an ideal order, or that, when he has hit upon the right thing, he will always know that he has hit upon it. While feeling about in this way, he might produce the perfect arrangement of the peristyle alongside of the imperfect arrangements of the other parts of the building, without knowing that the one was perfect and the other imperfect. In all these matters luck has its share as well as art:—

τέχνη τύχην ἔστερξε καὶ τύχη τέχνην.

The architect of Spalato must have all the glory of the great invention of the peristyle, even though he set less perfect forms alongside of it at the same time, or even afterwards.

The change which was now made is one which we do not hesitate to call the greatest improvement that ever was made at a single stroke in the whole history of architecture. The two principles which had been contending in the earlier Roman architecture were reconciled; a use was found for the column which was consistent with the Roman principle of construction. Still there were further improvements to be made. It had been shown that the column could be used as the support of the arch; but it became a question whether the slender Corinthian column, with its delicate capital, was the form of column best suited for the purpose. Were the proportions which were suited for a column bearing the entablature the best suited for a column bearing the arch? Looking on the arch as a curved entablature, or at least as a curved architrave, it might seem not unreasonable that something should be taken out of the height of the column to balance the greater height thus given to the intercolumniation. A shorter column than the Corinthian would thus seem to be better suited to an arcade, and again there is something crushing in the arch coming directly down upon the slender Corinthian abacus. Both these difficulties might be avoided by the use of columns of another order, and in truth there are no nobler basilican arcades than those which rest on Doric columns in the church of St. Peter in Vinculis. And it was clearly from the Doric type that we got our massive Norman columns with cushioned capitals. But, as a rule, the Roman builders clave to their favourite Corinthian forms, and out of the supposed necessity for interposing something between the capital and the arch came such shifts as the stilts at Ravenna and Parenzo, and the double capitals of the Byzantine style. At last, at Pisa and Lucca, this question was settled by the use of a heavy square abacus, which, while it is still part of the capital, gives enough of protection to the foliage. On the other hand, as the Romanesque style advanced, more massive forms of columns, clustered columns, columns attached to square piers, all came in. As long as the slender Corinthian column was used, the building could not be vaulted, and to this cause we owe the rarity of vaulted buildings for several centuries. The step taken at Spalato was therefore only a first step, which had to be followed by others. Still it was the first step, and nothing could have been done without it. All Romanesque and Gothic architecture was, like another Athênê, in embryo in the brain of Jovius or his architect.

It is wonderful how little this remarkable change has been noticed, even by special writers on the subject or on the place. In the old view in Wheler the columns which support the arches are shown supporting an entablature. Adam describes and draws them without comment. Even Sir Gardner Wilkinson merely speaks of "arches which have the peculiarity of springing immediately from the capitals, and are, I believe, the first instances of this style which was imitated by the Saracens and by the architects of the lower ages." This is true enough, but it is an odd way of putting it. It is hardly an adequate way of describing so great an artistic step. That it was the first instance there can be little doubt; that is to say, we have little doubt that the practice was introduced under Diocletian; but whether for the first time at Spalato or in some of his other buildings, we have no means of judging. The drawings of the great hall of his baths at Rome, before its disfigurement in the sixteenth century, show the same arrangement. And what Jovius did at Rome and at Spalato Herculius dutifully did at Milan. Any one who studies the columns of St. Lorenzo will see that the present rough completion of the design represents their real form. The colonnade with its entablature was interrupted by a wider arched space, exactly as in the cryptoporticus and in the portico at the end of the peristyle.

There can then be little doubt that this great step in the history of art makes its first appearance in the buildings of Diocletian; whether the thought was due to his own genius or to that of some nameless slave or freedman we can never tell. Diocletian may himself have been an artist, like Hadrian, or he may not. In any case he must have his share in the honour. The beginnings of consistent arched architecture are to be seen in buildings which arose at his bidding, the designs of which he must have approved. We take a leap of more than a thousand years, and the spirit of the same genius is upon us still. In Diocletian's day, palace and temple and mausoleum were there; the bell-tower was not, for the bell-tower was needed only for the service of the creed which Diocletian laboured to destroy. But, when the bell-tower arose at the end of the fourteenth century, it arose in a style essentially the same as that of the palace at the beginning of the fourth. So upon stage it rises, in the purest form of the round-arched [illegible] using up again in its lower part columns of Diocletian's [illegible]

seem thoroughly at home in the place to which they were removed after so many ages. Our parallels indeed may leap over ages yet more remote; the hard, stern, but bold and effective, carving of the lion in the lowest stage of the bell-tower seems in thorough harmony with the sphinx which Diocletian brought from the most southern province of his empire to form an ornament of his Dalmatian home. The heathen peristyle, the Christian bell-tower, so far apart in date, are in thorough artistic harmony. Those who reared the later building must have had a thorough feeling and admiration for the earlier. The bell-tower, built in the narrow space between the peristyle and the mausoleum—now become the church, of which the bell-tower was an adjunct—involved the destruction of part of the surrounding portico of what was now the *duomo* of Spalato; but the peristyle itself is untouched. The portico, with its columns and entablatures, relics of a system which had passed away, might be broken through, but the builder of the bell-tower laid no destroying hands on the arcades which were in truth his own model. The two stand side by side, arch within arch, the perspective of the two supplying a series of varied groupings such as Diocletian never dreamed of. The union of the three buildings, peristyle, bell-tower, mausoleum, is the crowning glory of the whole spot. The great persecutor in truth laboured for those whom he most hated. Not only were his buildings put to Christian uses, but the style that came to perfection at his hands supplied the model for a Christian building on which Constantine would have looked with as much wonder as himself. Between the work of the fourth century and that of the fourteenth there is no lack of harmony. Where we do see an incongruous element creeping in is where the great arch of the portico, shown open in Adam's engraving, is blocked to receive a tablet in honour of one who, after having been the last man to wear the crown of Jovius, had sunk to be described as "Franciscus Primus, Austriæ Imperator et Dalmatiæ Rex."

SPELLING.

THE amusement called a "Spelling Bee" has the advantage of being cheap and easily got up, and it may be useful in helping to shake off the common aversion of Englishmen to opening their mouths in public. Almost the only objection is that, unless tolerably big words are used among fairly educated people as tests, there cannot be much risk of failure, and people who find that they can spell big words correctly may be too apt to make familiar use of them. The notion, however, that correct spelling is to be expected from those who have had ordinary opportunities of education is modern, and it would be easy to attach too much importance to the want of it. The Duke of Marlborough's Letters are always quoted as an example of the deficiency of a remarkably able man in knowledge which is now required in every schoolboy. But it must be remembered that even in the polite age of Queen Anne people wrote far less than they do now, and as long as words are used chiefly in conversation it is difficult to say precisely what is right and wrong. There are indeed, and for a long time past have been, certain books of which one would be ashamed to confess ignorance, and which could not be read attentively without learning to spell as many words as would serve the ordinary purposes of life. As an indication of want of knowledge of or interest about such books incorrect spelling might reasonably be thought disgraceful. But if the failure only occurred in polysyllabic words, we should be disposed to view leniently an indication of imperfect study of certain newspapers. We have before us a provincial journal which, in describing a spelling bee, states that "it was discovered that an individual had escaped an interrogatory by changing his seat." It would have been difficult for the writer, who had probably been at the trial himself, to consent to say that "it was found that a person had escaped a question." Long words are like fine clothes. If we have them, why should we not make use of them? We do not know the precise meaning of "bee," but if we conjecture rightly, we shall expect soon to hear that an "orthographical conglomeration" has been held in some provincial town. It is wonderful, if we come to think of it, how much force and charm of language may be gained without ever troubling the long words at all. The beautiful lines beginning, "Drink to me only with thine eyes," have been often quoted to show this. Another instance is the speech of Hamlet "To be or not to be." Or take that text of Jeremiah which denounces one of the kings of Judah, "Oh! earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord," &c. Or the words of the Burial Service, "Man that is born of a woman," &c. Or Pope's "Universal Prayer." Or several stanzas of Gray's Elegy. Or the lines in which Scott describes his countrymen's stubborn fight at Flodden. All these and many more of the best remembered passages in English literature might be searched in vain for words hard enough to set at a spelling bee.

In some remarks on spelling which were written about forty years ago we find the sensible rule laid down that the contemporary usage of persons of cultivation is the authority to which each person who aspires to write correctly must defer. The writer gives some examples in which variety of usage existed at that time, and if he be accepted as sufficient authority, it follows that at the time he wrote "complete" and "compleat" were equally right, or at least neither was wrong. But we fear that, if the latter form were produced at a "spelling bee," shouts of laughter would proclaim that the respondent's chance of the prize was gone. In Ainsworth's Dictionary of 1751 both "complete" and "compleat" are given in the English-Latin part, although it would appear that the latter is preferred; and in the Latin-English part "completus" is rendered "compleat." In the middle of the last century "expence" was usual, and we could not now say that it is exactly wrong, although we should certainly write "expense." The writer of forty years ago gives us another example, "allege" and "allodge," but usage has now determined against the latter form. The dispute between "inquire" and "enquire" is not yet settled, nor could we say that "connection" is wrong, although we should write "connexion." It appears that at the "spelling bee" the word ecstatic was deemed to be wrongly spelt with "x," but this was usual in the last century. If the competitors were taken from the working class, we should not be surprised at the form "steddy" being produced. In the middle and upper class this would not be likely, yet we find this form, and not "steady," in *Pope's Works*, printed in 1766. The same book shows that "sallad" was then usual, and "smoakless." We find also "oeconomy," from which, since it became political, a letter has been retrenched. We also find "chearful" and "devellop." But it is surprising to turn over many pages of this edition of Pope without finding more than very minute differences from the spelling of the present day.

A knowledge of Greek and Latin must save competitors in spelling from many pitfalls. If the ladies who gained distinction were ignorant of these languages, they must have been gifted with retentive memories. Take, for example, such a word as "sympathetic," and it would seem quite possible for a person who knows no Greek to put "j" for "y." And in "metamorphosis" there would be an opening for "f." A mistake would be easy in "internecine" or "parallelogram." It might perhaps be said that it would take longer to learn Greek and Latin than to learn spelling as a mere collection of instances without principles, but the latter would be very hard work. It is difficult enough for anybody to learn English spelling, because of its irregularity. The rule which compels us to write "succeed" and "precede" is merely arbitrary, and even some educated people have to think twice before putting on paper "believe" and "receive." We have now settled to write "surprise," but in the last century this and other compounds of the French "prendre" were written with "z." A place in a spelling class ought not, we think, to be lost by using "z" in any of these words. But a person who knows French would prefer to write these words with "s," just as a person who knows Greek would write "analyse," although we find this word spelt with "z" in the edition of Pope before referred to. The word "schedule," which was lately set, is a trap, at least if it be pronounced, as some people pronounce it, softly. It is usual in correspondence to speak of an "inclosed" letter, but Parliament still passes "Enclosure Acts." Such words as abridgment and irreconcilable are thought by many people to want another "e," and, whatever be the correct rule, it is certainly convenient to drop an unnecessary letter. The old-fashioned pronunciation of "obliged" may have led many into what can hardly be called an error. As for "honourable," and other words of the same class, there will perhaps never be, and there certainly is not, agreement. We should write of the "license" of the press, but Acts of Parliament require publicans to take out "licences." It is perhaps desirable to be strict in spelling, because pronunciation varies, and if spelling followed it there would soon be no standard of correctness in speech. But it is possible to carry accuracy to an extreme. There is a wide difference between spelling "supernumerary" without its penultimate syllable, and spelling postillion with one "l." The former, if not carelessness, must be gross ignorance, like that shown in spelling "quadrilateral" with an "o" in the last syllable, or "commensurate" with "o," instead of "u." Here, again, a small knowledge of Latin would have prevented mistakes which seem to have arisen from an untutored ear listening to a vulgar tongue. A person who said "quadrilatoral" or "commensorate" must have escaped the influence both of school and society. We saw lately a lady's letter, in which "areas" was written for "arrears," and it might be charitably thought that ignorance of the thing made her unfamiliar with its name. In the strictest age of pleading and practice at common law, the principle of *idem sonans* was applied, and we think the same principle ought to prevail to some extent in a "spelling bee," but it is difficult to say how far. If this amusement becomes fashionable, there will no doubt be dictionaries expressly printed for it, with a set of rules, and it certainly would promote more accurate knowledge of our language. When an assembly receives the spelling of "ecstatic" with an "x" with shouts of derisive laughter, it is evident that many people have a good deal to learn. But the spelling of "cynical" with "le" at the end, instead of "al," shows ignorance of the meaning and origin of the word, and that sort of ignorance may fitly excite derision. The lady who had to spell "aurora borealis" could scarcely go wrong, unless she was very ignorant or very careless. When we have once heard and understood this word, it would be difficult to misspell it.

The popularity of these competitions in the United States is one of the many fortunate circumstances of that country. It cannot be too often impressed on American speakers that when they come to write they must add a "g" to the word which they call "fixins," and that they must not spell calculate with an "i." It might be awkward if the manager of a "spelling bee," either in America or here, pronounced words as he hears his friends and neighbours speak, and then applied the standard of some dictionary

to the spelling of them. It appears that a "spelling bee" has lately been "inaugurated" at Gloucester, and it is proper that a big word should be made to do duty on this occasion. This competition was finally decided on the word "Ecclesiastes," and it may be inferred that the person who failed to spell it correctly had never heard it before, and did not know whence it came, or what it meant. Spelling such words as this is a test, not so much of spelling, as of the general education and associations of the competitor—not that that is an objection to them. The same remark might be made on "millennium," with the addition that failure in this word would imply ignorance of Latin, which it is hardly expected that a commercial clerk should know. Some years ago a bet upon the word "reindeer" caused great excitement in the sporting world. It was alleged that the gentleman who induced a friend to bet on the spelling of this word had looked beforehand at a dictionary. But, on reference to several dictionaries, it appeared that both "reindeer" and "raindeer" were recognized. It is stated that at Gloucester failure occurred at such words as, among others, "broccoli." Now, on referring to the first dictionary we have at hand (an English-Latin one of 1845) we find "brocoli." Yet it would appear that a competitor was disqualified for adopting this form. People of rather wider views as to language should, if possible, take the direction of these competitions.

THE BURNING OF THE *WARSPITE*.

AT a meeting on Tuesday the Committee of the Marine Society, after hearing several witnesses with regard to the burning of the *Warspite* training-ship, came to the apparently somewhat hasty conclusion that it was the work of an incendiary, and resolved to offer a reward of 50*l.* for the detection of the criminal or criminals. It may no doubt be worth while to offer a reward for any information which will explain the origin of the disaster, but at the present moment there does not appear to be sufficient evidence to justify the very positive and unqualified opinion which the Committee has expressed in opposition to the views of the Captain and several of the officers of the ship. It has indeed been alleged that two of the ship's boys were seen coming from the cockpit at the moment when the fire was discovered; but even if this be true—and it rests on very doubtful testimony—there is nothing to show that either intentionally or accidentally these boys set fire to the vessel. The chief witness on this point, Cotton, is said not to bear a very good character, and he has stated that he saw the boys in question come through a small hole in the grating of the hatchway, which some of the officers of the ship declare to be physically impossible. It seems, however, that a boy might raise the grating from below. There can be no doubt of course that, if there were two boys in the cockpit at such a time, they had no business there, and must have been up to some mischief or other; but what that was there is nothing to prove. Cotton says he did not know the boys he saw, and could not catch them on account of the smoke, and another sentry gives similar evidence. But it is obviously strange that two boys in succession should be able to get out of the cockpit, without being caught or even identified by one or other of the sentries; and there is also a difficulty in explaining how the grating was put back again. It has been suggested that the boys in this ship were rather of a bad class; but this does not appear to be quite correct. The boys who are received in this institution may, as we gather from the rules, be either destitute boys without friends or support; apprentices of honest disposition, but with an unconquerable aversion or total inability to follow any regular trade; boys of a hardy, daring disposition, being sons of poor widows or worthy labouring persons in distress; or boys who are recommended on the ground that they are "in the path of danger to civil society." There are here all sorts of boys, and though it can hardly be doubted that in such a company there would be at least some leaven of turbulence, the reports of the ship show that the inmates were tolerably well behaved. Captain Wilson, Inspector of Naval Training-ships, lately reported that the *Warspite's* boys always took good places in the Naval Training Service, being so well grounded. It is quite possible that in such a body there may have been a young desperado or two capable of conceiving and executing the atrocious crime suspected by the Committee; but it would have been well if the managers had paused a little before committing themselves to a positive opinion. As it is, there may be some danger that the offer of a reward may bring a further crop of doubtful stories, in order to support a foregone conclusion. Another danger in adopting this theory so decisively at the outset, before the inquiry has been carried beyond its initial steps, is that it may lead to the neglect of possible explanations in other directions. It is true that smoke was first seen coming from the cockpit, but this only shows that there was smoke in the cockpit, and does not prove that the fire originated there. Webber, the officer of the watch, says that when he heard the alarm given he looked about and saw smoke issuing in considerable volumes from the ventilator over the carpenter's shop; and it is quite possible that the fire may have begun in this part of the vessel. At least, it is well known that on land carpenters' shops are the source of much mischief in that way. The fact is that at the present moment the cause of the fire is not known, and we must wait for further and more searching inquiries to clear up the mystery.

The lessons in the management of ships which we are gradually being taught by a series of disasters are terribly expensive, but it is to be hoped at least that such warnings will command attention, and lead to some improvements. In the case of the *Goliath* it is perfectly clear how the accident happened. It was the duty of the boy Loeber to take down certain lamps used for lighting the ship, and carry them to the lamp-room for trimming. He had only been a few days at this work, and apparently did not understand the importance of quite putting out the light before taking the lamp into the lamp-room. The metal of one of the lamps was very hot, and as it burned his fingers he naturally dropped it on the floor, as anybody else would probably have done. The floor of the lamp-room was, the boy said, "all over oil." Norris, the seaman-instructor, also admitted that the floor, from the constant droppings, was oily; "not wet with oil, but the oil had soaked into the wood beyond the power of scrubbing it out." The lighted wick, with the oil from the lamp, fell upon this oily floor, and a blaze was the immediate consequence. It also appeared from the evidence at the inquest that the reason why the lamp was so hot was that the petroleum was not of good quality, and that it had been complained of. Mr. Redwood, a chemist, stated that the flashing point was 144 degrees, and declared that he did not think it would explode under any circumstances. Oils of this inferior kind do not flow readily up the wick; the wick gets clogged and the metal-holder unduly heated. There was only a comparatively small stock of this oil for use in the lamp-room; but there was a tank of petroleum on the upper deck, and nobody knows what in the course of the fire became of it. It may be concluded that the fire in the *Goliath* was caused by an accident due to a boy's carelessness, the bad oil, and the highly inflammable condition of the floor. As soon as the lamp-room caught, the ship seems to have been doomed, and all the elements of an accident were brought together in that room. The seaman-instructor said, in self-defence, that he could not follow the boy about everywhere; but it is obvious that an ignorant and inexperienced lad, who had only had a few days' practice, ought not to have been left in the lamp-room all by himself. That is a post for some grown-up person, who knows what he is about. Again, it is equally clear that oil which unduly heats a lamp so as to burn a boy's fingers ought not to be used; and also that a wooden floor soaked with petroleum is full of danger in a lamp-room. The remedy in the last case is to have the lamp-room floored with sheet-iron or tiles, which should also extend partly up the walls; and this, we are glad to hear, is already done in some of the other training-ships, but the rule should be made absolute. On board the *Warspite* there was no petroleum, paraffin, or other kind of explosive oil, but only a small store of colza oil for the lamps, about twenty or thirty tons of coal in the bunker, and some spare hammocks, blankets, tarred ropes, and three or four pounds of tallow in the adjoining cockpit. As to the suggestion of spontaneous combustion among the coals, it is difficult to see where the heat would come from to ignite the coals in a ship without furnaces; but no doubt the various odds and ends in the cockpit would make a good blaze if once set alight. On this point, however, we are still at a loss for information.

The next question which is raised by the burning of these two ships is how it was that all efforts to stay the flames were, almost from the beginning, perfectly hopeless. The first thing that strikes one is that they were both dry, old, wooden vessels, probably well pitched, and therefore an easy prey to the fire when once it got hold of the timbers. In the case of the *Goliath* the flames were fanned by the wind. In the case of the *Warspite*, when the hatches were down, the firemen from the floating engine could not move about on board on account of the atmosphere, and when some of the hatches were opened, the draft helped the fire. It is conceivable that the ventilating passages and openings which may be desirable for the health of the inmates in these ships add to the difficulties of contending with fire, and that it will be found necessary to consider the two things together. It is evident, however, that in all cases of a ship on fire the chief difficulty is to find standing-ground from which to play on the flames. In the ship herself the men are rapidly driven from one point to another. On the *Goliath* the pumping had almost at once to be given up; on the *Warspite* the lower deck had to be evacuated in less than half an hour, and the main deck, and even the upper deck, immediately afterwards. In short, it is clear that, when a ship is burning, it must be dealt with, not from the inside, but from the outside; and Mr. Coleman, an American civil engineer, has written a letter making some good suggestions on the subject. He proposes that the main pipes should extend longitudinally along the sides of the vessel in each hold, with branch pipes perforated with small holes, extending across the ship upon the ceiling between the beams. The main pipes would start from the pumps in the engine-room, which would be worked by the engineer. This "sprinkling system," as Mr. Coleman calls it—a wide-spread shower of close small rain falling on all sides of the vessel—has, it seems, proved very effectual in warehouses, and there seems to be no difficulty in adapting it to a ship. Another important protection would be an arrangement of electric bells which at a certain degree of heat would not only sound an alarm, but indicate the precise point of danger with a [illegible] which could not otherwise be attained.

It is highly satisfactory to observe that on board both of the *Warspite* and the *Goliath* the discipline of the boys when called upon to go to the pumps, and finally to quit the ship, was perfect. Everything was done promptly, quietly, steadily, and without noise or excitement—just, in fact, as if on parade. Considering the composition of the crews, and the average age of the boys, this is most encouraging testimony to the quality of the materials which

are at our disposal for manning the navy. As the Government has promised another ship in place of the *Colinth*, it can hardly be doubted that one will also be found to replace the *Warspite*. But the whole subject is one which deserves serious consideration, and it may be hoped that training-ships will henceforth be placed on a more liberal and systematic footing, as well as increased in number, for they are rather too overcrowded at present. It is scarcely possible to imagine any way in which public money could be more usefully spent, or more to the satisfaction of the public. Such an institution serves a double purpose; for while, on the one hand, it offers a safety-valve for a miserable and dangerous class of the population, on the other hand it provides both for the commerce and security of the country, by opening up an active maritime career to those best fitted for it, and who otherwise would be apt to run to waste or mischief.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

THE dishonest idleness of the ordinary workman who is paid by the day becomes increasingly a matter of complaint. An architectural contemporary has lately opened its columns to a correspondence on the subject, in which both sides of the question are discussed. We have all suffered more or less at some time or other from the dilatoriness of the people who undertake to do "jobs." The London householder quails at the idea of a gasfitter or plumber entering his house almost as much as he would at the idea of going to bed and leaving his hall door open. The workman is not a burglar by profession, and may not carry anything out of the house but his tools and the housemaid's affections, yet he probably manages to rob his employer as effectually as if he had stolen a purse off the study table. He does not do his own work so that it will last, and he makes needless work for others like himself. Working-men will no doubt be indignant at any one who accuses them of being thieves and robbers; nevertheless—if we may assume that their proceedings are correctly described by various correspondents of the *Building News*—they, by their systematic determination to do as little work as possible, take money out of the pockets of their employers very much as the pickpockets do. Most people who live in a large town can scarcely fail to have witnessed scenes similar to that described by Mr. Martin in the *Building News* of December 10, 1875, as daily visible from a window in Mr. Seddon's "observatory" at Queen Anne's Gate, which overlooks the tops of a great many houses in the neighbourhood. Mr. Martin has, it seems, amused himself with watching the workmen, who, though ostensibly engaged in repairing the roofs and the chimneys, sit calmly conversing together or stretched at full length for greater ease in the leader gutters smoking a pipe. They apparently take no interest in anything beyond the movements of the labourer who combines "outpost duty" with that of "commissariat," and brings them the two ever-needful B's, baccy and beer, especially necessary to their complete enjoyment of the fine view before them. In one of his observations Mr. Martin saw a man asleep, "dreaming the happy hours away" on a narrow scaffolding thirty feet from the ground. Forgetting the habits of the race, he rushed in his simplicity to rescue the man from this dangerous position. At the bottom of the scaffolding was the bricklayer's mate, who calmed his anxiety at once by coolly informing him, "Lor' bless you, he's safe enough; he's accustomed to it." To this anecdote Mr. Martin adds an amusing account of the way things go on in country parts, where the foreman can always find some excuse for an excursion to the railway station to inquire for something wanting only in his imagination. He does not leave without having tested the quality of the refreshment-room tap in no imaginary manner. A foreman naturally always requires a labourer with him, even to make inquiries. When to this constant wilful waste of time we add the fact that a bricklayer can, by working with only one hand (no uncommon practice), make a yard-cube of brickwork cost thirty-two shillings, it will not seem so surprising that those who build houses can seldom afford to live in them. A friend of Mr. Martin's one day during working hours found all the men, whom he supposed to be hard at work with hammer and trowel, exerting themselves with much more than their usual energy in the capacity of negro melodists. The unsophisticated country folk looked on, delighted with the blackened faces, the mad capers, and shouts of their cockney cousins. The men had quite forgotten the very unimportant fact that they were paid by the hour to build a house, not to improvise an entertainment for their employer's tenants on the village green. Mr. Martin's experience leads him to affirm that "the working-man at day-work is a deliberate idler when he has the chance," and that the percentage of men anxious to give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages is so small as to be hardly worth taking into account, except to acknowledge the few instances as those exceptions which prove a rule. Mr. Seddon complains that he cannot now, except at an enormous increase in cost, have the designs executed which he made use of some years ago. Contractors tell him that they have now to leave so large a margin to provide for the dishonesty of their workmen that they are obliged to give apparently extravagant estimates. They are forced to pay higher wages, and also to accept much less work in return. It is the public who suffer in the long run. At Sheffield the other day two bricklayers, assisted by two labourers, were timed when at work, and in twenty minutes the four men succeeded in accomplishing the wonderful feat of laying just five bricks. These, of course, were Union men. On the other hand, on a railway work in Wales, where the men were out of sight of Union officials, a gang of bricklayers agreed to do as much as they could, and to discard the rule of never allowing the trowel to leave the right hand. Two men kept placing the bricks with both hands, and the third used the trowel. In this way they earned 12*s.* 6*d.* a day each, and sometimes 15*s.*

The controversy at present raging on the subject of piece-work is one, no doubt, which has important issues at stake. If the masters gain their point, much may be done towards rectifying the injustice of not allowing an expert workman to profit by his superior abilities or exceptional industry. But although co-operation, piece-work, Trade-Unions, and the relations which labour ought to bear to capital, are vital questions, not one of them will solve the difficulties from which we now suffer, whether it be in the colliery, the kitchen, or the Stock Exchange. To take a familiar example; a lady may say that she thinks the solution to her domestic troubles will be found in piece-work, and that she will engage her housemaid according to the number of beds required, and her cook with regard to the number of courses she wished for dinner. The footman might be paid partly in consideration of the number of times in the day he had to open the doors, and the kitchenmaid in accordance with the quantity of plates and saucepans she had to wash. But this will in nowise insure that the housemaid shall turn the mattresses and tuck the bed-clothes at the foot, or that the cook's omelettes shall not be overdone and her soufflés heavy. The footman might oblige a most particular visitor to ring three times, and the kitchenmaid might send the plates to table with grimy finger-marks. The sewing of gloves is paid at so much the dozen pairs, and the consequence is that they rip long before they are worn out. Boots that are made on a similar principle are not celebrated for their endurance. Ladies have for a long time paid for dressmaking by the piece, but they still complain of dishonesty. Many of them assert that milliners charge for more material than they use, and for "trimmings" at a rate which implies simple robbery. After all, it would seem that, in cases like theirs and others, the question to be faced is how they may best select among various inevitable methods of being plundered.

To the accusations against the British workman a "Manager" retorts by insinuating that people who live in glass houses should not throw stones, and that day labourers are not the only people who cheat their employers or ask for more money than their work is worth. The architect is perhaps open to a retort; but the whole subject seems ready to narrow itself to this one point. It is integrity we want, whether in master or servant, and neither the abolition of Trade-Unions, the growth of co-operation, nor the establishment of the rule of piece-work, would supply that without which all contracts, whether by the day or by the dozen, must be unsatisfactory. A spirit of antagonism has arisen between the employer and the employed, and no special arrangements with regard to how the work is to be done, no legislation as to the number of hours of which a working day is to consist, will ever solve our present difficulties. Both parties endeavour to protect themselves from imposition, and in so doing often try to meet fraud with deceit. There is a lust for money on both sides, which neither party seems to know how to spend for his good when he has got it. A carpenter was heard complaining to one of his mates of how the day before, after dinner-time, the master had come into the shop and told the men that the order in hand must be finished at once to be ready to go by a certain train, as his customer could not wait any longer. The men set to with a will, worked very hard to finish the job, but found afterwards that it was merely a ruse to discover how much they could do in a given number of hours. It is unnecessary to say that the next time the master made a similar statement it was received with the same incredulity as the story of the little boy who called "Wolf, wolf" for his own amusement. On the other hand, the spirit of the working-men does not seem to have improved since the recent conciliatory legislation. There have lately been several bad cases of rattening at Sheffield; and a few days ago an outrage, which is suspected to be due to trade jealousy, occurred at Salford. A barrel containing gunpowder was exploded in one of a row of new houses, and did considerable damage. A second barrel of gunpowder was afterwards found which had not gone off in consequence of the failure of the fuse. Machine-made bricks were used in building the house; and this is supposed to have excited the wrath of the brickmakers.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC LAYMAN ON PAPAL INFALLIBILITY.

WE have no clue beyond what is supplied by internal evidence to the authorship of a pamphlet published by Messrs. Rivington on the *Reasons why a Roman Catholic cannot accept the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility*. The writer tells us that he is a layman, and "a convert to the Catholic Church of more than twenty years' standing," and we gather from a note stating that he has frequently been obliged to use American reprints, from not having access to the originals, that he is probably a citizen of the United States or of Canada. As to his grounds for delivering his soul on the Vatican Council, he says that he finds it impossible, as a Catholic, to accept the new doctrines it has propounded; and as he has failed to obtain anything but evasions or refusals to discuss the matter from those whom he has consulted about his difficulties, he feels bound to state publicly his reasons for rejecting it; the

more so, as the very motives which originally induced him to join the Roman Catholic Church prevent his accepting her new doctrine. As he expresses it, "My feeling is that of utter dismay at finding what I have supposed for so many years to be solid rock melting away under my feet, like ice exposed to the burning rays of a July sun." He adds, what indeed has long been notorious, citing the words of "an eminent priest" whom he had consulted, and whom our readers will not have much difficulty in identifying, that "many, many Catholics are under a special trial at this time," and that those who urged on the infallibilist definition have incurred the heavy responsibility of causing those to doubt who never doubted before, and in fact of shaking the very foundations of their faith. But the writer's point of view will perhaps be best understood from the following clear and incisive passage, which is also a fair specimen of his vigorous style:—

Nor can I be accused of exaggeration in thus describing my position. If I have been deceived all these years on the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church, what other doctrine of Christianity can I feel sure about? I have received them all on the same authority; I have derived them all from the same sources. If, then, I have been all the time wrong on one point, why not on others also? I have hitherto believed in the doctrine of the Trinity. Suppose a future pope or council were to declare that the true doctrine of the Godhead was that of the Arian. I venture to affirm that there is not one argument, grounded on the Catholic rule of faith, that could be brought against such a decision that cannot be brought against the doctrine of Papal Infallibility. And, since the latter has been defined, I have no security that the former will not be also; and the same with every other doctrine of Christianity.

It will be said that it would be impossible, in the face of the creeds, catechisms, and history of the Church, to define Unitarianism. I was told precisely the same concerning Papal Infallibility, and yet it has been done. I maintain that Arianism is as well founded in Scripture, in tradition, and, at one time, in wide acceptance in the Church as ever was Papal infallibility; that it has far more authority in antiquity than the latter, and not nearly so much positive evidence against it. If it be urged that to affirm that there is only one person in God would be a manifest contradiction to the known teaching of the Church that there are three divine persons, is it not an equal contradiction to affirm that the infallibility of the Church resides in one person only, when the Church has distinctly taught that it resides in the body of the pastors? Why should not three persons be declared to mean only one person, if the body of the pastors can be declared to mean only one pastor?

In a word, I feel no certainty that any or every doctrine of the Church may not be radically changed by future definitions, and I therefore feel justified in declaring that the effect of the Vatican decrees on Papal infallibility is to raise a doubt as to whether there is any infallible authority in this world, except the word of God.

I had imagined, that in submitting to the Catholic Church, I had exchanged the uncertainty of private opinion for the certainty of a faith complete and unchangeable; and now I am compelled to choose again whether I will accept the new doctrine proposed, or adhere to the old faith which I received in all sincerity years ago; and that not on one point only, but on several of fundamental importance.

This is, of course, precisely the sort of objection which has been urged *ab extra* from all quarters against the Vatican decrees the remarkable point is—and it is mainly on that account that we have noticed the pamphlet here—that what has been poohpoohed by Ultramontane prelates and journalists as a mere ebullition of Protestant ignorance and malice is now emphatically repeated by a convert of many years' standing to the Church of Rome, who is very evidently not an ignoramus, and as evidently has little sympathy with Protestantism. He is well aware of the contemptuous rejoinder made to such criticism as his—that there has been no change at all, and that the infallibilist doctrine is as old as Christianity. He therefore sets himself to prove that, on the contrary, it contradicts the former teaching of the Church, changes the basis of faith, "and is consequently, in the fullest sense of the word, a *new doctrine*." It is, he observes, the first fundamental error of Ultramontanism to confound the Church and the Pope, and he cites a very apposite illustration of this from the leading Ultramontanist organ in America. A writer in *Brownson's Review* (the Transatlantic *Dublin*) says:—"She (the Church) only opposes to them the old truth of which *she* (that is, *the Pope*) is the divinely appointed guardian." On the other hand the author undertakes to show that he had always, "as a Catholic," been taught to believe that he was bound to receive on pain of damnation what the pastors of the Church teach; and that they have taught him, *inter alia*, the four following propositions, which are severally inconsistent with infallibilism—namely, that the Pope is not infallible apart from the Church; that Catholic doctrine is that only which has been believed always, everywhere, and by all; that an opinion tolerated in the Church cannot be turned into a doctrine, and that Papal infallibility is such an opinion; lastly, that the Pope's authority is limited to the executive only, whereas the Vatican decrees invest him with legislative supremacy, and thus convert a constitutional monarchy into a pure despotism. The pamphlet is occupied with detailed evidence on these four points, and although we must confine ourselves here to giving a few illustrations of the elaborate and crushing indictment framed by the author against the compilers of the Vatican decrees, we may observe that all who are interested in the question will find it well worth perusing at length. There is no declamation or superfluous verbiage, no attempt at sensational writing or anti-popery claptrap, but calm and forcible argument, supported by a copious array of carefully chosen extracts from catechisms and other more or less authoritative documents, many of which will probably be new even to those familiar with the controversy. The well-known question and answer from Keenan's *Doctrinal Catechism*, which was surreptitiously altered after the Vatican Council, opens the list, and is a fair specimen of the rest. There is an overwhelming weight of evidence collected here to prove that the new dogma is nowhere to be found in any creeds, catechisms, professions of faith, or authorized instructions of the Roman Catholic Church of any kind, and that it is both explicitly and implicitly denied by a long line of representative theologians of different dates and countries. The author thus sums up this portion of his argument:—

The evidence I have adduced, although it might be almost indefinitely extended, is sufficient to prove to every candid mind the truth of my first proposition; viz., that "I have been taught that, as a Catholic, I am obliged by Jesus Christ Himself to believe what the pastors of the Church teach, under pain of damnation; that the pastors of the Church have taught me, both explicitly and implicitly, in the clearest and most emphatic language that could be employed for the purpose, that the Pope, apart from the Church, is not infallible; that, on the contrary, the Catholic doctrine is, that infallibility properly resides in the body of the pastors, and in no individual." I am, therefore, bound, under pain of damnation, to refuse assent to the doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

No less clear is the evidence supplied both by the teaching and practice of the Church for centuries that General Councils alone have been held to convey her final and authoritative verdict on matters of doctrine. And when infallibilists turn this argument against their opponents by appealing to the authority of the Vatican Synod, the answer is obvious enough:—

To this I reply (leaving aside many weighty objections respecting liberty of discussion and matters of form made against the Vatican Council), that the decision of a council to be of force must be unanimous. Such was not the case with the Vatican Council, as I shall show hereafter. Also, such an argument in the mouth of an infallibilist is dishonest. He believes that if a thousand bishops had been present at the Council, and one only had voted in favour of Papal Infallibility, and the Pope had sanctioned that one vote, the other nine hundred and ninety-nine would have been worthless. Why, then, try to convince me by an argument he does not himself believe in? especially as the conclusion he wishes me to arrive at would, if I accepted it, be fatal to the argument in my case also.

It is a favourite argument against Bible Protestantism, of which Bishop Milner has not forgotten to avail himself, that, if Christ had intended all mankind to learn His religion "*from a book*," He would have distinctly said so, and made the obligation of learning to read it a fundamental principle of His religion. The author observes on this with much force, "It must be equally true that, if Christ had intended all mankind to learn His religion *from the Pope*, He would himself have distinctly said so, and would have laid down as the first and fundamental principle of His religion, the obligation of hearing the Pope." But, in fact, while He bade His disciples "hear the Church," of hearing the Pope He said nothing. And if it is argued that it has only become necessary to believe Papal infallibility since the Vatican Council, and that before that time it could be denied with impunity, the answer is that "this would be putting the cart before the horse," for "doctrines are defined because they are of obligation; they do not become of obligation because they are defined." And accordingly Dr. Newman has laid down the principle that "no doctrine is defined till it is violated"; but infallibilists are constrained to teach that no doctrine is violated till it is defined. It is only the natural sequel of this that while, according to Dr. Newman, the Church has always been careful to contract as far as possible the range of truths which she requires her members to accept, the Italian Jesuit Margotti desiderates a Pope "who, being himself infallible, can *daily* teach, condemn, and define"; and the English Jesuit, Father Caliwey, anticipates in the future "a *daily* provision of manna," in the shape of new Papal definitions.

Among the most interesting extracts in this pamphlet may be reckoned, for special reasons, those from living or very recent writers, some of whom actually took part in the Vatican Council. Thus, for instance, Archbishop Hughes, of New York, says of the transformation of opinions into dogmas:—

"The doctrines of the Catholic Church are FIXED STARS in the firmament of belief, and the transmutation of AN OPINION INTO A DOCTRINE would be the raising of a new light, a species of religious reformation which Protestants have taken INTO THEIR OWN HANDS, and for which Catholics have neither the talent, inclination, NOR AUTHORITY."

There are again some remarkable passages quoted from works of Cardinal Wiseman's on what he calls "the Italian doctrine" of Papal infallibility. And they gain an additional interest when placed in juxtaposition with the very opposite teaching of his successor in the Cardinalate and See of Westminster. We can only find room for one short extract:—

Thus Cardinal Wiseman affirms:	Cardinal Manning maintains, on the contrary—
1st. That "the Catholic Church holds a dogma often proclaimed, that in defining matters of faith *she* is infallible."	1st. That "it is a dogma divinely revealed, that the Roman Pontiff . . . is possessed of that infallibility with which the divine Redeemer willed that His Church should be endowed for defining doctrine regarding faith or morals."
2nd. That "all agree that this infallibility resides in the unanimous suffrage of the Church."	2nd. That "such definitions of the Roman Pontiff are irreformable of themselves, and *not* from the consent of the Church."
3rd. That Papal Infallibility is "the Italian doctrine," "their opinion," and "their peculiar theory."	3rd. That Papal Infallibility is "the tradition received from the beginning of the Christian faith."
4th. That the assertors of this opinion "manifestly" cannot "demand that their peculiar theory be received by others as the defined or acknowledged principle of the Church."	4th. That "we judge it altogether necessary solemnly to assert the prerogative which the only-begotten Son of God vouchsafed to join with the supreme pastoral office."

5th. That "neither think we that they could reasonably charge with misunderstanding their '*Church's doctrines*,' such as would not so receive it."

5th. That "if any one—which may God avert—presume to contradict this our definition, let him be anathema."

I believe one might search the world in vain to find two more contradictory statements referring to the same point than the explicit teachings of the first and second occupants of the See of Westminster, on the doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

The author is throughout peculiarly felicitous in his extracts. The following passage, quoted by him with running comments, from a political article in the *Dublin Review*, and applied to the revolution which Pius IX. is labouring to introduce in the Church over which he presides, strikes us as singularly pertinent; and it serves to illustrate the remark which the author says was made to him by an Italian priest about the English converts of Cardinal Manning's school, that "these gentlemen have greatly simplified matters, since they have reduced the Bible to one text, 'Thou art Peter,' and the creed to one article, 'I believe in the Pope.'" With this citation from the *Dublin Review*, as describing the Ultramontane policy in the Church, we must conclude, recommending our readers to make a fuller acquaintance with the Layman's *Reasons* for themselves:—

"In order to set forth more clearly what we mean, we will make a supposition, which might possibly be thought disrespectful to a living august personage, were it not so grotesquely in opposition to existent facts" (unfortunately it is not so in the case I refer to). "We will suppose that—things otherwise being much as they are—some Prince of Wales were to grow up with intense sympathy for absolute power and intense hatred of constitutions. To do this an utterly prince every justice, we will suppose his conviction to be very deep, that the people's true welfare would be far better promoted by absolutism than by constitutionalism (by Ultramontanism than by Gallicanism). He conceals his principles, however, and in due time ascends the throne. Established there, he takes his measures in silence and secrecy until he thinks himself able to throw off the mask (by filling up every vacancy in the episcopate with tools ready to do his bidding, even violating established rights in order to do so. Archbishop Manning was appointed in defiance of the right of the Archbishop of Fitzjames, who was Cardinal Wiseman's coadjutor *cum jure successionis*.) He then openly appeals to the army for support" (that is the bishops and clergy); "and he has intention of imposing taxes and enacting laws (of matters on faith and morals) on his own authority; and proceeds in regular form to decree a final dissolution of the Houses of Parliament (General Councils). Every one must see how unspeakably absurd it would be to speak of this man as a mere tyrant *in usu exercitio*. He is not exercising tyranny at all; a power which he possesses, but a usurpation; a power which he never had at all. He never was sovereign; he was only one constituent part of that sovereign body which was composed, as we have said, of King, Lords, and Commons, acting together in accordance with the British Constitution. But his violent usurpation therefore has rendered himself a tyrant *in titulo*, and (as all tyrants in title who are members of the body politic must necessarily be) a rebel against the sovereign authority (the Church). In other words, and it is to this that we would draw special attention—he has revolted against the authority set over him by God, and committed that sin of rebellion which successive pontiffs have denounced with such unsparing severity. He is simply a rebel, as any noble or plebeian might be who should attempt to subvert the sovereign authority; and whoever pardons might justly indicted on him for the crime (not of tyranny, of course not, but) of rebellion and treason. . . . But when so important a member of the sovereign body as the monarch—one possessing privileges so peculiarly his own—breaks off by his own crime from further connection with that body, the sovereignty itself becomes for a brief period in abeyance."

SOMETHING LIKE A TRAGEDY.

THE novel with a purpose is sometimes superior to the ordinary novel in one respect—it is shorter. If Mr. Edward Jenkins had been doing ordinary literary work, he would not have tried to bring into "one small picture" what he calls a "somewhat comprehensive view" of certain evils, and he might possibly have produced a representation of life which was not manifestly unreal. His story is like one of those "penny dreadfuls" which show us the nobility of England perpetually committing murders and hiding bodies in dark closets, which nevertheless is not, we believe, a common practice in aristocratic circles. The *Devil's Chain* (Strahan and Co.) is neatly woven of murder, suicide, adultery, seduction, and conflagration, besides drunkenness, which is the near or remote cause of every other evil that afflicts life. A couple, well born, and endowed with beauty, talent, and wealth, quarrel and ultimately separate. The husband, says Mr. Jenkins, in the "penny dreadful" style, "threw himself into the wildest society of the county," and the wife kept a lover and a brandy bottle. Afterwards she had more lovers and more drink, and finally she jumped out of window in St. Martin's Lane, and was smashed on the pavement, as Mr. Jenkins, with disgusting particularity, describes. We really do not see what excuse there is for writing in this fashion. It is not true that profligacy in women is mainly caused by drink, and therefore it cannot be said that it is necessary to describe a licentious life in order to show the danger of taking sips of brandy. "Cry aloud, spare not," is, however, the motto of Mr. Jenkins. This lady has, among others, two lovers; one is a young man, son of a rich distiller, and the other is a man of middle age, well known in fashionable and political life, and at this time Secretary of State. When he calls upon the lady he wears a cloak and a felt hat like a transpontine brigand, and he and the young man happen to call on the lady at the same time, and are in her room when she jumps out of the window. Mr. Jenkins may perhaps see, although we do not, some links of the Devil's chain forming a connexion between the fact that this young man's father was a distiller and the fact that he visited this lady. But for anything that appears, the Secretary of State may have belonged to a Liberal Ministry and have been open to conviction on the Permissive Bill. However, he absconds to avoid exposure, and the young man considerately absconds also to escape questions which might compromise the Minister. The last chapter describes the burning of an emigrant ship through a passenger breaking a bottle of spirits and striking a match to look for the spilled liquor; and, to make the Devil's chain complete, the Secretary with his valet is put on board this ship, and both perish. There is another and even more grotesque combination of alcohol and adultery in the story which a clergyman tells of himself in letters to his wife. Mr. Jenkins has revived the epistolary method of novel-writing which was practised by Richardson and Scott, and he prints letters in italics with words of awful import underscored. "Thirst grew upon me," says the writer, "as every habit grows upon unwatchful souls." He gradually resorted to equivocation and tricks to conceal the growing habit. Prayer soon became an empty form, and principles yielded to desires. Twice he left his wife and returned, and then we find him living and dying in company of a girl whom he has seduced by wholly unexplained means. Another girl, born of respectable parents, young and pretty, has been brought to shame and ruin from being taken ill in the street, and drinking hot brandy-and-water as a supposed restorative. The Devil's chain is completed by the statement that the cause of the girl's illness was that, as she carried a parcel to a customer, she saw on the pavement the body of the woman who had jumped out of the window. If Mr. Jenkins thinks this a probable account of the seduction of a milliner's shopgirl, we do not agree with him; and if it be not probable, we can see no excuse for publishing it. Mr. Jenkins, as we understand, does not set up for a reformer of all social evils, but only of those which he ascribes to drink. But it may be surmised that a milliner's girl would be much more likely to be led away by dress. The supposition that a middle-aged clergyman, who has taken beer by day and toddy at night under the notion that he was thus supported and cheered in his work, could gradually descend by these means into the lowest depths of immorality would be too absurd to deserve attention if it were not for the unpleasant details of the picture. Does this author really mean to represent that every man who drinks beer and whisky is likely to become an adulterer, and every woman a prostitute? If he does not, we think he might adequately discuss the evils of the liquor trade without bringing in other evils which are only remotely connected with it. Many ladies as they approach middle life feel or fancy a need for stimulants which in youth they disliked. It may be admitted that this desire should be carefully controlled, but to represent as likely the consequences which Mr. Jenkins indicates would be a gross outrage at once on decency and probability. Unless some useful result is expected, the history, real or imaginary, of seduction and adultery had better remain unwritten.

It pleases Mr. Jenkins to call a potboy a "myrmidon," as if that were an abusive epithet. He has seen workmen engaged on "rising palaces" at South Kensington supplied with beer at 10 A.M. by the "myrmidon" of an adjacent alehouse, and he would like to drub that rascal's back for "stealing away the wits of labour with his illegal pedlary." Mr. Jenkins appears for the good of the human race to have experimented upon himself by taking a glass of beer in the morning, and he finds the result to be "a temporary flush, a feverish hour, reaction and thirst, a muddle of the brain." But he forgets that bricklayers begin work earlier than he does, and work in a different way, although both construct stories. It is possible that a pint of beer at 10 A.M. may do a bricklayer good, or at least no harm, or that he may have sense to know whether it does him good or harm. Mr. Jenkins ought to know that it is not illegal to sell beer to be drunk off the premises, and when he calls beer "pedlary," he classes it with many useful articles. He objects to giving the dustman a glass of beer, and says, "If you must give a gratuity, give an obolus." It seems strange that he could not say "give a penny," and he does not seem to be aware that it is much more common to give money than to give drink, although both in this and other countries the idea of "drink money" prevails to an extent that must sadly distress Mr. Jenkins. We believe that at the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, the custom prevailed of giving a drink of beer to all comers, so that there was an ancient and religious foundation actually engaged in forging links for the Devil's chain. The inquest on the woman who jumped out of the window lasted until seven o'clock, and, as the coroner was too late for his family dinner, he dined with a journalist at a tavern. They both drank freely of claret and whisky-punch; the coroner went home rather unsteadily, and the journalist, who was "a trained sybarite," by which Mr. Jenkins appears to mean a seasoned toper, took a cup of tea and wrote an article on the miseries of drink, which Mr. Jenkins calls "flabby and flatulent," although the extract which he gives from it is as well written as the rest of his book. There is a letter, printed in italics, from the dead woman to her daughter, in which she describes the process of her own ruin. She was ambitious of political distinction for her husband, and she was a mother. She attempted things which overtaxed her strength; she consulted her physician, and he recommended a little brandy. Thus in her case the Devil's chain was forged. The moral of this story would seem to be that married women should throw away ambition in order that they may not need brandy; for, if once they begin to take it, they will come to—we will not say what.

Mr. Bighorne, the rich distiller, has a son, of whom we have already spoken, and a daughter, beautiful and clever, and, as

the author oddly puts it, "chivalrous." No calamity happens to her personally, although she is greatly distressed about her brother. Mr. Jenkins permits her to exist and flourish in consideration of her saying bitter things to her father about the social effects of his nutty brandy and cream gin. But the other characters are slaughtered as ruthlessly as in the burlesque of *Tom Thumb*. A gigantic and savage ironworker murders his wife and six children, and is hanged. A middle-aged woman jumps out of a window, and is killed. Her daughter, whom she had placed in a clergyman's family for education, is lured away by another clergyman, middle-aged and given to drink, and brought by him to London, where he dies, and she takes to her mother's life. Mr. Jenkins makes us follow this girl to a casino, which he describes with indignant virtue, and there we leave her. Then there is a Methodist tradesman in a country town, who takes gradually to drink, and, although he escapes with life, loses reason. This man's daughter, as we have already heard, was seduced under the influence of a glass of warm brandy-and-water, and she is seen by us for the last time at a dancing-room at the East End. The distiller's son dies of fever, and the Secretary of State perished, as we know, in a fire at sea. Thus almost a clean sweep is made of the board, and the only piece left standing is the beautiful and "chivalrous" young lady, who, it is hinted, may marry a curate who nursed her brother in his last illness. Yet why, it may be asked, should not sin and sorrow still pursue the distiller's family? Even the beautiful and "chivalrous" girl will in time become a middle-aged woman, and will like, perhaps, a drop of brandy, although not that which her father manufactures. Her husband, too, may come to like toddy after the labours of the day, with the same disastrous consequences that have been depicted. Indeed, if we may accept Mr. Jenkins's estimate of causes and effects, England will be rapidly depopulated. According to him, every one who drinks at all drinks to excess, and sacrifices either life or reason. During the last fortnight we have most of us given or received hospitality, and in what we call keeping Christmas we have been doing the Devil's work. In taking a glass or two of wine or a tumbler of grog we have launched ourselves on a career of profligacy which will lead men to the prison, the madhouse, or the grave, and women to places which need not be particularly mentioned. This, at least, is Mr. Jenkins's notion of our prospects.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THIS Seventh Winter Exhibition takes by surprise. It had been feared that the standard of former years could not be maintained—that the Academy would exhaust the resources of the country. We are glad to find that, at least in the present year, these fears prove unfounded. On all sides we hear the opinion expressed that seldom, either in the Academy or in the old British Institution, has there been seen a collection so varied, pleasing, and valuable. The pictures exhibited amount to 285, being sixteen more than last year. The contributors number eighty-two, of whom the principal are the Queen, the Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Westminster, Earl Radnor, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Leyland, and Mr. Fuller Maitland. The Queen sends no less than twenty-seven pictures, some of which, such as the large panel now ascribed to Melozzo da Forli, and the eminently tasteful and artistic portraits by Gainsborough of Queen Charlotte and the three Princesses, are of rare interest and beauty. The works assembled serve to furnish rather scantily, yet sufficiently, five out of the ten rooms in Burlington House. The hanging is neither chronological nor according to schools. Thus English masters are often found in close neighbourhood to Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and French painters. This arrangement is all but inevitable, and it has at all events the advantage of rendering the galleries decorative and in balance. The collection strikingly illustrates certain facts—the all but exhaustless treasures stored in private houses, also the transfer from hand to hand incident to the fall of some families and the rapid accumulation of wealth in others. Again, never before has it been made more apparent how very high was the merit of our native school of portrait-painting in the latter part of the last century, as evinced by thirty works by Reynolds, six by Romney, and nineteen by Gainsborough. No other nation at that period produced portraits at all comparable to these masterpieces, and it is satisfactory to see how little they suffer under close competition with Vandyck and other historic masters. This exhibition is also distinguished from some of its predecessors by the comparative paucity of forgeries and inferior copies; yet we might have been spared "The Annunciation" (171), by Fra Angelico, and "Christ Bound to the Column" (200), ascribed, according to usual routine, to Morales. It is in vain for the Academy to declare "that it can accept no responsibility as to the authenticity of the pictures." The responsibility of exhibiting false works as true, bad pictures as good, is specially grave for an Academy which, under Royal charter, has the art education of the people committed to its charge. A much more honest course would be for the Academy to adopt the outspoken confession of Dr. Johnson, who, when asked by a lady why he had made a certain entry in his Dictionary, replied, "Ignorance, my dear madam, sheer ignorance." The Academy has certainly a peculiar right to evade responsibility as to ancient art on the ground of ignorance, and it might even adopt as a motto in these annual exhibitions the hackneyed line concerning a "little knowledge," or the well-worn proverb "omne ignotum," &c.

But there are certain unknown authorships—the "Unbekannt" of the Germans, and the "ignoti" of the Italians, which, like moot points in history, lead to interesting discussion. Such is the large and important picture (203) ascribed to Melozzo da Forli (b. 1438, d. 1494), a master of marked individuality, who is distinguished as among the first to reconcile the Italian Renaissance with the direct and literal study of nature. The pictures which can with certainty be identified with this bold pioneer are few; he has occasionally been confounded with his predecessor, and more than equal, Piero della Francesca, with his scholar, Marco Palmezzano, and even with Justus of Ghent, who is known to have worked in Urbino. The standard by which Melozzo can be best judged is the portrait picture of Sixtus IV., with cardinals, librarian, and others, once in the library, and now in the gallery, of the Vatican. Internal evidence somewhat tends to the conjecture that the Vatican picture and that from Windsor may be by the same hand, though Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle deem the execution different; beyond doubt the panel now in the Academy has been greatly over-painted. Both, however, are strictly portrait pictures, and there is much in common between them in the generic style, in the bearing of the figures, and in the stern command and outlook of the heads. The subject of this local and historic scene is less doubtful than its authorship. Federigo II., Duke of Urbino, is seated with a book in his hand; before him stands his little son, Guidobaldo; both are intently listening to the learned discourse of a reader on the opposite side of the picture. Behind the Duke is a group of seated courtiers, who, with a profound gravity suited to the time and place, have the look less of sycophants than of men learned in the nascent arts and sciences. It is said that "Rhetoric" and "Music" in the National Gallery once formed with this picture parts of a consecutive series, but the measurements do not accord. The work now exhibited is composed rather on the basis of geometric proportion than on lines of beauty, and this may be one reason why it should be accredited to Melozzo, a painter who infused into art the rigidity of science, and reduced pictorial composition to the strict laws of vision. Giovanni Santi, the father of Raffaelle, writes:—"Melozzo a me si caro che in prospettiva ha steso tanto il passo." And yet the perspective is here so forced as scarcely to be right; the point of sight has been placed at least a foot below the frame, so that the spectator is *a sotto*, as the Italians would say; consequently the architectural accessories were never intended to be viewed, as now in the Academy, on the level of the eye. But hanging must ever be a compromise; and in this case everybody desires to examine the surface closely. At the private view a kind of council of artists and critics was held before this crucial work, but we can hardly hope for a solution of the difficulties involved. Those who wish to pursue the inquiry further may consult Dennistoun's *Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino*; the volumes of Kugler and of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle; also the Catalogue of the National Gallery.

The problematical pictures, of which there are many, have in this as in former years been concentrated in the Fourth Gallery—a room which sceptical people are known to enter as a kind of hospital for *enfants trouvés*. "The Annunciation" (171), here boldly set down to Fra Angelico, in all probability was never even seen by the master; at all events it is now so grossly re-painted that scarcely any part of the original surface remains intact. It is hard to excuse the admission of such a product. Again, "Judith with the Head of Holofernes" (179), though just possibly by Mantegna, would appear, by comparison with the far superior drawing of the same subject in Florence, to be but the feeble and blundering handiwork of a pupil or copyist. As to "A Landscape" (178), assigned to Raffaelle, there is no precedent for such an assumption. With equal or more reason might it be set down to French miniaturists such as Fouquet, or to Teutonic painters such as Joachim de Patiuir. Connoisseurs seem to have unbounded trust in the credulity of the public; else how can it be supposed that this Cisalpine miniature could be affiliated on Raffaelle, without, as far as we know, one scrap of documentary evidence? Again, one would surely assign, not to Giotto, but to the more degenerate school of the "Giottesque," the "triptych, containing in the centre the Virgin and our Lord, and above and on the wings twenty-three small subjects from the life of Christ" (187). The execution is far too lame and blotchy for Giotto. No doubt, half a century ago this work, with perhaps a thousand more of the same quality, would have been set down as a matter of course to Giotto himself. But modern criticism has been in no way of more use than in distinguishing between a great master and his pupils. There are painters, such as Giotto and others, who, had they lived to the age of Methuselah, could not have got through the works assigned to them. The proper nomenclature of this triptych would be "Byzantine Style about the time of Giotto." A very lovely "Portrait of a Lady holding a Vase" (185) falls under like sceptical criticism. All such pictures, whose name is legion, were in a past generation ticketed by common consent "Leonardo da Vinci." Now they are, equally as a matter of course, assigned wholesale to his pupil Luini. This typical, refined, and sensuous head is assuredly not by Leonardo. It has not his severity; it is of a later date; but to pronounce positively that the master is none other than Luini would be rash in the present state of subversive and speculative criticism. Another puzzling picture—most exquisite in decorative colour, especially in the gold background painted over in lovely

design with transparent reds—is "The Virgin and Child," inscribed "Michael Johannis Bono Venetus pinxit." We only know of a Bono of Ferrara. An example of his style is seen in the National Gallery. The artist worked in Sienna, and the picture before us in its leanings to Byzantine types, and in its highly and essentially decorative colour, belongs not so much to Ferrara, or even to Venice, as to the school of Sienna, or to the cognate style of Gentile da Fabriano. The work is anomalous, considering its archaic manner, with the comparatively late date of the fifteenth century. The painting over gold, a beautiful process which we should like to see more practised in the present day, is specially worthy of examination. We do not incline to give much credence to a picture of the "Virgin and Child" (195), ascribed to Gentile da Fabriano; in quality it is greatly inferior to the works of the same essentially spiritual painter in Italy; it can hold no place before the "Annunciation" in the Belle Arti, Florence. Also "The Sacrifice; a Sketch" (199), ascribed to Bonifazio, bears no comparison with his *chefs-d'œuvre* in Venice and Milan. At a glance, too, it is evident that "The Virgin and Child; Rocky Landscape in Distance" (202), ought not to be assigned to Francia, but to Perugino; yet in all probability it belongs to neither master, but only to a scholar. These examples make it evident that our English collections are of a mixed character; that they consist of a medley of works, good, bad, and indifferent. And it is to be regretted that Dr. Waagen, in his "Treasures," was mostly in such an amiable mood as to give, in an easygoing way, sanction to accepted errors. His style of criticism on the "treasures" of his hospitable entertainers usually assumes the form of a panegyric. That the Royal Academy "can accept no responsibility" only makes bad worse.

This Fourth Room, which, as we have seen, goes back in an instructive way to the archæology of the art of painting, contains several other works worthy of study. Here is a "Virgin and Child; inscribed in capital letters—Petrus Alamanus civis Asculanus pinxit" (193). The date is probably the last quarter of the fifteenth century; the style is that of Carlo Crivelli, a master who, with the exception of the Brera, Milan, can nowhere be so truly appraised as in our own National Gallery. This picture is distinguished by that transitional state of technique which allows of basreliefs in the midst of the flat surface belonging properly to a picture. Here the glories round the heads, and the decorative accessories of ornament and costume, are in absolute bodily relief, after the manner of Byzantine art and its derivatives in modern Greece and Russia. We do not account this specimen as among the highest of its kind, yet we cannot but think that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle much depreciate the master when they pass the judicial sentence:—

> In Carlo Crivelli's school, the only pupil whose name is at all known is Pietro Alemanno, a most affected and imperfect imitator of his master, alike devoid of power as a draughtsman and as a colourist. His figures are remarkable for the slenderness and flatness, as well as for the careful finish, of miniatures; and his style may be described as a mixture of that of Crivelli and Girolamo da Camerino.

The same room also gives prominence to Filippino Lippi (b. 1460, d. 1505), an artist who inherited the wild genius of his reputed father Fra Lippi, with a still further afflatus of diablerie. We pass hastily over two *cassone* panels, "The Battle of Porto Fino, near Genoa" (188), and its companion, "The Triumphal Entry of Roberto Mannelli into Porto Fino" (198). Certain breakdown passages in drawing and execution pronounce these most dramatic compositions to be of the school and not of the master. What is chiefly interesting in the panels is, first, that they are good examples of the Italian practice of painting marriage and other chests; secondly, that these decorative pictures have been allowed to perish just as they best liked. The restorer's touch has not presumed to arrest the ordinary stages of decay in nature. The curious antiquary will rejoice, but the general public always prefer the polished surface of the picture-cleaner. In far more presentable condition is "The Adoration of the Magi" (170), assigned to Filippino Lippi, but possibly from the easel of the Peselli. The scene, thoroughly characteristic of the time and master, would be fitter for the London stage than for the manger at Bethlehem. The Madonna and Child are seated on the marble steps of a supremely architectonic palace, and the assemblage of Magi, with attendants, becomes decorative to the last degree. But here again sceptical criticism protests; touch, the last test with connoisseurs, handling, which is to an artist what handwriting is to the author, reveals the imitator, not the artist.

REVIEWS.

HUNTER'S LIFE OF LORD MAYO.*

THAT a Life of Lord Mayo should be written was a natural consequence of his brief but vigorous administration in India, and his untimely death. And in several respects Mr. Hunter is excellently qualified for this task. He is known both in India and England as a writer who has contrived to make obscure annals and uncongenial topics palatable to many readers. He is master of a flexible, polished, and even eloquent style. His experience as a member of the Bengal Civil Service enables him to thread his way carefully through the inevitable labyrinth of Oriental titles and terms. Ample and trustworthy materials have been placed at his disposal by the colleagues, friends, and relatives of the late Viceroy, of which he has made a good use. The result is that he has produced two volumes precise in statement, faithful in portraiture, and, if controversial, not too much overlaid with details. But, while admitting that Mr. Hunter has done justice to the memory of Lord Mayo, we are by no means disposed to join in the chorus of praise which has greeted the appearance of this biography, or to admit that the volumes are not, in several respects, open to criticism. The *Times*, by the way, in what is otherwise a just and discriminating review of this work, dubs its author "Professor" for two columns and a half. Mr. Hunter is, in his own line, a distinguished member of the Bengal Civil Service, and his literary performances have obtained for him a good deal of notice and several honorary additions from Foreign and British Societies; but we have been unable to discover that he has held any office which justifies the title invented for him by the leading journal. Nor do we think that any member of the Civil Service, whether nominee of the Directors or brilliant Competitioner, would be very anxious to claim a denomination which in these days is often assumed by teachers of acrobatic feats and the art of natation. However, there is happily room in India for the display of talent of every kind, and it may be very right and proper that some men should abandon all hope of distinction in the rough ways of district management, or in the hard work of the secretariat desk, for the more pleasant, and perhaps quite as profitable, paths of literature. Anglo-Indians will hardly repress a smile at the profuseness with which Mr. Hunter distributes laudatory epithets to the colleagues, advisers, and subordinates of Lord Mayo. We say this because he is very careful to inform us that he has imposed on himself "a rule of reticence regarding the personal qualities of living men." After this it is amusing to reckon the number of times in which he has applied the term "eminent" to councillors, secretaries, and diplomatists; and the paragraphs in which he ostentatiously goes out of his way to smother individuals with praise. There is an admirable precept in Arthur Clough's New Decalogue, which ambitious young civilians will do well to remember:—

> Honour thy parents: that is, all
> From whom advancement may befall.

It is a natural incident to such a biography that it should deal with the opinions of men still living, and with measures the effect of which is imperfectly felt. But there are asterisks which conceal nothing, and gaps which it would have been perfectly innocuous to fill in with the name. In dealing with some reforms which are not yet fully tested, it was perhaps impossible to avoid the appearance of controversy; and many of the pages are occupied with extracts from minutes and letters in which the late Viceroy argues out his own views. It is sometimes rather difficult to say where this "eminent" councillor or that tried "friend" ends, and where Mr. Hunter takes up his own parable. Perhaps this was inevitable, but it only shows the difficulty that attends a biographer who is treading, as it were, on the heels of his subject-matter. Even such a practised writer is not always free from little blemishes. The men who compose our cavalry are not usually styled "privates," but "troopers." To translate the term Peshwa (the old head of the Mahrattas) by "over-lord" is to substitute what is for the majority of readers something more mystic and bewildering than the original term. Lord Mayo, with all his geniality and good nature, would have been sorely tried if he had seen himself described as a "clever sportsman with his gun." He was, it is well known, a good rider and a capital shot. We are sorry, too, to find Mr. Hunter not above claptrap when he pictures an Indian "husbandman and his family toiling, bare-backed, in the sun or under the tropical rains." Does the author, who has seen seed-time and harvest, really mean that the Ryot would be better off if he did not divest himself of his *chuddur* or upper garment when he is ploughing or weeding? In relating a well-known anecdote of the late Justice Maule, who sarcastically explained to the prisoner why there was not one law for the poor and another for the rich, Mr. Hunter robs the anecdote of its point by representing the trial as one for wife-beating, instead of bigamy. We think, too, that the author is quite wrong in ascribing the downfall of the Moghul Empire to the abandonment of what he calls a "peripatetic" Government, or Life in Camp, as practised by emperors from Akbar to Aurangzib. The unwieldy Empire of Delhi fell owing to Aurangzib's bigotry, its own corruption and weakness, the raid of Nadir Shah, and the rise of the Mahrattas. But "false centralization" had nothing to do with victories gained over Imperial forces in Northern India, or with Plassey. These, however, are partial blots. A graver objection to Mr. Hunter's work is that, while bringing out the merits of Lord Mayo's administration, he has made it appear that Lord Mayo either abandoned for ever some vital errors into which his predecessors had deviated, or at least that he discovered some new mode of governing the Empire which had escaped their penetration. We do not say that Mr. Hunter puts this view forward in so many words, but this is the impression caused by his flowing narrative, as we shall endeavour to show.

We do not agree with critics who hold that too much or too little has been made of Lord Mayo's early life and education. It was quite right to give us a glimpse of the family circle at Hayes, to show that Mr. Bourke owed much to home influence, nothing to any public school, and very little to Trinity College, Dublin. We see that he was fond of history, that he dabbled

A Life of the Earl of Mayo, Fourth Viceroy of India. By W. W. Hunter, B.A., LL.D., of Her Majesty's Bengal Civil Service. 2 vols. 12 Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

in authorship, and that with his prospects, as was natural, he represented in Parliament, first, Kildare and then Coleraine, till driven, like other politicians, to seek an English borough. But we think that more might have been made of the Irish Secretaryship and less of the pedigree of the Bourkes. Had Lord Mayo never been Viceroy, his biography would probably not have been written. But when the story of his life came to be told, a greater space should have been given to the Irish Office. That a violent outcry arose, when Mr. Disraeli selected his Chief Secretary for the post of Viceroy, is partly to be explained by the waning popularity of the Ministry after more than two years of office, and partly by the extravagant price set by English politicians and journalists on Parliamentary eloquence and readiness in debate. These accomplishments, as Macaulay has remarked, in the last century well nigh made a Chancellor of the Exchequer of Sheridan, though he could hardly work a sum in long division; and to this day, many men look on ability to arrest the attention of the House for a couple of hours as a guarantee for every kind of administrative talent. Others are unable to understand the sudden revelation of new powers in a man who would not perhaps be placed high in the second flight of Parliamentary orators. They think either that Lord Mayo had a rare talent for concealing his own merits, or else that India may be governed *parvuld sapientiâ*. Both views would be wrong, and the Premier knew his man. And surely the experience of the past few years might have taught us that ability to engage a fastidious audience or to move the masses by impassioned rhetoric is not necessarily coupled with executive talent, or even with the capacity to understand Englishmen. Some of those orators whom we should gladly walk ten miles to hear would make a poor figure if called on to govern proud and sensitive feudatories, to get loyal work out of the civil and military servants of the Empire, and to carry with them that important, but occasionally captious, section of the community which is made up of merchants, barristers, and men of enterprise and independence. Lord Mayo, curious as it may sound to those who only knew him as Master of the Kildare hounds or as the exponent of Irish grievances and their remedies to an impatient House, was possessed of some of the best qualities of a governing race. The position of Viceroy was just calculated to develop them to the fullest. And so we arrive at the main features of an administration which Mr. Hunter has described in four or five chapters. The time is not yet come when the whole of Lord Mayo's Afghan and Central-Asian policy can be disclosed. But its outline is faithfully given, and Mr. Hunter allows prominence to the truth that Lord Mayo did *not* "reverse" the policy of his predecessor. To use the late Viceroy's own language to one of his confidential subordinates, at a time when the Indian newspapers were commenting on a supposed change, "So far from abandoning it, I have taken it up, and given it a precise limit." The Umballa Durbar, with its splendid pageantry and political consequences, was the corollary to Lord Lawrence's timely move. If anything was "reversed" or "abandoned" there, it was the Whig policy of thirty years before, with its tissue of political errors and its legacy of national disgrace. To send away the Amir of Cabul awed by our display of strength and grateful for our seasonable munificence; to teach him, and other princes at Nepaul, Kashmir, Kelat, and even Burmah, that the British Government only desires to preserve their independence and nationality; to oppose to the advances of Russia neither unseemly bluster nor helpless indifference; to meet intrigue and encroachment by consolidating our power within the Himalayas and the Indus, and not by occupying expensive and unhealthy outposts beyond them; to gain, in short, the confidence of the chiefs and to secure the contentment of the people—these considerations formed the key to Lord Mayo's policy with independent and with tributary States. With this view he took steps to settle a long-standing dispute regarding the boundary of Persia in Seistan and Beluchistan; he sent a friendly embassy to Yarkand; he taught the Loshais on our Eastern frontier that unhealthy jungles and pathless mountains could not stop the advance of a British column; and he insisted that principalities, internally independent, should be governed with common decency. But Mr. Hunter, while describing all this very well, writes with the air of one who has made an astounding discovery, that Lord Mayo was "his own foreign Minister and himself the initiatory member of Council for foreign affairs." This is an illustration of our previous criticism. Lord Mayo simply did what every Governor-General of note had done before him. The Foreign department has always been emphatically the Governor-General's own province. Mr. Webbe under Lord Wellesley, Mr. Dowdeswell under the Marquess of Hastings, Sir F. Currie under Lord Hardinge, Sir H. M. Elliot under Lord Dalhousie, Sir George Edmonstone under Lord Canning, four Foreign Secretaries in succession under Lord Lawrence, may very likely have expressed the sentiments or given effect to the policy of their respective chiefs. But the Governor-General's was the mind to conceive and the spirit to animate; and generally from him, too, would come the stately and sonorous phrases of some great manifesto whereby the Paramount Power informed the English and native community that annexation must follow on unprovoked aggression, or that some unprincipled and unmanageable tyrant had at last filled the cup of misgovernment to the brim.

Next in importance to the Foreign is the Financial department. Mr. Hunter, at some length, with ample statistics, and by the aid of the minutes of Lord Mayo and his Councillors, shows what was done in three years to put the revenue and expenditure on a sound basis. The late Viceroy, alarmed at a deficit, began by insisting on the most accurate returns and the most rigid economy in all departments; he then equalized the salt duties, and removed vexatious checks on the internal traffic in this article; and he proposed some most necessary reductions in the English and native forces, of which little more than one-half were sanctioned by the Home Government. There was every reason why each soldier, trooper, or battery dispensed with by Lord Mayo should have been struck off the estimates. This was not done, and Mr. Hunter, with a naïve and charming simplicity, hastens to assure us that neither Mr. Gladstone nor the Duke of Argyll could perpetrate or connive at a job. Does the author really suppose Cabinets to be above certain "influences," or hold that the exigencies of Indian finance will ever be permitted to outweigh the military privileges of the Horse Guards? Of course reductions were not the only measures taken by Lord Mayo to produce an equilibrium. He resorted to the unprecedented measure of raising the Income-tax, already unpopular, in the middle of the financial year. The expedient, though not wholly indefensible, led to a deal of criticism, opposition, and discontent, and eventually to the repeal of the tax. A far better measure was what is termed the decentralization of the finances. No greater contrast can be imagined than the powers of management formerly vested in the Indian Local Governments and their power to spend money. The sanction of Government used to be necessary, not only for disbursements on new public works, but for petty additions to existing salaries, or for the temporary entertainment of a few spare hands. The effect of this supervision was to discourage honest exertion, to multiply correspondence, and to generate a series of conflicts exquisitely irritating and indefinitely prolonged. Some changes had already been introduced, but Lord Mayo put an end to this state of things by granting yearly to each Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, or Chief Commissioner, a fixed and consolidated grant, and allowing them, with this, to defray the charges of civil administration, inclusive of public works, but exclusive of the army. Under certain limits and provisions, this grant is at the absolute disposal of the local Government, to be shifted and distributed as it may think best. The total of the allotment was about four and a quarter millions. This was a real reform, and it has hitherto been a success, while in favour of Lord Mayo's general financial policy there is much to be said. But Mr. Hunter, while dwelling on previous deficits, does not draw prominent attention to the fact that before the arrival of Lord Lawrence, and in the time of Lord Elgin, it had been determined to spend ten millions on barracks; and that between 1864 and 1869 large additional expenditure had been simply inevitable owing to higher salaries, the purchase of canals, the new India Office, irrigation works, fortifications, and all the other items of Government at a higher level and on a more expensive scale. In fact, the effect of Lord Mayo's financial measures ought to be tested, not by looking at the revenue before, but after, his Viceroyalty. It will be seen that the greater part of these difficulties have arisen from the sheer impossibility of getting all the essentials of a progressive, highly civilized, and expensive government out of a moderate revenue which may roundly stand at fifty millions a year. The Financial Resolutions of Lord Northbrook show that, even in Lord Mayo's time, it became necessary to borrow, for loans to corporate bodies and municipalities, the sum of nearly eleven millions; that in 1874-5 Lord Northbrook had to raise eight and a half millions by loan, for reproductive works, municipal loans, and the expenditure on the famine, of which only two millions were due to the latter cause; and that by the year 1877-8 it is calculated that twenty-two and a half millions must be spent on railways and irrigation works to secure the empire against similar calamities. In fact, Lord Northbrook, only two years ago, was wisely and deliberately framing his budget for a deficit of three millions and a quarter. These figures, which we take from the most authentic sources, lead to the inference that Indian revenue may be expansive, but that its expansion is slow. It has none of the springiness and elasticity which enabled Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe to perform feats that savour of magic. And yet if Indian provinces are to be connected by good roads, and pierced by fertilizing canals; if Indian cities are to enjoy good water and sound drainage; if Indian courts are to be presided over by natives judges raised, by adequate salaries, above the temptation to dishonesty; if the ignorant masses are to be taught the commonest rudiments of education; these and scores of other things must be paid for. It is no great financial feat to cut down salaries to the lowest limit, to make two servants do the work of one, to house the English soldier in unhealthy cantonments, and to let the native population rot in ignorance, or run the risk of dying by disease and starvation. In short, to put the case briefly, is it better to cover a populous province with roads and canals at a cost of some two or three millions beforehand, or to run the chance of having to spend twice that sum by extemporizing a gigantic poor-law at a recondous crisis? It is our objection to Mr. Hunter's financial chapters that he does not give due weight to these considerations, and that Lord Mayo is described as if he had made financial deficits a moral impossibility. He accomplished a great deal in his too brief Viceroyalty. He gave method to the system of accounts, regularity to the submission of the Estimates, and to each Governor of a province a new and wholesome interest in his work. But he did not, and could not, change the conditions under which a poor and a "barbaric" empire has to be dragged up to the platform of civilisation in our day.

Legislation is a subject in which the Governor-General takes less practical interest than any other, though he is of course responsible

for the general tone and scope of all enactments, especially such as are intended to levy taxes, to remove disabilities, or to punish outrages and crimes. Whether it was that Mr. Hunter felt himself unequal to the task of expounding a subject so peculiar as Indian law, or whether he had a fancy to attempt biography on the principle of a Joint-Stock Company "limited," we are not sure; but the whole of the legislative chapter is written by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen. We need hardly say that this part of the book is distinguished by the perspicuity, the point, the vigorous rhetoric, the apt illustration, and the ready application of English principles to Oriental requirements, that mark whatever comes from Mr. Stephen's pen. As an exposition of the varying system on which laws have been, or are now made, for all classes in India, as a text-book for candidates for the Indian Civil Service, it is almost perfect. But it can hardly be called appropriate to Lord Mayo's biography, though we do not wish to underrate this portion of his Viceroyalty, or to forget that Mr. Stephen himself, in little more than two years of office, did an immense deal to simplify, codify, and condense the Indian statutes. We think that he perhaps somewhat inclines to raise ghosts of civilian theories in order to exorcise them, and we are certain that he is wrong in describing the celebrated village communities as a "crude form of Socialism." Whatever may be the merits or demerits of those remarkable institutions, they are decidedly conservative, and even aristocratic in tendency. They are no more a form of "Socialism" than are the rich companies of the City at this day, or the Guilds of the middle ages. But this remark need not spoil the enjoyment of Mr. Stephen's forcible and luminous chapter.

We have no more space to enlarge on the other measures which distinguished the three years of Lord Mayo's rule, or to dwell on his mode of doing business, his healthy love of field sports, his genial hospitality, and what Mr. Disraeli termed "the magnificence of his life." His creation of a department of Agriculture and Commerce; his detailed schemes for irrigation, for the education of the native masses, for the rescue of the degraded English vagrant; his State railways, with the battle of the gauges, and many other matters, will all be found very fairly stated in Mr. Hunter's own words. And nothing that we have said in criticizing the execution of the biography must be taken to imply that we dissent, on the whole, from the author's estimate of Lord Mayo. Indeed, in common with several others, we should be inclined to say quite as much, or even more in his praise than Mr. Hunter. Lord Mayo's power of mastering new subjects and of getting through work was no less remarkable than the influence which he exercised over subordinates and colleagues, and the charm of his manner when he greeted successive batches of proud native chiefs. Then, too, there was a fearlessness about him when denouncing incapacity, practising retrenchments, and introducing reforms destined to severe criticism and opposition, which is invaluable in a Viceroy who, for the whole period of his administration, was serving a Ministry of politics different from his own. His patronage was distinguished by purity of motive and by happiness of selection, and he showed no dread of the proximity of able men, either in conference or debate. The slight sketches of a popular Viceroy drawn in two excellent novels, the *True Reformer* and the *Chronicles of Dustypore*, are but instances of the truth often found in the pages of fiction. What may be Lord Mayo's exact position in the roll of Viceroys, it is probably premature to try and fix; but we are quite certain that it is possible to do adequate justice to his career and character without ascribing to him, as peculiar, merits which he shared with others, and without implying that he undertook tasks to which their strength had proved unequal. Every kind of ability has happily found its appropriate sphere of action in the eventful growth of our Indian Empire for the last hundred years, and those who most cherish Lord Mayo's memory are content to believe that, in the gallery of men who faithfully served the Crown or the Company in one of the most splendid of positions, his figure will not be the least conspicuous, nor will his achievements the soonest fade out of sight.

SWINBURNE'S ERECHTHEUS.*

THOSE who were not deterred by its inordinate length from reading *Bothwell* must have expected to find beauty and strength in Mr. Swinburne's new dramatic poem; and in such expectation it is not likely that they will be disappointed. *Erechtheus* seems to us in some respects the finest work that the poet has produced. It can be more readily mastered than *Bothwell*, extending as it does only to the moderate length of 1,760 lines; and it has the melody and imagery of *Atalanta* combined with a new force. The form in which the tragedy is written compels Mr. Swinburne to be at his best. One of his great faults has been an over-diffuseness, a tendency to run riot in alluring mazes of language, to wanton in a bewildering splendour of words. It has seemed as if his mind were overcharged with images and expressions of which he could not or would not control the confusing exuberance. Like one who, possessing a fair garden, has for very love of the growing flowers and the twining shoots rejected all notion of keeping their abundance, and so suffered things of beauty to be wasted in disorder, he has allowed the freshness and vigour of his thought to spread and lose itself in the multitude of his words. The method of Greek tragedy imposes a restraint which does much to prevent such errors as these, while it leaves ample room for the poet's thought to shape itself in words which can be sweet with melody, or stately and firm as the march of the Athenian host, or again can seem charged with the terror and swiftness of a storm.

The legend that the poet has chosen for his tragedy, in treating which he has here and there departed from its ordinary form to make dramatic improvements, is full, in the classic sense, of dramatic suggestion. The situation upon which the whole depends is the familiar one of a maiden sacrificing herself to the gods below for the well being of the State. The play opens with a speech from Erechtheus, in which he addresses Earth, "mother of life and death and all men's days," and describes the threatening of conquest with which Eumolpus has been permitted by the gods to terrify the city:—

> But none of these, thou knowest, have I
> Chid with my tongue or cursed at heart for grief,
> Knowing how the soul runs reinless on sheer death
> Whose grief or joy takes part against the Gods.
> And what they will is more than our desire,
> And their desire is more than what we will.
> For no man's will and no desire of man's
> Shall stand as doth a God's will.

In a previous part of the speech he has told of the charge laid upon him to put out "the brief light kindled of mine own child's life," and he concludes with a prayer for the protection and strengthening of the city. The Chorus replies to him as the Chorus is wont to do, by insisting upon the misery which he has just described to them. Their comfortless comfort is conveyed with wonderful beauty of verse. In one passage there is a description of Athens:—

> Too well, too well was the great stake worth
> A strife divine for the Gods to judge,
> A crowned God's triumph, a foiled God's grudge,
> Though the loser be strong and the victress wise
> Who played long since for so large a prize,
> The fruitful immortal anointed adored
> Dear city of men without master or lord,
> Fair fortress and fostress of sons born free,
> Who stand in her sight and in thine, O sun,
> Slaves of no man, subjects of none;
> A wonder enthroned on the hills and sea,
> A maiden crowned with a fourfold glory
> That none from the pride of her head may rend,
> Violet and olive-leaf purple and hoary,
> Song-wreath and story the fairest of fame,
> Flowers that the winter can blast not or bend;
> A light upon earth as the sun's own flame,
> A name as his name,
> Athens, a praise without end.

Praxithea enters, and Erechtheus gradually unfolds to her the terrible fate that is hanging over them. After the interchange of several speeches, varied by a *στιχομυθία* in which she displays her readiness to do and suffer all things for her country's sake, he addresses her with—

> O woman, thou hast shamed my heart with thine,
> To show so strong a patience; take then all;
> For all shall break not nor bring down thy soul,

and tells her the plain truth that the under gods require their daughter Chthonia's life as a sacrifice, if the city is to be saved. Chthonia appears, and demands the cause of her mother's grief; upon which follows a tragic appeal from Praxithea to the Chorus for counsel, which they do not give, and a dialogue between Praxithea and her daughter, concluded by a long speech from the Queen, which has a woman's tenderness and a poet's strength. The conception of the two characters, the woman and the girl, "matched equal, heart with heart," each willing to give up all for the good of the city, each striving to save the other suffering, is in the highest degree touching, and the execution is worthy of the idea. The end of Praxithea's speech presents a fine picture of grief mastered by the resolution of patriotism:—

> Come therefore, I will make thee fit for death,
> I that could give thee, dear, no gift at birth
> Save of light life that breathes and bleeds, even I
> Will help thee to this better gift than mine
> And lead thee by this little living hand
> That death shall make so strong, to that great end
> Whence it shall lighten like a God's and strike
> Dead the strong heart of battle that would break
> Athens; but ye, pray for this land, old men,
> That it may bring forth never child on earth
> To love it less, for none may more, than we.

The next chorus contains a description of the rape of Oreithyia by Boreas, in which it may be thought that the writer has given the rein too much to his fancy, but of which the poetry is undeniable. After the chorus a herald from Eumolpus, addressing them as

> Old men, grey borderers on the march of death,
> Tongue-fighters, tough of talk and sinewy speech,

conveys a challenge from his King to the people of Athens. Erechtheus puts a stop to the war of words which is carried on for a time between the Chorus and the Herald, and in a majestic speech gives the Herald his answer to Eumolpus's challenge:—

> Tell him this;
> Though thrice his might were mustered for our scathe
> And thicker set with fence of thorn-edged spears
> Than sands are whirled about the wintering beach
> When storms have swoln the rivers, [illegible] their blasts
> Have breached the broad sea-banks [illegible] sea,
> That waves of inland and the main [illegible] war
> As men that mix and grapple; [illegible] his ranks

* *Erechtheus.* A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

Were more to number than all wildwood leaves
The wind waves on the hills of all the world,
Yet should the heart not faint, the head not fall,
The breath not fail of Athens.

After the departure of the Herald, and another chorus, there follows an interchange of speeches between Praxithea, the Chorus, and Chthonia, who is going to offer herself as a sacrifice. The long speech of Praxithea which occurs here is, it seems to us, overcharged with repetition in new melodies of what has been said before; but one could forgive far graver faults for the sake of the beautiful lines in which the mother's love finds its last expression before the daughter departs to death. Chthonia's final invocation is perhaps in thought and form the most perfect piece of poetry in the volume; and, at the risk of seeming to make too copious extracts, we here quote it:—

CHTHONIA.

I lift up mine eyes from the skirts of the shadow, [*Str.*
From the border of death to the limits of light,
O streams and rivers of mountain and meadow,
That hallow the last of my sight,
O father that wast of my mother
Cephisus, O thou too his brother
From the bloom of whose banks as a prey
Winds harried my sister away,
O crown on the world's head lying
Too high for its waters to drown,
Take yet this one word of me dying,
O city, O crown.
Though land-wind and sea-wind with mouths that blow slaughter [*Ant.*
Should gird them to battle against thee again,
New-born of the blood of a maiden thy daughter,
The rage of their breath shall be vain.
For their strength shall be quenched and made idle
And the foam of their mouths find a bridle,
And the height of their heads bow down
At the foot of the towers of the town.
Be blest and beloved as I love thee
Of all that shall draw from thee breath;
Be thy life as the sun's is above thee;
I go to my death.

In the chorus which follows her departure there is some savour of the vagueness and redundance of which we have before spoken; and it contains one strange and singularly unhappy expression in the second antistrophe which the poet hardly justifies by the reference to the fragment of Æschylus's *Danaides* given at the end. Speaking of references reminds us of a curious coincidence in the phraseology of three poets. Mr. Swinburne in the latter part of the *Erechtheus* tells of "a wild-haired meteor" which recalls to memory the φλογὸς μέγαν πώγωνα of Æschylus and the "fiery tresses in the sky" of Shakspeare.

The chorus of which we have just spoken is followed, as one would expect, by the arrival of a messenger to tell how Chthonia has died, and how before the priest raised the knife to her throat she spake "with maiden tongue words manlike," and said how gladly she went to the death that should set her country free from the dread of devastation. He goes on to tell how her sisters, whether from the madness of grief or from doubt lest the gods might not require their lives too to save the country, "and bring the oracular doom to perfect end," have slain themselves at the altar-foot, and the city is shaken with fear, "and as dead leaves are men's hearts blown about," with presage that the innocent blood shed may rest as a curse on the land. The Chorus replies that now is the time for strength, though the ship of the State may seem near to foundering:—

For the steersman Time sits hidden astern,
With dark hand plying the rudder of doom,
And the surf-smoke under it flies like fume
As the blast shears off and the oar-blades churn
The foam of our lives that to death return,
Blown back as they break to the gulfing gloom.

Then comes a description, which, full of fire, is perhaps overburdened with metaphor, of the storm of war even now raging between Eumolpus and the Athenian army; and when the Chorus has sung its song a Herald brings news that Athens is safe, the joyous ring of which he is careful to muffle with mysterious hints of new disaster. To Praxithea, who hears his discourse, and charges him to speak quickly that which he has to say, he replies in a phrase remarkable for the fulness of meaning carried in a few words:—

I have no will to weave too fine or far,
O queen, the weft of sweet with bitter speech,
Bright words with darkling; but the brief truth shown
Shall plead my pardon for a lingering tongue,
Loth yet to strike hope through the heart and slay.

His tidings are of the battle-field where he has seen the Athenian army seem to quail before the warriors of Eumolpus; but Eumolpus and the King came together and the battle parted and paused round them. Then Erechtheus struck Eumolpus dead with a spear through his heart, and the ranks of the foe fell back groaning. But the death of Poseidon's son was avenged by "a sheer shaft of lightning writhen" which killed Erechtheus. Thus Praxithea has lost for the city's sake in one day her daughters and her husband. She replies with unshaken fervour of patriotism to the Herald's question "What wilt thou say now of this weal and woe?" "I praise the gods for Athens." She goes on to pray that death may [illegible] her too, and the Chorus wail over the sacrifice that has been accomplished and the evil that they dread [illegible] of blood. Athena, however, appears and brings comfort in the promise of prosperity to Athens; and the tragedy ends with a thanksgiving from the Chorus.

Mr. Swinburne's work is unequal, but that is a less important fact than its proving that he is capable of constant improvement and acquirement of strength. We have spoken of the restrictions which the form of his present poem imposes. If he bears the necessity for restraint in mind, and chooses to turn his attention to an English drama fitted for representation, there appears no reason why he should not produce one of the finest works of that kind that have been seen in modern times.

MAX MÜLLER'S CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP.—VOL. IV.*

THIS volume is, we suppose, to be looked on as a parting gift from its author to the land which he seemed to have made his adopted country, and which had certainly learned to look on him as an adopted son. All who were not in the secret must have been amazed indeed when Professor Müller made his late announcement of his purpose both to give up his chair at Oxford and to leave England altogether. We might have wished that he could have brought himself to stay in England, at all events, till all those Englishmen who professed to know anything about such matters at all had fully taken in what seemed to some to be hard sayings—first, that Professor Müller did not himself invent comparative philology; secondly, that the object of comparative philology is not to show that Greek is derived from Sanskrit. We can assure him, from our opportunities of raking in lower depths than he is likely to know anything about, that both these illusions are still not uncommon. Moreover, to judge from his own words in one of the pieces in this volume, we cannot understand where he will find a better place for his Vedic studies than he has hitherto found at Oxford. However, he has made up his mind to go; so we have nothing to do but to lament his going, and to get what comfort we can out of his own declaration in a former volume, that at least in his native Anhalt he will still be, if we may be allowed to use the words in their very widest sense, on English ground. We are therefore even the more ready to welcome anything which he thinks good to leave with us as a parting gift; and the present volume of "Chips," though part of it consists of ephemeral matter, which we cannot help thinking would have been better left out, also contains many pieces which are thoroughly solid and valuable, and which we are glad indeed to have in a permanent form. Most of the essays are, as the title-page tells us, on the subject for which Professor Müller has done so much, the science of language. For that very reason perhaps, the one that most strikes us is the one which has least to do with the science of language—namely, the Essay on the Migration of Fables which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for July 1870. This essay is not only extremely valuable in itself, but it is also, so to speak, the kind of thing which it was right on other grounds that Professor Müller should write. He has taught people, and most truly and profitably, that there are a vast mass of tales going about the world which belong to the science of comparative mythology; tales whose likeness in the forms in which we find them in distant ages and countries can be explained only by their having all come from a common source in pre-historic times. He has shown that this class is so large that careless hearers or readers might easily run away with the belief that all likenesses among tales to be found in distant times and places are to be explained in this one way, and in no other. It was therefore fitting that he rather than any other man should show that there is another class of tales which are also found very widely spread among distant times and places, but whose likeness is not to be traced up to any pre-historic source, but is to be accounted for by transmission, perhaps strictly literary transmission within historic times. The first example which Professor Müller deals with is a class of fables which has given rise to the familiar proverb that warns us not to count our chickens before they are hatched, and to the less familiar proverbial saying of an Almaschar dream. This last form of the story, which may be found either in the *Arabian Nights* or in the *Spectator*, seems somehow to have drawn to itself less of Professor Müller's attention than most of the kindred forms. He puts it, indeed, in the shape which it takes in the *Spectator*, in a note at the end of the essay, but he does not fully discuss it, as he discusses some of the others in various languages. The tale is to be found in a crowd of shapes in most of the languages of Europe and Western Asia; but they all come from an Indian source, the Sanskrit collection of fables called the "Pankatantra." In its first form the person who breaks or upsets the pot, pail, or basket, which is to be the source of wealth, is neither Perrette with her milk, nor Almaschar with his crockery, but a Brahmin who has got a pot of rice by begging. Like all his followers, he dreams the day-dream of the wealth and greatness which are to come of the pot of rice, and ends by breaking the pot and scattering the rice all over himself. A critic given to cavilling might say that the later forms are improvements on the earlier, because the grains of rice might, with [illegible] amount of time and labour, be got together again, [illegible] milk and the broken crockery were lost for ever. [illegible] rules that the spreading of this story, and [illegible], is not to be traced back to the days of Aryan [illegible] is simply due to translations of the Indian original made directly or in-

* *Chips from a German Workshop.* By F. Max Müller, M.A. Vol. IV. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

directly into Persian, Arabic, Greek, Latin, and the languages of modern Europe.

But in the same essay Professor Müller has a stranger tale to tell. "Few," as he says, "would have suspected a father of the Church as an importer of Eastern fables, yet so it is." St. John of Damascus holds a singular position as a Christian high in the favour of a Saracen Caliph, and winning fame as a defender of image-worship against an Iconoclastic Emperor. He is also said to have written a story called "Barlaam and Joasaph," an early specimen of a religious novel. Its genuineness has been doubted; but Professor Müller accepts it as the real work of John, and if it be not his, it must be the work of some other divine deeply versed in Eastern learning. The story became popular; it was translated into many languages; it was taken for a true history, and Barlaam and Joasaph were accepted as saints. Yet Professor Müller shows that the story is really one of the legends of Buddha fitted with a new set of names. For Buddha to become a canonized saint almost goes beyond the tale, true or false, that the famous statue of St. Peter once did duty as a statue of Jupiter.

The other pieces in the volume are Professor Müller's Inaugural Lecture as Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford, his Rede Lecture at Cambridge—both of them provided with more purely technical appendices—his lecture at Strasburg, which many will remember; his lecture in Westminster Abbey, which more will remember; an Address delivered at the International Congress of Orientalists in London in 1874, and the Life of Colebrooke, reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*. To these are added a reply to Mr. Darwin, from the *Contemporary Review*, and a paper headed "In Self-Defence," which seems not to have been printed before. This last is an answer to Professor Whitney, of Harvard College. These two pieces, we hold, had much better have been left out. It is very rarely that purely controversial pieces of this kind are worth preserving in a permanent shape. Professor Müller's "Chips," notwithstanding their title, are for the most part really solid stuff, thoroughly worth keeping. But these are mere chips, which, when they had served their immediate purpose, might have been left to the common fate of chips. It is very often the best policy to hold one's peace altogether under such attacks as those which have been made on Professor Muller; sometimes it is well to answer them at the time; but it is very seldom indeed that the answers are worth permanently preserving. Even if new facts and arguments are brought to light in skirmishes of this kind, it is commonly better to keep those facts and arguments to be used at some other time in some other shape. Now how is it in this case? We read Professor Müller's two answers, and we see that both Mr. Darwin, Junior, and Professor Whitney have been speaking of him in a way in which they certainly ought not to have spoken. In Professor Whitney we wonder at this, because he at least has a position of his own with which he might be satisfied without running down a brother scholar. But we hardly get beyond this very general frame of mind. We have before us Professor Muller's defence in full, but the accusations of his enemies we have only in scraps. Perhaps we never saw them before; perhaps we have seen them and forgotten them. In any case we see them only through Professor Müller's eyes. To us it seems that he might very well have left them altogether alone, or at all events might have been satisfied with his answer in the *Contemporary Review*. We are quite certain of one thing, that there is nothing in the matter which can in the least degree damage Professor Müller's position as a scholar. The Strasburg and Westminster lectures were so much talked of at the time that there is not much to be said about them now. But again we might have been spared some personal controversy which follows the lecture; nor does there seem any particular reason for printing a sermon of Dean Stanley's in the middle of the essays of Professor Müller. The Life of Colebrooke is a worthy tribute to a great scholar in Professor Müller's own special line. But there is in it the least possible tinge, which we are sure is quite unintentional, of depreciation of Sir William Jones. It is hardly to the purpose to say, "Ask any librarian, and he will say that at the present day the collected works of Sir W. Jones are hardly ever consulted by Sanskrit scholars, while Colebrooke's essays are even now passing through a second edition." We should not be in the least surprised to learn that Professor Muller, in the course of his own philological studies, has never thought of consulting the works either of Giraldus Cambrensis or of Roger Bacon; and we are quite certain that, if he did, he would not add to his own knowledge by so doing. Yet both Giraldus and Roger have left us philological remarks which, coming from them in their times and under their circumstances, prove more for the inborn philological genius of the men themselves than any discovery which any scholar can make now with labours of earlier scholars to work upon. The *Castalia* is a better means of crossing the Channel than a coracle, but the deviser of the coracle took a greater step in naval architecture than the deviser of the *Castalia*. The works of Sir William Jones may have been made practically quite useless by the progress made since his time. Yet he surely saw many points in the relations of languages which no one had seen before him, and he in fact laid a foundation for others to build on. It was surely he who first put these relations into something like a definite shape, and this is a greater step than any one step that can be taken afterwards.

We turn now to the two lectures which come first in the volume. In the Inaugural Lecture at Oxford Professor Müller has a good deal to say about sinecure fellowships, every word of which is thoroughly to the purpose. Still all that is said, and so truly said, on this subject nowadays can never be read without something of a smile by those who had a part in the controversies of five-and-twenty or thirty years ago. They can remember how they were called old fogies then for saying the very same things which are now put forth as the newest lights by the very same school by whom the cry of old fogeyism was raised then. As in countless other cases, there is nothing so foolish as to be wise before the time. Giraldus was probably thought a fool in his own day on the strength of his forestallings of philology, and now few philologists know that he ever forestalled them. So it is with those who, a generation back, vainly preached those doctrines of reform which are applauded when others preach them now. In this, of course, Professor Müller has no share. He had not, and could not have, any part in the controversies of those times, so that his witness has the more value, as being quite independent. To allow Fellows of Colleges to receive their revenues without the slightest shadow of discharging any duties was, five-and-twenty years ago, thought the newest and most liberal thing, and hard was the lot of those who spoke against the newest and most liberal thing. Those who did so speak stand now where they stood then, but they have seen those who then spoke the other way come round to their own position, of course without acknowledging, most likely without knowing, that they have come round. Professor Muller has not come round, because there was nothing for him to come round to. He gives us the deliberate result of his own observation, for which we are the more thankful. Having said this, and having traced the history of professorships of language in Oxford, showing that the foundation of most of them was owing to some controversial or other practical need of the times when they were founded, he then goes on to point out the advantages which mere Greek and Latin scholarship may gain from a knowledge of comparative philology, and especially from a knowledge of Sanskrit. Here is a truth which seems all the truer from the amusing form in which it is put:—

> As to writing Greek and Latin verse, I do not maintain that a knowledge of Comparative Philology will help us much. It is simply an art that must be acquired by practice, if in these our busy days it is still worth acquiring. A good memory will no doubt enable us to say at a moment's notice whether certain syllables are long or short. But is it not far more interesting to know why certain vowels are long and others short, than to be able to string longs and shorts together in imitation of Greek and Latin hexameters? Now in many cases the reason why certain vowels are long or short, can be supplied by Comparative Philology alone.

The Rede Lecture is devoted to what the Professor calls the "stratification of language." These words have doubtless puzzled many, but the meaning is clear enough when we read the lecture. The subject of that lecture carries us far away out of the ordinary range of the European, or even of the Oriental, scholar, and shows the wide difference between those who master comparative philology for its own sake and those who simply use it as illustrating particular languages and their history. But the difference is simply in the range, not in the method. The man who uses comparative philology simply to illustrate other subjects studies it, so far as he does study it, in exactly the same way as the man who studies it for its own sake; only he stops short at some point defined by the nature of his own studies, while the other carries on the same method, we may say, to infinity, at any rate as far as he can find languages on the earth to apply his method to. In the Oxford Lecture Professor Müller dealt with comparative philology mainly in its reference to other subjects. In the Cambridge Lecture he deals with comparative philology in itself. From this point of view we understand what seems startling when one first reads it, that the Aryan and Semitic tongues after all form but a very small part, and not the most important part, of the study of language. Such a passage as the following is startling to those who study language mainly either to illustrate political history or directly as a matter of literature; but a few moments' thought shows that the hard saying is perfectly true from the point of view from which it is uttered:—

> Language would be language still, nay, would be more truly language, if the idea of a literature, whether oral or written, had never entered men's minds; and however important the effects produced by this artificial domestication of language may be, it is clear that our ideas of what language is in a natural state, and therefore what Sanskrit and Hebrew, too, must have been before they were tamed and fixed by literary cultivation, ought not to be formed from an exclusive study of Aryan and Semitic speech. I maintain that all that we call Aryan and Semitic speech, wonderful as its literary representatives may be, consists of neither more nor less than so many varieties which all owe their origin to only two historical concentrations of wild unbounded speech; nay, however perfect, however powerful, however glorious in the history of the world,—in the eyes of the student of language, Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, are what a student of natural history would not hesitate to call "*monstra*," unnatural, exceptional formations which can never disclose to us the real character of language left to itself to follow out its own laws without let or hindrance.
>
> For that purpose a study of Chinese and the Turanian dialects, a study even of the jargons of the savages of Africa, Polynesia, and Melanesia is far more instructive than the most minute analysis of Sanskrit and Hebrew.

So a little way on we read:—

> Let no one be frightened at the idea of studying a Chinese grammar. Those who can take an interest in the secret springs of the mind, in the elements of pure reason, in the laws of thought, will find a Chinese grammar most instructive, most fascinating.

And so the Professor goes on, showing, in a way which those who know no Chinese at all can still perfectly follow, how from a language in the rudimentary state of Chinese we may learn a great deal which we cannot learn from those languages which, in literary

and historical importance, so far surpass it. This is a purely scientific view of the matter, and it is well that there should be men who study the subject with that purely scientific view, and it is also well that those who study language purely for literary or historical purposes should remember that, beyond their own field, lies a much wider field on which they are not called upon to enter. A man who studies language to illustrate European history need not understand Chinese; he need not even understand Sanskrit; but he cannot get on at all unless he thoroughly knows the relation in which the languages which he does understand stand to Sanskrit, and he is all the better if he understands the relation in which both they and Sanskrit stand to Chinese.

One chief matter of the Rede Lecture is to show that the usual division into *isolating*, *agglutinative*, or, as Professor Müller prefers to call it, *combinatory* and *inflexional*, must not be treated as a hard and fast line, admitting of no transition from one to the other, of no border-land between one and the other. He shows that in the inflexional languages instances of the two earlier stages still go on in the case of compound words, and we think he might have added that this happens more largely in a very late stage of inflexional languages when they have largely thrown off their inflexions:—

> The power of composition, which is retained unimpaired through every stratum, can at any moment place an inflectional on a level with an isolating and a combinatory language. A compound such as the Sanskrit go-duh, cow-milking, differs little, if at all, from the Chinese *niéou-jou*, *vaccae lac*, or in the patois of Canton, *ngau ü*, cow-milk, before it takes the terminations of the nominative, which is, of course, impossible in Chinese.
>
> So again in English *New-town*, in Greek *Nea-polis*, would be simply combinatory compounds. Even *Newton* would still belong to the combinatory stratum; but *Naples* would have to be classed as belonging to the inflectional stage.

In a later part of the lecture Professor Müller deals with the question of an original connexion between the Aryan and Semitic languages, and again between either or both of these and the non-inflexional languages. With these questions he deals in a spirit of the most praiseworthy caution, neither pooh-poohing such attempts nor yet being sanguine about them, but pointing out the way in which such inquiries should be carried on, and pointing out also the small amount of likeness which such a primæval connexion could leave in any of these languages in their present state.

A great part then of this volume is of the most sterling value, and worthy to range with the best things that Professor Müller has ever given us. And Professor Müller keeps his old art of making his subject intelligible and attractive to those who do not know a hundredth part so much about it as he does himself. Minute and controversial points he wisely keeps for notes and appendix. The Oxford, the Cambridge, and the Strasburg Lectures, and the Essay on the Migration of Fables, are real additions to the literature of Professor Muller's subject. But we think that he would do well in another edition to strike out the mere record of forgotten disputes with Mr. Darwin and Professor Whitney.

ANDERIDA.*

IN the year 490, or 491, "Ælle and Cissa beset Andredes-ceaster, and slew all that therein dwelled, nor was there so much as one Briton left." So runs that brief entry in the English Chronicles which Gibbon thought "more dreadful in its simplicity than all the vague and tedious lamentations of the British Jeremiah." Over this stern record has the anonymous author of *Anderida* meditated till he has evolved from it a three-volume novel dealing with the fortunes of the assailants and defenders of the doomed stronghold. His style and composition, however, have hardly attained the laconic energy of the ancient chronicler of South-Saxon prowess, and perhaps may be thought to partake somewhat of that quality of tediousness imputed to Gildas. Even if its story were better constructed than it is, *Anderida* would still be too long, too rambling, and overloaded with details. We frankly confess that we have not mastered the incidents of the attack and defence of the last fortress of the Saxon Shore, as here given, and cannot judge whether they would satisfy a military critic. Their full comprehension would demand an amount of mental exertion which would be almost sufficient to carry us creditably through a "war-game." So we content ourselves with the "general idea" that Ælle and his South-Saxons want to get into Anderida, and that Vortipore, the Count of the Saxon Shore, and Julius Romanus, the Præfect of the city, want to keep them out; and we turn the page when we find Farinmail of Venta concentrating "over three thousand men on the hills south of his camp," or Count Emyr of Calleva trying to effect "his junction with Julius," so that they may interpose "with ten thousand men between Ælle and his camps, his fleet, his supplies"; or Ælle and Cissa drawing up their men "in the usual triangular form," while the spearmen of Calleva advance "in a solid parallelogram, with a front of two hundred men." Truly, the days contemplated in *Punch's* nursery rhymes of the future cannot be far off:—

> Boys and girls, come out to play,
> Kriegspiel is the game to-day;
> Bring your books and bring your brains,
> Boys and girls, and plan campaigns.

We have at least got to a stage at which the young men and maidens who read novels are supposed to be capable of enjoying military technicalities. The engineering part of the business is treated in the same elaborate manner, and we may remark that, though Cissa may never have seen a flying bridge before he came to Britain, and may have taken it for a work of magic, most people nowadays have seen or heard of such a device, and do not need to have it explained at full length. Perhaps the liveliest bit of fighting is the battle which Julius wins mainly by the employment of a primitive species of *mitrailleuse*, and of carts set with spears which are sent rolling down hill into the advancing ranks of the South-Saxons. The author describes with positive gusto the effect of these ingenious engines—how Ælle "tore his grizzled beard to see his splendid fellows stricken down by machinery," and how the spear-set cars "ploughed" his ranks "asunder" and never stayed their course till they "were clogged with mangled bodies"; and he almost waxes bitter over the way in which the general public chose to ignore Julius, his tactics, and his machines as much as possible, and to give the chief praise to the *beau sabreur* Farinmail, who had led a dashing cavalry charge. Count Vortipore, too, is loth to allow the men at the machines their due meed of honour in the triumph. One would almost guess *Anderida* to be the work of a young engineer officer, aggrieved by some slight to the scientific branch of the service:—

> Stout Rhys, whose name had been placed on the list by Julius for dexterous management of one of the machines, was rewarded with a silver bracelet. The Count frowned as he gave it, muttering something about "artificers of victory." He had tolerated their mechanical presence in the field on grounds of public expediency—it was a sacrifice of his feelings on the altar of patriotism—but that they should be seen or heard afterwards usurping the honourable title and the just reward of the warrior, this gave a serious shock to his sense of propriety, and was contrary to reason and justice.

From what we have already said it may be perceived that there is a good deal of misapplied labour and energy in the book. It is no doubt a conscientious piece of work. The author has evidently taken great pains to "get up" his period, and seems to have the wisdom of Guest and Kemble at his fingers' ends. He has gone deep into Old-English law, institutions, and customs, and has striven to set before us a complete picture of the life of our forefathers. We think, however, that, if he had consulted Professor Stubbs, he would hardly have made the tything-men act as village magistrates, or have committed himself to the existence of the "frith-borh" in the days of Ælle the South-Saxon. In the matter of nomenclature he is precise, and we respect him for bestowing on one of his characters the ancient professional appellation of Smith—plain Smith, unperverted by any attempt to make it look more romantic or archaic. But knowledge is not an unmixed blessing. Scott, in his happy ignorance, could make his Saxons consign anything obnoxious to "Zernebock," which at any rate had a satisfactory sound; while our author, in default, as he complains, of authoritative information on the subject of Saxon expletives, is reduced to make Ælle "bother" something or other, an imprecation certainly below the dignity of a king and a future Bretwalda. Ælle, by the way, here appears as a king of some years' standing, although from Henry of Huntingdon it would seem that his kingship only dated from the year of the fall of Anderida. We may also note that the author is not in accordance with legend—we can hardly say history—when he tells us that "bitter sea-spray falls in tears, salt winds wail over the tomb where Vortimer sleeps by the wasting tide." That hero, according to Nennius, did indeed direct that he should be buried on the sea-coast, but his people "mandatum ejus contempserunt, et eum in loco in quo imperaverat illis non sepelierunt." He was buried, according to some versions of Nennius, at Lincoln, or, as Geoffrey of Monmouth says, at London. And how could a writer who has fixed the period of his story to the very day of the month and of the week allow the printer and binder to send *Anderida* forth to the world with a wrong date—"CCCCXLI" instead of CCCCXCI—on every volume?

On the whole, however, the general lines of the picture are true to the period, as understood by modern historians, and the author deserves credit for having seen what varieties of character and picturesque incident might be found at this early stage of English history, without drawing upon mythical or romantic elements. His Saxons are perhaps painted a little too much in rose-colour, but not more so than is permissible in fiction; and he has done well to avail himself of the idea of the division of the Britons into a Roman and a native party. But unfortunately the author, whatever else he knows, does not as yet know how to write a novel. We say as yet, because the book reads like a first essay in fiction, and shows signs of cleverness which lead us to think that the writer may do better hereafter. The plot is badly constructed, hard to understand, and weighted with so many needless details that we forget one set of incidents while trying to grasp another; indeed the writer sometimes forgets them himself, as when he orders Count Vortipore to prison, and some fifty pages later produces him on active service without any explanation. Spirited dialogue will often atone for weakness of construction, but here again our author fails, his dialogue being for the most part singularly heavy and feeble, not in thought, but in expression. Few people, we suspect, will ever read through *Anderida*, and yet there is good material in it, had it been skilfully handled. Thus Count Vortipore and Julius Romanus, who represent respectively the British and the Roman party in Anderida, are neither of them ill-conceived characters. Julius, in particular, unenthusiastic, untouched by Christianity, but strong in the old Roman religion of duty, who to the last does his best to save Anderida, is drawn with vigour,

* *Anderida: or, the Britons and the Saxon, A.D. CCCCXLI.* 3 vols. London: Bickers & Son. 1875.

and is well contrasted with the unstable, self-seeking Vortipore, who aspires to that mysterious-sounding dignity, the Pendragonship, and is ever ready to sacrifice the interests of Anderida and of Britain to his private ambition. Vortipore has been a kind of Don Giovanni in his day, "more or less married to many ladies"; and one of his intrigues has involved the murder—as he believes—of an inconvenient husband. The ins and outs of this affair and its sequel are very wearisome and hard to follow, and yet here again we might pick out passages which show power, although, as they stand, they are smothered under a mass of verbiage and confused incidents. Thus there is not a bad piece of stage effect when Vortipore recognizes his supposed victim in a prophetic monk who announces the doom of Anderida; and the secret interview between the frail wife, supposed to have been long dead, and her daughter by Vortipore—Bronwen, who has never known her mother—has a certain quiet pathos. With all his sins and crimes, Count Vortipore is by no means wholly detestable, which is more than can be said for his legitimate son Iorwerth, a hateful mixture of ruffian, rake, and fop, whose misdeeds bring ruin upon himself and Anderida. One Rhys, whom he has robbed of his wife, and Kynon the leech, a sort of Henbane Dwining, who has suffered from Iorwerth's savage temper, take their revenge by admitting Ælle and the South-Saxons within the city walls—a proceeding which bears considerable resemblance to that of calling the huntsman and hounds into the garden to kill the hare. Iorwerth is meant no doubt to illustrate the effects of the corrupt civilization of Rome superadded to the natural brutality of the barbarian; but artistic taste would demand that his repulsive traits should be touched with a lighter hand, and it would require the skill of a French novelist to guide us through the maze of Vortipore's past sins and Iorwerth's present ones.

When we turn to the more lawful love-making, we see that the author knows far too much to do things as they would have been done in the good old days of historical novels. Then we should have had pretty love passages between Teuton and Celt; Æscwine, the South-Saxon Gesith, would have been at the feet of Bronwen, the Pearl of Anderida, and Ælle's daughter Ostrythe would have sighed for Farinmail, the Star of Venta. Æscwine, regardless of his King's vow to spare no living thing, would have rescued Bronwen from the final massacre; and Ostrythe would have fled with her British admirer to Venta Belgarum, or have fallen lifeless on his corpse. But our author is aware that no Saxon of well-regulated mind could or would look with matrimonial intentions upon a Welshwoman—has not Professor Stubbs assured us that the thing is out of the question? The South-Saxon hero mates with the South-Saxon King's daughter—at least we hope he does, for the author forgets to tell us whether the marriage ever came off—and if Farinmail and Ostrythe do display a somewhat warm interest in each other, not a spark of jealousy is kindled in the placid breast of Æscwine. Farinmail, luckily for himself, is sent back to Venta before Anderida is taken, and drops quietly out of the story. He has broken off with his intended, Bronwen, on the discovery that she is no exactly the *ingénue* she seems, and he has had to leave the "maiden with the broom-flower hair" to her dull Saxon lover; but neither he nor anybody else is much affected thereby. Passionate love, in fact, is not the author's *forte*. When Æscwine leaves his lady a hostage within the walls of Anderida, he betrays hardly more emotion than if he were leaving her at the railway station to come on by the next train, and he directs her how to escape in case of need as calmly as if he was telling her to see her luggage labelled:—

> Then he gained admission to the lady herself, told her that he was going away, and that she would have to rely on herself alone.
>
> "I have done that ere now," said Ostrythe, laughing.
>
> "But these men are cunning and faithless, and I have had hints that evil is meant. Take this." And he gave her a short dagger that he had bought of the cutler, Smith's friend. "It is a handy thing for a lady; you can wear it inside your buskin. If you think you may have occasion to use it, hold it thus, with the blade against the flat of your arm, and the first joint of your thumb in the hollow of the pommel. Keep your eyes quiet and strike straight and sudden at the side of the neck under the jaw; don't strike twice. . . .
>
> "Here are the keys of a little postern, about seventy yards distant from the north-eastern corner of the palace. Smith will show you. It is new moon to-morrow night, and high water then about two hours after sunset. The darkest and quietest time is an hour after midnight, and that would be a good time to swim across. Now I must go. Dear, dearest lady, be careful!"
>
> "Never fear for me," said Ostrythe.
>
> He kissed her hand, looked in her eyes, kissed her lips, and was gone.

We are bound to say that the young woman justifies his composure. As soon as Count Vortipore becomes troublesome in his attentions, she drops over the terrace-wall, unlocks the postern, and swims across the water with her clothes in a bundle on her head. "A cool lass, and a clever one," says Smith; and the praise is certainly not too high.

That the British chiefs would use their Saxon captives as well as they are here made to do strikes us as highly improbable. They are too humane and civilized, and even show an inclination to what Mr. Freeman calls "the fopperies and fripperies of chivalry." To be sure, the days of the Round Table were not far off, but the misty dreamland in which Arthur and his Knights move is wide as the poles apart from the hard, realistic world of the author of *Anderida*. The courtesy and tenderness with which Farinmail treats his prisoners of both sexes may perhaps be set down to natural generosity and innate Celtic gallantry; but we should not expect to find Vortipore or Julius allowing the captive *Gesithas*, or chosen companions of the Saxon King, to be at large on parole and negotiating for their ransom in the gentleman-like and considerate manner of Froissart's Gascon and English knights. Mr. Freeman has taken pains to impress upon us that the practice of our Teutonic forefathers was either to knock the vanquished Welshmen on the head or make slaves of them, and we think it probable that the Welshmen retaliated when they got the chance. However this may be, the courtesy here attributed to the British chiefs makes the subsequent treatment of their city seem scarcely justifiable by the laws of even barbarian morality. Embittered by the loss of his son Cymen, Ælle swears to spare no living thing in Anderida, and his vow is fulfilled, thereby clearing the stage pretty effectually. Rhys bolts himself and Iorwerth into a burning house, and so perishes. Vortipore is cut down in the sight of his daughter Bronwen, whose kindness to the captive Ostrythe ought to have obtained for her an exception from Ælle's vow. Bronwen flings herself from the terrace-wall. Julius dies defending the Roman eagle; and his faithful follower Bael "flung axe and eagle far away into a blazing ruin . . . and fell, the last of the men of Anderida!"

This Bael, "neither Celt nor Teuton," who belongs "to the earliest race existing in these islands," gives us glimpses of a very remote past. He has traditions of the time when there were mighty beasts with horned noses in the land, and "men walked dry-shod from here to Gaul." Hereby is suggested a fresh field for an enterprising novelist, if the present rage for antiquity continues. From the Vikings of Jomsburg we have got to the defenders of Anderida, and we may soon hope to hear Lydia Languish inquiring at the circulating libraries for "Ere Britain Was," or "The Advent of the Aryan." Combats with mammoths and cave-bears would be new and exciting, and the landing of the first Briton in a coracle would be effective either as the starting-point or the conclusion of a pre-historic romance.

NASMITH'S INSTITUTES OF ENGLISH PRIVATE LAW.*

IN this book Mr. Nasmith has undertaken a task the difficulty of which is exceedingly great, yet not out of proportion to its importance. There exists at present nothing like a satisfactory institutional treatise on the law of England; so far are we from having the thing, that the very name of it is probably unfamiliar to a considerable number even of legal readers. The defects of Blackstone's arrangement entailed not only logical confusion, but large substantive omissions. His later editors and adapters have not made any sufficient amendment; indeed, their changes are often rather for the worse, and Blackstone in the original form is at all events a classic. Very little else has been done even in the way of suggestion; we may mention, however, some essays on the Arrangement of the Law, which appeared two or three years ago in the American *Law Review*, as containing much that is both sound and ingenious. A really good general introduction to English law would at the present time be of almost inestimable value. Not only would it relieve students of a great part of the perplexities that now beset them, and help to bring up a generation of English lawyers trained in orderly knowledge instead of confused learning, but it would probably have an immediate influence in raising the average quality of text-books appropriated to special departments, and would to some extent prepare the way for that systematic and authoritative consolidation of the law which, under whatever form or name, must sooner or later become a manifest necessity. The writer who supplies this want will be one of our greatest benefactors to the profession and science of the law; we speak in the future, inasmuch as, in our judgment, Mr. Nasmith has not effectually supplied it. Yet his attempt, though we cannot pronounce it successful, has quite enough of merit and good intentions to make the failure an instructive one.

The most obvious faults that are likely to be committed by a legal writer—and, in fact, are still committed by the great majority of our legal text-books—are such as these:—to take any arrangement that comes to hand first, fill up the subdivisions anyhow, squeezing in refractory topics by main force (of which a good example is Blackstone's feat of treating lunacy under the head of Royal Prerogatives), and vouch to warranty an undigested mass of references, which, being vouched, as often as not make default. Mr. Nasmith, however, has distinctly set his aim on better things; and the errors he has fallen into are rather of an opposite kind. The first of these is too much attention to classification for its own sake, and too much seeking after novelties in that direction. The object of analysing legal conceptions is not to discover new logical divisions, but to make existing divisions intelligible. The great generic heads of the law which have acquired a marked individuality, not only in English, but in all Western jurisprudence—such as Status, Ownership, Contract—must now be kept whole and distinct at any cost, and any system which breaks them up seems to us to stand for practical purposes self-condemned. But Mr. Nasmith has done this to a great extent. His main division into Law of Persons and Law of Things, apparently of his own invention, is not a happy one. It has nothing to do with Blackstone's "Rights of Persons" and "Rights of Things," which, notwithstanding the absurdity of the nomenclature and the many serious faults in detail, do roughly fit some real and important

* *The Institutes of English Private Law, &c.* By David Nasmith, Esq., LL.B. 2 vols. London: Butterworths. 1875.

boundary lines. Mr. Nasmith's Law of Things is the law which governs Ownership and the various dealings with it by alienation or succession. Everything else is brought under the Law of Persons by violently extending the conception of Status. Every distinct legal relation into which a man can enter is called by Mr. Nasmith a *persona*, and said to produce a complex status, "simple status" being status as usually understood. This looks as if Mr. Nasmith had been feeling about for some such general notion as the Germans express by *Rechtsverhältnis*. A moderate acquaintance with the work of Continental civilians, which he seems not to know, or at any rate not to have used, would have saved him here and elsewhere from erratic efforts and imperfect results. The classification he develops from these premisses is naturally cramped and perplexed. One principal subdivision is "Intervention," in which one person is considered as "intervening" in relation to the person or property of another under contract, trust, or licence, or of his own mere motion. This is logically harmless, save that the statement ought to have been worded so as to include in the first two heads "intervention" under colour of a supposed, but not really existing, contract or trust; but we fail to see its convenience. The only use the author himself makes of it is to introduce his account of torts and contract. The trustee and licensee are quietly dropped. After the chapter on Torts there is a great mixing up of various parts of the law of contract and the law of status; and, finally, we are startled by a chapter on Private International Law being dragged in under the head of Aliens. Contracts reappear for a moment in the second volume, under the extraordinary name of *consensual things*. In the details of terminology Mr. Nasmith in like manner deserves credit for the right sort of intentions, but does not often satisfy us in execution. Thus, his definition of Contract is better than most that are to be found in the books, but not so good as it might be. He confines the term *contract* to agreements enforceable by law; and, so far, this is well. The same thing is done in the Indian Contract Act, and it is a real addition to the resources of legal language; but why did Mr. Nasmith stop there, when other manifest improvements might well have been adopted from the same quarter? His use of Roman terms is not fortunate; he arbitrarily confines *obligation* to obligations *ex contractu*, and defines *dominium* in a manner which is neither classical nor useful.

Another mistake which Mr. Nasmith has not escaped is that of assuming that the development and filling in of a classified system requires less thought and pains than the classification itself. The working out of the several parts should be appropriate with reference to the general plan and accurate in all its details. In the first place, an institutional book must not be a series of monographs on special topics; for a collection of such monographs does not become a general exposition by being fitted into the compartments of the most excellent classification. In the next place, an author must nevertheless bear in mind, after he has settled according to the fitness of the general design what details he shall keep and what reject, that in those which he does keep he should be no less clear and scrupulously accurate than if he were writing a monograph. Both these precepts are imperative; at the same time they are difficult to observe, and just allowance must be made for the difficulty; but we are bound to say Mr. Nasmith falls short in both respects. Instead of giving a bold and clear view of the really leading rules and principles, he too often falls into fruitless endeavours to give a digest of everything in an impossibly small space. There is also a great want of proportion in the treatment of different topics; we find room which could be ill spared taken up by needlessly setting out extracts from statutes, and precedents of assurances, and even by rambling discussions. It is absurd for an elementary writer to spend two or three pages in an attack on the equitable doctrine of mortgages, which reads like a weak imitation of a rather eccentric judgment delivered about three years ago by Baron Bramwell. We may remark, by the way, that Mr. Nasmith, notwithstanding the Judicature Acts, for the most part ignores equity jurisprudence neither more nor less than common-law text-writers have been accustomed to do.

Again, the book is by no means free from actual mistakes, and occasionally serious ones. The worst of these is on the subject of Fraud. In the first volume it is quite wrongly classed under the head of "Common Law Illegality" (this error is by no means new); and we read of the contract of a drunken man being "void upon the ground of fraud"; whereas it is no void, but voidable, and that independently of fraud. This alone might perhaps pass as no worse than a loose and old-fashioned use of language. But in the second volume we find to our astonishment that "when, by *actual fraud*, one induces another to sell —perhaps, more correctly, *to do that which in the absence of fraud would be a sale*—the property does not pass." This is a positive and inexcusable misstatement. At least half a dozen important modern decisions show conclusively that the property *does* pass, though, as between the original parties, the vendor may, if he pleases, rescind the contract and resume the property. There are some serious omissions (partly due to the disregard of Equity) in the statement of the rules concerning written agreements and oral evidence; and there are various other things which, though short of positive error, are at least odd. We should not have expected to find at this time of day a champion for the absurd rule of common law that a less sum of money cannot be taken in satisfaction of a greater; or to see the analogy between trusts and bailments insisted upon as a thing newly discovered, in apparent ignorance of its being distinctly pointed out by Blackstone; or to look in vain for any statement of the difference between real implied (tacit) contracts and contracts "implied in law" (quasi-contracts). And Mr. Nasmith is not generally happy in his explanations. He is too much given to the Blackstonian fashion of inventing justifying reasons for a rule when an historical account is the only possible one. In language and antiquities he scarcely excels; his note on *mortuum* and *vivum vadium* is sadly confused, though only with the confusions of former writers (the true key is to be found in Littré's Dictionary, s.v. *Gage*); and his criticism of the "commonly received notion that no manor is of more recent date" than 1290 is strangely misconceived. The common notion errs, if at all, in supposing that the express act of any subject could or did create manors before that time. But there is a more general fault, and of a more practical kind, which runs through all the details of Mr. Nasmith's book. He has simply worked from old notes or editions, and his authorities are constantly out of date. A writer whose undertaking covers so much ground must no doubt rely a good deal on text-books; but at least he might use the latest editions, and keep them noted up, so as not to ignore, for example, leading cases decided five or six years ago by a Court of Appeal. Certainly this is in itself no light work, but it is a work that cannot be neglected. It may well be that in the present state of text-books a general survey of the law is really not within the compass of any one man's power. If all our text-books were as good as, say, Mr. Benjamin's on Sale, the Institutes of English Law which we still await would be comparatively easy to write. As it is, we more than suspect that the increase of a better class of special text-books will, as a matter of fact, precede any serious and successful endeavour to accomplish the labour to which Mr. Nasmith has valiantly, though rashly, set his hand.

Grave as are the shortcomings of this attempt, it is not to be understood that we hold it worthless. It is made in a right spirit, and that is something; nor is the execution always so much below the intention as in the points we have felt bound to criticize. The Real Property Law, for instance, where Mr. Nasmith gives himself more room, seems very fairly done. (We should have said before that the size of the book is altogether much too small for adequate results to be attainable.) And the ocular demonstration offered to the student by a sketch plan of the ideal "Manor of Dale," with its boundaries, wastes, parcels, and other belongings, "so far as the same are capable of delineation," as conveyancers say, is an unpretending but useful contribution to the much neglected art of legal education, and, as such, deserves a word of distinct praise.

TWELVE MONTHS IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.*

THIS is a lively and readable narrative of a young lady's tour, which began in Sicily and ended in Corfu, and between those two points meanders with a pleasant absence of symmetry through various countries of South-Eastern Europe. Mrs. Blake evidently possesses some of the best qualifications of a traveller. To a sufficient interest and activity in sight-seeing she unites a keen sense of fun, an observant eye for character, and a disposition to extract amusement even from the least promising surroundings. It is not always that qualifications for travel are reflected in the pages in which the traveller's experiences are recorded. They are apt to lie provokingly latent. This is principally because, when people come to write about what they have seen, they are nervously afraid of becoming egotistical, eschew personal details as below the dignity of their task, and end by going to handbooks for their inspiration. Not so with our author, whose book testifies to her vivacity and her preference for her own impressions. If we may found a distinction upon the double narrative of the famous *Journey to the Hebrides*, books of travel may be roughly divided into Johnsonian and Boswellian. The interest of the former centres in places; in the latter the personal element predominates. The volume under review belongs to the discursive, chatty, Boswellian class. Its topographical details are enlivened by a running comment on topics of the most varied kind—sermons, cremation, the temporal power, and rationalism. We are treated to anecdotes of cockney travellers, and gossip about Victor Emanuel, the Pope, and the Sultan. We have sketches of the company on board Mediterranean steamers and at German tables-d'hôte, and amusing episodes in connexion with them of which our author may say, in classical language—*quorum pars magna fui*. Mrs. Blake has a great deal to say about inns, their entomological specimens which torment by night, and their bad cookery which disappoints by day. Indeed, if her criticism ever assumes a more emphatic tone, it is in denouncing bad food, noisy children, and fat women who object to fresh air. In freely speaking her mind on these points she is sure of a sympathizing public; and they in no way detract from the good-humour and appreciative spirit in which she writes of foreign lands and foreign ways.

Syracuse, to a traveller courageous enough to [illegible] fleas and "abominable" cookery, is full of varied interest. [illegible] picturesque and striking features Mrs. Blake does full justice, though probably few of her readers will share her taste for inspecting the dry bodies of monks. From the shores of Sicily her wanderings were for the most part over beaten tracks. Of Rome, Naples, Venice, Munich, and Vienna, there is little now left to be said by

* *Twelve Months in Southern Europe.* By Mrs. Blake. London: Chapman & Hall. 1876.

the most enthusiastic traveller. Nevertheless, in each and all of these places our author finds plenty of matter for observation around her. She is disgusted by the cruelty with which the Neapolitans treat their horses, and her English readers will heartily reciprocate her "longing to see the brutes who drove them get a good kick." The environs of Naples are delicious, but the population is the "dirtiest, rudest, and least pleasing" of any town in Italy. At Rome Mrs. Blake went the round of all the world-renowned buildings and institutions, omitting nothing which an intelligent foreigner ought to do, from attending a reception at the Vatican to attending a meet in the Campagna. At the former ceremony the Pope was "gracious and benignant," expressed himself as pleased to hear of the national thanksgiving for the recent recovery of the Prince of Wales, and observed of one of the ladies present, who wore a large gold cross, that it made her look like a lady bishop. At the latter, Prince Humbert was present, mounted on "a weight-carrier well up to eighteen stone," though there does not appear much object in the Prince investing in hunters, as he is never permitted to go over any fence. Riding across the Campagna was one of Mrs. Blake's favourite pastimes. When thirsty from exercise, she and her party would get a draught of milk from the goat-herds or draw up at a little road-side *osteria*, and regale themselves with the wine of the country, which was sometimes excellent. Of the many charming environs of Rome our author was most pleased with Albano, whence she made various excursions on donkey-back. Ancona, which was passed on her route towards the north, is pronounced to be a "vile hole." An inspection of its principal hotel, the smell of which was "pestiferous," induced the visitors to beat a hasty retreat, and continue their journey to Venice. There they established themselves in an apartment on the Giudecca Canal. As the weather was excessively hot, bathing from gondolas was pleasant. It is an irony of fate which has converted the Lido, with its sombre Byronic memories, into a modern bathing establishment and tea-garden. Mrs. Blake recommends the curiosity-shops of Venice, though dear, as also a luncheon of *calamari*, a small cuttle-fish which, fried and eaten with lemon-juice, is exceedingly good. Frogs she considers a "delusion and snare." Everywhere in Italy snails are eaten, at Rome badgers are reckoned a delicacy, and at Nice foxes are exposed for sale in the market. So true is it, as our author observes, that one man's meat is another man's poison.

From Venice Mrs. Blake turned her steps towards the Tyrol, and the delightful country in the neighbourhood of Salzburg. Meran was charming, with the exception of a plague of flies. At Berchtesgaden, after visiting the exquisite Königsee, the foreign visitor is expected to descend a salt-mine—a disappointing operation for those who expect a sparkling grotto, the salt being dirty looking stuff, and the passages dark, damp, and muddy. At a dance at the Ischl Casino our author is struck with the ugliness of the German people, and the extreme liveliness of their polkas. At Vienna she listened to Strauss's band, and compassionates a Viennese bride on having to go "peacocking about the streets" in evening costume in broad daylight, and in an open carriage. Such an ordeal is "worse than a drawing-room" at Buckingham Palace. Between Pesth and Routschouck, a three days' voyage, the scenery of the Danube varies. As far as the junction of the Drave it is tame and uninteresting. Pigs wallowing in the mud at the water's edge are a principal feature of the scene. From Moldova to Orsova the scenery is grand. In one place the Danube rushes through a sort of gorge of rocks, cutting its way through the Carpathian Mountains. Passengers are transferred to a smaller steamer to pass the Iron Gates. This name is given to the rapids from a ridge of low rocks running almost across the river, and closing the upper part of the Danube to the ingress of ships of any large size. At Widdin, the first Turkish town, the Oriental element in the landscape begins to assert itself. Cupolas and minarets stand out against the sky, and crowds of turbaned Mussulmans troop down to the landing place. Mrs. Blake remarks upon the scarcity of human habitations on the banks of the Danube, the towns which seem of importance in the maps consisting in reality of a few mud hovels. Belgrade, one of the most important, consists, we are told, of a few houses little superior to cabins. But as this impression was derived from a passing view of the place from the river, and surrounded by fortifications, we need not wonder that it is not very accurate. Paris itself, outside Mont Valérien, would not look very splendid. Like Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Mrs. Blake visited a harem in Constantinople, her account of which is perhaps the most interesting part of her book. The mistress of the house was the widow of a pasha of inferior grade. Her daughters, sons, and their wives resided with her. "Harem," as our author is careful to explain, is merely a name denoting the women's apartments, and, if her specimen may be regarded as typical, it differ but slightly from the "family circle" of these islands. Here is her account, somewhat condensed:—

> The mistress of the house was sitting cross-legged on the divan, and motioned me to take a place beside her. She was very plain, with a little wizened brown face, small head, black eyes, and tiny hands and feet. She was very plainly dressed, wearing full cotton trousers with a small pattern on them, a tunic and shirt of the same, and yellow leather slippers. Indeed the ladies were all dressed with the greatest simplicity. They were extremely small, and none of them remarkable for beauty. . . . Two or three unhealthy-looking babies and very ugly children were playing about the room. Coffee was served soon after our arrival. . . . Of course we were given cigarettes, and the ladies all smoked them constantly. . . . After the coffee, the next move of our entertainers was to exhibit some of their possessions to us, and they began by displaying some very pretty stuffs, and a sort of gold brocade used as a covering for the beds. The old lady produced a leathern bag which contained some handsome diamond ornaments, earrings, stars to be worn on the forehead, rings, and pins. Some of the stones were very large, and of the first water. On dinner being announced, we went upstairs to the harem. . . . The table or *sofra* was very low, not more than a foot or a foot and a half from the ground, and we all squatted round it on cushions laid on the floor. Before taking our places water was poured over our hands by a negro-slave girl. . . . Plates, knives, or forks there were none. A large lump of brown bread was laid at each place instead of a plate, with a spoon in front of it. Four dishes of white grapes were the only other things on the table. As soon as we sat down a napkin was handed to us by one of the daughters, and in the centre of the table the negress placed a round bronze dish, containing mutton boiled to rags. Our hostess dipped a piece of bread in the gravy, and we all followed her example. . . . Twelve dishes, each more difficult to swallow than the last, followed. Most of them were very greasy. Everything was cooked with rose-water, and had an indescribably horrid scented flavour into the bargain. We had nothing to drink the whole time; a few grapes were eaten whenever one felt thirsty. . . . We had been requested to wear the brightest dresses that our wardrobes could supply, and to decorate ourselves with as many ornaments as possible, when visiting the harem. The women regard one's doing so as a compliment, and looking at the trinkets amuses them. . . . They were particularly delighted with a pair of crystal earrings on which were ruby and diamond flies, the design being a novelty to them.

The style in which this book is written is fresh and natural, a merit which atones for an occasional slipshod phrase like "over so many," and for colloquialisms such as "turning in" and "turning up." The use of the present participle, too, for a nominative, as "the lady eating with so many Christians was a great compliment," is, to say the least, inelegant. Nor can we endorse all Mrs. Blake's Biblical and ecclesiastical lore. We object to her reference to a tradition that St. Paul "performed mass" at an altar in Syracuse, and still more decidedly to a statement that the "celebrated shipwreck" is tersely described by St. *Mark*. Again, it is a new view of the development of Christianity to attribute it to "subtlety of the school of Gamaliel." This is rather hard on Gamaliel, as well as historically not very exact. But these remarks, as well as some others at p. 183, not in good taste, upon the influence of Rationalism, are *obiter dicta*. A young lady writing in the nineteenth century may be excused a few slips when, as she would phrase it, she "harks back" to the apostolic age.

A CHARMING FELLOW.*

THERE is a great deal of very nice and delicate work in this novel, and if we cannot say that it has attained the highest excellence throughout, we do not wish it to be inferred that we consider it in any sense as a failure. The character of Algernon Ancram Errington, the "charming fellow" of popular opinion, is exceedingly well done; and the change from the comparatively innocent insincerity of the country lad to the deeper criminality of the desperate man is by no means too extreme, though it may be too sudden, and not sufficiently accounted for. If Algernon, or, as he is generally called, Algy, reminds us of Tito in *Romola*, it is not that Mrs. Trollope has been a conscious imitator. The possibilities of human life have their limits, and the character of a conscienceless, pleasure-loving, and pleasant-tempered egotist, who drifts from selfishness to dishonour, and from dishonour to crime, cannot be delineated on an indefinite number of base-lines. Time, country, and social conditions change the furniture and the character, but the elements remain the same; and whether the several impersonations be ancient Greek, mediæval Italian, or modern English, there must needs be a strong family likeness among them all, and a common stock of characteristics. Nor has any author the fee simple of a character. Because Molière created Tartuffe, might not Dickens in his turn create Pecksniff? and must no one venture on the portrait of a swaggering bully for fear of being confronted with Bobadil? History itself repeats its own characters and actors; and human types have their set features which never alter, though the individual expression may. Hence we accept Mrs. Trollope's Algernon as he stands, and are content to regard the traits which he possesses in common with Tito as elemental necessities, things belonging as of course to the portrait, by whomsoever drawn and wheresoever found.

We must wish that Mrs. Trollope had drawn the transitional stages of her hero's character with more distinctness of detail. As it is, the action is too hurried, and there is not enough time allowed for the satisfactory development of his nature as influenced by circumstances. The lines are not clear, and cause and effect are a good deal what the Americans call "mixed." The space is too contracted between Algernon's arrival in London and his marriage with Castalia; the details went filling in: and the marriage itself reads a little unnaturally. A man of such clear-sighted selfishness, and possessed of such wonderful "charm" and beauty, would not have sold himself so cheaply; and to accept the first chance of the kind, and that chance so bad a one, was selling himself far too cheaply for wisdom. Algernon was no fool, and he knew his own value in the marriage market. What handsome man does not? Would he then have married an ugly old woman without fortune, simply on the strength of her connexion with a stupid old nobleman without interest, and who could do nothing better for him than get him the postmastership of a fifth-rate country town like Whitford? To judge by the very meagre society of the place, Whitford could have

* *A Charming Fellow.* By Frances Eleanor Trollope, Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble," "Mabel's Progress," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

had but an unimportant postal service; and one would have expected to find it among the figs and raisins of the small grocer rather than with an establishment of its own, a gentleman for its master, and a salaried clerk to supplement his deficiencies. But indeed Whitford is rather an anomalous place all through. A Doctor of Divinity is its rector, but he is also master of the grammar school; he associates with the surgeon of the place, the attorney and the second master, "young Pawkins of Pudcombe Hall," Lieutenant-Colonel Whistler, and in time the Methodist grocer's pretty daughter. Yet he is not a democrat nor a practical Christian of the levelling kind. He is a Tory, and a believer in class and caste, as belongs to his own ecclesiastical dignity of a minor degree; and he evidently brings these people together, not on principle, but because they represent the whole society of the neighbourhood. In which case we imagine that neither the surgeon nor the attorney could have been a man of the class with whom he would have willingly associated, as neither the one nor the other could have found in Whitford such means of professional living as would have satisfied a fastidious taste. This, however, is only a small matter, a mistake in a question of detail of no great importance to the story, save as it reacts on the appointment of young Errington to the postmastership at such a place as Whitford.

But if the social circumstances of the story are rather mixed and muddled, the principal characters are distinct enough. The vanity and shallowness, the boasting and untruthfulness of Mrs. Errington are admirably portrayed, and give the hereditary reason why her son should be as unprincipled as he is. From such a mother nothing fine or noble could possibly have sprung, and the "Aneramism" cherished by the one must necessarily have its representative in the other. We find the subtle likeness, yet difference, between Mrs. Errington and her son one of the best touches in the book; it is admirably done as art, and is correct as a matter of physiological science; as is also the kind of love which exists between them, true enough in its way and as deep as is possible with such shallow natures. To be sure in the end Algernon does not scruple to swindle his mother, while she strips herself of her property less from maternal devotion than from the "Aneramism" which could not accept the failure of one of her family as a demonstrable fact, and preferred to believe a pleasant lie rather than to act on a disagreeable truth. Though far from being a meritorious person, Mrs. Errington is unquestionably the best drawn character of all who make up the world wherein the "charming fellow" finds his lot cast by an unfriendly fate. Her boasting ostentation, which yet is redeemed from vulgarity; her selfishness and shallowness, which coexist with a certain surface kindness and an undoubted love for her boy; her moral obtuseness, which does not include want of tact; her handsome, well-preserved person, which does not make her angle for lovers or dream of a second husband—all this is touched with the grace and skill and delicacy of which we had the first-fruits in *Aunt Margaret's Trouble*; we see throughout the traces of thought and care, and the conscientious painstaking of a writer who honours her craft, and does not merely seek to get through an allotted task with the least amount of trouble compatible with the largest amount of profit. Algernon would have been as successful a bit of work had he been more developed, and his character allowed to unfold itself by more detailed and circumstantial evidence of growth and change. As it is, we cannot help remarking a certain rawness of colour and sketchiness of outline which have marred to some extent what should have been a very careful piece of character-painting.

Of personages in the second rank of importance Minnie Bodkin is decidedly the most interesting, and Rhoda Maxwell the most life-like, in that this latter is sweet and slightly silly, affectionate and true-hearted, but not absolutely straightforward, nor yet of more tenacious loyalty than the ordinary young girl of pure mind and facile temperament. In the absence of any heroic quality, in her commonplace "femininity" itself, lies her life-likeness; hers being that kind of nature which, united with a peaceful blush-rose sort of beauty, is sure to attract men more than those of greater depth and nobler characteristics. Consequently, we find that Rhoda has three lovers, while Minnie, her superior in brains, and even in heart, has only one, and that one the least interesting and least distinctly drawn personage of the story; Rhoda's three being men of such different types as Algernon, David Powell, and Matthew Diamond. Of these three Algernon is, as we have seen, the embodiment of shallow selfishness; Powell is a Methodist preacher, earnest to fanaticism, enthusiastic to almost apostolic sublimity; while Matthew Diamond, the second master of the Whitford Grammar School, whereof Dr. Bodkin the rector is the first, is one of those grave, stern, square men whose silent reserve only a silly little beauty can subdue, and who, probably by the law of compensation, fall in love (in novels) with the woman who is of all the least suited to them, and the most certain to prove an after disappointment. Very tragic is the unhappy love of poor, withered, lean Castalia for her good-looking young scamp, whose unsatisfactory relations with her might almost be excused, seeing what an utterly uninteresting person she was. A man who gives his wife no valid cause for jealousy, but nevertheless is tormented and harassed by her perpetual misgivings, cannot be expected to retain his lover-like tenderness on the one hand, or his equanimity of temper on the other. So far as manner went, indeed, Algernon—or, as poor Castalia calls him, Aneram—did wonderfully well, and bore with her unpleasant ways with a great deal of surface amiability. He revenged himself, however, ignobly enough; and the episode of the stolen money, the blame of which he so cleverly contrived to fasten on her, more than paid off the score which she had run up by her sea-green complexion, hungry eyes, unappeasable sentiment, and general want of personal attractiveness. When it comes to that direful scene in the meadow, and the rough touch with which he shook her off into the river, he paid off all his debts of malice, revenge, and disappointment more than in full, and the innocent cause of his discomfort is made the victim and the sacrifice, as is the case only too often in real life and history.

Though, as we have said, the various characters of this book are for the most part drawn with precision so far as they go, yet naturally some are mere sketches; *e.g.* Miss Chubb, and Mr. Warlock the hungry curate, who devoured muffins in such an ogreish fashion and glowered at Minnie Bodkin with a love more repellent than attractive. Both of these are somewhat of the nature of excrescences, neither of them having any important bearing on the story, while the one is a nonentity and the other a caricature. We do not like that excessive crowding of the canvas to which so many authors are given. It distracts the attention, and takes from the interest in proportion as it diminishes concentration; but it is thought to enliven a story and to give an air of bustle and movement to a plot. In point of fact it does nothing of the kind. Movement comes from variety of incidents, each of which should form an important part in the whole; mere multiplicity of characters impedes rather than helps forward. This, however, is against the creed of authors who find the delineation of a crowded portrait gallery an easier method of filling their pages than a succession of sharply drawn dramatic scenes. This tendency to make portrait-painting do the work of story-telling is the most striking defect in Mrs. Trollope's writing. It is one which we believe it would be quite in her power to overcome, if she thought the effort worth making. By the by, who is the great musical composer, "Glück"? and has Mrs. Trollope a private grammar which authorizes her to speak of a carpet as "sewn"?

MINOR NOTICES.

THE drawings by Mr. Thackeray * which have just been reproduced in facsimile prove incontestably, not only that he possessed the true artistic inspiration, but that the sketches by which he has hitherto been known give a very inadequate idea of the force and beauty of his style. It is not only that, as might be expected, his pictures are full of point and character, but they are also worked out in a highly effective manner. In the woodcuts or engravings previously published in his name much both of the power and delicacy of the original drawings was lost. The mechanical process of transferring drawings to wood or metal was troublesome to him; and when a practical hand undertook the task the spirit of the design was apt to evaporate. Apart from this, however, Miss Thackeray tells us that the hours which her father spent in drawing brought no fatigue or weariness, but were of endless interest and amusement to him. The volume before us derives its title from the opening story, *The Orphan of Pimlico*, "a Moral Tale of Belgravian Life, by Miss M. T. Wigglesworth, many years Governess in the Nobility's Families, and Authoress of 'Posies of Poesy,' 'Thoughts on the Use of the Globes,' &c." This, however, is only an introduction to the promised novel, which, unfortunately, was never written. The object of the writer is said to be to show that "the rose leaf of luxury is not free from thorns," and to portray, on the one hand, "the consequences of crime," and, on the other, "the beneficial effects of virtue, the manners of the nobility, the best Church principles, and the purest morality." The villain of the story is an ill-regulated young man named Mordant, against whom the authoress says she had often warned the family with whom she lived, not, however, it is explained, because she once overheard him calling her a "twaddling old Catamaran," but on account of his general levity and daring license of language. The young and dashing Earl of Lancelot has discovered after marriage that he ought to have met his wife's cousin, the Lady Arabella, at an earlier date. Mordant, who has designs on the Countess, intercepts a letter from the Earl to Lady Arabella, and makes mischief with it, the result being a duel, in which Mordant shoots the Earl, and is then himself blown into the air by the Earl of Fitzmarlingspike, the Countess's father, who is an old Admiral with a wooden leg. The "humble but pious" governess, the demoniacal Mordant, the inflammable young Earl, the seconds at the duel, and the old Admiral are represented with a graphic power which compensates for the brevity of the narrative. Among the other sketches in the volume perhaps the best are the caricatures of Queen Elizabeth, the Little Assessor of Tubingen, the Notes of a Day or Two, Othello (a group of Carolina negroes, done to the life), Glasgow children at play in the gutter, and an imaginary Scotch audience listening to a lecture by Mr. Thackeray. Several of the initial letter-pieces are marked by delicate beauty as well as character and humour. The group of London omnibus cads is as good as anything by Leech, and there is also a capital picture of Thackeray and Jerrold sitting in a railway carriage, and hearing themselves denounced by a curate to a young lady as infamous characters. A view of Berne shows that Thackeray, as indeed might be inferred from the glimpses of scenery in his novels, had the painter's eye.

* *The Orphan of Pimlico; and other Sketches, Fragments, and Drawings.* By William Makepeace Thackeray. With some Notes by Anne Isabella Thackeray. Smith, Elder, & Co.

The grotesque playing cards equally display the touch of genius in small things. Altogether this volume is a pleasant and interesting addition to our knowledge of the great novelist, and deserves to be cherished accordingly.

Mr. Jowett's translation of *Plato* *, which was reviewed in our columns on its first appearance (*Saturday Review*, April 15, 1871), has now reached a second edition, which has been revised and corrected throughout. The prefaces to the Dialogues have been enlarged; some new subjects of modern philosophy, such as Utility, Communism, and the Kantian and Hegelian philosophies, introduced; and "innumerable alterations" made in the text. In the preface Mr. Jowett makes some interesting and instructive remarks as to the principles on which translations should be done; and in reply to Professor Bain's demand for the reasons of his rejecting the epistles attributed to Plato as spurious, he states them pretty much as follows, "reserving fuller discussion of the question to another work":—Because almost all the epistles purporting to be of the classic age of Greek literature are forgeries, and internal as well as external probability is altogether against the letters said to be Plato's; they are trivial, unmeaning, devoid of delicacy and subtlety, wanting in a single fine expression, full of plagiarisms inappropriately borrowed, and of historical blunders, and the more they are compared, the more they furnish evidence against one another.

We are glad to see a new edition of Sir G. Cornewall Lewis's wise and suggestive *Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion*†, perhaps one of the most characteristic efforts of his cautious and philosophical mind. In these days of rash and hasty dogmatism there is no work more likely to do good than this discriminating examination of the foundations of authoritative opinion; and we may also remark, in passing, that Sir George's treatise on the Methods of Reasoning in Politics would also well deserve republication, especially in a popular form.

White's *Selborne* seems to have lately taken a new lease of popularity. Not long ago we reviewed an edition edited by Mr. Harting (see *Saturday Review*, December 26, 1874); we have now before us another edition‡, a handsome volume, edited by Mr. Frank Buckland, and illustrated by Mr. P. H. Delamotte; and a third is said to be in preparation by Professor Bell, who lives in White's house at Selborne, and possesses some important manuscripts, such as White's correspondence with Linnæus. We gather this last piece of information from the present volume, and it is characteristic of the generous courtesy which naturally prevails among the followers of White that, while Professor Bell throws open his stores of information to Mr. Buckland, the latter takes care to let the world know his friend's own intentions. It is unnecessary to say anything of the perennial charm of White's letters; but, if anything could add to them, it is Mr. Delamotte's admirable views of the scenery of Selborne. Mr. Buckland has judiciously put his notes, which include a memoir, into an appendix; and there is also another appendix by Lord Selborne, whose estate adjoins Selborne, and who has devoted his leisure to some valuable researches in regard to the presence of the Romans in that quarter. The discovery at different periods of a considerable quantity of Roman coins in and around the basin of Woolmer Pond, and an examination of some of the tumuli in the same quarter, has led Lord Selborne to the conclusion that we have here probably the scene of a battle between the Romans and the British which is mentioned by Eumenius in his panegyric on Constantius for his recovery of Britain.

Mr. Worsley, who died in 1866, was known not only as a skilful classical translator, but as a poet of original power, and the new and enlarged edition of his miscellaneous pieces which has just appeared § will no doubt extend the number of his admirers. Mr. Worsley's poetry is always full of healthy spirit; he is tender as well as vigorous, and blends a deep religious spirit with classic grace.

Sir Travers Twiss has prepared a second edition of his work on the rights and duties of nations in time of war‖, bringing it down to the present time, so as to include the abortive deliberations of the Brussels Conference, and the somewhat vapoury discussions at the recent meeting of the International Law Conference at the Hague. He accurately describes the "Three Rules" of the Geneva Conference as "having served their purpose for the settlement of a passing dispute," and being now treated as a dead letter. He also challenges the doctrine which was favoured at the Hague meeting, that the right of capturing an enemy's ships on the high seas, if they are private property, should be denied to a belligerent.

The first edition of Mr. Manning's work on international law¶ appeared in 1839, when the subject attracted comparatively little attention. It has since acquired a deeper interest, and it has therefore been thought worth while to bring out a new edition of the book. Mr. Manning being, as he informs us, a confirmed invalid, has been obliged to content himself with writing a preface, leaving the general revision and annotation of the work to Mr. Sheldon Amos. Mr. Manning is led by his horror of war to advocate the maintenance of the Declaration of Paris, and to think that the recent "benevolent" proposals of Russia and Germany deserve further consideration. The writer forgets that artificial rules by which the people of a country are isolated as independent and indifferent spectators of the action of the executive Government are perhaps more likely to produce than to check war, and at the same time tend to destroy public spirit.

Mr. Parker's *Glossary** of architectural terms has reached a fourth edition; the compiler's name is a sufficient guarantee for its soundness and precision.

Lord Garvagh appears to be a young man of adventurous spirit who enjoys the vicissitudes of rough travel, but has not much faculty of observation. He himself disclaims the idea of *The Pilgrim of Scandinavia* † being meant for a guide-book, and admits that "those who may be in want of information upon travelling or field sports will find these pages of no use at all." In point of fact, they are little more than a record of some rather commonplace personal experiences, told with a boyish candour and simplicity which is at times amusing. Lord Garvagh's literary style is somewhat peculiar, and reminds one of a foreigner trying to write English with a small stock of words and not much ease in the composition of sentences. For instance, here is a complaint of want of hospitality:—"I called upon him (Arni Thorlacius), presented, contrary to my usual custom, two letters of introduction, and he informed me that there happened in this place to be an inn for strangers. The guide, Geir Zöega, went to that same inn, where I would have sent him anyhow, he all the while taking very much to heart, not only the habits of the fishermen and sailors there, but also the behaviour of Arni Thorlacius; may his being the exception to Icelandic wit and courtesy prove the rule." In a rural dean, however, Lord Garvagh was more fortunate in discovering "not only the kind, hospitable, and unassuming Icelander, but the consistent and enlightened Christian," for, "speaking pure English, this holy man invited us to dine with him." We also learn that at another place "I took wine at four different houses, so glad the people were to see a stranger, and then had tea in the house of a well-to-do merchant, which had flowers growing in the window, and a piano going pretty nearly the whole time"; and that, further on, "I sat up very late last night over whisky-and-water, hot, with the merchant." On one occasion, when his guide fell down exhausted, he says, "Never in my life having travelled with a medicine-chest, I did not know what on earth to do with him." And here is a philosophical meditation:—"How I love to hear the intellectual conversation of some sportsmen, and to watch men turning out for sport as the one sole and only business of this life, all in correct horse, dog, and gaiter style! showing that selfishness and very natural contempt for other people's interests, who may not care so much for sport, or may prevent it if coming their way!" All that we learn from this work is that life is very rough and uncomfortable in Iceland, and even in some parts of Norway, away from the beaten track.

A republication of Miss Martineau's *Eastern Life*‡ is fully justified by its intrinsic value, which, as the East moves slowly, has lost nothing by the lapse of time. Many books have been written on the same subject since this one first appeared, nearly thirty years ago; but, as a thorough, discriminating, and, we may say, vivid, picture of Egyptian scenery and manners, it is still one of the best to which any one who wishes to form a general idea of the country can refer.

Miss Violet§, a minor novel by the late Shirley Brooks, which was contributed to *Punch* in the earlier days of his connexion with that periodical, and by which indeed he first made his mark in it, has been reprinted, together with a satirical sketch of matrimonial differences, in the form of dialogues between Mr. and Mrs. Naggleton, which also appeared in *Punch* some years later. Those who laughed over these productions of a genial and witty writer in other days will no doubt be glad to see them again, while they will be new to others.

Mr. Willis Bund has compressed into a simple and convenient form the information needful for understanding the bearing of the Agricultural Holdings Act on the law of compensation for unexhausted improvements.‖

A "City Editor" has put together some interesting chapters on the Rationale of Market Fluctuations.¶ He lays down the following principles—that market fluctuations are never without a cause, that they are invariably of an exaggerated character, and that, as a rule, when anything happens, the market immediately responds to

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* *The Dialogues of Plato.* Translated into English, with Analysis and Introduction, by B. Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College. 5 vols. Second Edition. Clarendon Press, Oxford.

† *An Essay on the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion.* By George Cornewall Lewis. Second Edition. Longmans, Green, & Co.

‡ *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne.* By Gilbert White, with Notes by Frank Buckland, and a Chapter of Antiquities by Lord Selborne. Macmillan & Co.

§ *Poems and Translations.* By Philip Stanhope Worsley, M.A. Second Edition, enlarged. Edited by the Rev. E. Worsley. Blackwood & Son.

‖ *The Law of Nations, considered as Independent Political Communities. On the Rights and Duties of Nations in Time of War.* By Sir Travers Twiss, D.C.L. Second Edition, revised. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Longmans & Co.

¶ *Commentaries on the Law of Nations.* By W. Oke Manning. A New Edition and revised throughout, with Supplementary Articles by Sheldon Amos. H. Sweet.

* *A Concise Glossary of Terms used in Grecian, Roman, Italian, and Gothic Architecture.* By John Henry Parker. Fourth Edition, revised. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co.

† *The Pilgrim of Scandinavia.* By Lord Garvagh. Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Eastern Life, Present and Past.* By Harriet Martineau. A New Edition. Moxon, Son, & Co.

§ *The Nagglетons; and Miss Violet and her Offers.* By Shirley Brooks. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.

‖ *The Law of Compensation for Unexhausted Improvements.* By J. W. Willis Bund. Butterworths.

¶ *The Rationale of Market Fluctuations.* By a City Editor. Effingham Wilson.

the event. From this he concludes that investors ought not to be dismayed by a mere fall of stock in itself, but should look to the reason of it, trusting that, if the investment is fairly sound, it will soon recover its position; on the other hand, stocks at a very high figure should be cautiously approached, as a reaction may be feared. As an example of this theory, it is mentioned that an astute speculator who every morning calculated the chances for and against a rise in certain stocks, and, when they seemed to point to a rise, sold out, was generally able to buy back again more cheaply, and *vice versâ*. The writer, while admitting that organized markets, such as the Stock Exchange, are liable to abuse, holds that they have compensating advantages in securing at once the market price of any article. His bias, however, leads him to a doubtful criticism on Leeman's Act, which imposes on a dealer the condition that he must not sell certain shares unless he actually possesses them. "Thus," we are told, "an anticipatory or market opinion of the value of banking shares is not so finely arrived at," because the buyer has to wait till the article is really in the market. It is evident, however, that the last-mentioned condition is the only true test of honest trade.

Professor Kirk* demonstrates in a vigorous and conclusive manner the utter fallacy of the Trade-Union policy of attempting to raise the value of labour by artificial restrictions on production; and it would be well if working-men could be got to listen to his arguments. Professor Kirk shows very clearly that, in the long run, the power of the Unions is limited to that of inflicting losses upon other people at the cost of still greater injury and suffering to themselves; and that capital, though kept unemployed, does not diminish, while suspended industry is an absolute loss.

A "Handy Volume Edition" of Scott's poems†—seven little volumes in a neat case—has been brought out by Messrs. Bradbury and Co. Its type is readable, and it would seem to be especially suitable for a tourist with literary tastes.

French and Spanish Painters‡ is a work of a somewhat mixed character. Some of the illustrations, especially one or two of the etchings, are very good, while others are very bad. If the volume is to be regarded as giving a general idea of the French and Spanish schools of painting, both pictures and letterpress are extremely inadequate; but, taken for what it is, as a collection of pictures, chosen pretty much at random, and accompanied by a slight account of the various artists, it is not without interest.

Though open to some objections on the ground of a certain perhaps not unnatural partisanship, the Count of Paris's History of the American Civil War§ is a book of genuine historical value. We have already noticed the original work as it came out, and of the authorized English translation now before us it is enough to say that it seems to be carefully and intelligently executed.

Sir H. D. Wolff, who believes that the policy of our Government with regard to the Suez Canal points to its complete redemption from the hands of the Company and the purchase of the Viceroy's reversionary interest, has translated a lecture by M. de Lesseps ‖, giving a brief history of his connexion with the undertaking. The narrative is in a jocular and gossiping vein.

Mr. Dickens ¶ having in his writings described or mentioned a great many London streets and houses, Mr. Edgar Pemberton has thought it necessary to compile a catalogue of them—a reverential, but, as far as we can see, useless piece of work.

The series of little handbooks on British Manufacturing Industries**, edited by Mr. Bevan, now includes volumes on the metal, pottery, and textile trades.

Mr. Curley, with a view apparently of encouraging emigration to Nebraska††, has published an account of that region in a handsome form with tinted paper, woodcut illustrations, red leather binding, and gilt edges. The work originally appeared in the United States, and its issue in this glittering form for the English market naturally suggests some reflections as to the section of our countrymen who are appealed to, since it can scarcely be supposed that persons in the dismal circumstances of intending emigrants are likely to invest their scanty savings in such a gorgeous and expensive volume as this. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Curley writes, in the main, in a very moderate and sensible way, and admits some of the drawbacks of Nebraska while painting its advantages.

There is no doubt a generation growing up which as yet knows not Ingoldsby, and for its benefit a new edition of the famous ballads‡‡ has been provided. It is doubtful how far the *Ingoldsby Legends* have kept their hold on their original admirers, and there are some of them in which the references to events of the day have grown somewhat obscure and out of date. Still they contain a sufficient body of genuine humour to keep up the popularity of the work, though perhaps this might be further promoted by a judicious reduction of the number of pieces.

A "People's Edition" of Professor Porter's life of Dr. Henry Cooke of Belfast*, the original issue of which was reviewed in the *Saturday Review* of January 27, 1872, has just been issued. Dr. Cooke was a man, if not exactly of a very elevated or heroic character, at least of remarkable energy, and his life by his son-in-law is an interesting picture of a stirring period.

The *Pythagorean Triangle*† and *Discrepancies of Freemasonry*‡ are posthumous works by Dr. Oliver, who, it appears, was a well-known Freemason. They are written in the style of mysterious nonsense which is characteristic of the Order.

The seventh volume of the *Camden Miscellany*§ contains two sermons of the "boy bishop" in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Mary; the speech of Sir R. Heath as prosecutor in the case of Dr. Alexander Leighton, who was tried before the Star Chamber in 1630, for his attacks on the bishops, and sentenced to be publicly whipped and to have his ears cut off and his nose slit, and to be branded in the face with S.S. (sower of sedition), and then imprisoned in the Fleet for the rest of his life; notes of Sir G. Croke's judgment in regard to the ship-money, corrected by himself; and reports of the mission of Sir Thomas Roe to Gustavus Adolphus 1629–30.

Messrs. Phillip's Series of Reading-Books‖, from primers upwards, which is edited by the Principal of St. Mark's College, deserves commendation for its practical character and judicious efforts, not only to teach, but to interest and amuse the young. It is assumed in these books that reading and writing are to go on together.

Several Manuals of Elementary Science¶ have been published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, of the quality of which the authors' names—Mr. F. Le Gros Clark (physiology), Dr. Bernays (chemistry), Professor Newton (chemistry), Rev. J. G. Bonney (geology), Mr. W. H. Christie (astronomy), and Professor Bentley (botany)—are a sufficient guarantee.

Mr. Alfred Hamilton has illustrated the local distribution in England and Wales of heart disease and dropsy and of cancer and pthisis in women in a series of coloured maps**, so that the prevalence of any particular disorder may be taken in at a glance.

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* *British Trade; or, certain Conditions of our National Prosperity.* By Professor Kirk. Edinburgh: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

† *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.* Handy Volume Edition. 7 vols. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.

‡ *French and Spanish Painters.* With Illustrations on Steel, and a Critical and Biographical Account of the Artists. By James Stothart. Nimmo.

§ *History of the Civil War in America.* By the Comte de Paris. Translated by Louis F. Tasistro. Edited by Henry Coppee. Vol. I. Sampson Low & Co.

‖ *The History of the Suez Canal.* By M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. Translated from the French by Sir H. D. Wolff, M.P. Blackwood & Sons.

¶ *Dickens's London.* By T. Edgar Pemberton. Samuel Tinsley.

** *British Manufacturing Industries.* Edited by G. P. Bevan. E. Stanford.

†† *Nebraska: its Advantages, Resources, and Drawbacks.* Illustrated. By E. A. Curley. Sampson Low & Co.

‡‡ *The Ingoldsby Legends; or, Mirth and Marvels.* By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. 3 vols. Bentley & Son.

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* *Life and Times of Henry Cooke, D.D., LL.D.* By Professor J. Porter. People's Edition. Belfast: William Mullan.

† *The Pythagorean Triangle; or, the Science of Numbers.* By the Rev. G. Oliver, D.D. John Hogg & Co.

‡ *The Discrepancies of Freemasonry.* By the Rev. G. Oliver. Hogg.

§ *The Camden Miscellany.* Vol. VII. Printed for the Camden Society.

‖ *Phillips's Series of Reading-Books.* Edited by John E. Cromwell, M.A., Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea. George Phillip & Son.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—NOTICE to ARTISTS.—The results of the Exhibition and Sales of this Season have been so gratifying that the Directors will again offer MEDALS for the BEST PICTURES and DRAWINGS EXHIBITED for 1876-7. Receiving days February 21st and 22nd, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place.—For conditions apply to Mr. C. W. WASS, Picture Gallery, Crystal Palace.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Mr. H. S. FOXWELL, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, will begin a course of TWENTY-FOUR LECTURES on Tuesday, January 18, at 3 P.M.; the subsequent Lectures will be delivered
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The HEAD-MASTERSHIP of the School having become VACANT by the death of Professor KEY, the Council desire that his Successor should, if possible, enter upon the discharge of his duties at the beginning of the next Summer Term (April 25, 1876).
Candidates for the appointment are requested to forward their Applications and Testimonials, not later than Saturday, January 22, to the undersigned from whom information relating to the duties and emoluments of the Head-Mastership may be obtained.
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COUNT ANDRASSY'S NOTE.

THE form of Count ANDRASSY'S Note is perhaps less important than the proof which it affords that the three Imperial Courts find it possible to act in concert. The ready acceptance by the French Government of a string of colourless or commonplace proposals indicates a determination to stand for the present aloof from external transactions. It will be more difficult for the English Ministers to form a decision. The origin and consequences of the project will require full consideration. The preliminary concert of the three Governments involves the assumption that they are more immediately interested in the Eastern question than France or Italy, or even than England; yet Germany is but remotely concerned with Turkish affairs, which have for a century past been an object of constant solicitude to English statesmen. If Count ANDRASSY had communicated his Note simultaneously to all the Powers, there would have been a strong presumption in favour of an Austrian project. The concurrence of Russia would not have furnished a sufficient reason for objecting to a plausible scheme; but the Austro-Hungarian CHANCELLOR has avowedly acted as the agent of the three allied Powers; and it is probable that, in executing any measure of intervention, they would consider themselves independent of England and of France. If the Note is vague and indefinite in its terms, there will be additional risk of future complications. As judges sometimes say in construing ambiguous Acts of Parliament, "the Legislature must have meant something." A scheme of administrative reform for a Turkish province may be interpreted as conveying a right to enforce the concessions which are in the first instance courteously recommended. It is impossible without knowledge of diplomatic negotiations and assurances to form a confident judgment of the expediency of accepting Count ANDRASSY'S proposals. The decision of the Government will be founded on ample information; and, until all the documents are published and explained, the country will provisionally acquiesce in the policy which may be adopted.

Impetuous philanthropists already condemn the Note which they have not seen. According to their contention, it is useless and absurd to propose reforms to the Turks, who never keep even their own promises of amendment. It is known that the Austrian project includes no machinery of execution; and it is therefore, according to the critics, immaterial whether it is more or less complete in its details than the SULTAN'S Firman. Irresponsible politicians fail to make sufficient allowance for the embarrassments which beset practical statesmen. Count ANDRASSY could scarcely found a policy on the fanciful or metaphorical proposition that indigenous Bosnian Mussulmans are an invading Turkish horde, occupying the lands which they in fact inherited from their Slavonic ancestors. Count ANDRASSY might not perhaps trouble himself with ethnological distinctions if he was prepared to exterminate or to expel the troublesome Mahometans of Herzegovina and Bosnia; but Austria is not at present disposed to engage in a crusade. A former member of Parliament has lately given variety to the Eastern controversy by an elaborate eulogy on the admirable qualities of the Turks. There are probably in Turkey, as elsewhere, both good and bad specimens of the ruling race; but there can be no doubt that the bad Turks are very bad; and if there were no Turks in Europe their presence would not be desired, nor their absence regretted. The conclusive objection to the philanthropic doctrine of extermination is that it is impracticable. The invading horde is too numerous and too tenacious to be summarily expelled. The annexation of the disturbed province to Austria would perhaps be the best possible solution as far as the interests of the inhabitants are concerned. An Austrian administration would keep Mahometans as well as Christians in order; nor can there be any doubt that the worst-governed province of Austria or Hungary is better managed than the best-governed province of Turkey. In this case also considerations of policy and prudence interfere with the adoption of heroic remedies. The opposition of Montenegro and Servia to the establishment of Austrian sovereignty in Herzegovina might perhaps be disregarded; but a Turkish war, undertaken for a doubtful object, would be highly inconvenient, especially while the part which Russia might take in the quarrel is wholly uncertain. It is well known that both the German and the Hungarian portions of the Empire deprecate any increase of the Slavonic population; and it is doubtful whether any one of the three Powers would assent to the arrangement which is with easy confidence proposed by amateurs. If Austria were willing and able to annex Herzegovina, and if no further consequences would follow the measure, there is no reason why the English Government should dissent from the philanthropic solution.

In default of an Austrian conquest, some machinery might perhaps be contrived by which the administration of the disturbed province might be superintended and controlled; but it is not surprising that Count ANDRASSY has abstained from defining the method of future coercion. Any project of the kind would have injuriously affected the probability of English co-operation. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE formerly rendered good service both to his own country and to Turkey by the pressure which he habitually applied to the Porte on behalf of improvements in administration. A formal right and corresponding duty of interference would be more embarrassing; but a power of control vested in a single Ambassador would be comparatively simple and effective. A right of appeal to a Board of five or six representatives of as many States would produce many anomalies. If the Ambassadors could agree among themselves they would require the aid of an Austrian contingent to enforce their decisions. Count ANDRASSY'S project only relates to Herzegovina, and perhaps to a part of Bosnia; and it is so far distinguished from the SULTAN'S Firman, which purports to extend to all parts of the Empire. There is at present nothing to prevent the Ambassadors from remonstrating jointly or severally against abuses which may prevail in any province. If the Note had provided a machinery of execution, they might at the same time protest verbally against maladministration in Bulgaria and interfere by force for the protection of oppressed Christians in Herzegovina. Objections of this kind are perhaps not necessarily conclusive; but Count ANDRASSY must have taken them into consideration. He perhaps thought it prudent to leave open on the face of the document the more important question whether the Powers, if they can agree among themselves, are to impose their will on the Porte. In every detail it was necessary to exercise the most careful circumspection. The three allied Courts must have been prepared with alternative systems of policy to meet the cases of the assent or refusal of the English Government.

The disappointment of the friends of the insurgents is excessive, though it is natural. Looking only to their object,

they made insufficient allowance for the difficulties of establishing any kind of concert. It would perhaps have been impossible that Austria and Russia should agree on a more definite course of proceeding. Something has been gained by the adversaries of the Porte in the formal notice that three great Powers claim a right of interference in its internal administration. One more clause of the Treaty of 1856 has been virtually repealed, for an express consideration of the promises of the Porte to give equal privileges to all the subjects of the Empire was the disclaimer by the European Powers of any right of internal intervention. The experience of twenty years may perhaps justify a change of system; but it is a mistake to suppose that Count ANDRASSY'S Note will not have established a new principle. If Austria, Russia, and Germany can, with or without the concurrence of the Western Powers, insist on reforms in Herzegovina, they may at their convenience use force to obtain compliance with their demands. Any active measure must be preceded by negotiation among themselves; but, as far as the Porte is concerned, the principle of qualified independence is already established. In a later stage of the transaction the precedent of the liberation of Greece will perhaps, with more or less variation, be followed. Fifty years ago much difficulty occurred in determining the limits of the territory which was ultimately declared independent. It would be a far more arduous task to deal differently with Herzegovina, with Bosnia, and with Bulgaria. The Turkish inhabitants of the Morea were compelled to leave the country on payment or promise of compensation for their property. The Mahometan population of the European portion of the Empire, whether of Slavonic or of Turkish race, is warlike and comparatively numerous. To expel an invading horde from countries where it has for four hundred years been at home is a bold undertaking; but Count ANDRASSY'S proposals of reform may possibly be a step towards the attainment of the design at some remote period.

THE PRESS ABROAD.

AS there is not much going on at Paris just now, the bitterness of party spirit during a period of expectation seeks material from remote sources, and the past is ransacked, and buried scandals are unearthed. Among other amusements, a journal has thought it worth while to reproduce some imaginary letters of LOUIS PHILIPPE, which were published more than thirty years ago by the *Gazette de France*. It is supposed to be probable that some part of this very artificial kind of dirt will stick to the Orleanists of the present day, or that at any rate they will fear it may stick, so that in any case there will be the pleasure of alarming them. The history of these letters and of their publication may, however, suggest another train of thought with which the Orleanists have nothing to do. The letters were published in a Legitimist journal in 1841, nearly eleven years after LOUIS PHILIPPE had provoked the wrath of all Legitimists by managing to be made King against his will. He was therefore, in 1841, not only a reigning monarch, but a monarch who had reigned some time, and it might have been thought that he was entitled to such respect as reigning monarchs usually receive. The Legitimist organ was, however, determined to show how far disrespect for a reigning monarch could go. It first published three letters supposed to have been written by LOUIS PHILIPPE during the time of the First Empire; and, finding the interest of its readers awakened, it proceeded a few days later to give three letters purporting to have been written by the KING since his accession to the crown. These letters were adroitly constructed so as to do the KING as much harm as possible. In 1841 the public mind was much excited against England on account of the difficulties to which the Syrian question had given rise; and the first letter accordingly was supposed to have been written by the KING to the English Ambassador at Paris, and to have assured him that the KING was not unmindful of the engagements of his family towards England, and was prepared to surrender Algeria to England as soon as public opinion in France made the step possible. Throughout his reign LOUIS PHILIPPE was accused of truckling to Russia, and there can be no doubt that he lived in constant terror of a coalition against France, of which the CZAR should be the guiding spirit. Poland was therefore selected as the subject of the second letter. That France had a vague wish to assist the Poles during their insurrection, and had to abandon their cause in face of the enormous difficulties which active interference would have evoked, was notorious. For the KING to have written in this sense would have done him no harm. The letter, therefore, made him assume a very different tone. He was made to describe himself as having been the real author of the disasters of Poland, and as entitled to the eternal gratitude of St. Petersburg for the very clever way in which he had baffled, thwarted, and deluded the Poles. Lastly, it was a constant, and in some respects a merited, reproach to LOUIS PHILIPPE throughout his reign that he had wandered very far away from the professions of liberty with which he had started. The third letter accordingly professed to embody the real views which he entertained towards the press. His correspondent was entreated to believe that the KING had never abandoned his attempt to gain a complete mastery over the press, the most dangerous of his enemies. A large section of journalists had already been bought or won over, and the rest would follow. By his adroitness the sting had been taken out of the press, and Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg were invited to recognize his services in a cause which he and they had equally at heart. The Government determined to prosecute the manager of the Legitimist journal for publishing forgeries, and there was a trial which at the time produced much sensation, BERRYER being retained for the defence. It was stated that the letters had been sent over from London by an adventuress named Mme. DE SAINT ELMA, and that they had been sent to the journal by the Marquis of LAROCHE-JACQUELEIN, who said that he had shown them to several persons devoted to LOUIS PHILIPPE, who all recognized the handwriting of the KING. The letters themselves were not forthcoming, which BERRYER boldly explained by saying that Mme. DE SAINT ELMA lived in London, and that under the English law she might be tried and hanged for forging them. The end of the trial was that the manager was acquitted by the jury, and the incident passed into the obscurity from which it has been just extricated by the ingenuity of modern journalism.

We will now turn to a very different example of what is written and published in the foreign press. The illustration is drawn from Belgium, and has to do with current politics. An article was published last week by a Belgian paper which calls itself the *Friend of the People*. A great strike is going on at Charleroi, and the workmen are so excited, and have made such approaches to actual violence, that the Government has thought fit, not only to send troops to the spot, but to forbid the transportation of arms from one part of Belgium to another. In this state of things the *Friend of the People* has given to the world what is said to be a manifesto of the associated workmen. It sets out with stating that the rapacity of employers in reducing wages by twenty per cent. is more than the workmen can bear. They are therefore determined to claim their right to live. But they cannot stand or fall alone. The small shopkeepers must starve or flourish with them. They, equally with the miners, are the victims of great capitalists. They will have to shut up their shops if the workmen have no longer money to spend there. They should therefore make common cause with their customers. They have no interests in unison with those of the *haute bourgeoisie*. They do not profit by the lavish expenditure of those to whom everything is given that is good in the world. They are not *fournisseurs du roi*. Their lot is simply to be sold up by those who are more lucky than themselves. In fact, there is no saying how general will be the ruin unless workmen get such wages as they think proper. The locomotive will rust in the station, the empty waggons will encumber the rails. With a full consciousness of what they are doing, the associated miners have declared war, a fierce implacable war, in which they invite the small shopkeepers to assist them, against the parasites and leeches of the proletariat. Every man who has any wise or humane feeling left is called on to aid in this great undertaking, for the success of which the miners are prepared to undergo the most extreme sacrifice. There need be no illusion as to what they mean. Their motto is "Du "pain ou du plomb"—"Feed us or we will shoot you"—which, it may be observed, has great merits as a motto, being eminently terse, simple, and unmistakable. The miners count on the great army of workers to beat to the earth that monster, the capitalist,

and say that they will wage the contest with equal firmness and coolness, disregarding the provocations of the numerous gendarmes whom the proprietors of the mines have summoned to guard the coal that has been got out of the earth by the sweat of the workman's brow. A sort of quaint concession to human weakness is made at the end of the manifesto by terming the struggle on which the workmen have embarked "pacific and legal," so that even timid consciences need not fear fighting under the device of "Bread or bullets," and men of a great variety of dispositions may unite to prepare "the coming of the "kingdom of work."

The state of things in which it is possible that forged letters purporting to be written by a reigning monarch since his accession should be published, and that an appeal should be made in a newspaper to workmen and shopkeepers to march under the inspiring influence of such a motto as "Bread or bullets," is the state with which the Governments of such countries as France and Belgium have to deal. In France each sovereign in turn is regarded as an adventurer temporarily successful, and the friends of other adventurers think every means fair by which his period of success may be as much shortened as possible. He is like the promoter of a rotten Company whose prospectus has happened to tickle the public, and the promoters of rival Companies run him down in order to start their own Companies. Lyons appears to have had the honour of inventing the brilliant motto to which Belgians are now asked to attach themselves, and Lyons would be as ready as Charleroi to put its motto in practice, but that experience has made it less comfortable than a novice would be in speaking of its contempt for gendarmes. No doubt there are some advantages in the liberty of the press, however extreme. LOUIS PHILIPPE learnt from the history of his imaginary letters the real temper of such distinguished persons as the Marquis of LAROCHEJACQUELEIN, and quiet Belgians are saved from all misapprehension when they know that "Bread or bullets" is the motto of the men on strike. But it must be owned that it is very difficult to govern a country where the liberty of the press takes this extreme form. When in England we speak of the liberty of the press, this is not usually the kind of liberty to which we refer. To publish forged letters purporting to have been written by the reigning monarch would be simply impossible; and it would not only be impossible now, but it would have been equally impossible during the whole period of the existence of the English press in its modern shape. Possibly a parallel to the utterances of the Belgian journal, with its sanguinary manifesto, might be found in English records of former days. But at any rate no such utterance would be tolerated in England now. We have got beyond the stage of society in which people avow that "Bread or bullets" is their motto; or, if we may apprehend that the appearance of such a state of things may be one of the dangers of the future, there are no signs of it at present. There is here a limit imposed partly by law, but much more by public opinion, on the liberty of the press. How this restraining influence acts, and what are its origin and extent, it might be difficult to describe accurately. But every one sees and feels that it does act. In France and Belgium it does not act. Nothing but sheer force keeps down the gravest scandals in France. The liberty of the press is there apt to be abused as much as it can be abused. Possibly, excessive repression aggravates the evil which it strives to cure, and France seems to try in vain one experiment after another for establishing satisfactory relations between the Government and the press. But at any rate it must be owned that it is not fair to judge of foreign societies simply by what we know of English society. They cannot be expected altogether to imitate us, when the circumstances in which they are placed are so different from those with which we are familiar.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE cohesion of M. BUFFET'S Cabinet is a phenomenon in politics. It was by a miracle that the component parts were brought together in the first instance, and the original miracle has been outdone by the marvel of their keeping together. Since Saturday last the Ministerial pitcher has again made its journey to the well, and, contrary to all reasonable expectation, has again come back unbroken. For a moment the pieces seemed to have finally parted company; but a little firm pressure from Marshal MACMAHON has riveted them apparently as firmly as ever. M. BUFFET'S attitude in the business has been consistent with his whole previous policy. Ever since he took office he has persistently ignored the only principle on which it seemed possible for a Coalition Ministry to be worked. The inability of the Cabinet to put forth a statement of the policy which they wished the electors to support by their votes has all along been recognized. Within the Ministry, as well as beyond it, the Republic is a word of many meanings. The natural inference from this admitted inability to frame a common confession of faith would have been abstinence from any official expression of preference for one confession of faith over another. A prudent regard for their own success, if not for their own comfort, will prevent any but very extreme candidates on either side from declaring themselves hostile to Marshal MACMAHON; and for the rest M. BUFFET might have been content to employ those unostentatious modes of bringing influence to bear upon the electors which a French Minister of the Interior knows so well how to command. M. BUFFET'S idea of managing a Cabinet which only subsists by agreeing to leave almost everything an open question until after the elections was to issue orders to his subordinates to do all in their power to promote the return of Conservative candidates. To promote the return of one candidate means to oppose the return of another, and it unfortunately happened that among those whom the MINISTER of the INTERIOR wished to oppose were some whom the MINISTER of JUSTICE and the MINISTER of FINANCE wished to support. It is a singular instance of the want of familiarity with coalitions and compromises which has so often been a danger in French politics that it should not have occurred to M. BUFFET that, when he and M. DUFAURE agreed to carry on the Government jointly, they would have to leave undone things which they could not agree to do together. M. BUFFET'S theory of a coalition Government may be vulgarly, but accurately, expressed in the formula, "Heads I win; tails you lose." The MINISTER of the INTERIOR is to do anything he likes; the MINISTER of JUSTICE is to do nothing which the MINISTER of the INTERIOR does not like.

The way in which this theory of Ministerial harmony worked in the present instance seems to have been this. M. LÉON SAY has allowed his name to appear on a list of candidates for the Senate in conjunction with the names of M. FERAY and M. BOUCHER, whom M. BUFFET professes to regard as open enemies of Marshal MACMAHON'S Government. There is an obvious inconvenience in the election of a Cabinet Minister being opposed by the subordinates of another Minister, and the only way of getting over this difficulty that seems to have presented itself to M. BUFFET was to drive M. LÉON SAY into resigning. Probably M. BUFFET was served by men of less austere temperament than himself, for there appeared in the *Figaro* of Saturday an article directed against the FINANCE MINISTER so scurrilous in tone and substance that it is impossible to believe that M. BUFFET knew of it beforehand, while at the same time there is every reason to suppose that it would not have been published without the acquiescence of the MINISTER of the INTERIOR in its general drift being first ascertained. According to the *Times'* Correspondent the Ministerial crisis opened with Marshal MACMAHON being discovered by M. BUFFET in the act of reading this very article. His notions of soldierly discipline were perhaps somewhat outraged by the discord thus suddenly revealed to him, and upon hearing from M. BUFFET that, though he knew nothing of the punishment dealt out to M. LÉON SAY, he was thoroughly displeased with his conduct, the MARSHAL'S natural impulse was to send for M. LÉON SAY and give him the choice of taking his name off the senatorial list or resigning his seat in the Cabinet. M. LÉON SAY accepted the latter alternative, and M. DUFAURE and M. WALLON declared themselves prepared to follow his example. This was pushing matters further than at all suited M. BUFFET'S purpose. To have got rid of M. LÉON SAY would have been to weaken the Liberal element in the Cabinet, while the advantages that flow from the presence of such an element would have been retained. But to get rid of M. DUFAURE and M. WALLON into the bargain would have been to turn the Liberal element out of the Cabinet just at the moment when its presence there is especially important as a means of catching Liberal votes. One expedient after another was suggested in order to avert the catastrophe, and the one finally adopted was the issue of a Proclamation to the French people, signed by Marshal MACMAHON, and countersigned by M. BUFFET.

As the object of this Proclamation is to put an end to a Ministerial crisis, and as to all appearance it has had the effect which it was designed to have, it must so far be pronounced a successful move. If we attempt to go any further, and to decide why it should have had this result, it is not so easy to form an opinion about it. It is a very harmless Proclamation, and M. BUFFET'S name is quite in place at the foot of it. But M. DUFAURE'S would have been just as much in place; indeed, if we care to carry on the speculation, there seems no possible reason why it should not equally have been countersigned by M. GAMBETTA. It begins by reminding the French people that they have now obtained what they wished for five years ago—namely, order and peace, and that the senators and deputies whom they are about to elect will have to work with the PRESIDENT of the REPUBLIC in maintaining order and peace. This co-operation will be afforded by giving a sincere support to the Constitutional Laws. France needs repose, and the way to ensure repose is to postpone the revision of her new institutions until there has been time for them to be honestly tried. They can only be honestly tried by a steadfast adherence to a policy which is at once Conservative and truly Liberal; and in order to secure this adherence, the MARSHAL invites all who place the defence of social order, respect for law, and patriotic devotion above their recollections, or aspirations, or party engagements, to rally round his Government. This is precisely the language used by the Republican party both of the Constitution and of the PRESIDENT. No one proposes to revise the one or to displace the other before 1880. M. GAMBETTA would probably be very well satisfied if he could feel assured that the Constitutional Laws would have undergone no violent changes by that time. Five years of uninterrupted working would be the best testimony to character that Republican institutions could possibly receive. Even the announcement that it is necessary not only to disarm those who might disturb the security of sacred rights and legitimate interests in the present, but to discourage those who threaten it in the future by the propagation of anti-social doctrines and revolutionary programmes, need not disturb the Parliamentary adversaries of M. BUFFET. They are equally ready to say the same thing. It is only irreconcilables like M. NAQUET who can now be said to have any connexion with revolutionary programmes. The Republicans whom M. BUFFET really fears are as loud in their denunciations of revolution as he is himself. We do not mean, of course, that there is no real difference between the views of the Minister and the views of the Republican Opposition. Probably there is much which the latter would consider as consistent with strict fidelity to the Constitution which M. BUFFET would set down as revolutionary in the highest degree. But the question at present is not so much what makes the real difference between M. BUFFET'S views and those of the Republican Opposition, as what success M. BUFFET has had in devising a formula which shall convey this difference to the world. Under this aspect the MARSHAL'S Proclamation is singularly unfortunate, because singularly unmeaning. No doubt it says nothing to which M. LÉON SAY and M. DUFAURE cannot heartily assent; but then, on the other hand, it says nothing to which the very persons at whom the Proclamation is aimed cannot assent with equal fervour. If M. BUFFET instructs his subordinates only to oppose those candidates who do not declare their acceptance of the MARSHAL'S Proclamation, his subordinates will have an easy time of it.

There is another side, however, to the Proclamation in which it is less harmless. A Constitutional King might say many things which in any one else's mouth would be truisms, but which in the mouth of the Sovereign would be exceedingly indecorous. It would not be fair to apply to Marshal MACMAHON the strict rules by which the acts of the QUEEN of ENGLAND or the KING of the BELGIANS would be judged. The French tolerate in their rulers a more active participation in public affairs than the subjects of limited monarchies are accustomed to, and Marshal MACMAHON'S position is sufficiently [illegible] common to [illegible] nation. As regards the [illegible] tion [illegible] present time and for the present object the [illegible] Marshal MACMAHON were, like M. THIERS, [illegible] own Prime Minister, and subject, in his own estimation, at all events, to be dismissed by a vote of the Legislature, his appeal to the electors to give him a Parliament after his mind would be open to no criticism. The electors would know that, in voting for this or that candidate, they were really voting for Marshal MACMAHON, or for whatever President a majority hostile to Marshal MACMAHON might think fit to put in his place. But Marshal MACMAHON has been appointed President for a fixed term; he cannot be displaced by any ordinary process until the end of that term; and he is bound, so long as he holds office, to accept such Ministers as the Legislature chooses to impose upon him. The publication of such an appeal as that contained in this Proclamation must either mean that, unless his present Cabinet obtains a majority in the elections, he himself will not remain in office, or that, if the present Cabinet does not obtain a majority in the elections, he intends to keep it in power. At least, if it is not intended to bear either of these senses, it can only be taken as a simple appeal *ad misericordiam*. Of course, the MARSHAL must be understood to say, I will accept any Ministers you choose to give me; but do, as a favour, give me the sort I like best. It seems doubtful whether the MARSHAL'S reputation will be permanently raised, or his position strengthened, by an address of this kind. Both have been sacrificed to keep the Cabinet from going to pieces. In M. BUFFET'S eyes the dignity of the Executive is a subordinate consideration by the side of his own continuance in power. The question he asks himself is, not how the PRESIDENT'S Government is to be carried on, but how to make sure that it shall be carried on by no one except M. BUFFET.

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND ITS ADVISERS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S third speech at Oxford was eloquent, sensible, and entirely consistent with his first. Addressing the local Liberal Association, he was compelled to assume that the Liberal party had a purpose as well as a policy; but, as neither he nor his constituents had any special measure to propose, he judiciously confined himself to a disquisition on political strategy and some cognate topics. A still more urgent necessity was the maintenance of discipline; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was anxious to inculcate, by example as well as by precept, the primary duty of implicit obedience to superior orders. If Mr. GLADSTONE were disposed to expatiate on the several distinctive merits of his principal followers, he would not perhaps select Sir W. HARCOURT as the most perfect model of unhesitating docility. Lord HARTINGTON is more fortunate in commanding the services of a lieutenant who awaits in invincible patience the decision of his chief. "You and I," says Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to the members of the Liberal Association, "are but privates; and "it is not for us to issue general orders." The analogy between parties and armies is obvious and familiar, though, like analogies in general, it is not absolutely complete. Soldiers have no opinions, and as a rule they have not the choice of their general. Sir W. HARCOURT concurred in the appointment of Lord HARTINGTON as leader because he felt confidence in the soundness of his principles. At Oxford he seemed to place himself at the disposal of his superior, according to the Jesuit formula, *perinde ac cadaver*. Orators, however, even when they pursue a metaphor too far, are wont eventually to resume the thread of their more serious argument. It appears that it is not exclusively from regard to discipline that Sir W. HARCOURT adopts Lord HARTINGTON'S policy of expectation. On the contrary, he enthusiastically compares his leader to the famous Roman general whose name is proverbially associated with delay. Lord HARTINGTON exhibits the profound sagacity which earned for QUINTUS FABIUS MAXIMUS the surname of "Cunctator." In the present day the leader of the Opposition is alone capable of restoring the fortunes of his party by waiting. The illustration from ancient history was not the less impressive because Sir W. HARCOURT'S recollections of LIVY are somewhat hazy. It was not FABIUS who, after the halt at Capua, confined HANNIBAL to the southern provinces of Italy, and ultimately compelled him to evacuate the country; but perhaps it may be the fortune of Lord HARTINGTON to drive Mr. DISRAELI from office, and to take his place.

The more serious part of Sir W. HARCOURT'S speech well deserves attention. The Liberal party is not, in fact, agreed on any definite course of policy; and it would be dishonest, if it were practicable, to construct at present a programme or a platform. The word programme is, as Sir W. HARCOURT says, not English, and the word

platform has happily long since emigrated to America. Neither phrase is required to express the principles which unite English parties. If the Liberal party were agreed on the advocacy of household suffrage in counties, on disestablishment, or on the redistribution of landed property, it would agitate for those changes under their respective descriptions. Although political zealots may denounce the epicurean laxity of their more prudent allies, no practice can be more immoral than the invention of Liberal measures for the purpose of advancing the interests of the party. It is indispensable to the sound working of the Constitution that the Government of the time should be watched and checked by a vigilant Opposition; but if both parties happen for the time to be substantially agreed, it is not the duty of the leaders of the minority to devise artificial pretexts of quarrel. Sir W. HARCOURT may be trusted not to omit any opportunity of sarcastic comment on Ministerial failures. He and his friends hope that, after all, the Suez purchase may furnish occasion for profitable attacks on the Government. It was perhaps a pity to waste on a provincial meeting the epigram on a Government which makes an investment first and then sends out a Commission to investigate its value; but, on the whole, a neat fallacy produces the best effect when there is no risk of an answer on the spot. The new Fugitive Slave Circular promises still better sport. The antithesis between the Scylla of bad law and the Charybdis of a worse policy ought, on grounds of rhetorical economy, to have been reserved for the House of Commons.

Mr. THOROLD ROGERS, who takes a more earnest or more melancholy view of affairs, in a letter to the *Daily News*, answered Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT by anticipation. In his opinion the Fabian policy is an appeal to faction. "It "means, if it means anything, that the party of reform is "to be patient till the English nation suffers some serious "loss or indignity." Nor is the belief that the Conservative party will give chances to the Opposition, in Mr. ROGERS's judgment, well founded. The present Government has, as he says, given more or less satisfaction to the tenant-farmers, to the Trade-Unions, and to the sanitary reformers. There is reason to fear that, if the Liberal leaders are not beforehand with Mr. DISRAELI, he will detach other sections of their followers by means of additional concessions. Mr. ROGERS, like other members of the same section of the Liberal party, thinks that the only way of baffling the tactics of an insidious adversary is to outbid him. "In 1868," he says, "the Liberal party "under Mr. GLADSTONE put a question before the country, "and got no doubtful answer. Has Lord HARTINGTON no "question to ask?" Perhaps, before Lord HARTINGTON asks a question, he may think it expedient to ascertain the probable answer. When Mr. GLADSTONE suddenly determined to return to office by destroying the Irish Church, he calculated, as the result proved, with accuracy on the support of the constituency. In 1874 he asked another question, and he received a different answer. Mr. ROGERS foretells that Mr. GLADSTONE's reputation "will be "far greater in time to come than that of any man "who has occupied the station of Prime Minister yet." It was necessary to account for the fall of an unparalleled Minister, and the votary admits, with laudable candour, some superficial imperfections in his hero. Mr. ROGERS "will not go so far as to say, as "he has heard some say, that Mr. GLADSTONE had the "singular faculty of making his merits and demerits "equally odious, but no one can allege that he was a genial "Minister." It is perfectly true that Mr. GLADSTONE never advocated a change of the justice and expediency of which he was not fully convinced; but the proposition would be more accurately stated in the converse form. Mr. GLADSTONE always profoundly believed in the justice and expediency of any measure which he for the moment chose to advocate. His convictions varied incessantly, but he never doubted that he was in the right.

Mr. ROGERS probably stands alone in his belief that the late Ministers became unpopular because they were too much devoted to repose. "The men who bid us wait were "the men whom the English people said they would "have nothing to do with any longer. There was hardly "a member in the late Administration who did not share "general odium." Nearly all political observers have arrived at the opposite conclusion that the Conservative reaction was produced by the incessant restlessness of the late Ministers. When Mr GLADSTONE interposed only the delay of three of his peculiar processes of thought between the House of Lords and its abolition; when Mr. BRIGHT by his first Bill threatened every publican in the kingdom with ruin; when Mr. GOSCHEN proposed to sell off the College estates, even zealous Liberals were perplexed and alarmed, and a general feeling pervaded the country that no interest and no institution was safe. Mr. ROGERS says with truth that the country owes much to the Liberal party for what it did between 1832 and 1872. He apparently forgets that during the forty years of Liberal supremacy there were long intervals of judicious inaction, as when Lord JOHN RUSSELL advised the country to rest and be thankful, and when Lord PALMERSTON earned unbounded popularity by steadily discouraging all proposals of organic innovation. It was because Lord JOHN RUSSELL attempted to revive his popularity by reopening the question of Reform that he was soon afterwards superseded by his more moderate rival. Lord PALMERSTON had certainly not the faculty of making either his merits or his demerits odious. There is no reason why the Liberal party should be in a hurry to return to power, although Sir W. HARCOURT probably underrates the chances of office to others, if not to himself. Sooner or later some great measure of change will be supported by a majority which may possibly not include the moderate section of the Liberal party. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. LEATHAM will then rejoice in the discomfiture of their opponents, and perhaps still more warmly in the defection of their uncongenial allies. In the meantime Lord HARTINGTON may be excused for maintaining, and Sir W. HARCOURT for vindicating, a policy which has the merit of sincerity and simplicity.

FOREIGN LOANS.

ALMOST every day sees some meeting of unfortunate bondholders who are called together to condole with each other, or to listen to some scheme for getting them out of the extreme depths of distress. Their private sorrows so far benefit the public as to offer an instructive warning to future investors; and the warning which was begun by the announcement of the suspension of payment on their bonds is completed by the picture of their difficulties when they begin to take steps to retrieve what may be possible of their loss. It is always possible that a Government unable to pay much may pay something. It may be so far an honourable Government that it will wish to pay what it can pay, simply because it does not like altogether to belie its promises. Turkey appears to be in this position. It announces that it can pay and will pay half of what it owes, but can pay no more. As a matter of fact, the January coupons have been met to the extent of one-half of their nominal amount in cash, although it is said that the money was scraped together with the utmost difficulty. It is utterly futile to suppose that Turkey can pay more than half the coupons as they fall due, and it seems very doubtful whether she can continue to pay so much. If the bondholders could invent a new Turkey after their own heart, could place there a wise and economical Government, and have everything carried on by efficient and honest administrators, they might no doubt get more; but this is impossible, and what they can practically look for is the amount which the existing Turkish Government, under very embarrassing circumstances, can collect beyond the expenses necessary for its existence. The several classes of Turkish bondholders have also conflicting claims as between themselves, into which it is not necessary to enter further than to say that investors have now learnt that the assignment of special securities for different loans gives no real advantage, unless the securities are of a kind which have an independent value in themselves and are distinct pieces of property to which the legal tribunals of the [illegible] give an effectual title in case of default. [illegible]wn from the default of Turkey is [illegible] and anxiety of a country to pa[illegible] it can[illegible]ble element in the value of [illegible] but that [illegible]alt is made the most hono[illegible] can only [illegible]an, and that its ability [illegible] is [illegible] very causes which [illegible] to the [illegible]y exceptional cases, [illegible] Egypt may b[illegible]reign Government may be both able and w[illegible]mend its ways, to place itself under [illegible] what is economically best. In such a case the [illegible]holders may gladly submit to a tempo-

rary reduction of interest. They get less, but what they get is secure. But it is by no means certain as yet that the Viceroy will continue to wish for good advice and will continue to take it. If he does, the circumstances under which Egypt is now are so very peculiar that no conclusion can be drawn from it in other instances. Russia, for example, is a country that enjoys a credit which, speaking roughly, may be said to be as good as that of France. But no one knows anything whatever of the financial position of Russia. The financial position of France can be estimated with tolerable accuracy; but of that of Russia no approach to a calculation can be made. The credit of Russia is high simply because the Russian Government has always paid hitherto, and is known to be most honourably sensitive as to its credit. But if Russia is ever unable to pay in full, it can but do its utmost, and the causes which will have produced its embarrassment, whether war or unprofitable extension of enterprise or territory, will not be of a kind that its creditors can hope to see easily remedied or removed.

In a vague and general way, every nation would like to pay its debts, but with some nations the motive operates in a languid and ineffectual manner. A nation with small or embarrassed resources is shown by ingenious speculators how to take advantage of the fatal readiness of English and other European investors to lend their money in utter ignorance of why they lend it. The money is spent or pocketed somehow, and the borrowing nation finds itself unable to meet its engagements. It then considers what course it shall take; and when the desire to pay for the mere sake of honour and credit is not strong, the practical question which it tries to solve is whether it will answer best to make an effort to pay as much as it can pay or not. If it cannot see how it is to exist at all without new foreign capital, it will agree to anything that gives it a hope of existence. The Paraguay bondholders have just been cheered with an offer to allow a bank to be created with fresh English money, which is to do wonders for them, is to take everything the Government has got to give, and to manage Paraguay for the benefit of its creditors. Whether Paraguay is the sort of country that can be properly managed by a bank and a standing army of 400 men is a question open to free and fair discussion. But if an insolvent nation can get on somehow without new foreign capital, it may see no use in struggling to pay something on its debt. It is said that the news of its repudiation was received in Peru with a feeling of satisfaction and relief. How far this feeling may have extended we have no means of saying; but the experience gained from South American Republics warrants the supposition that it would be largely entertained. A country which takes this line has to pocket its pride, and many special classes suffer from a state of contented insolvency. All mercantile operations are carried on under a great disadvantage when the country where they are carried on is indifferent to repudiation, and the country as a whole grows poorer, apart from the fact of no new capital being introduced. But to a large proportion of the inhabitants it seems a wise and proper and clever thing to escape from the extra taxation that would be necessary in order to pay the interest, or a part of the interest, due on a foreign debt. The money seems to be kept at home, instead of being wasted on outsiders. There is also the comfortable supposition that not to pay anything is really the kindest thing for the bondholders themselves. They cannot get anything unless the country is kept quiet, and security produces wealth; and to pay for the army and the administration is regarded as an indirect payment to the bondholders. When this wise course has produced its proper fruits, then the really good time for the bondholders will come, and a cautious offer to pay them a few halfpence in the pound may be looked on with favour.

Besides these two warnings, that honest Governments being unable to alter their ways of going on can only pay what they can pay, and that some nations see advantages in insolvency, investors have lately had a third warning which they may profitably consider. They must have seen that the market is only a very faint and feeble guide to the real value of securities. In one way this must be always true, for the price of the day will always in some measure depend on the amount of money in the market seeking investment. Recently the large accumulations of savings which are always going on in England have been diverted from investment in stocks thought precarious, and have been poured into those channels which find favour with steady and cautious investors. The consequence has been a rise in the price of the better class of securities, which has in many instances forced them to a point above what they can be expected to command in the average of years. If trade revives, and new avenues of enterprising investment are opened, investors must expect to see a fall in the price of those securities which now stand unusually high. But the chief cause of the fluctuations of the market is gambling; and the great instrument of gambling is the propagation of false rumours, which the telegraph supplies in endless abundance. A rumour, slightly true, if put in a wrong form, does as well as a thoroughly false rumour for gambling purposes, and it is quite an exception when a telegram is right at first. It is only the gambling world that is much excited by these rumours and the consequent fluctuations in price, and the world of gamblers is always the same. Living in excitement, it catches up anything that excites it, and it hurries to act without inquiry into the ground of action. The difficulty of checking rumours is now much increased by the international character of Stock Exchange gambling. There seems always to be a chance that something may be known at Paris which is not known in London; and when prices are technically said to come bad from Paris, our market droops in a minute, although in the infinite majority of such cases Paris is not a bit wiser as to what is going on than London is. As the banks lend money freely on stocks with a slight margin, the opportunity of entering this great gambling world is easily obtained. Things also are most comfortably managed there—far more so than on the Turf. There is no crowding with roughs, or standing out in the rain at dismal little country places. Besides, there is, as it were, a race coming off every hour of every day on the Stock Exchange, and nothing on the Turf can compete with this. According to present appearances, there seems every probability that this new and great excitement of modern life will continue to be pursued with increasing alacrity. Investors must therefore more and more discard from their thoughts the price of the day when they attempt to estimate the value of the securities they hold.

THE ERITH STRIKE.

THE result of the Erith strike, as of all similar experiments, will be determined by a comparison of forces rather than by a conflict of reasons. If the men are stronger than the employers, not merely at Erith, but throughout the trade, they will care little for any demonstration that they are economically and morally in the wrong. It is not only among the engineers that the Trade-Unions are active. In the Swansea Valley ten or twelve collieries are now closed, because the masters and the men interpret differently the terms of a recent award. Cases of rattening have once more occurred at Sheffield, which has long maintained its pre-eminence in lawless tyranny. The war which is habitually carried on by combinations of workmen is not waged exclusively against the employers of labour, or against the general community which suffers by increased cost of production. The masters are for the most part struck through that section of the men which is forced into the observance of arbitrary restrictions. Broadhead and his successors at Sheffield have habitually directed their criminal attempts against industrious and comparatively independent members of their own class. It does not appear that the men on strike at Erith were generally dissatisfied with the mode in which the works were conducted; and, whatever may be the precise circumstances under which the strike began, the influence of the Union may be distinctly traced in the refusal of the men to accept the work offered to them. It would be idle to expect that men who are ready to sacrifice the comfort of themselves and their families should consider the heavy loss which their act may perhaps inflict on their employers; but it is possible that they may feel a passing regret for the injury which is suffered by other artisans. In engineers' shops, as in all manufacturing establishments, many separate operations are designed for a common object by men of different trades. Workers in wood are dependent on the miscellaneous activity of workers in iron, and in each kind of industry there are various subdivisions.

A general strike or lock-out of engineers might reduce

to idleness a much larger number of workmen who have no claim on the funds of the Union. The only security against such a misfortune is to be found in the employment of competent substitutes for the workmen on strike. It is to guard against the risk of free competition that the Trade-Unions and their advocates have systematically denounced all laws which might diminish their power of coercion. The Erith engineers have rendered their cordon of pickets so effective as to have hitherto maintained a successful blockade of Messrs. EASTON'S works. Skilled workmen who would gladly have earned good wages on fair conditions have been persuaded or frightened into an abandonment of their purpose of seeking employment. The proportions in which choice and terror have respectively contributed to the result can only be ascertained by conjecture, but it is evident that the process of picketing is wholly superfluous as a contrivance for giving information to applicants. Artisans out of work who approach Messrs. EASTON'S premises must already know both of the vacancies which they seek to fill and of the causes which create a demand for labour. In this case also the victims of trade combination belong to the class which the Unions undertake to regulate and protect. A manufacturer may sometimes suspend production with little loss, or, in exceptional cases, with actual advantage to himself. Workmen who are coerced into a strike, workmen in other trades whose industry is inseparably connected with the suspended industry, and workmen who are by force or fear prevented from supplying the place of the malcontents, all suffer without compensation. The confident assertion that Trade-Unions have on the whole raised the condition of the working classes may possibly be true, and in any case it cannot be disproved. The evils and drawbacks, on the other hand, are enormous and indisputable; but there is little advantage in arguing against the use or abuse of a legal right. The favourite teachers of the working classes have always impressed upon them the duty of looking exclusively to the interests of their own class. That any advantage which may result is obtained at the cost of capitalists and consumers, candid supporters of Trade-Unions would admit.

A calculation of the comparative resources of the employers and the men could only be valuable if it were undertaken with special knowledge of the circumstances of the trade. If there is only a question of prolonged endurance, the masters can afford to wait better than the men. A general lock-out would, according to an authoritative statement, deprive them within two or three weeks of wages equal in amount to the accumulated fund of the Engineers' Association. A partial suspension of labour would of course afford the men a better chance of success. For the masters, as far as they regard their own interests alone, the most pressing question is whether their contracts are likely to be abandoned, or only to be postponed. The active competition of Germany, France, and Belgium is ready to profit by any slackness of work in England. The Employers' Association, which will determine the course to be adopted by the masters, is in possession of all the materials on which a judgment will be formed. There is no doubt that a general lock-out is a cumbrous and invidious operation; but, on the other hand, partial strikes, especially where they are commenced under the orders of a Trade Council, are deliberate acts of hostility, which can only be encountered by vigorous measures. By their obedience to the commands of the Union the men on strike admit that they belong to a great organization, and their fellow-members are jointly responsible for the decision of their chosen rulers. There is too much reason to fear that both the parties to the dispute will suffer permanent loss from the diversion of trade to foreign countries. If the employers, who are alone capable of foreseeing the consequences of the struggle, think it better to resist than to yield, some indication will be afforded of the weight of oppression to which they would otherwise be subject.

Although no appeal to the moral judgment of a class which has an ethical code of its own will produce an immediate result, even Trade-Unions have sometimes shown a desire to enlist public opinion on their side. In the present dispute the engineers are, according to ordinary standards of judgment, utterly in the wrong. The Secretary of the Amalgamated Engineers expresses the inveterate hostility of his Association to piece-work, or, in other words, to free competition among workmen and just dealings between men and employers. Mr. BURNETT says that piece-work is selfish, meaning that it promotes the interest of the ablest workmen. In the same sense independent labour and property are selfish, while the true principle of society is communism. Not that Trade-Unions are consistent even in their efforts to maintain an arbitrary and unnatural equality. The skilled workmen of the organization are only equal among themselves; for it is essential to the attainment of their objects that they should rule the other members of their privileged aristocracy. The workmen who are excluded from Messrs. EASTON'S employment by the system of pickets are not participators in the equality which would be impaired by the adoption of piece-work. The best workmen, as in every other department of human activity, form a minority; and consequently they are outvoted, or perhaps they succumb to the public opinion of the greater number. Their emancipation from a mischievous despotism would be greatly beneficial to themselves, and it would also tend to goodness and cheapness of production. The consequent encouragement of trade would probably secure even to second-rate workmen as large a remuneration as that which they now receive at the expense of consumers and of their more skilful companions. An equal price for large loaves and small loaves, for strong beer and for weak beer, for gold and for silver, would be strictly analogous to the rule that workmen are not to be paid in proportion to the quantity and quality of their work. The equal division of the fund applicable to wages among all who are entitled to share is a formula which bristles with fallacious assumptions. There is no fixed wage-fund, and there is no definite class which is entitled to divide the amount which may at any time be paid. The Unions indeed, by their rules of apprenticeship and by other methods, are constantly struggling to exclude competition; but an unprivileged workman and a consumer, with or without the intervention of an employer, have the fullest right to bargain between themselves. The antagonistic right of Unionist workmen to band themselves together for the promotion of their own supposed interests is the more undeniable because it is impossible to prevent the combination. To the best members of their body, as well as to the whole remainder of the community, the utter failure of their assault on piece-work would be an unmixed advantage.

IRRESPONSIBLE ARMY REFORMERS.

IT is very desirable that, by the speeches of Mr. JOHN HOLMS or otherwise, the working-men of our large towns should be led to inquire and think on the subject of military administration. We have plenty of men of strength and courage, plenty of money, and perfect communications, and yet, if this country should be invaded, we could not concentrate anything like a sufficient army on the threatened point. The working-men who listen to Mr. HOLMS will at any rate be taught to regard invasion as possible, and not to rely upon the navy or upon luck to avert it. There are, says Mr. HOLMS, 7,000,000 of trained soldiers in Europe, and he asks whether, if 100,000 or 200,000 of these trained soldiers should ever attempt to take this country, his hearers would not think it wise to have men as well trained, morally and physically, as their foes. If the working classes can be got to look at the matter in this light, it may be hoped that the middle and upper classes will not allow themselves to be deceived by newspapers which undertake to expose Mr. HOLMS's inaccuracies of detail. The substance of much that he has spoken and written is that one good soldier is worth more than two bad soldiers. In this we of course agree; but when Mr. HOLMS proceeds to infer that if, for every two bad soldiers that the country now has, it had one good soldier, it would have enough, we differ from him. He objects to the Mobilization scheme because it begins at the wrong end. It makes places for officers instead of providing men. But, if he is right, he only shows that a scheme to be sufficient ought to begin at both ends. He makes merry at the notion of placing a Scotch or Irish militia regiment in a corps which has its head-quarters at Dorking; but the authors of the scheme would be well pleased if he would find for them as good materials nearer at hand. It is only reasonable to expect that, in case of invasion, we should use our complete system of railways for rapid concentration of troops on threatened points, and this is what the scheme aims

He is very angry at a preference in some quarters for the old-fashioned Militia, which he ascribes to Toryism, and he wishes to substitute for it some new organization which he would call Reserve. But we will not dispute with him about words. No reasonable person supposes that that degree of training which sufficed for the militia one or two centuries ago would suffice now. On the other hand, it is desired, if possible, to give to a considerable body of men a sufficient training without withdrawing them altogether from their homes and industries. Mr. HOLMS rightly puts the standard of individual efficiency high, but his estimate of necessary numbers is dangerously low. He makes no adequate allowance for the waste of war. Nevertheless he has done good service by fixing the attention of Sheffield and Manchester on the necessity for an efficient National Insurance. How may an invasion by 100,000 or 200,000 disciplined enemies be most promptly met and crushed, remembering the enormous daily loss which we should suffer from a hostile army encamped upon our soil? If Mr. HOLMS looks at the Mobilization scheme from this point of view, he may perhaps see that there is something in it.

Suppose, for a moment, says Mr. HOLMS, that a foreign enemy threatened a descent upon Lancashire, and that all our strength was to be concentrated there without delay. It were to be wished that by his speeches or otherwise the men of Manchester could be made to suppose this, not for a moment, but perpetually. If such a threat were held out you would have, he says, the extraordinary spectacle of a regiment of militia travelling from Perth to Dorking, and from Dorking back again to Lancashire. Unless the enemy would be kind enough to tell us that he did not really mean to invade Sussex but Lancashire, this spectacle, however extraordinary Mr. HOLMS might think it, would be likely to exhibit itself to his perplexed vision. We should have the advantage, as it is commonly considered, of operating on interior lines, and our generals would endeavour to contrive some such extraordinary spectacle as was seen when General JACKSON shifted his army from the Shenandoah Valley to Richmond to oppose the real Federal invasion. If Mr. HOLMS can explain how Lancashire can be supplied with an army sufficient under all circumstances for its defence, the country will be glad to hear from him. He says, only too truly, that the authors of the Mobilization scheme fill up the vacancies among the men by creating a fictitious army of militiamen who have no real existence. And he says further that we have not only too few men, but too many officers. But surely it is an enormous exaggeration to say that "over-officering is one of the greatest dangers that "exist in our military system." This is manifest prejudice, and a man who speaks under its influence falls an easy prey to journalists who defend the War Office in all that it does and leaves undone. Mr. HOLMS on one side is almost as unreasonable as the *Times* on the other. He insists that five army corps are sufficient for all our wants, whereas the Mobilization scheme proposes eight. It does not increase our confidence in his judgment on this point to find that he is supported by Mr. JACOB BRIGHT and Mr. MUNDELLA; and indeed, except Mr. GLADSTONE, he could scarcely find any persons to whose guidance we should be less willing to trust ourselves on this question. If we could be sure that the men of Manchester and Sheffield would, under all circumstances, be satisfied with a pacific policy in their rulers, we might expect that the country, if it did not get much glory, would escape invasion. But sooner or later some popular impulse will bring us suddenly to the verge of war, and perhaps of war which can only be satisfactorily conducted by sending troops abroad. If Mr. HOLMS bases his plan of military organization on assumptions as to foreign policy, he must obtain general acceptance for the latter before he asks us to discuss the former. The *Times*, professing to look at the future as it is likely to be, contends that our army is adequate to meet it. Mr. HOLMS, viewing the future as he thinks it ought to be, insists that our army might be made adequate to meet it without increase, and even with saving, of expense. We believe that both these advisers of the nation are equally wrong, and the best hope is that each may neutralize the influence of the other. Sober people will hesitate to believe that we have too many officers, while remaining entirely convinced that we have too few men.

Although we think that Mr. HOLMS is narrow-minded and imperfectly informed, we heartily wish him success in [illegible]king which the *Times* describes as "a campaign "with the object of exciting public discontent with the "whole of the present military system." Intelligent men, seriously considering the subject, will be apt to see rather more in it than Mr. HOLMS points out. If it be assumed that invasion is possible, it must also be assumed that a large army would be employed in it, and therefore we must have a large army ready to meet it. If Mr. HOLMS has any definite plan at all, it must be that of a small army of well-paid and thoroughly efficient soldiers, which he thinks could cope successfully with larger numbers than their own. We can only say that it would be the height of folly to risk the safety and honour of this country on any such expectation. The Confederate soldiers did wonders by their own valour and their leaders' skill, but they were finally overwhelmed by the vast armies of the North. And if the road to this country were once opened, it would be kept open, and enemies in unlimited numbers would pass along it. We subscribe entirely to Mr. HOLMS's opinion as to the quality of CROMWELL'S troops, but those admirable veterans, if we had them now, would fully understand the value of their own services. The speaker sets his audience against the Ballot, on the ground that it would only be the poor men who could not escape. It would, however, be open to artisans to form clubs for providing substitutes, as was done in the French war. But if in Manchester or Sheffield they prefer conscription, let them say so; and at any rate let them understand that the advantages which the speaker ascribes to the German system are obtained by conscription, and cannot easily be obtained in any other way. By a system of short service and deferred pay of adequate amount, it might be possible in course of years to create a numerous Reserve, and if that Reserve would be certainly forthcoming with proper equipment and organization, and in adequate numbers, whenever it was wanted, the problem of national defence would be solved. But whether this force were called Reserve or Militia would be unimportant. It is odd that Mr. HOLMS should be jealous of a force which Liberals of former times so greatly favoured. He talks of the "country party" in a sense different from that which the words bore two centuries ago. But if there be a "town party," or any other party that can make any rational proposal for creating a defensive army, let us hear what it has to offer. It looks very much as if Mr. HOLMS can make no such proposal. He talks in a vague way about a moderate force of well-selected and well-paid men, forgetting that an immoderate force might be brought against it. He sees, as others do, that if the War Office seriously undertakes to fill up the sketch which it has produced, it must ask for large additional means in money or money's worth, and this he is ready to refuse. But when the question is fully understood in the great towns, he will not carry their sensible, business-like inhabitants along with him. National security is too precious to be risked, and, although vigilant administration and economy may do much, they cannot enable one man to do two men's work.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE QUESTION.

IT is to be hoped that a little common sense will be applied to the consideration of the question of fugitive slaves. It is agreed on all hands that the Circular on the subject which was issued in the autumn was wholly indefensible; and there can be no doubt that, if the Ministry had not quietly dropped it, they would have placed themselves in a very dangerous position. The feelings of the country were strongly roused on a matter on which it is always very tender, and even the regular supporters of the Government shrank from supporting the obnoxious document. A second Circular has now been prepared, which, if it is not in all respects perfectly satisfactory, at least avoids the blunders of the former one, and deals with the subject in an intelligible and cautious manner. It will be seen, therefore, that the attempts which have been made to renew the suspended agitation on this question rest upon altogether different grounds from those which justified it in its original form. Meetings have lately been held at Birmingham, Worcester, Warrington, and other towns, at which very wild and extravagant speeches have been made, and resolutions passed denouncing the Government for having trampled under foot the traditions and convictions of the British people in regard to slavery, and basely surrendered cherished rights. It is assumed, in short, that hitherto it has

been the custom of England to offer an open refuge at all times and under all circumstances on board her ships to any slaves who chose to avail themselves of it. It is needless to say that, though public opinion in this country is sufficiently unanimous and decided in its abhorrence of slavery, and although slavery has been absolutely abolished under English law, the theory started at these meetings is purely imaginary. Many countries have imitated our example in abolishing slavery at home, and with others we have treaties which tend to check and mitigate the worst abuses of the system. But the principle has never been carried the length of defying the authority of a foreign State in its own waters. The meaning of the famous decision in the case of the negro SOMERSET is simply that, wherever English law prevails, there are no means of enforcing servitude; but it has never been attempted to impose English law forcibly on other nations in this respect. A distinction has always been drawn between the right of the slave to his liberty on English soil, or under the English flag on the high seas, and the obligation to receive or retain him on board an English ship in the territorial waters of another State. What may have been the motive for recently issuing new instructions on this subject has not yet been authentically stated; but nothing can be more unfair than to accuse the Government of any desire to alter the general understanding on this point which has hitherto prevailed. In 1865, when Lord PALMERSTON was in office, the Admiralty drew up a volume of instructions for naval officers, in which was pointed out "the distinction between the export of slaves, which Great Britain is "determined to put down, and the system of domestic "slavery, with which she does not claim to interfere." More recently, in 1871, under Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, a Circular is said to have been issued in which it was stated that the Foreign Office had "decided that slaves "coming on board British ships of war within the territorial jurisdiction of the country from which they escape "—that is to say, within three miles of the shore—should "be returned to the owners," except in cases where there is a treaty; and this goes a good deal further than the latest Circular, which says nothing about "owners," and does not positively prescribe the return of the fugitive.

The question which has to be determined in this case is not one of sentimental theory, but of practical expediency. We have to consider not only what we should like to do, but what it is that we can do. Whether or not it is the duty of England to declare war against slavery all over the world is a question which may fairly be discussed, but the consequences of assuming such responsibilities ought not to be ignored. It is significant that the speakers at the various meetings which have been held belong exclusively to what may be called the lower section of the Liberal party, and that the leaders as yet hold aloof. The temper in which the agitation is conducted is also indicated by the extravagance and absurdity of the arguments which are used. It is difficult, for example, to imagine a more reasonable and innocent proposition in its way than that, as stated in the revised Circular, "HER MAJESTY'S ships are not intended "for the reception of persons other than their officers and "crews." Yet this harmless truism, when read by Mr. DIXON at Birmingham, was considered a horribly atrocious doctrine, and was received with cries of "Shame." As a matter of fact, the British navy has definite duties to perform, which do not include those of a passenger service. As at present arranged, a ship has room and stores only for her own company; and it can readily be understood that the presence of strangers on board must be very embarrassing, and that it is only as an exceptional favour that they can be even temporarily received. This, at least, is the principle on which our ships of war are at present commissioned and equipped, and if it is thought desirable that England should henceforth offer free passages to all fugitive slaves who choose to accept the invitation, some provision must be made for this in the Navy Estimates. Another point on which the opponents of the Circular have betrayed their ignorance and confusion of mind is in regard to what is called the comity of nations. Mr. DIXON was not prepared to say what the meaning of the phrase was, but he admitted a general prejudice against international law as being usually "a relic of selfishness and barbarism," and declared that, if the "comity of nations," whatever it might be, stood in the way of helping slaves, it must be given up. It does not require much reflection to see that this is indeed—though perhaps Mr. DIXON scarcely saw it himself—the alternative which has to be faced. We need not attempt a scientific definition of the "comity of nations" for Mr. DIXON'S benefit, but it may be said broadly to imply that sort of friendship and good-will which enables people to keep on good terms with each other. British ships of war are allowed to enter the territorial waters of a slave State on a well-understood footing; but, on the other hand, they are expected, as a natural return of courtesy, not to interfere offensively in the domestic affairs of the country. It is quite clear that there must be an end to both amity and comity if this condition is broken. It may or may not be a moral duty on the part of England to place her navy at the use of slaves in all parts of the world, but it is at least certain that communities which possess slaves will not tamely submit to have them taken from them in this way.

One of the resolutions at Birmingham declared that the conscience of the English nation holds the institution of slavery to be a crime; and the same might be said of the institution of polygamy, and of various other institutions which are popular in other countries, though condemned among ourselves. What would be said if British ships in the Bosphorus were thrown open to any discontented women of the harems on shore who wished to elope? It may be said that there are only a comparatively small number of fugitive slaves to be provided for, but in laying down a rule there cannot very well be any restriction as to the numbers to be received. It is also necessary to bear in mind that, though hitherto perhaps slaves have not been particularly anxious to run away in crowds, they might be encouraged to do so by a distinct invitation to take up their quarters in British ships; and besides there is a natural growth of opinion, even in the most uncivilized societies, which tends to excite aspirations towards freedom. On the whole, then, it is evident that if, in the language of the indignation meetings, it is "the determination of the people to maintain "the right of refuge in every British man-of-war," the peaceful acquiescence in this policy of countries in which slavery prevails cannot be expected; and this is a contingency which must not be lost sight of. The agitation against the revised Circular is, as at present conducted, founded on a misconception of what the principle of the law has hitherto been, and practically amounts to a proposal that England should extend her responsibilities in this direction. If this is to be done, it should at least be done with our eyes open to all its consequences. We are all agreed as to the evils of slavery, but it may be doubted whether an aggressive policy in this respect would be ultimately so beneficial as a persuasive one.

RAILWAY RESPONSIBILITIES.

A DECISION has at last been obtained from a Superior Court on the liability of Railway Companies for delay in the conveyance of passengers, and it is satisfactory to find that, in all substantial respects, it confirms the law as laid down in what is now a considerable series of County Court judgments. The case came up to the Common Pleas Division on appeal from a decision of the Judge of the Bloomsbury County Court, and was argued at the last sittings before Mr. Justice BRETT, Mr. Justice DENMAN, and Mr. Justice LINDLEY. The facts of the case were these:—The plaintiff took a ticket from Liverpool to Scarborough by the London and North-Western train which leaves Liverpool at 2 P.M., and is timed to reach Leeds at 5 P.M. The train was a quarter of an hour late at Manchester and twenty-seven minutes late at Leeds. The train for York, with which it ought to correspond, is timed to leave Leeds at 5.20, and had consequently started before the arrival of the train from Liverpool. The plaintiff went on to York by the next train, and arrived there at 7 P.M. If he had waited for the ordinary train to Scarborough he would not have arrived there till 10.30 P.M., whereas, if the train by which he took his ticket had kept time, he would have got to Scarborough by 7.30 P.M. Under these circumstances he ordered a special train from York to Scarborough, and sued the London and North-Western Railway Company for the cost of it. The facts, so far as appears from the judgment read by Mr. Justice BRETT, were not disputed; but on behalf of the Company it was alleged that, under certain conditions set out in the time-table, there was no contract to arrive at any time, or at the times stated in the table, or to make reasonable efforts to arrive at those times. The important clauses in the con-

ditions were these:—"Every attention will be paid to "ensure punctuality as far as it is practicable; but the "Directors give notice that the Company do not undertake "that the trains shall start or arrive at the time specified "in the bills, nor will they be accountable for any "loss, inconvenience, or injury which may arise from "delays or detention. . . . The Company do not "hold themselves responsible for . . . the arrival of "the Company's own trains in time for the nominally "corresponding train of any other Company." Supposing these conditions to be valid, it will be seen that they exactly covered the plaintiff's case. The train by which he travelled had not arrived at Leeds at the time specified in the bills, or in time for the nominally corresponding train of another Company, which was to have taken him on to Scarborough, and by reason of this failure he had incurred the loss of having to pay for a special train. Both contingencies had been contemplated and provided against in the conditions. The plaintiff started on his journey with full notice that the Company did not undertake to carry him to Leeds either by 5 P.M. or in time to go on to Scarborough by the nominally corresponding train leaving Leeds at 5.20, and that, in the event of their not carrying him to Leeds by 5 P.M., or in time for the nominally corresponding train, they would not be responsible for any loss that might accrue to him from their failure.

The judgment of the Court lays down that the contract between the plaintiff and the Company was made up of three elements—the taking of the ticket, the time-table, and the conditions appended to the time-table. The granting and accepting a ticket for the performance of a particular service would of itself constitute a contract by implication, but the reference to the conditions contained in the time-table makes them part of the contract. In the absence of any conditions, the advertising of the times of arrival and departure might amount to an absolute contract that the train will arrive or depart exactly at such time; and the introduction of these conditions so far modifies this contract that the Company is not liable for any loss, inconvenience, or injury which may arise from delays or detention, however long, considered as mere delay and detention. But then the affirmative part of these conditions is equally part of the contract, and therefore, though the Company has guarded itself against responsibility for mere delay or detention, it has expressly contracted to make every reasonable effort to ensure punctuality as far as it is practicable. Even if this clause had been omitted from the conditions, and nothing had been said about ensuring punctuality as far as was practicable, the Court held that there would have been an implied contract that the Company would use reasonable efforts that their trains should both start and arrive at the stated times. As regards the condition about the arrival of the Company's own trains in time for the nominally corresponding trains of any other Company, the Court held it to be valid in the same sense and to the same extent. It negatives an absolute contract that time shall be kept by the Company's trains, but it does not absolve the Company from using reasonable efforts to meet the corresponding trains of other Companies.

The case was now reduced to this. There had been a delay, in fact, resulting in loss to the plaintiff. If this delay was mere delay, the Company had saved itself by the conditions inserted in the time-table. If, on the other hand, it was a delay caused by neglect on the part of the Company's servants to carry out the contract to make every reasonable effort to ensure punctuality, the Company would be liable. The Court held that the mere fact of there being unpunctuality either in the first starting of a train, or in arriving at or starting from any intermediate station, would not necessarily be any evidence of a want of reasonable effort to ensure punctuality. This ruling follows naturally from the recognition of the conditions as availing to qualify the contract, since, if mere delay is to be evidence of a breach of contract, the Company would be practically bound to an absolute contract to start and arrive at the times stated in the bills, which the Court had already determined not to be the case. But any unusual or long delay, though it would not in itself be evidence of breach of contract, would be evidence calling upon the Company to account for the delay. The Company might show that it was owing to a collision, or to stress of weather, or to the breaking of an engine pipe, or to a pressure of passengers which could not be reasonably expected. In all these cases every reasonable effort to ensure punctuality might have been made, and yet the delay might have occurred. In this case there had been an unexplained delay of fifteen minutes in starting from Manchester, and a further unexplained delay between Manchester and Leeds. Evidence had been adduced in the County Court to show that it was negligence on the part of the Company which had caused the delay in leaving Manchester, and that the too late arrival at Leeds had been caused by this delay in leaving Manchester, and the Court declined to interfere with the conclusion formed from that evidence. It only remained, therefore, to consider whether upon the facts the plaintiff was justified in taking a special train. Upon this point the Court adopted the ruling of Baron ALDERSON in "HAMBLIN *v.* the Great Northern Railway "Company"—that if the party bound to perform a contract does not perform it, the other party may do so for him as reasonably and as near as may be, and charge him for the reasonable expense incurred in so doing. Here the London and North-Western Company was bound to use reasonable efforts to carry the plaintiff to Leeds in time to reach Scarborough by 7.30 P.M. As a matter of fact they only carried him to Leeds in time, if he had travelled by the next ordinary train, to reach Scarborough by 10.30 P.M. The plaintiff accordingly performed the contract for the Company by taking a special train from York to Scarborough, which brought him to his destination between 8.30 and 9 P.M. The County Court Judge found that the plaintiff was not reasonably called upon to wait at York for the ordinary train; and that he might reasonably take a special train to Scarborough. There was nothing in this finding inconsistent with the evidence, and the Court consequently held that the County Court Judge was justified in law in holding that the plaintiff might charge the London and North-Western Company with the cost of the special train. The Judges expressly guard themselves against being supposed to say that in every case in which a passenger misses a nominally corresponding train by the default of the Company's servants he is entitled immediately to take a special train for any distance and at any cost. The question whether it is a reasonable thing to do must be left to the judge or jury in each case. All that the Court of Common Pleas has decided is, that when to take a special train is a reasonable thing to do—this being a point to be determined, with a due regard to all the circumstances, by the Court which tries the case—it is a sufficiently natural result of the breach of contract to bring it within the legal rule.

It will be seen that this judgment leaves one loophole through which the Railway Companies may yet seek to extricate themselves from the inconvenient obligation of keeping time so far as they are able. The granting and receiving of a ticket constitutes an implied contract that a Company will use reasonable efforts to ensure that their train shall start and arrive at the times stated in the time-bills, and, says the judgment, "there is nothing in "the conditions to restrict that undertaking." But supposing that there had been something in the conditions to restrict that undertaking, what weight would the Court have attached to it? If the Railway Companies should prefer to exhaust the resources of conveyancing ingenuity before trying the alternative experiment of instructing their servants to do their best to keep time, and not saddling them with an amount of labour which makes it virtually impossible that they should keep time, it is possible that in some future time-table we may read that the Company does not undertake to use reasonable efforts, or any efforts, to ensure punctuality. Whether the Superior Courts will allow Railway Companies to undo with one hand what they have done with the other, and to undertake by the issue of a ticket to perform a service which, by the condition printed on the back of it, they declare that they will not necessarily try to perform, we cannot say. But at all events it is a real gain to the public to have it decided that, unless a Railway Company expressly repudiates the obligation, it is bound to make reasonable efforts to ensure punctuality. If they successfully resort to such express repudiation, the need for Parliamentary interference will be unmistakable, and the limits within which it is to operate will be plainly and strictly marked out.

A MODERN PHASE OF MELANCHOLY.

IT is a common remark that in the present day the statement of the song, "youth is full of pleasure," is falsified by experience. The accusation of melancholy is not only brought against the rising generation by their elders, but young men blessed with cheerful dispositions complain of the boredom frequently inflicted on them by the dull despondency of their contemporary associates. In all ages lovers have languished, harmless lunatics have brooded, and minor poets have rolled their eyes in sickly attempts at fine frenzy. Dissipated idlers have suffered from *ennui* ever since idleness and dissipation were invented. The question whether these classes and others discussed by Burton are on the increase will not now detain us, it being more interesting to consider whether there are any simple or combined causes of melancholy in any great degree peculiar to our day. The earthquakes which are upheaving time-honoured faiths and systems may crush much natural mirth with overmastering awe and perplexity. All such cases are explained as soon as stated. Pity rather than disgust is moved by depression for which an adequate and respectable reason can be assigned. For charity's sake, as well as to gratify an excusable curiosity, attacks of this distemper, which, appearing at first sight inexplicable, provoke us only to impatience and wrath rather than stir commiseration, may be allowed to occupy our attention for a brief space.

Why on earth, then, should men under forty years of age, endowed with health and strength, possessed of moderate means, provided with regular employment yet not overworked, with unblighted affections, innocent of versification and sentiment generally, and, to crown all the conditions of contentment, serenely indifferent to all phases of intellectual speculation—why should such highly-favoured mortals wearily lament that life is not worth living, and show themselves listlessly incapable of enjoyment? It is often averred that precisely such cases abound. If the truth of the statement be disputed, not only is exact demonstration out of the question, but it may be doubted whether even a Parliamentary Commission could collect from witnesses unimpeachable and decisive evidence on the point. Still it will not be amiss to consider how the phenomenon might be accounted for, if it did actually occur. Be it observed that a plausible account will constitute some slight evidence for the reality of the supposed occurrence, and for the correctness of the impressions of those who claim to have observed the phenomenon. A certain class of physicians would put it all down to organic disease of the brain; divines would suggest a conviction of the hollowness of temporal prosperity coupled with a lack of spiritual consolations; while habitual novel-readers would insist on a grim "skeleton in the cupboard," or would maintain that the fancy was not really free. A reference to our list of blessings will immediately expose the irrelevancy of these offhand judgments; therefore, putting them aside, together with the hypothesis of demoniacal possession, let us inquire whether the natural reaction after the excitements of boyhood and early youth be not an adequate cause, and one which can hardly fail to be in operation in these days of everlasting fuss.

Five-and-twenty years ago a boy's appetite for enjoyment was not at all seriously blunted at school, nor was there much fear of his round of holiday amusements being fatiguing. He seldom if ever enjoyed the intoxicating bliss of beholding his name and his achievements set forth in type. Now a change has come over all educational establishments. The work of the term, which has generally superseded the old-fashioned "half," serves as a foil for a round of matches, regattas, reviews, "theatricals," concerts, popular lectures, athletic sports, &c., all duly chronicled in the local journals, and perhaps even in metropolitan papers. Examinations also are more frequent, more solemn, and attract more public attention. Thus an energetic boy who is "good all round" passes from one bout of competition to another with little interval during his school career. If home, as is natural, wishes to hold its own in juvenile favour, it must utilize the multiplied opportunities of amusement, so that the holidays pass in downright dissipation. At the Universities the perpetual emulation goes on in an intensified form, while the newspaper notoriety which is bound to enhance the various passions of young aspirants to distinction is more pronounced than ever. Suddenly all the strain of personal rivalry is removed, the stimulus of frequent distinction is withdrawn, and the hero of an enthusiastic circle of admirers settles down as a commonplace person to a monotonous routine of business. Surely it is not altogether strange that for a time life should appear flat, stale, and unprofitable. The more keen the stress of the probationary period, the stronger is the reaction when the definite struggles of the youth against his fellows are succeeded by the vague, desultory warfare with the great world. It is indeed astonishing that so many men can bear with equanimity the rapid transition from the glory of a University "oar" or "hat," or the more modest dignity of a fresh first-class man, to the insignificance of a briefless barrister or a Government clerk.

The evils of competitive examinations are a common theme; but it is generally overlooked that the robust scholar who escapes all serious suffering from fatigue may, after his last list has come out, peak and pine for lack of the continual incentives of emulative ambition upon which he has come to rely for animation. He may miss the necessity of unremitted study at high pressure, the incubus of the impending struggle, the absorbing interest in his work as a means to an immediate definite end. The mental fever may have left the physical organs uninjured, but has very likely impaired for a time the power of diverting gloom by the hearty resumption of old interests or adoption of new ones. His hopes, fears, and jealousies have been the means by which he lived as truly as were his hoards to Shylock, and their sudden extinction dumps the zest of life. The mere fact of not possessing vigour and elasticity enough to resist the depressing reaction following upon the cessation of youthful struggles and triumphs no more constitutes an unhealthy condition of mind than the bodily exhaustion of an athlete after severe exercise constitutes physical disease. The effects, then, of increased competition of various kinds, aggravated by the increased importance of the different contests in public estimation, may be taken as a *vera causa* of some cases of melancholy. It must further be borne in mind that the malady is communicable, especially to admirers and imitators.

The advance in the number and intensity of boyish amusements has already been noticed, and to this may be directly traced some instances of melancholy amongst such as are too feeble or too lazy to be appreciably affected by their personal efforts in the athletic or intellectual arena. Premature familiarity with the various fashionable methods of killing time makes them the innocent victims of *ennui* on the threshold of manhood, just when their grandfathers were revelling in the substantial delights of release from durance vile, and taking keen ingenuous pleasure in successive revelations of extended experience. They were elated by their newly-acquired importance on accession to manly dignity, in proportion to the rigour of previous suppression. From the little world of school or the seclusion of a quiet home, they usually brought fresh, unwearied capacities of admiration and open-eyed expectancy, the exercise whereof was calculated to mitigate any disgust engendered by the dissipation of sanguine dreams and the wakening to rude realities. It is not surprising that the comparative advantages of the boyhood of to-day should be counterbalanced by certain drawbacks. The hardships of school days are seldom, if ever, a foil to the comforts and pleasures of afterlife. Again, while young Sir Oracles abound, the species of unsophisticated adults is rapidly becoming extinct. Hence the charms of pleasant contrast and perpetual novelty which used to enliven the youth's entry upon man's estate are far less efficacious than they used to be. The circle of his boyish experience is so wide that, on his emancipation from the gentle control of tutors and governors, there is hardly any possibility of stepping beyond it into unimagined regions of excitement. If there is any soundness in these reflections, an increase in melancholy does not necessarily indicate deterioration of the race, it being accounted for by the absence of the invigorating influences which used formerly to attend a critical period of life. Incidents which were fifty years ago anticipated with ecstatic eagerness and constituted powerful agencies in the formation of the character, marking epochs in the unfolding life, are taken by our boys as a matter of course. Nine days' wonders may crop up day after day, "startling novelties" may be introduced by enterprising managers, the discoveries of science may elicit strong expressions of astonishment and awe; but the feelings and emotions excited become gradually less and less intense. Say that we are moved to surprise, admiration, horror, awe, twenty times for each occasion on which our grandfathers were so affected, probably they were shaken out of their normal condition thirty or forty times as much as we are. Assuming this estimate to be approximately correct, we may expect that the effects of such a state of things will be most marked on the termination of the preparatory period of life. The alteration in the treatment of schoolboys and their consequent comparative precocity is partly the cause, partly the effect, of a general modification of habits and character.

It is in no pessimist spirit that we have pointed out one inconvenience resulting from the tendencies of the times, of the existence of which an *à priori* probability has been established; but rather with a view to prevent cynics from making capital out of cases which they have no right to claim as evidence of degeneracy. Granting the prevalence of unsentimental, listless despondency, half discontent, half apathy, doubly irritating to the observer because of the apparent unreasonableness of such a dismal temper, it may be urged on the other hand that the malady is generally of short duration, and leaves no perceptible mischief behind it. If sufferers suspected the origin of their ailment, they would generally contrive by a strong effort to shake it off, so that it is to be hoped our suggestions may be of some practical use. The pessimist may rest assured that his creed never did anybody any good, unless it were by rousing the spirit of contradiction so as to incline one to take a more cheerful view of things than ever. If there were any probability of an indefinite and never-ending increase of melancholy, it would be well, not to utter the cuckoo cry that society is going to the dogs, but to set seriously to the complicated task of making a radical alteration in our ways. But it may be safely concluded that the evil is as transient in the race as it generally is in a healthy individual. The bad effects of publicity will vanish as soon as one comes to look upon the notice of the press as a matter of course, and the events of early life will then again resume their natural dimensions. Even the inevitable nervous tension entailed by assiduous competition will be somewhat relaxed by organized habitude. It is to be hoped, too, that eventually culture will be more generally considered as an end in itself, instead of a means whereby to win prizes and honours. A salutary development of genuine intellectual tastes will proceed *pari passu* with this desirable change. The calm pursuit of favourite studies will provide increasing numbers with steady sources of cheerfulness which shall render them independent of external cir

more bracing even than congenial study is devotion to schemes of practical utility, and it is not too much to hope that improvements in the various systems of training will remove from our youth the reproach of want of public spirit. Notwithstanding occasional symptoms of subacute fever, there is no valid reason for fearing that they will not subside before long, nor for thinking that they indicate any very serious disorder in the present.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF PARIS.

THE formal and solemn opening of the new Catholic University of Paris on Monday last by the Cardinal-Archbishop—it had been actually opened some months before—was no doubt a significant fact. We are not surprised to learn that "there was a jubilant spirit about the ceremony"; for, whether or not the day was, what the *Univers* calls it, "a blessed and glorious one," it certainly signalized a fresh and important step gained in what those concerned call "the freedom of teaching" in France. Cardinal Guibert observed, in his inaugural address, delivered after high mass, that "the emancipation of University teaching would be one of the great benefits of this age, and was the tardy complement of the emancipation of the secondary schools twenty-five years ago." Freedom of teaching, however, is rather an elastic phrase; and when we are told that many were present at the ceremony of Monday last who had fought for it in former days under the banners of Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Lamennais, it is only natural to ask whether, in the mouths of the modern Ultramontanes who find their organ in the *Univers* the phrase means quite the same thing as was understood by the conductors of the *Avenir*. That the latter honestly meant what they said there can be no doubt; they desired to see education liberated from State control, and entire freedom guaranteed to all alike. But those who claim now to be reaping the fruit of their labours would think it no compliment to be credited with the same comprehensive views. A well-known French Jesuit, Father Marquigny, writing the other day in the leading French Jesuit organ, the *Études Religieuses*, explains with admirable candour and clearness how he and his friends understand the term "liberty." "We desire and we demand," he says, "entire liberty of teaching, *entire for the Church which has a divine mission, not entire for all*, whether believers or free-thinkers. Liberty is the guarantee of right, and error and falsehood have no rights." We need hardly say that the good father is in complete harmony with Pius IX., who, in an Encyclical issued in 1864, announced that "education, both public and private, should be under ecclesiastical direction and surveillance." This is, of course, the real aim of modern Ultramontanism, though it knows how to avail itself provisionally of the convenient watchword of liberty. Cardinal Manning, for instance, the other day, in opening the "Academia of the Catholic Religion" in Manchester, declared—if we may trust the report of the *Manchester Guardian*—that the Church had nothing to fear from the multiplication of schools of science, if they were indeed schools of science, and not of perverted intellect. But he proceeded to explain very distinctly that schools of perverted intellect are those over which the Church has not full and absolute control, and that "the word which brought the first intellectual perversion into the world was the word 'why'"—that is, the spirit of inquiry. And this thesis was illustrated by a bold defence of the line taken by "the Church"—that is, the Pope—in dealing with Galileo, which a learned priest of the Cardinal's own diocese demonstrated not many years ago to be alone a sufficient refutation of Ultramontane pretensions. And then he added that the existing darkness would be dispelled by the light of the Vatican Council. Such utterances cannot be kept out of sight in estimating the true significance of the ceremony of Monday last; and it becomes a matter of some interest to inquire what influence French Ultramontanes actually possess in the education of the country, and what sort of use they make of it.

As regards the first point, Cardinal Guibert was perfectly right in speaking of the recent concession of "free" Universities as the complement of former concessions, in matters both of primary and secondary education, during the last twenty-five years, as a glance at the history of that period will easily show. Since the educational law of 1850 the Superior Council of Education has included among its members four archbishops or bishops, while three ecclesiastics are on the Council of the Academy, and two on the departmental Council of Public Instruction. Nor is this all. The prefects notoriously exercise a great authority in all that concerns primary schools, and most of the existing prefects are favourable to Ultramontanism. Moreover, the inspectors both of primary and secondary schools often find themselves in want of the protection of the bishop as well as of the prefect, and therefore take the same line. Theological faculties are practically free from State inspection, so that any doctrine may be taught with impunity, and the *curés* are especially charged to watch over the moral and religious instruction of the communal schools, to which they always have free access. The Ultramontanes therefore have very considerable influence over the State schools, and they have also free schools of their own, both primary and secondary, which are largely helped out of the Budget. A great many members of religious orders are employed in the State schools, while those conducted by the Christian Brothers are supported from the Budget of Worship, as well as from the voluntary agencies at their command. Thus in 1872 the Archbishop of Paris demanded that the annual contribution paid to him by the *Société Générale d'Éducation et d'Enseignement* should be raised to 100,000 francs. A good third, if not almost half, the primary education of the country is said to be in the hands of these Christian Brothers, who are, virtually, if not formally, under the direction of the Jesuits, but whose moral character has unfortunately been proved to be far from unimpeachable. And if we pass from primary to secondary education, that is even more subject to clerical influences. There are at present no fewer than fourteen Jesuit colleges in France, containing about 5,000 pupils, while another 5,000 are studying in fifteen Marist colleges, and fourteen under the management of other religious communities; and there are besides 152 secondary schools under secular priests, containing from sixty to seventy thousand students. This computation is exclusive of ecclesiastical seminaries, with which we are not here immediately concerned. And the final complement of this freedom of teaching, which has long been aimed at, is now at last attained in the permission to open free Universities. Free, it may be added, is virtually synonymous with clerical; for the Ultramontane journals are never tired of denouncing lay education as impious and Satanic.

So much for the actual power over French education enjoyed at present by the Ultramontane party. Their use of it cannot of course be determined with similar precision by statistical returns. But we cannot forget the almost dying lamentation of Montalembert—one of the earliest as well as the most single-minded of the advocates of freedom of education—in his letter to Dr. Döllinger, over "the abyss of idolatry into which the French clergy have fallen." And his language will not surprise any one who calls to mind the rank crop of crude and puerile superstitions, in the shape of pilgrimages, prophecies, miracles, and the like, which have so abundantly infested the religious life and literature of France during the last few years, and have elicited no syllable of warning or reproof from any single ecclesiastical authority, with the solitary exception of the Bishop of Orleans, against whom Rome has pertinaciously barred the way to the Cardinalate and the see of Paris. Indeed this is a very inadequate way of stating the case. All, or nearly all, the most childish and incredible of these pious delusions have been nursed to maturity under the full sanction of clerical and episcopal patronage. Against Lourdes, La Salette, and Paray-le-Monial, even Mgr. Dupanloup would not dare openly to protest. But perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of the "idolatry" of which Montalembert speaks may be found in the *Almanac of the Faithful Friends of Pius IX.*, recently published by the Jesuit Father Huguet, where his Holiness is elaborately represented as the "image and living personification of Christ on earth," so that "love of the Pope corresponds in souls to the love of Christ"—with a good deal more to the same effect, which had better not be quoted; and it is explained that "there are secret affinities between Pius IX. and the Virgin," who is bound to repay his proclamation of her Immaculate Conception by restoring to him his temporal power, and has already given miraculous intimations of her intention to discharge this debt of gratitude. Still more remarkable is a devotional manual by the Abbé d'Ezerville, issued by one of the leading Catholic publishers at Paris, in which the Stations of the Cross—a well-known Roman Catholic devotion in honour of the Passion—is parodied in minute detail, with the substitution throughout of Pius IX. for the Saviour. Teaching of this kind—and we could multiply specimens of it indefinitely—is now almost universal among the Ultramontane clergy, and is fully sanctioned by authority; indeed the French Bishops, with the one exception already named, invariably speak in the same sense, themselves. Thus, for instance, Mgr. Bertraud, Bishop of Tulle, in a sermon preached at Paris and since published, undertakes to show that the Pope is in full, direct, and confidential relations with the First Person of the Holy Trinity, so that he is probably privy to secrets in which Christ does not participate. "Pas d'intermédiaire entre le Père et Pierre. Les secrets de l'infini sont les secrets à eux deux . . . il [the Pope] parle avec l'assurance même de Dieu le Père." M. Veuillot has spoken in still more startling language of the relations of the Pope to the Holy Spirit, and he published in the *Univers* a parody of the Lord's Prayer addressed to him. And at least one French prelate, the Bishop of Nevers, has publicly recommended M. Veuillot's writings for the theological study of his clergy. It is hardly wonderful that the *Temps* should characterize the French episcopate and clergy as holding no place whatever in the literature or science—not even in the theological science—of their country. Of this fact plentiful evidence may be found by any who require it in the chapter on the intellectual decadence of Ultramontanism in the Abbé Michaud's recent work on the *Present State of the Church in France*. Yet these, it must be remembered, are the persons who will absolutely dominate the education of these free Catholic Universities. Several Bishops took part in the inaugural ceremony of Monday last, and in every case the Bishops will have the entire control of the teaching, discipline, and professoriate of these institutions. On the whole, it certainly requires a somewhat robust faith to accept the concluding declaration of the Archbishop of Paris, that the institution he has just founded will provide an education "at once sound, scientific, and virtuous." The great mediæval Universities were indeed founded under Papal and episcopal sanction; but they generally contrived before long to acquire an independent position and authority of their own. And, moreover, mediæval pontiffs and prelates were not as Pius IX. and Cardinal Guibert.

GREGARIOUS AMUSEMENTS.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS'S complaint that life would be tolerable but for its amusements has undoubtedly received much additional force from the development of public exhibitions on a large scale. To cultivate the patronage of the mob has apparently become the great object of modern entertainers, and with the result which might naturally be expected. In spite of the dismal warning of the Crystal Palace, which can hardly with all its struggles pay for its putty, and is reduced to sue for the sixpences of the multitude, and the scarcely less melancholy fate of the Alexandra Palace, there has lately turned up yet another enterprise, which, it is to be feared, may be equally destined to promote public discomfort and possibly the unhappiness of its own shareholders. It may perhaps be worth while to notice some of the conditions which make these multiform and unwieldy shows a hopeless mistake. The history of the unfortunate speculation at Sydenham is indeed of the most depressing kind. The huge, absurdly constructed building, stuck up, like a sort of Aunt Sally, on the edge of a hill, for the sport of wind and rain, eats its head off in the expenses of incessant and ineffectual repairs; and, after all its lofty pretensions, archiepiscopal quasi-consecration, and Royal patronage, the Palace has to stoop to something very near competition with the cheap theatres and penny gaffs. A lucky accident a few years ago relieved it from part of its ruinous expenditure on the maintenance of a brittle and rickety fabric; and if the shareholders could only make up their minds to pull down some more of it, they might perhaps once again hope for a dividend. The reduction of prices upon which the Company has decided may possibly be an advantage to the classes who will now have an opportunity of visiting the Palace; but it can hardly fail to have sooner or later a lowering influence on the character of the enterprise. If you appeal to the sixpenny people you must cater for the sixpenny people, who are no doubt a most worthy and deserving class, but who, when they go out for a day's holiday, usually look for something else than those refined artistic delights which the Crystal Palace was originally established to supply. We should be sorry to say anything in disparagement of hard-working folk who have perhaps the best right of all to relaxation and amusement, and if they get this at the Crystal Palace or any similar establishment it will be a good thing. But, on the other hand, there is no use in shutting our eyes to glaring facts, and pretending that all classes of society have an equal taste for the higher kind of amusements, and it may be taken as a natural law that any commercial speculation will devote itself especially to the class to whom it looks for a revenue. The mere accumulation of a dense, bustling, noisy throng of people, bent on the pleasures of the drinking-bars and the exhilaration of squeezing and jostling together, is necessarily destructive of that quiet and placid state of mind which is indispensable for appreciating good music or any other kind of delicate art. At the Alexandra Palace the music has for a constant accompaniment the tramping and buzzing of an uneasy crowd, which is enough to worry any lover of music into a fever; and now that the special days at the Crystal Palace are abolished, much the same thing may be expected there.

The obvious mistake which is committed by places of amusement of this kind is that they mix up together the different tastes of different classes. Mr. Gladstone has unfortunately given countenance to the principle that the best course for purveyors of all kinds is to dive down into the depths of the population. It is probable, judging from the experience of the Licensed Victuallers, that this is true enough if the object is only to make large profits. Greater fortunes may nowadays be secured, and in a shorter time, by selling beer or gin than by supplying the finest and purest wines; but still gin is gin, and wine is wine. And it is much the same with the products or exercises of art. It may be a good thing that pictures or music should be brought within reach of the masses, but it is idle, and contrary to the evidence of every one's eyes and ears, to expect that this will be an encouragement to the highest kinds of art. We shall no doubt be accused of an unamiable assumption of superiority or ungenerous exclusiveness when we say that it is impossible—at least in the present state of society—to provide satisfactorily at the same time for the wants of educated and of uneducated people in the way of amusement. The latter cannot do without the physical stimulant which is supplied by boisterous association and strong effects, and these are necessarily jarring to more cultivated temperaments. What we may come to in time we do not pretend to say, but for the present grades of taste and manners unquestionably exist, and we ask only that they should be taken into account as a matter of fact. The career of the Crystal Palace has been from the first a process of continuous degradation. It is pleaded that it has some useful classes attached to it, and that its music is of a good kind. We may admit this, especially as regards the music; but the classes are only an accidental feature, independent of the main project, and there is no guarantee that the music will be kept up to the standard, or that it will be possible in a mixed mob to enjoy it as before.

Another weak point of these large, too many-sided places of amusement is the absurd variety of attractions which they affect to offer. They profess, as it were, to have taken everybody's measure, and to be ready for customers of every class and every taste. The Sydenham and Muswell Hill Palaces, for instance, undertake to cater at the same time for high and low. They offer you a glass of beer and cold pork-pie, or a delicate French dinner with Marcobrunner and Château Margaux; comic songs and rop are to be had for choice along with Beethoven and Shaks the scientific student of natural history is supposed to be at in the midst of a gaping crowd, and to take delight in a brass band and Bath buns. The Aquarium in Westminster, which is ab to be opened under distinguished patronage, makes a gr parade of its high-class character. It has a list of what are called Fellows, like a regular scientific society; but of course, anybody can be a Fellow on terms which are cheap enough, and the science is a mere sham. The exhibition is styled an Aquarium, and will of course have tanks; but it is evident that the managers intend to rely chiefly on the attractions of a music-hall or promenade with refreshments. It offers an opportunity for gambling in a picture lottery ("first prize 1,000*l.*"), with the use of a spacious lounge ornamented with paintings, sculpture, shrubbery, and drinking-bars; billiard-tables, smoking, writing, and reading rooms; dramatic performances, flower-shows, a rink, and possibly by and by a bicycle circus and a nice dry skittle-ground. For the present the Company has been disappointed in getting a dancing-licence, but it may perhaps be hereafter more fortunate in completing the casino character of the establishment. In the meantime there can be no question what will be the character of the place, and of the people who will frequent it. It is announced that there is a division-bell at the Aquarium in direct communication with that in the House of Commons, for the convenience of members of Parliament who are expected to come in a rush to consort with the shop-girls and haberdashers' young men who of course will chiefly haunt these bowers of bliss. It cannot be denied that the House of Commons nowadays contains some curious types, and the *Daily News*, which advertises this attraction in a prominent article, no doubt knows the tastes of the school of politicians whom it represents. Mr. Arthur Sullivan is to have the direction of the music, and he is known as an accomplished composer and leader; but the conditions under which he will have to practise his art will almost inevitably tend to drag it downwards. The associations of the place, the noise and bustle of a mixed promenading audience, the competition of the rink and liquor bars, and all the rest of it, will be against him. It is easy to think what even the admirable Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall would sink into under similar circumstances. Another obvious objection to such a conglomeration of different entertainments is that it is scarcely possible for one management to keep them all going. The energy and capacity of the directors are exhausted in the variety of their duties. They have to look after an aquarium, a theatre, a restaurant, concerts, flower-shows, dog-shows, and all sorts of miscellaneous entertainments. Why any one should wish to waste a day in going to see a play several miles out of town, when he can see a much better one at a more convenient hour and near at hand, is a mystery we have never been able to fathom; but it is clear that the attempt to carry on a great variety of entertainments all at once, like a juggler's balls in the air, is very likely to come to grief. There are some people perhaps who enjoy this mixture of everything, but any one who cares for the refinements of pleasure must regard them as a barbarous nuisance of the most fatiguing and depressing kind.

SALONA.

THE strictly classical student will perhaps be offended if any one, on reading the name at the head of this ticle, should ask him where the place that bears it is, and how it is to be pronounced. Salona, he will answer, is in Dalmatia, and how can there be more than one way of sounding the *omega* in the second syllable? And so far he will be right. The Salona of which we speak is in Dalmatia, and, as its most usual Greek forms are Σαλῶνα and Σαλῶναι, there can be no doubt as to the rights of that particular *omega*. But those who have gone a little deeper into the geography of south-eastern Europe will know that, in speaking of Salona, we have lighted on a case of "two Wusseaters." Besides the Dalmatian Salona, there is another within the Greek kingdom, which has taken the place of the Lokrian Amphissa. As we write the names of the two, we make no difference between them, and we fear that most Englishmen will make as little difference in sounding the two names as in writing them. Yet, as Boughton in Northamptonshire and Boughton in Kent are, by those who have local knowledge, sounded in two different ways, so it is with the Lokrian and the Dalmatian Salona. Σαλῶνα and Σαλώνα differ to the eye; and, among those to whom Greek is a living tongue, they differ to the ear also. But it is not with the Lokrian Sálona, but with the Dalmatian Salóna, that we are here concerned. We need not disturb the feelings of the late Bishop Monk, whose one notion of accentual reading was that those who follow it must "make some strange false quantities." The classical purist may make the *omega* in the Dalmatian Salóna as long as he pleases. Only, if he pronounces the Lokrian Sálona in the same fashion, he will wound the ears of those to whom the notion of (so-called) quantitative reading is that those who follow it must make some strange false accents.

Salona is one of the cities of the earth which have most utterly perished. There is perhaps no city of which the name survives which has left so little trace of what it was in the time of its greatness. For it is not like those cities whose very name and memory have perished, which are wholly ruined — which have no modern re

sentatives have some wholly different names. Salona is still an existing name, marked at least on the local map; but instead of the head of Dalmatia, one of the great cities of the Roman Empire, a city which was said to have reached half the size and population of the New Rome itself, we find only a few scattered houses, which hardly deserve the name of a village. By the side of modern Salona, modern Aquileia might seem to deserve the name, which it still delights to keep, of *Città Aquileia*. Ecclesiastical Aquileia at least is not wholly dead as long as the patriarchal basilica still stands, if only to discharge the functions of a village church. But at Salona the traveller hardly notices whether there be any church in use or not. Of modern objects the one which is most likely to catch his eye is the building which at least proclaims, in the name of "Caffè Diocleziano," that Salona in her fall has not forgotten her greatest son and, according to some accounts, her second founder. Salona has utterly perished, and Spalato has practically taken its place. By a strange piece of good luck, the citizen and sovereign of Salona who came back to spend his last days in the neighbourhood of his birthplace had reared at no great distance for her the house which, when Salona fell, stood ready to receive her inhabitants to take her place as a new city.

There is a marked difference between the position of the older and that of the newer city. Spalato stands indeed on a bay, but a bay which, in that region of channels and islands, may pass for the open sea. Salona lay at the innermost point of a deep gulf which bears her own name, the gulf which forms one side of the peninsula on which Spalato stands, and which is shielded from the main sea by the island of Bua. It is curious to compare the real geography with the way in which the land and sea are laid down in the Peutinger Table, where Bua seems nearer to the coast of Italy than it is to Salona. Sir Gardner Wilkinson appositely quotes the lines of Lucan:—

> Qua maris Hadriaci longas fert unda Salonas,
> Et tepidum in molles Zephyros excurrit Iader.

Longæ certainly well expresses the way in which the city must have spread itself along the mouth of the river, and the northern side of the bay. For Salona, like most of the older cities, was not like one of our square *chesters* which rose up at once out of some military necessity. The Dalmatian capital had grown up bit by bit, and its walls formed a circuit almost as irregular as that of Rome herself. The site was a striking one. As we set forth from the comparatively flourishing daughter to visit the fallen mother, the road from Spalato leads us over a slight hill, from the descent of which we look on the bay with its background of mountains, a view which brings before us two strongly contrasted sites of human habitation. In advance of the mountain range stands the stronghold of Clissa, so famous in later wars; while, on the bosom of the bay, a group of small islands are covered by a small village, which seems to float on the water, and which well deserves its name of *Piccola Venezia*. Between the two lay Salona, on a slight elevation gently sloping down to the water; here, as so often on the Dalmatian coast, it needs somewhat of an effort to believe that the water is the sea. To the right of the road, we see the ruins of the aqueduct which brought water to the house of Diocletian. Ancient fragments of one kind or another begin to line the road; an ancient bridge presently leads us across the main stream of the Giadro, Lucan's Iader, which we might rather have looked for at Zara. We mark to the right the marshy ground divided by the many channels of the river; we are, perhaps without knowing it, within the circuit of the city; we pass by a square castle with turreted corners, in which a mediæval archbishop tried to reproduce the wonder of his own city, and we at last find ourselves close by one of the gates of Salona, ready to begin our examination of the fallen city in due order.

The city distinctly consists of two parts. A large suburb has at some time or another been taken in within the walls of the city. This is plain, because there is part of a cross wall with a gate still remaining, which must have divided the space contained within the outer walls into two. This wall runs in a direction which, without professing to be mathematically correct, we may call north and south. That is, it runs from the hills down towards the bay or the river. Now, which was the elder part of the two? that to the east or that to the west? In other words, which represents the pre-Roman city, and which represents its enlargement in Roman times? By putting the question in this shape, we do not mean to imply that any part of the existing walls is of earlier than Roman date. The Roman city would arise on the site of the earlier settlement, and, as it grew and as its circuit was found too narrow, it would itself be further enlarged. The cross wall with the gate in it must of course have been at some time external; it marks the extent of the city at the time when it was built; but in which way has the enlargement taken place? It has commonly been thought that the eastern, the most inland division, was the elder, and that the city was extended to the west. And it certainly at first sight looks in favour of this view that, in the extreme north-west corner, an amphitheatre has clearly been worked into the wall exactly in the same way in which the Amphitheatrum Castrense at Rome is worked into the wall of Aurelian. How so acute an observer as Sir Gardner Wilkinson could have doubted about this building being an amphitheatre, still more how his doubts ended in his positively deciding that it was not, seems really wonderful. It has all the unmistakable features of an amphitheatre, and we can only suppose that a good deal has been brought to light since Sir Gardner Wilkinson's visit, and that what is seen [illegible] clearly to be seen then. As amphitheatres were commonly without the walls, this certainly looks as if the eastern part were the old city, and as if those who enlarged it to the west had utilized the amphitheatre in drawing out their new line of fortification, exactly as Aurelian in the like case did with amphitheatre, aqueducts, anything that came conveniently in his way. But, on the other hand, Professor Glavinich, whom we have already referred to when speaking of Spalato, and whose keener observation has come usefully in the wake of the praiseworthy researches of Dr. Carrara, has pointed out that the gate has two towers on its eastern side, showing that that side was external, and that therefore the western part must be the older and the eastern the addition. This is a very strong argument, which it is perhaps impossible to get over, though the position of the amphitheatre certainly looks strongly the other way. The fact that in the northern wall of the eastern part there are inscriptions commemorating the building or repair of the wall in the time of the Antonines may also be thought to tell in favour of the later date of this part of the city. But this argument by itself would not be conclusive, because the wall might very well have been rebuilt in their day and the city enlarged to the west in a still later time. But the most probable view is that the original city stood west of the gate pointed out by Professor Glavinich, and that it has been extended both ways. It seems impossible to believe that the amphitheatre can have been originally built in the position in which it now stands.

Within and without the circuit of the walls there is much to be seen, thanks to the excavations which have been made at various times, especially under the care of Dr. Carrara. Near the north-western corner of the eastern division of the city, a Christian basilica and baptistery have been brought to light. They stand near the wall; is it fanciful to think that at Salona, as well as at Rome, it was not thought prudent in the earliest days of the establishment of Christianity to build churches in the more central and prominent parts of the city? The Salona basilica keeps, as it were, under the shadow of the wall of the extended city, exactly as the Lateran does at Rome. Outside the city to the north, towards the hills, is a Christian burying-place, answering at Salona to St. Agnes and the other Christian burying-places beyond the walls of Rome. Here are tombs of various forms and sizes, an earlier *Chorepiscopus* among them, and there are what certainly look very like small basilican churches, or rather sepulchral chapels, with their apses turning several different ways. A store of architectural fragments are strewed around; but the real wealth of Salona, both sepulchral and architectural, is not to be looked for in Salona itself, but in the museum at Spalato. There are those superb tombs, heathen and Christian, and those splendid capitals from some basilica greater than that which has yet been traced out. There are stores of inscriptions, Latin and Greek, which would make the place where they are preserved a place of no small interest, even if that place were not Spalato. One sarcophagus of heathen date still stays in its place, a little way beyond the city, because, being hewn in the limestone rock, it could not be taken away. This is that which is described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, which has some of the exploits of Herakles carved on its one face, and which has been so oddly changed in modern times into the altar of the canonized Pope St. Caius, who passes, like the Emperor under whom he suffered, for a native of Salona. Below this chapel, which stands on the hill-side, are the remains of a wall which certainly has an early look, and which is marked in Dr. Carrara's map as "muro ciclopico," but which Professor Glavinich looks on as being rather nothing more ancient than a Roman sea-wall. It must not be forgotten that, in the days of its greatness, Salona was one of the chief ports of the Hadriatic, the greatest on its own side of it. After shifting to and fro from one port to another, that position has come back, if not to Salona itself, yet to its modern representative. If we distinguish the Hadriatic from the Gulf of Trieste, Spalato is undoubtedly its chief port; but the smallness of Spalato, as compared with the greatness of ancient Salona, is a speaking comment on the difference between the place in Europe held by the Illyrian lands now and the place which they held in the days of the Roman peace.

Salona then was one of the chief cities of the Roman world, placed on one of the most central sites in the Roman world, the chief port of one of the great divisions of the Empire, and one of the main highways between its eastern and western halves. Such could be the position of a Dalmatian city when Dalmatia had a civilized mainland to the back of it. Salona therefore kept up its position as long as the Empire still kept any strength on its Illyrian frontier. It played its part in both the civil wars. Cæsar himself enlarges on the strength of the city—"oppidum et loci natura, et colle munitum." In after times it was a special object of the regard of its own great citizen, who took up his abode so near to its neighbourhood. According to Constantine Porphyrogenitus, Salona was pretty well rebuilt by Diocletian. Its importance went on in the time of transition, and its bishopric became a place of retirement for deposed Emperors. Like the rest of the neighbouring lands, it passed under the dominion, first of Odoacer and then of Theodoric, and it was the first place which was won back to the Empire in the wars of Justinian. Lost again and won back again, it appears throughout those wars as the chief point of embarcation for the Imperial armies on their voyages to Italy. This was the last century of its greatness; in the next century the modern history of Illyria begins. The Slaves were moving, and the Avars were moving with them. Salona fell into the hands of these last barbarians; it was ruined and pillaged, and sank to the state in which it has remained till our own time. Salon-

from the seventh century has ceased to rank among the cities of the earth, but the house which had been raised by its greatest citizen stood ready hard by to supply a shelter to some at least of its homeless inhabitants. Things were wholly turned about on the bay of Salona and on the neighbouring peninsula. Down to the days of Heraclius Salona had been a great city, with the vastest house that ever man reared standing useless in its neighbourhood. From his day onwards the house grew into a city, and the city became a petty village, where, of all the places along that historic coast, the traveller finds least to disturb him in the pious contemplation of ruins.

AT SEA IN WINTER.

WE can fancy that nothing is more agreeable than life on the sea in the long days and in summer weather for those whose tastes lie in that direction. There may be ships that are floating purgatories or coffins, but, as a rule, an intelligent mariner may choose his craft; for seamen who know their work are becoming yearly more difficult to find. Under favourable circumstances, a sailor has the pleasures of yachting with good wages, abundance of substantial fare, and an unfailing appetite to enjoy it. He may skim the cream of popular travel all the world over, visiting a succession of foreign seaports, and may cram into a happy day or two of "liberty" the excitement which a gentleman tourist finds during whole weeks of roughing it on a wearisome land journey. His slumbers may be broken, it is true, by troublesome watches; but no profession is without its drawbacks, and his, after all, is only a question of adapting the habits to abnormal hours. And in summer the amphibious population that get their living along our coasts have at least as jolly a time of it as thoroughgoing mariners. The coastguardsmen sun themselves lazily in the balmy air on the cliffs, laying stray sauntcrers under contribution for shillings in return for staring into vacancy through their many-jointed telescopes; or they man the Government galley for a little gentle exercise when disposed to exchange the land for the water. The fishing-boats running merrily out to sea with the sun glancing on their ruddy canvas give one the idea of so many pleasing idyls of marine existence. The long low steamers, as they go gliding by, leaving comet-like tails of vanishing vapour behind them, suggest open portholes with free currents of fresh air, and an entire absence of disturbing qualms. In the distance are graceful and stately ships under their clouds of bulging sail; while the foreground of the picture is filled up with varieties of busy life in the shape of venerable Tritons passing their lobster-pots under inspection, women and children filling their baskets full of mussels, or grubbing for sand-eels to serve for bait, shrimpers and prawners immersed to the waists, and paddling voluptuously in the tepid water. Under the influence of sights like these many an indifferent sailor, with an habitual abhorrence of the ocean, may have felt that the people who get their living out of it are by no means so much to be pitied as he had supposed.

Probably, however, he would reconsider his summer impressions and revert to his original notions were he to go back to his coast resort for a visit in January: for there can be no doubt that those who have their homes on the rolling deep, and have been steeped and seasoned in brine from their boyhood, must often have terribly hard times of it in winter. You get up in the morning to find your window panes covered with frost, and a bitter east wind howling lugubriously along the esplanade. It is almost a shock to see shrimps on the breakfast-table; you shiver involuntarily at the thought of the sufferings of the miserable man who went out dredging for them. Looking out from the balcony, you see the brown sea setting shorewards in a strong current, tumbling over in white crested billows, and the breaking spray flying in clouds over the pier, to fall in showers on the shipping under its shelter. Nothing that can help it is likely, as you think, to put out to-day, and in your selfishness you heave an unconscious sigh at the prospect of no fresh fish for dinner. There was no need to be anxious on that score. By and by, when you look again, you see signs of bustle in the harbour; masts are swaying as if boats were being cast loose, and there is a general shaking of canvas that flutters out from the yards. Soon a vessel takes the lead of the rest; she is seen gliding into view, hull and all, and, threading the labyrinth of bobbing buoys, steers straight for the opening between the pier-heads. As she draws clear of the shelter of the cliffs, and the wind fills the top of the mainsail, her speed visibly accelerates. As yet, however, her motion is steady, for there is nothing but a ripple on the water in the harbour. Another moment or two and there comes a sudden change. She is caught in the jaws of the harbour mouth, and has met the rush of the incoming tide. As she oscillates up and down like a rocking-horse, having apparently lost way altogether, it would seem as if she must infallibly come to grief. But she is cleverly handled by men who knew what they had to expect, and the risk is only apparent. She gets her way again, shoots past the pier-head beacon, and is braving the full force of the elements. Now her little stump of a bowsprit seems pointing straight in the direction of the sun; the next moment it is plunging towards the depths. The sails, bellying out like balloons, look as if they would roll her clean over; but her bottom is broad and her sides are round, and she rights again with marvellous buoyancy. She begins to make headway mysteriously, as she beats out to windward in short stretches, while the spray pitches up in volumes round the cutwater, and falls back in deluges on her heaving bows. But by this time your attention is divided, for others of the fishing fleet are following fast in her wake. Speedily they draw out in a lengthening line, all bearing towards the same point of the compass, and, as it becomes clear that every one is bound for sea, it strikes you that you may as well go down to the harbour and assist at the start. What you chiefly remark when you get there is the absence of any general excitement. The men in the boats are busy enough, but none of their better-halves or sweethearts have come down for tender partings, as is the invariable practice in works of fiction, and, indeed, in the Northern herring ports in the season. The crews are too hard at work to feel chilly as yet; they are all warmly got up for bitter weather, in close-clinging jerseys, fishing-boots, fur caps or sou'westers, and there is a cheerful smoke going up from the bit of iron chimney that sticks up in the deck amidships. But it will be very different when they are out at sea, handling those stiff red sheets of canvas, or those impracticable nets and coils of cordage that are hanging in festoons over the sides. You cannot conceive what they want with the heaps of ice which are lying carelessly piled on the quay. Surely the temperature is low enough to keep everything fresh and sweet, without any necessity for artificial precautions. From your own experience in the shelter of the cliffs, in the warmest of clothes under the thickest of Ulsters, you can imagine how the wind will feel towards sundown to men who have been out in it for hours, exposed to its biting fury. Besides, as likely as not, before they get back again they will have had to bear up against other varieties of weather than a clear atmosphere or a cold wind. The fitful gleams of the sun have been bringing out in lurid lustre the sullen blue of the great banks of cloud to windward. To all appearance, they are heavily charged with snow or hail, and it is no joke running for home in a blinding snow-storm, even to men who have been familiar with the waters from infancy. The heavy drift of the feathering flakes envelops everything, falling like a thick white veil between the fishing-boats and the lighthouses or lightships. It is a case of groping your way between shore and shoals, listening for the noise of the breakers to guide you, while the men on the look-out find it hard to hold up their heads against the stinging drift that beats into their faces. To be sure, when they do get back, they come home, it is to be hoped, to comfortable fire-sides, to say nothing of hospitable public-houses and hearty good fellowship. But it must be admitted that their domestic and social joys have been somewhat dearly purchased, and many a landsman who has to struggle hard for a living might well hesitate to change places with them.

Still these fishermen have something to be thankful for, according to a landsman's ideas, in being at least as much on shore as at sea. They have time to stretch their legs on the solid earth, to dry their clothes, and to set their blood in circulation before returning to a fresh ordeal of hardships. Those who ship for seagoing cruises have a far more constant strain imposed on them by the severity of the winter, to say nothing of the aggravation which they may expect of their everyday perils. They may be in a collier coasting craft, working under either steam or sail. As they lie at their moorings in the port of lading, it is a question whether to start at once and chance it, or to wait yet a little longer in the hope of better weather, for the storm signal has been displayed for days over the harbour. But time is valuable to the owners, and even the men before the mast begin to lose patience, and when in doubt are usually inclined to bless the barometer and stand out to sea. It is anxious work, however, groping one's way along a dangerous coast, through the fogs that have been gathering in the lull between the past and the coming storm; and a short-handed crew in a clumsy tub or a deep-laden screw have to suffer much from long night-watches. Then, when the storm-warnings are tardily justified by the event, and the vessel is beyond the reach of shelter, they have to toil unceasingly to keep themselves and their cargo above the tumbling waters. Very likely they may have to go to the pumps, as they have done not unfrequently on former voyages, and work unceasingly for dear life to get rid of the water which has been pouring in over the low freeboard, and soaking everywhere through the yawning seams. They may think themselves fortunate if they save their lives and their ship by the skin of their teeth, instead of foundering and leaving no trace behind, or being shivered to splinters on a lee-shore. It is worse still on board a North Sea or Baltic vessel. The navigation in those narrow and treacherous seas is intricate at the best: in those inhospitable latitudes the fogs gather in extraordinary density; and tempests such as those which descend occasionally in sudden destruction upon subalpine lakes, sweep down from the frozen wastes of Lapland or Scandinavia. Add to all this a top-heavy vessel labouring painfully in the trough of the ocean, with a promiscuous deck cargo broken loose from its lashings, and you have a scene which may well be supposed to be the climax of the horrors of a winter night. Yet worst of all, we should conceive, is such a winter voyage as that round "the Horn" in wild weather. Storms setting full in her teeth may buffet about the biggest ship, like the fishing-boats we have seen beating out of English harbours, only with tenfold violence. The seas have been washing over the decks, flooding the forecastle and the seamen's quarters, till the galley fires are extinguished, and not a man has a dry stitch of clothing. But if their clothes are damp they are not dripping; for the vessel is close on antarctic latitudes, among snow-drift and icebergs; the winds are blowing off either frozen seas or the icy mountains of Terra del Fuego; the thermometer is down to zero or below it; and

everything that should be flexible is frozen as stiff as iron, from the mainsail to the jersey and trousers of the cabin-boy. Yet, as the wind shifts about, or rises or falls, they have always to be reefing or loosing canvas, and clinging among icicles to slippery shrouds, with hands that have long been unconscious of sensation. That, under such conditions of life at sea, there should be so few accidents as there are is marvellous, although doubtless there are many that we never hear of. But we may be sure that the colds, coughs, and chest affections for which landsmen think it necessary to nurse themselves are common enough. If the recollection of former hardships is the greatest sweetener of a more peaceable existence, few men have more cause to indulge in the pleasures of memory than the ancient mariner who is laid up in port with a pension.

THEATRICAL FENIANISM.

THERE is an amusing audacity—one might perhaps say impudence—in the appeal which Mr. Dion Boucicault has just addressed to the Premier with regard to the Fenian prisoners. The author of *London Assurance* has always had a reputation for feats of this kind; but he has now surpassed himself. He wishes it to be understood that his production of the play called *The Shaughraun* has not been a mere professional speculation on his part, though it has, he says, paid very well, but a great political experiment. Many persons who witnessed the performance of this piece probably came away without observing that it was anything but a drama of the ordinary sensational kind, depending rather on clap-trap sentiment and startling incidents than on more substantial attractions; but the author now comes forward to disclose an unsuspected purpose in the play. Artemus Ward, it may be remembered, conducted his show on the principle of making it "a grate Moral Entertainment," and Mr. Boucicault also takes an elevated view of his line of business. *The Shaughraun*, he tells us, is founded on an episode of the Fenian insurrection of 1866. "A young Irish gentleman has been tried, convicted, and transported to the penal colonies, for complicity with the rebellion." We are afraid the transportation is an anachronism, but that is a small matter in such a case. The young man escapes to America, and then ventures to visit his home in Ireland. He is re-arrested, but again escapes, and is "eventually restored to freedom by a general pardon, granted (under poetical license) during your"—that is, Mr. Disraeli's—"Ministry." It will be seen that there is a very simple story, and the author himself vouches for the fact, which we should not think it necessary to dispute, that the piece is destitute of literary pretensions, has no "poetic clothing," "no wit to divert attention." Yet, if we may believe Mr. Boucicault, this piece, for which the author has done so little, has been one of the most successful ever known. Night after night, we are told, the spectators "rose to their feet, and [illegible] walls of the national theatre," when the fugitive convict escaped from his prison, and again when he was pardoned. And this, it is argued, was due, not to the "cunning of the dramatist, nor the great merit of the actors," but to the natural sympathy of the audience with "one who is endeavouring to elude the penalty of a great offence." And Mr. Boucicault assures the Premier that it was with the intention of bringing out this expression of sympathy with Fenian prisoners that he composed the play. He therefore calls upon the "whole world to witness this spectacle—the Government of England, with a full and noble reliance on the loyalty of the English people, authorizing and approving the representation of this play, thus inviting daily a jury of two thousand citizens to hear and pronounce their feelings on a great political question." This question has been put night after night to people of all classes, "from the Prince and Princess of Wales to the humblest mechanic," and "there has been no dissentient voice upon it, no, not one!" This conclusively proves, in Mr. Boucicault's opinion, that the English people are full of tenderness and pity for the Fenians, and willing to forgive and forget their offences.

Whether the audiences really did rise and cheer in the way described may perhaps be regarded as an open question, but, in any case, the applause is capable of a very simple explanation. People go to the theatre to be amused, and the fun of *The Shaughraun* lay in the tricks by which a fugitive prisoner baffled his pursuers. The scene no doubt was laid in Ireland, and the oppressor was nominally supposed to be the English Government, but nobody thought of identifying the wild improbabilities of the stage with contemporary events, and a happy ending appeared to be the natural finish of such a piece of extravagance. Mr. Boucicault says that he put his question to the public in "plain language," but it may be doubted whether anybody would ever have discovered it if he himself had not been good enough to come forward and reveal the secret. In saying that he has delayed calling attention to the subject "until the last moment," he perhaps forgot that he had left himself another fortnight for the final run of the play before withdrawing it; but, apart from this, it might have been expected that, if he was really so anxious to ascertain the drift of public opinion, he would have taken the earliest, and not the latest, moment for frankly disclosing his design, and giving fair warning to his audiences of the construction that would be placed on their applause. It would of course be absurd to discuss seriously whether this play actually produced the result which the author attributes to it; and even if this were admitted, it might be remarked that it was due to a purely fanciful representation of Fenianism, in which its crimes and atrocities were ignored, and pity excited for a poor fellow who was being hunted down rather by private enemies for their own ends than by the Government. The good people of the piece were all more or less Fenians; the villains were of course on the other side; and the question put to the audience had to do rather with human nature than politics. The evidence which has been given with regard to Fenianism before the courts of law, and on which public opinion has already passed its verdict, presents a very different picture from that offered in a comic play. If rebellions were in reality as harmless and innocent as on the stage, and everybody could afterwards go home quietly to supper and bed, without being any the worse for it, the community could perhaps afford to take a good-humoured view of such proceedings. It should be remembered, however, that the prisoners for whom Mr. Boucicault is now pleading are not mere light-headed vapourers, but soldiers who broke their oaths, which in itself is a serious crime. Let Mr. Boucicault put the plain truth about any case of this kind on the stage, and perhaps he would have little reason to congratulate himself on its reception. As it is, he probably showed a sound discretion in not openly avowing at the outset the intention with which he now says he composed *The Shaughraun*. It is obvious that, if this plan of bringing political questions on the stage were to come into fashion, there would naturally be rival versions of the case to be tried. Indeed we observe that this has in some degree happened even in the present instance. As soon as *The Shaughraun* is withdrawn *Peep o' Day* is to take its place on the same boards. This is an Irish play very similar in character to Mr. Boucicault's, and of older date, which is now revived apparently as a protest against the spirit of the latter. At least we find *Peep o' Day* significantly described in the advertisements as "founded on an episode of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, but depending for its success, not on its treasonable propensities, but on its literary merits, and on the sympathy excited for a victim falsely accused of political conspiracy." This piece does not perhaps go very directly to the question whether Fenians ought to be punished, but if it were usual to take the opinion of the public in this manner, we might expect to have another play which would invite sympathy for the peaceable and loyal classes. Trial by jury, as far as it is illustrated by such pieces as *The Shaughraun*, is obviously a trial in which the jury is allowed to hear only the speeches on one side. It is very easy to get a verdict when you are at liberty to invent your evidence, and can pass off anything you like. It can readily be imagined that a good many verdicts might be got in this way for the "unfortunate nobleman" now languishing in Dartmoor, or even perhaps for the late Mr. Wainwright.

Mr. Boucicault, in concocting his little plot for entrapping the English public into what he afterwards intended to represent as an expression of sympathy with Fenianism, seems to have taken very good care not to make his intention too apparent; but there can be no doubt that the attempt to do so, however mild and disguised, was a gross impertinence to the public. This is only another instance of the necessity of keeping the stage under some kind of censorship. If Mr. Boucicault had carried out his plan in a bold and open way, inviting the audience to vote for or against Fenians by a show of hands, we may be sure that it would not have promoted the good order and harmony of theatrical entertainments; and indeed it may be assumed that he had to tone down his piece in order to avoid any question with the Censor, who has authority to suppress any attempt to use the stage for the direct purposes of political agitation. If this controlling force did not exist to make dramatists cautious, it is easily conceivable what mischief might be done. There cannot be a greater mistake than to say that this is a question of freedom of opinion; it is simply a question of public order. The theatres would undoubtedly be turned into bear-gardens if they were to be given over to political strife. It is part of the good fortune of this country that it has always enjoyed the advantage of more rational methods of carrying on discussions of this kind. It is possible that Mr. Boucicault may have unintentionally done a service to the public by exposing the mischievous absurdity of what he pretends to have done.

WORKING-WOMEN'S CLUBS.

NOWHERE do the extremes of society meet on exactly the same footing as they do across the counter of a great shop. Strange and interesting are the contrasts which there present themselves. On one side, the outer, may be seen a countess, perhaps even a duchess. On the opposite side the inner, is another lady. The countess may be old, fat, and badly dressed; the shopwoman with a perfectly made gown, a graceful figure, possibly a beautiful face. The one may be ill-mannered and cross, the other is generally polite, and often attractive. The buyer is unscrupulous about giving trouble. The seller is obliged to appear unwearying in her efforts to please. In some well-managed establishments, although the mere social difference between the two is immense, the shop-girl is almost as well educated, as well cared for, as well doctored, and as carefully watched, as the other. She is properly fed, has plenty of books to read, a well-lighted sitting-room, and a wholesome place in which to sleep. But there are in

London a large number of smaller shops where this is not the case, where no arrangements can be made by which the young women can be housed, and where they are obliged to go to and from their work each day. The shop-girl is selected from almost every class of society. She is chosen partly for her good looks, partly for her engaging address, partly for her neatness and intelligence. Her moral character in many places is not thought of much importance, certainly not the first thing to be considered in engaging her services. Her private life is not supposed to signify much to her employer, provided she comes to her work in good time and fulfils the ends for which she is hired. Her duties are summed up in one great duty. Her value is appraised according to the number of people she can induce to buy. And the fine ladies to whom she sells are brought oftentimes into close personal contact with people on whom under other circumstances they would look down as from an unapproachable eminence. The pretty little milliner, with the bright hair and the dove-coloured eyes, who shows off the Rubens hat to such perfection, cannot out of her salary afford pleasant airy lodgings or many home comforts. She has even to consider the penny she may spend on the evening newspaper. Often, after her hard day's work is over, she has to take off the fine clothes belonging to her employers, put on her own shabby ones, and like Cinderella return tired and worn to a home in which neither peace nor pleasure is to be found. All day there has been no sitting down behind the counter, no intermission of calls upon her attention, no repose however fatigued she may have felt. When evening comes she goes out alone into the gas-lighted street and may be supposed to seek her home. But there are many steps between the shop and home. The pretty work-girl need not go alone. The accredited and respectable young man may be in waiting to take charge of her, himself set free from similar employment. Too often, however, it is some one superior to the girl in social position, who has no idea of marrying her; but she prefers the refinement which she does not find in her own rank, and is glad, after her day of monotonous toil, to be taken to some place of amusement where pleasure and, above all, excitement can be found. As the shops close gentlemen may be seen sauntering about the doors, and there is no lack of places in all large towns where comparative rest, and pleasant, if unwholesome, entertainments are always to be found.

Great as may be the contrast between the shop-girl's private life and that of her customers, it is not greater than that between the small close room which she calls home and the gay scenes of the well-lighted music-hall. Perhaps she lives in a dingy suburb with her parents. Her father is a hard-working clerk; her mother wearing out her life in trying to keep things together and get her children out into the world. She is so busy that she is obliged to let the girl cook her own supper, or be content with it cold. The fire has gone out, one of the children is ill, another has had a scolding and is sulking in the corner. One of the boys comes in tired and cross; things have gone wrong with him all day, and he vents his temper by refusing to wipe his boots and kicking the footstool across the room. Another brother, older and now his own master, hastily snatches anything he can find for supper and sets off with a companion to some place of amusement or to spend a quiet evening and have a smoke with a friend. The girl wishes she had a pleasant book to read, some peaceful place in which to sit, something to dispel the feeling of utter exhaustion which has taken possession of her. She resolves that the next day she will not refuse an offer to go to the theatre if she is invited, because she feels less ready for her work in the morning when her evenings are worried and dull. Her parents have no means, even if they had the inclination, to make home happy to her. She probably pays her share of household expenses, or, if she is still in her apprenticeship, is looked on as an encumbrance, and when she leaves, they are satisfied if they think she has obtained food and houseroom elsewhere. But in many cases she does not live or lodge at home. She rents a garret in some obscure street in order to be near her work, and hither she has few inducements to go except to sleep. The temptations to keep away from it are well nigh irresistible. Her room is a weary way up four or five pairs of stairs. It has no furniture but what is absolutely needful. Its so-called comforts are probably shared with another lodger. Nothing in the room is pretty, no chair comfortable, even the looking-glass is ill-conditioned and deceptive. Tubbing in such a place is impossible. Water is difficult to procure, and the soap often forgotten. Fire is a rarity, light is expensive, and she often goes to bed by the rays of the street lamp. Her opportunities of improving her mind by reading, of writing an occasional letter, of cultivating her religious aspirations, if she has any, are simply none. She goes there to throw herself wearily on her bed, and rises before daylight to hurry back to her place of employment. On wet Sundays all she can do is to lie in bed and watch the raindrops on the windows, or perhaps, if she has lost all sense of the teaching of her childhood, to remake an old bonnet in hopes of more favourable weather the following week. Such too often is the round of her life.

It seems to be the opinion of a considerable number of people who have the interests of the working classes at heart that the establishment of Working-women's Clubs would be a desirable step. They think that the cheap theatres, the dancing saloons, the music-halls, the public-houses, offer temptations too attractive to be resisted by young women who, having worked hard all day, have only a poor lodging, or a crowded, noisy, and ill-kept home in which to spend their evenings. They argue that a girl would be better employed in reading a story-book or playing a game of bagatelle in an airy, well-lighted room, where she could have a cup of tea at cost price, than in going about with young men of questionable character to entertainments of a debasing description where she learns to drink gin. The advocates of clubs for working women do not offer anything to induce those who have already a home to leave its comforts and its duties. They simply wish to enter into competition with the places in which they see female modesty corrupted, and a craving for unwholesome stimulant for mind and body encouraged. We may lament as we will the changes that are taking place in the constitution of society, and deplore that women are thrown unprotected into the temptations of great towns. The fact unfortunately remains that women will soon be obliged to enter the labour market on much the same footing as their brothers, and the question is how to help them to resist the allurements to vice which must assail those cut off from the restraints and protection of family life. The fatigue and hurry of a long day in a crowded shop, the exhaustion from mechanical work, the giddiness caused by many hours of monotonous mental exertion—all these often produce a craving for excitement rather than a desire for repose. It is sad, but it is the result of what we call "going ahead," and as we cannot order the waves of competition back, it might be well to try and throw safety belts to the weary swimmers.

If it is found that these clubs for working-women are really likely to be useful, no doubt kind people will be found ready to take the matter in hand. The advocates of this movement ought to avail themselves of the experience of those who have had to do with the Working-men's Institutions. Many mistakes have been made in these matters, and much has been learnt within the last few years. It would be well if the flavour of charity could be kept away. This is the more difficult in the present instance as women cannot help to build premises or keep them in repair when built. A club of men has now been carried on with singular success for several years whose members have never received one penny towards its support. They have bought their premises, built themselves a lecture hall, given concerts which pay, and have a fair library. They reserve an evening in the week for a dancing class, to which they invite their female friends and relations. They have saved money and talk of starting a building society. They are very proud that, although they have several times been offered money, they have never accepted any gifts except a few books and one or two prints to hang in their parlour. They manage their affairs by a committee of their members, and have never been in debt, for they were contented with very meagre accommodation until they could prudently afford better. All the building and carpenter work has been done by members who have given their time gratis, and they hope soon to replace their present hall by a handsome building. Any competent person willing to give a lecture is received, provided he will allow a free discussion on the subject afterwards, and it is often amusing, however much we may disagree with their opinions, to hear the shrewd and original remarks made by these self-educated and independent working-men.

What seems to us much more needed by working-women than either clubs or reading-rooms are respectable lodgings in central situations at reasonable rents. These might be combined with a coffee-room. There is no intelligible reason why such a scheme, properly managed, should not be quite safe, and pay a reasonable percentage on the money which might have to be borrowed for the purpose. At present parents who live in the country, and who would like their girls to learn a trade, are often obliged to relinquish the idea because they cannot find respectable lodgings at a price which they can afford to pay. Cannot the Peabody trustees move in the matter?

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE Italian school of painting, as we have before said, is again illustrated by works which show the all but exhaustless art riches of this country. Our imports of such works are constant, our exports are almost nil. The National Gallery, under the direction of Sir Charles Eastlake, insisted on the principle that the 10,000*l.* a year allowed by Parliament should be laid out in purchases on the Continent rather than at home, the object being thus to add to the constantly accumulating treasures of the nation. Since the European wars of the French Revolution and Empire there have never been such opportunities of acquiring Italian pictures as there are now. The breaking up and secularization of monasteries have forced the monks to sell their vestments and art properties. In the earlier period of spoliation, agents and experts were sent out to collect the spoils, not as robbers, but honestly at a fair money value. And England will now lose a rare occasion if, in future annual Exhibitions of these "Old Masters," she is not able to show a large share of the booty.

We resume our review of the Italian schools with a remarkable work from the Barker Collection, Luca Signorelli, "The Mother and Wife of Coriolanus pleading with him to spare Rome" (194). This picture, like its companion in the National Gallery, "The Triumph of Chastity," is a fresco transferred from wall to canvas in 1844; the process, as may be easily imagined, is perilous, and Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle pronounce the two pictures to have been injured. Yet so skilfully has the operation been accomplished, and so carefully have subsequent and needful reparations been effected, that, in spite of much repainting and loading on of colour in impasto, the masterpiece here

stands out with remarkable force in the drawing, and with that *éclat* and light-giving power which are the boast of fresco. Only let the spectator look round the room and he will at once see that neither tempera nor oil approaches the luminosity of this wall picture. It shines as light out of darkness; an effect much to be valued in wintry days when half the pictures are all but invisible. In recent years, when the art of fresco was sought to be revived in England, it used to be truly said that in the churches and convents of Italy, when night came on, the last objects seen were the fresco paintings on the walls; they shone out of darkness just as in these same sanctuaries the voice of the organ breaks the silence of coming night. But it must be admitted that the colours or chromatic notes of this picture ring with a sort of metallic sound, as bells falling out of tune. Signorelli, the precursor of Michael Angelo, was not the most dulcet of colorists, and his figures, crowded pell-mell together, are often so assailant as to seem at daggers drawn. Yet they have a grand presence; his men are of a race of heroes, and his women are clothed in beauty and in dignity. The remarkable picture before us is well accredited; it was painted, with others of the same series, about the year 1509, in the palace of Pandolfo Petrucci at Siena; two of the series remain in the Picture Gallery of that city; a third was acquired for our National Gallery on the sale of the Barker Collection in 1874, at the comparatively moderate price of 840*l*. That wildly eccentric painter, Sandro Botticelli, is represented by a couple of rather weak and mannered examples, both bearing as their title "The Virgin, Child, and St. John" (190–197). The artist had a grand way of exalting deformity and deifying ugliness. Another unruly genius, Fra Filippo Lippi, expresses himself with a tenderness quite unusual in "The Virgin and Child" (196). In this, as in the adjacent pictures by Botticelli, the transparent veil cast over the Madonna's head is very charmingly painted. These soft touches tell all the more in masters who are habitually hard.

Raffaelle shows his first, or Peruginesque manner, just at the point of its transition into the Florentine, in a couple of Predella pictures; a class of works which, being small and placed in semi-detachment with large altar-pieces, admitted of ready removal. England has gathered into her private galleries a number of these miniature panoramas, which, as a rule, represent collateral incidents bearing on the subject of the large composition rising above these "predellas" or "gradini." "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane" (180), lent by Lady Burdett-Coutts—a companion predella picture with "Christ Bearing the Cross," of Leigh Court, seen among "the Old Masters" a few years since—appertained to the large altar-piece executed for certain nuns in Perugia, who requested of the artist as a favour that the nudity of the infant Christ might be clothed by a little drapery. This large and representative composition, formerly well known in the Royal Palace at Naples, has recently been exhibited for sale in our National Gallery at the exorbitant price, considering its corrupt condition, of 40,000*l*. At half that sum it certainly ought to be secured for the nation. And such as is the state of the principal work, so is the degenerate constitution of this, its small accessory. The prescribed arrangement of "Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane" is almost too well known to need description. Raffaelle did little more than receive as an inheritance the long accepted theme. But the point to which we wish to draw attention is the strange and anomalous fact that the drawing even of such essential members as hands and feet is to the last degree clumsy, if not absolutely false. The history of the work, in brief, is this—that Raffaelle, during his visit to Florence, returned to Perugia in 1504 or 1505, and there painted, at the age of twenty-two, the big picture formerly in Naples, with the part predella now before us. We hold it to be simply impossible that, with his own hand, he could have been guilty of at least the worst parts of this predella; and this judgment will be verified by comparison with "Il Sposalizio" of the same period in Milan. The excuse for Raffaelle may be that, even in those early days, he took his ease through the aid of assistants; and doubtless in the school of Perugino, in which he himself had served so recently as a pupil, not a few students were ready to paint these predellas. All this we throw out as a suggestion, especially as a really critical Life of Raffaelle remains to be written. Passavant accepted nearly the whole story wholesale. Superior in quality, and more truly Raffaellesque in spirit and in manipulation, is "St. John the Baptist Preaching in the Wilderness" (181), a predella fragment from Bowood, formerly part of that most lovely picture of the Madonna and Child, enthroned with Saints on either side, at Blenheim. The date is as early as 1505; therefore it belongs to the time when young Raffaelle, vacillating between Perugia and Florence, had not touched upon Rome, the rock upon which, according to some, he eventually split. We think it would be scarcely possible to extol too highly the purity, the beauty, and the tentative timidity of this almost pre-Raffaellite work. It belongs to the subjective manner of Perugino, and we are sorry to detect in the legs and the attitude of the feet, placed feebly and shakingly on the ground, an indecision in drawing which is identified with the well-intentioned, but incompetent, Pinturicchio. One point of interest in the work is the internal evidence it gives of a master conscientiously feeling his way step by step, and encountering unexpected difficulties which he could not hope to conquer save by persistent striving, little by little.

There are a dozen or two Italian pictures which visitors will look over with a glance, such as "Paul the Hermit" (129), by Bassano. The following, however, claim a little more than cursory attention. "Venus Disarming Cupid" (131), by Correggio, we have heard questioned, but it has a right to take its place, though not in the first rank, with a multitude of analogous compositions, among which stands foremost "Mercury Instructing Cupid in the Presence of Venus," for many years known to every one in our National Gallery. We think it would be an excess of prudery to take exception to such refined exhibitions of the nude. And though it can scarcely be affirmed, to adapt the words of Burke, that the art of Correggio "ennobled whatever it touched," yet it may be pleaded with more show of truth that, under its spell, "vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." More to the purpose are the words of Dr. Burckhardt, which read as a verdict on the picture before us, lying as it does on the doubtful line which divides a master from his pupils. After paying a tribute to Correggio as the subtle painter of "the finest movements of nervous life," a life "interpenetrating the figures from within outwards," Dr. Burckhardt adds, "no master did more harm to his pupils"; he deprived them of simplicity of line and dignity of character. We are sorry to have to mention with incredulity "A Religious Ceremony of Investiture" (134), here ascribed, according to the wholesale system of mis-nomenclature prevalent in England, to Perino del Vaga, the pupil of Raffaelle. It cannot possibly belong to the school of Raffaelle; as a conjecture, we should put it down to a scholar of Andrea del Sarto, possibly to Pontormo; but, in fact, the work will not repay discussion. Another most evident mistake is to assign what is perhaps the finest portrait of the year, that of "Contessina Mattei" (135), to Andrea del Sarto. We should at first sight have accredited the work to the great portrait school of Holland, but we observe that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle say that the head is "reminiscent of Allori, or still better of Carlo Dolci." No head can be more true in modelling, or more expressive in its lines; it is so life-like that it seems to speak, yet the lips are motionless. As a sign of the present times, and a proof of the change which has come over public opinion, we may point to a couple of works, fortunately in a well nigh obsolete style, "Christ Healing the Blind Man" (107), by Ludovico Carracci, and "Christ Raising the Widow's Son" (109), by Agostino Carracci. The utmost we can say in their favour is that, being among the best of their kind, they are not quite so inane as analogous religious compositions by Sir Benjamin West. Yet, incredible as it may now seem, Ludovico Carracci was the idol of Sir Joshua Reynolds; an apology is almost needed for the following quotation from "The Discourses":—

> Ludovico Carracci appears to me to approach the nearest to perfection. His unaffected breadth of light and shadow, the simplicity of colouring, which, holding its proper rank, does not draw aside the least part of the attention from the subject, and the solemn effect of that twilight which seems diffused over his pictures, appear to me to correspond with grave and dignified subjects better than the more artificial brilliancy of sunshine which enlightens the pictures of Titian.

We should be only too happy if Titian and his contemporaries in Venice had thrown a little more of the "brilliancy of sunshine" into this wintry exhibition. "Europa, signed 'Titianus p.'" (123), lent by the Earl of Darnley, is a late work, though of course not quite so far on into decadence as his last picture, the "Pietà," now in the Academy of Venice, left unfinished when Titian died of the plague in his ninety-ninth year. We venture on this chronology, notwithstanding that in the last edition of Kugler we find the easy-going assertion that "no chronological arrangement of Titian's works is for the present possible, except such as is afforded by internal evidence." What really may be "possible" to diligent searchers into documents we shall learn when we see the promised, though long-delayed, Life of Titian, by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. In the picture before us, the "internal evidence" points to a condition of mind and of vision similar to that of Turner in his latter days; the forms want firmness, the colours coherence and sequence; in short, forms, colours, and composition have grown garrulous, as in the closing scene of the "Seven Ages." And yet the ruling passion for colour remains strong in death. We have heard doubts thrown on "The Portrait of Ariosto, signed 'Titianus'" (125); some call in question the subject, others the painter. The only light which the catalogue throws on the matter is that Ariosto was "the celebrated Italian poet"! When will Academicians learn that something more is required of a catalogue than historic data which have only a place in village schools? It will be well to compare this portrait with that of the poet in the National Gallery. The latter has a credible pedigree. Titian painted his friend Ariosto more than once; the face is well known—it is that of a true though somewhat self-indulgent poet. The pictures by Tintoret (127—133) and by Veronese (130) are of minor import; and Schiavone, an imitator of Titian, does little more than repeat by rote a hackneyed subject identified in design with Michael Angelo, "The Flagellation of Christ Bound to the Column" (114). Another replica of the same theme is a small picture, not very high in quality, bearing for its modest title "The Finished Sketch, or the Copy of a Finished Sketch for the Flagellation of Christ, by Sebastiano del Piombo, in the Church of S. Pietro in Montorio, Rome" (183), lent by Mr. Leighton, R.A. Close by hangs another contribution from Mr. Leighton, "Jupiter and Semele" (189), by Schiavone. The rhythm of colour has never been surpassed, even by Veronese. The picture must have been acquired solely for its colour, and it is interesting to mark that the works here contributed by Mr. Leighton show a leaning towards the Venetian school, to which his own art has of late tended.

No faint praise would do justice to a couple of pictures ap-

signed to Giorgione, the follow-pupil of Titian in the school of Giovanni Bellini. But we venture to give warning against a numerous class of productions thrown on the market under the indiscriminate and hap-hazard names of Giorgione, Titian, Palma, Pordenone, Bordone, Bonifazio, and others. An example in point is the panoramic scene, "Cæsar Enthroned receiving the Head of Pompey" (138). The picture, in its large sweeping touch and sketchy scenic treatment, is later than Giorgione. Yet we have seldom witnessed a more triumphant chorus of blues, reds, greens, and golden whites. We are happy, in conclusion, to say that but little doubt has been expressed as to "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (201), lent by Mr. Wentworth Beaumont. Some authorities, it is true, assign the composition, though we think falsely, to Titian; and others, with more reason, see leanings towards Palma, and trace the teaching of Bellini. These surmises only confirm the statement just made, that nomenclatures are, at this transitional point in Venice, speculative. However, we are glad to find that those most subversive of critics, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, assign without question this impressive scene to Giorgione. The whole panel is imbued with the devoutest feeling—quiet, yet intense. The Madonna and Shepherds are kneeling before the Child, who is not here, as in the "Notte" of Correggio, the source of light. For the eye is led outwards to one of the grandest of landscapes—trees, lakes, mountains, as in the painter's own country of Castelfranco. All is in deep repose, as at the hour when day dawns, and the soft gleam of colour in the distant sky heralds as the voice at the Nativity, "Peace on earth."

CLYTIE AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE author of *Clytie* allows that the "suggestion that its plot is a *réchauffé* of a certain *cause célibre*" calls for explanation, which he attempts to give. The similarity between the two stories is, he says, "purely technical," whatever that may mean. He thought that "the use of the statutory declaration, and the abuse of the privileges of cross-examination," offered a dramatic combination peculiarly fitted for stage purposes, and this is matter of opinion. If he expected to construct a successful play out of his novel he must be disappointed; for either he was mistaken as to the fitness of his materials, or he has not used them skilfully. Notwithstanding the example of the *Merchant of Venice*, which he quotes, we do not think that the proceedings of law and police courts are generally well adapted for dramatic purposes. Indeed he might almost as well refer to Mr. Gilbert's *Trial by Jury* in support of his opinion as to Shakspeare's "sublime comedy." Both are equally unlike any proceedings in real courts, whereas the manager of the Olympic Theatre has done his utmost to give us a police-court as it is. The dress and manner of Mr. Cuffling, the prisoner's solicitor, are a clever exaggeration of familiar features; but he has to work an entire act or "part" by himself, whereas even Shylock is greatly helped by Portia and Antonio. The drama, in five "parts," was apparently constructed for the sake of this particular "part"; and it is a pity that so much trouble should have been taken for so poor an object. But if the author depended upon this kind of attraction in his play, he might have heightened it by the simple expedients which he uses in his novel. There might have been several subdivisions of this "part," entitled "the thumb-screw," "the rack," and "the wheel," and the heroine, by skilful use of the dresser's art, might have been made to look more wasted and woe-begone after each application of judicial torture. If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, but we are decidedly of opinion that this thing is not worth doing at all. It is unnecessary, and would be disagreeable, to inquire how far any resemblance exists between the novel and play of *Clytie* and "the revelations reported by the press" on the occasion referred to by this author. It may be allowed that neither novels nor plays are likely in general to succeed unless they are derived directly or indirectly from observation of actual life and manners. But in the process of derivation there may be many varieties of skill and taste, and this author has shown as little as possible of either. If, he says, instead of using the mere scaffolding, he had worked up the materials of the case already mentioned, he would have been justified by many "illustrious examples," and he instances *Put Yourself in His Place* and *Man and Wife*. These examples are in one sense "illustrious," for a more dismal failure than that of the play founded on the first of these novels was never seen, nor did the second make any satisfactory impression on the stage. The best protection against what this author calls seeking inspiration from episodes of real life is that the result has been almost uniformly discouraging. He tells us that he has aimed at the production of an interesting story, and has striven to teach a worthy lesson; but if the tale be dull, the moral, however excellent, will be wasted. It may of course be our own fault if, after passing a dreary evening at the Olympic Theatre, we do not feel any better in the morning. If Mr. Hatton should attempt another play, let him be content to do one thing at a time. If he will amuse us, we can get our instruction somewhere else. The only lesson that we can discover in this drama is that, though a girl be chaste as ice and pure as snow, she shall not escape calumny if she runs away from home at eighteen years of age and comes alone to London; and it scarcely needed five "parts" of a play to teach us that.

The orations of Tom Mayfield to the bust of Clytie which Mary Weller is supposed to resemble are necessarily retrenched in the play, which thus loses the most grotesque feature of the novel. The story of the daughter of Oceanus and Tethys is rather inappropriately connected with the girl of Durham, since it suggests that she between her two lovers behaved not much better than Apollo among the nymphs. Clytie of ancient fable was changed into a flower, but kept her love, and became the type of constancy.

> The heart that has truly loved never forgets,
> But still will love on to the close;
> As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
> The same look that she turned when he rose.

It is no reproach to Mr. Hatton that he has written nothing on this subject so pretty as Moore's lines, nor can we complain because Miss Henrietta Hodson, who in other respects sustains the part of Mary Waller competently, is not in the least like the bust of Clytie. This lady has been the heroine of two or three dramatized novels in which a girl violates conventionalities, so that she may be thought to have a special turn for this class of character; yet even with her help the play makes but a slight impression. As Mr. Mayfield's rhapsodies are omitted, nothing is gained by calling the girl Clytie except an uncommon name. We see her receiving Ransford in an arbour, and carried in Ransford's arms, and laid on a bed in Ransford's chambers; and after some years she marries Lord St. Barnard, who, for dramatic convenience, has been amalgamated with Tom Mayfield; and then come the scenes which, as the author mildly puts it, may call to mind "a passing remembrance" of a social scandal, but only with the effect of exciting "charitable feelings." The only charity suitable to the occasion would be that which covers sin; but if these scenes were struck out of the play there would be no substance left in it. The statutory declaration has been made, and Mr. Hatton has so managed his heroine's life and conversation that the greater part of it is true. Then comes the scene in court, on which the play principally depends. Some people may like this kind of thing, although we do not, but the remainder of the play is too feeble to excite any feeling whatever. There is a melodramatic duel at Longreach, and "Home and Happiness" at Durham. Some faint attempts are made at comic servants, but they fail to lighten this dreary play. The amusement, such as it is, begins and ends with the cross-examination of Lady St. Barnard. The actors, other than Mr. Odell, who plays Cuffling, have no opportunity of gaining praise or blame. In short, this play is at once unpleasant and weak. It is true that the most objectionable scenes of the novel are omitted, but the author must have known that the play could only become popular as a revival of the social scandal to which he affects to believe that he only distantly refers. He quotes the words "saying she would ne'er consent, consented," without perceiving their application to himself.

It is odd that the novel contains a sort of justification for doing that which we are assured has not been done in the play. We are told that when the case had been opened at Bow Street police-court an "editorial note" upon it suggested that it was with such materials as these that the successful novelist must deal—"love, revenge, human passion in their highest and most daring flights." This editorial authority could not imagine why the novelist should sit down and draw drafts upon his own imagination when the doors of Bow Street were open to him daily. The writer who had the power to mould the realities of life to his purpose, and deal manfully and fearlessly with history as it was recorded in the newspapers, could not fail to secure a following, and might snap his fingers at the snarls of critics. It can hardly be doubted that when Mr. Hatton ascribed these sentiments to an imaginary editor he was answering anticipated attacks on his own practice. He had entered at doors which he found open in Southwark as well as Bow Street. He had assumed to mould the realities of life, and had dealt fearlessly with contemporary history. Supposing that he thus described his own proceedings in 1874, he gives a widely different account of them two years afterwards. We are now told that any similarity between the plot of *Clytie* and a certain *cause célèbre* is purely technical. He has used the mere scaffolding, and has not worked up the material of the case; and it is not true that the story of *Clytie* is that of the "social scandal." No doubt the author should know best, and his readers and critics must have been mistaken.

It is scarcely worth while to discuss the possibility of his story. "Her whole life," says the author, "was influenced by an accident, a mistake, a misunderstanding, a calumny." Her grandfather used harsh and hasty words after discovering her intercourse with Ransford, and she left him, and went to London. She walked out of his house at five o'clock on a summer morning with no clothes but what she stood in, and took the train to York and London. A beautiful girl, dressed in manifestly provincial style, might well attract notice and excite suspicion. She stays at an hotel until she is told that her room is wanted, and then with difficulty, and after narrowly escaping from the worst company, finds a respectable lodging, and tries to procure an engagement on the stage. She is invited to luncheon by the manager, meets Ransford at his table, is taken ill, goes away in Ransford's carriage, and is driven to his chambers. Then we learn that she is granddaughter to the old Lord St. Barnard, who dies, and she becomes wife to his successor, who is some sort of cousin to her. Thus she has become a grand lady, and a fit mark for Ransford's slanderous accusations. But her true [illegible] very odd, and it only wants a few [illegible]

appear criminal. Then come the sensational proceedings at the police-court, the flight of Lady St. Barnard, the "squaring" of Ransford, who is to confess, receive 10,000*l.*, and quit the country, and the shooting of Ransford at Longroach by his old rival Mayfield, who has brought back from California a robust frame and a talent for shooting and for writing poetry. He kills Ransford, and everything arranges itself satisfactorily. It will be seen from this brief outline of the story that many features of it have been entirely omitted from the play, and the result is that the scene at the police-court becomes more prominent in the play than it was in the novel. In fact, the play seems as if it had been constructed for the purpose of bringing in this scene. We like the novel little, and the play less, and it is not probable that this experiment in dramatizing the realities of life will be so successful as to encourage imitation.

REVIEWS.

BICKNELL'S HÁFIZ.*

WE may safely assert that most educated people would profess admiration for Háfiz, "the Anacreon of Persia," but we may with equal confidence assert that the majority of them would know absolutely nothing about him. Now, as Háfiz is a typical and eminently national poet, and as his poetry, ideas, and style have had as great an influence over the literature and thought of Persia and India as the Koran itself has had over that of Arabia, or, we might almost say, as the Authorized Version of the Bible over that of England, this ignorance is by no means becoming to a nation that rules India and claims supremacy in the East. At last England, following, as usual in such matters, a long way in the wake of Germany, has done something towards attaching an intelligible meaning to the hitherto well-known but cabalistic name of Háfiz. In a magnificently printed work, furnished with exquisite chromo-lithographic and woodcut illustrations, Messrs. Trübner have issued metrical translations of a select number of the odes of this poet. The work has the invaluable quality of accuracy, and, although it shows some faults of construction, we are the less inclined to criticize these severely as the translator has done a real service to literature by this first attempt at rendering the works of his author in popular English, and as he unfortunately died before his version was in print; so that many of the shortcomings may reasonably be attributed to the absence of revision by the original writer.

The poems of Háfiz are chiefly short odes, every alternate line in each having the same rhyme; they do not recount any incident or tell any consecutive story, but consist of a number of poetical conceits strung together without any apparent intimate mutual relation. The theme is almost invariably love, wine, and the beauties of nature, and the casual reader might at first sight set them down as desultory and disconnected. When once, however, the key has been found, the individual parts will be seen to form a harmonious and connected whole, through which there runs a vein of subtle and elevated thought. In Persian each poem is called *nazm*, "a string of pearls," the rhyme rather than the sense being regarded as the thread on which they are arranged.

To understand them we must know something of the life and mental habits of the author. Háfiz belonged to the sect of religious philosophers called Súfis; their system is a compromise between the Pantheistic creed of India and the severe Deism of the Koran, and their tenets are the metaphysical doctrines of the early Aryan races engrafted on the dogmas of Islam. Briefly stated, they are as follows:—God is an omnipotent eternal being, who in the remote past was "a hidden treasure that desired to be known." This desire took the form of a creative spirit, from which proceeded the entire visible and invisible universe. The ultimate creation, or rather, result of this emanation, was man, who therefore is a scintillation from the Deity, and as, to use the words of the greatest of Súfi philosophers, Maulavi Rúmí—

> Matter, though it fleeteth fast,
> Returneth to its source at last—

man's highest aim is return to, or rather reabsorption in, the Godhead from whence he sprang. This is his constant hope and endeavour, and all earthly love and affection are only expressions of this longing and yearning after the divine goal. Life is thus depicted as a journey in an eternal cycle; the earthly life is a descent; but when the spiritual life commences the ascent is begun; and as man advances in divine knowledge and aspirations he draws nearer and nearer to the divinity towards which he tends. As earthly affections and longings are thus interpreted, so by this system all forms of religion become indifferent, inasmuch as they are expressions of one and the same idea, as Omar al Kheiyam, another celebrated poet, observes:—

> Kaabeh or Josshouse, 'tis His house of prayer;
> E'en jangling bells invite us to His shrine;
> Mosque or cathedral, He is present there,
> Crescent or cross, 'tis ever Allah's sign.

The professors of this sect assume a certain austerity of life, wear a distinctive dress, and reside in *takyas* or monastic colleges. To one of these orders Háfiz attached himself; but his free-living and free-thinking, as well as his undisguised fondness for the bottle, were fatal to his reputation for sanctity. In return for the bad name he himself acquired, he is unsparing in expressing his contempt for the hypocrisy and arrogant pretensions of his fellow-dervishes. His great talents as a poet, however, procured him many and influential friends among the princes of Persia and the neighbouring countries. The word *Háfiz* signifies "one who knows the Koran by heart," and was assumed by him as a *takhallus* or *nom de plume*, his real name being Mohammed Shems-uddín.

The foregoing facts will enable us to appreciate the exact tone and tenor of his poems. Intellectually an ardent seeker after the unknown good, all the products of his genius are tinged with the speculative and contemplative philosophy of his order; physically an ardent lover of beauty in every form, and of decidedly Epicurean tastes, there can be no doubt that most of his thoughts were inspired by the actual contemplation or enjoyment of the pleasures which he describes. A Súfi who really apostrophizes no other than the transcendental object of his affection, and who drinks no wine but that of inspiration, is a very dull dog; Háfiz, as he himself says, soon found it convenient to cast off the trammels of asceticism, and yielded like a true fatalist to the force of the eternal decree that had destined him to be a *bon-vivant*:—

> Nought knew I, when I dwelt apart, of wine and minstrel's bliss;
> My friendship for the Magian youths cast me to that and this.
>
> The water of our ruby wine laves well my cowl to-day;
> Our portion from eternity we cannot cast away.

In one respect the book is rather unsatisfactory; the translator has aimed at reproducing the original literally and exactly. This we think a mistake; for, if it is intended for the general reader, he would doubtless prefer a more familiar and more English form of verse; if it is intended for the scholar, he, having the Persian before him, does not want it. The method adopted, too, fails to give an idea of the exquisite melody and sweetness of the original, while in a paraphrase this might have been at least indicated, if not actually attained. Perhaps the most suitable form of verse that could be chosen for rendering such compositions would be the sonnet; indeed, the "Rhymes" of Petrarch are not unlike the effusions of the Eastern muse, and an Italian *savant* has written a work pointing out the parallel that exists between that writer and Omar ibn el Faridh, a celebrated mystical Arabic poet. The poems translated are a selection only from the works of Háfiz, but the choice has been well made, and they give an excellent idea of the poet's style.

From such a work it is difficult to make extracts, but we may quote one or two pieces illustrative of the principles we have stated above. The following ode, for example, happily combines the expression of Háfiz's unsatisfied spiritual longings with that of his appreciation of the more tangible pleasures of love and wine:—

> O breeze of morn! where is the place which guards my friend from stark?
> Where the abode of that sly moon who lovers robs of life?
>
> The night is dark, the Happy Vale in front of me I trace,*
> Where is the fire of Sinai, where is the meeting-place?
>
> Here jointly are the wine-filled cup, the rose, the minstrel; yet
> While we lack love, no bliss is here; where can the Loved be met?
>
> Of the Shaikh's cell my heart has tired, and of the convent bare;
> Where is my friend, the Christian child, the vintner's man ion where?
>
> Háfiz, afar o'er the glades of earth
> The autumn blast is borne,
> Grieve not, but musing ask thyself,
> Where has the rose no thorn.

Of the strong sentiments of aversion which he felt for the pious frauds of the Súfi dervishes the following affords a good example. It must be premised that it is a favourite trick with Eastern jugglers to pretend to cause an egg to vanish from the head of a bystander, but really to leave it there, and, when the victim puts on his cap, the performer hits him over the head and breaks the egg, to the great amusement of the audience:—

> The Súfi has spread out his net, and lifted is his box's lid;
> He builds his structure of deceit, to cope with juggling Heaven unbid.
>
> The sport of the revolving sky breaks in his cap an egg or two,
> For daring to play juggler's tricks on one who all their secrets knew.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Come heart and let us flee to God, to seek protection from the wrong
> Committed by that class of men who have short sleeves and fingers long.
>
> Shun Artifice; for he who tries affection's game with fraud in view
> Finds shut upon his own heart's face Love's gate, which opens to the True.
>
> When comes to-morrow, and the eye shall rest upon Truth's portico;
> What shame shall the disciple feel if all his practice has been show!
>
> O partridge, bird of graceful gait, say, whither would'st thou shape thy way?
> Be not so bold, for well we know how the religious cat can pray.
>
> Háfiz, condemn no reveller,
> For God, before the world was made,
> Exempted me from seeking here
> Hypocrisy, and rigour's aid.

The last verse but one refers to a well-known Persian fable of a partridge who ventured to approach a cat which it saw piously telling its beads, and was of course torn to pieces. All these little allusions, as well as the more subtle references to Súfistic doctrines and Muslim legends, are explained by the translator in concise but clear and accurate notes. The late Mr. Bicknell, not content with studying his author in his closet and illustrating him from the knowledge which as a scholar and a traveller was already

* *Háfiz of Shiraz: Selections from his Poems.* Translated from the Persian by Herman Bicknell. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

* Aiman (happiness) is the valley in which God appeared to Moses.

available to him, undertook a journey to Persia, and resided for some time in the midst of the very scenes of Háfiz's life with the express purpose of making himself more intimately acquainted with his works. How valuable the results of such a mode of dealing with the subject are, the reader may see for himself in the admirable chromo-lithographs which the volume contains. If he would know the kind of scene that was present to Háfiz's mind when he described so enthusiastically the pleasures of a drinking bout in a fair garden, to the accompaniment of music and minstrelsy, there is Mr. Herbert's beautiful frontispiece, where such a scene is depicted to the life. Another picture from the hand of the same artist shows us a bird's-eye view of the neighbourhood of the Hafizíyeh at Shiráz, with the stream of Ruknabad and the flowery fields of Musallá, which Háfiz declared could not be rivalled by the Muslim Paradise itself:—

Sákí present the wine unspent: in Jannah thou shalt never gaze
On Ruknabádah's water-marge, or on Musallá's bloomy ways.

The latter part of the volume contains a number of shorter and fragmentary pieces, which are less metaphysical and erotic in character, and possess greater interest, inasmuch as they are many of them records of historical events or of domestic incidents in the poet's life. Here is one which preserves the memory of one of those ghastly crimes which Eastern history too often presents—the blinding of an aged father, Shah Mansúr, by his rebellious and ambitious son:—

Let not thy heart the world's vain goods pursue,
For no one yet has found her promise true.
No stingless honey in her mart we buy,
No thornless dates her garden will supply.
If lamp she lights, as soon as it grows bright
The wind extinguisheth the spreading light.
Who careless doth his heart on her bestow,
Behold, he cherisheth a deadly foe!
The warlike King, who made the earth his prey,
His sabre dripping from the bloody fray,
Who with one onset put a host to rout
Or broke the centre with a single shout,
Who chiefs unjustly into prison threw,
Beheading heroes when no crime they knew,
Who made the lioness untimely bear
In deserts, when his name had sounded there,
Who made Shiráz, Tebríz, Irak obey,
Succumbed at last on his appointed day:
For one who his world-scanning eye made bright
With stabbing awl destroyed that piercing sight.

In Persian a son is called *núr i chashm*, "light of the eye," hence the allusion in the last couplet. What a picture such a poem presents of the tyrannical career and dreadful end of an unscrupulous conqueror!

The next laments the death of a favourite child of the poet:—

The days of sweet spring have come; the damask and wild roses now
With tulips from earth arise; oh, why in the dust then art thou?
My tears I will shed in streams, as pour from the spring clouds in rain;
These tears on thy dust shall fall, until thou art risen again.

The poems of Háfiz are a mine of rich gems of thought, and even in their foreign setting have a peculiar lustre of their own. After the great mass of poetry of the present age, which seems to run only in one or two conventional channels, these Persian lyrics come to us with a freshness and originality which, if it does not make them popular, will at least ensure appreciative readers. The present edition is a splendid and worthy monument to a great poet whom English scholars have too long neglected.

MANN AND MANNERS AT THE COURT OF FLORENCE.*

THE two good-sized volumes which Dr. Doran has introduced to the world under a punning title—in this case a very justifiable piece of levity—are composed of selections from the correspondence of the British Minister at Florence, ranging over forty-five years of the last century. They are not calculated to add anything of importance to serious history, nor are they put forward with any such pretension; and if we are to judge by our own experience, we cannot recommend a reader in search of general instruction and entertainment to set about reading them straight through. They contain, however, a good many curious and odd things, and will no doubt be found amusing by those who have leisure to trifle with them in spare moments.

There is, perhaps, one real service they can do, in correcting current notions. It was the fashion of the last generation to disparage the eighteenth century and all its works, and now, by the periodic reaction which appears in social and critical judgments as well as in other things, they have come into high favour again; and in particular it is an accepted article of belief that the art of letter-writing flourished and culminated in that century, and by reason of cheap postage, rapid travelling, and other adverse combinations of the fates, is now irrecoverably lost. If the letters of a few celebrated letter-writers are taken as the standard, this may be in some measure true; but the inference from supreme excellence in the few to a proportionate average excellence in those who came next to them is in this case unwarranted; and this book furnishes a striking warning. These letters are Horace Mann's half of a correspondence with Horace Walpole, whose own part of it is already known. When we look back on these two volumes of what is, after all, for the most part, barren gossip, and reflect whence, by whom, and to whom they were written; and when we proceed to imagine how much more we should expect in the present century from an Englishman resident at Florence, with every advantage of culture, rank, and position, and with peculiar opportunities and even duties of knowing men and things, writing, not under official constraint, but at his own pleasure to a friend among the foremost in the world of art and letters at home; and when we compare the requirements of this century with the accepted performance of the last, we protest we cannot see that there is any great degeneration to be regretted. Briefly, we should now think rather poorly of any Englishman of competent faculties and education who should spend the best years of his life in such a place and find nothing better to write in matter or manner than this interminable flood of pettinesses. One slight trait which we have marked is not insignificant for illustration of the times and the society. From one end to the other of these two volumes of Florentine letters we have not discovered one single reference or allusion to Dante. Neither is the writing particularly good in point of style; it is straightforward and not laborious, but has no great positive merit. As for the spelling, one already knew pretty well that even late in the last century persons of quality spelt much as the humour took them; but Dr. Doran's literal transcription has here shown up some oddities of orthography which certainly were unexpected.

It is not easy to give any continuous account of the actual contents of the book, for one may well shrink from the task of unravelling any consecutive threads from such a miscellaneous bundle of broken topics; and in such cases a reviewer is sorely tempted to deal with a book by a shorter, but perhaps not altogether a fair, process, and simply pick out all the plums. We shall aim, however, at keeping within the bounds of moderation in this way. First, then, we have a pretty constantly running stream of allusions to external politics, in which the chief centres of interest are, roughly speaking, the Seven Years' War in the earliest part, and the wars of England with Spain, France, and the American colonies in the later. Of the Tuscan troops who were sent as a contingent to the Imperial army in 1758 Mann speaks with great contempt:—

You can't think what a military air everything has had here for the fortnight past, nor will believe the feats that these troops promise to do; there is not a Cadet or an Ensign who will not take the King of Prussia and carry him, dead or alive, to the Empress Queen. I don't joke. One has heard of twenty of their schemes;—to dress themselves in the Prussian uniform to get access to him, for that purpose. The common men, I believe, will not make so much ceremony of it, but will go over to him in their own cloaths in great numbers.

Had the *Anti-Jacobin* writers known this passage, they might have been tempted to add one of these heroes to their reconciled Austrian and Prussian grenadier in the *Rovers*. At almost every important juncture of a foreign war conflicting rumours were rife in Florence, and not seldom elaborate false news. During the siege of Gibraltar the Spanish Ambassador made solemn weekly reports of its triumphant progress. At an earlier time the Regent of Florence invented the curious expedient of celebrating victories while they still needed confirmation by setting French horns to play in a kind of semi-official manner in a courtyard. For the most part Mann was only a spectator of foreign affairs; the Grand Duchy remained, as such, at peace with England, and apparently with all the world, though contributing, as we have seen, its quota of Imperial troops. We hear, indeed, of the trade of Leghorn merchants being vexed by French privateers, and of occasional visits from the English fleet, whose active protection, however, was never called for, and whose presence caused more trouble than it saved—at all events to the English Minister. He is loud in his complaints of the sea captains he had to entertain, whom, with one exception, he found intolerably boorish; and once it was all he could do to keep a pig-headed Admiral (here and elsewhere we merely represent Mann's judgment of persons) from interfering with a high hand to save and befriend the Duchy against its will. There was one time when Mann and the Florentines suddenly found themselves close to a singular interlude of absolutely mediæval politics; there was a lively quarrel between the Emperor and the Pope for the overlordship of a small fief called Monte di Santa Maria, whose immediate lords had waxed contumacious and set their hands against every man's in an outbreak of petty warfare which very soon degenerated into brigandage. Mann, we may observe, appears always to speak of the Emperor with perfect correctness; notwithstanding which, Dr. Doran writes "Emperor of Germany" in his brief editorial additions with somewhat provoking frequency. During the time covered by these letters the chair of St. Peter was thrice vacant, and we get the humours of Conclaves more or less reflected in the current anecdotes of Florence. Mann records the Cardinal's exhibition of the mode of balloting in Conclave to Leopold, King of the Romans, on which the editor aptly notes:—

This elicited Walpole's justifiable sarcasm: "I delight in the mock election of a Pope, made to amuse Cæsar! How the Capitol must blush at such a Cæsar and such an entertainment!"

By far the most important part of Mann's strictly political functions was watching the movements of the Pretender and his son throughout the considerable space of time during which Rome was the focus of Jacobite movements and intrigues. It is curious to see the turmoil of the Forty-five reflected in the agitation of the

* "*Mann*" *and Manners at the Court of Florence*, 1740—1786. Founded on the Letters of Horace Mann to Horace Walpole. By Dr. Doran, F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.

little Anglo-Tuscan community. The first thing, of course, on the news of Charles Edward's landing, was to hold a dinner of English merchants at Leghorn, with fourteen patriotic toasts (the list is set out) and a loyal address. The Jacobite partisans on the Continent seem on the whole to have been unrivalled at that time as coiners of paper victories; even after Culloden there were French and Italian gazettes with circumstantial accounts of prodigious Jacobite successes. After this Mann won a pretty notable diplomatic triumph by prevailing on the Papal Government, against the influence of the French Ambassador, not to acknowledge Charles Edward as King of England on the death of the Old Pretender. Of the Young Pretender we hear often enough afterwards, something too often indeed; it is a truly pitiful picture of a wasted and worthless life drained out to its utter dregs.

Various travellers from England, of various condition and distinction, pass across the scene, and form, as it were, another thread in the mixture. A considerable part of Mann's employment was to entertain them, and on the whole he liked it ill enough; he generally says they were silent, or stupid, or offensive; one is led to suspect, however, by other indications, that what he really disliked about it was the expense. He often complains of his salary being not only insufficient at best, but in a chronic state of arrear, and some of his devices to make interest in high quarters for his salary's sake are quaintly barefaced. He seriously discussed with Walpole whether the Duke of Newcastle was likely to be moved by a certain fine coffee-pot, an old present to Mann from Walpole himself. Nevertheless, when he had the chance of entertaining English royalty Mann cast aside his grievances, and entertained in grand style. Celebrated English folk of doubtful reputation are not without representative figures among the Florentine birds of passage; there is a glimpse, but only a glimpse, of Wilkes; and near the end the Duchess of Kingston runs nimbly to and fro. Dr. Doran makes a grave mistake about this lady in one of his own explanations. He says that after her trial for bigamy "she withdrew to the Continent before any penalty (which included burning in the hand) could be pronounced." We know not where Dr. Doran can have found this; the fact is, as anybody may see in the State Trials, that she claimed, and successfully claimed, the statutory privilege of a peer convicted of clergyable felony—namely, to be discharged without any penalty at all. Another little editorial slip is that two different passages at an interval of some thirty pages are both noted as being the first where Mann spells *women* correctly (he generally wrote *wo'men*). But in general Dr. Doran has edited these letters, we will not say as well as they deserve, which might be an ambiguous compliment, but with commendable diligence and discretion; we could wish, indeed, that he had cut them shorter, even if he had reduced the two volumes to one.

We may be allowed to end by selecting a few jottings from the miscellaneous chronicle of social topics. Early in the book we find a curious canonical question, where a man was ordained who had indeed been baptized, but, as it turned out, with *rose*-water; it was referred to the Pope, but the decision is not mentioned. In 1745 black-bordered letter-paper is an innovation; it is the fashion in Florence, but Mann holds out against it, only writing to Walpole, for curiosity, on one sheet, and begging another to keep for himself. There is a few years later a notice of a new English fashion of very different importance, called Methodism; Mann could not get a definition of it from any of the English residents. The English literature of the day does not appear, save in very casual allusions; our Minister was much puzzled by *Tristram Shandy*, the first volumes of which amused him, but afterwards he gave it up as nonsense. This answer of a fine lady has merit in its way:—

> The Princesse is gone to the Petraja. I must tell you a most delicate expression she made use of. I asked if she would be at the Procession of Corpus Domini.—"Non, monsieur, mais je vous assure que je suis fatiguée de l'idée que j'avais d'y aller."

At a later date there occurs this report from London:—

> Mrs. Pitt has delighted me with a description of a Fête she gave at her house in town, where for want of room she contrived certain Pearches, as she called them, for part of her guests, not indeed to sit upon but to lean against for repose.

Let not those who in our day persist in asking more people to their houses than the houses will hold imagine that they are doing anything new; for so did Mrs. Pitt before them just a century ago; and if they must needs follow Mrs. Pitt's example, they might as well follow it altogether and revive her invention of "pearches" for the multitude of standing guests.

BURTON'S ULTIMA THULE.*

HARDLY any part of the world seems to have had more attractions for travellers than Iceland. It lies comparatively near to civilized Europe, yet hardly belongs to it, having no connexion with anything that passes on the mainland. It is inhabited by a cultivated—one might say, a highly cultivated—people, who nevertheless live in a state of semi-barbarism. Its natural phenomena, if not all that mediæval imagination painted them, are certainly very strange and impressive. It is less wonderful, then, that the tourist literature of the island should have reached its present bulk, when it would make a respectable library by itself, than that so few of these many books should be really interesting reading. Some four or five have their scientific value; some, and among them several of the most recent, are worthless for all purposes; but hardly any except Henderson's travels, written more than fifty years ago, is nearly as entertaining as the merits of the subject might have led one to expect. This spell of dulness seems to have been thrown over Captain Burton also. He sets before us two large and handsome octavo volumes, full of information about Iceland of every kind—topographical, geological, zoological, meteorological, historical, economical, political, and we know not what besides—together with the minute diaries of his own journeyings up and down the country. Much of the information is valuable, and the narrative is written with vigour; yet the book as a whole is heavy and dreary. Having read nearly every word of it—a piece of conscientiousness at which we are ourselves surprised—we may express a doubt whether any one else will have patience to do the same. People who have themselves been in Iceland may be interested to know what the traveller thought of some particular view, or how the parson fed him at such a church, or how many hours he took in traversing a given desert; but the rest of the world, which desires only to receive some strong impressions of Icelandic scenery or curious details of Icelandic life, will find these minute records of travel (and especially the endless topographical and geological notes) insufferably tedious. Oddly enough, Captain Burton does not give a vivid general impression, or indeed any general impression, of the island. We are lost in the multiplicity of details. We cannot see the wood for the trees. How far all the information which he has been at such pains to collect is trustworthy could not be decided without a laborious process of comparison and verification. Much of it is thrown together in a hasty and negligent way, the notes, which seem in most or many cases to have been supplied to him by some one else, frequently correcting or contradicting the text. On the whole, one is disposed to give credit to whatever he states from personal observation, for he is evidently a keen and unwearied active observer, whose eyes are always roving over everything round him, and whose pencil and note-book are never out of his hand. And we should be still more trustful did not his way of assuming universal knowledge excite our suspicions. A sensible man ought to be above the silliness of affecting to speak on half a dozen sciences and half a dozen more branches of learning as if he were master of them all; and when we find a writer doing so, still more when we find that he is sadly at fault in one or two departments where we can judge of his attainments for ourselves, we look much more doubtfully than before at his dicta upon topics where any kind of special knowledge or special training is needed. When we have detected more mistakes in his botany than can possibly be set down to the printer's account, and some odd-looking deliverances in his geological notes, we become suspicious, perhaps unduly suspicious, of his zoology; when we discover him blundering in his classical scholarship, we care no more for his attempts at comparative philology. An eager desire to set right all his predecessors who have been apt to exaggerate the marvels of Iceland and the dangers of travelling there makes him frequently seem captious, and disposes him to depreciate the island and its people in a rather childish way. Some writers have spoken of the ascent of Hecla as an exploit; Captain Burton therefore pronounces Hecla "a humbug." Others have extolled the simple virtues of the natives; he accuses them of habitual drunkenness. Some again have talked of the abundance of game; he professes to have found few ptarmigan or wild duck—both of which, if one is to trust other reports, are tolerably abundant—and disparages the golden plover, though, as any one knows who has shot them on our own south-western coasts, they are excellent eating. Nevertheless, after making these allowances, he is certainly an excellent observer of what comes under his own eyes and is within the range of his own knowledge. Upon such a topic as the Icelandic horses, or the dress of the natives, or their personal appearance, or their domestic habits, he writes well; for he has not only noticed everything that there was to notice, but has evidently committed his impressions to paper at the moment, and spent no little trouble in working them up afterwards.

The style of the book suffers, not only from a disagreeable air of dogmatism, but from the constant straining after effect. It is surprising to find so practised a writer with so little power of easy and flowing description. There is a jottiness, so to speak, and a jerkiness about the progress of his narrative or disquisition which reminds one of the way in which he describes himself as traversing an Icelandic bog, leaping from one stone or grass tuft to another, over pools and quags, into which he occasionally gets soused. There is also much slovenly English, both in construction and in the use of vulgarisms, such as the American "loaned" for "lent," and that odious piece of schoolgirl slang, "photo" for "photograph." However, through the style as well as the substance there gleams out a sort of idiosyncrasy which often gives the reader amusement. We have rarely met with a traveller more willing, in fact more apparently anxious, to describe himself as well as what he sees—his smartness, his resource in difficulties, his vanity, his aggressiveness, his fondness for seeing far into a millstone, his power of adapting himself to circumstances. It suggests some curious reflections on human nature when one finds a man well past middle life, who has certainly seen a great deal of the world and has yet boyishness enough to enjoy revenging himself by a sneer or a sarcasm in his book on people in Iceland who have somehow or other offended him—a sarcasm which is of course quite pointless for the ordinary reader, and can serve no

* *Ultima Thule; or, a Summer in Iceland.* By Richard F. Burton. London and Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1875.

purpose but to wound the self-love of the victim, if he happens to see it, and gratify the self-love of the writer himself. Many people would give this snappishness a harsher name; but, from various indications in the book, we are inclined to think Captain Burton a better fellow than he would have us believe. He has evidently, like most people who unite a touch of pedantry to their vanity, little or no sense of humour—the gift which a traveller, more than any one thing else, needs to carry with him. But we feel sure that his bark is worse than his bite, and that he is by no means ill-natured at bottom. Though he seems to have set himself down to write with the purpose of depreciating both the island and the people, he ends by finding plenty of good to say about the latter; and is occasionally roused to striking bits of description by the grand scenery of the north-western coasts and the skirts of the Vatna Jökull.

To give an account of the contents of a book which endeavours to exhaust Iceland in pretty nearly every department would be no short or easy task. It begins with disquisitions on the name and early history of the island; then come chapters on physical geography, anthropology, education and professions, zoology, and so forth; then an account of the author's voyage out, a description of Reykjavík, the capital of the island, and its environs, and finally a minute narrative of his various expeditions into the interior and round the coast. Of these, the first part, the notes on history and literature, are much the worst. They are compiled from books which the author has often misunderstood; they betray a sad ignorance of Scandinavian history, and a complete incapacity for appreciating old Scandinavian literature. Indeed the first chapter, on the name Thule, could not have been written by any one with even a moderate amount of historical sense and historical training. Captain Burton is at immense pains to show that some of the ancient Greek and Latin writers meant Iceland when they talked about Thule, and he fancies he has proved this when he has shown that some of the things they say of their Thule happen to suit Iceland, whereas they would suit any country lying very far to the North. Because some one, for instance, says that in Thule the sun does not set in summer, he must therefore, insists our author, have intended Iceland, where this is true (which it hardly is, by the way), although it is easy to see that people who found the day lengthening as they went north would conclude that, if they got far enough, there would be no night at all, just as Marco Polo tells us of a country so far north that its inhabitants see the Pole star to the south of them. Nothing can be clearer to any one who looks through the authorities than that Thule was a perfectly vague or general name, applied to any or every land lying out to the north or west in the unknown ocean. When we do get it used with some approach to definiteness, as by Tacitus in the Life of Agricola, who may well have been repeating what those who sailed in Agricola's fleet told him, it means a comparatively near region, probably Shetland or the Fair Isle, possibly the Lewis or Foula. There is not the slightest reason to fancy that any ancient Roman writer had ever heard even of the existence of Iceland, the first faint reference to which, if it be a reference, is to be found in Adamnan; and even more absurd is Captain Burton's attempt to prove, following Pontanus, that it was known to the Germans in the beginning of the ninth century, some sixty years before its discovery by Naddoor. The passages in a letter of Pope Gregory IV., and a charter of Lewis, son of Charlemagne, to which he refers, are obviously later interpolations; and any critical Northern scholar would have seen this, as Mr. Jón A. Hjaltalin shows by his note to Captain Burton's text that he sees it. Among lesser historical blunders we may notice his ascription of the Irish names in Iceland to the few hermits originally established there; whereas it is due to the great immigration of Irish Norsemen, led among others by Aud the Deeply Rich (of whom he does not seem to have heard), and the connexion with Ireland which was thereafter occasionally kept up. A reference to Dr. Dasent's translation of the Niálssaga might have saved him from another mistake (vol. ii. p. 197), where he talks in a jaunty way of Flosi's "escaping the bloodstone"; whereas Flosi's leap across one of the chasms at Thingvellir is a comparatively late tradition, and in any case it was not "the bloodstone" that he had to fear.

When he gets out of the past into the present, Captain Burton improves very much. His descriptive parts contain plenty of really useful information; and the diary of his travels, though far too minute, wearying us with names and distances, and endless comparisons of everything he sees with Brazil, or the Hauran, or the mouth of the river Congo, or the Illyrian coast, or Central India, is done so thoroughly as to be serviceable to future explorers, and perhaps even of some value to men of science. Here and there, too, the book is interspersed with sketches of life which have—as, for instance, that of the farm at Reykjahlid (vol. ii. p. 287)—considerable force, and most force when they are least complimentary. In his mountaineering our author was certainly unlucky. He attacked Herthubreid, one of the highest and most interesting summits, but had to abandon it when no great distance from the top, and he never got more than a distant view of the great Vatna Jökull. No one, however, who perceives from his account what are the difficulties of getting over ground in Iceland will be surprised at these failures. There are no roads, and instead of them the soil is alternately quagmire, iron-hard lava, and sandy or stone-strewn desert. All the food (which it is hard enough to procure) has to be carried on the backs of ponies, for whom it is frequently impossible to find pasture. The rivers are rapid, cold, and often unfordable. The natives, according to our author, or at least those of them who are available as guides, are sluggish and wilful, showing little energy in any occupation except horse-dealing. And, finally, the weather is not merely capricious, but has a strong preference for rain and sleet even in the two or three months of summer. These discomforts affect a traveller's view of men and things; and Captain Burton seems to think that, on the whole, he made a bad investment of his time and strength in going to Iceland. However this may be, we can only wish that he had been content to describe it more briefly. The book would have accomplished more had it attempted less; as it is, the substantial value which parts of it possess is likely to be ignored by those whom the ponderousness of the whole repels. If a second edition is ever called for, and the author wishes its merits—for it has merits—to be properly recognized by the general reader, we should advise him to cut out about one-third of it, including all the history, and nearly all the wearisome disquisitions on the sulphur deposits, and resolutely to condense the narrative of his own journeys. The book may then have a success which we fear can hardly be predicted for it in its present form.

THE RIVER DEE.*

IF, as may doubtless be shown by precedents, a Dean can find time from the concerns of his fabric and his Chapter to give to local topography, assuredly Dean Howson has had the stimulus of a rare temptation. One of the pleasantest paths of topography is to trace the course of a river, and few rivers have so fascinating a course or so varied a history as Deva's "wizard stream." Therefore it was but natural that one who had already contributed with credit and success to more than one geographical and topographical undertaking should avail himself of the opportunity of furnishing letterpress for Mr. Rimmer's drawings, which, if we mistake not, were the subjects of wood engravings in the *Art Journal*. The only drawback to such a combination is that such letterpress is apt to be too sketchy and cursory, and that there is often a tendency to sacrifice detailed description to the exigencies of the pictures; whilst occasionally, as in the case of the bridge at Llansaintffraid, in c. viii., a drawing appears of which there is not the slightest account given in the text. With the Dean's plan, indeed, of tracing the river from source to mouth, from the north-eastern slopes of the Merioneth hill-country to the sands of Dee, the opening of the estuary, and Hilbree Island—especially as in two architectural chapters contributed by Mr. Rimmer the reverse route is taken—there is no fault to be found; but it is with a sense of wrong that we find the topographer hurrying over the very places where he might so well have lingered, and fallen into even a gossiping vein. Justice is certainly done to Bala Lake, with its legendary, poetic, and scientific associations, among which—not to speak of the early home of Arthur—we have the phenomenon of the freshets brought on the Mere "even in a dry summer, and when the Dee is just sparkling in a scanty stream over pebbles"—

> As the south-west [wind] blowing Bala Lake
> Fills all the sacred Dee—

and the general results of the engineering survey made of the lake in 1866 with a view to the water supply of the great towns of Cheshire and Lancashire. These, it is calculated, might be fed with the waters from the Merioneth hills by building a breakwater at the lake's narrow outlet, damming up a few mountain passes, so as in dry summers to store up the water still further in artificial lakes, and impounding the tributary Tryweryn, which enters the Dee just below the lake, and has a very extensive drainage-area. Notice is also duly taken of the ancient fancy that the Dee passed through the lake without mixing with its waters, in proof whereof Drayton and others have noted that the salmon, so characteristic of the river, is not taken in the lake, and that the "white fish," the "gwyniaid" peculiar to the lake, are not found in the river. The Dean endorses Pennant's opinion that it does not suit the habits of the salmon to come up further from the sea than this point, whilst the gwyniaid itself is essentially a lake fish.

A little more might have been said of Bala town and its pretensions to have been once a Roman summer station on the road betwixt Uriconium and Segontium; but it is as we track the river past Corwen that we first feel a sense of deficiency. It is true that the author invites us to tarry here; but it is only to give, with very little local reference, the story of Owen Glyndwr; and we have to regret the omission of any mention of so remarkable a fortified post as Caer Drewyn on the left bank of the Dee, and of Owain's Seat on the other, immediately above the town, just as, five pages before, Llanderfel is dismissed with a bare mention. Perhaps this may be attributed to a desire to make a longer halt at Valle Crucis Abbey, where, to a careful review of the architecture of that ruin, Dean Howson adds a few facts showing how in their latter days the Cistercians had deflected from the severity and simplicity which their white cassocks were intended to indicate. Following the proposed order of this survey of the Dee, rather than its author's execution of his plan, we may remark that, in treating of Llangollen Bridge, "one of the seven wonders of Wales and three beauties of North Wales," the Dean, while careful to mention its builder, Bishop Trevor of St. Asaph, at one time the ally of Henry Bolinbroke, at another of Glendower, and its situation

* *The River Dee: its Aspect and* By J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester. With 93 Illustrations on Rimmer. London: Virtue & Co. 1875.

over a rocky stream which in floods justifies the "black" derivation of its name, does not seem to be aware that the original bridge has had to be widened some nine feet, and that consequently the western side of it only simulates the ancient structure of four irregularly pointed arches. We share his satisfaction that tubular bridges are later inventions than Telford and Robertson's aqueduct (Pont-Cysylltan) and viaducts, which undoubtedly give a not inharmonious effect to the scenery of the Llangollen vale; and it is a happy thought which leads him to compare these grand engineering works of the eighteenth century with those of ten centuries earlier, Offa's Dyke and Watt's Dyke. The Dee can claim an interest in these old-world boundaries or barriers both in the south-eastern portion of its course, and also beyond Flint, at the north-west. The mention, a little further on, of the Dee at Overton, unavoidably introduces the coracles which belong to it almost as much as its pretty churchyard; but it would have been only fair to the Britons when suggesting that some have supposed them to have got their hide-bound canoe's name from the Latin "corium," to have added that the Latins got from the Britons their name for the basket, which they learned to make in Britain. The Welsh "basgawd" is the Latin "bascauda." From Overton to Bangor Monachorum is an easy transition, and this brings in associations of Church history in which Dean Howson is naturally at home, though it is a pity that he allowed the name of "Maes-German" instead of "Maes-Garmon" to stand in p. 55 as the synonym of the Field of St. Germanus, and as the scene of the Allelujah Victory on the banks of the Alyn.

When, a little below Farndon Bridge, the Dee becomes a Cheshire river, a special interest attaches to it as connected with the footsteps of the Roman conquerors, who came this way on the campaigns which ended with the reduction of Anglesey and with an occupation of this part of England extending over four hundred years. Before, however, we approach Eaton and Chester, where the Dee exchanges its early passionate character for broad and calm reaches of river, we are introduced to two places confronting each other on opposite sides of the stream ten miles apart, Wrexham and Malpas. Of the latter, on the Cheshire side, this volume gives us a little legendary lore, if not much that can be called history. The parish has an upper and a lower rectory, and the two moieties trace back, according to local fable, to a King's detention at the village tavern, where (and no marvel, as it was on the Welsh border) he fell in with the curate. Who can blame the latter for descanting so opportunely on the disparity between his absentee rector and himself in point of work and pay, or the King for redressing the balance? Hence, we are told, the Cheshire proverb of "Higgiety-Piggiety; Malpas shot," the latter part of which is a little vague, though the former is consistent with the interpretation given by Bohn, Hazlitt, and *Notes and Queries* (Ser. 1, vol. xi.) that Higgledy-Piggledy is *i.q.* "one among another," "tantum quantum," or "dividing equally." It may be hoped that the fortunate curate was not called upon to rival the state of the Upper Rectory, if all its occupants found it incumbent on their dignity to drive to church as did one of them, Bishop Heber's father, in a carriage and four, though the distance was not many yards. *Apropos* of proverbs connected with the Dee, it is a pity that Dean Howson has not noticed a Chester form of the proverb about shutting the door when the steed is stolen—"when your daughter is stolen, shut Peppergate." He does, by the way, record two proverbs about Bala. "As firm as Bala bell," said of things firmly set, still calls for interpretation; and the other local adage, "Bala has gone, and Bala will go," represents as yet an only half-fulfilled prophecy based on the action of the floods of the lake. None of the Cheshire proverbs given by Ray seem to appertain to the Dee-side.

As interesting as anything connected with this famous river is the military occupation of it by the Romans with a fixed camp, which gave its name to Chester. Here from the days of Agricola and the Emperor Claudius until the recall of all the legions to resist the barbarians in the fifth century, the Twentieth Legion with its auxiliaries and accretions had as definite a station as the Second had at Caerleon-on-Usk. And, to quote an apt parallel of Dean Howson's, "Just as our 22nd Regiment has in Chester Cathedral a proud relic in the old flags which were at the taking of Quebec, so does the city still preserve visible and durable memorials of this Twentieth Legion." Detachments of it have left their traces at Holt, opposite Farndon on the Dee, and at Caergwrle on the Alyn; and tradition points with much probability to a strong infusion of Christians among the legionary soldiers quartered at "Castra." A church dedicated to St. Peter and Paul, who had been recently martyred when this legion came, is said to have stood on the site of the present cathedral. A church to St. Peter alone still stands not far from the point of intersection of the four Roman ways, near the Pentice, which Pennant supposes to have been built on the site of the Roman Prætorium, and the High Cross, which was demolished by Cromwell, though its remnants are set up in the grounds of Netherleigh, on the Dee, near Eaton. Incidentally this book testifies to several vestiges of the Roman occupation; for instance, the [illegible], for which Chester has a fame peculiarly its own, are conjectured by Stukeley in his "Itinerary" to have had their origin in the hint given by the Roman portico (see p. 96). The mines again, on the Flintshire shore of the estuary, were worked by the Romans with remarkable energy and success. Of the more visible and distinct memorials of Roman Chester the account given is disappointing. We are told of some destroyed arches, marking, till a century ago, one of the entrances to the city, and of the discovery, in removing an old hotel in Bridge Street, of Roman ground floors, fragments of tesselated pavement, and a hypocaust. Roofing tiles, with paving and flue tiles, represent the same date, and one of the paving tiles is especially curious, inasmuch as "across the clearly-impressed mark of the Twentieth Legion, and at right angles with the inscription, are the indentations of the nails of a Roman soldier's *caliga*, which must have stood upon the tile while it was yet wet." Alongside of the woodcut representing this are two Roman altars, which carry us in thought to the Museum, and suggest the wish that the Dean had borrowed a leaf out of an excellent lecture by Mr. Thomas Hughes, F.S.A., one of the secretaries of the Chester Archæological Society, and explained the connexion of these at least with Roman Chester. One of them was dug up some fourteen years ago in clearing away rubbish and earth below the level of Pepper Alley or Goddestall Lane, a passage running into Eastgate Street, and leading formerly to the church of St. Oswald. The inscription on it imports that "Ælius Claudian, the Optio (or sub-centurion) here redeems his vow to the holy Genius presiding over his century"; the other, which seems to have belonged to the Bridge Street "find" in 1861, bears an axe, knife, and other implements of sacrifice on its sculptured sides, and in front the inscription "DEAE MINERVA (E) FELI (VS) FORTVNATVS MAG. V. (S)," MAG probably standing for "magister," and the addition of an s for "solvit" making the whole intelligible. To us a still more curious altar is that which, with two others, is among the treasures of the Chester Museum, and was dug up at the "Saracen's Head" behind the Old Town Hall. The fragmentary inscription on it seemingly purports that the person who erected it was the Greek physician of the Governor of the Roman station, and that his pious offering is to the gods of his own craft. The letters of the inscription are Greek, and include, writes Mr. Hughes, "a pure" (but certainly not an elegant) "hexameter." Another altar, four feet high, was found in 1821, the inscription on which shows, as do others in this country and on the Continent, that it was a votive altar, "Nymphis et Fontibus." It is on the east of the Roman camp, "where are all the best wells the city can boast." Those who may chance to fall in with this interesting lecture of Mr. Hughes will find in it an able survey of the Roman remains in Chester, well fitted to supply the gaps in Dean Howson's account of the Romans on the Dee. Whether the theory broached by the author, of several intramural interments, and even an intramural cemetery of Roman date, be as tenable as it seems likely, we are not in a position to determine. It is fair to the Dean of Chester to say that he does not omit to mention that the famous walls of Chester follow, save at the southern extremity, the line marked out by the Romans.

Perhaps the most satisfactory chapter in the book before us is that which discourses on Chester's two cathedrals, the Abbey of St. Werburgh and St. Oswald, and the early Norman minster of St. John. The Dean gives very graphically the historical associations of each, *e.g.* the legends in which Bradshaw and Higden connect Eadgar the Peaceful and Harold with the precincts of the one, and the joint hand which Anselm and Hugh Lupus had in founding the other. He omits, while speaking of the gigantic round Norman piers of the nave of St. John's, to say aught of the curious fresco lately discovered on one of them; but he is naturally full of the discovery of fresh fragments of St. Werburgh's shrine amidst the materials of a wall built across the west end of the north side of the nave in Chester Cathedral. He notes also, besides the immense size of the south transept, used since the Reformation as the place of worship for St. Oswald's parish, the singular conical roof of the end of the south aisle of the choir, which is now restored to the form it bore in Edward I.'s day, and which is unique in England, though examples of it in Normandy indicate the early and intimate communication between the Abbey of St. Werburgh and the Abbey of Bec. A Handbook of the Cathedral, edited by Dean Howson, would be invaluable to readers desirous of studying its careful revival, if it did but expand the information contained in this chapter. Of Chester in the Civil Wars there are other and far fuller accounts, even in small compass, than the sketch in the seventh chapter, the two points chiefly memorable in it being the remark that the walls were then the same as now, and as in the Edwardian period, but that the gates towards the Dee (now gone) were protected by towers, of which the Water Tower at the north-west angle of the city is a reminiscence; and a description of the Rows, which had then more shops on the outer edge of the footways, whilst those within shelter of the Rows were on the side furthest from the street, and were not glazed, but protected at night by shutters, which in the day were hooked up above people's heads. In his last chapter Dean Howson shows that a pretty close parallel to these Rows might be made by combining the features of the chief streets in the Swiss towns of Thun and Berne. His mention of the staples in the Water Tower, to which ships were formerly moored, reminds us of the recovery from the sea, within a century and a half, of a large embanked tract, commencing from old Dee Bridge and the entrance to the city at the old Ship Gate. The chief fault we have to find with the account of this part of the Dee and of the estuary which succeeds it is, that, perhaps for want of space, the author postpones to a concluding chapter notices of such places as Holywell and Basingwerk, and of such tracts as the singularly-shaped peninsula of Wirrall on the opposite side. When in his last chapter he has to discharge the debt thus incurred, it is little to be marvelled that the word of promise is meagrely and barely kept. With the two chapters (x. and xi.) contributed by Mr. Rimmer we should have been

better pleased had he attempted less, and done more thoroughly what was really worth doing. Thus, in condemning the crude castellated architecture of the modern Hawarden Castle he wastes space which he might far better have expended on the grand old castle and its sylvan surroundings. Again, the omission of an *excursus* in 141–3 on architectural styles apropos of Bryn-y-pys would have left room for a less scanty account of Chirk Castle. Had the drawings and letterpress about such modern places as Heron Bridge, Plas-madoc, and Palé Hall been omitted, Mr. Rimmer might have found space for a fitting notice of Rhiwlas, Rhaggat, and Rûg, three places of curious interest, of which the Jacobean chapel near the last named may stand for an example. What Mr. Rimmer has done thoroughly is the account in pp. 136–8 of the new mansion (or palace) at Eaton.

If we part with this book rather in the spirit of Oliver Twist, "asking for more," it is because we cannot doubt Dean Howson's ability to do better things by the Dee. His last chapter gives some promise of it in his glances at Hilbree Island, Hoylake, Neston, and the estuary in general. His introductory chapter shows that he has not neglected the poetry of rivers, English or foreign. His own prose about the Dee is fluent and readable, and the engravings and getting up of the book deserve liberal praise.

ANNALS OF ENGLAND.*

IT is doubtless by an error of the printer that more than one advertisement of this book would give the unwary reader the impression that it is the work of Professor Stubbs. All that Professor Stubbs is responsible for is a cautiously worded recommendatory note. The author still veils himself under initials. We do not much like the system of recommendatory notes and recommendatory prefaces; but we are bound to say that Mr. Stubbs's note exactly expresses what others besides himself have found in the book. Mr. Stubbs declares himself "able to testify to its general accuracy and great usefulness." He adds:—"I still believe it to be the most valuable compendium of our history that we possess, and I know that its use as a handbook in lecture has been well proved both by my predecessor Mr. Goldwin Smith and myself." Many years ago the book in its original form was recommended by the Examiners in Law and Modern History; and we can quite see how thoroughly useful it must be for a Professor, an Examiner, or a *bonâ fide* student refreshing his memory before an examination. It is no less useful for any reader or writer of history who wishes to turn to a date or a point of detail at a moment's notice. The book exactly suits the purposes of all these classes of people. Its good points make it exactly available for them, while its defects do them no harm. If we wish to be reminded of the exact date, the exact circumstances, the exact actors, in any event in English history, to call them to mind at a short notice without having to hunt through many books, there is no better way of refreshing the memory than by turning to the *Annals of England*. The facts and dates are almost always accurately given, and there are many references to the original writers. The book, too, is well provided with summaries and genealogies and notices of the original materials. The whole is very carefully and intelligently put together, and it would be hard to find so much matter of a particular kind so well packed together in the same space. For the purposes, then, of a professor or teacher of any kind, of an examiner, of a student in the highest stage of his studies—of any one, in short, who wishes, not to learn things for the first time, but to refresh his memory with what he has already learned, to see the whole put forth in a clear and systematic shape—for all these the book is the very thing that they want. For all these purposes it amply merits Mr. Stubbs's recommendation. He who is reading or teaching or writing about any of the periods which are embraced in the book—that is to say, the whole history of England down to the coming in of the Hanoverian family—will do well to keep the book beside him for the purposes of which we have just spoken. And in the present edition, which takes the form of a single octavo instead of three little volumes, it is still more practically useful. The examiner, when he finds himself run dry in the task of devising new questions for each candidate or batch of candidates, has only to open the *Annals*, and he is sure to light upon something of which he has not thought, and which just suits his purpose. So with the teacher, so with the advanced student. A book of this kind is always suggesting points which might otherwise not have been noticed; it is always calling to mind points which have been noticed but which have been forgotten; and, perhaps still more than either, it hinders points from being forgotten. Being something more than a chronological table and something less than an actual narrative, it exactly suits this particular purpose, and this is evidently the purpose which Mr. Stubbs has in his eye in his recommendatory note. Never were words better chosen for their purpose than those which the Professor uses in his recommendation. "He is able to testify"—so is every one who has used the book—"to its general accuracy and great usefulness." He believes it to be "the most valuable compendium of our history that we possess." This is exactly what the book is. It is a compendium of history, not a history. It is useful for those persons and for those purposes for which a compendium of history is useful. "Its use as a handbook in lectures has been well proved"; so has its use as a handbook for other purposes. Mr. Stubbs, in short, gives the book exactly the recommendation which it deserves, neither more nor less. If he had said less, he would not have done justice to the real value of the book. If he had said more, he might have misled people into using the book for purposes for which it is not suited.

The truth is that the *Annals of England* will be useful only for those who can use it in the kind of way of which we have spoken. Teachers, examiners, learners who are not in the first stage of their learning, all these need to have their memories refreshed. They do not need to learn things for the first time. All of them may be supposed to be able to exercise some degree of judgment on what they read. For them, therefore, the book is useful, because they can use it as a compendium of history. But if any one were led to use it, not as a compendium of history, but as history itself, the book would be found to be by no means suited for that purpose; and, if its reader got on with it at all, he would probably be led into many mistakes. The mere form of the book makes it unfit for this use. It is not a book to be read through, but a book to be referred to on occasion. It would not at all suit the purpose of a reader who knew nothing, or very little, of the subject before he began to read it. It is not a narrative, but a summary relieved by occasional illustrations and discussions of difficult and disputed points. Both of these are useful for the advanced student who can use his own judgment. Neither would be good for the reader who is not yet in a position to use his judgment. In the mere statements of fact there is very little in the book to correct or to object to; in the "views," as Mr. Stubbs seems to hint, there is a good deal. The writer showed from the beginning a certain tendency to crotchetiness and, in the years which have passed since his first edition came out, he has made good use of new lights in mere matters of fact; he has hardly made such good use of them in matters of opinion. Some of his summaries indeed, taken by themselves, would be positively mischievous; only in the chronological part of the book he himself often supplies the antidote. Indeed, in some parts he allows his prejudices even to colour the chronological part. He has a strange prejudice against Edward the First, which we should think must have cost Mr. Stubbs an effort when he wrote the recommendatory note. Most certainly the Professor might decline to pledge himself to the annalist's views on this head. The annalist talks of "Edward's iniquitous enterprise against Wales;" and when we come to the year 1282 the "iniquitous enterprise" of Earl David against Hawarden Castle is told in very delicate terms indeed. So, directly after, we read how the Scots "superseded Balliol," and then follows:—

> Edward advanced against them, mercilessly ravaged their country from one end to the other, and formally annexed it to his dominions; he also captured and executed Wallace, who almost alone kept the field.

Here the chronology corrects the summary. By the chronology the reader will find out, what he would hardly guess from the summary, that the events of ten years are crowded together in this very short narrative. And it is some comfort that, when we do come to the year 1305, we do not hear anything about Wallace being "betrayed." In other parts the annalist shows a tendency to various fantastic notions. He has evidently a longing to believe that Richard the Second escaped, and a still stronger inclination to believe in Perkin Warbeck. These are fair subjects for discussion, and the only classes of people by whom the book can be safely used can judge of them for themselves; but they are rather too prominently put forward if the book were meant for beginners. The writer has a fancy for Richard the Third, who certainly has been painted blacker than he need be; that is to say, a man who is guilty of one great crime has been charged with several imaginary crimes, and his real merits in other ways have been left out of sight. But the annalist shows a manifest wish to make out, if he could, that Richard did not make away with either of his nephews; and it is rather amusing when, after talking in other places of the hereditary right of the House of York, talking of Duke Richard as "the legitimate King," and so forth, he is obliged to fall back on the ancient doctrine of election in order to defend the succession of Richard the Third. The characters of the Kings generally show but little depth or discernment, while they often show a certain striving after paradox. In the portraits of the Angevins the writer would have done better if he had more closely studied the great Prefaces of the scholar who recommends him. But we thank him for pointing out that John was not a mere fool and coward, though he hardly seems aware of the great importance in a constitutional point of view of the fact that he was not so. And though we do not find the old fable about John usurping the crown to the prejudice of a supposed lawful heir, yet again the writer does not bring out the importance of the fact that John reigned by as good a title as any king before or after him. It is of the utmost moment to bear in mind that the Great Charter was wrung neither from an usurper nor from a fool, but from a king whose right to his crown was undoubted, and who, if he had had any moral principle or any steadiness of purpose, might have been far from a contemptible [illegible] Henry the Second is unduly run down from the ecc[illegible] point of view. On the other hand, some fantas[illegible] book of chivalry pleads for his successor, the Poitevin Count to whom England may be thankful for letting her see so little of him. Henry the Eighth is certainly not drawn after Mr. Froude; but he is, as far as his personal character is concerned, drawn rather too much in a daub the other way. It is wonderful how few people seem able to grasp the peculiar character of Henry's govern-

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* *The Annals of England: an Epitome of English History, from Contemporary Writers, the Rolls of Parliament, and other Public Records.* Library Edition. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. 1876.

ment—the tyranny which is from one side the worst and from another the best, the tyranny which keeps to the letter of the law. When we get to the seventeenth century, there is a kind of subdued Royalist tone, and an exaggerated amount of space is given to ecclesiastical matters. Through all these things the teacher or the experienced student can pick his way without danger; he can cull what is useful and leave out the rest. A beginner cannot do so; and if the book were put into the hands of a beginner, it would most likely give him quite false notions on many important points.

CAROLS.*

IF a carol is a song for four voices, as a carillon is a chime for four bells, it seems right enough that there should be four different ways in which carols may be studied. Some people take only the comic side, just as some people collect or repeat only comic epitaphs. Others, again, think only of carols as poetry. But to antiquaries they are doubly interesting, revealing as they do ancient popular modes of thought and worship, and conveying to our ears, in the melodies to which they are sung, echoes of the music of the most remote ages. The musical student and the antiquary have long, however, been kept out of their inheritance in carols by the collectors of jokes and ballads, and now a fifth competitor begins to assert his claim. Mr. Chope steps in and demands carols for use in churches at Christmas and Epiphany; and as there are enough and to spare for all, there is no reason why his wish should remain unsatisfied. The number of carols of all kinds in existence is enormous. Everybody has his own version of every favourite, and such a piece as the "Cherry Tree" is not only known in half a dozen languages, but in English alone there are possibly some twenty versions in print. Moreover it is not always easy to say what is and what is not a carol. The "four-part song" explanation only accounts for the word, but by no means limits its present extension. A "Carrol of Huntynge" occurs in the *Boke of St. Alban's*. It will not do now to propose a new name, though it might be worth while to distinguish "Christmas Carols" from carols in which there is no distinct reference to Christmas. Richard James, the nephew of a famous Bodley Librarian, offers us one name which will do for Easter carols, if anybody likes it:—

> As erst I have at Easter done
> Thy *Threnothriambeuticon*.

But if "carol" has not so learned a sound and is somewhat vague, it will do for our present purpose very well. Any attempt to make it mean less than it does now would probably be futile, while it would certainly be impossible to make it mean more.

That carols should so often partake of a macaronic character is not surprising. Mr. Baring-Gould, in an introductory essay to Mr. Chope's collection, shows that they were in the first instance invented to bring the old Latin hymns of the Church within the reach of the uncultivated mind. The hymns themselves had been invented for the same purpose. And as a number of the technical terms, so to speak, of ritual had been familiarized to the popular ear, the early carols contain many scraps of Latin and words of doubtful import, and point in many cases to superstitious and even heathen observances which previously had obtained no place in the literature of Christianity. Our country children continue the dances which were once to be seen in the churches, and sing carols, like that of the "Three Ships," of some versions of which the very meaning has long perished. Mr. Baring-Gould suggests that the "Milly boxes," which in the West Riding the children carry round as they sing their carols, are so called by corruption from "My Lady's boxes," but a simpler explanation may be found, and one which illustrates this connexion between the modern carol and the ancient hymn. Mr. Baring-Gould is, no doubt, well acquainted with the "Cradle Song" of the Blessed Virgin, "Canticum Benedictæ Matris ad Filium in Præsepe jacentem," which begins,

> "Dormi, Fili, dormi," Mater
> Cantat Unigenito;

and ends with a kind of chorus, very suitable for a carol,

> Millies Tibi Rudes canimus,
> Mille, mille, millies!

With this refrain in our ears it is not easy to believe that the Yorkshire carol singers' boxes had any other reference. The Christmas song "Bring us home good ale" is the successor of "Bonum vinum cum sapore," itself a profane rendering of a Latin hymn; and the "Dormi, Fili," finds its English parallel in "This endris nyght," of which versions may be found in many books. The last verse will serve as a specimen (*Percy Society*, lxxiii.):—

> Now, swet son, syn it is so, that all thyng is at thi wyll,
> I pray the graunte me a bone, yf it be both ryght and skyll.
> That chyld or man that wyl or kan
> Be mery upon my day [this gud day, *Edinb. MS.*]
> To blyse hem bryng, and I shal syng
> Lullay, by by, lullay.

Of cradle-songs, indeed, as of drinking-songs, there would seem to be no end among Christmas Carols.

Much more puzzling and mysterious are the songs which seem to us now in many cases simply absurd. Sometimes they do not appear to have any reference whatever to Christmas. The famous ballad of the "Old Woman and her Pig," as well as the very similar "House that Jack Built," is said on good authority to have a Jewish origin. We have seen very similar pieces in service books of the Portuguese Hebrews possibly as old as the twelfth century. A long and interesting treatise might be written on these Passover songs and their allegorical meaning. They are not, however, carols. But their parallel is to be found in the Christian rhymes commencing for the most part with the line "One is one," of which the Latin original is very curious, and has a strange, if a true, history. It was communicated to *Notes and Queries* in 1868 (4 § II. 557) by the late very competent Roman Catholic scholar Mr. Husenbeth:—

> Dic mihi quid sit unus?
> Unus est verus Deus, qui regnat in cœlis.
> Dic mihi quid sint duo?
> Duæ tabulæ Moysis.
> Unus est verus Deus, qui regnat in cœlis.
> Dic mihi quid sint tres?
> Tres Patriarchæ.
> Duæ tabulæ Moysis.
> Unus est verus Deus, qui regnat in cœlis.

And so on to the Eleven Thousand Virgins, and finally the Twelve Apostles. Somewhat similar is an English poem communicated by Mr. Hazlitt to the same volume (p. 390), which begins:—

> When watch strikes one then thinke yᵉ in one band
> Of Love as brethern we are bound to live:
> And when two sounds, it makes me trembling stand,
> Come blest, goe curst, yᵉ doom wᶜʰ god shall give.

This is printed together with a Latin version from a manuscript written about 1630. Very like it is the well-known "Vienna Watchman's Song," and there are many variations of different degrees of interest and beauty. More strictly of the nature of a Christmas Carol is "O Thou Man," of which Mr. Sandys (p. 106) gives an old, and Mr. Chope (No. 76) a new version.

Of legendary carols, too, a large number, some of great beauty, might be quoted. They are chiefly, like the "Withy Tree," founded on stories from the apocryphal Gospels. Others, like the "Cherry Tree," are to be found illustrated in old pictures and engravings, among which we need only mention works of such different artists as Leonardo, Van der Werff, and Martin Schöngauer. The last in a fine engraving makes a date tree to bow down as the Mother and Child pass by on their flight into Egypt. When the Empress Eugénie visited Egypt some years ago, it is said that this date, which had flourished ever since, according to the Eastern traditions, was presented to her. In another carol the three Wise Men are identified with the three sons of Noah. Another embalms the names of the Shepherds, Sophron and Philetina, Elpison and Christella, Nephelus and Dorothea, names which differ widely from those in French woodcuts of the sixteenth century. In some Herod's eldest son is slain among the Holy Innocents. "Aunt Mary's Tree" is identified as the holly in an English carol, of which the late Mr. Hawker made a beautiful modern version; and in a very ancient poem, the "Carnal and the Crane," the legend of the husbandman who saved by a diplomatic answer the Holy Family on their journey is told in quaint verse:—

> If any one should come this way,
> And enquire for me alone,
> Tell thou that Jesus passed by
> As thou thy seed did sow.
> After that there came King Herod,
> With his train so furiously,
> Enquiring of the husbandman
> Whether Jesus passed by.
> Why the truth it must be spoke,
> And the truth it must be known,
> For Jesus passed by this way
> When my seed was sown.

There have been many modern collections of carols published. As long ago as 1833 the late Mr. Sandys issued his book, and it still remains one of the best, though not one of the largest. Carols are scattered through the volumes of the Percy Society, and many may be found—some, in truth, scarcely worth the printing—in the four series of *Notes and Queries*. Mr. Sylvester's volume is of very moderate value, though it has just been re-issued without a date, having originally come out in 1860. Mr. Chope's may be considered the first which contains only carols for church singing, though Mr. Sedding published one with harmonies for four voices some fifteen years ago. Of Mr. Chope's we have not left ourselves room to speak very fully. It is not easy nowadays to decide what may and what may not be used for church singing. Mr. Sandys tells of a Welsh poet, David Jones, of Rhuddlan, in Flintshire, who for fifty-three years annually sang a carol of his own composition in the church at that place. We are not told whether a new carol was written every Christmas, or whether any of the poems were real additions to the stock of the modern collector. Mr. Jones's hymn, or hymns, do not occur in Mr. Chope's book, and he will perhaps thank us for pointing him to a source which may prove practically inexhaustible. No doubt the one-armed post-clerk of Road, of whom mention was lately made in our columns, has also enriched the language with carols. Mr. Chope has done well for those who may use his book in printing words and music together; and certainly most of his hymns, either for words or music, and often for both, are well adapted for the church services. We may pick out for special notice Mr. Dix's "Like silver lamps in a distant shrine," with a melody by Mr. Lissant; and as successful adaptations of old airs, those for Mr. Baring-Gould's "Listen Gentles," and Mrs. Hemans's "O lovely voices of the sky." Mr. Chope has anti-

* *Carols for Use in Church during Christmas and Epiphany.* By R. R. Chope. Metzler & Co. Novello, Ewer, & Co.

cipated criticism by passing a running comment on most of the carols in his index, but it might have been better perhaps to have avoided such eulogy as he bestows on several. Thus as to the first, he says, "This work would not have reached its present state of poetic beauty and doctrinal accuracy of expression without the valuable help of my esteemed friend, Dr. Irons"; and it must be allowed that he possesses in an eminent degree the power of stringing together eulogistic adjectives. Of No. 29 we read, "Certainly this is the king of carols—grand, flowing, melodious; full of life, but majestic and dignified withal"; and we may perhaps, without depreciating the excellence of the work, hesitate to subscribe to this note, appended to No. 104:—"If any inquire what the clergy of this generation have done for the sacred service of song in the Church of Christ, they may form a fair estimate of their successful labours from the compositions in this work."

GILES'S CHINESE SKETCHES.*

THE past generation of writers on China doubtless formed exaggerated ideas on some matters relating to the subject on which they wrote. They would have been more than mortal had they not done so. Their area of vision, compared even with that vouchsafed to us now, was very limited, and their practical acquaintance with the people and customs of the land which they set themselves to describe was almost entirely confined to that which could be acquired at the five Treaty ports. Some were missionaries, and others were much influenced in forming their opinions on Chinese manners and customs by missionaries, many of whom—as, for example, Morrison and Medhurst—had by unremitting and disinterested labours acquired for themselves the right to be considered authorities on those subjects. To these men questions which we are now accustomed to see discussed in every newspaper were new and difficult problems which they were called upon to face. Brought into contact with a race of highly educated religionists whom, from their point of view, they were bound to look upon as idolaters; being witnesses to the growth of the newly acquired taste for opium-smoking among the natives, and sympathizing with the struggles of the authorities against the importation of the drug; finding polygamy rife, truth disregarded, and justice too often a marketable commodity, what wonder that they took an unfavourable view of the position, that they looked on the beliefs of Confucianists and Buddhists as debasing superstitions; that they regarded the opium pipe as the invariable forerunner of misery, disease, and death, and considered the moral condition of the people to be beyond measure degraded.

In holding these extreme opinions they were doubtless perfectly sincere, and the evidence on which they based them was such as appeared at the time fully to justify them. Wider experience, however, has called for some qualification in the conclusions at which they arrived, and since other, and by no means always so searching, investigations have shown that their views on some points were exaggerated, it has become the fashion of the young China school of the present day to set at naught their counsels, to deny their facts, and to ridicule their conclusions. Of this school the author of *Chinese Sketches* is an exponent, and it is in this fact, as he implies in his preface, and even more plainly indicates in his concluding chapter, that the main interest of his book consists. We shall therefore, after premising that there is a great deal in the narrative parts of Mr. Giles's work which is both instructive and amusing, pass on briefly to refer to some of the controversial chapters, the first of which is one on opium-smoking. Into this vexed question the author plunges without hesitation, and states it as his opinion that, "comparing the use of opium as a stimulant with that of alcoholic liquors in the West, we are bound to admit that the comparison is very much to the disadvantage of the latter. Where opium kills its hundreds, gin counts its victims by thousands." Unfortunately, however, he omits to give us the data on which he has founded this comparison, and we are therefore quite unable to follow him into this part of his case. But one thing is quite certain, and that is that the rulers of China, who may be presumed to be better able to judge of the results of opium-smoking upon the people than any foreigner can possibly be, have considered the effects of opium to be of so pernicious a character that they have from time to time vehemently protested against its importation; witness the correspondence connected with the outbreak of the war in 1842, and the discussions preliminary to the conclusion of Lord Elgin's Treaty in 1858, and again the remonstrances offered on the point to Sir Rutherford Alcock by Prince Kung in 1869, at a time when the abolition of the trade would have entailed a serious loss of revenue. But we will leave the author to combat his own views. At p. 115 he says:—"There is a certain point up to which a smoker may go with impunity, and beyond which he becomes a lost man in so far as he is unable to give up the practice. Chinamen ask if an opium-smoker has the *yin* or not; meaning thereby, has he gradually increased his doses of opium until he has established a *craving* for the drug, or is he still a free man to give it up without endangering his health?" The fact of this question being, as the author implies, a common one, is sufficient to show that the instances where smokers have acquired the *yin* are common also. According to the author, at p. 114, "The Chinese. . . . fly from intoxicating, quarrelsome samshoo (native spirit) to the more congenial opium-pipe, which soothes the weary brain, induces sleep, and invigorates the tired body." These are the effects which Mr. Giles evidently wishes us to believe follow from opium-smoking; but he allows his true but unconscious conviction to appear a page or two further on when he says, "If your servant smokes opium, dismiss him with as little compunction as you would a drunken coachman; for he can no longer be trusted. His wages being probably insufficient to supply him with his pipe and leave a balance for family expenses, he will be driven to squeeze more than usual, and probably to steal." Having made this admission, however, he again turns to the contemplation of his ideal opium-smoker, and, at some sacrifice to consistency, he immediately goes on to say, "But to get rid of a writer or a clerk merely because he is a smoker, however moderate, would be much the same as dismissing an employé for the heinous offence of drinking two glasses of beer and a glass of sherry at his dinner-time. An opium-smoker may be a man of exemplary habits, never even fuddled, still less stupified." Opium in moderate doses is no doubt an invigorating stimulant for the time being, and the author illustrates this by reference to Formosan chair-coolies, who, under the influence of the pipe, are able to perform long journeys with ease and rapidity. But even this has its dark side. These men, says the author, "die early, of course"; and upon this he adds this reflection, "but we have trades in civilized England in which a man thirty-six years of age is pointed out as a patriarch.' Granting this to be true, he appears entirely to forget that in the one case a man meets death in the pursuit of his legitimate calling, and that in the other he falls a victim to a voluntary indulgence in a pernicious habit.

Torture is another subject on which the author of *Chinese Sketches* feels himself called upon to contradict the usually accepted ideas as to the inhumanity of Chinese mandarins and gaolers. "Under the present dynasty," he affirms, "the use of torture is comparatively rare, and mutilation of the person quite unknown." Here, again, Mr. Giles is silent as to the sources from which he has gathered the evidence necessary to enable him to arrive at this conclusion. And this is the more to be regretted since it is almost impossible that the information can have been gathered by personal experience. Justice is not administered in China with open doors, as among ourselves, and therefore a foreigner can only be present at a trial either in an official capacity or by invitation. Such opportunities must be extremely rare, and when they occur the disposition to torture, should any exist, would doubtless be suppressed or sparingly yielded to. The only time when British officials were able to inspect Chinese prisons and courts of justice at pleasure was when we occupied Canton, and Mr. Wingrove Cook, the *Times'* Correspondent, thus describes what he saw in a prison in that city:—

> So soon as the double doors could be opened several of us went into the place. The thick stench could only be endured for a moment, but the spectacle was not one to look long at. A corpse lay at the bottom of the den, the breasts, the only fleshy parts, gnawed and eaten away by rats. Around it and upon it was a festering mass of humanity still alive. The mandarin gaoler, who seemed to wonder what all the excitement was about, was compelled to have the poor creatures drawn forth, and no man who saw that sight will ever forget it. They were skeletons, not men. You could only believe that there was blood in their bodies by seeing it clotted upon their undressed wounds. . . . They had been beaten into this state, perhaps long ago, by the heavy bamboo, and had been thrown into this den to rot.

This and similar scenes induced the Allied Commission to forbid the use of torture in the city yamuns during the occupation; but in spite of this order it was constantly reported by the English police that on the occasion of their unexpected visits to the native courts of justice they had found culprits undergoing torture, a common form of which was suspension by the thumbs and great toes. Another never to be forgotten instance of the cruelties of which the Chinese are capable is furnished by the lingering suffering inflicted on the allied prisoners who were treacherously captured before Peking in 1860, and whose mutilated limbs bore testimony to the severity of the tortures practised upon them. In support of the position he takes up Mr. Giles quotes two extracts from "a native work of much repute," entitled *Advice to Government Officials*, in which mandarins are recommended to be forbearing in the use of torture; but Mr. Wingrove Cook also tells us that over the portals of the prison door referred to above were carved in golden letters such fine sentiments as "The misery of to-day may be the happiness of to-morrow"; "Confess your crimes, and thank the magistrate who purges you of them"; and, "May we share in the mercy of the Emperor." We should add that on the subject of the relative degrees of torture the author appears to be at one with King Nebuchadnezzar, for he draws a distinction between torture, by which he would seem to define such punishments as flogging with the heavy bamboo, "under the infliction of which sufferers not uncommonly died," and imprisonment in such dungeons as that above described, in the same way that the Babylonian King believed that he was about to intensify the torture of the three disobedient Jews by providing for them the means of an instantaneous instead of a less speedy death. The fact on this subject we believe to be that instruments of torture exist in every yamun, and it entirely depends on the disposition of each mandarin whether they are used or not.

There is one trait in the Chinese character which is probably more severely dealt with by the author than it has been by any previous writer. The Chinese, he tells us in italics, are a nation of liars, and he goes on to say, "They lie by instinct. . . . They seem to prefer lying to speaking the truth, even where there is no

* *Chinese Sketches.* By Herbert A. Giles. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

stake at issue." These are sweeping statements, which admit of some qualification even in the interests of Mr. Giles's own arguments, since he holds that "theft is not one whit more common in China than it is in England." But we must refer those who wish to know how he reconciles the two divergent statements that the Chinese are untruthful and honest to the pages of *Chinese Sketches*.

In a passage in the concluding chapter we think that we can discern the secret motive which has led the author to adopt the untenable views which he has set forth in the present volume. "Irritation," he says, "against traducers of China and her morality may have occasionally tinged our views with a somewhat rosy hue, but we have all along felt the danger of this bias, and have endeavoured to guard against it." We have no doubt that his endeavours were honest, but they have not been successful, and we feel convinced that in obedience to the same generosity which has induced him to stand forth as the champion of a people whom he believes to have been maligned, he will be the first to acknowledge his errors as soon as wider experiences and deeper investigations shall have made plain to him the fallacy of some of the opinions which he at present holds.

HONOURS DIVIDED.*

THE first thing which strikes us in this book is the inartistic method of narration. The story is told much after the manner of a showman at a fair:—"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the famous Duke of Wellington, and the figure next him is Napoleon Bonaparte." In *Honours Divided* we are introduced to the various personages in succession in the same bald categorical fashion. "Ambrose Northbrooke was a strict, highly honourable, somewhat austere man." "Norah Lane, a ward of Mrs. Northbrooke, was a slight, very pretty, girl." "Albina Northbrooke was tall, with fair, clear complexion, grey, quick, and rather restless eyes," &c., &c. "Mr. Albert Northbrooke, although his cousinship was rather remote, bore a certain resemblance to the great engineer. He was bald, with a fringe of sandy-coloured hair, surrounding the base of his head, and had a pair of bushy red whiskers." "The Rev. Sir John Vine was a very pleasant, good-looking gentleman, with dark, straight, rather long, hair, a massive forehead, large brown eyes, a little worn by age, a shaven face, a full, soft, sensual mouth." "Sir Marcus Borodaile was a tall, athletic man of thirty, with fair hair, moustache, and whiskers, and blue eyes, their brightness a little dimmed by late hours and dissipation, who spoke in a loud, not unpleasant, voice, and seemed generally to be a noisy, headlong, inconsiderate gentleman"; and, again, we are told that "Marcus was a kind-hearted, indiscreetly generous, man, with the courage of a lion, very headlong, very reckless, not a little obstinate, and a hard hitter when he was offended, his vocabulary of abuse being strong and copious. He was also very noisy." "Lewis was nearly six feet high, with broad shoulders and a deep chest. He had a keen, clever, eager face, a broad forehead, light, plentiful brown hair. His grey eyes were full of vivacity and thought." This kind of thing carried through three volumes leaves on the reader the impression of literary poverty beyond measure wearisome. An occasional jet of high falutin', or a stray shriek after the manner of the spasmodic school, would be a welcome break in the dead level of such prosaic prose as this; but we look in vain for one touch of warmth, one ray of genius, or outburst of eloquence. As the book begins so does it finish, with no interspaces of brightness by the way, making, on the whole, one of the dreariest bits of reading we have met with for some time.

We know that a critic is supposed to be a man of a cast-iron constitution and supernatural powers of attention. A literary soporific which sends every one else to sleep in mid-passage is assumed to find him as wide awake and as full of intellectual vigour at the last page as he was at the first. It is a pleasing superstition, chiefly good to amuse the public and to increase the natural self-delusion of authors; but, in truth, critics are very much like other men, and their brains yield to soporific influences quite as readily as those of ordinary readers. Hence, if we make any mistakes in dealing with the drowsy puppets which compose the gallery of personages in this book, we must plead as our excuse the weakness of the flesh, which overcame us more than once as we waded through its pages, and wondered why and for what ultimate purpose Mr. Morley Farrow wrote *Honours Divided*.

The "honours divided" which give the title to this book—chosen because Mr. Northbrooke was a whist-player—are the various legacies left by him—the gentleman to whom we are introduced as a "strict, highly honourable, and somewhat austere man." And here we may note the remarkable frankness with which Sir Marcus Borodaile, the young man with the loud voice and the courage of a lion, speculates on his chances. He meets the Reverend Sir John Vine—whom Mr. Northbrooke has chosen to be his executor and trustee, for all that the one is a strictly honourable gentleman and a shrewd man of business, while the other is a priest of Baal, sensual, untruthful, and insincere—and immediately on asking after his uncle's health he adds, "I suppose he will at any rate leave me *something*." This was scarcely the kind of thing to be expected from a man both kind-hearted and indiscreetly generous, and who is not presented to us as either mercenary or self-seeking. The young man's leonine courage, too, we may as well mention by way of parenthesis, is nowhere so strikingly displayed as in his assault on the attorney's clerk who serves him with a writ for a wine bill of three hundred and fifty pounds. By the way, would this blundering baronet have called the lawyer a "Stygian scoundrel"? It is not a common metaphor, and Sir Marcus Borodaile was not, we should imagine, scholar enough to coin classic allusions of his own proper motion. When Mr. Northbrooke dies—which he does, we are bound to say, with no unnecessary fuss, rather in a meek and businesslike manner that can be scarcely too highly commended as a pattern to go by—one of the provisions of his will is the assignment of his ward Norah Lane to the guardianship of the brown-eyed priest of Baal—an unmarried man, and already desperately smitten with his pretty charge. Indeed, both he and Sir Marcus have each made her an offer—the latter evidently done in a very rapid manner, though it is out of the picture, and we only learn it by implication; but Norah is in love with Lewis Harding, and will have nothing to do with either of her titled adorers. Her assignment, therefore, to the Reverend Sir John is excessively annoying, and vexes both her and Lewis greatly. It is an arrangement due to an unfriendly action of Albina, who is in love with Lewis on her own account, and who thinks that to throw Norah into Sir John's hands may end by throwing Lewis into her own. And indeed her plot succeeds for a time, but only for a time, *Honours Divided* being a book of the good old stamp where virtue gets more reward than its own, and vice is duly pilloried as it deserves to be.

As to the legacies, Sir Marcus gets the interest only of ten thousand pounds, but to his sister Mrs. Erskine, and to his cousin Albina, are left sums of forty thousand, to be invested on their behalf, with a loose pocketful each of twenty thousand. Albina employs her modicum as a loan to Lewis Harding, for the perfecting an invention which is to make his fortune and enable him to marry Norah; and Lewis Harding accepts the loan, believing the money to be another person's. But of course, wishing to keep the matter secret, she tells it to her friends, and when Sir John Vine gets hold of the story he passes it on to Norah. Hence doubts, misunderstanding, unwise reticence, needless despair; hence, by a mistake, Lewis breaks his engagement with Norah, and Norah accepts his renunciation with patience; wherefore he believes she is entangled with Sir John and is naturally disgusted. Thus the ground is prepared, and when he knows all about Albina, and her loan and her love, one sees that there is "but one way in which he could pay his immense debt to Albina Northbrooke," and that was by asking her to be his wife. By which it would seem that Mr. Lewis Harding, whatever might be his merits as an inventor, had not the amount of reason, common sense, or dignity generally considered necessary for a man's comfortable passage through the shoals and quicksands of life; and that when Norah summons courage to go and see Albina face to face, and in the course of his interview says, in italics, "*You have bought him!*" she is not far from the truth, despicable as that truth is to the two immediately concerned. But Albina loves Lewis truly, if she has won him less than honestly; and even when she find. out that he is the illegitimate son of the Reverend Sir John Vine—"false Sir John," as the author calls this brown-eyed priest of Baal—she is not moved from her position, but burns the letter and diary which contain the secret, and says, "I am willing to be Lewis Harding's wife notwithstanding this!" "Then she burst into tears," continues the author, "and Margaret clasped her." The end of this love robbery, however, is that Albina confesses all her craft and wickedness to Lewis Harding, releases him from his promise, and makes the best amends she can:—

"Lewis," she said, breaking the silence which followed, and speaking slowly, "I have something else to tell you—something to confess. Oh, what will you say to me when you hear it?"

She paused.

"You will say, I am sure, that I am very wicked—in my illness I felt I had been so. But it was all owing to me," she went on, "that Norah went to reside with Sir John Vine after my uncle's death. I deceived my uncle—— "

She stopped again. Lewis looked at her in a bewildered way.

"My uncle would have appointed Norah's uncle guardian with Sir John, had I not falsely told him that Mr. Lane objected to the duties and responsibilities attaching to the office of guardian. Upon hearing this, he left matters in the hands of Sir John Vine and his solicitor. I knew Sir John was in love with Norah, and thought if Norah was once under his roof, Sir John might succeed in making her his wife! I tried to separate her from you, Lewis. And now, what can you say to me? Are you very angry? Do you reproach me very bitterly for having caused you and Norah so much unhappiness?"

Of course he could not reproach her, knowing so well the motives by which she had been influenced.

"I did this wicked thing because I loved you, Lewis. Let that plead for me if it can."

"You cannot think that I would reproach you," cried Lewis.

"No. Well, the mischief has been repaired now, has it not, Lewis? And all the mistakes are over; you are free—I must think of life without you, Lewis. It will be a little hard at first, but I shall become reconciled to it before long. I am not the first by a good many to meet with such a disappointment. And we shall be friends, shall we not? Now good-bye!"

In a moment her calmness left her, tears overflowed her eyes, passionately she threw her arms round Lewis Harding's neck and drew his face down and kissed it again and yet again and yet again. "'Tis the last time—the last time!" she cried through her terrible sobs. "Now go, Lewis—go to Norah!"

Among the minor characters is Mrs. Erskine, Sir Marcus Borodaile's sister, who, as we have seen, had for her portion forty thousand pounds, with twenty thousand in a loose sum, beside other

* *Honours Divided.* By Morley Farrow, Author of "After Baxtow's Death." 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1876.

advantages should she give birth to a child. This Mrs. Erskine, passionately loving her cold and disagreeable husband, has a certain flavour of Queen Mary with Philip which must strike every reader. The likeness does not help to render the circumstances of the episode more pleasant or enlivening. "Theodore Erskine she loved passionately," says Mr. Morley Farrow, when explaining that "Katherine's chief cause of unhappiness, apart from her natural melancholy, was her husband." "He on the other hand, was cold, careless, and indifferent." Perhaps that is not to be wondered at, seeing that Katherine often went into hysterics, and as often scolded her beloved spouse severely, was "always restless and suspicious," that "care had drawn long, deep lines in her heavy-browed face," and that "she spoke in a harsh voice like a man." Against such drawbacks as these even the feminine facts recorded, that she played the harp as well as the organ very beautifully, worked worsted-work chairs, and hung her own drawings over the walls of every room in the house, could scarcely be expected to count for much. So that really Theodore, with his cold eyes and indiscriminate flirtations, might be somewhat excused. Sir Marcus, his brother-in-law, having a hard fist and long arms, does something towards keeping him in order; just as Margaret Luxton, a young woman of saintly character, mediocre birth, and somehow mixed up with fowls and the early morning, keeps Sir Marcus in order by another kind of influence. In the end all comes right. Sir John Vine dies just as Norah is going to agree to marry him; Sir Marcus marries Margaret, and is made a respectable man at last; Albina gives up Lewis, and Lewis and Norah come together again; and finally Albina marries one Dr. Selby, who had proposed once before and been rejected. So after all this chopping and changing the curtain falls on the right assortment of suits, and the dull rubber of *Honours Divided* comes happily to an end. Judging by this book we should say that the two articles most wanting in Mr. Morley Farrow's establishment are salt and fire.

THE AMATEUR HOUSE CARPENTER.*

THE irrepressible amateur crops up nowadays in all directions. It is not long since we pointed out the necessity of applying to his case the literary slang of the day and fixing his "place" in art. Whether he has any place which can be fixed, or whether his course is so erratic that it is impossible to fix it, may be questions worthy of discussion. Viewing him as a pioneer, recognizing in his work the result of mental growth, expecting from his voluntary labours results different both in degree and direction from those which attend the ordinary work of the ordinary workman, we approach a book like this with strong expectations. It is true that carpenter work does not offer any very likely field for fresh discovery. The great principles of dovetailing, the use of the strut, and other simple contrivances, were found out long ago and can hardly now be improved upon. Still it is to the amateur carpenter, especially if he is gifted with ability and has the advantage of higher education and mathematical learning, that we should be disposed to look for improvements. He may study abstract principles. He may apply geometrical laws. He can try experiments without spoiling his employers' tools, wasting time for which he is paid, or consuming materials which do not belong to him. If from his researches any benefit should accrue to practical carpentry the place of the amateur is found at once. This may be called the higher ideal of the amateur carpenter. And there is a lower ideal. It is represented by a beneficent being, a Robin Goodfellow among country cousins, who, armed with a hammer, a screwdriver, a saw, and a gluepot, can almost put Humpty Dumpty on the wall again, or restore their lost tails to the flock of Bo-peep. His visits are never too long. There is always something still to be done when he leaves. But while he remains the decrepid furniture returns from hospital piece by piece, and assumes its accustomed place once more. The footstools regain their footing, the tables stand again on all fours. The easy chair has acquired a new set of castors, and holes in the carpet are to be a thing of the past. The windows are hung by both their pulleys, and flax lines, warranted to run for years, are substituted for the old ropes. The doors have ceased to groan, and remain closed without banging. With wonderful combinations of wood and indiarubber draughts are stopped, collisions prevented, and noises abolished. The long array of dustpans, shovels, brushes, and brooms which have been invalided to the garret follow once more their former occupations. But it is in the nursery that our ideal amateur is seen at his best. The handles pulled off the drawers by mischievous children are replaced with a contrivance calculated to defy the ravages of little hands. Mary's bird-cage, long dilapidated, receives a new bottom and a few fresh wires, and pocket-money stored up for a new one may be otherwise applied, without fear that the cat will eat the canary. The wheels are put on Johnny's cart, and a roof on his ark. A facsimile supplies the missing piece of his puzzle, and the arch, the crowning object of his building efforts, long, alas, consumed, is replaced at the summit of his wooden temples. Treasure boxes whose hinges have failed the lock are repaired, the rocking-horse resumes his prancings, and the pictures, no longer nailed to the wall, are duly provided with Oxford frames and protected with glass.

Such an ideal may be overdrawn. As a matter of fact, no one amateur has ever fulfilled it. Neither by leading the way to new feats in carpentry, nor yet by making himself generally useful, and occasionally ornamental, does Mr. Davidson even attempt to reach it. He is content with a phase of amateur's work for which we can feel but little sympathy. If the amateur has a mission, which after all may be doubted, it is certainly not to be able to work nearly as well as a professional artisan. At best he is only interfering with the honest employment of men who live by their earnings. We have seen amateurs reseat a church, build a pigstye, stain a window, bind a book; but in all these cases, had the amateurs not done the work, it would have been left undone. Mr. Davidson makes no such distinctions. He aims at carpentering nearly as well as a real carpenter. Such small jobs as we have spoken of as appropriate to the calling of our ideal amateur are ignored by him. He tells us, indeed, how to put up shelves, but he tells us little else of much use in the household. When we want a wardrobe, a table, a chair, a bookcase, such as he instructs us how to make, we may send for the village carpenter, who will make them sooner, better, and probably, in the long run, considerably cheaper. The best amateur work of this class is only almost as good as professional work. Such coarse furniture can be bought ready made at a lower cost. There is little or no art in such things, and if an amateur does not make his work ornamental, it is difficult to understand the reason of his being. The only piece of carving introduced by Mr. Davidson would be very hard to do, and would not look pretty when done, besides being objectionable for another reason. It is to be seen in a woodcut, on p. 162, where it decorates a child's cot, "the design being one," we read, "carried out by the writer in his own home, and which served its purpose well for the first ten years of the life of one of his dearest treasures." The treasure in question must have been a remarkably good child, or long before the first ten years of its life had elapsed that piece of carving must have tempted it to climb among the forbidden curves, and risk, in spite of the text selected and provided by Mr. Davidson, a bad tumble and perhaps a broken bone. Nothing of the kind seems to have occurred. Mr. Davidson peacefully alternates work and morals, and, having told us how a bradawl may be used to indent the pattern, and inculcated the striking of rapid blows "with a small mallet, turning the tool about in various ways," goes on in the following hopeful strain:—

> The beautiful sentence from the Psalms, "For He shall give His angel charge concerning thee," will not, we are sure, be omitted by the amateur. The work may be increased; but whether the worker be father, brother, or friend, it is a labour of love; and is there not the hope that when the loved occupant of the little bed traces over the letters with its rosy fingers, and asks what they mean, the first ideas of the merciful protection which, whether awake or asleep, ever hovers over it, may be aroused? Who knows whether in sickness they may not give comfort during hours of wakefulness and suffering? for our children think and feel deeply, more deeply, perhaps, than we ever give them credit for; thoughts and feelings may thus be awakened, the influence of which who can tell.

But it would not be fair to Mr. Davidson if, in finding fault with his view of the subject, we did not notice how far he has fulfilled his own object in writing the book. He has written it, he tells us, for "gentlemen who feel pleasure in active occupation," and who at the same time think "that to learn anything improperly is to waste time and trouble." It by no means follows that there are not things which it is equally waste of time and trouble to learn well; and if any reader of Mr. Davidson's book endeavours to make out the meaning of the reference in the preface to the inexpressible blessing of the guidance of the lamented Prince Consort," he will probably find that he has wasted time and trouble.

The best praise, then, that we can give this book is that it very nearly comes up to what might have been written by a real carpentor. Our own ideal of amateur work would surpass this standard. It does not happen to every one to meet, like Mr. Gladstone, with carpenters who can talk of "the intellectual resources of the craftsman," or who can measure so accurately as Mr. Moore the "constant communication" which must be kept up between the brain and the hand, and must be "not merely passive in character, but active, concentrated, and almost unintermittent." But an ordinary carpenter might very well have made the very ordinary designs in this book, and might have avoided recommending such an ancient device for chamfering as that here represented. If we are to learn real carpenter work, we had better learn from a real carpenter, unless an amateur can add to his instructions such refinements of taste as may enable the student to make things beautiful which, if given to an ordinary workman, would be made ugly. The picture of the T-square also is misleading. No doubt, as Mr. Davidson says, a T-square should be used "on the left hand side of the drawing-board." But a contingency may require the use of the other side of the square, and if Mr. Davidson's drawing is followed in constructing it, the two sides of the long piece are not parallel. The result of using this pattern will be that the person who uses it, besides frequent inconvenience, will find his eye, which he should tend as a musician tends his ear, will be put wrong, and in cases where he has to depend on it will fail him. There are some good hints on ventilation, a subject well within the province of the amateur, whom we recommend Mr. Davidson's principles. It is hopeless to attempt to convince a real carpenter of the advantages of veneering. He looks on scientific niceties of adjustment as superstitions, and the amateur has it often in his power to do much good if he will study the subject intelligently. The following is a particularly good suggestion; in rooms having central ornaments in the ceiling Mr. Davidson would carry away the bad air from the top of the

* *The Amateur House Carpenter.* By Ellis A. Davidson. London: Chapman & Hall. 1875.

room by piercing the interstices between the plaster scrolls and leaves with

numerous holes leading into the space between the ceiling and the floor of the room above; a brick or two should then be taken out from the external wall; but the wall will, of course, be more than one brick thick, and therefore through the rest of the thickness holes are to be bored with a good-sized brick-auger. Small iron gratings are then to be placed instead of the removed bricks; these, made in very handsome ornamental forms, may be purchased.

We hail with peculiar pleasure any suggestion which offers to utilize the hideous boss on every ceiling; no ornament has hitherto been found less useful, less beautiful, or more inevitable. For the rest, the book contains full directions for making a writing-desk, a hen-house, a pavilion, a swing, and other useful objects, and there is a chapter on geometrical drawing which may help to stimulate a taste for higher mathematical study.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE name of Dr. Reinhold Pauli* will always be held in honour in England, the country to whose annals he has so exclusively and perseveringly devoted himself. If his reputation will rest rather on his contributions to her earlier than her modern history, the cause is to be sought in no decay of power, or inaptitude for dealing with contemporary affairs, but in the deficiency, modestly admitted and deplored by himself, of those authentic materials from which, according to the modern apprehension of his mission, it is the historian's business to elucidate fact. Hardly any private archives for the ten-year period comprised in Dr. Pauli's volume are as yet available, and he evidently feels distrustful of the uncorroborated evidence of public documents, newspapers, and memoirs. His zeal in the investigation of all accessible sources of information is beyond praise. His use of so recent a work as Lord Ellenborough's Correspondence, for instance, is such as to prove that he has not merely consulted, but thoroughly mastered it, and that his grasp of the circumstances of the Governor-General's administration is as sure and firm as that of any professed expert in Indian affairs. The majority of the transactions between 1841 and 1851, the period comprised in this volume, are of course of a less dramatic character, and require the talent of the politician rather than that of the artistic narrator. Dr. Pauli's sagacity and candour are equally exemplary, and we cannot more fitly describe the character of his mind than by remarking that he appears to be the man of all men to depict the actual hero of his volume—Sir Robert Peel. The wording of his title-page indicates his correct apprehension of the character of the decade as a period of industrial development and financial reform. Of this epoch Peel is undoubtedly the central figure; the leading Free-traders, with all their ability, appearing but as subordinate, though indispensable, agents in the movement impersonated in him. Peel is a hero entirely after Dr. Pauli's heart. If he should have been treated even too favourably, the cause is chiefly the partial character of the private sources of information on which the author has had to rely. He has been enabled to consult the MS. correspondence of Bunsen, a diplomatist whose admiration for Peel was rather grounded on the English statesman's German sympathies than on his services to England, and on a collection of Cobden's letters entrusted to him by Mrs. Salis Schwabe. The latter, we trust, will some day be published. No modern English statesman, we believe, will gain more from the publication of his correspondence than Cobden. Tories and Whigs certainly do not fare so well at Dr. Pauli's hands as Peelites and Free-traders, but this is merely to say that he has thoroughly identified himself with the ruling tendencies of the period he describes. At the same time he is no mere disciple of the Manchester school, but treats the reaction shown in the writings of Kingsley and Maurice with perfect equity. One of the best chapters in his volume is that on Sir Robert Peel's Irish policy. O'Connell's character is thoroughly well understood by him. On the whole, Dr. Pauli's success in dealing with a familiar period of history is such as to increase our confidence in him as a guide to the knowledge of that remote past with which his name is chiefly associated.

Carl Peter† has condensed his forty years' labour upon Roman history into an abridged work, which nevertheless occupies three very substantial volumes. It might with advantage have been even longer, the Regal period, with every allowance for its legendary character, being treated too briefly, and the Imperial period compressed in a fashion only intelligible on the hypothesis that a knowledge of it counts for little at German University examinations. In other respects the book is exceedingly good; dry, but sober, and displaying the solid and accurate acquaintance with the subject for which the author is distinguished.

There are few more melancholy subjects in history than the extinction of Hellenic civilization; and the succeeding Byzantine period, though not without its pleasing and commendable features, perpetually excites regret by its empty resemblance to its predecessor. It is the sepulchre of an old society, but not at the same time, as some such sepulchres have proved themselves, the cradle of a new one. Professor Hertzberg's‡ history of this deplorable catastrophe and subsequent stagnation is nevertheless a most delightful book. Its charm can only be ascribed to the thoroughness with which he has entered into his subject, and the pleasure with which he dwells on the scanty relics of better times, even in days when "Hellene" had become a term of opprobrium. His history is essentially one of the people—of its alternations of prosperity or adversity, of the revolutions, political or religious, which modified the national character or affected the purity of Hellenic blood. It is therefore rather a social than a pragmatic history; battles, changes of dynasty, and similar events being only treated in their influence on the moral or material condition of the people. His narrative may be described as turning upon two great catastrophes—the suppression of the University of Athens by Justinian, which gave a final blow to the intellectual supremacy of Greece, and the terrible pestilence of A.D. 747, which not only swept away the largest portion of the Hellenic population, and thinned it still further by attracting the survivors to replenish the depopulated metropolis, but materially affected the ethnological character of the remnant by facilitating the Slavonian occupation of the Peloponnesus, since which event the Greeks can only be regarded as a people of mixed blood. It is needless to remark that Professor Hertzberg is largely indebted to Mr. Finlay's labours. His work is throughout distinguished by great equity of judgment, and a lively appreciation of everything with a bearing upon culture. Among the most valuable passages in his history may be mentioned his descriptions of the forlorn condition of the Hellenic world at the accession of Augustus, of the remarkable material and intellectual revival in the second century, of the mistaken policy which, in tempting the Goths away from the frontiers of the Eastern Empire, opened the way to barbarians of a far lower grade, and of the superiority of the Byzantine financial system to the Roman. The first volume comes down to the capture of Constantinople by the Latins in 1204.

St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany†, was undoubtedly a great man, and the more interesting to us as he was also a great Englishman. Herr Werner, his latest biographer, must nevertheless be deemed to prefer an excessive claim for him in asserting that but for Boniface the entire course of European history would have been altered. The double work of Boniface, the conversion of the Germans and the subjugation of the German Church to the See of Rome, must in the nature of things have been equally accomplished if he had never existed. He is not to be numbered with those who have diverted, or even directed, the currents of their times, but with those whom these currents have borne to the front. Herr Werner's work is nevertheless an excellent one, a painstaking, impartial, thoroughly appreciative investigation of the obscure but momentous history of a man who in our times would have been a serious obstacle in the path of freedom and culture, but who, living when he did, has fairly won the respect and honour equally accorded him by Catholics and Protestants on the recent celebration of the anniversary of his death.

Dr. Heppe's History of Quietism in the Church of Rome‡ treats an extremely interesting subject in somewhat too polemical a fashion. The writer cannot be taxed with a want of sympathy for the personages—the Madame Guyons, Molinos, and Petruccis—whose opinions and personal vicissitudes he essays to trace; but the main motive of his work is too evidently not so much appreciation of Mysticism in itself as the disposition to assail the Roman Church in a vulnerable point. Dr. Heppe demonstrates what is indeed notorious, that the Catholic Mystics were approved at one period and condemned at another, and that the condemnation synchronized very curiously with the appearance of Louis XIV. as an arbiter in the matter. To Protestants the explanation is sufficiently obvious, but we presume that Dr. Heppe's argument is designed for the conviction of Catholics, and we do not see that he has shown, or can show, that the original decisions of the Pope and the Inquisition were so formulated as to be duly impressed with the note of infallibility. He attributes, probably with much justice, the persecution of the Quietists to the intrigues of the Jesuits, and his just indignation at the latter sometimes betrays him into language unbecoming the sobriety of an ecclesiastical historian.

Dr. Dreydorff, the biographer of Pascal§, subjects the *Pensées* to an analysis with the view of pointing out their frequent inconsistencies, and the evidence of Pascal having shifted his point of view at various periods, and attempted the refutation now of one, now of another, class of sceptics. Dr. Dreydorff thinks that the innate scepticism from which Pascal's utter disparagement of human reason was but the recoil was for a time overcome by Pascal's belief in the Jansenist miracle of the Holy Thorn, but that his subsequent perception of the inefficacy even of this prodigy to convince others essentially modified his opinions and his method of argument in his latter days.

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* *Geschichte Englands seit den Friedensschlüssen von 1814 und 1815.* Von R. Pauli. Th. 3. Der Freihandel und die Manchesterschule, 1841 bis 1852. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Römische Geschichte in kürzerer Fassung.* Von Carl Peter. 3 Bde. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Geschichte Griechenlands seit dem Absterben des antiken Lebens bis zur Gegenwart.* Von G. F. Hertzberg. Th. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

† *Bonifacius, der Apostel der Deutschen, und die Romanisierung von Mitteleuropa. Eine kirchengeschichtliche Studie.* Von August Werner. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte der quietistischen Mystik in der katholischen Kirche.* Von Dr. Heinrich Heppe. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Pascal's Gedanken über die Religion.* Von J. G. Dreydorff. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

The Rambachs * were a family of German divines, whose literary and theological activity, comprising the authorship of theological, devotional, and hymnological works, extends over nearly a hundred and fifty years, from an early period in the eighteenth century. Their family record is not devoid of interest, although by no means eventful.

Dr. Riehm's essay on Messianic Prophecy † construes the theme in its largest sense as the anticipation of a period of world-wide felicity and righteousness, not merely of a Jewish kingdom. His point of view is moderately orthodox.

The second volume of Paul von Lilienfeld's ‡ "Thoughts on the Social Science of the Future" follows out the analogy between the social and the physical organism expounded in the first. The tendency of scientific inquiry of every description is no doubt in the direction indicated by the author, but it may be questioned whether his conclusions are not at present somewhat premature. Many of his parallels are rather ingenious than sound, and his argument rests to a considerable degree upon data as yet controverted or imperfectly understood.

A tract on the responsibilities of the wealthier and better educated classes towards their inferiors, by A. Meitzen §, is practical and distinguished by an excellent spirit.

Julius Frauenstädt, the old expositor of Schopenhauer's philosophy ‖, comes forward with a new series of letters upon it, designed, on the one hand, to indicate the changes effected in his point of view by twenty years' discussion; on the other, to protest against what he regards as the plagiarisms and misconception of Hartmann and other continuers of Schopenhauer's work. Frauenstädt's tone is more independent than formerly, and he subjects his master to a free criticism on several points, such as the apparent dualism of his distinction between the will and the intellect, and his endeavour to preserve moral responsibility while denying the freedom of the will. He also virtually abandons Schopenhauer's pessimism, while severely criticizing Hartmann's recent attempt to derive practically optimistic conclusions from pessimistic premisses. One of the most interesting parts of his book is his defence of Schopenhauer's metaphysical theory of the universe, and his teleology, against the material and mechanical explanations of modern physical science.

Hartmann has given occupation to another antagonist, Dr. H. Schwarz ¶, who disputes his view of primitive Christianity as an ascetic religion, and contends that its spirit is fairly represented by the liberal Protestantism which Hartmann regards as a corruption. In the second part of his essay Dr. Schwarz criticizes Hartmann's principal work, without adequately acknowledging the extent to which its uncompromising pessimism has been modified in his later writings.

The purpose of Fritz Schultze's "Kant and Darwin" ** is to direct attention to the degree in which the theory of evolution has been anticipated by Kant, and to convince naturalists that they may still learn much from him. The book consists principally of extracts from Kant's writings, which certainly go far to justify the claims preferred on his behalf.

E. von Hartmann's essay on "Truth and Error in Darwinism" †† treats the Darwinian theory from a philosophical point of view, and expresses the objections which naturally arise in minds conversant with moral science to a merely mechanistic materialism. To Hartmann the development of existence on Darwinian principles alone seems too much a matter of haphazard; fully admitting the modification of species by descent, no other explanation being even conceivable in our present state of knowledge, he requires foresight and a plan, and finds them in the instinctive impulse towards objective manifestation to which, with Schopenhauer, he attributes the existence of the universe. He is very decided on the insufficiency of the struggle for existence alone to account for the immense variety of life on the earth, but seems to forget that the other two factors on which he lays principal stress, variability and heredity, are as forcibly insisted on by Darwin as by himself. It is probable, indeed, that Mr. Darwin would regard Von Hartmann's speculations as lying beyond the range of the subjects discussed in his own treatise, and as raising questions beyond the province of natural science; they are, however, perfectly legitimate if regarded as a criticism of certain recent applications of the Darwinian theory, as, for instance, in Strauss's latest work.

Dr. Julius Sachs's History of Botany in Germany up to 1860 * is clear and interesting, necessarily going at times considerably beyond the limits of the country with which it is nominally concerned. The author distinguishes four periods in the history of systematic botany and morphology, which form the subject of his first book. The second book is occupied with the history of research into the anatomy, and the third with that into the physiology, of plants. The volume is one of a series of similar histories published by the Munich Academy at the expense of the King of Bavaria.

We must be content with mentioning that Dr. Julius Ley's † theory of Hebrew metre is new, and that his labours have been thought worthy of publication at the partial expense of the German Ministry of Public Instruction. Their merit can only be appreciated by profound Hebrew scholars.

Friedrich Diez's appendix to his standard "Grammar of the Romance Languages" ‡ is a comparative etymological vocabulary, indicating the modifications undergone by the most familiar Latin words.

Dr. F. Brockhaus's interesting and condensed account of the Junius letters §, and review of the evidence bearing on the question of the authorship, is, from the necessity of the case, mainly based on the labours of English writers on the subject. It is nevertheless interesting to observe the treatment of English politics by a foreigner. Professor Brockhaus's view appears to us just and impartial; he believes Junius to have been mainly actuated by patriotic motives, while not overlooking the occasional indications in his letters of private vindictiveness and malevolence. He is a decided advocate of the Franciscan theory; which has, indeed, so vast a preponderance of external testimony that it can hardly fail to establish itself where, as in Germany, it has not to struggle against old traditions or obstinate prepossessions.

An essay on Pope, by Dr. A. Deetz, is in many respects an excellent performance, containing much sound and discriminating criticism, and a spirited vindication of the poet against the German critics, by whom he has been so frequently misunderstood. It is to be regretted that Dr. Deetz's translations are not always of a character to justify his warm appreciation of his author in the eyes of readers unacquainted with English. The peculiar terseness of Pope's couplets presents, it must be owned, formidable difficulties to the translator into a copious but verbose tongue. The preservation of this form is nevertheless so essential that, if it be really impracticable, the task had better be given up. Even where it is retained, Dr. Deetz's renderings are frequently infelicitous. "Glück, Zufall wird von dir nur so benannt," for instance, is but a feeble version of "All chance, direction which thou can'st not see." The translations in this volume comprise versions of the *Essay on Man*, the *Rape of the Lock*, the *Epistle to a Lady*, and *Abelard and Heloisa*.‖

It is unnecessary to do more than announce the completion of A. Schmidt's excellent lexicon to Shakspeare ¶, with the observation that the second part bears out the promise of the first. The undertaking should not have been left to a foreigner. Now, however, that it is accomplished, our best course will be to reprint it.

Dr. H. Schuchardt's essay on the ritornels and tercets of Italian popular poetry ** contains a treasury of critical research on the subject, together with numerous specimens of these simple, yet exquisite, snatches of song, with which Mr. Symonds and Mr. Davies have partially familiarized the English public.

"Von ihr und mir," †† by E. Hoefer, is a specimen of the manner in which German novelists really excel; a pretty little story of the affections, artistic in construction, and distinguished by a choice elegance of style. "Chiaroscuro," ‡‡ by L. Salomon, is the fanciful collective title of a trio of novelettes, readable enough, but hardly above mediocrity in any respect.

Rudolf Gottschall's historical romance §§ is a very entertaining one, full of generals, priests, nuns, actresses, and all kinds of picturesque figures; the incidents are striking and well contrived, and the action throughout bustling and lively. The subject is the conquest of Silesia by Frederick the Great, and the writer's sympathies, it need hardly be stated, are wholly Prussian.

The December number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* ‖‖ is remark-

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* *Die Familie Rambach. Aus handschriftlichen und gedruckten Quellen.* Von Dr. Theodor Hausen. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Messianische Weissagung.* Von Dr. E. Riehm. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Gedanken über die Socialwissenschaft der Zukunft.* Von Paul von Lilienfeld. Th. 2. Mitau: Behr. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Mitverantwörtlichkeit der Gebildeten und Besitzenden für das Wohl der arbeitenden Klassen.* Von A. Meitzen. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Neue Briefe über die Schopenhauer'sche Philosophie.* Von Julius Frauenstädt. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Das Ziel der religiösen und wissenschaftlichen Führung nachgewiesen an E. von Hartmann's Pessimismus.* Von Dr. H. Schwarz. Berlin: Berggold. London: Asher & Co.

** *Kant und Darwin. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Entwicklungslehre.* Von F. Schultze. Jena: Duft. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Wahrheit und Irrthum im Darwinismus. Eine kritische Darstellung der organischen Entwickelungstheorie.* Von Eduard von Hartmann. Berlin: Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

* *Geschichte der Botanik vom 16. Jahrhundert bis 1860.* Von Dr. Julius Sachs. München: Oldenbourg. London: Asher & Co.

† *Grundzüge des Rhythmus, des Vers- und Strophenbaues in der Hebräischen Poesie.* Von Dr. Julius Ley. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Grammatik der Romanischen Sprachen.* Von F. Diez. Anhang: Romanische Wortschöpfung. Bonn: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Briefe des Junius.* Von Dr. F. Brockhaus. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

‖ *Alexander Pope. Ein Beitrag zur Literaturgeschichte des achtzehnten Jahrhunderts, nebst Proben Pope'scher Dichtungen.* Von Dr. A. Deetz. Leipzig: Mentzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Shakspeare Lexicon.* Von Alexander Schmidt. Th. 2. Berlin: Riemer. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Ritornell und Terzine.* Von Dr. Hugo Schuchardt, Halle: Niemeyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Von ihr und mir. Eine Geschichte.* Von E. Hoefer. Stuttgart: Simon. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡‡ *Helldunkel. Neue Novellen.* Von Ludwig Salomon. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

§§ *Im Banne des schwarzen Adlers. Geschichtlicher Roman.* Von Rudolf Gottschall. 4 Bde. Breslau: Trewendt. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖‖ *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Berlin: Petel. London: Trübner.

able for a translation of *Ak-Tomak*, a Russian novel of Tartar life, by N. Karansin. The scene is laid in Khokand, a district whose speedy annexation, we have been recently told, is to be looked for. The most important of the other contributions is one by H. J. A. Raaslöff on the working of constitutional government in Denmark, where the preponderance of the democratic element has led to a dangerous schism between the cultivated minority of the capital and the peasant representatives returned by the agricultural districts.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NOTICE to ARTISTS.—The results of the Exhibition and Sales of this Season have been so gratifying that the Directors will again offer MEDALS for the BEST PICTURES and DRAWINGS EXHIBITED for 1876-7. Receiving days February 21st and 22nd, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place.—For conditions apply to Mr. C. W. WASS, Picture Gallery, Crystal Palace.

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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON. — POLITICAL ECONOMY.—Mr. H. S. FOXWELL, M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, will begin a course of TWENTY-FOUR LECTURES on Tuesday, January 18, at 5 P.M.; the subsequent Lectures will be delivered at the same hour on following Thursdays and Tuesdays. The subject of the Course will be "The Principles of Political Economy considered Historically and in their Applications to certain Social Problems, especially the Relations between Capital and Labour."
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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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ENGLAND AND THE AUSTRIAN NOTE.

THE Government has permitted it to be known that it has agreed to support the general terms of the Austrian Note, but that it reserves full liberty to pass such judgment as it may think proper on the steps which may hereafter be suggested to make the Note operative. It is hard to see what other answer could have been prudently given. To have refused altogether adherence to the proposal of Austria would have been equivalent to saying that the Turks ought, in the opinion of England, to be left to put down the insurrection if they can, and that either no remedial measures are necessary to quiet the revolted provinces, or that, if any measures of the kind are necessary, Turkey may be trusted to devise and carry out all that is required. No English Cabinet could at the present day honestly say that the revolted provinces have not grievances which should be redressed, or that Turkey can be implicitly trusted to redress them. The importance of the acceptance of Count ANDRASSY'S Note lay in the acknowledgment it involved that some kind of interference in the internal affairs of Turkey was unavoidable. The Cabinet has practically registered its conviction that one period in the history of the relations of Europe and Turkey is now closed. Twenty years ago, at the close of the Crimean war, Turkey, on the one hand, undertook to make certain internal reforms, and, on the other hand, Europe undertook not to interfere in Turkish affairs. Europe now virtually informs Turkey that this engagement must be considered at an end, because Turkey has not fulfilled her part of it. Turkey has not been hurried. Plenty of time has been given to the Ottoman Government, and during this time it has done nothing in the way of internal reform. It has had ample opportunities. It has enjoyed perfect peace; it has been assisted by the lavish inpouring of European capital. But it has wasted its opportunities as completely as it has wasted the money of its creditors. It chiefly owed to England the time of grace it has enjoyed, and the means it possessed of using this time profitably; and it was therefore naturally considered by the other European Powers especially important that England should recognize that the time of grace was over. Europe is now, with the more or less qualified assent of England, remitted to the position with regard to Turkey which it assumed before the Crimean war, and it occupies this position with the new experience that the plan of leaving Turkey alone has been tried and has been found impracticable.

This in itself makes the acceptance of the Austrian Note by England an important event; but there are other consequences flowing from the acceptance of the Note which are sufficient to dispel the notion that the presentation of it to the Ottoman Government is an unmeaning piece of diplomatic formality. Not only does the presentation of the Note, however general may be its terms, imply that interference in Turkey is recognized by Europe as expedient and justifiable, but it also implies that the insurrection in Herzegovina is an occasion for interference. Further, it is Austria that has prepared the Note and taken the initiative, and in accepting the Note as an Austrian Note, the other European Powers imply that Austria has properly assumed this position because the insurrection more nearly affects Austria than any other Power, is a source of greater danger to her, and raises a number of subsidiary questions in which she is specially interested. She, too, is close at hand, and can do what is to be done speedily and effectually. Then, again, if interference is necessary, it must be supposed to be of a kind equal to the necessity. As the existence of grievances from which the revolted provinces suffer is the occasion of the interference, and as Turkey is not to be trusted spontaneously to remove these grievances, the interference must assume a shape which will give a reasonable probability of these grievances being redressed, either directly by those who interfere, or by Turkey acting as their agent and under their supervision. The revolt, too, is going on, and one main object of interference is to introduce peace and put an end to the troubled state of things which Austria finds so inconvenient to herself. The insurgents must be induced to lay down their arms, and it is obvious that the temptation offered to them to do this must be sufficient. Either a new order of things must be proposed, and its establishment adequately guaranteed, of a kind to convince them that the causes of their complaints will be effectually and permanently removed, or the provinces must be occupied by a friendly force which would put an end to the contest by not allowing the Turks to fight any more. All these things are involved in the acceptance and presentation of the Note, and the Turks will understand perfectly well what is really meant. They will feel that it is formally announced to them that Europe considers the period of non-interference to be at an end, that an occasion of interference has arisen, that Austria is authorized to act as the principal agent in this interference, and that the character of the interference contemplated is either the establishment of an entirely new order of things in the revolted provinces, or else the occupation of those provinces by Austria.

To have got so far as this seems to be no small a thing for Austria to have accomplished; and to have tried to do more would have been to raise doubts and possible quarrels beforehand which would have made the agreement of the European Powers impossible. To have it recognized that effective interference, conducted mainly by Austria, was necessary, seemed naturally to Count ANDRASSY to be the first and far the most important step. Nor was it possible to state precisely what form the intervention should take until it should be known what course Turkey would adopt when informed that intervention was intended. The Ottoman Government may decline to do anything, may refuse to discuss any proposals, and may prefer to let the intervening Powers do what they please, in the hope of seeing them quarrel among themselves. In that case the occupation of the revolted provinces by Austria may be regarded as inevitable. But Turkey may take the other course, and may be willing to assent to the minimum required of her. The European Powers will then have to discuss among themselves what is the minimum they require; and for the discussion of this point, if it arises, the English Cabinet has very properly kept itself free. It will see what Austria, in concert with Germany and Russia, proposes, and will criticize the suggestions made to it. But the minimum required must, from the very circumstances of the intervention, fulfil certain conditions. It must offer a reasonable prospect of removing the danger to which Austria is exposed; it must satisfy the insurgents, or at least must seem as if it ought to satisfy them; and it must not be so temporary as to be delusive. What particular proposal will best satisfy these conditions, will be least odious to Turkey, least burdensome to Austria, and least likely to lead to future complications, it is equally difficult

and unnecessary to anticipate. It is for Austria to propose and for England to criticize. But it must not be supposed that the criticism of England can go beyond a certain point. There is happily no prospect of Austria proposing more than she thinks absolutely necessary. It is not at all in her interest, or in harmony with her policy, to stir up big questions just now, to break up suddenly the whole framework of Turkish Government, and excite the passions and fan the hopes of semi-barbarous Slavs. The minimum which Austria will consider to be required will be that which is considered the minimum by a Power specially anxious not to ask anything dangerously large. England will therefore bring to the criticism of the proposals of Austria the knowledge that the framers of those proposals have had very strong inducements to make them as moderate as possible. Directly details are approached, very considerable differences of opinion may easily arise, and here discussion may be really useful; but the limit within which the proposals can vary in their essential character may be seen beforehand to be not very wide.

THE *EDINBURGH REVIEW* ON THE SUEZ CANAL PURCHASE.

THE writer of an able article in the January number of the *Edinburgh Review* raises doubts of the expediency of the Suez Canal purchase which deserve serious consideration. The question whether Parliament ought to have been summoned immediately after the conclusion of the bargain is of secondary, though considerable, importance. Constitutional forms ought to be observed; but in this case the supposed irregularity was rather of form than of substance. The transaction was in its nature irrevocable, and the Ministers must be prepared to defend their policy in February as fully as if the discussion had occurred in December. It is possible that diplomatic communications in progress may have rendered an immediate communication to Parliament inexpedient. As the Ministers must explain and defend their conduct in all its circumstances, it is scarcely worth while to anticipate the debate on the minor point of constitutional propriety. The first impression that a great political measure had been adopted was largely modified by Lord DERBY'S language; and the purchase naturally became less popular when it was reduced to the dimensions of a financial contract. The Government cannot properly invest public money in any commercial undertaking; and it would not have been a prudent speculation for a private capitalist to pay 4,000,000*l.* to an embarrassed debtor on an unsecured promise of interest for nineteen years at 5 per cent. The KHEDIVE himself had offered French bankers double the rate for the term during which the dividends on his shares were suspended. There will be no difference of opinion as to the inexpediency of claiming a priority over private creditors if the KHEDIVE should in any year be unable to meet his engagements. The acceptance of doubtful security can only be justified by some advantage which must have been supposed to attend the acquisition of the shares. The Reviewer doubts both the present capacity of the Canal to earn a dividend for shareholders, and the probability of a considerable increase. The reversion of even an increased dividend at the end of nineteen years would not be an equivalent for the sacrifice of the large sum which has been paid for the shares. It must be presumed that the Government was acquainted with the financial condition of the Company, though the purchase may have been made exclusively on political grounds. Full details had been submitted to the Commission on Tonnage Dues which lately sat at Constantinople.

The contention that it would have been better to buy debentures than shares is perhaps erroneous; and it must be remembered that the only securities which could be purchased at the moment were the shares which the KHEDIVE was anxious to sell. Although the nominal capital is much less than the actual cost of the Canal, the earnings, after paying working expenses and interest, are sufficient to provide a dividend of 4 per cent. If the necessity of raising additional capital for improvements were not taken into consideration, the prospects of the shareholders would be highly favourable, as they have a principal share in the probable increase of profits. After payment of interest and of 4 per cent. dividend, 30 per cent. of the surplus is appropriated to the KHEDIVE, to the Founders, and to the Directors; and 70 per cent. to the shareholders. Investors have long known that a railway or any similar undertaking offers the greatest advantage to purchasers when growing profits coincide with a large proportion of fixed charges. As soon as a margin is attained, any additional percentage of profit on the whole capital is multiplied for the benefit of the shareholder in the inverse proportion of the ordinary shares to the total outlay. As the traffic of the Canal increases, the KHEDIVE himself, who has hitherto been a helpless victim in the hands of M. DE LESSEPS, may perhaps receive some small return for the enormous sums which he has furnished for the undertaking. As the *Edinburgh* Reviewer correctly states, "the KHEDIVE has in fact contributed to the Canal far more than all the sums subscribed "or borrowed by the shareholders in Europe"; and the opportunity of borrowing 4,000,000*l.* on easy terms is the only remuneration which he has hitherto received. The diversion of traffic from the land routes diminishes his revenue; and he derives no benefit from the temporary increase of tolls which was conceded by the Commissioners. If his dynasty exists a century hence, and if in the meantime no additional sacrifices are imposed upon the Egyptian Government by the Company, the KHEDIVE'S remote successors will perhaps succeed to the reversion of a valuable property. In the meantime the shareholders who have received the benefit of his great sacrifices might perhaps with propriety modify their tone of injured innocence.

Lord DERBY has already indicated in his speeches and in diplomatic conversation the line of apology which he will adopt. It was in his judgment inexpedient that French shareholders should become almost the sole proprietors of the Canal, as they already held a large part of the stock. The returns of the shareholders, divided according to nationality, are for some reason deceptive, inasmuch as no English proprietors appear on the list, although it is known that a certain amount of the capital is held in England. It has probably been found convenient to draw the dividends through agents in Paris, who perhaps appear in the official list as shareholders. It is not improbable that the English holdings, including the shares now belonging to the Government, may exceed one-half of the capital. Whatever may be the proportion, it will be impossible to regard the Company henceforth as a French association. The controversy on tonnage abundantly illustrated the inconvenience arising from the zeal of the French Government in promoting the objects of the Company. During a correspondence which extended over two years, every successive French Minister earnestly defended the interests of the Company against shipowners and freighters, while every other maritime State in Europe, with the exception of Russia, contested M. DE LESSEPS'S right to augment his charges. The relations between France and England, which are on all other questions friendly and cordial, in the course of the discussion occasionally deviated into asperity. If the dispute had arisen in the days of the Empire, or at a time when the two Governments were divided on issues of general policy, it is highly probable that grave difficulties would have occurred. At one time M. DE LESSEPS made speeches to the members of the French colony at Port Said which seemed to threaten an appeal to force. As it was impossible that he could affect to levy war on his own account, it was naturally conjectured that he hoped for assistance from the French Government. The Porte thought the occasion so critical that the KHEDIVE, in obedience to its directions, at once marched a force to the Canal. M. DE LESSEPS has undoubtedly displayed extraordinary vigour in the accomplishment of his enterprise; and not his smallest feat is the extraction from the KHEDIVE of the greater part of the cost of the Canal. It is nevertheless embarrassing to deal with the President of a Joint-Stock Company who assumes some of the airs of an independent Power. M. DE LESSEPS'S letters are called despatches, and they are sometimes addressed in sufficiently peremptory terms to Foreign Ministers. The English Government will from this time be fully entitled to claim, in common with the French Government, a voice in any diplomatic transactions which may affect the interests of the Canal. The support given by French Ministers to M. DE LESSEPS was given in the assumed interest of French capitalists, and not in virtue of any technical right of interference.

Mr. DISRAELI may perhaps take a higher tone than his colleague at the Foreign Office; but his defence will be substantially the same. In one sense the bargain was exclusively financial; but Lord DERBY will readily admit that it would not have been the business of the English Government to undertake, for the sake of investment, even a much more hopeful speculation than the purchase of shares in the Suez Canal. The measure is only defensible on political grounds, and the apology may probably be adequate, though it must be in some respects indefinite. A substantial pecuniary interest in the undertaking may have been a condition of increased influence, although Lord DERBY would have preferred that the KHEDIVE should retain possession of his shares. It is perhaps not expedient to follow the Reviewer into the difficult question of the state of the Canal in time of war. It is undoubtedly true that a share in the capital of the undertaking could neither increase nor diminish sovereign rights; but it might materially affect the moral aspect of proceedings which might be rendered necessary for political or military reasons. It is clear, notwithstanding the arguments or assertions of the Reviewer, that in a war with any maritime Power the Canal cannot remain open, except to neutral commerce and to the ships of the belligerent who may be the stronger at sea. Even if, in the untoward contingency of a war with France, the English fleet were not to impede the transit of the Canal, it must attempt to control the navigation of the Red Sea, which is a continuation of the passage. It is impossible in a much smaller space to examine the arguments of the *Edinburgh Review* in detail. The article will be an invaluable brief for the Opposition in Parliament.

PENDING ELECTIONS.

AS from time to time seats in the House of Commons become vacant, and as there are two great political parties, there must be contests fought, or politics would become so hopelessly dull that no one would pay any attention to them. Elections in these days are necessarily tame affairs, but still they are not quite so tame but that something as to the feelings of constituencies and the influences to which elections are subjected may be gathered from them. Burnley is one of the seats that happen just now to be vacant, and the usual preparations for a contest are going on. Here it is the Liberals who are defending the seat, and in these depressing times they are naturally anxious not to lose any advantage. They have set themselves to work with earnestness, promptitude, and decision. They have struck the great blow; they have scored the capital point. They have got that which in an electioneering sense is better than gold, or rubies, or virtue. They have secured a local brewer as their candidate. They are very much to be congratulated. In the first place, they are saved a world of trouble, they need not weary themselves with thinking of anything remote or difficult. Such questions as the Slave Circular, the Canal-shares purchase, army reform, optional legislation, do not arise for them. If they or their candidates like to think or speak of such questions, there can be no harm. It may be amusing, but it will be superfluous. A local brewer need not argue; he exists. It is beer that marks him, and not merits or demerits. In the next place, the Burnley Liberals must hope that they are showing that better things may be in store for their party generally, and that the unhappy divorce between beer and Liberalism, which Lord ABERDARE started, is at length coming to an end. If local brewers would really smile on Liberalism, if the publicans would really forget and forgive, and, in technical language, drink fair with both parties, Lord HARTINGTON might feel comfortable. The fear is lest the news from Burnley should be too good to be true generally, too happy an accident, a mere caprice of Fortune. There is also the anxious question whether the publicans at Burnley will rally round their brewer. No doubt publicans will do almost anything for a brewer; but there is one thing which they will not do for any man living, and that is, regard any question whatever from any other point of view than that of beer. It seems audacious to suppose that publicans could question whether a brewer was right in his judgment as to what the true interests of beer require. But then the publicans are a very determined set of men, as the report of the proceedings of their Defence League sufficiently shows.

They, too, like army reformers and directors of education, have mapped out England into districts; and each district is under a thorough and effective organization. Scotland and London are falling into the great scheme, and beer may soon expect to have its army everywhere. The authorities of the League, we observe, speak very handsomely of the magistrates, whom they find to be a very nice, sensible set of gentlemen, who know what beer means, and how much and how frequently it is wanted. They like the magistrates so much that they would even wish to extend their jurisdiction. They think that grocers who sell beer and wine, and workmen's clubs, should be licensed by the magistrates. It would do them good, and take the conceit out of them if such silly institutions as workmen's clubs were opened or shut at the discretion of men whom the publicans can thoroughly trust. The worst is that at some places the magistracy has got thoroughly wrong. The state of things, for example, at Birmingham is especially lamentable. There, as the League was informed at its recent meeting, there have lately been appointed five Inspectors for the express and sole purpose of visiting public-houses. In old days when, as the President significantly remarked, the Town Council was differently constituted, such an enormity would have been impossible. The moral which publicans are entreated to draw is to neglect no engine of doing themselves justice. They must look after all the Councils and Boards in their respective towns, and see that they are properly represented on them. The method is in its broad outlines simple enough. With the non-elected magistrates the publicans think they have every reason to be content. The election of Town Councillors they propose to control; and they will thus get rid of what may be termed the Birmingham taint in the social system of the country. It is the resoluteness with which they set themselves to achieve this great purpose of their lives that inspires a natural anxiety as to whether a local brewer can do so much for the Liberals as at first sight he might be thought certain to do. He may seem to the publicans to be going wrong in some way that they can scarcely define. He is getting too much of a Birmingham air about him. From belonging to the political party in which Mr. BRIGHT is a leader, a brewer might get, by an easy and fatal descent, to approving of the doings of a tyrannical pharisaical Town Council which actually appoints Inspectors to see that publicans obey the law. To say the truth, we are not at all sure that the publicans can, consistently with those fundamental principles by which their League must abide, support heartily and unreservedly a local brewer coming forward on the Liberal side. It is not a pleasant thing for them to think that they should send a man to Parliament who will very probably come under influences of a very dangerous kind, who will sit more or less near to Mr. BRIGHT, who will hear excessive drinking spoken of openly by his associates as something lamentable, and who may even chance in convivial moments to frequent the company of those who will venture to say that the Town Council of Birmingham was quite right to appoint Inspectors. Thus his moral sense would be gradually enfeebled; he would no longer have a firm and clear idea of right and wrong, and it would be in vain that he had been born and bred a brewer.

In Dorsetshire a contest is going on within the bosom of the Conservative party, and, as all sections of the Conservative party are sound about beer, the publicans have nothing to do with the struggle. At first the landlords had a fight among themselves as to whether the biggest landlord who would be a candidate had a right to the seat; and it was ultimately ruled that he had, and that Mr. HAMBRO must give way to Mr. DIGBY. But this did not allay all the elements of strife. The tenant-farmers started a candidate of their own, so that now the contest is between the landlords and the tenants on whom they can count on the one hand, and the tenants on whom the landlords cannot count on the other. It is almost certain that the very existence of such a struggle is due to the Ballot. The landlords have endeavoured to suspend or mitigate the action of the Ballot Act by calling on their tenants to sign a circular stating how they intend to vote. But it is not known how far the appeal has been successful, and it is still less certain how far the actual voting under the Ballot may correspond with such promises as the tenants may think fit to give. It must never be forgotten that when the Ballot Bill was under discussion in Parliament, its advocates stated it to be one of its advantages that it would enable people to make promises and break them;

and it is, we understand, the general experience of electioneering agents that the Bill has been in this respect a remarkable success, and that it is almost impossible to forecast from promises of support how an election will go. The questions at issue between the landlords and the tenants are not in any way directly political, but it is not to be denied that the differences of opinion which the contest has revealed are of considerable importance. Mr. FOWLER, the candidate of the tenants, has enunciated opinions with which the landlords cannot be expected to sympathize. He thinks that landlords ought to build better cottages, that better education ought to be given generally, that one-half of the foot and mouth disease of the country is due to the Government not following Mr. READ'S advice, that local taxation might be reduced to one-quarter of its present amount, and that all game should belong to the tenant. It would be hard to bring together a series of propositions which, from the point of view of the landlord, would seem more heretical and objectionable. Nor is it at all clear that all tenants would sympathize with Mr. READ. To advocate better cottages and better education for labourers would seem to many of them to be treading on dangerous ground; and the habits and associations in which they have been reared will prevent many of them from thinking that there is any harm in the landlord claiming the right of shooting on his own land such game as does no serious injury to crops. The leading Liberals of the country do not favour Mr. FOWLER; for they, like their neighbours, are landlords, and, as a Conservative must be elected, sympathize with a Conservative landlord much more than with a Conservative tenant. They are anxious, too, that the arrangement by which they have a share in the representation of the county should continue, and they fear that at the next election they themselves may suffer if they now seem backward in carrying out their part of the undertaking. It is therefore very probable that Mr. FOWLER may fail. But whether he fails or succeeds, the mere fact of such a contest having taken place must produce consequences of great importance. It will have revealed to country society that there are two ways of thinking in conflict within its bosom. The landlords, not only in Dorsetshire but elsewhere, well know that they have a new force to deal with. That the struggle should be social, not political, only adds to its importance. The Dorsetshire contest is one form of the general assertion of their claims by classes hitherto content to assert little or nothing, under the influence of a new political machinery by which claims are created by the facility of asserting them. It is thus a symptom of a future in the possibilities of which not only Dorsetshire landlords, but Englishmen generally, are very largely interested.

THE FRENCH SENATE.

THE facts about the election of delegates who are in their turn to elect the French Senate seem sufficiently ascertained. Except in the great towns, the so-called Conservatives have secured a large majority in the Electoral College; and of these so-called Conservatives a large majority are set down as Bonapartists. We shall know to-morrow week how the delegates exercise the powers conferred on them. In a contest in which a Senate, not a single officer, has to be elected, the results of the second stage cannot be inferred with absolute certainty from the results of the first stage. Even Bonapartists are open to sympathies and dislikes which have little connexion with party, and it may be found that not every candidate for whom an Imperialist delegate votes is himself an Imperialist. Further than this, allowance must be made for the unexpected hatred of the Empire which from time to time shows itself in an Orleanist, and for the unexpected hatred of Marshal MACMAHON'S Government which from time to time shows itself in a Legitimist. Neither of these sentiments is likely perhaps to have much effect on the voting of Sunday week, but either or both may have some effect. Here and there, at all events, there may be some unexpected combination between delegates who are classed under the general head of Conservatives and those who go under the general head of Republicans. An occasional Orleanist may be found allying himself with moderate Republicans against the Bonapartists; an occasional Legitimist may be found allying himself with the Radicals against a declared supporter of M. BUFFET.

These are the deductions which must be allowed for in estimating the action of the delegates. There are others which must be allowed for in estimating the truth of the description that has been given of them. The most important of these is indicated in a letter from "A French "Correspondent," which was published in the *Times* more than a fortnight ago. The Senate is to be elected by constituencies amounting in all to 43,562 persons. Of these, 36,217 are delegates elected one by each commune, and in by far the greater number of instances the commune has chosen its mayor; a result which was almost a certainty before the election. The mayors were, for the most part, appointed by the Duke of BROGLIE, and it is now an old story how the DUKE was reduced to choose Bonapartists to fill the places vacated by Republicans because there was literally no one else on whom he could lay his hand. It is for retaining these mayors in office that M. BUFFET has been so much blamed, and the excuse which we suggested on his behalf at the time of his becoming Minister of the Interior may still be urged, though unfortunately with much less confidence than before. M. BUFFET found that he was everywhere represented by men who were regarded as partisans of the Empire. But he may fairly have argued that this partisanship admitted of an almost endless variety of degrees, and that much of it was not easily distinguishable from devotion to the powers that be, provided that the powers that be are willing to dispense employment and pay. To have sent comparatively pliable Imperialists about their business would have been to convert them into ardent Imperialists. They would have had nothing to gain by keeping M. BUFFET in power; they would have had everything to gain by putting M. ROUHER in his place. By retaining them in the service of the Republic, M. BUFFET removed the motive which more than anything else would have made them in reality what they already were in name. They now know that, whatever Marshal MACMAHON'S rule may mean for others, it does not in its present form mean anything unpleasant for them. Of course this knowledge is not sufficient to make them zealous Republicans. On the contrary, the discussions to which their retention in office has from time to time given rise must have thoroughly enlightened them as to the extent to which Republican institutions are compatible with their personal interests. So long as the Republic is worked in the spirit in which it has been worked by M. BUFFET they are safe, but it is quite on the cards that a Republic worked by a Left Centre Ministry, or even by a Ministry of both Centres of which the Duke of AUDIFFRET PASQUIER was the head, would make short work with a good many of them. Under these circumstances men of the class to which the mayors of rural communes mostly belong will be likely to cherish an ineffective wish for the return of the Empire because it would give them permanent security, and an effective wish for the continuance of M. BUFFET in office because it would give them present security. It is not safe, therefore, to assume that these nominal Imperialists will all vote for Imperialist candidates. They will vote in many cases for candidates who are as much Imperialists as anything else, but their real desire will be to pick out the candidates who are most disposed to keep things as they are. To this extent, therefore, the election of delegates is a victory for M. BUFFET. It creates a majority in the Electoral College whose main object will be to keep him in power. There was never an election so completely in the hands of placemen. Probably more than half the delegates who have to elect the Senate look to the MINISTER of the INTERIOR as to a present saviour. If he is overthrown they do not know what the future may have in store for them. So long as he remains at the head of affairs they are sure not merely of bread—of that a Frenchman in their class is usually sure anyhow—but of a convenient addition to their income, of consideration among their equals, and of deference from their inferiors. These are amply sufficient inducements to make a rural mayor vote straight; his only difficulty will be that, in the depth of his political ignorance, he may not always know how to give his vote the meaning which he wishes it to bear.

It does not follow, however, that M. BUFFET'S victory will be as fruitful as it is conspicuous. Even if we assume that the mayors vote exactly as he wishes, and that no unforeseen combinations or schisms among the higher class of delegates avail to weaken the majority which the

Minister has secured in the lower class, the Senate can hardly be all that the sanguine fancy of M. BUFFET's subordinates is inclined to paint it. It is true it will not be the Radical body which some English writers have lately imagined it would be. They based their calculations on the supposition that the elected Senators would be a simple reproduction of the Life Senators, whereas, so far as probabilities go, they promise to be of a wholly different type. But though the Senate will have a large Conservative element in it—using the term Conservative in that peculiar sense in which M. BUFFET uses it, as implying a badly-concealed dislike to existing institutions—it is not likely to contain a preponderating Conservative element. Most of the Life Senators belong to the Republican party; and when to them are added the contingent of elected Senators contributed by the great towns, there will probably be, if not a Republican majority, at least a Republican minority strong enough to defeat a party so little homogeneous as the Conservatives who support M. BUFFET. In fact, the composition of the new Senate promises to be curiously like the composition of the late Assembly. Parties will be sufficiently balanced to make it impossible for any one of them to have its own way. Deadlocks will be the natural issue of every debate; and as deadlocks in a Second Chamber have not the same practical inconvenience that they have in a single Chamber, there will not be the same inducement to invent a means of escape from them. The chances that the Senate would exercise any important influence on the conduct of affairs have always been small, and the neutralization of forces which will apparently be its most marked characteristic will be likely to make these small chances smaller.

But the most important consideration in estimating the value of M. BUFFET's success in the election of delegates relates to the extent to which the election of delegates is an indication of what the election of deputies will be like. The same shrewd observer who foretold so accurately in the *Times* how the election of delegates by the rural communes would go is of opinion that on this head very little can be inferred from the results of Sunday's voting. The conditions under which the elections of deputies will be conducted are obviously exceedingly different from those which have governed the election of delegates. An election in which every commune selects its representative is an election in which the principle of *scrutin d'arrondissement* is seen reduced *ad absurdum*. Village ignorance, village subservience, and village prejudice are exhibited without the least particle of alloy. The villagers were accustomed to be represented by their mayor in the transaction of village business; and as they had to choose one of themselves to represent them in the election of Senators, they naturally took the mayor again. The substitution of *scrutin d'arrondissement* for *scrutin de liste* may tend to influence the election of deputies in the same direction; but the difference in the extent to which the influence will operate is immeasurable. The mere fact that in the latter case the representative has to sit at Versailles for more than half the year, whereas in the former he has only to go to the neighbouring town for a couple of days, is enough to vitiate all inferences from one result to the other. The villager naturally chooses the man he knows best, and who is most concerned in village business, to represent him as a delegate who is to be absent for two days; while, when choosing a man to represent him as a deputy who must be absent six months, local convenience points exactly the opposite way. Again, an election in which 36,000 representatives are returned each by a single constituency can afford no guide to an election in which a few hundred representatives will be returned by these same 36,000 constituencies arranged in groups. Whatever difference there may be found to exist between the results of *scrutin d'arrondissement* and *scrutin de liste*, a very much greater difference will in all probability be discovered between the results of *scrutin d'arrondissement* and *scrutin de commune*. The indifference with which the elections of delegates have been received by all France outside the Ministry of the Interior is a pretty fair sign of the estimate in which their action on the course of events is held by the nation. Frenchmen have a remarkable gift of seeming careless about the affairs which most concern them; but even they will hardly show the same contempt for the process which is to create the Chamber of Deputies as they have shown for the process which is to create the Senate.

PARLIAMENT AND THE PUBLIC ACCOUNTS.

THERE are probably few persons unconnected with Parliament or with office who understand the machinery by which the House of Commons controls the national expenditure. Those who feel a laudable curiosity on the subject may derive much special information from an article in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*. If it were desirable and lawful to pry into the secrets of anonymous publication, it would probably not be difficult to discover the author. He is evidently a member of Parliament who has taken a warm interest in his present subject; he is possibly one of the Committee of Public Accounts; and his personal acquaintances can scarcely fail to be aware of the special irritation with which he regards an irregularity which occurred fifteen years ago. At that time Sir C. BARRY, the celebrated architect of the Houses of Parliament, was found to have expended more than 20,000*l.* on repairs and decorations without any official authority but his own. If he had applied to the Board of Works he might probably, without violation of propriety, have done the same work at the same expense. It was undoubtedly an error to have dispensed with superior sanction; but the persistency with which the conscientious economist of the *Quarterly* recurs again and again to the misadventure is an amusing illustration of the valuable quality of technical or professional earnestness. Teachers and lecturers on special topics are divided into two classes. The more popular section combine with practised literary aptitude the knack of mastering for an occasion the details of an unfamiliar subject; but more trustworthy information is obtained from instructors, like the *Quarterly* Reviewer, who are evidently communicating a part of their own ample store of practical knowledge. It would be unreasonable to complain of the absence of the rare faculty of imagination or sympathy which enables the professor to place himself apart from his subject, or to realize to himself the position of the student. Members of Parliament who already know something of the machinery of public accounts will best appreciate an explanation of mysteries which may have puzzled their early experience.

Strict regularity in the control and audit of expenditure perhaps assumes almost exaggerated importance in the estimation of those who have had much to do with finance. A lax system of keeping accounts is found in practice to facilitate peculation and waste; but no man and no State was ever made richer by the most elaborate system of double entry. The primitive operation of disbursing on every occasion the smallest possible sums from a hoard of coin might serve all the purposes of administrative frugality. ELIZABETH and FREDERICK the GREAT needed no House of Commons to strengthen their instinctive aversion to parting with money; but the complicated transactions of a modern State would furnish numerous opportunities of waste and possibilities of malversation if the strictest responsibility were not enforced on those who receive and spend the public revenue. The Reviewer disposes summarily of the popular belief that any immediate saving results from the formal discussion of the Estimates in the House. It appears that, in ten years ending with 1875, the votes were only reduced by about thirty thousand pounds on the whole; and these petty reductions were for the most part voluntary on the part of the Government. Even the legend of JOSEPH HUME's parsimonious exploits collapses on investigation, like almost all other historical legends. It seems that the typical economist in his later years often complacently reminded his friends that he had caused a reduction of the army and a saving of a million in 1823. The army and the military estimates were in fact increased in that year; and a reduction in 1822 was announced by the Government on the first night of the Session. A Parliament which owes its long possession of supreme power to the wise moderation with which it has confined itself to its proper functions cannot seriously disturb the calculations of the Executive Government. The House of Commons virtually appoints the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it must either trust him or supersede him. It is impossible to overrule the decision of the departments on the cost of the various branches of the public service. Mr. COBDEN and some of his followers have at different times proposed to put the nation on an allowance, by requiring the Government to keep the expenditure within a limit to be arbitrarily fixed by the House of Commons. A ruder scheme for crippling the public service and abolishing Ministerial

responsibility has never been suggested; but its apologists may, if they think fit, quote in their defence the example of Mr. PERCEVAL. In an important crisis of the Peninsular War, the most incapable of Prime Ministers warned Lord WELLINGTON that he must not exceed the sum which had been voted by Parliament for the conduct of the war.

The most efficient check on administrative extravagance is exercised by the Committee of Public Accounts which has sat regularly since 1861. "It is this most admirable "addition to our political fabric which justifies the asser- "tion made at the opening of this essay, that the House of "Commons exercises a satisfactory and vigilant control "over the public expenditure." The duties of the Committee necessarily relate in great measure to forms and matters of detail. The Treasury, which by law and custom controls the expenditure of all the departments, habitually seeks unnecessary outlay. It probably derives valuable support from the authority of the Committee, which keeps watch over all the public accounts. Since its first institution the Committee has the credit of "the rearrangement "of the Empire's financial system upon the most approved "method, and the subjection of that whole system to a "complete and independent audit." The minute nature of some of the functions of the Committee is exemplified in its consideration of the question whether a torpedo ought to be charged to the accounts of the army or the navy. As a naturalist includes bats in the class of quadrupeds, so the Committee after long reflection assigned the amphibious machine, or rather its cost, to the military accounts. Only an enthusiast in book-keeping would believe that either saving or profit resulted in this instance from the deliberations of the Committee; but the anxious taxpayer may derive consolation from the knowledge that in the administrative universe not even a torpedo is overlooked. The only regret which weighs on the mind of the Reviewer is that there was no Committee of Public Accounts when Sir C. BARRY perpetrated his unauthorized expenditure. Similar eccentricities have now become impossible as well as shocking.

One of the chief difficulties which beset the Treasury and the Legislature is the more or less prevalent tendency to apply to one purpose of a department money voted for another object. It constantly happens that savings, as they are called, occur in the course of the year, because circumstances have prevented or delayed a work for which funds had been provided. If the outlay is only postponed, the money must be voted again in another year; and therefore the saving is only imaginary. Until lately savings were often transferred to the supply of deficiencies in the same department, as when, in 1860, 100,000*l.* voted for Dockyard works at Portsmouth was divided among Whitehall, Hong Kong, and Malta. A partial remedy has been provided for the alleged evil by compelling every department to pay annually into the Exchequer all its cash in hand. The consent of the Treasury is required to all diversions of money from its original purpose; and, finally, the transaction must be ratified by the vote of the House of Commons. Unfortunately, it is found that in systems of national book-keeping, as in all other forms of human activity, the Scylla on one side is balanced by a Charybdis on the other. Deprived of the power of applying superfluous receipts to deficiencies, the departments have resorted to the practice of drawing up their estimates so as to cover all probable contingencies. "Acting thus, the Board of Works has "made excess demands amounting in five years to con- "siderably over 1,000,000*l.* The injury of a million's "worth of unnecessary taxation was thereby inflicted on "the community." This operation also has happily two sides. A community may be incommoded, but scarcely ruined, by the payment of its debts, which is equivalent to an investment of public money at 3½ per cent. The most approved sect of financiers is never tired of expatiating on the propriety of reducing the National Debt. The Board of Works appears to have promoted this desirable object to the not inconsiderable amount of 200,000*l.* a year. The ears which the reapers let fall are gathered by the gleaners behind them. Nevertheless the Committee of Public Accounts has been tempted by the result of the experiment to relax something of the stringency of its principles. It now recommends that, within certain limits, the Board of Works should be allowed to apply savings to payment of deficiencies. In England the employment of savings only affects the accounts of the year. No such anomaly can occur under the supervision of the House of Commons as the accumulation by the Prussian or the German Government of large sums which are reserved for unforeseen contingencies. On the whole, it appears that the management of the public accounts may be regarded with confidence and satisfaction.

THE AMERICAN AMNESTY DEBATE.

AN old debate and division in the American House of Representatives related, like other political movements of the present time, rather to the PRESIDENT's election than to the ostensible issue. A Democratic member proposed to abolish the few remaining exceptions to the amnesty by which nearly all the Confederate functionaries have already profited. Mr. BLAINE, on behalf of the Republicans, moved amendments imposing an oath of allegiance as a condition of amnesty, and excluding Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS from the benefit of the measure. The original Resolution was carried by a large majority; but it failed to obtain the two-thirds plurality of votes which was necessary to give it effect. It might have been supposed that the trial of strength and its result would have satisfied both parties; but Mr. BLAINE, for some reason which is difficult to understand, renewed the contest by a motion to reconsider the vote. The mere extension of the amnesty could have little practical importance. Mr. ALEXANDER STEPHENS, late Vice-President of the Confederacy, is a member of the House of Representatives; and many of his former colleagues hold places of dignity and trust. At the late appointment of the officers of the House the Republicans complained that a preference was given to candidates who had done civil or military service to the Confederacy. If any of those who are still excluded care to recover their rights under the Federal Constitution, there can be no reason why they should object to take the required oath. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS might regard a Resolution directed personally against himself rather as a compliment to his services and ability than as a punishment. The leader of the unsuccessful party in a great civil war suffers no extraordinary hardship in being prevented from holding office in the political community which he had at one time voluntarily repudiated. He may consider himself fortunate in being allowed without molestation to enjoy the respect and gratitude of his Southern fellow-citizens, who will value his services the more because he is subjected to the nominal punishment of special disabilities.

The discussion, which was probably raised for collateral and party purposes, illustrates the remarkable generosity and the admirable good sense with which the Northern Americans have treated their conquered adversaries. With the exception of two or three officers who were convicted on charges of cruelty to Federal prisoners, not a single Confederate has suffered death, and the PRESIDENT himself escaped with a short imprisonment. The exclusion of some of the Southern States for a time from the exercise of their constitutional functions, whether it was expedient or unnecessary, was essentially a political act, and not a penal proceeding. The Congress would probably have been still more lenient if Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON had not caused irritation by his attempt to anticipate the action of the Legislature. Since that time the traces of civil war have been almost obliterated by the readmission of the excluded States. The magnanimity which was displayed to beaten enemies was in a great measure attributable to the consciousness that there was little or nothing to forgive. The persistency with which the supporters of the Union denounced the Confederates as rebels was a well-meant effort to cultivate a becoming indignation. It was all the time understood that the assertion of a right which up to that period had scarcely been disputed was extremely unlike rebellion. At the beginning of the struggle Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. SEWARD publicly recognized the right of secession; nor has any tribunal up to the present time judicially declared that the claim of the seceding States was inconsistent with the Constitution. The South had a balance of legal authority on its side; and, on the other hand, the Northern States, whatever might be the merits of the legal question, were perfectly right in their determination to maintain the national unity by force. At a later period the question of slavery complicated the original quarrel; but it would have been absurd to blame the Confederates for defending a state of society and a kind of property which had been uniformly recognized by law and custom. By this time the

majority of Americans have probably learned to take pride in the wonderful military achievements of the South. The triumphs of the stronger combatant in the latter part of the war effaced the mortification which had been caused by many early failures. GRANT and SHERMAN might fairly be placed on the same level with LEE and JACKSON; and the final capture of Richmond avenged the numerous defeats which had been incurred by former invaders of Virginia. Another cause which disarmed resentment was the decisive character of the ultimate victory. After the capitulation of LEE there was never reason to fear the revival of the war; and the Southern States are at the present moment more loyally attached to the Union than at any period for twenty years before the Secession.

Mr. BLAINE is an eminent member of the Republican party and an expectant nominee for the Presidency. As Speaker of the House of Representatives during the last Congress he increased his Parliamentary reputation, and at present he may be regarded as the Republican leader in the House. It is not to be supposed that he attached imaginary importance to the continued exclusion from office of those Confederates who might profit by a general amnesty. His conduct in pressing his amendments against an adverse majority may perhaps be explained by his belief that the best chance for the Republicans is to raise in the ensuing contest the same issues on which they have held power during the last fifteen or sixteen years. In opposing a complete amnesty, Mr. BLAINE virtually admits that his party will find no support among the white citizens of the Southern States. There is no risk in alienating a professedly irreconcilable opponent; and ostentatious disregard to the feelings of the ex-Confederates may perhaps be the best mode of securing the favour of the coloured population. The Republicans of the North, having not yet succeeded in devising any new declaration of principles, may perhaps find that old-fashioned or obsolete professions divide their party the least. Mr. BLAINE'S skill in political tactics has lately been shown in the adroit Resolution by which he met the No-Popery appeals of his competitor, General GRANT. It was expedient to prove that the PRESIDENT was not the only Protestant champion; and nothing could be more popular or more harmless than a protest against Established Churches. It is but fair to give Mr. BLAINE credit for equally skilful calculation in his opposition to the relief of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS from disabilities. It is a felicity of the politicians of the United States that in their party struggles they play with counters, instead of staking national institutions and great social interests on the issue of the contest. The Republicans and Democrats take a warm interest in the approaching election of a President, but neither party cares whether resolutions are passed to annoy the Roman Catholics, or whether Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS is considered eligible for the Senate. The Republicans perhaps hoped that their adversaries would court certain defeat by adopting a policy of inflation or of repudiation; but a respectable section of the Democrats have had the good sense to vote against a proposed repeal of the Act for resuming specie payments.

Congress is entirely at leisure to amuse itself with debates which involve no practical consequences. The House of Representatives will not respond to Mr. BRISTOW'S request for an increase of taxation, and it is not known that any legislative measures are required. The amnesty debate has excited unusual interest; and it is thought that the result may affect the decision on the only remaining matter which calls for settlement. A Committee of Congress lately visited Philadelphia to examine the preparations for the Exhibition; and on its return it has reported in favour of a moderate grant for which the undertakers have applied to Congress. The wealth and liberality or enterprise of American citizens are curiously illustrated by the reasons which have caused the application. It is understood that the people of Pennsylvania, who have already contributed the greater part of the necessary funds, would be both able and willing to provide the remainder, especially as it is nearly certain that the undertaking will be remunerative; but they justly think that the national character of the enterprise ought to receive formal recognition in the form of a pecuniary grant. The Government of the United States is itself an exhibitor on a large scale; so that, if general considerations of sentiment and policy were insufficient, there is a technical justification for the grant. It now appears that some of the Democrats are disposed, if they are defeated on the question of amnesty, to display their resentment by opposing the grant to the Exhibition. Southern politicians would perhaps contend that a Union in which they were denied an equal share ought not to receive a national commemoration. It may be hoped that the grant will be, after all, unanimously voted. All parties must be aware that the contest on the amnesty is in the nature of a sham fight for objects which are no longer important. After considering the claims of the Exhibition, Congress meditates an early prorogation, involving the postponement of business until the Presidential election has been decided in November. A country may be esteemed happy which can afford to representatives elected for a term of two years a vacation of a year and a half.

A TRAP FOR POLITICIANS.

AN American journalist has, it appears, been lately exercising an impertinent ingenuity in experimenting on the simplicity of English public men. Holding the post of London Correspondent of that great journal, the *New York World*, he felt it to be his duty at a dull season to furnish his employers with something that should be particularly spicy and original. The exclusive habits of an effete aristocracy probably threw difficulties in the way of his paying those domiciliary visits which are the usual resource of a hard-up reporter in his native land; and he may have found it exhausting to make up accounts of imaginary interviews from a cursory glimpse of umbrellas in the hall. The Correspondent, however, saw another opening. If he could not call, he could write, and the masters might be more civil than the flunkeys. So he sat down and addressed a letter to a considerable number of "gentlemen "eminent in politics, theology, and social science"—we may be sure that his sense of their eminence was expressed with sufficient enthusiasm—requesting "an expression of "their views" concerning the proposals made by President GRANT in a recent Message respecting education and the taxation of Church property. It is obvious that the task of instructing the Americans in the management of their own affairs is one of some delicacy for English politicians to undertake, and that it might be doubtful whether the most benevolent criticism would be received exactly in the spirit in which it was offered. But this was possibly part of the calculations of the astute Correspondent, who must have been well aware of the irritation and excitement which would be pretty sure to be produced among his sensitive countrymen by the receipt of a great budget of letters from English politicians, philosophers, and divines, candidly pointing out the weak points in American arrangements, and predicting the disastrous consequences which might reasonably be expected.

As it happened, the trap, though cleverly baited, did not produce quite so good a catch as was no doubt expected. Perhaps the net was laid a little too plainly in the sight of the birds. Mr. GLADSTONE might have been fairly reckoned on for an elaborate reply, but he was strangely brief. He "regretted that it was not in his power to say more on the "letter which the Correspondent had been good enough"—so kind of the Correspondent!—"to address to him"; and it may readily be believed that his regret was sincere, and that he would have gladly said more if the too obvious imprudence of doing so had not deterred him. So he resolved only to express the deep interest with which he regarded the questions now raised in America, as, if he were to "go further with respect to pending issues, it would "savour of prescription, and do harm rather than good." If he had stopped here he would at least have been consistent; but the impulse of letter-writing was too strong for him, and he could not refrain from adding that he feared "the "United States might suffer inconvenience from the extreme "liberty which I understand it now allows of throwing "land into mortmain for the purposes of private corporations"—which may be true enough, but smacks rather of the critical tone which he professed to be anxious to avoid. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY is equally civil, but more steadily uncommunicative. He "trusts" that the Correspondent "will understand my feelings in the matter when "I say that I do not consider that I can well enter on the "question of President GRANT'S recommendations for Con"gress," for the reason that "the circumstances of "the United States are such that it is extremely difficult "for any person who is not actually a citizen to express an "opinion." The ARCHBISHOP might perhaps have added that it was not his business to lecture foreign countries on their private affairs, especially as he has plenty of other

things to do, and would get no thanks for his pains. The Duke of ARGYLL, we are told, "somewhat complainingly" —he is the only grumbler, the rest all taking the application as if it was the most natural thing in the world that they should be asked to supply copy for a New York newspaper—remarks that "public men have enough to do here "with the difficulties of their own country without being "called upon to form decisive opinions on those affecting America." It must be confessed that there is much painful truth in this remark, and that an international exchange of opinion and advice would scarcely be likely to simplify or sweeten the conditions of political controversy, which are trying enough already. Mr. BRIGHT takes no offence at the inquisition to which he is subjected, but is cautious in letting out anything. He thinks "the discussion which is unavoidable on these great questions" had better go on for a while before he takes a hand in it, and that for him at this stage of the game "to seem to "wish to teach or to influence American opinion would be "something like an impertinence or an intrusion." The Archbishop of CANTERBURY having been consulted, the Correspondent also thought it only fair to take the opinion of the Positive hierarchy, and applied to Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON as the most approachable of the apostles. Mr. HARRISON, however, declined to say anything of the PRESIDENT'S policy as regards America, although he added that it would do very well for England. Archdeacon DENISON responded in his usual hearty way, that the Devil had broken loose in England, and that he supposed he was busy in America too, and that much the same "miserable folly" was talked about religious education in both countries. The Bishop of PETERBOROUGH and Mr. FORSTER were also tapped by the Correspondent, but nothing could be extracted from them except copies of an old sermon and a couple of speeches, which perhaps were not exactly the sort of thing wanted for New York.

On the whole, then, the Correspondent's experiment seems to have been, from his own point of view, rather a failure. He has not "drawn" his eminent men to the extent he hoped for; but that they should have allowed themselves to be drawn at all is somewhat strange. The natural course would have been to take no notice of impertinent letters asking questions which the writer had no right to ask. As to the Correspondent's mistake, it is more easily accounted for. Once in a way the eminent men have been a little on their guard; but it cannot be denied that the foolish facility with which some public men in this country are perpetually rushing into correspondence on all sorts of subjects with obscure, or perhaps even unknown, persons, is calculated to produce in the mind of foreigners the impression that English politicians are singularly weak on this side of their character. Mr. GLADSTONE, for instance, seems to spend a large part of his time in replying to inquiries as to whether he is a Jesuit in disguise, which he invariably answers in so mysterious a style as to confirm the worst suspicions of his catechists. Indeed it has been supposed that his retirement from public life is chiefly due to his engrossment in private correspondence. There are so many people who want to know his opinion on all kinds of questions by return of post, that he has no leisure for anything else, and of course in such a case the affairs of the country must give way to the inquisitiveness of the old women and crotchet-mongers who require advice. He writes grave counsel to people who ask whether they ought to wear mourning, and even stoops to remonstrate with such a print as *Reynolds's Newspaper* in regard to his own family affairs. His last offence in this line has been a letter to a young man in business, who prefers to be described as being "engaged in mercantile pursuits" to being called a clerk, and who, though the son of a clergyman, is apparently so ignorant as not to know the origin of the word "clerical." "Unfortunately," says Mr. GLADSTONE, "with respect to 'clerk' as with respect to 'art,' we seem "to want a new adjective." If Mr. GLADSTONE has nothing better to do, he might invent a few. It would be perhaps less a descent from his former antecedents than setting up as a sort of supplement to a Spelling Bee, and new adjectives would be very serviceable to his late party. Mr. BRIGHT, too, is understood to be equally overwhelmed with inquiries from busybodies, which he conscientiously endeavours to answer. Little scraps of letters from him, settling in a couple of offhand epithets the biggest questions, are every now and then given to the world, and are eagerly picked up and worshipped with much incense on the altar of the *Birmingham Post*. A question which is certainly not free from difficulty—that of the proper punishment for brutal fellows who beat their wives —has just been disposed of in this way by the Birmingham oracle. Mr. BRIGHT holds that, if a brutal husband suffers flogging in addition to imprisonment and hard labour, he will probably be more brutal when he returns to his wife, and that therefore he should be let off as mildly as possible in order to coax him into not murdering his family. It does not matter to Mr. BRIGHT that the Judges and other authorities on criminal matters, who necessarily speak with a sense of responsibility, and who are likely to know more about such questions than one who only frequents respectable and peace-loving society, have come to a very different conclusion as to the use of flogging, and hold that, even though a sound flogging may not have much effect in improving the moral character of a man who has already reached such a point of brutality as to jump on his wife, it will probably make him hesitate to expose his own person to a second castigation. A bully of this kind is always a coward, and beats a woman because he knows she cannot hit back; but if somebody else undertakes to hit back in her stead, it will make him shy of another encounter. There is surely something very petty and undignified in men of distinction in public life catching at every small chance of writing a little letter which will perhaps be advertised in the papers. It is impossible that serious questions can be adequately discussed in this way, and nothing can be more ridiculous than the affectation of dogmatic infallibility which is suggested by attempts to settle everything in an oracular half-dozen sentences, including the compliments of the season. Eminent men have surely a better use for their faculties than competing with the "Answers to Correspondents" in the kitchenmaids' weekly paper.

RAILWAYS AND SCENERY.

WHETHER a Bill for making a railway from Windermere to Ambleside, and thence through Rydal and Grasmere to Keswick, is or is not introduced in the coming Session, there is little doubt that some such application will be made in the course of a year or two. As regards scenery, it seems almost beyond the power of Railway Companies or hotel-keepers to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs for them. No matter how completely the characteristic qualities of a beautiful district may be destroyed, greater facilities of approach bring crowds of undiscerning travellers whose custom more than repays the loss of those who no longer care to look at a landscape which has been vulgarized past endurance. The change is not merely insufficient to outweigh in the minds of the new arrivals the fact that they can reach the scene of their holiday in a shorter time and with less inconvenience; it has for many of them positive attractions of its own. Monster hotels, with a *table-d'hôte* for every meal, and the opportunity of seeing everything in the society of a congenial crowd, are not drawbacks to be got over in consideration of counterbalancing advantages; they are, in themselves, additional recommendations. Cheerfulness takes the place of seclusion, and the heart of the tourist leaps within him as he recognizes the signs which tell him that he is not far from his kind. Even if there were no other reason for proposing to carry the railway beyond Windermere, the anxiety of innkeepers whom the successes of their better-placed rivals will not suffer to sleep would probably supply sufficient promoters. Besides this, there may be fresh mines discovered in the mountains on either side of the valley, so that the new line might hope to secure industrial as well as passenger traffic. With these possibilities in prospect, it is useless to put aside the question as one which is not likely to become practical. The application for a new railway through the very heart of the Lake country will certainly be made, and it will be well if Parliament has had time beforehand to consider what answer shall be given to it.

There was a time when consent would have been almost a foregone conclusion. Until the financial collapse of so many lines had proved that, even as regards the means of locomotion, the supply may sometimes exceed the demand, those who preached that the construction of railroads is not an end in itself had no chance of gaining a hearing. For the moment the world and all that is therein belonged to the engineer and the contractor, and any one who

dreamed of setting bounds to their efforts was set down as a reactionary dreamer. Financial embarrassments have at length given the objector a chance of being listened to. Amidst the disgust which accompanies bad investments, the position that a given district is not of necessity the happier for the possession of a railroad no longer seems a patent absurdity. It must be admitted indeed that the *primâ facie* argument is always on the side of railways. The villagers of the district through which it is proposed to carry one will dispose of their produce to greater advantage, by reason both of the increased facilities for sending it to market and of the increase in the number of those who will consume it on the spot. If, in addition to this, new kinds of industry are developed, and mines or factories spring up on the mountain-side or along the course of the streams, still larger commercial gains may be gathered in. Are there any considerations of sufficient force to outweigh these? In answer to this there are two things to be said. In the first place, the welfare of the particular district concerned is not the only point to be kept in view. It might conceivably be highly convenient to the inhabitants of Queen's Gate and Lancaster Gate to have a railway carried across the centre of Kensington Gardens. Mutual visits would be promoted, especially in bad weather, and a healthy competition might be created between the tradesmen in the two neighbourhoods. But no amount of local unanimity would avail anything against the general determination to retain Kensington Gardens for the benefit, not only of the bordering districts, but of the whole of London. If there is any part of Great Britain which can be said to be held in trust for the whole nation, it is the Lakes. It is the most generally accessible of the mountain districts, and notwithstanding all that has been done round Coniston and Ullswater, it is still the most unspoiled. What even mountain districts can become under certain combinations of industry and locomotion may be seen in parts of Yorkshire; and if the ascent of Helvellyn or Fairfield had to be begun amidst the smoke of chimneys, the roar of furnaces, and the shrieks of railway engines, the special charm of the Lake scenery would be gone. Much, no doubt, that is striking and beautiful would remain, for it would be long before even the most sanguine speculator would be tempted to reproduce the Rigi railroad on a smaller scale; but the seclusion and freshness of the valleys would be destroyed, and the enjoyment even of the mountains would be half neutralized by the annoyances clustered at their feet. We will not go the length of saying that there is no conceivable gain to the inhabitants of Rydal and Grasmere which would constitute a sufficient reason for depriving Englishmen of this means of escape from the irritating surroundings of town life, and especially of town life as it exists in the manufacturing districts, but the case made out ought to be one of very unusual strength. As a matter of fact, there is no ground to suppose that any case at all can be made out. The conversion of mountain valleys into theatres of mining or manufacturing industry may be a benefit to the country generally or to mankind, but it is a benefit which is usually conferred at the sacrifice of some of the comfort of the inhabitants. The question is not, therefore, whether the interests of the people of the Lake country are to be subordinated to the interests of those who visit it in their holidays. It is whether the interests of those who wish to make money out of the Lake country ought to be treated as paramount over those of other classes. There are circumstances, no doubt, which might make it necessary to carry on the railway from Windermere; but these circumstances should be strictly investigated and severely judged. The creation of another valley bristling with chimneys and machinery would be but a poor compensation for the loss of one of the few districts left in England in which really grand scenery is still uninjured by man. Of the first-kind of spectacle Yorkshire and South Wales have examples enough to offer. Of the last the number is now too small to make the destruction of any one of them a light matter.

It is not merely the substitution of one mode of locomotion for another that is involved in the extension of railways in the Lakes. If nothing but the conveyance of passengers were concerned, it might be possible so to construct the line as to prevent it from greatly disfiguring the country through which it passed. Much of the injury which has been inflicted in this way has been due not to the fact that a railway has been made so much as to the fact that it has been made in a particular way. A little deviation from the course actually taken, a little additional outlay in making a viaduct or embankment less conspicuous, or a bridge less ungraceful, even the simple expedient of planting an ugly wall with creepers, or hiding it with fast-growing trees, would often have made an immense difference. There has been great and culpable carelessness in this respect on the part of those have had the power to say whether a railway shall be made or not. It ought long ago to have been made the duty of some department of the Government to see that, wherever the Legislature is asked to confer additional powers of taking land, no needless injury shall be done to the scenery of the district through which the Company applying for these powers proposes to carry their line. Even in the absence of such a department, a Parliamentary Committee might insist on exacting proper security against the needless disfigurement of so exceptional a district as the Lakes. But in this case the railway is only a small part of the danger to be feared. The landowners in the interior of the Lake country are but human. They have their expenses, their embarrassments, their natural desires to increase their income or to lay up capital for their families; and if a railway is brought to their doors, it is certain that some of them will be induced to test the contents of the ground they own, in the hope that it may prove as rich in mineral wealth as the ground on the outskirts of the district has already proved. If it is urged that when this time arrives it will be soon enough to inquire how the destruction, so far as natural beauty is concerned, of a district in which, though it be not national property, the nation has a certain intelligible interest, can be prevented, it is enough to say that it will then be too late. Parliament must have greatly changed its nature before it interferes to hinder a landlord from doing what he will with his own land. If a man has a railway at his door there is no force, at least none that is likely to be brought into play, strong enough to prevent him from opening a mine in his field. Indeed, as the law stands now, there is no force strong enough to prevent him from so polluting the stream that flows through his land that it becomes loathsome alike to sight and taste. These things he can do without asking Parliament to help him, and with a reasonable certainty that Parliament, even if asked, will do nothing to hinder him. But so long as there is no railroad nearer than Windermere, Rydal Water is not likely to be invaded by either mines or mills, and as a railway cannot be made without the aid of Parliament, it is at this point that obstructives can most conveniently take their stand. We have guarded ourselves against being supposed to say that no more railways ought to be made in the Lake country. It is enough for our purpose if it is conceded that no more ought to be made without careful inquiry, without full consideration of the weighty arguments against their extension in this particular district, and without a preliminary recognition that a very much more imperative case ought to be made out for their prohibition in this particular district than in almost any other. So far as is yet known, no advantage that we do not already possess can be secured by prolonging the railway beyond Windermere; whereas it is evident that against any gain that may be realized by such prolongation must be set certainly the partial, and possibly the entire, destruction of scenes of natural beauty, and, by comparison, of unbroken solitude, which can never be reproduced. In the present condition of England this argument ought to have a strong influence on the Legislature which has to decide the question.

MEN OF THE WORLD.

THAT "the world is too much with us" is no doubt true, but in spite of our devotion to material things, very few of us acquire the first rudiments of the great art of living in the world. We quit life in lamentable ignorance of its simplest laws, and without even understanding the causes of our constant failure. What is called the wisdom of our ancestors seems to be here of very little avail, nor are there any pages of history which repeat themselves with such certain punctuality as those that record the persistent neglect of the most simple and enduring conditions of life. Men and women appear to acquaint themselves with the blunders of those who have gone before them, for no other end than that they may be able to commit them again; and this truth is now so widely recognized that we have invented a particular phrase to characterize the few who exhibit a better knowledge of the practical rules which govern existence. Men of the world

are, in fact, men who understand how to adjust their lives to the circumstances that surround and control them. They possess in a high degree that genius for the art of living which is so strangely denied to the greater number of their fellows, and they have the patience to study with due attention the facts which most men deem too simple and obvious for consideration. And although we may all claim to be men of this world, in so far as we have no present access to any other, there are but very few who possess the qualifications which give to the privileged class its special distinction. The majority of men need more than a life's experience to determine the exact balance between possibility and desire, whereas the man of the world, endowed with the art of living, leaps at once to the conclusion, and is prudent without the long education of failure. He is not a philosopher, because he has no theory to support or expound, nor has he the temper of those religious enthusiasts who look forward to some future recompense for present ills. On the contrary, his constant endeavour is to show by example that life may be endured without protest or rebellion, and to prove by patient acceptance of what is unalterable that the antagonism between man and his fate is not so bitter as others suppose. Taken in this highest sense, therefore, the term does not imply any kind of reproach. To do our duty in that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call us is indeed enjoined by the Catechism, and the man of the world only enlarges this precept of the Church in striving to make himself as much at home as possible on the earth on which he finds himself. Nor is it extraordinary that a person so gifted should be looked up to with respect, even by those who are cast in a very different mould. The most ideal beings are occasionally arrested by the inert force of dull facts, and in such straits they are naturally willing enough to seek aid from others who are well informed in material things, and to render a certain amount of homage to the man who, not being "above his place" in the scheme of creation, keeps an unshaken course by dint of a grave reserve of imagination and desire.

But even the soundest creed may be travestied, and the principles by which men of the world regulate their lives are specially susceptible of caricature. Among those who ape the distinction without possessing the qualities implied by the title two varieties have always been prominent. The first consists of persons who make a very little world of their own and then pride themselves upon understanding its conditions. They commit the original sin of mistaking Pentonville or Belgravia for the universe, and assiduously cultivate local wisdom which becomes the veriest folly when pushed beyond the narrow limits of their domain. They suppose that existence is depend[illegible] upon the due observance of the most trivial social rules, and they find in a reverent obedience to the latest etiquette a sufficient cure for all the maladies that overtake the soul. It makes but little difference in the essential character of this type whether it is found in the "upper ten" or the lower millions. In either case the pigmy individuality is about the same size, and whether it dictates the laws of life to the drawing-room or the kitchen matters absolutely nothing. With such a person the man of the world is often confused. The larger outlook over life is not distinguished from the quick insight into trivialities, and it is rashly concluded that, because a man knows exactly the most appropriate costume for the skating rink or a garden party, he therefore understands the eternal conditions of human existence. This type presents, of course, the extreme form of caricature. The second variety affects a more plausible appearance, and the radical imposture is not quite so easy of detection. He is not only a practical man, but a philosopher, and he is able to formulate the results of his experience for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. He professes to have endured in his time all the trials that overtake the most ideal beings, and to have collected a series of maxims which are to serve as a sure defence against all attacks of the rebellious spirit. No problems of the soul are deemed too great for his drivelling analysis. Life in its highest aspect is only the expression of a few trite proverbs which may be committed to memory like the rules in a Latin grammar. Once learned, these epigrammatic guides to conduct ought to serve for all the needs of human existence, and the man who cannot thrust his life into the narrow dimensions of this diminutive philosophy is a fool or a madman. It would of course render existence very easy if its profoundest principles could be set to the sort of droning music in which the philosophic man of the world delights. The art of living could then be acquired like a recipe for a pudding, and failure would always be attributable to the omission of some particular ingredient.

Within the limits of a single play Shakspeare has admirably personified these three varieties of human character. It was necessary for the full expression of Hamlet's nature that he should be brought into contact with the exponents of practical ideas, and accordingly the dramatist, with the utmost refinement of art, has relieved his essential unworldliness against different depths of the worldly character. So refined indeed is the first contrast that it holds within it an element of harmony. Between Hamlet and Horatio there is a close and enduring friendship—a friendship which is in truth based upon the most profound differences of nature. Horatio is the true type of the man of the world, but his worldliness is so noble and unseeking that it contrasts, without conflicting, with Hamlet's ideal vision. Hamlet is in himself the expression in art of the artistic attitude towards actual facts. He is no nearer to the world than a spectator of a play to the life which it symbolizes, and he is as incapable of carrying on the practical drama of life as the same spectator, if suddenly summoned from his place in the audience, would be of completing the unfinished action of the stage. His constant endeavour is to put himself outside the circumstances with which he is brought into contact, and to get far enough away from them to be able to measure their value and determine their drift. This, which he believes to be the necessary preliminary to action, renders him at last entirely powerless to act. At each step he is only carried further from the real world, and though his vision of it grows in distinctness, he becomes only the more incapable of altering or reshaping the fixed lines of the picture which rises before him. It is true that his fate combines with his character to keep him thus a mere spectator of actual life. With happier fortunes he might have gradually bridged over the gulf that separated him from the reality, and he had already by his love for Ophelia attempted to find an ideal pathway that should lead him beyond the confines of mere speculation; but on the very threshold of the new realm he is met by a crime that makes him shrink back with double recoil, while at the same time it compels him to terrible action. Side by side with this character we find the steadfast nobility of Horatio. Without a touch of what is sordid or selfish he nevertheless possesses the unfaltering grasp of facts and the sober reserve of feeling which mark the true man of the world. He bears himself gravely, but without cynicism or bitterness, as a man who has tutored himself to moderate desire by instinctive knowledge of the little that life has to offer. Shakspeare takes the earliest opportunity of showing the different realms which these two men inhabit, and their natural remoteness from one another. Horatio's incredulity about the Ghost, his terror in its presence, and his final array of precedents for such supernatural intervention are entirely characteristic of a man strong in contact with all the shapes of earth, but weak as soon as he ceases to feel the firm ground beneath his feet. And Shakspeare has made Hamlet both feel and express the support which such a character gives him. The speech in which he declares his admiration of Horatio may be taken to sum up the qualities that belong to the man of the world:—

> For thou hast been
> As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Hast ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please.

Those whose blood and judgment are so commingled are the only men fitted to grapple with life as it is. They are not lost in the trivialities of existence merely because they studiously limit their vision to what is possible, nor do they ever err so far as to mistake the petty rules of conduct for a divinely inspired philosophy.

Between Hamlet and Polonius the contrast is sharper and more abrupt. The man who could appreciate the worth and nobility of Horatio's character, notwithstanding its distance from his own, did not fail to detect the social charlatanism of the old courtier. Polonius is a type of the class of men who delight to translate a narrow wisdom into a still narrower philosophy. He holds a firm belief that the landmarks of human life are wise saws and trite proverbs, and his lamentable failure to understand all that lies beyond the trim garden of his own mind renders his philosophy, even at its highest point of wisdom, just a little short of the facts which it pretends to control. He begins by an endeavour to interpret the young Prince's nature. For a little while he indulges the belief that he knows both the source of the disease and its cure, and he gravely informs the King and Queen that he has discovered "the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy," proceeding afterwards, with a pompous decorum, to trace its growth through the different stages of sadness, fast, watching, weakness, and lightness. But, like all who suppose that practical wisdom is a mere store of neatly-garnered proverbs, Polonius is, throughout the whole drama, persistently at fault in his calculations. Notwithstanding his most laborious efforts to be wise, he is never in the centre of the situation, and is at last hurried out of life without even being permitted to indulge the kind of edifying death-bed scene that would so well have suited his ceremonious folly. He could have no part in the serious and awful climax towards which the drama was swiftly tending, and he is rightly despatched by the dramatist at the moment when he might have overheard things too great for his feeble soul to compass. But Shakspeare has reserved the most glaring contrast for the last. The pragmatic wisdom of Polonius has deceived many besides Claudius and the Queen, and his glib philosophy has been quoted with approval by all who suppose that "brevity is the soul of wit," and that the rules of life can be made a short lesson. Osric is a more evident caricature. He appears at a time when not even the true manhood of Horatio is of any avail to stem the fatal current of events, and when his precise triviality and elaborate devotion to fashionable etiquette cast a lurid light upon the principal action of the drama. Hamlet admirably hits off the qualities of the race of men who flutter upon the surface of society and pretend to a knowledge of the world. They have "got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out." Osric, in his antique costume, is perhaps scarcely recognizable by his fellows of the present day, who do not wear rapiers nor speak his particular dialect; but he is neither better nor worse than hundreds of every age who are accounted men of the world merely because they do not transgress the laws of the drawing-room. It is remarkable that Shakspeare has not endowed any of these characters with personal ambition. Horatio, Polonius,

and Osric have all an existence independent of the main action of the drama. They are not interested in the plot or its event, although they are prominent during its progress, and the contrast which they present with Hamlet is purely one of character uninfluenced by fortune. In other places Shakspeare has imaged for us men of the world whose control of facts is gained and exercised for private ends, and whose practical power is directed by ambition. Bolingbroke in *Richard II.*, and Octavius Cæsar in *Antony and Cleopatra*, are splendid examples of great power used with distinct purpose. But in *Hamlet* the dramatist has simply endeavoured to contrast differences of character without the antagonism which is begotten by opposing interests. Horatio was Hamlet's true friend to the last; Polonius was not less friendly in intent, and Osric's diminutive brain could not have held ambition.

SCIENCE AND MORALITY.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT has brought a sweeping indictment against men of science in these days which would perhaps scarcely require a serious answer if it stood by itself. It is important, however, as an indication of the mood and temper of a certain class of minds in regard to the course of modern science; and it may be well that scientific men should not ignore it, for it contains some degree of truth and warning. Mr. Herbert accuses modern science, and especially that branch of it which deals with physiology, of having practically repudiated all connexion with the moral side of civilization. The humour of science to-day, he says, is "to renounce all law higher than its own law, and all responsibility as to its influence, to adapt morality to its convenience, and to find an all-sufficient end in itself"; and this end, he suggests, is the gratification of a spirit of "fierce personal ambition," "the making of personal reputations." The question now is, as stated by Mr. Herbert, whether science is to exist for the world, or whether the world is to be counted as a huge field for scientific experiment. He pictures the men of science "undisturbed by knowledge or appreciation of what in its glorious history the human mind has thought and felt, with a faint pity for poet and prophet, for whom no science primers were written," giving themselves up in placid self-content to their special studies, "with the mental absorption of a child collecting his shells, or a Dutchman growing his tulips." The result has been that they have created around them "a moral chaos, the old landmarks and rules of life disappearing," and have heard on all sides "the cry of bewilderment from men and women," and yet they have done nothing to lighten the burden of the bewildered ones. And, looking into the future, Mr. Herbert sees ahead the "Nemesis of a suppressed life," "a race of men growing up with minds so far materialized that they can only conceive of the mechanical forces of society; their one cry of evangelization, public money and State patronage; their one literary ambition, the writing of another text-book; their one flight of fancy, a new method of getting rid of us when we are dead; their one system of conversion, repression; their one remedy for all social evils, the appointment of themselves as inspectors for life, independent of parish authorities." There is, we allow, some truth in this satire. Physical science is still comparatively in its infancy, and is not yet very closely associated with poetry, philosophy, or religion; and unfortunately the rude and arrogant tone which is occasionally adopted by some scientific teachers, not merely on their own subjects, but on others with which they have very little qualified to deal, no doubt tends to provoke the antagonism of sensitive and reverent minds. But the caricature is here exaggerated in a way that spoils its point, and betrays the inability of the caricaturist to appreciate the qualities of his subject. Mr. Herbert is known from his previous utterances to be not remarkable for the scientific precision of his language or the lucidity and coherence of his ideas; and nothing can be more natural than that he should fail to enter into the spirit of that kind of thought and knowledge which is based on cool research and cautious progress from fact to fact. In his bent of mind and way of looking at things the censor is completely opposed to the school which he attacks, and hence, while pointing out some of its defects, he is quite incapable of understanding its use and influence in other directions.

Mr. Herbert has, it seems, a special quarrel with the physiologists on the question of vivisection, and we need hardly say that to a great extent we should sympathize with him if we were sure of the truth of all the stories on the subject which have got about. The question, however, has been referred to a Royal Commission, which may soon be expected to report; and it is only reasonable to wait for the result of its inquiries before venturing on a decisive judgment. This is a point on which it may possibly prove that some of the men of science have been led astray; but, even admitting this, it is absurd to make it the ground of a sweeping accusation that science has renounced morality, and is, in fact, engaged in undermining it. It is only those who misinterpret the results of physical research who are thrown into a panic by them, and if these persons find themselves plunged into bewilderment and moral chaos, it can only be because they have previously had an insecure foundation for their opinions, or have misconceived the grounds on which they rested. What scientific study does is to clear the mind of cobwebs, to enable it to distinguish between facts and speculations, to teach cautious and scrupulous accuracy in research, and to inspire a more vivid and real interest in the processes of life in which we have a part. There is nothing here to disturb morality; but, on the contrary, there is much to strengthen and elevate it, by making men more thoughtful, and opening their eyes to aspects of the world to which they have hitherto been blind. Even on this question of humanity to animals it is not difficult to see how much the increasing interest which is taken in the scientific study of nature has done to check cruelty by simply teaching consideration. Thoughtless stupidity is at the bottom of nearly all cruelty to animals, as well as to man. At first an animal is regarded as a soulless brute, closely akin to a log or a stone, which has been provided for man's use in any way he chooses, and on which any tender consideration would be thrown away. The idea of any obligations on the part of men towards the brutes similar to those between man and his own kind is of slow and gradual growth. It is only when people begin to think what animals are, of their delicate and complex organization and sentient capacities, so closely akin in many respects to those of man, that any scruples about ill-using them spring up. We agree with Mr. Herbert that in such matters legislation can only help us within comparatively narrow limits, though it serves to mark the standard which is gradually being advanced. It is not so much by legal penalties as by the spread of education and intelligence that manners have been softened in regard to the treatment of animals; and it is by such means that the process will continue to be carried on. There is nothing which tends so much to shake up men's minds, to make them think what they are about, and what are their relations to things and creatures around them, as scientific research; and at the same time it imparts an interest to the animal kingdom beyond the gross instincts of mere sport. It is dulness of mind and want of imagination which chiefly lead men to take pleasure in putting animals to pain for purposes of sport. They must have some object in view in order to stimulate the exercise of their skill or courage, and they take the readiest to hand, without troubling themselves to think of the consequences to the victims. Bull-baiting, ratting, cock-fighting, badger-drawing have successively come under the ban of intelligent opinion. Nowadays almost the rudest Englishman can hardly help feeling instinctively uncomfortable if he passes a driver who is brutally lashing a horse, or a drover worrying an ox with his goad. It is not too much to hope that in the course of years the thoughtlessness which still permits cruelty in other directions will also give way to a humane consideration; and the more physical science becomes a popular study, the more likely is this to be the case.

Mr. Herbert explains that he has selected the men of science for attack in preference to the perpetrators of the commoner kinds of cruelty, because the former are "a greater force in the future of society" than the small boy who fishes with a worm in the Serpentine, or even the distinguished persons who wound and kill elephants for brief personal gratification; and he accordingly assumes that the apparent patronage of cruelty by eminent men of science is calculated to set it up in a respectable position, and to encourage the idea that man has only to think of his own convenience in dealing with animals. It seems to us that this is a very imperfect view of the distinction between the more vulgar forms of cruelty and the pain which is inflicted in scientific experiments of an honest kind; and Sir Henry Thompson's reply also leads to some confusion on the subject, for he discriminates in favour of the latter on the double ground that the amount of pain—we suppose he means in the aggregate—inflicted in experiments is infinitely less than in sport, and that it is inflicted, not for amusement, but for a high and useful purpose. It is on the latter ground alone that science can take its stand, and the more the question is simplified the easier it will be to form a judgment on it. For the reasons before mentioned, we have no intention of at present discussing this question: but we may point out that an important advance is made when the question is ripe for discussion, and when the issues are definitely framed. It would at least be a gain on the present state of things to have it laid down as a fixed principle that pain cannot be justifiably inflicted on animals except when it can be clearly shown to serve an important and necessary end which cannot otherwise be attained. Whether or not scientific vivisection comes within this category we are not just now concerned to argue; but it is evident that the recognition of this principle as the rule of conduct would go a long way to remove all doubt as to cruelties which are produced by sheer stupidity and thoughtlessness. When the point has been reached that a reason, and a good reason, must be given, rational humanity has made considerable progress, and we may hopefully look forward to the ultimate triumph of intelligent reflection. Here, again, physical science does good in putting a direct question in a plain manner, and cutting the ground from under vague phrases and hypocritical pretensions. In attacking the practices of cruelty, it is surely more reasonable to begin by exposing those which have no valid excuse at all than those which have at least a plausible excuse, though it may not approve itself to every human conscience. Whether vivisection, under careful regulation, is permissible to any extent or for any purpose, is a question on which people may hold different opinions; but it is only people who do not think at all who can have any doubt as to the propriety of such brutalities as otter hunting and some other sports, as well as of various ways of killing for food, in which torture is wantonly inflicted in order to gratify a caprice of the palate. Nothing can be more unfair in such a controversy than to ignore what has been done by science to check the spread of disease, and to alleviate human agony.

Those who wish to promote the humanizing process which has already made such good progress should remember how much has already been due to scientific enlightenment; while, on the other hand, it may be hoped that men of science will be more delicate in handling sensitive feelings and respectable prejudices than they have occasionally shown themselves in bringing forward such subjects as vivisection, cremation, and some others, before the public.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

THE United Law Students' Society has passed a resolution that "the importance to a young practitioner of acquiring the art of effective speaking cannot be valued too highly, and that such acquisition should be deemed an essential part of a legal education." This resolution may remind us of the old story of a rich, vulgar mother who, being told by a music-master that he found her daughter had not got a talent for music, answered, "Then I insist upon it that you goes and buys her one." It is much easier to show that the faculty of extempore speaking is useful to lawyers than to explain how it may be acquired. Young Englishmen, for the most part, are shy and awkward in addressing even a small and friendly audience, and can only with great difficulty make themselves heard and understood. It is one thing to supply words, and another to teach how to utter them; and, although rules and practice can do little for the former, they may help greatly towards the latter. At schools and colleges generally, and also at the proposed "School of Law," when it exists, much help might be given towards acquiring correct habits of reading and speaking. At most schools there is an annual "speech-day," and select passages of prose or poetry, scenes of plays, and even entire plays, are recited from memory on these occasions. Some parents perhaps think that time is wasted in getting up these performances, but that is a mistake. If the passages are well chosen, and if they are carefully studied and well delivered, there cannot be a more useful exercise. The mind is stored, and the body is trained. But if such exercise is useful, why should there be very little of it at school and none at all at college? At some colleges, indeed, there are prizes for reading in chapel, and these prizes are not always given for regular attendance at chapel, although that mode of selection has been sometimes adopted. But objection may be fairly taken to making the lessons for the day a mere vocal exercise, besides that the occasion is unsuitable for correcting faults and too brief for practice. There are, or were, in some colleges "declamations," chiefly formal, and, although the name of "wrangler" still survives at Cambridge, the thing which it represented has long since perished. Both at Cambridge and at the Inns of Court disputations which at one time were real, first became formal and then were abolished. Within twenty years the practice was for legal students to pass after dinner in Hall before the benchers of their Inn, and read from a paper put into their hands a sentence asserting or denying a woman's right under particular circumstances to dower. Almost within living memory an "Act" was kept at Cambridge in nearly the same way. The disputant was expected to repeat correctly one out of three propositions from Newton's *Principia*, and as the "Moderator" kindly repeated the same question until he got the proper answer, you were sure to come right at last, which was a great comfort to nervous gentlemen. This was surely the mildest form of "exercise" ever invented, and the usual compliment, "Bene et recte respondisti Domine," was cheaply earned. In course of time, perhaps, the absurdity of the performance became too much for the actors in it, and at any rate it was abolished, and thereby Cambridge confessed its inability to do that which the Law Students' Society now desires some "School of Law" to do—that is, to teach young men to discuss some question orally. Whether the question belongs to law, physical science, or divinity, matters little. You may easily put knowledge into a youth, while it shall be almost insuperably difficult to get any of it out of him. In a class there would probably be one or two talkers and many listeners, and the teacher in despair of getting the class generally to talk to him, would fill up the time by himself talking to the class. If this is a correct estimate of the prospects of what may be called a debating class, it seems to follow that improvement in debating power can only be gained by practice in voluntary associations where every member may speak in turn if he can, and no one is obliged to listen longer than he likes. The Law Students' Society exists, as we understand, for this among other purposes, and other Societies for the same purpose have long existed in which legal, political, and other questions are debated either with or without the illumination of tobacco, as the constitutions of the Societies, or of their members, may require. Although the Hall of Lyon's Inn is no longer available for this purpose, yet rooms, and speakers, and even listeners, may be found, and it may be doubted whether those who cannot learn to speak in this way could be taught by professors in a "School of Law." Many learned lawyers, and many useful members of Parliament, never acquire the art of speaking half-a-dozen sentences without painful effort on the part both of themselves and of those whom they address. Even perfect knowledge of their subject will not give confidence or facility, and it seems impossible to suggest any plan by which they could have been taught in youth to do that which at mature age is so hopelessly beyond them.

It may interest law students to know what a clergyman has to say as to the difficulties of extempore speaking and the means of overcoming it. In a little book called *The Speaker at Home* (George Bell and Sons), the Rev. J. J. Halcombe starts with the assumption that, for gaining the attention of a congregation, speaking is preferable to reading sermons. One reason for this is that, as Archbishop Whately has pointed out, the audience view the speaker as a swimmer supported by his own exertions, and if he escapes drowning, they admire his performance, especially if they feel that they could not do the same. But if the swimmer were supported by corks, the spectators would withdraw their interest, and an audience would be similarly affected by the appearance of a manuscript. The young clergyman is encouraged to attempt to swim without corks by several considerations. He may perhaps conclude that he has not sufficient fluency of speech from the fact of feeling a defect in ordinary conversation. But many successful orators have felt this same defect, and with some it has never been surmounted. Another apprehension is that of failure of subject-matter; but the clergyman is bidden to observe that the lawyer has seldom much difficulty in speaking, because he has always fresh facts and fresh arguments to convey to his hearers. This ought to encourage the lawyers. But a beginner may fear that he has no power of arranging his ideas in a clear argument, and it is allowed that the majority of men have no definite ideas at all, and this aspirant may be among the number. He cannot possibly convey to others that which he has not clearly conceived himself. But if he desires to acquire clearness of mind, he will have recourse to writing. We may remark that, in following this sensible advice, he will imitate some of the best speakers, who have written their speeches, not once only, but many times, although they never spoke them exactly as they were written. The aspirant who has overcome these apprehensions and begun to speak will get into the middle of a sentence and find himself unable to finish it grammatically. Under these circumstances he had better go on daringly to the end; and it is probably true that in speaking, as in other undertakings, boldness is one of the best qualities a man can have. The title of this little book seems to suggest that a man can learn to speak at home, but we do not think much of the plan of hearing oneself paraphrase a passage of Hume or Macaulay. A book addressed to young clergymen could hardly assume that they were married, but we may venture to remark that a wife would be better than no audience at all, although perhaps it scarcely comes within a wife's marriage vow to listen to her husband's speeches. The best plan is for a few young men to agree to speak and listen to one another in turn, or, in other words, to form a debating club. The advice often given to beginners to speak on every possible occasion would produce alarming results if oratory were generally cultivated. An eminent barrister used to say that his own rule was to make at least one speech on every circuit for himself, and this did him good and did nobody else harm, except that he perhaps wasted a little public time. The curate is advised to practise in lecturing to school classes, and when he first attempts to speak in the pulpit he should use a written sermon, with an extempore conclusion. It is suggested that the congregation may, under this arrangement, regard the contingency of his "breaking down" with composure. He may also adopt the plan of writing and learning by rote his peroration, which is always a safe, and generally an effective, plan. Dr. Chalmers practised this method largely when he spoke elsewhere than in the pulpit, but his sermons were mostly written. Macready records in his Diary how he composed and committed to memory speeches some of which did not come off.

Perhaps the best summary of what to do, and how to do it, is given in the words which this writer quotes from Cicero:—"Invenire quid dicas, inventa disponere, deinde ornare verbis, post memoriæ mandare, tum ad extremum agere ac pronuntiare." He probably did not mean that the whole speech must be committed to memory, but only the general scheme of it, and perhaps passages of special elaboration. This clerical commentator thinks that, "in the case of metaphor or simile," the power of memoriter speaking will be useful, as if a speaker does not wish to run the risk of getting hopelessly confused, he ought clearly to foresee where such figures of speech will lead him. The worst effect of this proceeding will be that which he predicts—namely, that the passage containing the metaphor or simile will be recited like a schoolboy's lesson, with an irresistibly ludicrous effect.

These suggestions are sensible as far as they go, but they rather confirm our original impression that a man must teach himself to speak, at least as regards finding and producing matter. As to management of voice and hands, there are many treatises, and some of them very absurd. The notion that one can learn to pronounce either one's own or any other language from a "pronouncing dictionary" seems unfounded. Young persons who commit to memory columns of "orthoepy" from one of these dictionaries deserve success in speaking, although we may doubt whether they will attain it. Left entirely to themselves, they would be quite as likely to get wrong in the orthoepical as in the orthographical division of the book. To learn tone and gesture from a manual is manifestly hopeless. But these may be taught either to an individual student or to a class, and systematic teaching on rational principles would be useful to clergymen, lawyers, and all others who have to speak, as well as to the great body of the public who have to listen. Sir Frederick Pollock told the Law Students' Society that he never had any instruction in speaking until long after he was called to the Bar, and then he owed it to the circumstance that

he happened to be a friend of Macready, who gave him a few simple rules. That accomplished actor probably understood his business too well to believe in manuals of elocution, and it may be usefully observed that his pupil Mr. Ryder equally undervalues what may be called "writing about" speaking. In reading, says Mr. Ryder in his *Ten Simple Rules*, "all answers to questions must be given in a different tone of voice to that of their interrogations." This may be compared to Macready's precept "to speak to the furthest person in the room." Such rules are easily understood and remembered, and may be practised without risk of going wrong. A person who had never heard either of them before, and who undertook to read, say, the familiar quarrel-scene between Brutus and Cassius at a Penny Reading, would enormously improve his delivery by attending to them. If it be said that people ought not to need to be told such obvious things as these, we answer that people do need it. But manuals generally attempt too much, and are apt to cause worse errors than they cure. We can hardly conceive a more ludicrous spectacle than that of an ambitious and self-confident youth who had instructed himself in oratory from a manual.

TRAÜ.

VISITORS to Spalato—and we will assume, at least in courtesy, that Spalato has visitors—should, if possible, not fail to pay a visit to Traü. To most readers the very name will doubtless be strange. Yet Tragurium is an old city, a city old enough to be named by Polybios, to say nothing of later Greek and Latin writers. As in countless other cases, many readers may have passed by the name without any notice at all; others may have turned to the map, and, having once found Tragurium, may have presently forgotten that Tragurium was anywhere recorded. The case may be different with those who carry on their studies so far as to have dealings with the Imperial topographer from whom we learn so much about the Dalmatian cities. In Constantine Porphyrogenitus the name of the city has got lengthened into Τετραγγούριον, and we are told that it was so called *διὰ τὸ εἶναι αὐτὸ μικρὸν δίκην ἀγγουρίου*. We are not ashamed to confess that the word *ἀγγουρίου* gave us no meaning whatever, and that we had to turn to our dictionary to find that *ἀγγούριον* means a water-melon. But where the point of likeness is between the town of Trau and a water-melon, and why the name should have been lengthened, so as to suggest, if anything, the notion of four water-melons, we are as much in the dark as before. Those therefore who have made acquaintance with the city in the shape of Τετραγγούριον will have a chance of keeping it in their minds. But with those who light only either on Tragurium or on Traü, it will most likely happen as most commonly happens with places which play no great part in general history. The name passes away as a mere name, till something happens to clothe it with a special meaning. Salona the parent and Spalato the child are names which never can become meaningless to any one who has a decent knowledge of the history of the world. But the name of Tragurium, Traü, will probably always be purely meaningless, save to those whom anything may have led to take a special interest in Dalmatian matters. Tragurium has a history—no place is without one—but its history is purely local and Dalmatian. As far as one can venture to judge, the great course of human affairs would have been much the same if Tragurium had never become a city. But there it stands, and, as it stands, its position, its buildings, even its local history, combine to give it no small interest. They make it no contemptible appendage even to the famous spots in its immediate neighbourhood. Whatever was its origin, Tragurium became a Roman town, and it was one of those places on the Dalmatian coast which so long and steadily clave to their allegiance to the Eastern Cæsars. As the Byzantine power declined, the town was disputed between the Kings of Hungary and the commonwealth of Venice, and once at least it is said to have felt the hand of Saracen plunderers. By each of the Christian powers by which it was disputed it was won and lost more than once, till it finally became Venetian in 1420. Perhaps the point of greatest interest in these dates is that Traü was a Hungarian possession at the time of the building of its cathedral church in the thirteenth century. It is said to have points of likeness to other great Hungarian churches of the same date.

The approach to Traü is a speaking commentary on the state of things in days when no one but the lord of a private fortress could be safe anywhere except within a walled town. The road from Spalato to Traü goes through Salona, through the heart of the ruined city, and keeps on alongside of the bay, with the water on one side and the mountains on the other. This road passes through the district of the *castelli*, forts with surrounding villages which various lords, spiritual and temporal, held by a feudal tenure of the Serene Republic. It was under the oligarchy of Venice as it was under the democracy of Athens. A private fortress in either city was unheard of; neither Dêmos nor the Council of Ten would for a moment have endured the existence of such towers as we still see at Rome and at Bologna. But in the outlying possessions of either commonwealth greater licence was allowed. Alkibiadês had his private forts in the Thracian Chersonêsos, and a string of Venetian nobles and subjects of the Republic were allowed to have their private forts along the shores of the bay of Salona. When at last we reach Traü, we see further how needful it was, even in the case of a walled town, to plant it in the position best suited for defence. Traü, now at least, belongs to the class of island cities. At the point where the large island of Bua comes nearest to the mainland, a small island lies between it and the shore, leaving only a narrow channel on each side, spanned in each case by a bridge. But the language of the Emperor who likens the city to a water-melon might suggest the idea that the site was once, not insular, but peninsular. Constantine places his Τετραγγούριον on a small island, but the small island has a neck like a bridge which joins it to the mainland (*μικρόν ἐστι νησίον ἐν τῇ θαλάσσῃ, ἔχον καὶ τράχηλον ὅσος τῆς γῆς στενώτατον δίκην γεφυρίου, ἐν ᾧ διέρχονται οἱ κατοικοῦντες ἐς τὸ αὐτὸ κάστρον*). This somewhat contradictory way of speaking sounds as if, as in the case of some other peninsular cities, a narrow isthmus had been cut through. In the Peutinger Table too, "Ragurio" is made distinctly peninsular. Now, however, at least the likeness of a bridge is exchanged for the reality; the island is an island, and on this island is built the main part of the city of Traü. A small part only spreads itself on to Bua, where it begins to climb the hills, though it goes up only a very little way, by paths almost as rugged as though they were in Montenegro. This outlying part, which contains two churches, may pass as a suburb, a *Peraia*; for Bua may reckon as a mainland when compared with the neighbouring islet, and the real mainland of Dalmatia seems to have been carefully avoided by the builders of Tragurium. The view in Wheler would give no one any idea of the size of Bua, any more than the Peutinger Table would give any idea of its position. But Wheler's view well brings out the relative positions of mainland, islet, and island, and it shows how strongly Traü was fortified in his day. Such a site as this was a valuable one in days when security was the main object; but it hardly tends to prosperity in modern times, and Tragurium must be reckoned among the cities whose day is past. While Spalato is putting on the likeness of a busy modern town, Traü has nothing to show but its ancient memories.

Traü, as we now see it, is indeed an old-world place. Owing to its peculiar position, the fashion of narrow streets, common to all the Dalmatian towns, is here carried to an extreme point. Indeed the crooked alleys through which the visitor has to thread his way, and the dark arches and vaults under which he has to pass, give the place a Turkish rather than a Venetian look. The explorer of Trau might almost fancy himself at Trebinje. One wonders how the Tragurians manage to live; it is only on the quay and in the open place by the cathedral that there seems room to breathe. Yet, uninviting as the streets of Trau are in their general effect, they are far from being void of objects of interest. As elsewhere in Dalmatia, we ever and anon light on ornamental doorways and windows. In Trau some of these show better forms than those of the familiar Venetian Gothic; one or two windows are in style, whatever they may be in date, genuine Romanesque. Of the Venetian defences some considerable portions remain; close by the water, at the south-western point of the smaller island, is a castle bearing the badge of St. Mark, whose chief feature is a tower of irregular octagonal shape, singularly and ingeniously vaulted within. Of civic buildings the chief is the Venetian *loggia*, now dirty and uncared for. But it still keeps at its east end what at first sight seems like an altar, dedicated, not to the Evangelist, but to his lion, but which really marks the judgment-seat of the representative of the Republic in Traü. The building was repaired over and over again, the last renovation dating early in the seventeenth century; but it keeps a colonnade which, whenever it was put together, was put together out of materials of far earlier date. One column has a Corinthian capital which seems closely akin to those in Diocletian's peristyle; another capital is covered with rich foliage of a type rather Byzantine than classical. And on either side of the *loggia*, one of them utterly hidden from view, the other proclaiming itself as the main ornament of the town, stand the two most important ecclesiastical buildings of Trau.

The chief architectural ornament of the city is undoubtedly the formerly cathedral, now only collegiate, church. This is a work of the thirteenth century, with a stately bell-tower—one only of two that were designed—of the fourteenth or fifteenth. The inscription on the southern doorway gives 1215 as its date—one on the great western doorway names 1240 as its date, and Radumnus as its artist. Looked at from the outside, the style is of the best and most finished kind of Italian Romanesque, and we have here, what is by no means uncommon in Dalmatia, an example of the late retention of the forms of that admirable style. The tower palpably belongs to a later date, as it shows the distinct forms of the Venetian Gothic, though, as usual in Dalmatia, in a not unpleasing form. Eitelberger quotes an inscription which gives the date as 1321, while in his text he speaks of it as 1421, just after the Venetian capture of the town. And the course of Italian, and specially of Dalmatian, architecture is so capricious, forms are found at dates when one would so little have looked for them, that we really cannot undertake to decide between the two. The inside of the church is striking, with its round arches resting on massive square piers of German rather than Italian character, and with its clerestory and vault, in which the round and pointed arch are struggling for the mastery. The pulpit, the stalls, and other fittings are also striking in many ways, and the triapsidal east end shows us a rather simple Romanesque style in all its purity. But the glory of Traü is at the other end. The stately *loggia* veils the still more stately western doorway, in which, if the purity of the architectural style is somewhat forsaken, we forgive it for the richness and variety of its sculpture. The Scriptural scenes in the tympanum, the animal forms, the statues

of Adam and Eve, the crouching turbaned figures—some call them Turks, some merely Morlacchi—the strange blending together of sculpture and architectural forms, make together a wonderful whole, none the less wonderful because it is clear that everything is not exactly in its right place, but that there has been a change or removal of some kind at some time. The details of this splendid doorway, and of the church in general, must be studied in the elaborate memoir of Eitelberger, which, with its illustrations, goes further than most memoirs of the kind to make the building really intelligible at a distance. But the *duomo* is not all that Trau has to show in the way of churches. Two smaller churches of purer Romanesque than itself stand in its near neighbourhood. The little church of St. John Baptist, save that it has a square east end, is a model of a small Romanesque outside, and just beyond the Venetian loggia is the little desecrated church of St. Martin, now called St. Barbara, one of those domical buildings on a small scale of which we have seen other varieties at Zara and at Spalato. A walk outside the walls in the direction of the Venetian castle leads to other churches, one of which, attached to a house of Dominican nuns, surprises the visitor, like the ruined chapel of the Gaetani by the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, by its almost English look. A few hours may well be spent in examining the antiquities of this strange little island city, and in taking in the varied views of land and sea which are to be had alike from the lofty bell-tower and from the higher ground on Bua. The journey back again gives us objects which have become familiar to us, but which are now seen in a reverse order. We mark the ever shifting outlines of the hills, the islands and the bay which they surround, the ruins of fallen Salona, Clissa on its peak, the stream of Giadro, the aqueduct of Diocletian, till we again mount and descend the little hill on the neck of the isthmus, and find ourselves once more under the shadow of the palace-walls of Spalato and of the bell-tower which soars so proudly over them.

ULTRAMONTANE SUPERSTITIONS IN FRANCE.

WE had occasion to refer cursorily the other day to the startling development of Ultramontane superstition in France of late years. But the phenomena of this kind are at once so marvellous, so abundant, and so unimpeachably well-vouched, that it may be worth while to recur to the subject a little more in detail. First, however, it must be premised that, even when such facts or utterances as we are about to specify do not—as they often do—rest on direct episcopal authority, they may claim at the very least the fullest tacit sanction of ecclesiastical authority. It is a common boast and, *ceteris quantum*, a just one, with Roman Catholic controversialists, that the discipline of their Church is incomparably stricter and more effective than that of other religious communions, and notably of the Church of England. But it follows from this that, while the vagaries of individual clergymen on the one side commit nobody but themselves, the public teaching of Roman Catholic priests—and still more of large numbers of them, and for a long time together—does, if unrebuked, distinctly compromise their superiors. If, for instance, the favourite indictment of Ultramontane assailants of the Church of England is a fair one when they urge that, whatever High Churchmen may say about her formularies, the deeply ingrained ultra-Protestantism of the majority of her members can only arise from a long course of ultra-Protestant teaching on the part of her ministers, it is an obvious retort that the deeply ingrained superstitions prevalent among French Catholics—for we will confine ourselves for the present to France—must have a similar origin. And what gives double force to such a retort is the very circumstance which such reasoners are never tired of insisting on, that there is within the Roman fold an absolute unity of teaching as of faith. To say that, if a Catholic wants to know what he is to believe, he has only to ask the next priest he meets, is a very common way of asserting the contrast between the certainty of Catholic and the hopeless doubt and variety of Protestant belief. Be it so; then it is a matter of some interest to ascertain what a very large, and by far the most influential, portion of the French priesthood proclaim from the housetops to their disciples, often with the express sanction, always with something more than the connivance, of their bishops. The Abbé Michaud, in his recent work on *The Present State of the Roman Catholic Church in France*, classifies these religious eccentricities under the head of "pilgrimages, apparitions, miracles, revelations, prophecies," &c., and supplies copious illustrations of what he means. We can only find room for a few specimens here, partly culled from his pages, partly from elsewhere.

As to pilgrimages, M. Michaud fills a whole page with the mere names of some of the principal pilgrimage places in France, and we learn from another source that the *Almanach du Pèlerin* for this year announces no less than one hundred and twenty different pilgrimages in France and Belgium for 1876. The same annual counts upwards of three million pilgrims in 1873. This is probably a great exaggeration; for we find, *e.g.* that in 1872, when the Ultramontane journals spoke of 100,000 pilgrims to Lourdes, the accounts of the Railway Companies only bore witness to 10,000. And this number too is swelled by those who treat the pilgrimage as a party of pleasure, and take advantage of the opportunity of visiting at a reduced fare what the advertisements often take care to describe as very picturesque spots. Still the number of pilgrims is very considerable. These pilgrimages are mainly the work of the Jesuits, and have received the express approval of Pius IX., who declares them to mark the opening of a new era. They are, of course, generally, as in the case of Lourdes and La Salette, connected with apparitions and miracles, resting often on the evidence of children or persons of doubtful character, who are got out of the way if they seem likely to prove troublesome. Thus the witness of an apparition of the Virgin at Mulhouse in 1873 is now in prison for breach of trust. A Life has just been published of Maximien Giraud, the boy who testified to the La Salette apparition, and who died last year, in which he is said to have adhered constantly to his original statement to the last. It is not said that he confessed to the Curé of Ars that it was a pure invention, or that for several years he was living at Paris with an actress, in a parish where there was actually an image of him, as a kind of saint, erected in the parish church. Let us give an instance of the testimony on high authority to the efficacy of Lourdes water, taken from a paper in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. It is a formal document issued by the Latin Bishop of Anthedon, and countersigned by his metropolitan, the Bishop of Mohilev in Russia. The Bishop states that, being ill of dropsy, he drank the Lourdes water daily for two months, "without however neglecting the prescribed medical remedies," and was gradually cured. The writer who quotes this not inaptly observes that it reminds one of Mrs. Nickleby's cure of a bad cold which came on at Christmas and yielded by the middle of the next April to a steady application of hot water, "with a pound of salt and sixpen'orth of bran in it," to her feet every night, which (to her as to the Bishop of Anthedon) "seems quite a miracle, when you come to think of it." It is satisfactory to know that the little capsules authenticating the Lourdes water are sold separately, and can therefore be attached to any bottles—whether they convey the miraculous virtue is not explained. All prelates, however, do not seem to share the Bishop of Anthedon's personal confidence in the miracles he authenticates. M. Michaud tells us that the Bishop of Grenoble, in whose diocese La Salette is situated, prefers himself to resort to the waters of Vichy. Another testimony to the efficacy of the Lourdes water is too remarkable to be passed over:—

"C'était il y a quelques années. L'embranchement de Lourdes à Pierrefitte n'était pas encore terminé. Des soldats que Barèges avait guéris laissèrent au chef de gare de Lourdes leurs bequilles, dont ils n'avaient plus que faire. Celui-ci les jeta dans un coin. Un jour, un missionnaire qui desservait la chapelle de Lourdes, les aperçut.—Que faites-vous de ces bequilles? dit-il au chef de gare. Rien; ce n'est bon qu'à être jeté au feu. — Donnez-les-moi — Prenez-les. Ces bequilles sont aujourd'hui suspendues à la voute de la grotte de Lourdes, et témoignent de la vertu de ses eaux miraculeuses! *Sic vos, non vobis!* On a beau savoir d'où elles viennent, n'importe! ce spectacle fait impression! tant de bequilles! et l'on s'agenouille!"

It is not wonderful under the circumstances that a week never passes, during the pilgrimage season scarcely a day, without some new miracle. Demand and supply naturally react on each other.

We do not care to enter here on the *cultus* of the Sacred Heart, to which we had occasion to refer a year or two ago in connexion with the pilgrimage to Parray-le-Monial. But, whatever theological defence may be urged for this method of devotion in the abstract, there can hardly be two opinions as to the worship of the Sacred Heart of Mary, which appears to be supplanting it in France, and still less about the worship of the Sacred Heart of St. Joseph, which, we are sorry to say, is an English importation, invented, as the *Universe* admiringly assures its readers, by Dr. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford. There is something, however, still stranger than this, which Montalembert not unnaturally denounced as "idolatry," and which recalls, if it does not exceed, the *præsens divus habebitur* of the latest and worst days of the old Roman Empire. Cardinal Manning has been eloquent in his exposure of "Cæsarism"; we do not defend it, but what is to be said of Papism? We quoted the other day the astonishing language of Mgr. Bertoaud, Bishop of Tulle, preached and published, as to the exclusive and confidential relations subsisting between the First Person of the Holy Trinity and the Pope, so that when the Roman Pontiff speaks it is something "higher (*plus haut*) than when Christ speaks." This *culte*, like that of Lourdes and La Salette, has also its legendary and miraculous support. Here, for instance, is a striking narrative of events not generally known, which is communicated to the public by the French *Almanac of the Friends of our Holy Father, Pius IX.* The English Protestant Governor of Malta, we are told, gave a dinner of fifty-four courses in honour of the new (Roman Catholic) Bishop, at which he proposed the health of "that great and incomparable man, Pius IX., who is still the most powerful monarch in the world," adding that he had been honoured with an audience by his Holiness, and was "struck with veneration and admiration in presence of that sovereign and Holy Pontiff, the greatest man on earth." The guests in their turn were, it is said, "extremely struck" with these words, which was followed by the Hymn to Pius IX. On the other hand, a profane person who in mockery called his dog Pius IX., while playing with the animal, was so severely bitten that after a few minutes he expired. So close is the affinity between the Pope and the Immaculate Virgin that during last April three miraculous pictures of her, at different places in Italy, moved their eyes and worked miracles in token of her resolve to discharge with interest the debt incurred to him for his proclamation of December 1854; and, on a Lourdes medal presented to his Holiness by the Bishop of Tarbes, she is represented as saying to him, "Whosoever will glorify me, I will

glorify him" (1 Sam. ii. 30). We are also informed—correctly enough this time, no doubt—that Pius IX. has himself crowned more miraculous images of the Madonna than all his predecessors put together. From the same authority we learn that the Bishop of Digne and the superiors of the seminaries of that diocese testify to the miraculous cure of a young novice who was dying of disease in the spinal marrow, but who, on receiving a piece of the Pope's cassock, kissed it, saying, "Pius IX. will be my salvation," and four days afterwards recovered, on the very day the Pope had telegraphed his blessing to the community. Elsewhere an old man of eighty, who was dying, was restored by having a portrait of the Pope laid on his heart and lips by his son, who made "an act of faith in the prerogative of the Vicar of Christ." Still more revolting—not to say blasphemous—is the systematic adaptation to the Pope of forms of devotion in general use addressed to our Lord. Thus the "Stations of the Cross," a very common devotion in Roman Catholic churches in honour of the Passion, have been turned into *Chemin de la Croix de Pie IX.* We can only find room for a few of the "Stations." In the sixth, where St. Veronica wipes the Saviour's face, which is impressed on her handkerchief (a legendary incident itself, though not devoid of allegorical significance), we find the Blessed Virgin rewarding Pius IX. for decreeing her Immaculate Conception, by granting him long life and infallibility. In the eleventh Pius is forced to ascend the Cross, since which time a mysterious darkness, moral and religious, has overspread the earth; but, it is added, "Has one bitter word ever come down from that Cross? Has any one ever heard a single complaint? *No, never!*" We can only say that, if so, there must be a general conspiracy among all reporters of the speeches and Allocutions of Pius IX. for the last five years, Ultramontanes included, to falsify the text. It is the natural result of this that, in the fourteenth Station, when Christ is laid in the grave, "Pius IX. is confined in the living tomb of the Vatican, shut in by the stone of universal suffrage." It is hardly a figure of speech to call this sort of devotion "idolatry."

One little anecdote from this same *Almanach des Amis de N. S. P. le Pape* we must subjoin, in illustration of the standard of historical accuracy maintained in these pious publications, even when there is no question of miracles. It has a further interest as the hero of the story is a countryman of ours, who, we may be sure, has not sanctioned the strange liberties taken with his name. Father Rowe, of the London Oratory, formerly a member of Trinity College, Cambridge, became a convert, we believe, about twenty-five years ago. Here is the Almanac's account of his conversion. He formerly held the Professorship of Theology at Cambridge for two years. One day he was in the library of the College (Cambridge College apparently) with twelve young doctors, when it suddenly occurred to them to force open a long disused door at one end of the room. It opened into a dark chamber containing a number of theological works (the titles of which are not specified), which they at once began studying, and found therein conclusive proof of the exact identity in every particular of the present Roman Catholic Church with the Church of the Apostolic age. They accordingly threw up the University and the Established Church and their incomes, averaging at least ten thousand francs, and came over in a body to Rome. When contemporary history is written after this fashion, we cease to wonder at such travesties as Rohrbacher and other Ultramontane writers manufacture of Church history in the past. Meanwhile, amidst an entire absence of any syllable of warning against the popular superstitions, except from Mgr. Dupanloup, another French prelate, Mgr. de Ségur, whose works enjoy the express approbation of the Pope, publishes a solemn warning against the claim to scrutinize and judge those Papal utterances which do not touch on faith and morals, thus making a clear sweep of the main argument of Dr. Newman's Reply to Mr. Gladstone. We will merely add, in conclusion, though we do not propose to dwell on the point in detail here, that this abject superstition, whether sincere or not, is unfortunately not associated with any peculiar holiness of life. It is often and plausibly argued that the Ultramontanes, however mistaken, are at least the party of goodness and piety in the Church. M. Michaud gives abundant evidence, supported by chapter and verse, for demurring to this estimate. That the law of celibacy is frequently violated in France, both by secular priests and members of religious orders, male and female, and in ways which have drawn on the offenders the penalties of the law, is not merely stated, but proved in detail. This sort of procedure has even got the name of *Dufourisme*, from the case of a Jesuit named Dufour, which came before the courts in 1872. The crimes of the Christian Brethren, who have an immense number of schools under their management, cannot be more than hinted at. But we may cite the unimpeachable testimony of a circular issued by their own General Superior in 1861:—

> Si jusqu'à ce moment il nous a semblé utile d'indiquer le mal à mots couverts, aujourd'hui de tels ménagements ne peuvent plus être gardés, vu la gravité des circonstances et les faits déplorables qui se produisent presque successivement. Vous le savez, un certain nombre de sujets de notre Congrégation et de plusieurs autres sont dans les fers: la justice informe sur quelques autres; le scandale est semé comme à pleines mains.

The legal reports supply only too much evidence that matters have not improved since. We do not say that some allowance is not to be made for those who may discover too late that they have placed themselves under an intolerable yoke; but, whatever such a plea may be worth, it tells with intensified force against the institution of compulsory celibacy, which is thus made to bear the brunt of the indictment. But that institution, like the strange medley of extravagance and fraud on which we have been commenting, rests on the authority of the supreme and infallible Pontiff.

A FRIENDLY POLITICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have all of us very different ideas of our hereditary lawgivers. In the eyes of some they occupy the position of the gods in Lucretius; nor are our joys and sorrows taken cognizance of by them. It is only at times that they are as other men—are excited by passions, are led astray by envy or by gout. If ever it was necessary for them to show to the admiring world their calm serenity and unruffled dignity, now is the moment. In two or three weeks they will have to receive among them a batch of respectable country gentlemen, whose familiarity with horses and the things pertaining unto horses has fitly pointed them out for an hereditary seat. Alas! that the Lucretian gods should leave Olympus and descend into the hubbub of public life, or allow the petty details of electioneering matters to trouble their peace. Even a still lower depth than this is reached when the country newspapers chronicle their correspondence, and their private affairs become a topic of conversation for Philistines and critics. Lord Forester, whose succession to the title on the death of his brother, rather more than a year ago, caused a vacancy in the representation of Wenlock, addressed a meeting of his old constituents some time last month, and was rash enough to say in his speech that he would relate an anecdote. In England, where all things are remembered, it is almost unnecessary to say that Mr. Brown, one of the present members for Wenlock, gained his seat in 1868, kept it in the election of January 1874, and supported Mr. Lawley in his contest with Mr. Forester (the present Conservative member for the borough) in the following October. We return to the anecdote, and remark incidentally that great encouragement should be given to this mode of oral teaching, which since the days of Sydney Smith has fallen so sadly into disuse:—

> In the summer of 1873 I was walking up St. James's Street, London, and met Lord Wenlock, whom I addressed as follows, after asking him after Lady Wenlock. I said: "There must be a general election soon, this year, perhaps, when I hope you will give the Father of the House of Commons your support, as I do not think our views differ so widely." Well, gentlemen, what do you think was Lord Wenlock's reply? It was this: "Why should we not join and turn out that Radical Brown?" to which I said: "No, Lord Wenlock, all I ask the constituency of Wenlock for is my own seat, and having represented them since 1328, or forty-six years, I am not going to betray my friends who have always when I have wanted them been found staunch to me and the cause I represent."

Lord Forester went on to say that in Mr. Lawley's address, written, he had no doubt, or supervised, by Lord Wenlock, he found a paragraph stating that he, Mr. Lawley, hoped to co-operate with the present excellent member Mr. Brown. Hence these tears. When Lord Forester's nephew contested the seat against Lord Wenlock's son, the Radical Brown became an excellent member.

The next stage on which the anecdote enters may teach us the enormous difficulty of writing history. May Mr. Freeman and Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Green, should they ever embark upon a short history of St. James's Street, lay the lesson to heart. What is called a correspondence ensues, and Lord Wenlock writes to say:—

> Dear Forester,—I see a report of a speech of yours at Madeley, wherein you say that in 1873 'I made an offer to coalesce with you to turn out that Radical Brown' from the representation of Wenlock. I must say that I think that, either intentionally, or unintentionally, you have misrepresented any words which may have passed between us. I distinctly affirm that not only did I never make such a proposal, but I never dreamed of the possibility of such a coalition taking place. I have never forgotten a conversation which took place at Lord Methuen's dinner table, on July 10th, 1867, when, in the presence of Lord Craven and several other guests, you proposed to me that our families should unite to divide the representation of the borough, and in reply to your offer I said "I'll see you d—d first."

More material for a private history of the century is given us. Here we have another anecdote, shocking as it is to us. The Lucretian gods never said such things. We know a lady who, on being asked whether she had ever heard the condemnatory word above, confessed to having once seen it with an asterisk; but here its naked simplicity is but slightly veiled by the omission of some of its letters. If we remember rightly, it was *Wuthering Heights* that first excited the horror of the British public by an unveiled use of the word we are commenting upon. This is an age of private enterprise and interest in private gossip, and we propose to print our recollections of men whom we have heard called —— fools in St. James's Street and its neighbourhood, issuing at the same time a few copies on vellum with the word —— *in extenso* for clubs and amateurs. We have little doubt that it will be the literary feature of next season. We return to the correspondence, for Lord Forester shares our horror, having never heard the wicked word:—

> Dear Wenlock,—It is quite correct, I did make a speech at Madeley, in which I mentioned your name, and stated a conversation that took place between us in the month of June or July, 1873. I never said you made a direct offer to coalesce with me 'to turn out the Radical Brown.' What you said was in reply to a question put by me, asking for your support at the approaching dissolution. Your reply not being "Yes or no," but in the Irish fashion of asking another question, "Why should we not join, and turn out that Radical Brown?" This is my impression of the conversation. I am sorry it has annoyed you, but I cannot retract. With regard to the other conversation you state took place on the 10th of July, 1867, at Lord Methuen's dinner table, I have not *the slightest recollection*, which I think I

must have if you made use of the same language in reply to my then proposition, which you do in your letter of the 23rd of December, as it is not the language used in the society I am in the habit of frequenting.

Yours truly,
FORESTER.

It is a comfort to think that there is such a thing still left to us as good society, and that Mr. Sturt's susceptibilities will not be wounded by profane jests or double meanings when he moves into the Upper House. One more letter closes the controversy, and the battle of the gods ends, with an appeal to the public "through the medium of the press":—

Dec. 29, 1875.

DEAR FORESTER,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 28th inst., and I accept your disclaimer made in that letter, viz., that "I never made a direct offer to coalesce with you to turn out the Radical Brown." At the same time I cannot accept your version of our conversation in St. James' Street as a correct one. As your recollection seems to have failed you about the incident in 1867, to which I drew your attention (which I confess has left a stronger impression upon me than it has upon you), I cannot but think that your memory may be equally treacherous as to the details of the conversation you refer to. You allude, in your letter, to the society which you are in the habit of frequenting. I leave it, therefore, to your own sense of propriety to decide whether you think that society would deem it right for you to repeat, at the end of two years and a half, a conversation which could not but be considered a private one between two gentlemen.

With regard to the allegation which you make in your speech that I supervised, if I did not actually write, my son's address to the Electors of Wenlock, I beg to say that I never saw it until after it was published.

I remain, yours truly,
The Lord Forester. WENLOCK.

What a shocking state of things is here revealed! Are we not now a perfect people, recording our votes always in favour of the candidate who possesses the highest moral and intellectual qualifications, and unbiassed by party politics or social considerations? Have we not passed two Reform Bills, and do we not contemplate a further enfranchisement of the enlightened agriculturist? Yet in 1867, and in 1873, in the midst of us, propositions, we will not say appear to have been made, but appear to have given others the impression that they were made, which strike at the root of our independence. It is a fitting theme for "the Radical Brown" to descant upon, and he should be escorted to the House on its opening by twenty Amalgamated Associations, whose resolutions might terrify the Government, and open the way for indefinite permissive legislation.

It is difficult to see what object is served by the publication of a correspondence such as this. We wonder from what *bema* the Father of the House of Commons uttered his virtuous sentiments. Was it from the steps of Brooks's or the window of Boodle's? His knowledge of this sad world might have led him to know that, if you ask a favour from a political opponent, you will be expected to return it in kind. In these days men tie the ladder very securely before they help another man up it.

We fear that all this excitement will be more than Shropshire can bear. Nature has done more for that respectable county than its inhabitants. Its recesses have at times afforded a shelter for types of life to which modern civilization is hostile, and Shrewsbury can boast of having returned to Parliament Jack Mytton, no doubt the last squire who ever wrote the word d——d without a line or an asterisk. Nothing, however, will tend to enliven the county or quicken its senses more than a few altercations carried on in the public newspapers. If the candidates for the Northern Division will only repeat all the private conversations they have listened to, and publish them in the form of a pamphlet with a preface by Lord Forester, the wits of the Salopian electors will be preternaturally sharpened, and they will be able to understand within a fortnight the differences that divide the Whigs and Conservatives on the Land question, and to estimate the conscientious scruples which will affect Mr. Disraeli in his treatment of the Burials Bill. Should this result not be attained, they will at any rate have a supply of dirty linen capable of concealing all the Falstaffs of the West of England.

PIECEWORK.

THE engineers' strike at Erith, whatever may have been its origin, is evidently assuming the form of a general movement on the part of the Trade-Unions. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers has warmly taken up the cause of the men on strike, and is not only urging its own members and those of kindred Societies to supply them with funds, but has issued an appeal to the working class at large to make common cause against what it denounces as the "pernicious system" of payment by piece. On the other hand, the Employers' Association, although it has wisely resolved not to enforce a lock-out except in the last resort when all other measures have failed, thoroughly identifies itself with the firm which has been chosen for attack. It would be a great mistake, however, to suppose that this is merely a question of wages between operatives and employers. It is a question in which the public has also the deepest interest on its own account, seeing that, though the assault is, in the first instance, directed against employers, it is really aimed at the whole body of consumers. The Strike Committee at Erith complains that the newspapers "teem with leading articles and mendacious letters" against the strike, and expresses a hope that, "when the public know both sides of the question, truth will prevail." We also share that hope, and are sorry that the Unionists themselves do not set an example of candour. Whether piecework is or is not a good thing in itself—and we readily admit that it is not equally suitable for every kind of work—there can be no doubt that it has for years provoked the avowed and systematic hostility of the Unions. It is true that hitherto they have not ventured to insist upon its entire suppression, but their views on the subject distinctly indicate a desire for its destruction, root and branch. Indeed the essential principles of the Trade-Unions' system render opposition to piecework almost a logical necessity. Their object is, on the one hand, to repress competition among workmen by reducing them to a level; and, on the other, to make room for the employment of as many hands as possible by enforcing additional restraints on the doing of the work, so as to spin it out, and make the most of it as a measure of wages. It follows, therefore, that, as piecework tends to promote both competition and production, it is naturally obnoxious in the eyes of the Unionists.

The subject was fully investigated by the Royal Commission on Trade-Unions a few years ago, and it is worth while to observe what they have to say about it. "The opponents of overtime and piecework," they say, "appear to hold that the man who works overtime takes so much from the common stock of labour, and injures the rest; and that the man who takes piecework, besides that he gets more than his share of the common stock of work, is apt to show what may be done by skill and industry, and so raises the standard of expectation on the part of the employers." Another of the arguments against piecework is that it leads men to hurry over their work in a slatternly manner, and so results in inferior workmanship; but the Commissioners quote evidence on the other side showing that it is easier to check the quality than the quantity of work and wages, and that, in some cases at least, piecework has the effect of making such a reputation for a firm that it can command higher prices than other firms. The Commissioners also point out that the Unions resort to other expedients with the same object in view—such as rules or a tacit understanding confining each class of workmen to their own division of labour, as, for instance, restricting the mason from on any occasion setting or displacing a brick, or the bricklayer a stone, or either of them from doing any portion of the work which belongs to a plasterer; rules against "chasing," that is, prohibiting the leading man, when several workmen are working in line, at proceeding at more than a moderate rate; and rules limiting the number of bricks to be carried in a hod, prohibiting the carrying of bricks in a wheelbarrow, or working stone in the quarry, and the like, "matters which, although they may have the appearance of being of minor importance, are vexatious and harassing to the employers, and are sometimes attended with great inconvenience and loss." When we turn to the testimony of the Unionist witnesses, we find that they were emphatic and unanimous in denouncing piecework in every form. "We object to piecework," said Mr. Applegarth, the then Secretary of the Carpenters and Joiners' Society, "because it leads men to neglect their homes, to work too long hours, and to attend more to work than to the education of themselves and their families. We believe that the men are thoroughly selfish who act that way"—that is, who do their best when at work. Mr. George Potter thought that piecework tended to produce a gradual diminution of the rate of wages, "because a man who could work, perhaps, and felt inclined to work, longer hours and harder than others, would be thought by the employer to be getting too much money, and he would make it a reason for reducing the contract next time"—a theory which of course assumes that employers are so blind to their own interests as to disregard the value of the work done. Mr. Allan, who was at the time Secretary of the Amalgamated Engineers, said on this point:—"To be candid with you, we believe piecework has a tendency to injure the trade; that is to say, that by the introduction of piecework, and every one being allowed to use his own discretion in the matter, ultimately our wages will be brought down to something like the sweating system among tailors, and so we endeavour to destroy the system wherever we possibly can." And then he explains why, on the ground of competition between workmen themselves, the practice is objectionable from the Unionist point of view:—"The wages of piecework are generally settled by an expert workman; that is, the employers generally give a piece of new machinery, or whatever they want doing, into the hands of an expert workman—so that, if he gets what may be considered a fair wage, those who are not such good hands come down to almost starvation price." The plain meaning of this is, of course, that the able workman is to be denied a fair wage because his superior industry places the idle and incompetent workman at a disadvantage. Mr. R. Harnott, Secretary of the Operative Masons' Society, was asked by Mr. Frederic Harrison whether a man who could with perfect ease to himself produce more stonework and better stonework in a day than most men could, would be prevented by the rules of the Union from so working; and the answer was in the affirmative.

In the face of such evidence as this it is ridiculous to pretend, as Mr. Burnett and others do, that the Unionists are not hostile to piecework generally. That they have not ventured openly to attack piecework all round may be attributed to their prudence, but it is quite clear that they are, in principle, opposed to it, and anxious to do all they can to get rid of it. Mr. Burnett himself urges objections which, if true, go to the root of the system. In the first place he says—"We dislike it on principle, as tempting men to over-exertion, and also leading them to care less for the quality and soundness of their work than for the quantity turned off." It rests, of course, with the employers to reject bad work, and

if they neglect to do so, they and their men are simply confederates in defrauding the public. It would be difficult to devise a system by which working-men would be entirely relieved from the temptations to which they are exposed in common with the rest of humanity, and, on the whole, it may be thought that the general good is more likely to be promoted by a stimulus to energy than by a premium on inertia. Another of Mr. Burnett's arguments is very characteristic of the attitude of his class. He complains that "numerous instances can be quoted to show that men in our trade who have taken work by the piece have been in debt to their employers when the work was finished, and this debt they have been compelled to pay." When other people than working-men make a rash bargain for themselves, or are not up to their work, they have to take the consequences; and if they have drawn money without earning it, they are not surprised that they have to pay the debt. At a meeting of the men on strike at Erith it was also set forth as a monstrous grievance that, when they threw up a job, "they had to sacrifice their detention money," and that in this way "the masters made a great profit and the workmen suffered a great loss." It may be supposed that the employers, if consulted, would prefer to have the work contracted for done, and that the detention money will seldom cover their losses when they have to disappoint customers. The men must be perfectly aware of the meaning of detention money when they make the bargain, and it cannot be left entirely at their option whether they will fulfil it or throw it up. If there were any doubt as to the rooted hostility of the Unionists to piecework, it would be set at rest by the resolutions of the Conference of Delegates of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers at Manchester in July 1872. It was then declared that "piecework, even in its best features, is, without doubt, the worst evil we have to contend against, for under the most favourable conditions it is utterly selfish in its operation, and is calculated to set man against man, by tending to benefit those most opposed to our Society and all similar institutions"—this being of course, in the eyes of Unionists, the unpardonable sin—and the resolution went on to urge the Council "to use its utmost influence to put an end to piecework." It is true that this was only a recommendation or suggestion to the Council, and that the latter has been wise enough to understand the necessity for not opening the campaign at the outset on too wide a line; but it is impossible, with such statements before us, to doubt that the Unionists are pledged to try to put down all piecework whenever they get a chance.

There can be no doubt that in some cases the system of paying by the piece is not fairly applicable; as, for instance, when the work to be done is of a novel or experimental character, or when for any other reason there is a difficulty in calculating exactly what amount of time and labour will have to be expended on it. If the Unionists had been content to limit their opposition to such cases as these, they would have had some reason on their side; but it is plain that, whatever their specific demands may be for the moment, they are in principle opposed to all piecework, even, as they say, in its most favourable forms, and are anxious to eradicate it entirely. It remains to be seen how far the working classes will, as a body, take up this cry; but there can be no question that the principles which would be established if the movement succeeded would be very dangerous to society. Piecework, when it can properly be applied, is the natural and reasonable way of measuring wages. A man contracts to do a certain piece of work for a certain price, and, when he has done the work, he gets his money. On the other hand, when the workman is paid in proportion, not to what he actually does, but merely to the time during which he is or professes to be occupied, employers are paying for a commodity of a very indefinite kind. The value of time depends on the use which is made of it, and it is notorious that the ingenuity of the leaders of the Trade-Unions is chiefly directed to devising rules by which time shall be simply wasted, so that two hours shall be required for an hour's work, or two men to do the work of one. Payment by time affords no test whatever of the performance of the bargain, and places the smart man and the slow man, the industrious and the lazy, the competent and the incompetent, on precisely the same level. In other grades of life men have to compete with each other, and have to prove the value of their labour by its results. They do not ask or expect their work to be taken for granted because they have gone through a show of doing work for a certain time, nor do they presume to neutralize or limit the superior capacity or energy of their competitors by fixing a hard and fast limit, at a very low point, beyond which effort shall not be allowed. The first principle of the Trade-Unions is, however, that working-men are not to be treated like other people. They are a special class apart, and must be allowed their own way. Instead of working-men endeavouring to exert themselves heartily, and to the fair limit of their natural powers for the benefit of society at large, as well as for their own personal advancement, they are expected to try how little they can do as an excuse for demanding wages. It is the blackest selfishness for a good workman to do his best for his employer and his family; but there is no selfishness in idle and incompetent workmen endeavouring to drag down their associates to their own level, and to claim a share of wages which they would probably never earn by themselves. It is urged as one of the reasons against piecework that it keeps men hard at work, and deprives them of time to improve their minds. A similar plea was made on behalf of the nine hours' movement a year or two since. It was said that the men would work during the shorter period with increased physical strength, as well as with more zest, and that, in Mr. Burnett's words, the new system would witness the execution of as much work as under the old ten hours' system. But what has been the result? Employers have, as a rule, found that, instead of getting nine hours' good work, the men begin to play and trifle before the eighth is over, and that, instead of work being made up to the old standard, the loss of one hour means the loss of two. It is strange that the operative engineers should fail to perceive that, in regard to piecework, they are arraying themselves, not merely against their employers, but against the whole public, who are affected both by the attempt to paralyse the free play of competition between the best men, and by the attempt to pass off so many hours of playing at work as genuine labour.

FASHIONS IN BAD LANGUAGE.

THE City magistrates have announced the laudable purpose of abolishing what is popularly called Billingsgate. We mean, of course, not the market of that name, but its peculiar language; and if the frequenters of that market have come down, as it appears they have, to mere ordinary swearing, it is time that the common rules of decency were enforced among them. The "Billingsgate" of forty years ago was something different. The fishwoman whom O'Connell hardly conquered by calling her "hypothenuse" must have had a genius worthy of the headquarters of London slang. Many of the sayings current there had a cleverness which almost redeemed their nastiness, and they might be compared to the expressive epithet which the Great Frederick loved to apply to his soldiers when they wanted to run away. It is right to put down swearing, but if slang is to be abolished, the City will be a dull place. We do not know the exact terms of the City Police Act under which a recent proceeding took place, and a report of that proceeding leaves it doubtful whether both profane and indecent language, or only the former, are struck at by the Act. It is one thing to pass an Act of Parliament and another thing to enforce it, and we might doubt the expediency of attempting to compel decency of language by criminal proceedings. There is an offensive word so frequently in the mouths of common people that it has come to be a mere term of general abuse. It would scarcely be expedient, even in the City of London, to prosecute for indecency in using this word, and much that is strictly "oaths and curses" has come to be equally meaningless. Nobody nowadays says "Zounds," but if that expletive were used, it could hardly be treated without absurdity as a profane oath. Even the sober "Ne'er stir," which Scott contrasts with the rollicking "God damn ye," is an oath, and a pretty strong one if taken literally. The Yankee who honours a compatriot as "'nation cute," forgets probably that he is using an expression to which his Puritanic ancestors would have objected.

The legislation of the last century against profane cursing and swearing seems to have been strangely at variance with its practice. An Act of 1746 recites that these practices "may justly provoke Divine Vengeance to increase the many calamities these nations now labour under"; and it must be owned that after the defeat of Fontenoy and the Rebellion of 1745 the outlook was not happy. For remedy of this evil it is enacted that, if any person shall profanely curse or swear, and be thereof convicted, he shall forfeit,

If a labourer, soldier, or sailor, 1*s.*

If otherwise under the degree of a gentleman, 2*s.*

And if a gentleman, 5*s.*

These may have been wholesome laws, but they became ludicrous in execution. One cannot help smiling at the report of a case under an earlier Act of the same nature, where James Sparling, "leather-dresser," was convicted for that he did profanely swear 54 oaths, and profanely curse 160 curses, and adjudged to forfeit 21*l.* 8*s.*, being at the rate of 2*s.* per oath or curse, whereas he ought to have been charged only 1*s.*, being described only as "leather-dresser," which was consistent with his being a soldier or sailor. The Court held the conviction "naught" for this exception, and also for another—namely, that the oaths and curses were not set forth, but the witness takes upon himself to swear the law, "and it is matter of great dispute amongst the learned what are oaths and what curses." So the conviction was quashed. In another case upon the same statute, the defendant was convicted for swearing 100 oaths and 100 curses, and it was objected that the oaths and curses ought to have been set out a hundred times, each particularly. But the Court held it sufficient to say he swore such an oath or made such a curse 100 times. The conviction was quashed, however, on another beautifully minute point. The Act of King William III., through which the legal coach and four was thus neatly driven, did not, it seems, prevent our armies swearing horribly in Flanders. To judge from the plays and novels of the time, everybody swore after his degree, and even the sentimental swearing of Bob Acres shows that "damn'ee had their day." Yet the Act of 1746 was passed, as we have seen, and as lately as 1863 a case arose upon its construction. One Scott, a mealman, was convicted for that he did profanely curse one profane curse (stating it) twenty several times repeated, and he was adjudged to pay 2*l.* After solemn argument in the Queen's Bench it was decided that, although only one offence can be included in one conviction, yet the swearing of many oaths consecutively is only one offence, of which the penalty is proportionate to its duration. One feels almost tempted to inquire whether there would be an allow-

ance on a quantity being taken. It is to be hoped that working-men are aware that the law allowed them to swear as long as they pleased at 1*s.* per oath, while a gentleman was charged 5*s.* It is not probable that the City Police Act makes a similar distinction, and nowadays, unless a gentleman were drunk, he would hardly ventilate his profanity so as to expose himself to an information. If he is not more religious than gentlemen were a century ago, he has a more fastidious taste, and he would think the pleasure of uttering oaths at 5*s.* a piece very dearly bought. Swearing is not now fashionable. If it were, we strongly doubt whether the tariff of 1746, or any other, could be enforced. But in the last century it was fashionable, and the best proof of the universality of the practice is furnished by the story of a Chief Justice trying a man who read other libels on religion to excuse his own, and muttering an imprecation on his own eyes if he sat there all day to hear that man blaspheme. Nelson at Copenhagen, and Wellington at Waterloo, both incurred at least 5*s.* penalty. And Mr. Chucks, in *Peter Simple*, argues with some force that if you say to a sailor "Do this, d——n your eyes," it is done directly.

We are not sure that "Billingsgate" was the worst variety of scurrility, and at any rate it was spoken only, and not written; and although swearing has gone out of fashion, penny papers have come in. A Judge of the Queen's Bench Division and a special jury have been lately occupied for an entire day with a dispute between a solicitor and the editor of a local journal, compared with which an interchange of slang and fisticuffs between two fishwives would have been an edifying spectacle. These proceedings arose not at Eatanswill but at Sunderland, where, as Mr. Justice Quain remarks, "there seems to be a great talent for smart writing." The editor exhibited his power of sarcasm and invective in his own columns, while the solicitor was obliged to have recourse to handbills, and ultimately to a court of law, to place himself on even terms with his opponent. Our ancestors corrected a "common scold" with the ducking-stool, and it deserves consideration whether this remedy might not be revived and applied impartially to both sexes. We are used to much absurdity of language at Parliamentary elections, and the nuisance might be tolerable once in four or five years; but in Sunderland lively personalities are exchanged at every election of town councillors. It is true that, in order to make one good joke, it is generally necessary to make many bad jokes, and we should not complain if the bickerings of Sunderland confined themselves to their birthplace, and did not annoy London. The plaintiff admitted that he had called his adversary "an unsuccessful village schoolmaster," and had referred to his journal as "a scurrilous print of which you are proprietor." It had been suggested that his own name, "Ritson," should be amended by the insertion of "w," in allusion to the alleged litigiousness of his disposition; and in the columns of the *Sunderland Daily Echo* the word "Ritsonian" had been introduced to designate a class of statements which two centuries ago might have been called "Dick Talbot's truths." The plaintiff answered that he had been taught from childhood to regard fib as synonymous with "Storey," which is his opponent's name. It may be allowed that he makes as good or bad jokes as the other side; but as the local *Echo* is not his handmaid, he engaged, regardless of expense, and for one day only, the nymphs of Westminster to ventilate and redress his wrongs. It is a coincidence that these nymphs live by the margent of the same stream as flows past Billingsgate, and they have been lately provided with an excellent substitute for live-fish tanks in an aquarium. Mr. Ritson's answer to Mr. Storey has been published by the tongues, if not of "queens of parley," yet of Queen's Counsel, and the echoes of Westminster, if not "daughters of the sphere," are nearly related to the telegraphic circle. We find that Sunderland is not only enlivened by an *Echo*, but watched by a *Sentinel*, and it was contended on behalf of Mr. Storey that part of one of the alleged libels referred, not to Mr. Ritson, but to the editor of the rival journal. This is Eatanswill complete, except for the omission, which we almost regret, of the carpet-bag and fire-shovel. Mr. Ritson has had the costly satisfaction of informing the whole English world that he compared Mr. Storey to the person who quoted Scripture for his ends, and that a friend of his, whose name he does not remember, suggested to him that the mercy of the Crown, extended, as Macaulay says, to one Samuel Storey, "a noted sower of sedition," was a mistake and a misfortune to posterity. Being asked why he abused Mr. Storey, he answered, "Because he abused me, and has for two years; so I took the opportunity." The jury, as might be expected, returned a verdict for the defendant.

It is difficult to suggest any amendment of the law or practice as to libel which could prevent the nuisance of such an action, and under the Judicature Act it will probably be more difficult than before to compel the washing of dirty linen at home, or, in other words, to oblige local politicians to vindicate their characters in the nearest assize court. Such proceedings are taken under the penalty of costs, but litigation, like other luxuries, may be enjoyed by those who can afford to pay for it. If a judge could know as much at the beginning of a case as he does at the end, it would be proper to refuse to waste public time and sacrifice judicial dignity by investigating such a trumpery dispute. Before the blessed invention of penny papers this quarrel would have been prosecuted by word of mouth, and an attempt to bring it before a court of justice would have been dismissed on the ground that the law does not take notice of "mere vulgar abuse" so long as it remains unwritten. The modern substitute for "Billingsgate" is scarcely an improvement.

CRETAN EMBROIDERIES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

MANCHESTER cotton has gained another victory over native art and national costume. The Cretan peasants have discarded their embroideries. Only old people among the mountains retain their petticoats and trousers of divers colours of needlework, and the picturesque *colletta* has disappeared. Foreign silk and spotted calico are in vogue, and the ancient embroidery is turned to account in horses' girths, saddle-bags, and dusters. We have no right to sneer. It is not so very long since a custodian of the Tenison Library cut up an illuminated manuscript to make a pair of braces out of the coloured borders. In Crete, fortunately, the English Consul came to the rescue. Mr. Sandwith has bought up nearly all that was to be found in the island, and, his collection having been sent home, a small portion has been lent to the South Kensington Museum, where a selection, arranged (or rather only placed) in cases, is displayed in the new architectural room. It seems but natural that an island which lies so nearly at an equal distance from Europe, Asia, and Africa, should acknowledge in its art, as in its history, the influence of all three. There are traces of Moorish, of Persian, but above all of Venetian design in the specimens exhibited, but it is only by a comparison of patterns, stitches, and colours that the elements can be distinguished. The Mahometans object to figures, yet figures are constantly found; and not the eagle only, which the Caliphs allowed their followers to depict, in memory, it is said, of the destruction of the Empire. Persian flower-work also occurs, and Persian stitches are often found mixed with the indigenous herring-bone. But rabbits, doves, dragons, and other real or fabulous animals, as well as churches and houses, men, women, and priests, are also to be seen; and, on the whole, after the lapse of two centuries and a half, the account given by Sir George Sandys remained fairly true. "The better sort of men," he says, "are apparelled like the Venetians; and so are the women"; and he adds in another place:—"Although in many things they imitate the Venetians, yet still retaine they their old vices, 'liers, euill beasts, slow bellies,' whereof formerly vpbraided by Saint Paul, out of their poet Epimenides." It was in the thirteenth century that Venice obtained a firm hold of the island, and though the Turks have now held it so long, many traces of the Venetian occupation, as well as the walls of Candia and Canea, and the remains of villas, attest the wealth and power of the Republic. The lion of St. Mark, mutilated and defaced, still guards deserted fountains, and in addition to the embroideries, a lace, not distantly resembling Venetian point, is among Mr. Sandwith's specimens. The older travellers all speak of the use of a white "under-smicket," as Tournefort calls it, which was probably bordered with lace, though Sandys seems shocked at its scantiness, "the women only wearing loose veiles on their heads, their brests and shoulders perpetually naked, and died by the Sunne into a lothsome tawnie." For the most part, the linen ground of the embroideries partakes of this "lothsome tawnie," but the beautiful needlework, once done, lasted literally for ages; and Tournefort congratulates the husbands of a neighbouring island because the ladies clothe themselves "but once for their whole life"—a remark which applies equally to Crete, though he makes it of Myconus; "the ladies of Mycone would not be disagreeable, were their habits but a little less ridiculous." The same idea, after the lapse of nearly two hundred years, seems unfortunately to have occurred to the fair Candiotes, and it can no longer be said that their husbands "have not the mortification of seeing them follow the Modes, and dipping their hands in their Purse every Change of the Season." The ingenious M. de Tournefort had probably sad experience of a different state of things in Paris, and we have to thank him for a most valuable, if somewhat quaintly minute, account of the costume of the women of the Greek Archipelago in the seventeenth century. In many respects besides costume things have changed for the worse among the Isles of Greece. Candia has suffered many things at the hands of the Turks, and the latest outbreak, though much English sympathy and a little English money were spent upon the insurgents, left them in a worse plight than before. The harbours of the island, which were good in the days of St. Paul and long after, are now almost obliterated for want of a little dredging, and Canea, the real, if not the nominal capital, exports little except soap, which, according to many travellers, the Cretans manufacture in large quantities, but neglect to use at home. The productiveness of the country, the labour of its peasants, the corn and oil and wine with which its slopes abound, the mineral wealth once said to exist in the caves where Jupiter was suckled, all are lost under the wasteful and repressive rule of the Turks. Crete is less known to English travellers than Egypt—even than Japan. We quote Gray about "Idalia's velvet green," yet it was reserved for an Italian, who held the office of American Consul, to dig up the remains of Cytherea's temple, and in the vases, sculptures, and jewelry—some, but not all, of which are in the British Museum—to offer us tangible evidences of what has been called the oldest civilization in Europe. Mr. Sandwith has done well to collect these examples of a later civilization, and every one who is interested in the many questions excited just now by Turkish misgovernment will enjoy looking at these beautiful productions of a perishing art.

The selection made by the authorities has not been a judicious

one. There was abundant material to form an interesting exhibition, and enough is known on the subject to have enabled an experienced person to arrange it in a certain amount of chronological order. But no attempt is made to classify the work, and pieces of Turkish and Persian embroidery and Russian lace are all indiscriminately gathered into cases which are labelled as "Old Cretan Lace and Embroidery." It seems a pity that none of Sir Henry Cole's relations should have studied the subject sufficiently to be able to catalogue these specimens without misleading the public. Nevertheless, for those interested, the cases will be found to contain valuable examples of a sort of work which seems to have been brought to great perfection by the Cretans, and which differs in several ways from that of other places with which we are acquainted. There is only one piece with a date, but as it is a typical piece, and seems neither to belong to the early manner in which the colours are more subdued, nor to the later where the patterns are more often in one colour only, we may almost conclude that 1762, which is the date of the petticoat border, was the time when the work was most used by the inhabitants. When Tournefort took his celebrated voyage in 1700, he saw nothing in Crete except coarse manufactures of wool and flax; and he does not speak of the dress of the inhabitants with admiration, as he certainly would have done had they appeared in the brilliant petticoats they are now discarding. On the other hand, as we have said, he speaks of the costly dress of the inhabitants of the neighbouring island of Myconus, and thinks it well that they only require one dress in a lifetime, seeing that it costs two hundred crowns or one hundred and fifty sequins. The costume he describes is not unlike that now worn by the peasants in the mountain villages of Crete, and deserves further notice. He describes it as consisting first of a sort of under "smicket" made of muslin, fine buckram, or silk, with wristbanded sleeve, and the whole trimmed with gold lace and embroidery; "and thus are their richest smickets no better than a penitential shirt, their trimming making a print on the skin." Over this was worn a smock of cotton or silk like a surplice reaching to the mid leg, and serving as an under-petticoat. This, too, was garnished with lace, or embroidered with gold and silver. There was always a handsome gorget or stomacher. A bodice without sleeves in summer, and long moveable sleeves in winter, completed the costume. The stockings were made in plaitings, and richly stitched in gold and silver, and sometimes several pairs worn one over the other, the material for cold weather being red cloth. The garters were of ribbon, edged with gold and silver lace. A long veil of muslin was twisted twice round the head and under the chin "in a very agreeable manner, giving them a sprightly air." Embroidery, he adds, being an invention of the Levant, they wear nothing without it. "and to speak the truth, they excel even the French in that sort of work as to neatness, but their patterns are not so well fancied." He is deep in admiration of the different kinds of lace with which everything is adorned. And some of the specimens at South Kensington fully bear out his praise. Almost every possible combination, not of pattern only, but also of colour, may be traced; coloured silk edgings, with embroidered additions, delicate arrangements of blue and silver, coarse laces of large and effective pattern, and rich, full-toned colour, such as may be seen in the pictures of Paris Bordone. We miss any examples of the cobweb materials so popular on the continent of Europe; but there are delicate borderings and "insertions" of exquisitely harmonious colour, as well as of a mixed white silk, silver and gold, which cannot be surpassed for satisfactory effect. Some of the collettas are trimmed with strong borderings, coarse but beautiful, and calculated to look well after years of wear and weeks of washing.

It is not very easy to arrive at distinct information as to the age, locality, comparative value, and probable use of many of the manufactures here assembled. Among the people of the district of Sphakia, which, high among the western mountains, contains the more primitive and unsophisticated inhabitants, the art of embroidery is claimed as the invention of their remote ancestors. No traditions of a foreign origin seem to exist. All the materials, the linen and the silk, are grown in the island, and manufactured with the great lumbering looms and spindles with which every household is provided. Even the brilliant and permanent dyes are made in Crete; and the women of the mountains, where the modern daughters of Mellisseus tend the descendants of Amalthea, having no agricultural employment, are able to sit at their work without the interruption and loss of manual delicacy incurred by their sisters of the arable plains. Their taste in colour is instinctive; but the ordinary petticoat of the middle period of Cretan embroidery is much more intense in its tone than in the earlier period, when neutral tints were more often introduced. There is some work of crimson silk in cross-stitch, whose character wholly differs from both kinds. Strange to say, very similar examples have been found in Servia. Most of the Cretan work is done on coarse, thick linen, and cushions for the divan, priests' vestments, and furniture for the altar, as well as ordinary clothing, are ornamented with lace and embroidery. There may be some symbolism intended by the patterns on the cloths for sacred use; but except the cross, it is not easy to decipher their meaning, and the want of arrangement, numbering, or classification, in the cases, renders it difficult to particularize specimens.

REVIEWS.

LETTERS OF SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.*

SARAH Duchess of Marlborough, whatever her failings, was certainly not one of those women so unkindly said by Pope to constitute the majority of their sex, who have "no character at all." Her avowed regrets that she had not been born to the privileges of the other half of the creation may have been inspired by the fact that she had, as the phrase goes, character enough and to spare. It is, however, precisely for this reason that one never grows tired of reading about her, and is always ready to listen to her when—as she was at no time indisposed to do—she speaks for herself. A new series of letters from her hand is therefore naturally welcome. These Letters to her relative Mr. Jennens and his wife certainly for the most part turn on private affairs; but, on the other hand, they chiefly belong to a period in the life of the Duke and Duchess hitherto very imperfectly illustrated by such evidence. They accordingly well deserved publication, and we entirely agree with the author of the preface that there could be no imaginable reason for any longer withholding them from the world. As he observes with amusing gravity, "at this distant day any such consideration as that" (of these Letters being so completely private), "it is felt, can no longer have any weight, more especially as they reveal no secrets which are of a merely personal kind, but principally such as are more or less of historical interest, and the publication of which cannot justly be said to violate any confidence, or perpetrate any other wrong." In order not to be behindhand in boldness, we will for our part venture upon the prophecy that no reviewer will avenge the indiscretions of the editor of the *Greville Memoirs* upon any similar sins in the editor—as he may by courtesy be called—of the Marlborough-Jennens correspondence. The latter is liberal enough of generalities in his introduction, but in the body of the book his discretion goes so far as to have prevented the insertion of any note or illustration which might have removed the obscurities in these Letters, or have otherwise assisted the reader. He has confined his efforts to a preliminary essay sufficiently remarkable of its kind, but altogether useless for its purpose.

After recalling a few of the most familiar facts in "Her Grace's" biography, the author of the introduction, by way of novelty, develops at some length his view that "there is reason to believe that Her Majesty's gradual discovery not only of the Duchess's indifference to religion, but of her hostility to the Church, in those higher aspects at least in which the Queen had come to regard it, had no little to do, personally and privately, not only in estranging Her Majesty's affections, but also in forfeiting her respect." Apart from the grammar of this observation, we think it a correct one; although the evidence adduced in its support merely proves that a difference existed on the subject between the Queen and the Duchess, not that the gradual growth of this difference contributed to the Duchess's fall. At the same time, while we may grant everything that the author of the introduction says in honour of Queen Anne, and of the "higher aspects" under which she regarded the Church, we are somewhat surprised at the reflections he makes on the views of the Duchess and of the party with which she and her husband had identified themselves. In 1742 the Duchess confessed that in the old times she had not the same prepossessions on the subject of the Church as the Queen:—"The word CHURCH," she writes, "had never any charm for *me*, in the mouths of those who made the most noise with it; for I could not perceive that they gave any other distinguishing proof of their regard for the *thing* than a frequent use of the *word*, like a spell to enchant weak minds; and a persecuting zeal against Dissenters, not against those real friends of the Church who would not admit that persecution was agreeable to its doctrine." "Such," sternly remarks the commentator, "was the popular liberal cant of that day, as it is indeed of our own time; and puritanism and worldliness are, and ever have been, upon it." Such, we venture to add, is not the language of biographical criticism, but of party prejudice; and an impartial historian must admit that there was some truth in the Duchess's description of the "regard for the Church" which set on fire the pious enthusiasm of the Sacheverel mobs, and which afterwards gave rise to two pieces of legislation which so temperate a judge as Lord Stanhope has respectively described as "intolerant" and "tyrannical." Elsewhere the Whig party, now and then, is amiably described as including "most of those who sought, either directly or indirectly, the Church's overthrow—many of them, in fact, the overthrow of religion itself." Such expressions, while not tending to support the well-known saying of the distinguished historian just cited as to "how much a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's a modern Whig," at all events show that partisan acrimony is an element not wholly lost to historical writing even in the days of Queen Victoria.

We need not dwell any further upon the contributions made to this volume by the "editor," and may turn at once to that part of it in which he altogether withdraws himself from notice. In passing, however, it may be observed that the preface is hardly correct in describing the "splendid palace of the Marlboroughs" as "a Sovereign's grateful gift to the great Duke whose memorable

* *Letters of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough.* Now first published from the original MSS. at Madresfield Court. With an Introduction. London: John Murray. 1875.

achievements cast so brilliant a halo upon her reign." Doubtless the Queen, on conveying to the Duke the interest of the Crown in the manor and honour of Woodstock, issued an order that a splendid palace should be there erected at the Royal expense, and it was on this understanding that Vanbrugh began his much criticized construction. But the Sovereign's pledge, as is well known from the exposition of the matter by Archdeacon Coxe, was only partially redeemed, either in her reign or in that of her successor. On another point in the introduction, the author would have done well to consult Carruthers's *Life of Pope*, before being at the pains of repeating a perfectly true, but by no means new, criticism. Pope's character of Atossa was no doubt either originally intended, or afterwards adapted, for the Duchess of Marlborough, although, according to a story of Spence's, resting on the authority of Warburton and afterwards repeated by Walpole, he read his character of the Duchess to herself as if intended for the Duchess of Buckingham. According to Walpole, the mystification did not deceive "the Marlborough," and the story of a thousand pounds having been paid to Pope for the suppression of the satire is well known, and seems to rest on fact, in so far as the acceptance of the money is concerned, though the nature of the consideration offered in return must remain matter of conjecture. But in any case the character, from whatever reason, contains touches which do not apply to the Duchess of Marlborough, as was at once seen by Bolingbroke, who, after Pope's death (before the actual publication of the satire), wrote to Marchmont:—"Is it worth while to suppress the edition? or should her Grace's friends say (*as they may from several strokes in it*) that it was not intended for her character? and should she despise it?" We are in hopes that Mr. Elwin's too long expected third volume of Pope may do something towards the elucidation of this mystery, with the existence of which the author of the introduction before us seems unacquainted, or he would hardly have contented himself with observing that the satire which he justly shows to be inapplicable to the Duchess of Marlborough "sadly overshoots the mark; and, as well as being characterized by malevolence, is full of misrepresentations."

The Letters themselves are divided into three sections, of which the first "embraces the period immediately preceding the quarrel" (doubtless the *final* quarrel) of the Duchess "with Queen Anne, and the defeat and disgrace of the Whig Ministry." To this is appended a hitherto unpublished letter of real historical value, dated August 8th, 1706, in which Harley pays the highest compliments to the Duchess for the management of her accounts as Mistress of the Robes. The second section comprises the period of the exile of the Duke and Duchess, and the third that of their return home, and restoration to the royal favour under King George I. Unfortunately, the year seldom forms part of the dates in the original MSS.; "but it is given on conjecture, in several instances, by the editor." In the first section, the year is dated at all only in two out of twenty-two letters from the Duchess. It will therefore be evident that there never was a book of this kind standing in greater need of notes, more especially as the Duchess seems to have had a habit of writing "strangely," not only in the matter of orthography.

Here are a few of the puzzles which the "editor" has left the reader to solve. In the very first letter the Duchess states that she "began this Year with being lucky at Play, having won at Dise with the King 568 Guineas." We cannot call any king to mind who was in England during the period of the Duchess's ascendency at Court, except "King Charles" of Spain, and this was in 1703-4. In Letter VI. the Duchess writes:—

> I find that when the D. of *Marl.* lived all [viz. the accounts] were allways in the country.

This is an evident slip in a letter where the Duke of Marlborough is referred to as alive, but which the Duchess had "write so fast I think 'tis hardly possible for you to read it." Surely, too, in the same letter a note was requisite to explain the startling question:—

> Has not the *Q.* her Sister confessed that she should live in *England*, tho she was the next Heir, with so much Virtue as made it very dangerous?

If "the Queen her Sister" is the wife of the Pretender, is not this the first time this extraordinary design on her part has ever been mentioned? Or can the reference be to some intention, in the past, of Mary when Princess of Orange? We confess ourselves wholly at a loss. In Section II., Letter I., "the Fate of *Marl.*" is an evident slip of the pen for the Duke; but what, in Letter IV., "The Ellector of Sonnes" may be a slip of the pen for, we are quite unable to guess. In short, if a reverential consideration for the Duchess's more or less mysterious slips prevented the elucidation of them, and the correction of even such a misspelling as Jernas for Jervas, would it not have been preferable to print her letters in facsimile, like a Shakspearian quarto, and leave the reader at all events the possibility of conjecture?

To have touched the spelling of the Duchess would, we admit, have been little short of sacrilege; for, though defiant of rule and reason to the last degree, it suits the general style of these letters, and seems to lose its temper with the writer. With her correspondents Mr. Jennens and his wife she seems, however, to have remained on the best of terms, till at last provoked to anger with the former by his evidence in a lawsuit, the not very interesting details of which occupy a great part of the last section of the correspondence. Otherwise she shows herself a considerate as well as a constant friend to her relatives; and the favourite form which her interest in them takes is that of medical advice. She frequently commends "her beloved Sir *W. Rawleigh's* Cordial," and on one occasion refers to it by way of analogy as follows:—

> I have been much entertained to-day in reading several of Mr. *Steel's* Papers, and Nothing has pleased me better a great while than Sr. *Walter Rauleigh's* Letter to Prince *Henry*. You may remember what a Meracle I did with his Cordial upon poor Mr. G. I wish the Nation could tast his charming Notions upon Government before 'tis too late, tho I am confydent One might rase One from the Dead sooner than One could make Mrs. *Morley* sensible of Sir *W. R.'s* good advice.

For regular physicians, on the other hand, she seems to entertain as little respect as for Mrs. Morley's later advisers themselves, among whom "the Sorcerer," as she calls the statesman whom the still ruder populace knew by the nickname of Robin the Juggler, naturally receives the greatest share of vituperation. Her observations abroad are pretty equally divided between an appreciative enjoyment of the honours paid by the Elector of "Miance" and others to her consort, and violent expressions of abhorrence at the forms and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion. She, however, continues an eager observer of political affairs both at home and abroad, though with regard to home matters she has little to urge beyond apprehensions that the country is drifting into the arms of the *P.* of *W.*, and from abroad little news to send except that the demolition of the Dunkirk fortifications proceeds with the utmost tardiness. For herself she does not profess to loftier sentiments than she possesses, and her philosophy, if not quite so magniloquent as that of Bolingbroke in exile, has the true ring of a common sense very far from ashamed with itself:—

> Now I will confess to you, tho nothing upon Earth could move me to doe what I thought an ill Thing, I believe my Vertue is not like Cato's, for my concern is not for *England*, but for my Children and a few Friends and good People that are there. I fear there is not many, and if I would not bee in the Place of the most powerful of these Wretches, 'tis for my own Sake purely, because my Notion is that they are of all Creatures the most detestable. I know one must dye some Time or other, and I really think the Matter is not very great where it happens or when; but if I could have my wish it should bee in *England*, in a clean House, where I might converse with my Children and Friends while I am in the World; but if that must not bee I submitt, and I will own to you that I am not so much to be pittyd as some people, having never seen any Condition yet that was near so happy as 'twas thought. When I was a great Favourite, I was railed at and flattered from Morning to Night, neither of which was agreeable to me; and when there were but few Women that would not have joyned me for the Happynesse they thought I enjoyed, I kept the worst Company of any Body upon Earth, and had Reason to be much more weary then of any that can happen. Still wee are like a Sort of banished People in a strang Country, and I could say Something to every Part of my Life that would convince you that 'tis only a new Scean of Trouble which few are free from in this World, and I thank *God* I can bear any Thing with some sort of Patience as long as I have the Satisfaction to know that I have not been the Occation of what is called so great a Misfortune myself; and why should not I bear with any Misfortunes that happen to the whole Country as well as to me?

Such was the way in which this remarkable woman thought, and expressed her thoughts; nor is it difficult to recognize beneath the labyrinth of her sentences a strong and sturdy spirit which must have been very hard to resist and not very easy to endure for those who had once fallen under its control. The ascendency of a woman like the Duchess of Marlborough over such a one as Queen Anne is as easily explicable as the rupture between them. With the latter event the political life of the Duke and Duchess was really at an end; after their return to England, the Duke, though restored to office and admitted into the Cabinet, was in reality a mere cipher, "for the Duke of Marlborough," writes his wife at the end of the year 1714, "if hee has any Power it is still a Secret to me. I have seen no effect of it yet." Before long, the palsy had smitten down the hero of so many fights, though his life was still protracted for several years. After it had ended, the Duchess survived for two-and-twenty years, and as one reads the last section of these Letters, one almost feels that, justly famed as was the Duke of Marlborough for the self-command he displayed in the hour of danger, a courage hardly less extraordinary of its kind was displayed by the two noblemen who, if his biographer is to be trusted, sued for the hand of his widowed Duchess. These Letters do not add much to our previous knowledge of her character; but, on the other hand, they take nothing away from the consistency of one of nature's, not satire's, most curious types.

KAYE'S SEPOY WAR.—VOL. III.*

(*First Notice.*)

SIR JOHN KAYE has at last given us another instalment of his work, and it must be confessed that the volume before us appears under many disadvantages. Public interest in the great Mutiny was still vivid when the first volume appeared; the general story was familiar to all; the episodes, as told by the historian, were only full and authentic accounts of deeds which had been the theme of talk in every country house and every club in England. Which of us,

> Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas claudere lustrum,

does not remember how, in the smoking-room of the old place in the country, men told stories that made the blood to boil and the hand to clench; stories that filled one with admiration for the quiet, enduring courage of the women as well as the men who so well upheld the British name in India; stories that made one realize from actual observation the secret by which a handful of the conquering race won India against all odds under Clive, and held it against still more frightful odds under Lawrence

* *History of the Sepoy War*, 1857-8. By John William Kaye, F.R.S. Vol. III. London: Allen & Co. 1876.

and Campbell. One knew that the young fellow who sat, never volunteering, but good-humouredly allowing to be extracted from him, the account of his comrades' exploits and his own, had shown in the hour of need calm readiness of resource, presence of mind, and indomitable courage. One saw that now, when from the nettle danger the flower of safety had been plucked, he no more dreamed of boasting than in the hour of peril he thought of fear; and one felt that this was no exceptional Englishman, but a type of the conquering race.

Nineteen years have passed since the Sepoy Mutiny. Great events have happened in India since then. The Indian prophecy has indeed been literally fulfilled, though hardly in the sense in which it was interpreted by the mercenaries who rose against their master. It was said that in 1857 the Raj of the Company would come to an end, and so it did. But it was not succeeded, as the Hindoo prophets declared, by the restoration of the native race. British India passed from the dominion of the Company to that of the Crown, and the Queen became Empress of a stronger India than ever was subject to the sway of the Company. In those nineteen years there has been time for the great Mutiny to be consigned entirely to the limbo of bygone history. We have read the record, and we have turned the page. We cannot afford in these stirring days to dwell at too great length on a past peril, however great it was or at whatever cost surmounted. It is fitting that there should be a record of the strife, and for this we have cordially to thank Sir John Kaye; but he must not expect this volume to be welcomed as it would have been welcomed if it had followed at a reasonable interval after the two others. To say the truth, Sir John Kaye must be content to be judged now as one who writes for posterity. Though many will read his picturesque narrative and animated descriptions, he must not be surprised if his volume falls rather flat. The first volume appeared in 1864, and, after an interval of six years, the second was given to the world in 1870. In noticing that volume we commented on the inevitable disadvantage which he must labour under who would thus tell a story piecemeal. To understand the second volume one had to hunt up the first, then grown scarce, and almost out of print; but at least the reader was cheered by the assurance that the third and last volume was to follow in quick succession. Six years have elapsed since then, and we seem no nearer the end than ever. "The story," wrote the author in 1864, "is to be comprised in nine books, making three volumes." But the third volume is now in our hands, and we find it a mere collection of episodes, without beginning or end. This is perhaps inevitable, but it sadly diminishes the interest, and will affect the popularity of the book.

Sir John Kaye has hardly a right to assume that those into whose hands his book will fall are familiar with his former volumes. In the years which have passed since they appeared, the most tenacious memory has had ample time to forget the sequence of events, and to feel utterly at a loss as to the position, relative to other occurrences of the Mutiny, occupied by the circumstances of which we read. There is not an index to either of the volumes, and it is therefore only by dint of trouble, from which busy men may not unreasonably consider that the author ought to have relieved them, that we are able to find out whereabouts in the story we are. We would suggest to Sir John Kaye, when he presents his next volume to the public, that he give, by way of prologue, half-a-dozen pages stating the scope of the whole work, what is the portion which has already been dealt with, and the particular events which are discussed in the portion under consideration.

The history of the Sepoy Mutiny is that of a single year. It began, or rather the first actual outbreak took place, at Barrackpore, in March 1857, and a public thanksgiving for the pacification of India was held in England in May 1858. But long before the latter date the main danger had passed away; indeed, after the capture of Delhi on the 21st September, 1857, the backbone of the rebellion was broken. The outbreak at Meerut, on the 10th May, gave the signal for a simultaneous rising at almost every station in Northern India; and before the end of the month all the military posts which lay at short intervals along the banks of the Jumna and the Ganges were in a blaze. The first act of the mutineers, after massacring the Europeans, was in each instance to cut the telegraph wires and to stop the mail posts. Thus no concert was possible between the British. They fought in small bands, with the courage of despair, each on the spot where the outbreak of the Mutiny had chanced to find him. Against what overwhelming odds they held their own, with what tenacity each little handful confronted the treacherous foe, Sir John Kaye is telling us in slow detail. It is then no pitched battle, with a definite and concerted plan, that has to be told, but rather a series of hand-to-hand conflicts. Every post had its own story, and in each the defender, at least in the earlier part of the war, has to do what was best in his own eyes to meet with vigour an unexpected crisis. A time for retribution and concerted action came; but at first the sole connecting link which could be discovered in the dismal story was the broad fact that the black race had risen against the white.

In the spring of 1857 there were but few regiments of British troops in India. Sir John Kaye, as far as we can remember, has not been able to spare a single page of his three thick volumes to give a list of them. At the outbreak of the Mutiny we had but eighteen European regiments, giving not more than fifteen thousand effectives, along the whole line of the frontier from Cabul to Burmah. A glance at the map will show how small a proportion that force must have borne to the native garrisons. After the Sikh war the Punjab required seven British regiments; two were wanted in Burmah, the rest were scattered at such places as Agra, Dinapore, and Meerut. One regiment was usually left to guard Calcutta, and some were usually sent to take their turn of refreshment at the hills. It, however, so happened that there were fewer European regiments in India at the time of the Mutiny than there had been before the annexation of Oude. By that step we had added enormously to native discontent, but had not added to our means of keeping it in check. Lord Dalhousie, it is said, before leaving India asked for more European troops; but none were sent, and the Governor-General's intention of annexing Oude to the British dominions was carried out without any preparations for what might be the consequences of the measure. Our frontier line was sixteen hundred miles in length, with a population of not less than eighty millions. We had recently conquered three great countries—the Punjab, Pegu, and Oude—yet we had not a single additional English soldier to prevent a possible outbreak. The Mutiny surprised us at a time when we had no European regiments at Benares, at Allahabad, at Cawnpore; none at Feruckabad, Bareilly, Fyzabad, or Delhi; none at Dacca, Berhampore, or Patna. At Calcutta there was but one half battalion.

We are not indebted for this information to Sir John Kaye; and we think that readers may reasonably complain that a book pretending to be an exhaustive account of the great Sepoy war should have reached the end of its third ponderous volume before setting forth such obvious preliminary information as a detail of the defensive force at the disposal of the Governor-General. It is not necessary here to give any account of the Mutiny; we propose only to furnish a few dates which may show the relation which the events narrated in Sir John Kaye's present volume bear to the general story. There was an outbreak in January 1857 at Barrackpore, the great military depôt of Bengal, on the subject of the greased cartridges; but it was quelled, and all relapsed into quietness. Many warnings were given and disregarded during the next few months, and the outbreak of Meerut on the 10th May found the Government as unprepared as if they had received no warning at all. The Meerut mutineers slew their officers and marched on Delhi, where they proclaimed their king on the 12th. Three native regiments were disbanded at Lahore, and General Corbett took such measures as preserved the tranquillity of the Punjab; General Anson, who was at Simla when the outbreak at Meerut took place, rather too leisurely decided to march on Delhi; he died of cholera on the 27th May, and was succeeded by Sir Henry Barnard. On the 30th took place the Mutiny at Lucknow, and on the 3rd of June the rising of Allahabad was put down by Neill. From that date the Mutiny spread with fearful rapidity throughout Bengal. Horrible massacres of women and children took place at Meerut, Delhi, Cawnpore, Nusseerabad, Neemuch, Hansi Hissar, Jhansi, Bareilly, and Allahabad. And many other stations in the country round Lahore, in Oude, and throughout the length and breadth of the valley of the Ganges, rose in open revolt. On the 1st of July the Residency of Lucknow was besieged by the rebels, and on the 4th Sir Henry Lawrence died of his wounds.

Then the tide began to turn. Only one place, Dinapore, revolted after this date; on the 12th June Nicholson won his first victory at Seaforte, five days later Havelock recaptured Cawnpore, and soon after commenced, 29th July, his victorious march. But it was not till the 14th September that the assault on Delhi began, and it was not till the 20th that it was taken. On the 25th Havelock and Outram relieved Lucknow. Then followed, at the end of September and the first days of October, Greathed's avenging campaign. Sir Colin Campbell had been appointed Commander-in-Chief in July. In November he appeared before and took Cawnpore. This was the last exploit of the year 1857. The year 1858 made a clean end of the Mutiny, and in September 1858 British India passed from the dominion of the East India Company to that of the Crown.

Such is the story which Sir John Kaye has to tell. In one sense there is an epic unity in it, for it is the history of the great and simultaneous revolt of a subject race; but, on the other hand, it is difficult to keep the threads of the narrative all in hand, for its interest lies in the heroic nature of the detached episodes, alike in character, brought about by the same causes, identical in point of time, and differing only in the actors and minor details.

We cannot but think that the author threw away a great chance when he adopted the plan on which his work is written. He says of himself in the preface to the second volume:—

> The events to be narrated covered a large area of space, but were compressed within a small period of time. Chronologically they moved along parallel lines, but locally they were divergent and distracting. The question was how it was best to deal historically with all these synchronous incidents. To have written according to date, with some approach to fidelity of detail, a number of separate narratives, each illustrative of a particular day, or of a particular week, would have been easy to the writer, and would in some sort have represented the character of the crisis, one of the most distinguishing features of which was derived from the confusion and distraction engendered by the multiplicity of simultaneous outbursts in different parts of the country. This mode of treatment, however, though it might accurately reflect the situation, was not likely to gratify the reader. The multiplicity of personal and local names rapidly succeeding each other would have bewildered him, and no distinct impression would have been left upon his mind. But though the nature of the subject utterly forbade all thought of unity of place and unity of action, with reference to the scope of the entire work, there was a certain unification of the several parts which was practicable, and which suggested what might be called an episodical treatment of the subject, with such connecting links, or such a general framework or setting, as historical truth might permit.

Sir John Kaye then determined deliberately to write, as he calls it, episodically; and we must confess that the result is to the last

degree exasperating. Any attempt at dramatic unity has been abandoned. If all the work had appeared at once, it would have been something; but as it is, we are treated at intervals of six or seven years to a bundle of episodes, bearing no apparent relation to each other, which might as well be entitled "Anecdotes of British Heroism" as a *History of the Sepoy War*. The book is also disfigured, as we think, by a fundamental defect. Sir John tells us over and over again that he has striven to be impartial. He says that a historian is worth nothing unless he can write as impartially of the living, or of those newly dead, as he would of those who lived ages ago. But Sir John Kaye cannot attain that judicially impartial frame of mind; it is foreign to his very nature. The man who would write contemporary history with impartiality must be made of sterner stuff than he, and his pen must be dipped sometimes in a fluid bitterer than the lubricating mixture which serves Sir John Kaye for ink.

(*To be continued.*)

ROUND MY HOUSE.*

THE purpose of this book, as Mr. Hamerton tells us, is to make two nations understand each other better, or rather to make Englishmen understand a little more about Frenchmen. There is obviously room for such a kindly office; and Mr. Hamerton's book is excellently adapted to discharge it. The first of these propositions needs very little proof. Nothing can be more ludicrous than the misconceptions which every nation forms of its neighbours. Amiable people labour to show the unreasonableness of various international prejudices. It would perhaps be better to say that, properly speaking, there is no such thing as international prejudice at all. Dr. Holmes remarks in one of his most amusing books that there are really six persons concerned in every dialogue. Besides the real A and B, there are the imaginary A and the imaginary B contemplated by A; and, in the same way, there are B's A and B's B. Only two of these persons have an objective existence; but the other four, for the most part entirely different from either of them, must be taken into account to understand the conversation. This is most strikingly true in regard to nations. When we say that an Englishman hates Frenchmen or Americans, we are speaking inaccurately. He really hates a creature of the imagination, some of whose qualities, it is true, have been more or less derived from observation of concrete human beings, but who is for the most part as imaginary as Iago or Shylock, and much less vividly conceived. We need only draw the moral in passing that it is absurd to resent antipathies of this kind. Why be angry with a Frenchman for detesting England, when the real object of his detestation is a purely fictitious John Bull constructed out of vague traditions, inherited prejudices, and all sorts of absurd blunders? By "foreigner," we may say more generally, is understood the reverse of myself—the *non-ego* of a particular race; and therefore hatred of the foreigner is simply the reverse side of patriotic vanity—a foolish sentiment it may be, but not one which calls for any special resentment.

It is desirable, for most obvious reasons, that a conception more in correspondence with objective facts should take the place of the old shadowy image. All manner of misconceptions are prevalent in regard to the French people, and few English travellers, even though of exceptional intelligence, are in a position to judge for themselves. England, says Mr. Hamerton, is as far from rural France as China, though France is a good deal nearer to England. We go to them, that is, much more often than they come to us. But as an Englishman's acquaintance with any part of France outside Paris is generally confined to a bird's-eye view from a railway carriage travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, it is not very trustworthy or exhaustive. Nine Englishmen out of ten would define France as the eighteen hours of railway which intervenes between Calais and Geneva. Mr. Hamerton, on the contrary, has had singularly good opportunities of observation. He has lived in a French country district for years; he has been familiar with people in all classes, and he has been an eye-witness of changes destined to mark a great historical epoch. He has moreover the powers required in a good observer. He has the eye of a painter; he is a man of singularly liberal mind, and has thus one advantage even over Frenchmen, for he can both admire a Catholic bishop and sympathize with the worship of Garibaldi; he is a man of great literary and artistic culture, and is therefore capable of judging by a high standard, and taking an interest in questions of real importance. Finally, he is able to communicate the results of his observations in a very pleasant and direct style; and gives the pith of his conclusions with enough illustrative anecdote to bring out his points. There is thus far more to be learnt from this very modest little book than from many pretentious volumes filled with political philosophy and ambitious description.

The scope of the book is tolerably wide. After an amusing account of his troubles in search of a house, Mr. Hamerton proceeds to describe the region in which he ultimately settled, and then gives the natural history of the population. He gives a clear account of French country society, of the position and influence of the aristocracy, of the various pleasures and troubles of housekeeping, of the "peasant-world," of the ecclesiastical organization, and of French ideas about money, education, and marriage. The book concludes with a graphic account of the state of things during the German war, and of a battle which Mr. Hamerton had the good, or ill, fortune to witness from his garret window. It would not be difficult approximately to identify, by means of some of the details incidentally given, the geographical position of Mr. Hamerton's house; but, as he abstains from mentioning names, we must follow his example. It is enough to say that Mr. Hamerton lived near a French country town, and watched, as only an intimate can watch, the habits both of the urban and the purely rustic population. The French peasant, of whom he gives an interesting portrait, is chiefly familiar to English readers of French literature from the writings of Balzac and George Sand; but it is difficult to know what is the substratum of bare fact which underlies the beautiful idyls of one writer and the hideous revelations of selfishness, meanness, avarice, and cunning, which compose the ideal of the other. Mr. Hamerton's account may help to explain how the same figure may serve as a model for two representations so curiously different. One must begin by realizing the extraordinary interval which still separates the peasant intellect from that of the educated classes. The peasant, as Mr. Hamerton says, lives upon tradition and rumour. He still believes implicitly in witchcraft, and does not object to science and art inasmuch as he is absolutely unaware of their existence. He speaks a *patois* confined to a limited district, and only partially intelligible to even cultivated natives. Rumour therefore supplies the place of newspapers in the outside world. The priests are generally supposed to control the peasant mind, but their heads that the priests were Prussian agents during the war. The source of this curious delusion is thus explained by Mr. Hamerton. It had been imagined by the peasants before the war that the Pope wanted to occupy the French throne, and they explained the re-occupation of Rome by the theory that Napoleon sent his troops there to keep the Holy Father quiet. But what caused this view of the Papal hostility? The reason seems to be, says Mr. Hamerton, that, under a monetary convention, the Papal money circulated in France. The Papal Government took advantage of this by coining great quantities of franc-pieces of intrinsically small value. The French Government at last declared that these pieces were only to be received for their value as bullion. Thus every peasant who had a hoard of silver suddenly found that all the francs marked with the Pope's head were lowered in value to ninety centimes. This was enough to make the Pope hated; and it was at once inferred that he wished to conquer France, that he was the ally of Prussia, and that his priests were spies. If this curious story be correct, it reveals strange possibilities. Who can say what strange notion may next enter heads so singularly incapable of appreciating political realities and so pertinacious in errors once adopted? If the peasantry were conscious of their own strength they could govern France. But how are minds to be reached which are so hopelessly beyond the pale of reason? No more serious question can be asked.

The peasantry, however ignorant, are undoubtedly very shrewd judges of things within their narrow radius of intellectual vision, and are thoroughly independent. The French generally are economical beyond the conception of wasteful Englishmen, and the peasant is economical beyond all other Frenchmen. He has his own land, he lives chiefly upon soup and potatoes, and he saves money by efforts which are sometimes heroic. Though modern luxury is altering his old habits and ideas, the process is a slow one. His ignorance is dense, and Mr. Hamilton mentions an intelligent youth, possessing 400*l.*, who, as he showed by incidental questions, had never even heard of printing, and could not understand the difference between books and manuscript. On what side in politics will this vast mass of population, so cut off from all other currents of thought, so pertinacious, and so bigoted to old traditions, throw its weight? The peasant tradition is derived from pre-revolutionary days, and consists chiefly in a bitter hatred of the ancient privileges of the noblesse. The peasant, so far, tends to Republicanism, but he has hitherto associated Republicanism with the insecurity of property. The experience of the last few years has tended to remove that fear, and hence the many symptoms of the growth of Republicanism amongst the rural population. The influence of the Church, however, is on the other side, and it is a very difficult question to decide how deeply that influence is rooted. It is on one side obvious that sceptical ideas have spread to a certain extent from the towns. On the other hand, the peasant is still intensely superstitious, and the Church knows well how to turn his superstitions to account. Mr. Hamerton tells us a typical story of a girl who was slapped on the back one morning by a figure which instantly disappeared in the mist. Mrs. Hamerton tried to persuade the girl that the cause of this strange phenomenon was some young man's propensity to "larks." The priest upheld the doctrine that the girl's father had come back from purgatory, and meant to give a hint for more prayers on his behalf. The priest seems to have had the best of it. The Church of course exercises an enormous influence over the women in all classes, and where there are such superstitions to be worked upon, an unscrupulous use of its power may do much. The question is, as Mr. Hamerton says, whether the scepticism of the men is a thin film overlying a substratum of genuine belief, or whether the comparison should be inverted. On the whole, Mr. Hamerton seems to incline to the view that, in his neighbourhood at any rate, the set of opinion amongst the male peasantry was in the sceptical direction; but evidently there are

* *Round My House.* By P. J. Hamerton. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1876

materials in any case for a long and complicated struggle. In view of such a result, his description of the mode in which the priests use the powers of a most perfect organization to strengthen their influence amongst all classes is interesting, though the main facts are sufficiently familiar.

We have not space to give further illustrations of Mr. Hamerton's very interesting book. Not the least curious part is that in which he expounds without prejudice the theory and practice of French marriages. We will merely make one obvious remark, which, however, is generally overlooked. When French novels are quoted to show the corruption of French society, people forget that the one great source of interest in an English novel is impossible. When the objection to flirtation is carried so far that a young woman is not allowed, as a rule, to see a young man till she is engaged to him, it is obvious that the poor novelist is driven to post-matrimonial love-making. It does not in the least follow that the thing is more common in France than in England. Probably the actual standard of feminine virtue may be about the same in the two countries. The worst result of the French system is that it keeps the feminine intellect in a state of torpor by exaggerating beyond all reason the barriers to a free communication between the sexes. The life of a nun is only the prolongation of the life of the ordinary *jeune fille;* and a young lady kept in conventual seclusion till marriage, and absorbed in household duties after it, has not much chance of enlarging her mind.

FISHER'S HISTORY OF LANDHOLDING IN ENGLAND.*

THERE was in the days of our youth a Mr. E. H. Barker, who wrote many books, and who amazed mankind by putting after his name the letters O.T.N. No one knew of any degree or order of knighthood or learned society which could be expressed by these three letters. At last it was found out that O.T.N. stood for "Of Thetford, Norfolk." Now the four letters F.R.H.S. are not quite so mysterious as the three letters O.T.N., because the F. and the R. and the S. are all familiar in such positions; we might guess that F.R.H.S. betokened fellowship of some society, perhaps even of some royal society. And so it is; Mr. Fisher's discourse on the History of Landholding was read at a meeting of the Royal Historical Society, and "it will be published in the Transactions of that body." Mr. Fisher adds that, "as *it* is an expensive work and only accessible to the Fellows of that Society," he has "thought it desirable to place *it* within the reach of those who may not have access to the larger and more expensive work." Mr. Fisher is a little vague with his *ils*, but we gather from all this that F.R.H.S. means Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. We seem to have heard the name of that Society before; but we cannot say that we know very much about it. What we do learn now is that, but for Mr. Fisher's kindness in putting forth his views about landholding in the form of a thin book of ninety-five pages, they might have remained inaccessible to all but the Fellows of the Royal Historical Society. But this gives us a very odd idea of the Royal Historical Society, its Fellows, and its Transactions. One might perhaps think that Transactions from which we learn that *gavelkind* came from "gave-all-kind" (p. 60) might, without much public loss, remain inaccessible to the world in general. Nor should we counsel any of our friends to spend much money on an "expensive work" where they will read that "*Guy*, Earl of Warwick, 'the King-maker,' sank overpowered on the field of *Tewkesbury*" (50), and where, two pages on, they may find the additional and striking detail that "he lay gory in his blood" on the said field. We might be tempted to say that, things being so, the purchase of the expensive work would be what one of the prophets calls "giving our money for that which is not bread." Mr. Fisher is "aware that much might be added to the information it contains." Those who have read Maine and Nasse and the Maurers, Stubbs and Kemble and Waitz, might perhaps doubt whether in strictness anything could be "added to the information" contained in Mr. Fisher's book. To add one thing to another implies that there is some community of nature between the two things which are brought into contact. But we can see no community of nature between Mr. Fisher's book and anything that can be called "information." To those who know anything of the history of landholding it might seem that Mr. Fisher's very foundation would have to be grubbed up before any fabric of "information" could be reared on the same site. Mr. Fisher "possesses materials which would have more than doubled its size." Such a prospect is really frightful. Unless the materials which have been kept back are something very different from the derivation of *gavelkind* and the gory overthrow of the Earl of Warwick, we must beg, in the interest alike of scholars and of the general public, that they may be kept shut up in expensive volumes accessible only to Fellows of the Royal Historical Society.

Mr. Fisher's book is the *History of Landholding in England;* in tracing that history he goes back to times before the beginning, but he leaves the beginning itself out. He starts with "the Aborigines," and adds, with much truth, "The Aboriginal Period is wrapped in darkness, and I cannot tell with certainty whether the system which prevailed was Celtic and tribal." We must ourselves beg to be allowed to keep utter silence as to the aborigines of Britain and their system till the palæontologists have made it quite clear who the aborigines of Britain were. But we doubt whether much can be learned from "an old French customary in a manuscript treating upon the antiquity of tenures," which says that "the first English King divided the land into four parts," and that "he gave one part to the *Arch Flamens* to pray for him and his posterity." We quite agree with Mr. Fisher that "the terms used"—such as earls, knight service, socage, burgage—"applied to a much more recent period and more modern ideas." Nor do we see that anything can be learned of the aborigines from Cæsar, Diodorus Siculus, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Tacitus, or even "Dr. Henry quoting Tacitus." One is inclined to ask whether, as an important official in Oxfordshire believed that Richard King of the Romans came before Cæsar, so Mr. Fisher believes that Geoffrey of Monmouth came before Tacitus. But, whatever the date of Geoffrey, and whatever faith we put in his stories, it is hard upon him to make him talk of "the laws of Dunwallo Molmutius." Then come the Romans; then, according to all rule, should have come the Saxons; but, instead of them, we get as number III. the Scandinavians, and as number IV. the Normans. Mr. Fisher, we observe, dates from Waterford, which might perhaps justify a little tinge of the Berserker element. But Mr. Fisher is very calm and judicial; there is nothing in him of the grand rush which sweeps everything before it in the pages of some other writers who are strong on the Scandinavian side. He thus gives judgment:—

> I am disposed to think that we shall look in vain among the customs of the Teutons for the basis from whence came the polity established in England by the invaders of the fifth century. The Anglo-Saxons came from a region north of the Elbe, which we call Schleswig-Holstein. They were kindred to the Norwegians and the Danes, and of the family of the sea robbers; they were not Teutons, for the Teutons were not and are not sailors.

and presently, yet more decisively:—

> I therefore venture the opinion that the settlement of England in the fifth and six centuries was not Teutonic or Germanic, but SCANDINAVIAN.

Notwithstanding all this, our breath is a little taken away when we hear of "the nomenclature of *feudalism* introduced into England in the fifth century." And then we have a prodigious deal of talk, with references to the decisions of judges, and extracts from law books about feudalism in England before the Norman Conquest, references to Pontopidan and "Wacterus" for the derivation of "odal" and "feudal," and references to Old-English laws in which King Æthelstan is made to speak of two otherwise unknown classes of men called "thegur" and "theodia." There is also a vast deal about "liberi homines." Mr. Fisher seems to have got some notion into his head that the condition of freeman and vassal are inconsistent. Full of this, he runs tilt at the Gemot of Salisbury in 1085, and goes quoting a good many lawyers and a good many modern historians, all of whom are under "mistakes" and "misapprehensions" because they had not grasped this dogma of Mr. Fisher's. And so he goes on through nearly the whole history of England, seeing everywhere this same distinction between the "Anglo-Saxon" freeman and the Norman vassal, as if vassalage and freedom hindered one another. The most amusing thing is that, after Mr. Fisher has bowled over several writers old and new, he says with great simplicity, "Since the paper was read, I have met with the following passage in Stubbs's *Constitutional History of England*, vol. i, p. 265." Here of course Mr. Fisher, if he had had sense enough to understand what he read, would have found an explanation of the whole matter. But no, Mr. Stubbs is charged by Mr. Fisher with having "overlooked" something. This is certainly a most unusual accident with Mr. Stubbs; but what the Professor is charged with overlooking is the most curious part of the whole business.

In turning over Mr. Fisher's pages the reader will be ever and anon struck with references to "55 William I.," sometimes exchanged for "I.H. William I." Whatever we make of the latter, the former is the usual way of quoting a statute by the years of a king's reign. Thus "55 Henry III.," or "55 George III.," would not be amazing; but we are a little startled at so great a number of years being attributed to any king but those two. The nursery rhyme indeed assures us that "William the Conqueror long did reign"; but, in sober chronology, "21 William I." is the highest figure which could possibly be got at. But, after a little searching, we find out that the "55 William I." is not a date, but a reference to the alleged Laws of William, according to the copy given in Selden's Appendix to Eadmer. Now we should really have thought that any human creature who was able to read any Latin at all might have found out the difference between Eadmer's own text and Selden's Notes and Appendix; but not so Mr. Fisher, F.R.H.S. Will it be believed that, in p. 34 of the *History of Landholding*, Mr. Fisher, after introducing "Eadmerus," as one might say, with mickle worship and with mickle procession, bringing him in in the glory of capital letters, and with a short account of his life, actually took the laws which Eadmer's editor printed in his Appendix to be part of the text of Eadmer himself. So it is: and on the strength of this he charges Mr. Stubbs with "overlooking the complete narration of the alleged laws of William I. given by Eadmerus, to which I have referred." If Mr. Fisher wishes to know something about the subject on which he has taken upon himself to write, he will find all that is good for him in the Preface to the second volume of Roger of Howden; but, if he chooses to stick to Selden, and to call him Eadmer, he might at least not attribute to either of them such nonsense as he puts into their mouths both in Latin and English. Mr. Fisher quotes as Latin:—

> LV. De *chartilari* seu Feudorum jure et ingenuorum immunitate. *Volume* etiant, &c.

* *The History of Landholding in England.* By Joseph Fisher, F.R.H.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

This Latin gibberish is translated by the following English gibberish:—

Concerning *cheutilar* or Feudal rights, and the immunity of freemen.

We confess that we were simply baffled by both Mr. Fisher's languages, and, not having the passage by heart, we had to turn to Selden to see that the real word is "*clientelari*."

If (*quod absit*) Mr. Fisher should ever write another book, he will do well, instead of charging Mr. Stubbs with "overlooking" this or that, to get, if not Mr. Stubbs himself, yet some one who can read English and Latin, to "overlook" his own manuscripts or proof-sheets.

And so we go on to the alleged charter of William to Count Alan, which scholars have ceased to believe in, but copied in such a fashion that things are granted "Alano Brittania comiti et hæredibus tuas," and that the things granted appear as "omnes villas et terras quæ nuper fuerent comitas Edwin in Eborashina cum feodis militia et aliis liberatibus," and where the English Earl himself appears in the nominative case as "Edwinius." Then Mr. Fisher comes across "the Saxon Chronicles, p. 238," quoting, it would seem, the edition of Gibson, though it is rather hard that the "deoules and yuele men" should be softened into "wicked men, or rather devils." Then, in Stephen's day or later, according to Mr. Fisher,

The nation was mapped out, and the owners' names inscribed in the Doomsday Book. There were no unoccupied lands, and had the possessors been loyal and prudent, the sovereign would have had no lands, save his own private domains, to give away, nor would the industrious have been able to become tenants-in-fee. The alterations which have taken place in the possession of land since the composition of the Book of Doom, have been owing to the disloyalty or extravagance of the descendants of those then found in possession.

The possibility that a family might become extinct without either disloyalty or extravagance does not seem to have come into Mr. Fisher's head. Perhaps they manage these things better at Waterford. As we go on we come to some more strange things here and there. Thus, when we get to the Great Charter, we read:—

The Plantagenets had not begun to call Commons to the House of Lords. The issue of writs was confined to those who were barons-by-tenure, the *patricians* of the Norman period. The creation of *nobles* was the invention of a later age. The baron feasted in his hall, while the slave grovelled in his cabin.

At much later times, those of Tudors and Stuarts, we are again puzzled when we read:—

The abolition of retainers, while it relieved the land of the nobles from the principal charge thereon, did not entirely abolish knight's service. The monarch was entitled to the care of all minors, to *aids* on the marriage or knighthood of the eldest son, to *primer-seizin* or a year's rent upon the death of each tenant of the Crown. These fees were considerable, and were under the care of the Court of Ward and Liveries.

Directly after, still in the section devoted to the Tudors, we read:—

The artisan class had, however, grown in wealth, and they were greatly strengthened by the removal from France of large numbers of workmen in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These prosperous trades people became landowners by purchase, and thus tended to replace the *Liberi Homines*, or freemen, who had been destroyed under the wars of the nobles, which effaced the landmarks of English society. The liberated serfs attained the position of paid farm-labourers; had the policy of Elizabeth, who ensured that each of their cottages should have an allotment of four acres of land, been carried out, it would have been most beneficial to the State.

This sounds as if Mr. Fisher thought that the revocation of the Edict of Nantes happened in the time of Elizabeth. Under the Stuarts we read that "the suppression of retainers converted land into a quasi-property," and that "the contest *eventuated* in a military protectorship." On the Revolution of 1688 we have a very dark passage indeed:—

William III. succeeded, *as an elected monarch*, under the Bill of Rights. This remarkable document contains no provision, securing the tenants-in-fee in their estates; and I have not met with any treatise dealing with the legal effects of the eviction of James II. All patents were covenants between the king and his heirs, and the patentees and their heirs. The expulsion of the sovereign virtually destroyed the title; and an elected king, who did not succeed *as heir*, was not bound by the patents of his predecessors, nor was William asked, by the Bill of Rights, to recognise any of the existing titles. This anomalous state of things was met in degree by the statute of prescriptions, but even this did not entirely cure the defect in the titles to the principal estates in the kingdom. The English tenants in decapitating one landlord and expelling another, appear to have destroyed their titles, and then endeavoured to renew them by prescriptive right; but I shall not pursue this topic further, though it may have a very definite bearing upon the question of landholding.

And another passage, under the House of Hanover, is, if possible darker still:—

The possession of wealth and of rent gave back to their possessors even larger powers than those wrested from them by the first Tudor king. The maxim that "what was attached to the freehold belonged to the freehold," gave the landlords even greater powers than those held by the sword, and of which they were despoiled. Though nominally forbidden to take part in the election of the representatives of the Commons, yet they virtually had the power, the creation of freehold, the substance and material of electoral right; and consequently both Houses of Parliament were essentially *landlord*, and the laws, for the century which succeeded the accession of George I., are marked with the assertion of landlord right which is tenant wrong.

The only way to get any meaning out of this is to suppose that Mr. Fisher believes that landlords and peers of the realm are convertible terms; and it is a new discovery in hagiology that the first Hanoverian King left the earth after the manner of Enoch and Elias.

We go back again to the beginning to remark that Mr. Fisher knows the approximate population of Britain in the time of the aborigines and in the time of the Romans; and that he knows exactly what it was in 1066 and in 1154. Also he believes the story of the Lord of Shobington and his sons coming to meet William riding on bulls. Nay more, he tells us, what we are not quite sure whether Sir Bernard Burke tells us or not, that, as "this was the period when hundreds of herds of wild cattle roamed the forest lands of Britain," so, "failing horses, the Shobingtons collected a number of bulls"—which seem to have been easily broken in—"rode forth on them, and routed the Normans, unused to such cavalry." How bulls could anyhow form cavalry is even darker than by what process of fiction the well-known Wiggod of Wallingford, the real Lord of Shobington, got turned into this mythical rider of bulls.

FOGG'S ARABISTAN.*

THIS is a book of which the most favourable view must be expressed by the well-known legal phrase, "factum valet, quod fieri non debuit." There seems to be no particular reason why the author's loose memoranda and superficial impressions of travel should ever have assumed the shape of a volume of three hundred pages. A good deal of the ground is thoroughly well known to a host of Anglo-Indians, or to invalids compelled to exchange the fog of a London December for the bright sun and exhilarating atmosphere of Cairo. The slang of Egyptian donkey boys, the feats of amphibious Arabs at Aden, the processions of devotees to spots forcibly identified with remarkable scenes of the New Testament, are either familiar to many of us already or have been fully treated by far more learned and picturesque writers. There was nothing very exceptional in the author's route. He went by steamer to Alexandria, and thence to Cairo, where he found that a party which he had intended to join had already started to look for an oasis supposed to be situated in the very heart of the Libyan desert. At this point, too, he might have formed one of Colonel Gordon's expedition, bound for the region so well described in *Ismailia*; but he thought it better to proceed to Turkish Arabia, having previously paid a visit to the Suez Canal, Port Said, Jaffa, and Jerusalem. At least one hundred and fifty pages devoted to these well-known spots might have been spared. Still the work is one not forbidding in its aspect nor hard to read. The style, though occasionally "slangy," possesses some animation. Americanisms are frequent, and there are blunders not a few. We do not quite like the Introduction by Mr. Bayard Taylor, who tells us that he is induced to stand godfather to the work because he has long known Mr. Fogg, and because the description of Palestine and Egypt, which he does know, induces him to trust the pictures of Bagdad, of the plains of the Euphrates, and of the ruins of Babylon, which he does not know. This style of recommendation might easily become a nuisance. A book of travels, like any other compilation not based on the joint-stock principle of limited liability, should have strength and buoyancy enough to float itself. If it possesses any inherent merits, such as novelty of scene and incident, quickness of observation, and vigour and attractiveness of style, it may defy criticism and dispense with patronage. If it is dull and commonplace, neither Mr. Bayard Taylor nor any writer of his nation will make it go down with an English public. When we proceed to draw attention to several Transatlantic forms of expression and modes of spelling, it is by way of protest against their finding a permanent place in current literature. Mr. Fogg and those whom he joins are always "travelers," and describe scenes which are "marvelous." A road may very well be called "wide and smooth," but we must reject the phrase "well-graded," though its meaning may be sufficiently clear. Of a young Arab it is said, in a preterite tense apparently borrowed from the Jabberwock, that he "dove head foremost through the crowd to present his cap for *bakshish*." Why should it not be said of a critic that he "smole" on reading this? The word "location" is used frequently, and anecdotes told by a genial host at a farewell dinner at Bagdad are "located in New York, Savannah, and New Orleans." To "loan" a rifle is, after this, very pardonable. We have no objection to a writer of travels dedicating his work to a *compagnon de voyage*, but the name of "Steriker Finnis, junior," to whom, as well as to the English residents of Bagdad, the volume is inscribed, is suggestive of Dickens's "War Correspondent, Mr. Jefferson Brick." Queer-sounding names, unless associated with great personal merit or public approbation, had in most cases much better be kept out of a title-page.

That an American gentleman should teach Englishmen how to amplify and add dignity to their own tongue is what we must always expect; but there are errors and misapprehensions in the work before us which do not admit of argument or excuse, like the omission of superfluous and unnecessary consonants or the forcible conversion of intransitive into transitive verbs. "The Arab," we are told, "unlike his Hindoo brother, has no idea of mercy to animals." If Mr. Fogg, at this present time especially, could only inspect the backs of a few wretched ponies harnessed to the carriages of a Transit Company in Upper India, or the tails of bullocks well twisted and mauled by a Bengali peasant, or the head of an elephant into which the mahout has repeatedly

* *Arabistan; or the Land of "The Arabian Nights." Being Travels through Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, to Bagdad.* By W. Perry Fogg, A.M. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

driven two inches of his sharp iron goad, he would have a very different notion of the necessity in India for a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, or for the operation of an Oriental "Martin's Act." Then Kerbela, the famed resort of Mahommedan pilgrims, is said to contain the shrines of "Abbas and Hassain." These martyred saints should be Hassan and Hassain, as Mr. Fogg might have learnt from the splendid description of Gibbon, if from no other source. We may take this opportunity of quoting for the use of Eastern travellers a very concise and easy couplet in the Hindustani or Urdu language, which commemorates the "five holy persons" specially venerated by one great division of Mahommedans:—

Nabi o Ali, Fatima o Hassan,
Hassain ibn-i-Haidar, yo hain Panj tăn.

That is to say, "the Prophet, Ali his son-in-law, Fatima his daughter, and Hassan and Hassain, his grandsons, these are *the* five persons." The Peninsular and Oriental Company have not always been lucky in the choice of their captains or the management of their ships, and the clever play of the *Overland Route* is scarcely an exaggeration of what may have happened at the wrecks of the *Alma*, the *Colombo*, the *Ava*, or the *Carnatic* steamers. But we do not think that any *infames scopuli* in the Red Sea are to be credited with the loss of "a magnificent steamer" belonging to the said Company "with all on board," consisting of "two hundred passengers." As far as we can make out, Mr. Fogg must have been shown the rock where the *Alma* was wrecked, or that on which the *Carnatic* grounded some six years ago, broke her back, and slipped off into deep water, the loss of life on the occasion being very limited. A more extraordinary blunder occurs at p. 244, where Mr. Fogg tells us that at Bagdad he was shown the ex-King of Oudh, who was lucky enough to have yielded up his royal dignities and palaces to the English before the breaking out of the Indian Mutiny. This terrible episode in history is here enlivened with statements not generally known, to the effect that the said ex-King has ever since resided on the banks of the Tigris; that he has "traveled" all over Europe, and that in England he was "received by the Queen with all the honours due to his former rank." Probably, the author, writing from recollections or imperfect memoranda, has muddled up the history of the Nawab Jubal-ud-Dowlah with anecdotes of the ex-King, and with the visits to England at intervals of the late Prince Ghulam Mahommed, a son of Tippoo, who appeared in London to remind us of the rapid growth of our Indian Empire, as well as to prove that the descendant of one of our most soldierly antagonists could be a high-bred gentleman and a loyal and attached subject of the Queen. The pensioner whom the author saw is the grandson of a well-known former Nawab or King of Oudh, Saadut Ali. He has resided at Bagdad for some thirty years, on a pension gradually increased to 3,000*l.* a year for his loyalty and for good service rendered during the Persian war. The real ex-King of Oudh, we have every reason to believe, may still be seen at Garden Reach, Calcutta, writing flowery odes in very choice Persian, flying innumerable pigeons, and feeding a host of aquatic birds.

Mr. Fogg's impressions as to the standard of official morality in Turkish Arabia we give for what they are worth, and that cannot be very much. He puts no faith in stories of functionaries accessible to easy bribes, or of fraudulent contracts entered into in behalf of the Government, or of local agents who paid arrears with bricks instead of with hard cash. The particular instances quoted may be exaggerated, or merely typical; but the truth is that no person making a hasty visit of this kind, ignorant, as he admits, of the language, and treated with considerable attention by Pashas and Sheikhs in virtue of his nationality, has any business to give a decided opinion on the matter. Those who, after a life spent in public duties or devoted to commercial enterprise in Turkish Arabia or Persia, have thought proper to give their experiences to the world, do not lead us to endorse the favourable estimate that dishonesty is the exception and not the rule. But the condition of the countries visited is probably no mean test of the effects of absolute government and of the standard of official morality. And, tried by this criterion, the author's hasty judgment ought to be reversed. We admit, however, that we have glimpses of the exceptional and spasmodic vigour of unfettered Governors when meeting emergencies, which make us inclined to doubt whether Boards and municipalities can ever deal so effectively with epidemics or floods. One morning the Tigris threatened to inundate the city. Dikes were thrown down, crops damaged, and a dry plain was converted into an immense lake. Redif Pasha was equal to the occasion. He closed all the bazaars and shops for four days, and impressed all the able-bodied population to work on the dikes. One body of men was sent ten miles off to check the mischief at its source; and the remainder were kept labouring in the immediate suburbs of the town. The breaches were repaired, and the city saved. The same vigorous Governor enforced his orders for quarantine by directing that any one who attempted to break the line should be shot. In fact, the only part of this volume which can be favourably recommended to the public, or which throws any light on Eastern manners and customs, is the description of the Pashalik of Bagdad. Here, thanks to good introductions and considerable powers of endurance, Mr. Fogg saw something besides narrow streets thronged with buyers and sellers and roofed in from the glare of the sun. Cook's Tourists have not yet made the old capital of the Khalifs as common as Jerusalem or Damascus. Mr. Fogg had also the advantage of being escorted by Dr. Colvill, the medical officer attached to the British Residency, and was introduced by him to the spiritual head of the Copts. In the course of conversation he caught the word "Yankeedonia," or something similar, which he imagined to have been coined to signify his own country. But he tells us that he discovered the phrase to be "a proper Arabic word," meaning the New World. What he really heard was "Yengi Dunya," or the phrase for America current all over the East—the first word, if we mistake not, being Turkish, and the second Arabic. On another occasion he seems to have been favourably impressed with the energetic Pasha already referred to in the matter of the inundation, who fully comprehended "that England and America are two distinct and separate countries." Like most Mahommedans of rank and position, this Governor, in his address and bearing, was worthy of his position.

With a local and lesser luminary at Moseyib our author rapidly became on easy and familiar terms. Mr. Fogg had left Bagdad with the intention of visiting Nineveh, but was stopped at Moseyib with the astounding news that quarantine had been established owing to the plague. Here was a terrible dilemma; our traveller could neither go forward to the ruins, nor return to the city, and had the prospect of passing forty days in a second-rate Eastern town, at a high temperature, with the chance of infection. However, he is clearly a man of readiness and expedients. He invited the Governor to take up his quarters on his own boat, which, under the official shadow, could then at least return to Moseyib. How the Turk accepted this invitation, smoked pipes like one of his own race, and consumed Bass's ale and English brandy like any Christian, without losing his head, may be learnt in the author's own words. But this adventure, which is by no means badly told, led Mr. Fogg to reflect that, although obliged to forego "the satisfaction of standing on the spot identified with so many associations," he had "an atmosphere of the antique" all round him; whereupon he set to work at Mr. Layard and Sir Henry Rawlinson, and has presented the public with a neat summary "of the celebrated explorations and discoveries of the last thirty years." This is indeed *voyager sans changer de place*. This specimen of American cuteness reminds us of a characteristic reply lately made by a lively Frenchman in different circumstances and from very different reasons. Being employed in the compilation of a guide-book for all Northern Italy, he was found by an English gentleman digesting sundry stale productions and comfortably enjoying the scenery and climate of Venice, without showing the slightest intention of stirring from the spot. His reasons were such as only a Frenchman would avow:—"Moi, monsieur, je trouve ici une maison charmante, et une cuisine très-recherchée, et je ne bouge pas." It is obvious that if the fear of quarantine or the attractions of the dinner-table are to preclude personal inspection of majestic ruins and galleries of art, a very great deal of expense and trouble will be saved. Indeed, in some instances, the result may be more valuable. By a careful reference to standard works and good maps all inaccuracies will be avoided, and we shall lose only those personal adventures which are not always retailed with good taste. Indeed, while the author admits that he was obliged to give up Nineveh altogether, he does not appear to have been much more successful in regard to Babylon; for, unless we very much misinterpret his language, he only caught a sight of the Birs Nimroud from a distance, and then had to hurry back to his boat. This hasty glimpse of ruins which require days and weeks for their due inspection, or for any fresh discoveries of worth, is followed by an account of Daniel's stone lion taken from other writers. Now it would scarcely be thought necessary for one traveller to write about the Kootub Minar when he had only seen it from the suburbs of Delhi, or for another to give us a history of the Knights of St. John because he had stepped on shore at Malta from the deck of a P. and O. steamer. We do not wish to be hard on a Transatlantic author who decides on his route, makes annotations, and passes judgments on national character with the characteristic rapidity of his race. But when we deduct from this work the chapters on places which have been described without being seen, and on those which, having been seen, need not have been described, it is quite obvious that the value of the book must be materially reduced. We part friends with the author, and trust that, when he next doth ride a race, like Gilpin, or venture abroad in search of fresh topics, he may not be driven off his boat by quarantine, nor be nearly lost, as was the case, on the rocks of Cape Madraka, on which his good steamer *Mesopotamia* had been carried by what in these and similar cases of blundering and miscalculation it is generally safe to call "an unknown current."

LE DERNIER DES NAPOLÉON.*

THE rapid sale of this volume in France is due to the vigour with which it criticizes Napoleon III. and the people who surrounded him; but the work is at the same time anything but complimentary to the French people themselves, who have bought five editions of it, which we hope may do them good. The state of a French Republican's feelings when he reads these pages must vary between a deep satisfaction at the hard hits given to the Empire, and some degree of irritation at the way in which Frenchmen in general, and French Republicans in particular, are con-

* *Le Dernier des Napoléon.* Cinquième édition. Paris: Lacroix. 1875.

stantly dealt with by the author. Nobody exactly knows by whom the book was written, though French readers generally attribute it to a well-known Austrian diplomatist. It is likely enough to be the production of some one in the diplomatic service of a foreign Power; for it is difficult to believe that a Frenchman would have treated his own country so unmercifully, and, on the other hand, it would be difficult to find a foreigner able to write such lively French without having spent some years in Paris. We do not attach much importance to the revelations which the author makes from time to time of matters known to himself and not before known to the public. The fact is that most of the stories he tells, as well as most of the criticisms which he makes on the Emperor and Empress and their Court, were already known in one form or another, so that the book does not contain very much that is positively new; but it is a rapid and effective summary of the current criticisms on Louis Napoleon. The supposition that the author is an Austrian is supported by the fact that Austria is the only country in Europe that he speaks of quite respectfully. He has the dislike to England which is so common all over the Continent, except in Italy and the small Northern States, and he hates Prussia even more than he hates France. He speaks of the Italians as every one of them were a personal enemy of his own, and of their King in the most disrespectful language. On the other hand, he has feelings of sympathy and veneration for all the Imperial family of Austria, and dedicates his book to the soul of the Emperor Maximilian. In the dedication the author contrives to inform his readers, whilst addressing the soul of Maximilian that he knew his late Majesty personally, and did all in his power, in a private conversation on the terrace at Miramar, to dissuade him from accepting the throne of Mexico. To this he says that Maximilian replied:—"The Emperor Napoleon has done to my country and family all the harm he could. He has come to understand at last that this policy would be sooner or later fatal to France. At present he can but desire our good." The author considers the ruin of Louis Napoleon as the punishment of his conduct towards Austria.

He begins by affirming, with perfect assurance, that the cycle of the Napoleons is closed. Few Frenchmen would feel quite so confident of this, however ardently they might desire it to be true. Notwithstanding the great strength of the present Republican party, there is scarcely a member of it who does not think with more or less anxiety about the young Prince at Chiselhurst, as the principal source of future danger to the Republic. The author of the work before us considers the Empire essentially transitory because it is a phase of the Revolution, which he hates intensely in all its forms and fruits. He declares that virtue and honour and legitimate power are the only bases upon which kings and peoples can seat themselves with safety and develop their grandeur and prosperity. We should be delighted to believe that such a very moral and encouraging theory was true, but we are afraid that in history success is not always quite so uniformly on the side of virtue and honour as might be desirable. Our author shares the opinion, which has been so very commonly received both by foreigners and by many Frenchmen themselves, that France is in a condition of mortal decadence. He even speaks of the country as people do now of Turkey, saying that it is "moribond." One sign of this decadence he takes to be the nomination of Louis Napoleon as Chief of the State. The plain truth is that the people who talk as if France were on the point of death are generally Legitimists, like the author of the work before us, and their pessimist are the result of political discouragement. Legitimacy in France is past revival by any art of doctoring; it is really "moribond," if not already dead; the Legitimists are fully aware of this, but, instead of saying that their own cause is lost and their own party dissolving, they say that France is dying.

The author of *Le Dernier des Napoléon* is not more plain-spoken about the genealogy of the late Emperor than a Legitimist would naturally be on a question of hereditary right. He reminds us of the earnest protest by King Louis in 1839, which is historical. It is a fact that the husband of Queen Hortense firmly denied that he was the father of Louis Napoleon, in whom there was never a trace of any physical resemblance to the Bonapartes. This absence of family likeness was particularly striking when the late Emperor was seen with his uncle Jérome and his cousin Prince Napoleon, who were both so visibly Bonapartes. The absence of family likeness, even when so total as it was in this instance, would not, however, prove anything by itself, for it is often very striking in families where there is not the slightest reason for suspecting the virtue of the mother; but, taken in connexion with the repeated protests of the reputed father, it certainly is significant. But whoever may have been the real father of Napoleon III., he was recognized by the first Emperor himself as his eventual successor, and therefore was really heir to the Empire as far as Napoleon I. could make him heir. Our readers will remember the affair at Forlì, where the elder brother of Louis Napoleon met his death, probably from one of his fellow-conspirators against the Papal Government, because he would not march with them to Rome. According to the author of this book the ex-King of Holland wrote a letter to the Pope on this occasion, of which the following is an extract:—

Saint-Père, mon âme est accablée de tristesse—et j'ai frémi d'indignation quand j'ai appris la tentative criminelle de mon fils contre l'autorité de votre Sainteté. Ma vie déjà si douloureuse devait donc encore être éprouvée par le plus cruel des chagrins, celui d'apprendre qu'un des miens ait pu oublier toutes les bontés dont vous avez comblé notre malheureuse famille.

Le malheureux enfant est mort, que Dieu lui fasse miséricorde!

This relates to the elder brother, but the letter contains also a reference to the younger, who afterwards became Napoleon III.:—

Quant à l'autre, qui usurpe mon nom, vous le savez, Saint-Père, celui-là, grâce à Dieu, ne m'est rien. J'ai le malheur d'avoir pour femme une Messaline qui accouche. . . . &c., &c.

There is nothing new in this volume about the earlier years of Louis Napoleon, or even about his life before his accession to the throne. The author has the trick of quoting very appositely and in the right place for effect, and therefore it happens that some of his quotations are so interesting that we are tempted to quote them over again. One from that remarkably clear-sighted philosopher Proudhon is worth notice:—

Vous ne fonderez ni une dynastie ni rien de stable, parce que votre situation et votre provenance sont contradictoires et s'excluent. Vous vous proclamez empereur; vous allez être forcé d'exagérer l'autorité, vous qui l'avez combattue à main armée—vous allez faire de la compression et de l'arbitraire, vous qui avez tant prôné la liberté.

Allez, la Liberté n'a rien à craindre de vous! Sans que vous vous en doutiez, vous ferez plus de mal au principe de l'autorité que tous les conspirateurs ensemble.

The sequel has proved the last sentence to be quite true. The desire for a free Constitution is much more general now in France than it was in 1848, although the Republic of that date was more decidedly what is called Republican than the present. There was at that time a fiery Republicanism in the towns, but the middle classes in the country had so little objection to Cæsarism that they positively preferred it to the risks of popular government. In those days the middle-class rurals thought that Cæsarism would be a protection. In the present day Cæsarism is more generally considered to be a source of danger to the country, and it is the reign of Louis Napoleon which has left this impression on people's minds. The present Constitution is due much more to hatred of Bonapartism than to any particular enthusiasm for the Republic, and it may be fairly asserted that Louis Napoleon has done more for it than anybody else. Even now that he is dead he still works very efficaciously against Cæsarism in France, if only by supplying a subject for such books as the one before us, which are incomparably more efficacious than any mere condemnations of Cæsarism in the abstract.

The anonymous writer affirms that Napoleon III. was the victim of an extreme and almost invincible idleness, that he was so much afraid of work as only to apply himself to it at the last extremity, and that he was a dreamer whose faculties evaporated in the clouds. This, we have reason to believe, is true in the main, but rather exaggerated in the way the writer puts it. Compared with the all but superhuman energy of Napoleon I., and his ceaseless vigilance and activity, the habits of Louis Napoleon appear extremely indolent; but we are not aware that, when he enjoyed tolerable health, he was lazier than many rich men generally are. He liked ease no doubt, but he was perfectly able to conquer his own indolence whenever he clearly perceived the necessity for doing so. His worst fault as a ruler appears to have been a want of personal curiosity as to what was being done by his subordinates, and a disposition to submit beforehand to the evil-doings of corrupt agents as something inevitable, whereas the first Emperor was always determined to be cheated as little as possible, and looked into everything that could possibly be inspected by him. Louis Napoleon might have gone through life blamelessly as a constitutional monarch in a settled kingdom with capable and honest advisers: but the position in which his fate placed him required that incessant overlooking of subordinates, and that attention to minute detail, which belong rather to military commanders than to statesmen like the late Emperor. The author of this volume believes with most people that the late reign began comparatively well, because the Emperor had some useful and wise advisers then, and that after the death of these advisers he began to be directed by less able councillors, especially by the Empress Eugénie, whose advice proved fatal to him in the end. The general impression in France is that De Morny was the wisdom of the Emperor, so that, when that intimate adviser died, the Imperial sapience perished along with him. The Court of the Tuileries is described with the utmost severity as a scene of vulgar extravagance and dubious society; nor does the writer spare the Empress, blaming the absence of severity in language and manner which was really one of her womanly charms, and condemning with unnecessary energy some picturesque fancies of hers, some arrangements of *tableaux vivants* at the Tuileries, which were a good deal talked about at the time. The writer is evidently as hostile to the Empress as a gentleman can permit himself to be towards a lady. Speaking of the opening of the Suez Canal, he is very hard upon the Empress for riding upon a donkey, and for trying the experiment of mounting a dromedary. It would be simply charitable to suppose that she committed these great crimes in a spirit of innocent good humour, inspired by the delights of travel. A want of charity is also observable in the writer's way of criticizing the extravagance of the Empress when at the Tuileries. He does not take into consideration the fact that she really believed her extravagance to be a form of charity towards the poorer classes, by the encouragement it gave to trade. A sounder political economy condemns extravagance as a source of poverty to nations, because the labour absorbed in its maintenance might be more usefully employed; but the Empress did not see so far; she believed herself to be doing unmixed good, when in reality she was doing harm.

The writer speaks very respectfully of English diplomacy, as being fully alive to the interests of England, and always perfectly awake; but he has the utmost contempt for the French ambassadors and other agents in foreign countries under the Empire:—

Quand on a vu à l'œuvre la diplomatie française de l'Empire à l'étranger on se rend parfaitement compte de la longue suite de ses mécomptes et des désastres qu'elle a laissé arriver sur le pays, sans les prévoir, sans les prévenir.

Ambassades et consulats, ces postes si importants, non-seulement pour la dignité du pays, mais pour ses intérêts les plus graves, étaient livrés aux mains les plus inaptes, souvent à des mains criminelles: ici un de ces fonctionnaires était surpris en flagrant délit de vol—ayant dissipé les fonds de toute la colonie confiés à sa garde;—là tel autre usait de ses hautes fonctions pour extorquer du gouvernement auprès duquel il était accrédité, des sommes arbitraires et iniques dont il prélevait la dime. Vous comprenez comment de pareils agissements donnaient une haute idée de la France aux fonctionnaires et aux populations des pays étrangers.

Notwithstanding his compliments to our diplomacy, the author has the usual Continental opinion of our disinterestedness. He says we would recognize Robespierre himself if the recognition could make us sell one bale of cotton the more. He traces the origin of the Crimean war to Napoleon's desire to get his wife received at the English Court, so that the social position of the Imperial couple might obtain that corroboration of which it stood so much in need, and his theory is that the interests of France were sacrificed to the personal *amour-propre* of the Emperor and Empress. The consequences of the Crimean war are described as more injurious to France than to any other people, not excepting Russia herself, who made great strides in internal improvement in consequence of the lessons learned twenty years ago:—

La France y sacrifia gratuitement et inutilement son avenir, ses soldats, et ses millions.

Nous disons gratuitement, et le mot est impropre. Elle fit plus.

La France, malgré la prise de Sébastopol, conservait bien des sympathies en Russie. Elles se réveillèrent vivement à la fin de la campagne quand la France refusa son concours à l'Angleterre pour détruire Cronstadt et St. Pétersbourg, et accorda à la Russie une paix honorable qui ne lui coûtait ni une humiliation ni un pouce de territoire. Napoléon III. pouvait s'allier la Russie à toujours, et l'avenir et la grandeur de la France étaient assurés.

Mais il ne sut qu'infliger à l'Angleterre, son alliée, une blessure, qu'elle n'oubliera et ne lui pardonnera jamais, sans profiter de la reconnaissance et du bon vouloir de la Russie.

C'est ainsi que la campagne de Crimée profitera à tout le monde et ne nuira qu'à la France, qui a si chèrement payé la victoire.

The author writes just as an Austrian might be expected to write about the Italians and their independence. He hates them intensely, attributing to them many vices and but one virtue—patriotism:—

L'Italien a sa manière de haïr, comme de conspirer.

Pour vous détruire, il se fera plus pieux que le Pape, plus humble que l'esclave, plus dévoué que le dévouement, jusqu'à ce qu'il vous ait attiré dans son nœud coulant. . . Alors il vous étrangle avec un cynisme et une quiétude féroces.

Intelligent, il a appris la patience et la duplicité avec une astuce, une souplesse, un sens politique profonds. Il sait attendre, il sait dissimuler; dissimuler encore mieux que feindre.

Il se croit le premier des peuples, et il n'ignore pas qu'il en est le dernier. Il hait et méprise tous les peuples étrangers, sauf l'Anglais, qui lui paraît original et solide. Il n'y a rien que l'Italien ne puisse faire, mais du plus vil au plus élevé il est patriote.

The action of Napoleon III. in favour of Italy is represented as one of the great examples of his political incapacity. By humbling Austria he was advancing the interests of his future enemy, Prussia, and by helping to constitute Italy without making an ally of her, he was preparing the condition of things which we see to-day, when Italy is much less French than Prussian, when the Emperor of Germany is received with real enthusiasm in Italy, and the Italians are training themselves in German ideas by a diligent study of German literature. No doubt all this is true; we can all see now how Louis Napoleon prepared the way for Powers which either have since become or may yet become very dangerous enemies to France; but after reading books like the one before us the remark which obviously suggests itself is that it is easy to be wise after the event. We can all see now what were the great mistakes of Louis Napoleon, just as we can point out the blunders of his uncle. We all know that the Mexican war was a great blunder, and we see plainly that, from a French point of view, M. Thiers was right in condemning the policy which led to the unity of Italy and Germany. The great defect of Louis Napoleon's mind appears to have been that he would go far enough on a line of action to incur the cost of it, but not far enough to reap the full benefit of it for his country. His policy was rather that of a private schemer than of a patriot acting for the country which he represented, and this may have been due to the fact that he never really took root in the country, and never could feel himself secure on his own throne. He had too many home anxieties for a sound foreign policy. He might have had a very valuable ally in Italy had he allowed the Italians to go to Rome, but then the French clerical party had to be conciliated, and so the advantages which he ought to have derived from the campaign of 1859 were lost to him. The last act of his reign, the fatal march to Sedan, was a consequence of his dread of the Parisian Republicans. Every one knows, and he knew himself, that the proper course in the interests of France would have been a retreat in the direction of the capital, but the well-known disaffection of the Parisians made him prefer anything to that. The one lesson of his reign is that a sovereign whose throne is unstable is in a false position, and cannot, if he would, follow steadily a truly national policy. The late Emperor and his wife had to think of the dynasty as well as of France, and the consequence has been fatal to both, yet still more fatal to the dynasty, which is overthrown, than to the country, which is gradually recovering its strength, and something like a sound political organization.

STORY'S NERO.*

THE word "dramatic" is often used in a very loose way as a laudatory epithet merely synonymous with exciting, or lively, or interesting. When a series of actual events is in itself such as to lay hold on the imagination more strongly or suddenly than usual, or when the like effect is produced by the art of the reciter in the presentation of real or fictitious accounts, we are apt to say without more ado that the events or the narrative are dramatic. Those who speak thus have generally no intention of passing judgment on the question whether the particular subject is of a kind fitted for artistic treatment in the dramatic form; indeed we may safely assume that the question is seldom present to their minds at all. Such a habit of speech, however, could not have arisen, or at any rate could not have become current with educated writers, except in a society where, however many theatrical performances and playgoers there may be, there is little real dramatic art and little knowledge of its conditions, and consequently where there is vague and confused thought, if any thought at all, on most matters connected with it. And the usage once established is doubtless powerful by way of reaction to keep up the confusion whence it sprung. The story is exciting, says one. Yes, it is dramatic, says the next. Ay, very dramatic, says a third; *ergo* an excellent subject for a play, and a play we will make of it. Nor is the error necessarily a gross or obvious one in the particular case. It may well have a certain admixture of truth, or at least sufficient elements of plausibility. It often happens that several scenes and incidents in a story, taken by themselves, are dramatic in the true sense, while the story as a whole is nevertheless quite impracticable for that purpose. Again, the habit of composing works in a dramatic form which are avowedly not meant for the theatre and are not bound either as to length or as to incident even by the physical possibilities of actual performance, must to no small extent be answerable for blunting the finer sense of dramatic propriety. So long as one is entitled to ask what the effect would be on the stage, there is something to go by which is ascertainable and in the main intelligible, though perhaps not always capable of logical exposition. When this test—an efficient one as far as it goes, if rude and narrow in some respects—is once swept away, it is difficult to bear constantly in mind that there are still some few canons of design and construction which are inseparable from the dramatic form, even when it is divorced from the visible action that gave it a name, and from the observance of which the author is not absolved. It is far too late, indeed, to complain on this or any other ground of the practice of writing plays for the closet, as it is called, which on the face of them are not stage-plays. It has given us a certain number of really great additions to literature; and besides, it is at least as old as Seneca, or whoever else it was that, among other productions of the same sort, in part anticipated Mr. Story's theme with the tragedy of *Octavia*.

Coming thus to Mr. Story, we have to say that he appears to have fallen to some extent into a mistake of the kind pointed out above. He tells us that "the story of Nero, as recorded by ancient writers, and especially in the vivid sketch of Suetonius, and the more elaborated and highly-coloured pages of Tacitus, had long haunted my mind as a powerful subject for dramatic treatment." That is, because the tale as told by Tacitus or Suetonius—in other words, in the manner and with the instruments of the historian—is powerful to compel pity, terror, amazement, or indignation, therefore it is fitted to produce the same effects in a different way, and by different means, in the hands of the dramatic writer. Admitting that in the particular case it is easy for "indolent reviewers" to be wise after the event, we hold that such an inference must ever be unsafe; the two things are consistent, but the one is not evidence of the other. And, while the narrative of Tacitus is, in the looser sense of the epithet, one of the most dramatic ever written, the reign of Nero seems to us, wholly apart from any notion of actually putting it on the stage, in the strict sense an essentially undramatic theme. For it offers no real unity of thought or purpose which the poet's imagination can grasp, and which his skill can bring forth to a new life through all the successive changes of place and person. There is no strong character to be developed, either for good or for evil. Nero's character is too hopelessly removed from the normal and healthy standard of mankind; there is none of our common humanity to be studied in him. His victims are pitiable, but that is all; as Tacitus himself remarked, their submission to their fate was, with some splendid exceptions, so ignoble as almost to deserve a share of the indignation we bestow on the tyrant. So, too, there is no real development of events, but a mere succession of nameless and shameless crimes, ending in a fall of the tyrant, not brought about, as it were, at an appointed time by some of the imposing combinations which destiny reserves for the fall of greater men, but happening simply when the loathing of a world utterly wearied of him has gathered courage—one hardly knows why at that moment more than

* *Nero.* By W. W. Story. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1875.

another—to quicken itself into active hate; nor does the end bear with it any sign of what shall come after, save the fatal secret, only afterwards to be understood and fully disclosed, that emperors can be made out of Rome. And this last point, the one result of real political importance which the reign of Nero left behind it, is just one of those which a dramatic author can do nothing with. We do not say that all these objections might not be set aside by that quality and force of genius which has surmounted no less difficulties in the past, and of which we are not without living examples; it would be the merest pedantry, for instance, to bring such considerations as the foregoing to M. Victor Hugo's work. But it does seem to us that these are reasons why a man putting his trust in skill and understanding short of transcendent genius should not deliberately choose for a drama such a subject as Mr. Story has chosen; and in assigning these reasons we have at the same time shown what kind of feeling, speaking of the effect as a whole, we have in fact experienced in reading the book.

It must be understood that we have entered upon this discussion because Mr. Story is a writer who deserves to have his choice seriously discussed. Given the general scheme, the merit of the execution is of a high order. Mr. Story's language is strong, simple, and dignified; the dialogue is neither too abrupt nor too diffuse for the circumstances; and the characters are sustained with considerable spirit. As to the events, the historians are followed with close, and even minute, fidelity; indeed there is hardly a saying or anecdote preserved by them in relation to the topics here embraced which Mr. Story has not worked into his verse. In some places his faithfulness to his guides has driven him to the extreme verge of what can be spoken of by a modern writer. Far from censuring him for this, we agree that the picture of Nero, if it was to be drawn at all, could not be true without these last damning touches; and even here a commendable gravity and reserve in tone as well as in words secures his writing from all suspicion of evil tendency. And in general there is a very proper avoidance of the revolting scenes and descriptions for which a coarser hand would have found ample temptation and opportunity. To give some notion of Mr. Story's accuracy, which we believe we have pretty well tested, we can find no departures from the recorded facts beyond a slight compression of incidents in the matter of Piso's conspiracy against Nero, and the expression that

> Justice bent
> Its head before him when Longinus fell,

which is not quite appropriate to the case of one who was indeed exiled, but lived to be recalled after Nero's death. Not only is there so little alteration, but there is hardly any addition; the poet is in truth almost cramped by the abundance of his authorities; and the temptation, or let us say the apparent duty, of almost turning Tacitus into blank verse, has probably led to some loss of dramatic opportunities. But, on the whole, there is little room for detailed criticism; there is only the general consciousness that this is the laudable work of a good and even excellent ability, though here, as it seems to us, expended on ungrateful matter, and that genius would have done it otherwise or done something different. We do not know, however, why Agrippina is addressed as *madame*: why the Latin *salve*, if introduced at all, is put in the singular in the mouth of a person speaking to more than one other; or why we are expected to read Epicharis for Epicharis in the face of both quantity and accent. We should mention that Mr. Story is not insensible to the artistic difficulty arising from the general deformity of the characters; for he tries to contend with it by ascribing touches of human interest, and even of comparative virtue, to Poppæa. For instance, he makes her express some pity for the Christians (for which, historically speaking, her known patronage of the Jews would be an ambiguous argument), and Nero's fatal fit of anger is brought on by her protest against his appearance in the circus. As concerning these exhibitions, by the way, Mr. Story seems nowhere to bring out adequately the specially Roman feeling of contempt and disgust for the prince's conduct. But he is overborne by his own authorities. The traits thus invented are incapable of disproof, but it is impossible to forget Tacitus. Another and even less hopeful attempt of the same kind is made with Sporus. From the same motive perhaps, Agrippina's affection for Nero is so much overdone as to detract from the grandeur of unscrupulous and relentless ambition, such as it is, which properly attaches to her. But as the reader must check for himself, if he will, our criticism on the general plan, we must give him the chance of verifying on the spot what we have said of the performance in detail. We choose a speech of Nero, at the highest intoxication of his power, after the great fire in Rome:—

> NERO. We must build up these galleries anew,
> The fire hath spoiled these marbles utterly.
> Gods! what a sight it was when the fierce flames
> Licked the black night, and all Rome was ablaze—
> A sight to make one's spirits leap for joy!
> Here night on night I stood and gazed at it,
> Never was weary: now and then a crash
> Shook all the palace; then a bursting mass
> Of sparks and smoke and ashes flew aloft
> And rained again to earth; then darting tongues
> Of living flame ran swift along the roofs,
> Insatiate to destroy, with a fierce rage.
> They say, I hear, I set our Rome afire;
> That's a mean lie. They tell such lies of me!

For another specimen we take Galba's acceptance of the Empire—or, to speak more correctly, of a command which led to Empire—in a scene which, though out of the main action, has to our mind more of the true dramatic ring than almost any other:—

> OTHO. Ay, Galba, we are all in this agreed.
> Give us your pledge. Think upon him who slew
> Our dearest friends, and drive him from his place.
> Think of our country over whom he broods
> Like some dread incubus—and shake him off.
> Let virtue yet be possible in Rome.
> GAL. If I accept, 'tis not because I crave
> That gilded circle. 'Tis not that I feel
> Ambition's goad—but that my country calls—
> My bleeding country, trampled under foot
> By this wild despot, by this bloody boy,—
> This riotous, debauched, and murderous boy.
> I am the legate of the Senate here,
> And of the people—bound to act for them—
> Ready to sacrifice my life for them.
> Yet I am old; age, cares, have thinned my blood;
> And better peace and rest would suit my wish
> Than to be lifted high, where every blast
> Would shake me. Still, unto my country's call
> I yield; and, though I do not take the crown,
> As legate of the Senate I accept
> The leadership. Do with me as you will.

TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE.*

PRINCESS FELIX SALM-SALM is one of those persons who cannot be accused of mistaking their vocation when they take to writing their personal memoirs. Whether the success of their books is likely to increase their subsequent popularity among their acquaintance is another question. The Princess is evidently blessed with an excellent memory, supplemented perhaps with some powers of fancy; nor is she trammelled by any over-sensitive delicacy in making free use of her recollections or being perfectly outspoken in her appreciation of character. It is but fair to say that these frank appreciations never sin on the side of ill-nature. When she does drag any gentleman forward into a strongly unfavourable light she has generally what she believes to be reason for honest indignation, as in the case of the Austrian and Belgian Ministers accredited to the unfortunate Maximilian of Mexico. Rather there is the same absence of reserve about her which made Boswell so inimitable as a biographer. As she is entirely open as to all that concerns herself, it does not occur to her that other people may object to having themselves or their affairs put in print as matters for public gossip. She was devoted, as we cannot doubt, to her deceased husband, nor has she ceased to sorrow over his memory. But she throws no veil over his little failings; she tells us repeatedly how she was right and he was wrong, when they differed as to some step they were discussing; how his heart was decidedly better than his head, and how his hasty temper made him prompt to ire on very insufficient provocation. We have the detailed story of his youthful indiscretions, when, after having run through his modest patrimony, he recklessly carried on the desperate game on any terms the usurers dictated; and we learn that the household management of his maturer years was entirely in harmony with the habits of his youth. But all this unreserve makes most lively reading, and in many parts the book is of no small historical interest. Prince Felix was a high-born adventurer, whose gallantry and good-humour made him welcome everywhere, backing up the recommendations he brought in his birth and letters of introduction. The Republicans of the United States made almost as much of him as Maximilian and his circle of foreign courtiers and soldiers. He saw a good deal of active service during the American civil war; he went through some sharp fighting in Mexico before he had to surrender with the unhappy Emperor. More fortunate than his master, he was spared to return home, and, gaining the good graces of King William of Prussia, was advanced to an honourable command in the Prussian service, to fall gloriously before St. Privat. So that his wife, who in her way was more of a marked figure in society than her husband, and who, possessing an equal share of spirit, seems to have had all the qualities that command social success, made the more or less intimate acquaintance of a great number of eminent personages. And, as we recognize the resemblance in those portraits of which we are in a position to judge from some knowledge of the originals, so we are inclined to take for granted her likenesses of Americans and Mexicans, to which she has at all events imparted characteristic individuality.

The chapters relating to the author's stay in Mexico are, of course, the most interesting in the volumes. When, at the close of the American war, Prince Salm-Salm lost a General's command and was cast on the world, it occurred to him to try his fortune in Mexico. He had formerly held a commission in the Austrian service; his family had kept up hereditary relations with Austria as well as Prussia; and Maximilian welcomed him cordially, and attached him to his person. President Johnson, although he gave him a high testimonial, could not supplement it with an official introduction; for at that time he had set the machinery in motion which was to upset the tottering empire of Mexico. Soon after the Salm-Salms arrived in the country, the French took their departure. The joy expressed on the occasion appears to have been mutual, though the unfortunate Emperor, as well as his wisest advisers, must have felt the fatal insecurity of the position to which they were abandoned. But the Princess tells us that the conduct of the French had been disgraceful, and if they were

* *Ten Years of My Life.* By the Princess Felix Salm-Salm. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.

guilty of half the deeds with which she charges them, they must have behaved more like bandits than disciplined soldiers. They insulted and assaulted the men, and vilely outraged the women. As for Marshal Bazaine, he was "bad, cruel, brutal, and mean." It has been given out that his wife was a lady of large fortune. This, the Princess says, is a mistake, and the report was originally set in circulation as a blind, the fact being that Bazaine amassed great sums of money by opening a couple of shops in Mexico, where he retailed the foreign articles which he had imported duty free. Be that as it may, the desertion by the French threw Maximilian into the feeble arms of the Mexican Imperialists. Having chosen his line, he resolved to follow it unreservedly. He thought it wise policy to leave his foreign troops behind him when he took his departure from his capital for Queretaro, and it was only by accepting an appointment on the staff of a native general that Prince Salm-Salm obtained permission to attend him. The drama was drawing rapidly to its climax. Marquez, "a little lively man, with black hair, black keen eyes, and a sinister, swarthy face," marched out of Mexico to be ignominiously beaten; and galloped back first of the fugitives, to announce his own discomfiture to the citizens. Shortly afterwards, Princess Salm-Salm heard, as a casual piece of news, of the treason of Lopez, and his sale of Queretaro and its garrison, her husband included. Then began a period of agitating activity for her; in which she went through three days of travel without changing her clothes, and compromised herself deeply in favour of the prisoners. We agree with her that it does credit to Mexican chivalry that she was not cast into prison, or sent out of the country at the least. As it was, she was treated with extreme courtesy by all the Mexican officers of rank, although naturally some of them now and then lost their temper when they detected her in bribing and intriguing with their staffs. For, although the Prussian Minister professed to think otherwise, from the first she cherished no illusions as to the fate in store for the Emperor. Popular feeling was too excited to admit a reasonable hope of reprieving him; and the President, in approving the sentence of death, was but the passive instrument of the popular will. Thus the only alternative was to effect an escape; and although Maximilian was strongly guarded in the convent of the Capucines, the enterprise was believed to be possible could they command a sufficiency of ready money. But upwards of two hundred thousand dollars in gold was not to be easily procured under the circumstances; and the half-bred Indian officers declined sagely enough to risk their persons and military standing on bare promises to pay. What was wanted was the signatures of the European envoys, on which cash might be made forthcoming; but these signatures the envoys declined to give. Unquestionably they behaved with much timidity, and the Princess describes the cowardice of the Austrian Baron Lago and the Belgian Mr. Hoorickx as carried to ludicrous lengths. But it must be confessed they had good grounds for anxiety; had they been accused of favouring the Emperor's evasion, their diplomatic positions would have been no protection to them in the excited temper of the country. At all events they would risk nothing; and Colonel Palacios, who might have been seduced by a bag of gold, shook his head over a scrap of signed paper, and then walked off to inform his general of the attempts made to tamper with his honour. The indefatigable temptress, still strangely left at liberty, hurried off to throw herself at the feet of the President. She had previously had an interview with Juarez, relative to the terms of the surrender of Queretaro; and it must be remarked that he, as well as Iglesia, one of his Ministers and confidential advisers, had made a very favourable impression on her. Juarez she describes as "a man a little under the middle size, with a very dark-complexioned Indian face, which was not disfigured, but, on the contrary, made more interesting, by a very large scar across it. He had very large piercing eyes, and gave one the impression of being a man who reflects much, and deliberates long and carefully before acting." On this occasion he was courteous, and listened to her patiently, but was not to be moved. He said that the sentence was final; that it was cruel to prolong the prisoner's agony, and that the Emperor must die on the morrow. "I saw the President was moved; he, as well as M. Iglesia, had tears in their eyes"; and she adds, "The trying scenes through which the President had gone that day were too much for him. He retired for three days to his room, and would not see any one."

On their return to Europe the Prince was somewhat disappointed by his reception at the Austrian Court. The truth was that the Emperor had been persecuted by people who had urged their claims upon him on the strength of services rendered to his brother: and besides, he may well have shrunk from anything that recalled the humiliating tragedy of Mexico. Subsequently, however, he generously granted the Princess an annuity of 1,200 "dollars"—florins, we presume. But the Austrian dominions were made somewhat hot for Prince Felix by his old creditors, and it was after his release from arrest in Vienna that he withdrew to Prussia to receive a commission by the special favour of His Majesty. His regiment being quartered at Coblenz, the Salm-Salms chanced to witness the eventful interview with Benedetti in the gardens at Ems in the summer of 1870. On the evening of July 8, the Princess was seated at table next the King, when he expressed his anxieties to her about Prince Hohenzollern's acceptance of the Spanish Crown. Next day they dined with the Queen in Coblenz, and after dinner they left for Ems in the middle of a garden party given to the Coblenz people. They were caught in a heavy shower on their way from the Ems station to the Promenade at the Kursaal, when the King good-naturedly condoled with them on the damage their gay plumage had sustained.

Just when the King left us and went away with Count Lehndorff, the French Minister, Count Benedetti, stopped His Majesty and said something to him, on which our noble sovereign became two inches taller, and his kind face acquired an expression which I had never before seen on it. Making an impatient motion with his hand, towards Count Lehndorff, he went away alone; leaving the oily Frenchman quite petrified.

It will be seen that many of the Princess's recollections are really valuable as contributions to history, while all her experiences and adventures are told so as to make them very agreeable reading. She succeeds in placing herself on such friendly terms with her readers that we cannot doubt she is right in assuming that they will be interested to know that, after all her worries and wanderings, she is settled in a comfortable home, where she lives in the enjoyment of a modest competency. And we may offer her our congratulations on having escaped the conventual seclusion to which she had nearly condemned herself in an inconsiderate impulse, when the Sovereign Pontiff showed his good sense by telling her frankly, on her consulting him, that she was mistaking her vocation.

CONIFERS AND PEAT-SOIL SHRUBS.*

THE chief faults of Mr. Gordon's solid and exhaustive *Pinetum*—for instance, the enumeration of certain pseudo-species, and a rather too scientific principle of arrangement—have been amended in the second edition of the work, to the great convenience of the amateur, who hereby gains a knowledge of varieties for which room has been made, and the means of speedy reference by the introduction of alphabetical order. It would be injustice to Mr. H. G. Bohn, the veteran publisher, who is himself a successful and experimental grower of conifers, to omit mention of the index of popular names, English and translated, which he has compiled and appended to his new edition of Gordon. This is a feature of infinitely more value than the attempt at derivations of genera and species, such as "abies" or "cedrus," for example, which the original author makes, without actually going bail for them. It would be hard to persuade scholars that "abies," the spruce fir's generic name, is derived either from "apios" a pear-tree, or from "abeo," *to rise or spring up*; or, again, that the cedar takes its name either from "*kaio*, to burn, and *drio* (?), to sweat or distil," or from the brook Cedron, on the banks of which the cedar of Lebanon was plentiful (Gordon, p. 60). It is obvious that all such stuff should be unsparingly eliminated from a book of reference. The new edition of the *Pinetum* may be advantageously studied with the aid of Mr. Fraser's truly handy volume which has just been published. *The Handy Book of Ornamental Conifers*, indeed, furnishes in an unambitious way just the sort of popular volume fit for the amateur planter, assisting him to extend his knowledge and experiments in two of the most attractive fields of modern horticulture.

On account of the brief life of bedding plants, and the climatic influences which render fleeting the reign of floral colour in our gardens, it is well to resort to the contrasts of evergreen dwarfs and larger specimens of the coniferous kind, and to study the culture of rhododendrons, as well as of the peat plants and herbaceous plants which group well with them. Rhododendrons, not barren nor unsightly when out of bloom, may find their handsome glossy leafage diversified effectively by a number of "herbaceæ" enumerated in the last ten pages of Mr. Fraser's volume, such as grasses, ferns, yuccas, tritomas, and gladioli, to say nothing of lilies of divers kinds, and some less aspiring plants of equal beauty. Of Mr. Fraser's book about two-thirds are devoted to the conifers; the rest, with the brief section just mentioned, to the rhododendrons and peat-loving shrubs. It will be seen from the glance we are about to take at the first and chief part of its contents, that, without achieving the precise excellences of Mr. Mongredien's book which we reviewed about five years ago, it will serve every needful purpose, and, if less suggestive, will prove sufficient, whilst more portable.

The work just referred to gave a decided impetus to the effective contrasting of conifers with deciduous trees, and that which lies before us gives ample assistance in carrying out this aim with taste. Some of those which are especially commended carry their contrast in their very names, such as, among spruces, Abies alba and A. nigra, both brought from Canada and the United States at the end of the last century. The latter is a hardy conical-shaped tree, with short thick leaves of a very dark green above and a bluish-white below; while the former is so light, glaucous, and silvery of hue as to present a delicious contrast to the dark foliage of pines and firs, like its opposite, or the yellow and crimson leafage of the sugar maple. We get a warning, however, which is not unseasonable, against letting this contrast be heightened by trying, for the sake of its brighter foliage, a variety called "Abies alba glauca," which is less robust. In some of the firs the contrasts are not so marked between themselves, though distinct enough as regards other trees and masses of foliage. Mr. Fraser distinguishes the Californian Albertiana, a most hardy ornamental spruce of

* *Handy Book of Ornamental Conifers and of Rhododendrons and other American Flowers and Shrubs, suitable for the Climate and Soils of Britain.* By Hugh Fraser, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1875.

Gordon's Pinetum: a Synopsis of all the known Coniferous Plants. Second Edition, enlarged. By George Gordon, A.L.S. London: H. G. Bohn. 1875.

rapid growth and tree-like form, from its Canadian rival, the hemlock spruce, which has been grown in England for the last hundred and forty years, by its shorter, denser, slenderer leaves, and its pyramidal outline. The hemlock spruce has broad leaves in double rows, of a light green upper and glaucous under surface, whilst the Albertiana's leaf is pale green above and only sub-glaucous below. It may be doubted whether in the moist rich soil which it appreciates the hemlock spruce need cry second to any of its kinsfolk, with its beautiful bushy broad head and the cedar-like character of its branches. But few of the spruces can match with Abies Douglasii in results. Where there is rich loamy or alluvial soil and moderate shelter, it rears its symmetric outline, and its numerous branches regularly whorled around its trunk in slow but sure growth at first, and then afterwards at a pace that makes up for previous hesitation. As a park or lawn tree it becomes a pride to its planter, and its hardiness seems to attach to its variegated variety, A. Dougl. Stairii, a veritable silver, indeed an almost pure white species. Of this Mr. Fish, who saw the parent plant at Castle Kennedy, writes that "it is impossible to conceive anything more novel or charming than a free-growing spruce with young shoots almost as white as Acer Negundo variegatum" (p. 16). In many respects A. Menziesii approaches A. Douglasii, being "a most hardy evergreen of free rapid growth, regularly branched from the ground upwards." "The leaves are bristly, very sharp pointed, bright green in the upper surface and silvery beneath, giving the tree a shining appearance when the branches are agitated by the wind."

Other spruces to which Mr. Fraser accords high praise are A. Morinda or Kutrow, with its handsome stem clothed with drooping branches, and these with a profusion of deep grey leaves. We can speak to its merits on a sheltered hill slope and rich open soil, though with us it rarely reaches its Dropmore height of thirty-five feet. Abies orientalis, though attaining to sixty or eighty feet in its native Crimean valleys, is of but slow growth, but hardy enough in this country. Mr. Fraser speaks of the profusion of its short, dark-green leaves, and of its conical habit, thickly branched from the ground. He might have added a word about the singular appearance of the younger branches, resembling green ropes in their round form and close-pressed foliage. All accounts, however, confirm his verdict that "for a small lawn, or where a neat, compact evergreen is desirable, no plant can be more strongly recommended" (p. 22). Another short-leaved spruce, Pattoniana, also of slow growth, comes from California, and is designated by Mr. Fraser distinct and handsome. Gordon goes further in his praise when comparing it "in habit and appearance with the Deodar, though more thickly branched and densely foliaged (light green above and glaucous underneath), and by far the handsomer tree." It is irresistible to turn from the spruces to the silver firs, from the Abies to its sub-genus, the Picea, and to this our authors do full honour. The silvers are distinguishable from the spruces in having longer and flatter leaves, silvery beneath, and more obviously *two-rowed* than those of the spruces; cones erect, produced on the upper side of the branches, and deciduous, as the scales fall off when ripe. As a rule, they prefer low-lying, sheltered places, and a rich loamy soil, having a tendency to become stunted on gravelly soils and high ground. A good hint is given in the "Handy Book" (p. 109) as to those silvers which are apt to shoot early into growth and suffer accordingly from late spring frosts. They should be planted where there is shade from early morning suns, which are more fatal than the frost itself to the young growths while still frozen or too rapidly thawed. We also gather from Mr. Fraser's book why, though very hardy and ornamental, many of the Northern Californian Piceas are still so scarce. This is not owing to a difficulty in getting cones, but arises from the ravages of an insect which deposits its eggs in the yet crude seeds of the soft and green cones. The result is that seeds despatched to this country in perfect good faith reach it so perforated and hollow as to render germination impossible. In Mr. Fraser's picked list, P. amabilis, raised by cuttings or grafted on other species, for the reason above stated, is placed highest, and is said to repay any amount of pains and patience; it is a lovely tree truly, in its slender habit, thick branching, and leaves incurved and glossy-green above and silvery beneath. The Cephalonian fir makes an interesting single specimen; and P. pinsapo, from the higher mountains of Spain, is still more eligible, whether singly or with room enough for development, on account of its perfect hardiness, and its network of stem-concealing branches from the ground upwards, with short leaves of a pleasant light green. The Californian Lasiocarpa, or woolly-scaled silver fir, introduced in 1860, is one of the best of contrasts to other species in its sparing leaves of distinct light green. It has, too, the virtue of not being fastidious as to soil. But of all the introduced Piceas none is hardier or more beautiful, none of greater promise in its future, than Douglas's Picea nobilis, a quick, free grower, with bluish-green and silver leafage, crowded on every shoot of its level tiers of branches.

Of the pines we get a discriminating choice. P. excelsa, from Nepal and the Himalayas, is graceful in its slightly pendulous habit, and distinct in its silvery fleece of thick-set slender leaves. This is (according to Gordon) the Kail or Cheel of Himalayan travellers. P. insignis has the fault of making late autumn growth, and so being a victim more or less to frosts; but, with the caution above given as to Piceas, this blot may be avoided, and it is worth trying for its dense, grassy-green, informal branches and foliage. Lambertiana, like the P. cembra, has edible seeds, and, when young, the look of a Weymouth pine, from which it is distinguishable by its larger, glaucous leaves, light green colour, and graceful, feathery branchlets. The hardy, bright green Laricio, or Corsican pine, ought to be largely planted, not only for its curious twisting of bright-green leaves, but for its rapid growth and unsusceptibility to the attacks of hares and rabbits. The sand-binding quality of the Pinaster, the large cones and leaves of the striking Macrocarpa, the virtues of P. Austriaca, as a shelter, a nurse, a specimen tree, or as proof against sea-breezes, are all here duly commemorated; whilst those who love the form and habit of the indigenous "Pinus silvestris" are introduced to several desirable miniature varieties of it; as, for instance, P. sylvestris aurea, a pretty plant for a small lawn, of slow growth, and distinguished by golden variegations. Amongst larches we are recommended to Larix Europea pendula, said by Gordon (p. 170) to be a weeping sub-variety of the Tyrolese larch; but most persons who have seen the larch planted out in a park with stint of room must have noticed its pendulous tendency. If we must vary the common type, it should be by getting one or two samples of the Golden larch, which Gordon names Pseudo-larix Kaempferi, a Chinese species sent home by Fortune in 1852. The Chinese call it Kin-le-sung, or Golden Pine, from the yellow autumnal look of its ripened leaves, and from the cones, whose deciduous scales resemble at the points the common artichoke. Kept from frost in early spring, the Golden Larch will repay its nursing. Near to the larch in the alphabetical order of the "Handy Book," the "Libocedrus decurrens," or Incense Cedar, is best known to ordinary observers as Thuja gigantea, being indeed in foliage and habit nearly allied to the Thujas. It is in this country credited with a designation belonging more properly to Thuja lobbii; but, call it as we may, there is no mistaking its claim to conspicuous notice in "its close spire-like habit of growth and deep sombre colour." Mr. Fraser suggests its alternation with other conifers of diffuser form and lighter green or glaucous tints (*e.g.* Cedrus deodara, C. Atlantica, or Cupressus Lambertiana), in avenue rows.

On cypresses, cedars, junipers, Biotas, Thujas, and Thuiopses—to omit other notable families of conifers—we have a rich abundance of interesting and helpful notes and suggestions in the volumes before us. In choosing a specimen cypress, a novice would not err in singling out C. Lawsoniana, "a rapid-growing, plume-like shrub of a symmetrical conical form, abundantly clothed with branches; the dense branchlets slender and drooping, and of a light green, sometimes slightly glaucous, colour." The summer aspect of these cypresses is rendered more attractive by the profusion and beauty of their golden, and in some varieties purple, cones. The account of C. Goveniana or Gowen's Cypress, in p. 56, might, however, make one hesitate; for not only is it "a pretty evergreen shrub of conical growth, light green feathery branches, and bright golden catkins in summer," but it enjoys a great rapidity of growth in this country, "where there are now specimens fully double the height named as the maximum in its native habitats by its discoverer, who in all probability took his notes from plants growing in exposed places or thin poor soil." It is to be wondered, when glancing at the list of cedars, that for all its qualities of hardihood, rapid growth, and good timber, it is not as widely planted as its rivals, the Deodar and the Lebanon, especially as it combines the tall, tapering habit of the one with the horizontal set of the other, and is distinct in its shining silvery foliage. Persons who are solicitous to call things by their proper names will be glad to be reminded by Mr. Fraser that the popular "Golden Globe" of our terrace vases, geometric-bed centres, and small lawns, is not so correctly designated "Thuja aurea" as Biota orientalis *aurea*. It was raised, as we learn from Gordon, in the nursery of Messrs. Waterer and Godfrey, at Knap Hill. Between Fraser and Gordon we ought to get suggestive hints as to rearing the distinct and handsome Patagonian Fitzroya, which, though found naturally at high elevations, is apt to suffer from spring frosts. It likes a good shelter, north aspect, and dry rich soil, and this is not inconsistent with its native habitats, where it grows up to fifty or a hundred feet in the shelter of valleys, though it dwarfs to a small bush as it nears the borders of perpetual snow. Its slender spreading branches, bending down at the tips into a curve, make it a very desirable evergreen, and one that it is worth some pains to nurse. Under the head of Araucarias (which, by the way, we bar from avenues), we get a good hint as to preserving them from the failure which befalls them in low situations, or cold stiff clays, with wet impervious subsoils:—

> Where the situation is very damp and complete drainage impossible, it is a good plan to raise the plant to the surface, banking the new soil round it. This is resorted to very frequently in such circumstances with complete success, the long underbranches bending down and covering the bank in such a way as to modify what might be considered a somewhat unsightly object.

We can confidently recommend Mr. Fraser's handbook for brief and sufficient directions as to various other species (*e.g.* Retinosporas, Salisburias, Sequoias, Taxodiums, &c.) which we cannot here dwell on. It is just the sort of book to refer to in a puzzle betwixt two claimants for favour or purchase, or on points of hardiness and proper culture. Such also will it be found as regards rhododendrons and peat-plants; so much so indeed that its help should be called in before a visit to Knap Hill or to Woking. The lists have been made with an eye to habits of growth, colours, time of flowering, and uses in garden decoration, and profess to be rather representative than exhaustive. And the burden of the cultural directions is of a character to reassure those who, while coveting the brilliant addition of a rhododendron bed or two to garden or shrubbery, are deterred from the venture by the non-existence of

peat in the neighbourhood. A soil may be created containing all the elements and constituents of peat; and those who would learn how this can be done, as well as much about rhododendron culture, will do well to consult the pages of Mr. Fraser's "Handy Book."

THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY.*

BEFORE the publication of *The Squire's Legacy* its writer produced two works. In reviewing each of these we expressed a belief, founded upon certain portions of what, as a whole, was very far from excellence, that the author could write something worth her own, and, what is perhaps more important, her readers' trouble, and a hope that she would do so. In her present venture there is less of absurdity than was found in much of her former productions, and there are occasional touches of grace and feeling. It does not, however, by any means fulfil the expectations which might not unreasonably have been excited by the treatment of one character, Mrs. Payte, in the writer's last book. Judged by the standard which one could wish to see applied to works of fiction, *The Squire's Legacy* could not possibly be described as a good novel. On the other hand, judged by comparison with much that passes for good, it assumes some importance from the fact that, besides being free from vulgarity or coarseness, it is written in tolerable English, and contains one or two pretty passages. The style of the author is, however, as heretofore, disfigured by certain tricks of petty pretentiousness. Here, for instance, is a singular example of what passes among some people for fine writing. A former owner of the house where the story is laid once entertained the Prince Regent, when he "had such a week of revelry within the fine old house that even *he* remembered it until—his revelry over—he wore that plain court dress which boasts no flash of jewels." The passage is decidedly obscure; but it seems probable that it may be translated into plain English as "until he died." The substitution of the long string of words just quoted for this clear phrase recalls the scraps of sounding expressions dragged by desperate schoolboys from the depths of a Gradus, and thrust anyhow into their verses to make up a line. The task of the novelist is, indeed, not unlike that of the victim of Latin metrical composition. The one has to complete his allotted number of lines, as the other has to fill the prescribed three volumes; and both might be excused for wandering into nonsense in order to complete their tales. Only there is this important difference, that the schoolboy is obliged to write and the novelist is not.

The plot and characters of *The Squire's Legacy* are not much more probable than were those of *Old Myddelton's Money* or of *Victor and Vanquished*. The hero, by name Scot Monkton, is, as heroes no doubt should be, beautiful alike in person and in mind. Indeed, the only fault that can be picked in him is what seems from the context to be intended as a merit. He has hair which is "almost the colour of the old bronze-velvet cushions" of a folding-chair. There are a good many shades which bronze velvet may assume under the influence of time; but it is not easy to imagine hair which took any one of them upon itself being anything but a monstrosity. It is further to be noted concerning Scot Monkton's appearance that, as he lies back in his folded chair, his "lazy attitude" is "rather at variance with the firmness of the bearded chin and the pleasant look of the untired eyes." Why a lazy attitude should be incompatible with a pleasant look, and how it can be seen through the disguise of a beard whether a chin is firm or not, is left in doubt. The description of the hero is followed by that of a certain M. Sourdet, who is as complete a specimen of villany as Scot Monkton is of heroic virtue. This person comes to Kingswood, the house of Scot's father, with a request from Stanley Monkton, the cousin who would, in the event of Scot's death, succeed to Kingswood, that the bearer may be allowed to see the family portraits. In the course of his inspection he puts various questions to young Monkton, who offers to act as his guide, which are not only impertinent, but are of so peculiar a character that, if Scot Monkton had ever read a three-volume novel, he must have suspected his guest of some dark design. All he does, however, is to show "a glimpse of the natural, quiet haughtiness which lay below his easy cordiality," until M. Sourdet asks to see the family photographs as well as the pictures:—

> "Have you finished your examination of the pictures, Monsieur Sourdet?" inquired Scot, pleasant and genial in his character of host, though his whole nature recoiled from this man; "and are you not tired of it?"
>
> "I should never be tired of such occupation, Mr. Monkton; and just as you spoke I was about to ask you if I might see the family photographs. You have some very valuable ones, I have heard."
>
> A cloud gathered on Scot Monkton's brow. Did his cousin's letter oblige him to show this man private family property? He would do much for Stanley Monkton, because it was so hard for him to have a healthy life between himself and a fine estate which he might have inherited; but still he surely need not do that.
>
> "You must be very fond of studying family portraits," he said, idly.
>
> "You must be very clever at it," observed Miss Windish, her light eyes fixed upon the Frenchman's face with no expression at all, though he stirred uncomfortably under their gaze; "very clever, indeed, to have recognized me from a poor portrait taken thirty years ago."
>
> "I could not mistake you, madam," he answered, with a bow; "and it *is* a favourite study of mine, Mr. Monkton."
>
> "It must be," remarked the young secretary, addressing Scot, "for Monsieur Sourdet has allowed me to understand that he has spent two years in this study among the English gentry."
>
> "Then have you not discovered," asked Scot, "that the English gentry—like the English peasantry—like to possess one or two little articles of property which they may call exclusively their own?"

The Miss Windish spoken of above is called, at her own request, Miss Windish, but is really Mrs. Hawthorne. She is an aunt of Monkton's, and has returned suddenly in the midst of his interview with Sourdet, having left her husband for no apparent reason, and has announced her wish never to hear her married name again, but to take up precisely the same position which she occupied at Kingswood when she was in reality Miss Windish—a somewhat singular desire, which she is enabled to gratify with equally singular ease.

Sourdet, after his mysterious conduct at Kingswood, has an interview, in which his conduct is no less mysterious, with a so-called labourer, whose actual profession is that of poaching and thieving, named Oliver Wakeley. This man has by some means, which the writer does not condescend to explain, persuaded an exceptionally charming woman to become his wife. She knew when she married him that he was a gaol-bird, and she hates him cordially; but her presence as his wife appears to be considered necessary to the course of the story, in which she appears from time to time—at one time talking excellent English; at others, when it may be supposed that the writer recollects the position in which she has placed this creation of her brain, speaking with an inaccuracy carefully marked by the excision of h's. Shortly after this interview between the villain Sourdet and the man Wakeley whom he makes his instrument, the old Squire Monkton is described as he returns from London to Western Junction, the station nearest to Kingswood. On his way he notices a poverty-stricken young man in whose face there is something that awakens in him a strong interest. The young man is sending a telegram of which he seems to be painfully counting the cost:—

> The clerk answered, and the young man bent to his writing again; but the Squire's telegram lay unfinished, and he stood waiting still, and, to all appearance, listening still. He fancied he had waited a long hour so, when the young man at last rose to an upright posture, and, raising his hat for a few moments, drew a small cotton handkerchief across his forehead. The fingers of the Squire's left hand, which lay upon the telegram, closed and opened again with a convulsive spasm, but he did not move from his leaning attitude; though when at last the clerk asked if he had completed his message, he turned and answered, with a laugh, that he supposed he had said sufficient.
>
> "One-and-sixpence, sir."
>
> The Squire put down a half-sovereign.
>
> "I cannot wait for the change," he said, speaking genially to the young man beside him. "Will you oblige me by allowing the clerk to consider that that half-sovereign pays for your telegram too? There's my train. Telegrams are great nuisances, aren't they?" And he left the office before the young man could answer.

It might appear to some that there was something officious in this courtesy in spite of the Squire's "genial" speech. But this view is not taken by the young man himself, who accepts the position without comment. This is of the less consequence as that invention of modern times which is so peculiarly useful to modern novelists, a railway collision, takes place soon afterwards and causes the death of the Squire. Scot Monkton is sent for and arrives just in time to see his father, who, before he dies, leaves him some mysterious injunction—the Squire's Legacy—the result of which is that Scot abandons Kingswood and establishes himself in company with Aunt Windish or Hawthorne on a small farm, where he has the greatest difficulty in making a decent livelihood. This is a reduction to the absurd of a common and mistaken tendency which may be observed as well in novelists of considerable power as in those of the third or fourth class. It is supposed that, as there is a hero to deal with, some heroic deed must be assigned to him, which is reasonable enough; it is further supposed that a sacrifice in the cause of duty is a heroic deed, which need not be controverted. But the sacrifice is constantly foisted on to the hero, or the heroine, as the case may be, without any show of reason. The writer of *The Squire's Legacy* has reached the depth of unreason in making her hero give up his estate, when there is nobody to give it up to, on no better ground than that of a likeness which has struck his father. One cannot help feeling what excellent common sense there is in the advice of Sourdet the villain, who for his own ends is anxious that Scot Monkton should abandon his ludicrous self-sacrifice. Sourdet is possessed of certain papers which he pretends are of the last importance to the Monkton family, and which he is ready to sell to Scot Monkton, who refuses to buy them, partly on the ground that he has no money, which we may say with Pepys was "one of his devilish lies." It is a little singular that although, when Scot Monkton refuses to buy the papers, Sourdet is unable to make any use of them, yet when Sourdet is found burnt to death in a conflagration of his own making, as it afterwards turns out, on Scot's premises, there is a strong suspicion among the neighbours that Scot has compassed his death in this fiendish manner in order to get hold of these documents, and Scot is arrested and tried upon this charge.

Before this unfortunate event various personages of more or less interest have made their appearance. There is a young detective gifted with that preternatural skill in disguise and penetration which unfortunately is found only in the detectives of romance. There is an old lawyer who, without having been brought up to the trade, proves himself almost as good a detective as this remarkable youth. There is further

* *The Squire's Legacy.* By Mary Cecil Hay, Author of "Old Myddelton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1875.

a pair of engaged lovers, the lawyer's son and a girl named Doris Egerton. It is in the scenes where she appears that the passages of grace and feeling of which we have spoken are to be found. In her there is something that is true and touching; but the pretty treatment of one character is not enough to support the weight of three volumes which, if thoroughly harmless, are very far from thoroughly wise. The young man who is the first lover of this girl is the too familiar figure of the poet consumed by his own inward fire, who dies just as his first tragedy is applauded by a full house. The writer wishes her readers to believe that he dies from excess of emotion acting on a weak frame; he really dies because he must be got out of the way to make room for lover number two. The child upon whom much of the plot turns is but a weak copy of Paul Dombey, the shadow of a shade, and Aunt Windish or Hawthorne is a mere lay figure, dressed out with a habit of tearfulness. *The Squire's Legacy* is a book which must disappoint any one who has entertained hopes of its writer doing good work. It proves either that good work is beyond her power, or that she will not be at the pains of producing it.

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ARMED PEACE.

THE absorption of Europe in preparations for war is a matter of so much regret that it is only natural that benevolent persons should do their utmost to protest against it, to show its evil consequences, and suggest how the mischief may be cured or abated. That very large sums are abstracted from productive employment, that industry is fettered by the conversion of workmen into soldiers, and that individuals go through much inconvenience and some hardship which they would gladly escape, are all things which in themselves are to be lamented. But it must be owned that, when we descend from general statements to particular cases, it is not very easy to measure accurately the extent, or to apprehend precisely the nature, of the evil. It is often said that the possession of large armies is itself a temptation to use them, and that war comes because the preparations for it can no longer be borne. There is much truth in this assertion, if it is based on the experience of nations which relied on large professional armies at the disposal of rulers who made war when they pleased. But it is doubtful how far it applies to countries where the army is composed theoretically of all persons qualified to serve in it, and where the Government is obliged to pay some attention to the wishes of the community. It seems unnatural that men should burn to leave the ordinary avocations of peace to engage in unnecessary war. And, if they cannot much like the struggle itself, they have no hope of war giving them a different sort of future. They no longer get rid of the preparations for war by fighting. Conquerors or conquered, they will have to bear the burden of military service after the war is over no less than they had to bear it before the war began. Nor can it be said that the maintenance of large armies of the German type, which is the type now in fashion on the Continent, does nothing but harm. In Italy the army does so much good as the symbol of order and unity, and as a means of fusing the inhabitants of different provinces, that Italy is generally spoken of as an exception; and it is owned that in this one case conscription, which elsewhere seems a burden on wealth, is itself a cause of wealth. But we have only to pass to Germany, and we find the Germans talking of their army, in language not very different, as the best of all instruments of national education and national unity. And this is not all. Not only do we discover that large armies are evils which have some advantages to compensate them, but we are puzzled to know how far the usual estimates of the scale on which preparations for war are being made correspond to the facts. Statisticians inform us that seven millions of men are, or soon will be, under arms on the Continent. Russia is to have two millions, France and Germany a million and a half each, Austria and Italy a million each; or, if these figures, being in round numbers, are too large, the minor States are thrown in to make up the difference. This certainly is an enormous amount of soldiers, but is it a true amount? It is rash to speak confidently without a thorough and accurate knowledge of the secrets of administration of many foreign countries; but there seems good reason to suppose that, to a great extent, this total is a purely imaginary figure; that, from various causes, it will remain imaginary; and that, so far as it may be expected to be approached, the approach will be effected by a departure from the theory which makes this vast total a deduction from the number of persons available for the purposes of industry.

Certainly, as far as France goes, nothing can seem more delusive than to speak of there being a million and a half of Frenchmen who are, or who are likely to be, taken from industrial pursuits and turned into soldiers. When the German papers have nothing else to write about, they amuse themselves with describing how eager and ready France is for war. It is a popular topic; it is interesting and exciting; and German journalists, who write on almost everything with a fine or a prison before their eyes, turn with avidity to the only sphere in which they are at liberty to invent as much false news as they please. In answer to some German writing of this kind, a French journalist has recently given what professes to be an accurate account of the present state of the French army. His object is to show that France could not possibly think of attacking Germany, although, if attacked, it might hope to make a good stand against the aggressor. The picture he paints is not one very inviting for Frenchmen. It is but little, he thinks, that has been done or gained since the conclusion of the war. The Staff and the Intendance are as inefficient now as they were in 1870; there is a great dearth of inferior officers, and the efforts made to keep these useful persons in the ranks have been in vain. The whole service projected to guard communications is non-existent. The territorial army of the Republic is as imaginary a body as the Garde Mobile of the Empire. The Reserves, or at least a considerable portion of them, were called out last year, but only for twenty-five days. Many of the new forts are so far from being realities that scarcely the plans of them have been drawn. The Artillery has been improved since the war, but the new German rifle is considered to be a better weapon than the Chassepôt. The nominal strength of the French army is 425,000 men, but the writer calculates that not more than 250,000 could be placed in the field. This is a very considerable melting down of the million and a half with which we started; and if it is said that no one supposed that France would have a million and a half of soldiers, all of the best quality, it may be replied that the secondary portion of the army hardly exists in France, and that, so far as it does exist, it consists of men who are called out for twenty-five days after harvest is over, and this is a very different thing from a million and a half of men being taken away from industrial pursuits. It may be, or it may not be, the fault of the authorities, but, as a matter of fact, the French army seems in quantity and quality to be exceedingly like what it was six years ago, before France bought the sad experience which it was supposed had moved her to adopt military establishments on a totally different scale from anything known before.

It is, however, so painful to think of the waste of money and energy and happiness which large armies involve, that enthusiasts naturally set themselves to devise remedies for the state of things they deplore. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* has shown what kind of things might be done towards the desired end. In the first place, he suggests that it was a calamity for France that she was not treated after the surrender of Paris as Prussia was treated after Jena, and did not have her army compulsorily cut down to a very humble figure. Not having to support more than a tiny army, she would have grown rich. Meantime Germany, being no longer afraid of France, would have got rid of Prince BISMARCK, quarrelled with itself, and broken in pieces; and then France, with her hoarded wealth, would have been mistress of the situation. The best preparation for war would thus be to have no army at all, and if the remedy could be applied universally, the seven millions of soldiers would disappear like snow in the sun, and every one would be happy. The writer is, however, candid enough to own that, although things

might turn out as the nation that first tried the experiment of going without an army calculated, they also might turn out differently; and he owns that the experimenting nation would have an awkward time of it if its calculations were defeated. He therefore proposes a second remedy, of so different a kind as to show a most creditable fertility of resource. His second remedy for the huge armaments of the Continent is that England should largely increase her army. This certainly looks like putting the fire out by heaping more coals on. But it does not seem so to the writer in the *Quarterly*, because he is able to draw a very striking difference between England and other countries. There is a peculiarity about England which, he thinks, separates it as a nation apart, and this peculiarity is that England would always fight on the right side, and would only help the oppressed weak against the oppressive strong. The terror of English justice would thus keep the Continental Powers in awe; they would forswear ambition, and, with ambition gone, armies would go too. This is a beautiful dream, and the author may be left to dream it; but there is one fallacy which it involves which is by no means an uncommon one, and on which a word or two may be said. This fallacy is, that there is in every war an obviously right and an obviously wrong side, and that the nation which proves the stronger is generally, if not always, in the wrong. Nothing can be less like real life. In the French war, the French who were beaten were, in the eyes of most Englishmen, obviously wrong at the outset. In the war of 1859 the French, who provoked the war and proved the stronger, did a great service to Europe by starting the liberation of Italy. In the war of 1866 Prussia began the contest, after having duped and insulted Austria in a manner that may fairly be called outrageous; but the results of the war, the union of Germany and the liberation of Venice, were of the greatest benefit to Germany, Italy, Europe, and even Austria itself. The only case, in fact, in which the writer thinks we ought to have gone to war when we did not was in 1864, when Denmark was threatened by Prussia. He says that the aggression of Prussia was without the shadow of a pretext. This is perhaps a mere matter of opinion, although we believe that, if Parliament had been really invited to sanction a war on behalf of Denmark, and the question had been freely debated, the English public would have been much surprised at the strength and validity of the German case. However, as it happened, in this instance the English Ministry was willing to go to war, but it had a juster sense of what was possible than to undertake the struggle without an ally; and as France would not co-operate except on the understanding that victory was to give it an extension of territory, England, disliking this, was obliged to abandon Denmark to its fate. The remedy suggested was actually tried, and it failed. England cannot always help the weak. It can only do so under favourable circumstances. That we should have a really efficient army, able to defend the country, and to afford, under favourable circumstances, valuable co-operation abroad, and that money should be freely spent to attain this end, is beyond dispute. But it is no good deceiving ourselves; and to think that Continental armies will be made smaller if ours is made bigger appears to be a mere delusion.

MR. BRIGHT ON LAND.

MR. BRIGHT'S speech at Birmingham differed widely in character from the conventional addresses to constituents which have been delivered by other members of the Liberal party. Though a strong partisan, and not indifferent to the duty and pleasure of criticizing his opponents, Mr. BRIGHT, as an artist in oratory, knows the advantages of concentrating his efforts on a few definite issues. Instead of frittering away his energies on the isolated miscarriages of the Government, he disposed of the Fugitive Slave Circular with the significant remark that he was not quite clear as to its merits, and on the Suez Canal purchase he bestowed only a passing sneer. For the matter of his own discourse he selected the past achievements and present claims of the Liberal party, the extension of household suffrage with a redistribution of seats, and the laws of settlement and entail, which in his opinion cause the accumulation of landed property in the hands of comparatively few owners. Lord DERBY will probably have been surprised to find that his late speech at Edinburgh furnished Mr. BRIGHT, after an interval of several weeks, with an ostensible text. It is scarcely worth while to inquire whether there are 3,000 Conservative working-men at Edinburgh, but Mr. BRIGHT's test of their numbers by their votes at elections is evidently fallacious. There has for a long time been no chance of returning a Conservative member for the city, and consequently the party has had no motive for trying or exhibiting its strength. The last general election shows, that, in spite of Mr. BRIGHT's plausible and probable arguments, there are in many boroughs working-men who, for once at least, voted on the Conservative side. They will probably not be greatly moved by the argument that gratitude demands from them a support of the Liberal party. A party of movement which has from the first proposed to itself definite changes ought in consistency to become a party of rest as soon as its objects are accomplished. Mr. BRIGHT's fond recollections of the triumph of Free-trade thirty years ago naturally fail to move the active sympathies of a younger generation. The advocates of Mr. BRIGHT's democratic principles are in almost every part of the world, except England, obstinately opposed to Free-trade.

The distribution of landed property raises questions greatly more important than the controversy whether Conservative working-men are fictitious beings, or whether the past exploits of the Liberal party entitle it to perpetual precedence and supremacy. Lord DERBY at Edinburgh properly censured the easy credulity with which Mr. MILL and Mr. BRIGHT himself formerly accepted a statement that the owners of land in England and Wales were only 30,000 in number. According to Lord DERBY, a forthcoming return will show that there are really about 600,000 landowners. Mr. BRIGHT replies that the smaller number possess by far the largest part of the land; and that he thinks it unnecessary to include in his calculation petty owners of houses and gardens. The explanation is, perhaps unconsciously, an afterthought, and it affords no answer to Lord DERBY's criticism. Mr. MILL's estimate of 30,000 included the smallest class of owners; and it bore no reference to the extent or value of their holdings. The ready acceptance of so paradoxical a statement could scarcely be explained except by Mr. MILL's passionate prejudice. On investigation it appeared that, of the 30,000 landowners of the Census, one-half were women; and it is known to all but philosophers that a vast majority of the actual possessors of land are men. The explanation of the apparent misstatement was simple and obvious. The Census contained the list only of those who, in default of any other designation, had returned themselves as landowners; and women who happen to own land have generally no other profession or description. Male landowners are in the great majority of cases included under some of the other headings in the Census; for a lawyer, a physician, or a merchant who owns land, or a workman who occupies a freehold tenement, is likely to describe himself by his calling rather than by the nature of his property. It may be conjectured that the list of Mr. MILL'S 30,000 landowners excludes all, or nearly all, the members of the House of Lords, whose vast landed estates nevertheless constitute the greater part of the grievance. When it is admitted that there are 600,000 owners, large and small, Mr. BRIGHT's inquiry into the comparative magnitude of their holdings becomes natural and relevant.

It may be at once admitted that the number of petty agricultural freeholds is small and diminishing. Many theorists on social economy regret the detachment from the soil of the great mass of the population. There can be no doubt that the possession of land by cultivators tends to promote a certain class of virtues, including frugality, and tenacity of ancient customs. Whether repugnance to change is in itself a wholly admirable quality is a point on which Mr. BRIGHT is fully capable of judging. The French peasantry are thrifty, domestic, and probably on the whole happy. They are also profoundly ignorant, deeply prejudiced, and wholly indifferent to political liberty. The majority of the English population, for the most part, possesses the opposite qualities. The working classes are too often prodigal in proportion to their means, and they are easily moved to discontent. It is the less necessary to compare two dissimilar types of character, because Mr. BRIGHT and his more rational opponents are agreed on the proposition that neither a peasant population, nor a population living on wages, ought to be created by law. If economical reasons promote or discourage the subdivision of land, it is not the business of Parliament to

counteract on speculative grounds the operation of natural laws. Mr. BRIGHT's opinion deserves the more respect because he expresses his entire dissent from the communistic or levelling doctrines of some of his political allies. He expressly condemns Mr. MILL's proposed confiscation of the "unearned increment" of land, and he disapproves the compulsory partition which has been borrowed from France by a great part of the Continent. Mr. BRIGHT may perhaps be aware that many French politicians and economists regret the consequences of the subdivision of property after the death of every owner. The system has undoubtedly both limited the increase of wealth in France and checked the growth of population. The controversy is nevertheless entirely theoretical, for no French Government or Legislature would dare to meddle with the most popular of existing institutions.

In Mr. BRIGHT's judgment, the division of land into large estates is principally caused by the law of settlement and entail. He would make every life tenant absolute owner in fee, with power either to divide the property after death, or to leave it to a single devisee. In this manner the tendency of dispersion by death, by waste, or by private inclination, would be left to operate freely; and apparently Mr. BRIGHT believes that the consequence would be a large increase in the number of freehold occupancies. There is something to be said for Mr. BRIGHT's proposal, though it is doubtful whether the abolition of settlements would produce the results which he anticipates. The difficulty in effecting the change would arise from the traditions and wishes of that large portion of the community which holds either real or personal property. Marriage settlements are almost universal, where there is anything to settle. Parents nearly always insist on a provision for the wife in the contingency of widowhood, and for the unborn children. It would be unjust and invidious to prohibit the settlement of a farm as long as the settlement of shares or debentures was allowed. The devolution of large hereditary estates would probably be but slightly affected. Spendthrift landowners would leave their heirs penniless, as they sometimes now leave them, when the actual tenant happens to be last in the entail. In the great majority of cases a large landowner would keep the property together, and leave it to his eldest son. Mr. BRIGHT's pity for the cadets of great families is entirely misplaced. The younger son of a nobleman is much better off with his moderate portion than he would have been if his grandfather's property had been equally divided. It is true that, although the effect of abolishing settlements and entails might be comparatively small, it would operate wholly in one direction. Mr. BRIGHT's desire for more frequent dispersion of estates would be gratified, and the change might perhaps in some respects be economically advantageous. It by no means follows that the partial release of the centrifugal force would not be balanced by an increase of centripetal tendency. Capitalists might more often take the place of peers or squires, but artisans and labourers would probably remain where they are. Mr. BRIGHT quoted, without answering, Lord DERBY's argument from the large quantity of land which now comes from time to time into the market. There is nothing to prevent the purchase of such property by Land Companies for subdivision among the members. The operation proceeds rapidly and constantly when building land is sold, and it would therefore seem that the reason why small freehold farms are not bought is because they would not be profitable investments. As long as the wealth and population of England are progressive, or even stationary, land must be a luxury to be bought and sold at a fancy price. A rich man can afford to indulge his taste for ownership. A poor man must do without a farm for the same reason which requires him to drink beer instead of claret. Mr. BRIGHT's actual proposals on this subject are not in themselves revolutionary or menacing to property, and there is time to consider them calmly, as they are not likely to be advanced for the present in Parliament. For his audience at Birmingham they could have but an indirect and speculative interest, for no law would convert a town artisan into a small freehold farmer.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish Government may reasonably hope for some improvement in its position during the present year; but just now it has enough to do at home and abroad. The elections to the Cortes have probably caused the Ministers less anxiety than civil war and foreign complications. No country has overcome more completely than Spain the difficulties which sometimes attend representative institutions. The late French Empire might have envied the facility with which successive Spanish Governments manipulate universal suffrage. While M. BUFFET is loudly vituperated in France on the charge of interference with elections, Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO, after securing the return of himself and some of his colleagues for Madrid, anticipates with well-founded confidence a large majority which will approve his policy, whatever it may be. The last Parliament which met in Spain was Republican; the last but one was unanimously Progressist; and the last but two not less harmoniously Moderate. Constitutional purists may perhaps regard the working of the electoral system in Spain as suspicious or unsatisfactory; but, as long as the Carlist war lasts, it is better that the Government should not be embarrassed by serious opposition. The approaching campaign is pregnant with graver results than any which are likely to ensue from debates in the Cortes. Some of the large bodies of troops which have been collected in the North are already in motion, and, as spring advances, the possibility of suppressing the insurrection will be practically tested. The army unavoidably includes a large proportion of recent conscripts, who cannot yet have been perfectly disciplined; but for the most part it consists of good material, and it is commanded by chiefs who have had time to acquire experience in civil war. MORIONES and MARTINEZ CAMPOS have on different occasions displayed energy and ability; and, although the best of the Carlist troops are perhaps superior to their own, they have greatly the advantage in numbers and in resources.

During the long continuance of civil war, Spain has had no reason to complain of the demeanour of European Governments. Germany has, in consequence of outrages on German subjects committed by the Carlists, openly discountenanced the insurrection. Russia, after hesitating in apparent deference to obsolete traditions, has joined the rest of Europe in recognizing King ALFONSO; and for some time past France appears to have performed, to the satisfaction of the Government of Madrid, the onerous duties of frontier neutrality. If England had been disposed to increase the embarrassments of the Spanish Government, the anomalous state of affairs on the Northern coast would have furnished reasons for remonstrance or for interference. It has been found necessary to give notice in the *London Gazette* of the dangers incurred by vessels which approach the forts in the possession or neighbourhood of the Carlists. It is officially announced that the Carlist batteries fire on all ships which come within their range; and it seems to follow that some Government or authority must be responsible for the mischief and danger. As the Carlists have not been recognized as belligerents, the Spanish Government is technically liable; and yet it is difficult to apply for redress to a Government which is itself the primary object of the acts of violence which are the ground of complaint. If the complication lasts for any considerable time, it will become necessary to take into serious consideration the possibility of discovering a remedy. The Americans during their civil war, and the Germans in the war of 1870, persuaded themselves that, in the distribution of duties and rights, neutrals were exclusively liable to burdensome obligations for the benefit of belligerents. There is nevertheless something to be said on behalf of peaceable nations which, without fault of their own, are troubled by the quarrels of their neighbours. In this particular case it seems strange that, having, as against their opponents, exclusive possession of the sea, the Spaniards have never employed their considerable navy in the efficient protection of the coasts and harbours. A Carlist battery which fires from the shore on unoffending merchant vessels might sometimes, if an effort were made, be silenced by an ironclad man-of-war.

In the conduct of a second or colonial civil war Spain has to deal with more exacting neighbours. The American SECRETARY OF STATE, in his accumulation of grievances or pretexts of quarrel, assigns a prominent place to the atrocities which are committed by his clients, the Cuba insurgents. Their warfare is, it seems, characterized by acts of barbarism, incendiarism, outrage, and all manner of violations of the rules of civilized warfare. As Mr. FISH forcibly argues, these crimes are perpetrated by insurgents whom Spain still claims as subjects, "and for whose acts,

"if they be its subjects, Spain must be held accountable "in the judgment of the world." The inference that the American Government may be induced to aid the barbarous incendiaries in the establishment of their independence is rather suggested than openly deduced. The constructive injuries to the commerce of the United States which Spain inflicts through the agency of the insurgents are placed in the same category with direct offences which are attributed to the authorities at Cuba. The *Virginius* dispute is still open, and Mr. FISH demands the trial of General BURRIEL, who was the principal agent in the transaction. Estates belonging to American citizens are said to have been illegally confiscated; and Americans who have been accused of complicity with the insurgents have not received a satisfactory trial. In addition to more specific provocations, the United States complain of general inconvenience from the proximity of the struggle in Cuba. Mr. FISH is less excusably annoyed by "the "large expanse of ocean which separates the Peninsula "from the island," and by the want of sympathy which he supposes to exist between the home and colonial population. The English Government, which has been invited to give a general assent to Mr. FISH's remonstrances, will probably reflect that nearly the same expanse of ocean is interposed between Great Britain and the British West Indies. There have been times when the sympathy of the English nation with the planters on one hand and the coloured inhabitants on the other might have been regarded by a captious critic as imperfect.

Too much importance has been attached to Mr. FISH's communication of the Spanish Note to England and to other European Powers. It is certain that neither the PRESIDENT nor the SECRETARY of STATE proposes to abandon the pretensions which are known as the MONROE Doctrine; nor indeed is Mr. FISH's courteous overture inconsistent with the claim of an exclusive right to deal with American policy. No such privilege has been, or can be, recognized by England; but it is unnecessary to discuss a question which is not raised in the Cuba correspondence. The President of the UNITED STATES asks the English Government not to share in any possible intervention, but to use its friendly influence for the purpose of inducing Spain to give the required satisfaction. It would be premature to take any active steps in the business until it appears whether the American Government proposes to follow up Mr. FISH's Note by action. The document, which is now published in full for the information of Congress and of the world in general, has already done service on more than one occasion. When Mr. CUSHING was sent to Spain, it was announced that he had received instructions which were in substance the same as the Note. The Note itself was presented, and the communication was announced in the Washington papers immediately before the autumn elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania; and now the full text will enable the people of the United States to appreciate the vigilance and patriotic spirit of the PRESIDENT. Since the delivery of the Note the Spanish Government has hastened to give or promise satisfaction of the demands for the security of the life and property of American citizens in Cuba. The intimation which has on this and on other occasions been made, that the PRESIDENT considers the independence of Cuba the only feasible solution, cannot be admitted by any Spanish Government which desires to retain the support or allegiance of the nation. It may be taken for granted that a demand which cannot be conceded will not be seriously pressed as long as there is no present purpose of a rupture with Spain. The reasons which would render intervention in Cuba inexpedient for the United States have often been enumerated. Independence would only perpetuate the civil war; and annexation would introduce an alien and troublesome element into the Federal system. It is possible that considerations of ambition or of interest may at some future time prevail over more cautious counsels; but Mr. FISH's Note is only intended to keep alive a claim which may or may not be prosecuted hereafter, and at the same time to exercise a reflex operation at home.

PARLIAMENT OUT OF SESSION.

MR. FORSTER has followed the example of Lord HARTINGTON in speaking, before Parliament meets, of the purchase of the Suez Canal shares, in a manner which no one can complain of as unfair, and yet so as to intimate that, so far as can as yet be seen, there is a strong case against the purchase. The possibility that the conduct of the Opposition in criticizing the step taken by the Government might be condemned as captious or unpatriotic occurred so strongly to Mr. FORSTER's mind, that he thought it worth while to defend expressly the right and the duty of the Opposition to act as an Opposition. To those acquainted with the meaning and working of Parliamentary institutions such a defence seems wholly superfluous. Criticism of the Government is the business of the Opposition, the great service it renders to the nation, the justification of its existence. It may expend criticism on paltry objects, or it may devote its energies to delaying, by manœuvres and artifices, measures which it knows must be carried. These are the faults into which an Opposition may run, and a leader of the Opposition who, like Mr. FORSTER, respects himself, may properly show that he and those with whom he works have not made errors of such a nature. But the purchase of the Suez Canal shares is not a small matter. The nation needs to be enlightened as to its meaning, its cost, and its consequences; and this enlightenment can only come from debate. The Opposition is not only entitled, but bound, to see that everything is said and done to make the country understand the real character of the step that has been taken. Of course Parliament will ratify what has been done. Not only can the Ministry rely on a majority which is sure to support it, but the reluctance of Englishmen generally to disavow any act of a Ministry with regard to foreign nations is so strong, and founded on considerations of such weight, that, even if the Conservative majority were less compact and large, the ratification of Parliament would scarcely be withheld. But it is one thing to approve a measure which seems doubtful and dangerous simply because it is too late to do anything but approve it, and another thing to approve it because what has been done is wise and reasonable in itself. To have the purchase approved in the first way would be a defeat, as to have it approved in the second way would be a triumph, for the Ministers. It is therefore true that, although the result of a Parliamentary vote could not be doubtful, the Ministry is on its trial. It has to justify what it has done, and the Opposition has to make it justify its act in an intelligible and adequate manner. It is commissioned, so to speak, to cross-examine the Ministry, and the more effective the cross-examination the better. The Ministry has had plenty of time to prepare for the scrutiny, and thus the Opposition is not liable to be met with the excuse that answers cannot be given until fuller information is received. If Mr. DISRAELI had wished to baffle inquiry, he would have best effected his object by doing that which the Opposition complains of him for not doing; he would have called Parliament together without delay to approve an operation the nature of which could not then have been properly understood.

It is, however, as well that those who look forward with lively interest to the coming debate on the Suez Canal purchase should be prepared for some disappointment. It is not unlikely that we shall get at the fringe of the question rather than at the question itself. Behind the foreign policy which we can discuss publicly is the foreign policy which we cannot discuss publicly. All that has to do with the commercial part of the business—the value of the investment, the legal position of England as a shareholder, the complicated bargain between M. DE LESSEPS and the KHEDIVE—will be thoroughly sifted. It will also be asked, and it will be difficult to answer, how it is supposed that anything but physical force, which we should possess equally whether we held the shares or not, could give us the command of the Canal in time of war? But even if we suppose it to be proved that we have made a bad bargain, that as shareholders in a French or an Egyptian Company we are in an awkward position, and that our navy and not our shares must be trusted to keep the passage open in time of war, no one will be satisfied that the purchase is indefensible. In other respects it may be disadvantageous, but as a step in our foreign policy it may be advantageous. The real difficulty of the debate will be that such advantages as, viewed in this light, the purchase may possess, are of such a nature that they cannot be discussed frankly and in the face of the world. The first view of the nation was, that the Ministry had struck a bold stroke; and that, seeing the dissolution of the Turkish Empire to be imminent, it had outstripped competitors and

done much to secure Egypt for England. It is quite possible that this may be the ultimate result of the purchase. The Ministry may or may not have foreseen and intended this result; but, in any case, there can be no question that the path for active intervention in Egypt has been cleared, if under unforeseen circumstances this or any other Ministry should feel inclined to follow it. The English public would seem to itself not wantonly aggressive, nor a mere sharer in general plunder, if intervention in Egypt was proposed to it but as an honest proprietor going to look after his own property. But this cannot possibly be now avowed in Parliament. Whatever may be the real views of the Cabinet, they must speak of the purchase so as to give no offence abroad, and so as to avoid the appearance of sanctioning schemes for the appropriation of the spoils of Turkey. Their language, and in consequence the language of the Opposition, must on this part of the subject be purely conventional. Even in minor matters the same thing will in all probability happen. One of the difficulties with which, before the purchase, Lord DERBY had to contend, as representing English interests, was that the French Government, as representing the shareholders, thought itself bound to take a line opposed to the wishes and demands of England as to the use of the Canal. England will now be able to say that France no more represents the interests of the shareholders than England does. This seems as if it cleared away the difficulty; but it may only give rise to a fresh difficulty. France may reply that England does not regard its shares as other shareholders do. It wants not to make profit, but to have the best possible Canal with the lowest possible freights. To use our shares as we should like to use them—that is, to do the best we can for traders—may bring us into collision with French shareholders and the French Government. Not only should we thus be at as complete variance with the French Government as we were before, but we should be exceedingly hampered in our negotiations by the technical and legal difficulties in which the purchase had involved us. It is difficult, however, to see how this point, which is a very important one, can be fairly debated. The Ministry will naturally say that it hopes to work in entire harmony with France, that the French Government will always allow our representations and wishes due weight, and that we cannot ask for more. The Ministry cannot be expected to announce what use it would make of its position as a shareholder in cases which have not arisen, or to contemplate difficulties which it can safely say it hopes may be always averted by good sense and good management.

Mr. FORSTER'S remarks on such a subject as the Suez Canal are worth discussion at some length, because they are the remarks of a leader of what may be termed the organized Opposition on a matter which it especially belongs to this Opposition to discuss. The utterances of the disorganized Opposition, of such Liberals as Sir CHARLES DILKE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON, are numerous enough, but there is not much of practical value to take hold of in them. Any point in politics, present, future, or barely possible, is seized on by these free lances and made their own. They are at liberty to make any assertions they please. Sir WILFRID LAWSON a few days ago calmly informed his hearers that the objections to disestablishing the Church of England were weaker than the objections to disestablishing the Church of Ireland. Sir CHARLES DILKE informed his audience that no public grounds for the visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to India had been made out. Everything they have to do with seems to such men of supreme and vital importance. Sir CHARLES DILKE told the story of the sorrows he had suffered in trying to carry a Registration Bill, as if they had been the sorrows of a hero who was on the point of saving a nation, but had been baffled by the malice and perversity of mankind. Sir WILFRID LAWSON stated that he conceived the belief in the existence of a wise and good Deity to be intimately associated with the carrying of the Permissive Bill. Nor is any subject considered to be too remote and obscure for these speakers and their audiences. Sir CHARLES DILKE was great on Kashgar. Everything depended on Kashgar; our Chinese policy ought to be a Kashgar policy; our Russian policy ought to be a Kashgar policy. If Chelsea could but see Kashgar in the right light, all would be well, and India comparatively safe. We do not suppose that Sir CHARLES DILKE really believed that any single person in the room knew even where Kashgar is. His justification would be that he was addressing, not Chelsea, but the newspapers, and, through the newspapers, the public. But how can the public suppose itself to be any judge about Kashgar? or what reason has it to believe that Sir CHARLES DILKE is at all likely to be right about Kashgar? The words of the heroes of the disorganized Opposition are for the most part waste words. They fly about like pieces of chopped straw, engaging our attention for a moment and then disappearing we know not and care not whither. The most that can be said for the members of this Opposition is that it adds to the intellectual life and to the political activity of the country that there should be men to address constituencies who are bold and positive in a narrow range, who make random assertions according to their fancy, and are capable of enthusiasm over small things. Sir CHARLES DILKE and Sir WILFRID LAWSON are better than utter stagnation. Lively error is a means of education; and the constituencies want education so badly that perhaps no means of educating them are to be despised.

M. GAMBETTA AND THE SENATE.

M. GAMBETTA has at no time an easy part to play, and just now he is surrounded with more difficulties than ordinary. Paris has been busy in appointing the delegates who are to elect the Senators, and M. GAMBETTA has been striving to reconcile not merely opposing principles, but opposing persons. Compromises which have for their object the construction of a common list of candidates are attended with peculiar inconveniences. M. GAMBETTA'S successes in this direction have usually been gained in the Assembly, and though even here there are some Irreconcilables, still a Radical deputy is, as a rule, much more open to argument than a Radical elector. He has gained some familiarity with Parliamentary ideas and Parliamentary traditions. He has occasionally tasted the pleasures of voting in a majority, and he has discovered that this pleasure cannot often be enjoyed except by making allowance for other people's convictions. The Radical elector, especially in Paris, has had no such training. His experience of public life, if he has any, has been gained in the meetings of some small knot of fanatics like-minded with himself. Enthusiast as he is, he is not so blind to facts as to imagine that he can hope to see the speedy establishment of the Republic, as he understands the term, and he has consequently no inducement to put aside the immediate triumph which it may be in his power to compass, the return of a candidate who shall be in all respects as impracticable as himself. If the leaders of the Left could consult their own wishes, they would perhaps think it best to surrender Paris to the Extreme party, and be content with the victory of moderate ideas in the smaller constituencies. But it is very difficult for any section of opinion that claims to be popular to let Paris go uncontested. A Frenchman cannot forego his destiny, and act as though Paris was not in existence. Nobody really cares for the opinion of Paris, because, for Parliamentary purposes, it is exclusively the opinion of one section of the inhabitants, and that the section which is politically the most ignorant and the least important. But it is the fashion to pretend to care for it, and for this reason the moderate Republicans have had to start their candidates for the Senate, and M. GAMBETTA has had to do his best to get them accepted.

The controversy has mainly turned on the issue whether a definite programme should be submitted to the candidates, and judgment be pronounced on them according as they consent or refuse to make it their own. For the time M. GAMBETTA seems to have been animated by a hatred of programmes which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT might envy. A programme, he argues, implies agreement in detail, and the problem the Republican party have to solve is how to work out certain results without agreement in detail. If all its members understood the same thing by the word Republic, there would be no need of arranging compromises between the several sections. The foundation of all these arrangements is the existence of a common belief that the present Constitution, either as it is or as it may be made, is the best attainable Government for France. Upon this common platform men of very different ideas may meet and work together. But if those who would like to see the Constitution amended refuse to accept any candidates who will not declare that they wish the same thing, the opinions of the extreme section will be made the measure of the common agreement, and then the compro-

mise is at an end. When M. Gambetta talks in this strain we seem to be listening to Mr. Bright exhorting the Radicals to give a hearty support to Lord Hartington. In England such counsels are commonplaces because, however they may be ignored when no serious contest is going on, they are always remembered and acted on when the prospect becomes hopeful and success seems really within reach. But in France they are newly discovered truths, and as such their announcement by M. Gambetta has a genuine interest. His attitude is the more remarkable because the programme which he repudiated was one which he was personally ready to accept, and one which, considering by whom it had been drawn up, cannot be called extravagant. An amnesty, abolition of the state of siege, liberty of meeting and association, liberty of the press, free compulsory education, the defence of civil society against clerical encroachments, universal military service, the election of mayors by the municipalities, revision of the taxes tending to burden industry, and the separation of Church and State, make up a list which is more formidable in appearance than in reality. Of the ten points which it contains, five would at once be accepted by English Conservatives, while of the remaining five all but two are accepted by many English Liberals who are not supposed to be socially dangerous. Universal military service raises no political question, and the amnesty, if it is to be taken as explained at Lyons by M. Jules Favre, cannot be held a very dangerous experiment. Ten years ago M. Gambetta would have agreed with the framers of this programme that it embodies the minimum of the conditions to which the Republican party ought to assent; now his whole influence is employed to prevent a minimum from being fixed.

Those who see in M. Gambetta's policy nothing but a prolonged manœuvre to get into power under false colours will probably not change their opinion upon this evidence. They ought, however, to recognize that every fresh instance of moderation on M. Gambetta's part constitutes a fresh obstacle to the acceptance of their theory of his character. We do not say that anything that M. Gambetta has yet done is absolutely incompatible with the notion that he may yet throw off his sheep's skin, and come forward in his original character of the Radical wolf. But there is an accumulation of small inconsistencies which, unless he very soon changes his tone, must in the end amount to an incompatibility. This preaching of moderation in the choice of Senators for Paris is perhaps more difficult to explain, on the hypothesis that he is merely disguising his intention and biding his time, than anything he has yet done. It is not M. Gambetta's interest to increase the distrust in which he is already held by the Paris Irreconcilables. After all, he is before all things the leader of the Extreme Left; and if he were to break altogether with his original followers, he might find it hard to get any others. Moderate men rarely prefer a convert to an old believer; and if M. Gambetta were to seek for admission into the Left Centre, he would probably have to expiate past offences by a long period of silence and obscurity. The distrust in which he is now held by the Irreconcilables is certainly greater than that in which he was held by them at the time of M. Barodet's election, yet the policy he now pursues is the contrary of what he pursued then, and, had it been pursued then, would have enrolled him among the supporters of M. de Rémusat. In his anxiety to unite all supporters of the existing Constitution into a common Republican party, M. Gambetta is even willing to welcome Imperialists, provided that they have seen their mistake and are not scheming to restore the Napoleons. If a one avowed desire is that the Republic should go on without alteration until the end of Marshal MacMahon's term of office, and, with ten years of working success scored to its account, he predicts that there will be no disposition to exchange it for any other form of government.

M. Buffet has been opposing M. Gambetta's policy by an incidental electoral manœuvre of a not very creditable kind. The final Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of the Government of National Defence has not been presented to the Assembly—at all events it has not been read from the tribune. But, in as much as it is especially hostile to M. de Freycinet, the War Minister at Tours under M. Gambetta, and one of the Republican candidates for the Senate, it is too useful a weapon to be allowed to lie unused. It has accordingly been published in the official *Bulletin Français*, and circulated gratuitously in every commune in France. It is introduced by a little paragraph insisting on the peculiar value which attaches to its conclusions "at the moment when, by a free vote, the country itself is "about to pronounce on its destinies." Those who study its contents will, it is predicted, draw the conclusion that only men resolved to combat revolutions in every form are deserving of public confidence. There are two things to be noticed in this little sermon. One is, that if the members of the Government of National Defence are to be opposed because they were the authors, instead of the antagonists, of revolution, the Bonapartists have the best of the argument. The Empire was overturned by a revolution, and the most direct and obvious way of showing detestation of revolutions would be to restore the Government which the last revolution displaced. M. Buffet has often been accused of cherishing a concealed liking for the Empire; but he has never so plainly declared his dislike of the means by which it was destroyed. From disliking the means to disliking the end attained by them is not a very long step. Is it the step which M. Buffet proposes to take next? The other point is, that M. de Freycinet, to injure whom this Report is being circulated, had nothing to do with the revolution of the Fourth of September until it had passed into a stage in which it established a just claim to the respect of every Frenchman, without regard to his political opinions. Legitimists and Orleanists agreed in supporting the five months' resistance which M. Gambetta was able to offer to the German invasion, and it is strange that political prejudice should now impel them to renounce the credit they thus obtained because they cannot enjoy it without some reflection of it falling on M. Gambetta. It is one of the most offensive characteristics of French party spirit that it cannot refrain from blackening the authors of the one feature in the war which redeemed France from disgrace. If M. Buffet could have his way, Sedan would be the last memory to which his countrymen can look back.

PROTECTION AND FREE-TRADE IN THE COLONIES.

A BODY called the Board of Trade of the Dominion of Canada has adopted a resolution in favour of protective duties which need cause little surprise. Whether the Board of Trade has an official character, or is merely a Chamber of Commerce, the dislike to Free-trade which is common to Canada with other English colonies is already notorious. Democratic communities are perhaps not more selfish than aristocracies, but they have no majority outside to protest against exclusive privileges, and the pursuit of what is supposed to be the popular interest is regarded as a virtue. It is only when intelligence has become widely diffused that combinations of producers are discovered to be mischievous oligarchies. It may be conjectured that the Canadian Board of Trade represents manufacturers rather than merchants; and that its members are bent on securing and extending an existing monopoly at the expense of Canadian commerce. The pretext for the demand of increased protective duties is the depression of trade; but any other state of things would serve the purpose equally well. It would be not less desirable to cherish a flourishing trade than to legislate for the removal of stagnation. There can be no doubt that for the most part protective tariffs effect their sole object in encouraging local production. It would be strange if artificially high prices were not profitable to sellers, though they are in a larger proportion injurious to buyers. If an article which might be imported for a shilling is made on the spot and sold for half a crown, the consumer pays a tax of 150 per cent., while the monopolist manufacturer receives the smaller difference between the selling price and the cost of production under natural disadvantages. Such industry ought, if the interest of the community were consulted, to be not only depressed but abolished. The reactionary majority of the Ottawa Board of Trade would probably admit that some parts of the Dominion are better adapted than other districts to the prosecution of particular branches of industry. It is only when political divisions furnish opportunities for gratifying selfish instincts that monopoly is demanded. Even in the United States it would be impossible to organize a faction which should insist on the protection of the less favoured portions of the Union against domestic competition. The French provinces in the early part of the eighteenth century were more consistent. Before the days of Turgot there were in France more than a dozen internal lines of Customs which were only in degree more

vexatious than similar contrivances for impeding the mutual intercourse of independent States.

The practical meaning of the Ottawa resolution is probably contained in a second clause. The Board of Trade recommends the establishment of reciprocal duties between Canada and the United States. The language of the telegraphic despatch, though ambiguous in itself, may probably be interpreted by the aid of previous negotiations and discussions. There has always been a party in Canada which inclined to a Customs Union with the United States, which would involve the imposition of differential duties to the detriment of English manufactures. The ulterior political consequences of such an arrangement are not difficult to divine. An English colony which excludes English imports for the purpose of establishing entire free-trade with a foreign country is not likely long to maintain for sentimental reasons a connexion utterly inconsistent with its commercial policy. At present the less illiberal tariff of Canada imposes a certain pressure on the supporters of monopoly in the United States. It is impossible to prevent contraband trade on a land frontier extending for thousands of miles, when the interests of purchasers on one side and vendors on the other are equally opposed to restriction. American protectionists would derive an obvious advantage from the transfer of the Customs frontier to the Canadian seaboard; while they would at the same time secure the command of a new market with four millions of customers. The manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania are not afraid of Canadian competition; and the Canadians prefer dealing with their neighbours rather than with their fellow-subjects in the conviction that their wares are dearer and worse. It is possible that the resolution of the Ottawa Board of Trade may not have gone to the extreme length of a Customs Union. The renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty which was denounced immediately after the close of the American Civil War has often been proposed; but neither party has been willing to recur to the former system without modifications. A fortunately abortive negotiation on the subject two years ago was, on the English and Canadian side, a remarkable specimen of bungling diplomacy and of economical ignorance. The Imperial Government may perhaps influence future transactions of the same kind; but if Canada really desires to exclude or discourage English trade, it will be impossible to prevent the accomplishment of the enterprise. Possibly, however, the more liberal and loyal party may prevail. Since the abolition of the Reciprocity Treaty, Canadian prosperity has largely increased, and the shipowners of the Dominion, who exercise the most flourishing and important industry, need no protection.

Economical heresy, though it finds a congenial soil in Canada and the United States, expands with fuller luxuriance among the remote democracies of Australia. The Americans, who have provided artificial protection for almost all other commodities which can be produced at home, have always had the good sense to permit and to favour an unlimited importation of labour. It was reserved to Australia to pass laws for the discouragement of that increase of population which is the first condition of the growth of a new community. The majority, finding itself in possession of supreme power, thinks first of the object of maintaining a high rate of wages. In New Zealand mob meetings protest against immigration; and demagogues quote or invent statistics for the purpose of showing that the supply of labour already exceeds the demand. The ancient blessing on a nation, which was to become as numerous as grains of sand on the shore, would be regarded as a curse by the dominant class in the Australian colonies. The new and sole possessors of political power rely as strongly as the most selfish mediæval oligarchy on artificial legislation. An ex-Minister in Victoria avows with laudable candour his belief that taxes ought not to be imposed exclusively for fiscal purposes. In his judgment, a financier ought at the same time to be a social reformer, dispensing benefits and burdens in accordance with any political theory which he may happen to adopt. Mr. Berry, in proposing a tax to fall exclusively on owners of large landed properties, announced his intention of discountenancing a distribution of land which failed to receive his approbation. Even in England the duty of equal taxation has often been disparaged by Income-tax reformers and other irresponsible projectors; but, on the whole, it is admitted that a Chancellor of the Exchequer is entrusted with the duty of raising a revenue, and not of disturbing the relations of society.

It is not unnatural that foreign and colonial protectionists should attribute the predilection of Englishmen for freedom of trade to the possession of industrial supremacy; but the real explanation is to be found in political causes. The universal acceptance of Free-trade doctrines in England was caused by the accident that, until thirty years ago, the kind of property which was most conspicuously favoured by protective legislation belonged to an aristocratic minority. In the Corn-law struggle Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright appealed not only to economic principles, but to social jealousy and to democratic passions. Nearly the whole nation was united in denouncing the extortion of the landowners; and when the Corn-laws disappeared, Free-trade had become finally identified with the cause of the Liberal party. If the land of England, as of France, had been divided into small freeholds, it is doubtful whether the Corn-laws could have been abolished. The landowners, when they had once been deprived of their unjust privilege, had no further motive for defending the vicious system of Protection. The general diffusion of prosperity has incidentally compensated them for the loss of their monopoly; and in relation to all other kinds of industry or property they are consumers and not producers. On the Continent of Europe, and especially in France, the example of England has been partially followed, though on many occasions a reaction against sound doctrines has occurred. Russia, the United States, and the English colonies, are slower to learn; but there is no reason to doubt that sooner or later Free-trade will become universal. The conflict of arguments might proceed for an indefinite time; but in every country, though not as obviously as in England before the repeal of the Corn-laws, the sufferers by Protection greatly outnumber those who profit by monopoly. When the respective forces are accurately estimated, the majority will insist that its own interests shall prevail.

THE GREAT NORTHERN COLLISIONS.

THE double collision on the Great Northern Railway, not only by the number of its victims, but by the peculiar horribleness of some of its incidents—such as the charge of the down express into the sufferers from the first collision, and the slaughter, as if by a stroke, of whole families together—must have brought home to every one, in a very keen and poignant manner, the perils to which railway travellers are constantly exposed; and it may perhaps be hoped that the personal danger which a couple of Railway Directors have themselves experienced will not be without its effect in securing proper consideration for this very serious subject. In other respects, however, the accidents seem to have been of a very ordinary kind, and to have been due to just those common and notorious defects of railway management which are sure to be disclosed at every inquiry. There is, no doubt, a certain chance in starting on a journey by any given train that no disaster will happen; but travellers, if they reflect at all, must be aware that their fate is little better than a ticket in a lottery, and no one can say whose turn it will be to be sacrificed next. There is in the general conditions with which the Companies insist on surrounding railway journeys a chronic element of danger, which may or may not break forth. The Great Northern has a good reputation among the chief Railway Companies; it is a steady prosperous undertaking, not afraid to spend money, and, on the whole, it compares favourably in its general management with most of its rivals. Its plant and rolling stock are kept in good order; improvements such as interlocking signals are not neglected; and the absolute block system is in operation, or at least is supposed to be in operation, over the whole or the greater part of the system. And yet even here we find an accumulation of those wanton stupidities and perversities which render worthless the most elaborate and costly precautions, and are the fruitful source of terrible accidents. It appears that on this relatively well-conducted line it is usual to mix up express trains, for which a free and uninterrupted run at the top of speed is an essential condition, with slow goods and mineral trains, which have to get along as best they can in a fitful, intermittent kind of way, now snatching a few miles over open ground, then seeking shelter in a siding, like a hunted beast, and, all the time, never quite sure whether to shunt

or keep on. The passenger service of the country on this and other lines is exposed to a perpetual ambush of these murderous irregulars, and most of the bad accidents are due to their erratic movements. It is obvious that there is no good in elaborate time-tables, improved signalling apparatus, and so on, if wild goods trains are allowed to play mischief in this way.

The Board of Trade inquiry into this complicated disaster has been adjourned till Tuesday week, and in the meantime the evidence is too loose and imperfect to justify a definite opinion as to the degree of blame to be attached to the minor officials who are concerned in the matter. Enough, however, has come out to show that there was unpunctuality, recklessness, and neglect of the commonest precautions in the working of the line, the responsibility for which goes much beyond mere signalmen and engine-drivers. The facts of the case seem broadly to be these. A coal train was despatched southwards from Peterborough at 5.53. It should have gone at 5.35, but there was some delay in starting, and time was further lost on the journey. It was the duty of this train to get out of the way before the Scotch express could overtake it; and according to the bill it was to be shunted at Abbot's Ripton, some twelve miles from Peterborough. As the express was timed to leave the latter station at 6.28, it is obvious that a very narrow margin was left for the coal train, even if the express happened to be late too, as indeed it was. Before reaching Abbot's Ripton the coal train might have been shunted at Holme, but for some reason, which is still a matter of controversy, it ran through the signals, which are alleged to have been set at danger, though it is admitted that they might have been deranged or obscured by the snow. Beyond Holme there is an upincline to Abbot's Ripton, which would of course be trying for a heavy train, especially as there was snow, wind, and frost. These were the circumstances under which the slow coal train had to keep ahead of the express running down from the North, and it is certainly no wonder that it failed to do so. At Abbot's Ripton the coal train was only partly in the siding when the express overtook it, and a collision of course ensued. There seems to have been a good deal of exaggeration in the evidence about the weather, and it should also be noted as regards the alleged effect of the snow on the signals, that during twenty years' experience, Mr. PIGOTT, the Chief Signal Inspector of the Company, never knew of an instance in which snow entirely prevented a signal from working. Still there can be no doubt that the wind and the snow must have been very troublesome to those in charge of trains, and it is also not unlikely that the signals were partially affected. On the other hand, however, a snow-storm is not altogether an unprecedented phenomenon during an English winter, and the difficulties of the case ought to have been taken into account in working the line. This, however, does not appear to have been done. The Scotch express dashed on at pretty much its usual pace, and received no warning of the possible and even probable danger ahead. No fog-signals were put on the rails, nor did it occur to any one to stop or caution the express at Holme. It is practically admitted that, if this had been done, no accident would have happened; and the question, therefore, is, why it was not done. Probably the officials at Holme will be held responsible for it by the Company; but the Company is surely responsible to the public for allowing a coal train to be so closely followed by an express. Even under ordinary circumstances, such close proximity is clearly dangerous; but on such a night, considering the difficulties of a mineral train going uphill, and the possible derangement of signals, extra time should have been allowed. As it was, what under favourable conditions would probably have been rather a close shave, became under difficult conditions an impossibility. As for the second collision, when the down express plunged into the wreck of the Scotch train, although there is here also some doubt as to the state of the signals, there seems to be a concurrence of evidence that, after the express from London received warning of danger, it had about a thousand yards to pull up in, but the brakes were not powerful enough for the purpose. Here, again, if this is true, it is the Company which is responsible for the deficiency.

On the whole, there can be very little doubt that the accidents in this instance arose from the uncertainty and confusion caused by the reckless mixing up of mineral trains and passenger trains, and the further recklessness of working the line in a snow-storm just the same as in clear weather, without reducing the speed of trains, allowing longer intervals between them, or supplementing the ordinary signals with special ones. Of course, as is usual on these occasions, the instruction-book of the Company is triumphantly produced; but what would be more to the purpose would be to know what the Company does to enforce its instructions as to keep up a state of careful discipline and prudence among its men. Nothing can be more certain to produce disaster than that the working staff should be continually worried and bewildered by having to decide offhand on nice calculations as to the intervals between trains, and whether they should be sent on or shunted. It is obvious that such an intruder as the mineral train in this instance simply runs amuck through the elaborate time-tables which are framed on the fanciful principle that time is punctually kept on all sides, and that no margin need be left for accidents. We may of course expect that this disaster will be used by the Companies as an argument against the block system. In point of fact, it only shows that the block system cannot always be left to itself without the assistance of human care and foresight. When the weather creates special difficulties, there should be special precautions for meeting them. Travellers will, however, never be placed in reasonable security until the overgrown traffic of the railways is simplified by separate lines being provided for mineral and passenger trains. This may be a costly operation; but then, as the Great Northern will probably find, accidents are costly too, and, in any case, human life is entitled to some consideration.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS IN IRELAND.

ONE of the latest achievements of the Session of 1875 was a measure to increase the salaries of National School teachers in Ireland by means of an optional rate. It was remarked at the time that Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH seemed to have considered every aspect of the subject except the chances that the Bill would work. He was confident that there would be no room for the introduction of the religious difficulty; he laughed at the notion that the Guardians would have any claim to a share in the management of the schools in return for the money paid to the teachers; and he warned them that they would be naturally and properly blamed by the teachers if, "for the sake of the small tax of one penny in "the pound," they should hesitate to make this great improvement in their position. But he carefully abstained from saying anything as to the probable effect of the law. To those who are familiar with the temper of English ratepayers when called on to find money, there was never much doubt as to the result of this invitation to Irish ratepayers. Some of the most important Unions had by anticipation protested against the proposed increase, and it was to be expected in the nature of things that the example thus set beforehand would be generally followed. The picture drawn by the CHIEF SECRETARY of the Guardians cowering beneath the righteous wrath of the poverty-stricken teachers might have been correct if the Guardians had already been in possession of the money, and the only question to be settled had been how to dispose of it. But, with the money still to be raised, and with the decision whether to raise it or not left to the absolute discretion of the Guardians, it seemed probable that the Guardians would think much more of the blame which would be laid on them by the ratepayers if they imposed the tax than of the blame which would be laid on them by the teachers if they refused to impose it. If Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH supposed that the teachers would have influence enough with the ratepayers to make the imposition of an additional rate a popular measure, he must have credited the Irish people with very great reverence for very little learning. If he supposed that the Guardians would prefer being popular with the National School teachers to being popular with the ratepayers, he can hardly have remembered that the ratepayers stand to the Guardians in the position in which constituents stand to a member of Parliament. To hold up the wrath of the teachers as a motive for incurring the wrath of the ratepayers was about as likely to be effective as to threaten a man with the wrath of the newspapers if he dared to please the electors who have given him his seat.

If the Government hoped that this measure would serve to check the demand for improvements in the Irish system of elementary education, they are likely to be disappointed.

Possibly, if the Guardians of the Poor had estimated the privilege of levying an additional rate as highly as the CHIEF SECRETARY professed to expect, some temporary results might have been reaped from it. But the Irish Boards of Guardians have, as a rule, declined to use the power given them; and, what is even more annoying to the Government, they have set to work to collect reasons to prove that they ought never to have been invested with it. Perhaps if the CHIEF SECRETARY's estimate had turned out to be accurate, and the rate required in each Union to provide the proportionate part of the 60,000*l.* had been only a penny in the pound, the Guardians might have been content to treat the Act with neglect. But, as a matter of fact, the proposed rate has in several cases been very much more. In one large Union in the South-west of Ireland it amounted to more than threepence in the pound; and in Cahirciveen—the poorest Union, we believe, in Ireland—it amounted to fivepence-halfpenny in the pound. Even the smaller of these sums would be a very serious addition to the local burdens of a poor district; and so long as the Act remains simply permissive, the Unions in which the rate is levied may have the additional annoyance of knowing that in a neighbouring, and perhaps richer, Union it is not levied. Further than this, it is objected that, when all the circumstances of Ireland are taken into account, the salaries of the National School teachers are not so low as has been alleged, and that carelessness in exacting the school fees is a principal reason why they are not higher than they are. The opponents of the special rate contend that the average pay of a teacher is from 60*l.* to 70*l.* a year, and that, by proper attention on their part to the collection of fees, this average might be increased by 30*l.* a year. In that case, it is said, National School teachers would be better off, as regards salary, than bank clerks in country towns, or than shopmen even in large concerns; while, if the hours of labour are taken into account, the superiority of the teacher's position becomes more apparent still. The time for which elementary schools are open on the five working days is less than the time for which banks are open, and very much less than the time for which shops are open; while Saturday is always a holiday, and there is a considerable summer vacation. It seems clear that before making the Act of last Session compulsory on the Guardians—and, unless it is made compulsory, it may, for any good it will do, as well be repealed—more accurate information than is at present attainable must be furnished about the school fees. If it is true that, by proper attention to this part of school administration, the average salary of the teachers might be increased by something like a third, they must either be insufficiently collected or very insufficiently accounted for.

Nor must it be forgotten that, even if the Guardians had used their new powers to the full, and spent the whole 60,000*l.* in increasing the salaries of the teachers, the object for which alone this increase can be properly demanded would not of necessity be brought any nearer. The end which Parliament had in view when it passed the Act of last Session was not to put a little more money into the pockets of a number of deserving young men and women; it was to put Irish children into the hands of a better class of teachers. But good teaching is not exclusively a matter of payment, it is largely a matter of training; and an improvement in the former respect would not necessarily be accompanied, while it would be useless unless accompanied, by an improvement in the latter. The ordinary career of Irish National School teachers is to get what education they can in their parish schools, then to become pupil-teachers in the same school, and from that to pass to be master or mistress of some other school. Such a course as this involves no training, properly so called. They pick up a certain amount of instruction while they are scholars, and according as they are intelligent or unintelligent, and their teacher has or has not some notion of what teaching should be like, will be their chance of attaining some proficiency in the end. It is a purely haphazard method of obtaining teachers, and one which completely ignores all the progress that has been made in the theory and practice of teaching during the last thirty years. This, however, is the method on which the great majority of Irish teachers are obtained, and it is not easy to see why, so long as this method is persisted in, any mere increase of salary should have the beneficial results expected from it. Thus we are brought back to the difficulty which the Government were so unwilling to face last year. It would be useless for the National Board to insist on no teachers being employed who have not attended a training-school, because under the existing Irish system training-schools must be undenominational. The result is, as we pointed out when the Bill was under discussion, that, as Catholic managers will not employ any but Catholics as teachers, and as Catholic parents will not send their children to be trained as teachers in schools from which religion is excluded, "the National Board have to put up with untrained "teachers as a better alternative than having no teachers at "all." We do not pretend to say how this difficulty is to be got over. It is enough if the Government can be brought to understand that it is here that the shoe really pinches, and that until it is eased here no solid improvement will have been effected. In a Roman Catholic country trained teachers can only be had from training-schools which are in harmony with average Roman Catholic opinion. Protestants may wish that Roman Catholic parents were enlightened enough to send their children to Protestant training-schools, though, as a rule, they are not particularly ready to prove their superiority to religious distinctions by sending their own children to Roman Catholic schools. But the question is not what Protestants wish so much as what they can get, and experience has proved that in Ireland the choice does not lie between teachers who are Ultramontanes and teachers who are not Ultramontanes, but between Ultramontane teachers who have been trained for their work and Ultramontane teachers who have not been trained for their work. Ultramontanism is for the present an inseparable accident of all Irish Catholic teachers; but we need not make bad worse by insisting that it shall be Ultramontanism of the most uninstructed and inefficient type.

FLATTERY.

IT is often said that the love of flattery is a mark of what Mr. Swinburne has not unhappily termed parvanimity. According to this current view, it is one of the surest signs of a higher moral and intellectual culture to dislike flattery, and to feel contempt for those who proffer it. But though this admirable theory is so frequently advocated in words, we much doubt whether many persons even among the more refined classes of society consistently hold by it in practice. Although it is doubtless true that certain forms of naked adulation have long since become distasteful in good society, a close observer will still be able to detect traces of a refined appreciation of this easy kind of lip-service. Very few, we suspect, even of the polite classes are wholly unsusceptible to the charms of a gracefully executed stroke of flattery, and it seems to be rather an affectation of extraordinary moral severity to denounce the flatterer's art as something radically vicious. Perhaps a common-sense investigation of the matter may show that, after all, there is nothing so very terrible in this fondness for the sweets of artfully arranged adulation; that, although it is to be classed among the frailties of human nature, it is not the vulgar and despicable vice which our fine maxims appear to represent it as being.

Flattery may for our present purposes be roughly defined as a bestowal of praise by complimentary word or action to a degree not actually supported by the giver's deliberate conviction. There are obviously two things to be distinguished here, the desire to praise, and the insincerity of the laudatory action. Now praise itself is clearly a pleasant thing universally desired, and it is only a suspicion of its genuineness which makes it of doubtful value. If in any way all grounds for this suspicion can be removed or hidden from sight, it is evident that the flatterer may carry on his soothing art with perfect success. As a matter of fact, we find many persons of undoubted character and intellectual ability who are extremely slow to detect the hollowness of any piece of praise accorded to them. More especially, we may observe, among men of a certain renown in art or science, and among public officials, there are many who appear to take all kinds of adulation quite as a matter of course, and who, so far from rigidly scrutinizing the nature of the sweets thus tendered, seem to count on a certain amount of flattering attention as a perquisite of their elevated position. It is only necessary that a man be deeply impressed with a sense of his own merits in order to derive this amount of gratification from the unsifted praises of others. Biographies of eminent persons abundantly illustrate the facility with which even penetrating minds allow themselves to be hoodwinked when flatterers present their full-flavoured cup. It looks as if such minds were so readily agitated by the pleasant excitement of *amour-propre* as to have no space for the intrusion of critical doubts. They are so accustomed to indulge in a gentle admiration of their own personal excellence that all external praise, by harmonizing so well with their own sentiments, finds easy acceptance.

But again, even when people are not thus habitually uncritical in receiving praise, but show a fair amount of skill in discriminating the genuine coin from its counterfeits, they do not necessarily lose their relish for flattery. All who look closely

into human nature must wonder at its capacity for living on half-recognized illusions. It is quite possible for a person to go on drawing comfort from a pleasing supposition, as, for instance, that he is in possession of a certain moral dignity, and yet to be fully aware that the supposition is extremely doubtful. Those psychologists who lay stress on grades of distinct and indistinct consciousness might probably find an illustration of their favourite theory in this simultaneous play of a feeling and a critical suspicion of its legitimacy. If only the particular sentiment can secure a firm footing within the boundaries of clear consciousness, it will not be soon disturbed by any number of unwelcome reflections which flit around the belt of obscure consciousness. Thus it is that we cannot but like the graceful compliment even when there is a nascent recognition of its partial insincerity, and when only a moment's unfettered reflection would assure us of the fact. In the rapid flow of conversation there is little time for such reflection. The well-inserted allusion has just time to awaken a pleasurable glow of satisfaction, and is then expelled by new subjects of thought before it can have been submitted to a critical analysis. It would be a very lofty style of mind indeed which could execute this duty of critical investigation before indulging for an instant in the pleasurable sensations which such pretty allusions immediately awaken.

Nor is even this all that can be urged in explanation of, if not in excuse for, the widespread taste for flattery of a certain order. Even after there has been time for reflection, and when the hazy suspicion of the instant is transformed into a calm and settled acceptance of a probability, the compliment which was so delicious at the moment of its utterance does not necessarily lose all its piquant flavour. For it is exceedingly easy to find considerations which serve to reduce the probability to a minimum, and so to render it inoperative. For example, the person who is thus reflecting on a recently bestowed compliment is frequently baffled in his attempt to estimate its exact value by the vagueness of the language used. The utterances of the flatterer are essentially indefinite. They commonly owe their point to a particular emphasis of voice or manner, or at least to the employment of an exceedingly indefinite superlative term. Few, if any, of the customary forms of praise are susceptible of exact measurement. They seek rather to express a feeling in the speaker's mind than to gauge the precise dimensions of the object of the praise, and all affirmations which aim at expressing emotion are in their nature vague propositions. Suppose, for instance, that a lady has just been complimented in emphatic terms on the excellence of a musical performance. On cool reflection she will be apt to doubt, either from previous experiences of flattery or from certain circumstances in this particular case, the sincerity of the praise. Still she will find it hard to say why the language used palpably overstepped the limits of speaker's feeling at the moment. Strictly speaking, this could only be known with approximate certainty after a very full acquaintance with the particular person's modes of speech. Very warm language which would be fulsome, if not ridiculous, on the lips of an habitually stolid person, may be quite sincere when employed by a lively and demonstrative man. So that, even if on a *primâ facie* consideration a graceful compliment looks exaggerated, further reflection may find reasons to doubt this first doubt itself. Even supposing, further, that the lady thus complimented has good grounds for knowing that the person proffering the praise does not usually entertain so high an opinion of her skill as his language in the present case indicates, it does not follow that she will at once denounce the praise as silly or insulting flattery. For, since all praise expresses primarily the speaker's feeling, and not his general habit of feeling, but the single emotion of the moment, she cannot be at all sure that his declaration is insincere till she can ascertain in some other way the depth of the admiration he feels at this particular instant. Now this is rarely possible, for it is very hazardous to reason that, because a man does not often manifest a certain emotion, he cannot be experiencing it at this moment. As a matter of fact, we are not unfrequently struck by the spectacle of a customarily quiet temperament suddenly waking up to a lively enthusiasm. Thus, to return to our imaginary example, the person who praises the performance of a lady musician may, for some undiscoverable reason, really have been impressed in quite an unusual degree by this particular exercise of her art. And so it happens that people can nearly always find plausible grounds in justification of the more ambiguous praises which have been accorded them, and thus spare themselves the humiliation and pain of stripping off their newly-acquired laurels.

Yet once more, even if full and calm reflection leaves no doubt as to the presence of verbal exaggeration in an act of praise, we do not necessarily become indignant with the flatterer, or tread the agreeable offering under our feet. There are many cases in which we are assured of conscious exaggeration in a compliment paid to us, and yet do not resent it. All wide departures from truth in the bestowal of praise are of course offensive in themselves, and, when seen to be resorted to for the purpose of triumphing over our vanity and credulity, are simply odious. But slight exaggerations, though strictly speaking examples of flattery, do not always displease. For these may spring solely from an amiable motive—namely, a desire to please and encourage the person so flattered. A strong wish in a particular direction may cause a slight deviation of language from fact, even in the case of a habitually truthful man, and a kindly wish to find merit in others may easily carry a speaker a little beyond the strict bounds of truthful statement in apportioning praise. Nobody probably sees any harm in encouraging children and even backward adults by this kind of gentle flattery. This being so, it is scarcely to be expected that the person who receives such stimulating compliments should repel them as disagreeable. If only he is persuaded that the exaggeration is due solely to this momentary preponderance of a generous feeling over a strict regard for truth, the flattery may lose something of its value as a testimony to merit, but will still be very pleasant as a token of courteous and friendly sentiment. It is, we suspect, this ingredient of exaggerated praise which first made flattery a recognized part of courteous manners. The wearisomeness, not to say the repulsiveness, of fashionable adulation is due to its utterly senseless disregard for truth, and to its lifeless and mechanical nature.

There seems, then, reason to suppose that flattery in certain of its forms is not necessarily revolting even to generally truthful persons, but that it may find a place among the customs of the most refined forms of society. As the quality of veracity grows in delicacy and intensity, the province of flattery will of course be limited, but the considerations here dwelt on seem to favour the supposition that it will not soon grow out of date. It would be interesting, had we the space, to trace out the precise changes which intellectual and moral progress effects both in the dimensions and in the form of flattery. Culture seems to do for flattery what it does for one of its opposites, ridicule; it limits its sphere, and partially disguises it by softening its expression. If flattery is to be grateful to a sensible and truth-loving man or woman, it must clearly conform to several conditions. As we have remarked, it must not be too broad, wholly setting at defiance the bounds of truth, but must be recognizable as an approximation to the truth. Thus the compliment bestowed should clearly point to a meritorious quality having an undisputed existence. Further, it should never be forced on a person in an obtrusive way. It should be couched in modest language, and not break violently on our attention in bold eulogistic epithets. And it should not be kept before our minds so as to arouse a full and embarrassing consciousness of the speaker's meaning, but rather appear as a transient element in a fugitive conversation. It is always better to let the praise be inferred from the language used than to declare it in direct terms. In this way it will be appreciated by a swift movement of feeling, while there will be no time for its arousing a painful self-consciousness. Once more, flattery is always more acceptable when it seems to be the product of the moment, and not the result of premeditation, for in this case it has a greater appearance of reality. Or, if the speaker distinctly intends to indicate a deliberate wish to gratify, and so to show the exercise of forethought, the praise should be tendered with a certain delicate skill so as to assure the recipient of the giver's anxiety to make the offering as graceful as possible. The indirect ways of flattery are also worth attending to. One may flatter a person by saying to his intimate friend—for instance, his wife—something highly eulogistic, which it would be difficult to say to himself directly. Another and still more useful method is to flatter by action instead of by words, that is, by treating people as if they had a certain kind of merit or excellence. Thus we may studiously consult the taste of a lady whose aesthetic judgment we wish to extol, or may enlist the co-operation of a person in a benevolent scheme, and thus indirectly attribute to him a generous disposition. The advantage of this last mode of flattering is that it escapes the necessity of even a slight verbal untruthfulness. To appeal to a person's opinion is not the same thing as to declare him to be wise, even though he may be readily disposed to conjecture from the former that we mean the latter too.

THE END OF THE "REVEREND" CONTROVERSY.

WE write these words hopefully, as trusting that what ought to be will be, and that, with the late judgment of the Privy Council, we have heard the last of the very silliest dispute that ever was stirred up. The absurd question as to the use of the adjective "Reverend," as applied on a tombstone to a Wesleyan minister, has been decided by the highest Court, not only in the way most consistent with common sense, but on the grounds most consistent with common sense. The whole question about which so much has been said is summed up in a few words by Sir William James. "The Dean of Arches assumes that 'Reverend' is rightly the title of a man who is episcopally ordained. What connexion is there between episcopal ordination and the title of 'Reverend'?" To this question there is really no answer. As was shown over and over again in the evidence, and as must be familiar to every one who knows anything of the records of the last three or four hundred years, there is no connexion whatever between the two things. The judgment says, with the most perfect truth, "In the opinion of their Lordships, 'Reverend' is not a title of honour or courtesy; it is a laudatory epithet." This exactly hits the distinction which both sides in this grotesque controversy seem to have failed to understand. The Wesleyan minister doubtless thought that, in claiming the epithet of "Reverend," he was in some way asserting his own position; the Vicar, in refusing to allow him the epithet, doubtless thought that he was asserting his position. The judgment of the Privy Council ought to teach both of them that the disputed epithet has nothing whatever to do with the position of either of them, and that neither of them is in any way better or worse for the epithet being either granted or refused. The judgment marks the distinction, which lies at the root of the whole matter,

between a title and an epithet. The irregular assumption of a title might really be of importance, and it might be a duty to resist it; no such duty can arise in the case of a mere epithet. For instance, if the Wesleyan body in England had, as it has in the United States, officers who claim the title of Bishop, to allow one of them to be described on a tombstone by the title of Bishop would be quite another thing from giving him the epithet of Reverend, Right Reverend, or any other. It would, to say the least, be a fair question, and worth arguing, whether to describe the Wesleyan minister in any formal way as a Bishop was not an infringement alike of theological positions by which the Vicar probably holds himself bound, and even of the legal rights of the Bishop of the diocese. We do not presume to decide what the judgment of the Privy Council would be or ought to be in such a case; but we do say that such a case would be altogether different from the present one, and that the arguments on both sides would have to be altogether different from what they were in this case. A title asserts a fact or alleged fact; a mere honorary epithet asserts nothing. To call a man Bishop, or Colonel, or Barrister-at-Law, is in truth to assert certain facts about him; merely to call him "Reverend," or "Gallant," or "Learned," expresses no fact whatever. As we showed long ago, the only difference between the two cases is that, while modern usage attaches the epithets of "Gallant" and "Learned" to members of two professions, and the epithet of "Reverend" to a third, modern usage, or perhaps rather the zeal of the profession itself, has made the epithet in one case stick somewhat closer than it does in the other two.

The judgment goes on to sum up the whole matter in the shortest and clearest way. This laudatory epithet "has been used not for a great length of time, but for some considerable time by the clergy of the Church of England." That is to say, out of several floating epithets a process of natural selection fixed Reverend as the special epithet of the clergy about the end of the seventeenth century or the beginning of the eighteenth. "It was used in ancient times by persons who were not clergy at all." This needs no proof; indeed we suspect that survivals of this ancient practice might, as the Lord Chancellor himself hinted, be found still. We are not prepared with a case of the Lords of the Privy Council being called "Reverend," or "Right Reverend," but we should not be in the least surprised if such a case were to be found. "It has been used, and is used in common parlance of social intercourse by (of?) ministers of denominations separate from the Church of England." And the usage which made "Reverend" the special epithet of the clergy was fixed so late, and the time when it began to be given to ministers of other denominations came in so early, that, if there was any time during which the epithet was always given to the Established clergy and was never given to ministers of any other denomination, that time must have been a very short one. With these facts before him, it is hard to see how any rational man could help coming to the conclusion of the Court, "It is impossible therefore to treat this as an exclusive possession of the Church of England." The whole thing is simply a matter of usage, involving no point of law, principle, or fact; and usage has long ago settled the question in favour of the Wesleyan minister. And the Lord Chancellor goes on most pertinently to say "that if ever there was a case in which no possible misunderstanding could arise, it would be here." "There is no pretence to the position of ordained minister in the Church of England. The statement is one which claims nothing more than what is actually the fact." This exactly hits the point. Had the words "Wesleyan Minister" not been added, we do not say that there would have been any just ground for all this disturbance; but we can understand that some people might think that there was just ground. As it is, the whole question was whether an honorary epithet, which has no legal or theological meaning, should be applied to a person who openly declares his own status as a Wesleyan minister. We can understand the anxiety of Nonconformist ministers to claim the epithet of Reverend, because, with many of them, the claim is mainly a social one. At the same time, they would do well to abstain from the odd manifestations of temper on the subject which they sometimes show. We have heard of a case in which a Dissenting minister was very angry because a correspondent, writing in the third person, having spoken of him the first time as "the Rev. Mr. A.," went on through the rest of the letter calling him simply "Mr. A." Now, if we were writing in the third person, whether to a Nonconformist minister or to a clergyman of the Established Church, it would never have come into our heads to use the epithet at all in the inside of the letter, though we should certainly use it for both in the address on the outside. If, instead of "Reverend," the disputed epithet had been "Honourable," the absurdity comes out more strongly. There have been people in our own day who have commonly borne that epithet without having much right to it; we can conceive those persons being naturally angry if the epithet had been omitted in the address, or in any description that was in the least formal; but we do not believe that they would have expected the word "Honourable" to be tacked on to their names every time they were spoken of or to. On the other hand, there is something equally ludicrous in the strange importance which some of the clergy attach to a mere epithet which asserts nothing and proves nothing. There have been a good many clergymen who would think it scorn to have all the epithets of Hooker piled on them—to be spoken of as godly, learned, judicious, and eloquent—if the one pet epithet were left out. Now it appears that there are some whose zeal carries them the other way, who declare that it will be an insult to address them any more by an epithet which has been "desecrated." For a clergyman to object to be called "Reverend" because a Dissenting minister is called so too, seems as grotesque one way as what has hitherto been the climax the other way—the formula "Rev. and Mrs. A. B." on a card; Judicious Richard and Maiden Joan would never have thought of that.

Then the judgment of the Privy Council and the comments of the Lord Chancellor nothing can be better or clearer. They put plain sense into plain English. It is another thing when we come to the comments of the *Times*, to the talk about "unconscious sublimation of temporal accidents," "reflex action," and "effervescences of ecclesiastical prejudice." It is an elaborate confusion indeed when the *Times* says:—

> But when a Bishop talks of Episcopacy being of Divine institution, he unconsciously transfers the Divine sanction to his title, his Palace, his social position, and all his temporal prerogatives; and, similarly, when an Incumbent maintains, as he may think himself in duty bound, his claim to be the only true possessor of Ministerial authority, he transfers the peculiar prerogative thus implied to his title, his "freehold," and all the customary privileges of his position, forgetting that the latter, at all events, are mere matters of social or legal prescription, and are liable to be withdrawn at any moment by the secular authority which bestowed them.

Now those Bishops who would insist most strongly on episcopacy as a divine institution are just those who are least likely to transfer the divine sanction to their palaces, their social position, and all their temporal prerogatives. As for transferring it to their titles, that depends on what is meant by their titles. For the title of Bishop—that is, for the fact that they are all that is implied in the theological term Bishop—they would claim a divine sanction. They would claim no such sanction for the temporal title of "Lord," still less for the mere epithet of "Reverend" or "Right Reverend," unless they fell into the strange mistake of the Bishop of Lincoln in fancying that those epithets implied or denied any theological proposition. So in the case of the incumbent, the *Times* studiously confounds law and usage. Why does the *Times* put "freehold" in commas? No one doubts that the clergyman holds his tithe and glebe by a freehold tenure. No one doubts, on the other hand, that an Act of Parliament may at any time take them away. But, as long as the law secures them to him, he only does his duty to himself and his successors in defending his rights. But this has nothing to do with the present controversy, because to call the Wesleyan minister "Reverend" implied nothing in any way inconsistent with the freehold rights of the Vicar. As for "customary privileges," "legal and social prescription," the *Times* must be a little more explicit before we know what it means. What is "legal or social prescription"? Legal prescription is one thing; social prescription is another; "customary privileges" may mean Easter offerings; they may mean the epithet of "Reverend." But Easter offerings and the epithet of "Reverend" stand on altogether different grounds. The "temporal power," if by that is meant King, Lords, and Commons, may undoubtedly withdraw anything that it has bestowed, or anything that any one else has bestowed; no law can limit its powers; but the ordinary exercise of those powers is limited by the rules of common sense. It is quite possible that the temporal power may pass an Act to deprive the clergy either of their freeholds or of their Easter offerings. But the temporal power of the United Kingdom must have greatly changed its character if it ever sits down to make an Act of Parliament to say who shall be called "Reverend" and who shall not.

GOVERNORS AND CONSULS.

THERE are not a few professions which have very much the character of lotteries, but none more so perhaps than our foreign and colonial civil services. A gentleman who has shown more or less capacity for the post is gazetted Governor of one of our dependencies. He may have been painfully climbing the ladder of promotion hand over hand, and have received at last a tardy recompense for meritorious, though obscure, official services. He may have been a man of fashion distressingly out at elbows, whose unsuspected administrative talents have attracted the notice of some personage of influence like the Marquis of Steyne; or he may have had the fortune to have figured conspicuously in public life, and the gratitude of his party rewards him for a consistently loyal devotion with a position and income which will be exceedingly welcome. The fortunate recipient of the favours of the Colonial Office finds his new dignity more or less pleasant and profitable. He may be set down on the Gold Coast, or in some fever-stricken islet of the West Indies, to console himself for insalubrious exile with the maxim that every land is a native country to the brave; or his lines may fall to him in lucrative places among the pastures and gold-mines of Australasia, or in the scented forests of Ceylon. But, whatever his immediate fate, the only thing certain in his prospects is their uncertainty, unless indeed he should command extraordinary interest. He may perchance deal too vigorously with local disturbances to please that popular sentiment at home which naturally sways the opinions of his superiors, in which case he will be recalled, to be shelved for life, and may think himself lucky if he escapes the criminal tribunals. Or, without committing himself to some military *faux pas* that excites so general a sensation that it is impossible for the authorities to condone it, he may simply fail to give satisfaction to the gentlemen who are in a measure responsible for his administration. Or, again, when he has served his term, should he have no backers at head-quarters, his application may be quietly ignored when he petitions for a new

appointment. In either of these cases, the unfortunate man suffers the miseries of a sudden collapse of dignity and prosperity. He who, a month or two before, was a little monarch, ruling his petty realm almost autocratically by the aid of deferential Ministers or an obsequious Council, finds himself "lord of himself, that heritage of woe," and of next to nothing besides. The odds are that his ex-Excellency has little or no private fortune, and the recent occupant of Government House has to huddle himself, his family, and his suite of a single nursemaid, into cramped lodgings in Pimlico or Bayswater, while he dances disheartening attendance at the Colonial Office. It is a painful change from easy and dignified competence to shabby pinching; his dreams of laying by from his official income had vanished in smoke as he awoke to the inevitable claims on him; and, on the contrary, he has probably brought home a schedule of debts by way of memorial of his tenure of office. He has arranged with his creditors to settle by instalments, which involves him in a series of periodical defaults and expostulations. No wonder that he grows more and more pressing for re-employment, before he shall have been absolutely crushed under the accumulating weight of his difficulties. No wonder that he is more indefatigable than ever in his visits to the Colonial Office. The gentlemen who make it the business of their department to keep unwelcome suitors at bay begin to regard him as a bugbear instead of a mere cipher; the very messengers in the corridors come to detest him, and to dread the perpetually recurring visitations which they cannot prevent. And all the time he regularly goes the rounds of his limited circle of acquaintances, imploring them to help him with their exertions in quarters possible and impossible. There is just one chance in a hundred that he may prevail by importunity, and that his much crying may obtain him a fresh lease of official life, to expire again under aggravated circumstances. But then there are ninety-nine chances in a hundred that the good-humoured, hospitable administrator settles down into a moody discontented man, with wishes, and even with wants, out of all proportion to his means. Such extreme instances, we may admit, are exceptional. Able and trustworthy men, as a rule, will have something like justice done them in the end; and intelligent civilians who have enjoyed good opportunities ought to win favour in high quarters in the course of their career. But it must be remembered that even the ablest man is at a disadvantage when he is out of sight and mind in a tranquil community somewhere on the other side of the world; prejudice is more easily created than partiality; even a brief interval between a couple of appointments may leave a legacy of permanent embarrassments; and in any case such an extreme contingency as we have suggested, being always more or less on the cards, must make the most sanguine of men occasionally anxious.

After all, however, if high colonial administration is a lottery, there is brilliancy as well as substance in the prizes to be drawn in it. The Colonial Governor has his cares like crowned heads and their viceroys, but even at Cape Coast Castle or St. Kitts he presides over a petty court, and may count on receiving the respectful consideration due to the mouthpiece of Imperial authority. Her Majesty's Consuls, on the other hand, have few of the consolations of pomp in their more prolonged exiles, and must content themselves with "influence" in place of power. As for the pleasures of congenial society, nothing can be more precarious than their prospects in this respect, unless they chance to have some definite information beforehand as to the place where their services are required. Good things there are, no doubt. Paris is by no means a disagreeable place of residence; existence may be made very tolerable on the shores of the Bay of Naples or Palermo, especially if you have a weakness for sunshine or a tendency to pulmonary complaints. But then, again, conceive what a man's feelings must be on receiving his sentence to some city peopled by fanatics on the shores of the Arabian Gulf, or to some swamp-girdled charnel-house among the lagoons of Central America. The appointment may startle him, but he has practically no choice but to accept. So he gets his will duly executed in London, should he be lucky enough to have any property to bequeath, and proceeds to lay in a supply of quinine and Persian powder, with any other medicaments and specifics recommended for the local diseases and insects. The metal cases of his baggage are disagreeably suggestive of white ants and such omnivorous vermin. His fellow-passengers on board ship, with their sallow complexions, sunken cheeks, and shrivelled forms, are anything but exhilarating spectacles, disposed as he is to depression at any rate. Yet most of them will tell him with cheerful self-congratulation that they are bound to their homes in neighbouring cities that stand considerably higher in the sanitary scale than the low-lying seaport which is to be the seat of his consulate. When he casts anchor before it and comes on deck to gaze, possibly first appearances may be reassuring. The bay that is to be the special scene of his maritime jurisdiction is enlivened with some show of shipping. The town itself is picturesquely situated on rolling ground sloping back from a shelving beach, and commanded by a whited citadel with imposing tiers of batteries. Long quays of massive masonry stretch their arms into the water, palm and other feathering and umbrageous trees cast their shade here and there among the blocks of houses, while the place is girdled with masses of green, where irrigated clearings that look like gardens seem to run back into the virgin forest. He steps into the boat to be pulled ashore, and with each stroke of the oars an illusion vanishes. The weed-grown quays are but the dry and mouldering bones of the former substance of great prosperity. The water has silted into shallows; no dredging is done in the harbour: nor can any vessel of burden come alongside the wharf. The houses still look imposing from the sea, because they were solidly built several centuries ago. But the stucco has disappeared, the woodwork is in decay, even the walls are cracked and the roofs fissured by volcanic disturbances. The streets are encumbered by all manner of garbage that has been neglected by the dogs and the vultures, and the new comer's heart sinks within him when he goes looking for an eligible residence. He soon discovers that the social attractions of the place are as deceptive as the honeycombed guns that frown through the embrasures of the batteries. As for its society, the richest of the merchants are little given to hospitality. The most he may expect of them is a gracious smile and a cup of sugared water at one of their "At homes," if he should not have been sent unanimously to Coventry for discharging his duties to their prejudice. His consular colleagues tender him official courtesies; but, even if he escapes being the object of their jealousy and political intrigues, three or four families of promiscuous nationalities form but a limited circle from which to select the companions of one's solitude. At first he goes out for riding exercise in those glorious forests over which distance threw its halo of enchantment. But he finds that at the best of times they exhale languor and disease from the masses of rotting parasites that are interwoven through the dense undergrowth; and even if he can force his way along almost impracticable tracks, it is as much as his life is worth to be belated in their shade after sundown. If he lives through the acclimatizing fever that sooner or later visits each new arrival, or escapes the virulent epidemics which at intervals crowd the cemeteries, he may possibly grow case-hardened to the climate with time and careful living. But at all events the temperature and atmosphere will conspire with the other depressing influences of the place to make a burden of some of the best years of his existence. Yet nothing can be more delicate than applying to headquarters for a transfer. The dissatisfied functionary may obtain his recall without a subsequent reappointment, or may simply exchange the frying-pan for the fire.

Her Majesty's Consuls more than most other people have reason to regret the good old times. In former days some of the most disagreeable consulates had compensations which made them eminently desirable to many people. These agents of the Foreign Office had free liberty to trade, and necessarily they had special advantages in trading. But now official personages must shun even the appearance of evil, and all that is rigidly forbidden. There are no longer fortunes to be made in Paraguayan tea and Buenos Ayres bullocks, in Brazilian dyes and Honduras mahoganies. Fees are frequently commuted for hard and fast salaries, while long leaves of absence can only be obtained subject to inconvenient pecuniary drawbacks. On the other hand, the expenses and duties of the position have been increasing with the expansion of the national commerce and enterprise. A Consul who is already puzzled to make the two ends meet must often be considerably out of pocket when he finds a crew of his shipwrecked countrymen thrown on his hands. And a kind-hearted gentleman representing the British Government and nation cannot churlishly shut his purse when the widow and the orphan come crying for assistance, although he may know that it is very much more than doubtful whether his superiors will ever recoup him his outlay. Add to all this that every now and then a man conscious of unusual gifts and experience finds himself condemned to an indefinite period of humiliating banishment in the place of all others where his talents can be least turned to account—Captain Burton at Trieste, for example, and Mr. Gifford Palgrave at St. Thomas—and we may safely assume that the service is seldom a bed of roses to those employed in it. It does not seem too much to say that, having regard to the best interests of the country, there are certain modifications that might be advantageously made in the position of British Consul abroad, even if they involved some trifling increase in expenditure.

AN AQUARIUM *IN NUBIBUS*.

EVERY person of right feeling will, we are sure, sympathize sincerely with the Duke of Edinburgh on the unfortunate position in which he has been placed by the Directors of the Royal Aquarium. His Royal Highness is of course, in the absence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, an important member of the Royal Family, and he is also to a certain extent identified with the most popular branch of the national service. Add to this his characteristic liberality in the patronage of art, and it will at once be understood that he is a personage who ought to be treated with proper respect, particularly by those who claim to be not only loyal subjects, but in a special sense the friends of art and science. This, however, does not appear to have been the opinion of the Directors of the Royal Aquarium. These gentlemen, having obtained the use of the Duke's name for their puffing advertisements, further prevailed on his good-nature to consent to preside at the ceremony of opening their great national institution. His Royal Highness was probably much impressed by the exalted style in which "the advancement of science, literature, and art, in all its (*sic*) branches," was proclaimed in the circulars of the Company as the object of its existence; and he was no doubt justified in assuming that preparations had really been made to carry out the professions of the prospectus. If there was one thing more than another which the Directors were supposed to have at heart, it was

the promotion of science in the form of an aquarium. It is under this name, in fact, that the enterprise is presented to the public, and it was naturally expected that an aquarium would be the great feature of the exhibition. It turns out, however, that, whatever else the exhibition may be, it is not an aquarium, since it contains neither water nor fish. It is stated, indeed, that some day or other it will become an aquarium in reality as well as name, and the tanks are already provided. This, however, is a question of the future, and it may occur to some people that a sham Aquarium consisting of empty tanks is an odd sort of speculation to be "inaugurated" by a member of the Royal Family. But here we come upon at least one good end which this enterprise has providentially served. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and this *fiasco* in the slums of Westminster has been the means of enabling the *Daily Telegraph*, after years of struggle with the dictionary, to use a long word in something nearly approaching to its correct grammatical significance. It has discovered, with a joy and pride which reminds one strongly of M. Jourdain, that it has been using "the word inauguration" ever since it was born without having the faintest idea of its true meaning; but the happy thought has at last flashed upon it that inauguration "should generally be used in its obsolete sense, as signifying a good omen of that which is to come." Whether this means that it is a good omen that a public exhibition should pretend to be what it is not, we cannot say, but the case referred to does not quite strike us in that light. It might perhaps be said that, if it is ominous of anything, it is ominous of empty pretensions. The *Daily News*, which seems to be gradually slipping into the old clothes of the *Telegraph*, gets, in treating of this subject, into a mysterious bewilderment about "Dagon the fish-god, ancient father of mermaids," which, on "calm reflection," it identifies with "the Sun-god, far-shooting Apollo, the god of music himself"; and it then asks, "What is Apollo but the Belin of our woad-stained ancestors?" with more of the same stuff, all leading up to the moral that, though people may have been deluded into buying season-tickets and making themselves ridiculous with the name of Fellows, under the impression that they were to see an Aquarium, it does not in the least matter that no Aquarium exists, because, "if the fishes are not there, the tanks for them are." It is possible that this writer might not show the same equanimity if, on purchasing an article in a shop, the shopkeeper handed him an empty parcel of brown paper and string, and assured him that the contents were immaterial. A casual admission further on perhaps explains the writer's confusion of mind. It appears that the Council of the Society "entertained their friends at an elegant *déjeuner* in the Reading Room," and that "ample justice was done to the *faisans au soleil*, the *saumon à la Chambord*, and other delicacies provided by Messrs. Bertram and Roberts."

The *Times*' reporter, although also in a genial mood, is somewhat more guarded in his language. He treats the question pretty much as if it were a conundrum:—When is an aquarium not an aquarium? "This Aquarium," he says, "is not so much an aquarium as something else"; and then he goes over the long list of promises put forth by the Company, adding sententiously, "All this, and much more is promised," but "not quite all this is there at present." Then he goes off on a hopeful tack, and says, "There is no reason why such an attempt should not prove successful, and to judge from the programme, no pains will be spared to make it so." We should have thought that the mistake of judging such people as the Directors of the Royal Aquarium by the professions with which their programme is stuffed had just been very clearly demonstrated by the melancholy emptiness of the exhibition, which is admitted to be "not quite all there at present." It is possible that at some future time the Directors may fulfil their promises, but this is for the present perhaps a poor consolation for those who have paid their money to see what is "not quite all there." The *Times*' reporter indeed has a faint perception of this himself, for he remarks, with a dull sobriety in striking contrast to the animated, but rather incoherent, gaiety of the *Daily News*' gentleman, that "it may possibly"—he will go as far as possibly—"be a question whether it would not have been better to wait a little while longer, till there was some more immediate evidence in the present of the promise of the future." How exquisitely delicate a mode of suggesting non-delivery of goods! The Royal Aquarium is certainly not the only speculation of the day in regard to which investors would be glad to see "more immediate evidence in the present of the promise of the future." But then, again, the luncheon has its effect, and it occurs to the writer, with a twinge of remorse, that "this is a question which, under the circumstances, it would be ungenerous to urge." The question seems to us to be, whether a newspaper reporter, writing for the public, should not honestly say how far a particular entertainment comes up to the glowing promises of a Directors' prospectus, instead of inventing excuses for taking people's money under what looks very like false pretences. Before the Aquarium was opened the truth should have been disclosed as to the condition of the interior. What the Aquarium is at present is simply a public promenade, with music and refreshments. There is, indeed, what is called a picture gallery, but a glance at the collection is sufficient to show what chance there is of art being promoted by such an exhibition, or by the lottery connected with it. One of the chief attractions of this establishment was, we understood, to be that it would be the favourite resort of the British aristocracy; but as yet the aristocracy seem to be unaccountably holding aloof. The *Daily Telegraph* kindly suggests that this can only be because "Society is still absent from town," and that what "the company lacked in quality it made up in quantity"; but it may be feared that, even when Society returns to town, quantity rather than quality will still be the chief characteristic of the company.

Whatever else the Aquarium may be, there can be no doubt as to Messrs. Bertram and Roberts's part of it; that is real and conspicuous enough, and pervades the whole building. Art is perhaps represented by their coloured bottles, and science by the drinks they supply. Any one who had not read the prospectuses of the Company would certainly imagine that the chief object of this noble institution is, as the Duke of Edinburgh beautifully remarked, "to conduce to the moral and intellectual progress as well as the material welfare of the people" by promoting the trade of enterprising publicans. If his Royal Highness knew anything of the "splendid situation" of which he spoke, he would be aware that the sale of liquor was sufficiently provided for there already. One class for which it seems to be supposed that the Aquarium is likely to have great attractions is perhaps indicated by the *Daily News*, which thinks "it may be well to remind" its readers "that after dusk on weekdays no lady will be admitted unless accompanied by a gentleman." It is evident, therefore, that the Directors are prepared to exercise that "watchful care over their future arrangements" which the Duke of Edinburgh hinted at as "urgently demanded in this populous district," and that with a "gentleman" to every "lady" decorum will be provided for as amply as the more material wants of Messrs. Bertram and Roberts's customers. We have heard that the same rule prevails at some of the music halls, though whether it is very effectual may perhaps be doubted.

Such then, in its present state at any rate, is the exhibition which was described by the Duke of Edinburgh as "the natural result" of the part taken by his lamented father in the Exhibition of 1851. Although it is true that in one sense the Royal Aquarium comes by natural descent from the first Exhibition, its characteristics are very different indeed from the high and disinterested aims of the chief promoter of the honourable and successful enterprise of twenty-five years ago. It was certainly not during the Prince Consort's life that refreshment contracts became the mainspring of great Exhibitions for the advancement of science and art, and there can be no question as to the sincerity of his often-expressed desire for the refinement and elevation of public taste. It is melancholy to think that these theoretically noble projects should have since fallen into the hands of hucksters and jobbers, and that a cry for the "advancement of science and art" should now be the common cant of every puffing showman. There is, of course, no reason whatever why the Royal Aquarium, whether as an aquarium or only as a public-house with a licence for music, should not be conducted in a respectable manner, and prove profitable to its promoters; but the character of the speculation can be more safely judged from its results than from its preliminary pretensions. If the music is lively, and Messrs. Bertram and Roberts's tap satisfactory, there will no doubt be plenty of people who will find this sort of amusement suit them; but there is no necessity for trading on honoured names in the sale of such wares, or for keeping up the hollow pretence of anxiety about "science, literature, and art in all its branches."

MONTALEMBERT AND HIS CRITICS.

IT was not without considerable amusement that we read a paper in last week's *Tablet* headed "The late Count de Montalembert and Dr. Döllinger." Its object is to endorse an article which is quoted at full length, from the *Revue Générale* of Brussels, by the Baron de Haulleville, "a Belgian nobleman of high standing and unimpeachable character." This "communication," we are solemnly assured, seriously affects "the religious memory of one, and the literary honesty of another, of the two distinguished writers" just named, as well as the "controversial character of a no less distinguished English statesman"—namely, Mr. Gladstone. These are grave charges certainly, and we turned with some curiosity to Baron de Haulleville's article to see how they were made out. The *corpus delicti*, so to call it, appears to be the posthumous publication of a letter of Montalembert to Dr. Döllinger, written a week before the opening of the Vatican Council, to which we called attention ourselves not long ago *, and of a paper of his on the political condition of Spain, originally written for the *Correspondant*, which declined to admit it, an English translation of which appeared last year in the *Contemporary Review*. The publication of these two papers without the sanction of the Countess de Montalembert is stigmatized by the wrathful Baron as a violation of "common decency," and "an insult to the memory of one of the most illustrious champions of the Catholic cause in the present century." Now the first thing that strikes one is that the two heads of the indictment, like the Kilkenny cats, are mutually destructive of each other. If it was a breach of decency to publish what so seriously compromises Montalembert's religious character, then it is futile to plead in the same breath that it does not really compromise it at all. Yet this is precisely the Baron's position. "You will not find," he says, in the letter—the italics are our own—"a word of disloyalty to *the Church*, the mother and mistress of all nations"; and he complains of the false "judgments passed upon it." But if the letter itself breathes the unchanged spirit of loyal orthodoxy,

* *Saturday Review*, November 13, 1875.

surely, from his own point of view, the kindest thing to Montalembert's memory was to publish the text of it in full, and thus give the world an opportunity of estimating at their true value the floating rumours which had got about on high authority as to his change of mind. Of course the real question is what is meant by "loyalty to the Church," which may have borne a very different sense in Montalembert's mind from that assigned to it by his too officious apologist. Of the loyalty to the *Pope* displayed in this letter of his we shall have a word to say presently. Meanwhile, if Baron de Haulleville rightly interprets these last utterances of Montalembert, why should he accuse Dr. Döllinger of "blackening character" and committing a "scandalous" breach of confidence in giving them to the world? His case strongly reminds one of the old story of the borrower of the broken kettle, who pleaded, first, that it was broken before he had it; secondly, that, if he had broken it, he had mended it; and, thirdly, that it was never broken at all. As to the rest of the article, which is occupied with a panegyric on Montalembert's early zeal for Catholicism, it is neither here nor there to the argument.

So much for the indictment as a whole, but it is worth while to examine its separate counts a little more in detail. And first as to the bad faith and indecency charged on Dr. Döllinger and Mr. Gladstone for publishing these papers of Montalembert's without the authority of his widow. Now, even if the facts were exactly as their assailant states them, his case would be a very weak one. It is absurd to treat the writings of a prominent public character like Montalembert, dealing entirely with public questions, and addressed to friends also holding positions of public interest and trust, as mere private letters, over which his family may claim absolute control. There must clearly be a limit to this sort of deference somewhere, and it is difficult to see what can be fairer to the memory of the departed than to publish what he himself deliberately wrote on great public questions of the day, and what was, certainly in one instance, very probably in both, distinctly intended for publication when written. As regards the article on Spain, indeed, we happen to know that Baron de Haulleville's statement of facts is as inaccurate as his indignation is misplaced. Mr. Gladstone, if we are not entirely misinformed, had no more to do with its publication than the Baron himself. The statement therefore that Dr. Döllinger, in reply to a request of Montalembert's executors that it might not be published, "sent his copy of this paper to his friend, Mr. Gladstone, who forwarded it to the *Contemporary Review*," is a pure invention. This sufficiently disposes of one alleged "violation of the repose of the faithful departed," by publishing a paper expressly composed by the author for a French Catholic periodical, which, however, refused to insert it. And now to turn to the other occasion "when the German enemies of the Roman Church, in their Satanic hatred, sought to forge to themselves weapons out of the fragments of the sarcophagus of one of the staunchest Christians of our century." Montalembert's letter to Dr. Döllinger of November 7, 1869, already mentioned, contains the deliberate record of his view of the approaching Council and the state of parties in the Church. It is a letter dealing exclusively with public ecclesiastical questions in the Roman communion, written by one of the most distinguished Roman Catholic laymen of the present century. The writer might have reasons for not printing it at the time, but, unless he had expressly directed that it should be treated as private, there can obviously be no sort of impropriety in its posthumous publication, even if he did not, as he very probably did, contemplate and intend this himself. For he says expressly that he writes from "his coffin," and "with a voice which already, as it were, comes from the other world." There is no more, we may add, of "eloquent irritability" about the letter—which is Baron de Haulleville's account of it—than about the other publications of a writer who could never forget that he was an orator, and when most impassioned in his language was most entirely himself. The irritability belongs entirely to the critic who so far forgets himself as to call its publication "indecent," "scandalous," and "Satanic."

At the same time it would be affectation to say that we do not perfectly comprehend the real grounds of this outburst of passionate invective, though it might have been more discreet not to let the cat out of the bag in so very conspicuous a manner. The Baron and his friends cannot of course fail to be perfectly aware that what he calls euphemistically "the judgments passed on the letter" by Liberal Catholics are, in fact, the judgments passed in the letter on his own party, now dominant in the Roman Catholic Church. There may be "not a word of disloyalty to the Church," and the illustrious author himself would undoubtedly have insisted that his Catholic orthodoxy remained unchanged to the last. But when he "lashed a school of invective and oppression," he was lashing precisely that school of which the *Revue Générale* in Belgium and the *Tablet* in England are the accredited organs; and his own words leave no room for doubt that his sense of loyalty to the Church was very far from including an unlimited devotion to what he calls "the idol of the Vatican." On the contrary, he winds up his letter with the startling avowal that, "of all the mysteries presented by the history of the Church, I know none that surpasses or equals this transformation, so rapid and complete, of the French Catholic Church into a *basse-cour de l'anticamera du Vatican*." We must further remind the Baron de Haulleville that, if the judgments passed on this letter by all who read it in its natural and obvious sense are an insult to Montalembert's memory, the chief offender is no less a personage than the infallible head of his Church. The Pope, at all events, to whom the dying patriot's vigorous denunciations of Vaticanism had been reported at the time, by no means shared the Baron's opinion that "his generous soul never carried him beyond the lawful bounds of the *rationabile obsequium*." A few hours after the news of Montalembert's death reached Rome, in March 1870, the Pope happened to be receiving a large body of foreigners, chiefly Frenchmen, to whom he at once disburdened his mind on the subject of the departed Count with that extreme frankness which is habitual to him. "Il était malheureusement de ces Catholiques libéraux qui ne sont *que demi-catholiques*. Il y a quelques jours il écrivait des paroles"—here his Holiness paused, and then proceeded to express his hope that the Count had made a good death, adding, with a ludicrous misapprehension of his real character, that pride was his great fault. Meanwhile, the French in Rome had been invited to a solemn Requiem for Montalembert's soul at the church of St. Louis, as is usual in the case of Roman patricians, of whom he had been made one. When, however, some twenty French bishops, and a large number of priests and laymen, assembled next morning at the church doors, they found M. Veuillot, the editor of the *Univers*—Montalembert's old and bitter enemy—stationed there to inform them that the Pope had forbidden any service being held or prayers offered for the departed Count. The intense feeling of disgust excited among the French by this procedure was, however, privately intimated to the Pope, probably by the French Ambassador, M. de Bannoville; and, accordingly, some days afterwards, he drove privately to an out-of-the-way church, where he ensconced himself in the tribune, and directed a bishop who was there to say mass *pro quodam Carolo*. It was then officially announced in the *Giornale di Roma* that, "in consideration of the former services of Count de Montalembert, his Holiness had ordered a mass to be said for him at Sta. Maria Transpontana, and had himself assisted at it." And the Papal journalists were instructed to explain, as of course the *Tablet* at once did, that the previous prohibition had been issued because the Requiem "was intended rather as a political demonstration than a religious act" (of which there was no shadow of evidence), and all the arrangements had been made by the late Mgr. de Merode, Montalembert's brother-in-law, and a member of the Pope's household, whose fervent Ultramontanism nobody ever dreamt of calling in question. So much for Papal gratitude. Our object, however, in recalling the circumstance here is to point out how entirely Pius IX.'s estimate of the true significance of these later utterances of Montalembert's confirms the view which Baron de Haulleville calls "an insult to the memory of one of the most illustrious defenders of the Catholic cause." We may add that the *Tablet*, which now reproduces and endorses his angry complaints, must have fully shared that view at the time, for it devoted an article to showing that, throughout his proceedings about the Requiem, "the prudence and the charity of Pius IX. have been equally conspicuous."

The plain fact is, that Montalembert had come to see through the real drift and spirit of modern Ultramontanism, and was determined, in his own words, "to protest," though with his dying breath, "against the abominations (*bassesses*) to be brought forward at the Vatican Council, and which may even prevail there," as they did. This was clearly understood by everybody at the time, and by no one better than by the Pope himself, who accordingly denounced him as half an apostate, a charge freely re-echoed in Ultramontane circles. But now, after the lapse of five or six years, Ultramontanes are becoming sensitive to the scandal of having the name of so conspicuous and devoted a champion of the Catholic cause arrayed against them, and therefore wish to prove that he never meant what, after this "indiscreet" and "indecent" publication of his letters, they are no longer able to deny that he very distinctly said. Their speech on the subject is the reverse of "silvern," but for their own interests silence would have been comparatively "golden."

THE SOLDIER'S WANTS.

THE letters of Archdeacon Wright in the *Times* on the condition and wants of the private soldier furnish further support to the opinion that no satisfactory improvement in our military system can be made without a considerable increase of expenditure. He assumes that the country is determined not to have conscription or any approach to it, and he does not attempt, as some writers and speakers do, to evade the only practicable alternative. He contends that the pay and rations of the soldier are too small, and that the regulations of the service are often highly worrying; and, supposing that a better class of men could be induced to enter the army, we may allow that they must be treated differently. But the latter point will not be of much practical importance until the former has been adjusted. Archdeacon Wright proposes that the soldier's ration of meat, now three-quarters of a pound, should be 1 lb., and his ration of bread, now 1 lb., should be 1¼ lb., and that with this should be issued groceries and vegetables, and a cash payment of 8*d.* a day. But, he says, under the short-service system that small increase would not make the men contented. The young soldier who has enlisted for six years soon begins to look forward to the time of his discharge; he has quite enough money for the present, but learns that he has but a poor future before him. On his discharge he will have a mere 4*d.* a day, and periodical trouble therewith; and, what will be worse, as a carpenter, or brickmaker, or bricklayer, his hand will have lost its cunning, and masters are not very ready to employ those who

have been soldiers. To meet this difficulty, Archdeacon Wright would, in addition to the pay and rations already mentioned, put aside 3*d.* per day for the recruit from the day he enters the service, which would, at the end of six years, amount to nearly 30*l.* He should receive that money—10*l.* on discharge, 10*l.* six months after, and 10*l.* at the end of a year. That would start him well, and enable him to settle down comfortably. But how is he to be kept ready and willing in the Reserve, for that is "a most important matter"? To secure this, his retaining fee must be worth caring for. He should have on leaving the colours 8*l.* a year for the first six years in the Reserve, and 12*l.* a year for the second six years, or until the soldier reaches forty-five years of age, when he would be freed from all military duty, save in any great national emergency. Such is this writer's estimate of the necessity of the position; and if we assume a Reserve of 200,000 men, which is the least that ought to satisfy us, we arrive at an annual charge for pay alone of 2,000,000*l.*

In a more recent letter the Archdeacon, without going further into figures, enforces in general terms the obvious but neglected truth that, if the country would insure safety, it must pay the full premium. He desires a fair trial for the short-service system, by which he appears to mean that as much money is to be spent as will obtain as many men as we want: and, of course, if enough money is forthcoming, almost any system may be made to work. But it is to be feared that the Government will not venture to ask for means to carry out his or any other adequate plan, or, if it does, the Opposition will be tempted to pretend that less means would suffice. He urges that the army should have quiet. All ranks, he says, are unsettled because no one knows what is coming next. "The country is ever being told of schemes which will make soldiering cheap and popular," and unfortunately there are people who can themselves believe, and will try to persuade others, that such schemes are practicable. There has been enough of tinkering, and it may be hoped that these letters will help to open people's minds to perceive what is really wanted. The Archdeacon descants eloquently on the claims of a certain corporal to civil employment under Government, and although we heartily wish his advocacy of this and similar cases may be successful, yet we must own that the "gushing" style in which he writes rather shakes our faith in his calculations. Sentiment and statistics are not necessarily antagonistic, although they seldom dwell together harmoniously. It is unlikely that there can be places in the Civil Service for all the old soldiers, and it would be cheaper to pay pensions than to create places. Becoming vague and almost poetical, the Archdeacon tells us that we have only to be true to ourselves and to our soldiers, and our army will be easily manned, and ever prove our safeguard and our pride. This reads like an extract from a speech intended to be spoken after dinner, and it comes, when analysed, to little more than what the Archdeacon said to the corporal, that he would do anything in the world for him, only he could do nothing. Our army, he says, will be easily manned, because when once the soldier, whether under the colours or in the Reserve, is contented, he himself will take the place of the recruiting sergeant. So it all turns on this, that the soldier is to be made "contented," and the Archdeacon thinks he will become so if his pay and allowances are satisfactorily increased. If money is forthcoming, sentiment will be perhaps superfluous. He says in the earlier and less effusive part of the same letter that he feels sure that the short-service system will produce an efficient army and a large and contented Reserve, "provided only a fair payment be made for so great a result." But what is a fair payment? He contrasts the honest soldier, strong, trained, and ever at hand, and well worth 12*l.* a year, with the "miserable wretch" who receives 4*d.* a day from the State as long as it suits him, but when wanted does not appear. We hope, rather than believe, that a payment of 8*d.* a day will secure all the excellent qualities which the Archdeacon promises; but it is open to doubt whether the possessor of them would concentrate himself with requisite alacrity on a strategic point. The plan of keeping his pay, or part of it, in hand, and paying him a lump sum after a considerable interval, might perhaps be adopted. But, beyond that, we do not see what there is to trust to beyond an assumed improvement in the moral condition of the soldier, corresponding to increased pay and improved food and lodging during service with the colours.

A recent letter of Earl Grey, also published in the *Times*, substantially confirms Archdeacon Wright's view. Earl Grey insists on the inferiority of Militia to Reserve, and of course it is true that the Reserve man would have learned his duty more thoroughly than the Militiaman; but then it is possible for him to unlearn it. After a few years of civil life he might not be much more efficient than a younger man who had only served in the Militia. The military authorities, to which Earl Grey refers would not only desire long and careful training to make the soldier, but also a considerable amount of continuous exercise to keep him trained. Earl Grey's opinion would not, he says, have been affected by seeing certain Militia regiments after a month's drill at Aldershot; but surely the result was at least good enough to encourage the application of further polish to the same article. Earl Grey is willing to spend money, and by spending it you may get men, and it matters little what you call them. His complaint that the officers of Militia have made soldiering an occupation or amusement rather than a profession, may easily be remedied. If, as Mr. Holms says, we have too many officers in the Regular army, some of them can be spared to the Militia. If we had 200,000 troops well officered and composed mainly of agricultural youth, but with an infusion of seasoned soldiers, we might trust them to do a month's good fighting; and if we could not finish an invader in that time, he would finish us. As soon as it is conceded that money must be spent, we get rid of all pretences, whether founded on Lord Cardwell's plan or otherwise, that efficiency can be attained without spending money. Lord Grey would give less pay to Reserve men than Archdeacon Wright proposes, and would substitute for it a pension in old age, thinking that the fear of losing the pension would bring men back to the colours for national defence. He would hold out to all soldiers a reasonable prospect that, on leaving the army, their position would be at least as good as if they had chosen some other line of life. We do not say that even this would be sufficient; but until it has been tried we may adjourn the consideration of any larger measure. Improvement in the position of non-commissioned officers is rightly insisted on by Earl Grey; for under any adequate system, call it Militia, or Reserve, or what you please, the instruction and example of veterans will be greatly needed.

The discussion between Mr. Holms and his critics in the *Times* is more amusing than instructive. He had stated that a Prussian army corps on a war establishment amounts to 56,000 men, and a critic had answered that it varies from 31,000 to 34,000. With seeming triumph Mr. Holms refers to a paper prepared by our War Office, and showing a total of 56,712 officers and men. The critic retorts that Mr. Holms has got hold of a paper dated in 1870, and does not understand it. He has included in his corps on a war establishment depôt men left behind when the corps marches, and cavalry who do not march with it, and fusiliers who do not now exist, to the amount of upwards of 20,000 men. Deducting this, the corps stands on paper at 36,000; and the critic adds, and most persons will believe, that no commander during the war had under him quite that number, though some had very near it.

This discussion may be compared to a series of pleadings under the old system of Common Law, by which at the rejoinder or rebutter, or thereabouts, a definite issue was arrived at. In the fifth stage of the dispute Mr. Holms remarks that his opponent, in calculating the strength of a Prussian army corps, confesses to having deducted the men in depôt, "a most essential and important portion of it," and Mr. Holms "sees no cause to justify such deduction." But if Mr. Holms introduced the Prussian army corps in order to show how many men a general could command in the field, his hearers would probably see cause to justify the deduction from the corps which marches of the men who stay at home. And Mr. Holms did use this example to show that our own army, under the Mobilization scheme, would be over-officered. His words, in his own report of his speech at Manchester, are:—"A German army corps consists roundly of 56,000 men; the commanding officer of each division has therefore about 28,000 men under his care." Now certainly the men in depôt somewhere in Prussia could not be under the care of a general fighting around Paris. As regards the number of corps in the German army he has made even a more ludicrous mistake. The critic, adopting himself to the capacity of the plain man of business, observes that when A and B join their capital, they do not add to their joint capital. When the Bideners, Wurtembergers, and Hessians, who fought through the war by the side of the troops of the North German Bund, were enrolled in the same Imperial Army List as these, there was an amalgamation, but no real addition. But if Mr. Holms used this supposed addition as evidence of what Prussia could do with her resources, he misled his audience.

The *Times* reports that at Sheffield "Mr. Holms proceeded to show how Prussia by this system had been able to produce an army while we in England had been talking, especially remarking that since 1870 Prussia had added five and a half army corps." Nothing can be more delusive than comparisons between our own and other military systems founded on facts and figures misunderstood or misapplied. He asks, "What is done with the 43,000 additional recruits taken in 1874?" and the critic answers, as might be expected, that these are the recruits who used to be liable separately for the contingents of the South German States, and are now brought on the general roll of the Empire. Mr. Holms, thus getting worsted on paper, challenges his critic to meet him on the platform; but this is merely a diversion to cover his retreat. He gained some reputation by forcibly denouncing the hollowness of Lord Cardwell's scheme, and he has put strongly in general terms, what Archdeacon Wright urges by particular examples, that you cannot hope to draw the best part of the working class into the army unless you improve your terms by ensuring better pay and better treatment to the soldier. The latter is implied in the former, and therefore it may suffice to say that Archdeacon Wright's suggestions as to rations, accommodation, &c., deserve careful consideration.

THE WHISKY WAR.

THE "Women's Whisky War" has declared itself in England, and it will be at any rate a diversion from the rather monotonous proceedings of the Alliance. The publicans will not perhaps be much disturbed at the possibility of "Mother" Stewart's invoking fire from Heaven to consume their drinking-bars; and if she attempts to head processions or to hold prayer-meetings in the streets, as she has been doing in America, she is likely to be moved on

by the police, who are capable of mistaking the holy zeal of her followers for mere inebriety. Mrs. Stewart has already addressed an English audience at a chapel, being introduced by the minister with the odd remark that he hoped the audience would remember that the speaker was a woman, and we may add that we hope that she also will remember this. It must not be supposed that she or her associates will be permitted to assume a license of speech or action which would be denied to men. But as long as they confine themselves to preaching and praying in proper places nobody will interfere with them. The publicans, who have been holding a meeting of what they called their Defence League at Bristol, were informed that a newspaper has been secured as the "special organ" of the League, and they pledged themselves "to make the same a success." Perhaps this new "organ" will be useful as a set-off against Mrs. Stewart, and whatever may be her influence with other powers, the publicans are assured by Mr. A. Bass that they have friends on both sides in Parliament who will stand by them if their just privileges are assailed. Mrs. Stewart promises that "a thrill will pervade the land," so it may be supposed that she is coming out in the Moody and Sankey line of business at the commencement of the London season. She exhorts women to set their faces against the use of alcoholic drinks and beer in their homes, and by this advice she may unintentionally serve the publicans; for, if a man cannot get what he calls comfort at home, he will be apt to seek it abroad. Happily the majority of Englishwomen are too sensible to be guided by agitators in petticoats, native or imported, although they may perhaps be attracted by the novelty of "Mother" Stewart's meetings, and pleased with the opportunity of seeing their own names in a local newspaper.

Mrs. Stewart informs us that by agitation Abraham Lincoln freed his country from slavery, and she would, by the same "leverage," free both her country and ours from drunkenness. She relies on "prayer, works, and law," as the means of effecting her object; but we remember, if she does not, that President Lincoln used much stronger measures. There can, of course, be no practical objection to her use of prayer, although sentimentally we might object to class it as a species of agitation. It is perhaps the fault of reporters that her explanation of what she means by "works" seems unsatisfactory. Publicans, she says, might be brought to reasonable arrangements to induce them not to encourage the vice of drunkenness, and no doubt they might, at least if they were allowed to judge for themselves what is reasonable. Mr. Arthur Bass has lately stated that the drunkard is the very worst customer a licensed victualler can have; and even if his audience of licensed victuallers did not altogether approve his words, they were bound to look as if they did. But we do not doubt that all sensible members of the trade see that Mr. Bass is right, and they see also that they must put their case before the country, so that Mr. Bass and other members of Parliament may be able to support it. The Alliance will of course claim for itself the merit of having brought the publicans to disclaim any interest in drunkenness; but, as soon as the publicans came to look intelligently at their position, this conclusion would be obvious. They have much more to gain by developing business among sober customers than by inviting to excess. The future of the trade may be discerned from such signs as the opening of the Aquarium at Westminster, which, whatever else it may become, will always be a gigantic tavern, just as the Crystal Palace and the Alexandra Palace are taverns doing very large business. The enlightened publican will study popular inclination, and he may be tolerably sure that, whenever large numbers of people are collected together for amusement, eating and drinking will enter into the programme of the day. If he be wise, he will provide for every variety of taste, and will take to himself whatever profit can be got out of selling cups of tea and slices of cake. Even Mrs. Stewart and her allies must take refreshment as they travel from town to town to hold meetings, and thus, whether they will or not, they become customers to the publican. We mean of course that they take something at a railway-station where the trade both in cups of coffee and in glasses of pale ale is in the same hands. There is another point in which the publicans are open to "reasonable arrangements." Their leaders always say, and we entirely believe, that they desire uniform and not late hours of closing. And this, again, is consistent with the notion that the best part of their business lies among the orderly portion of the community. The saving of health and energy by cutting off an hour at night from business is important, and the same remark applies to closing during part of Sunday, to which also it appears that the leaders of the trade are favourable. One of them lately said that he saw no objection to closing every licensed house from midnight on Saturday to noon on Sunday, and this is another instance of the desire of the trade for simplicity and uniformity in the regulations imposed on it by law. The question of entire Sunday closing depends on the view which Parliament may take of Sunday, and it is not likely that the Sabbatarian view will prevail. But even this restriction, if fully and fairly enforced, would not be altogether mischievous to the publican. We know, however, that it would not be, and could not be, so enforced, and business would simply be transferred from open to illicit traders. Already the publicans are not exactly complaining, but remarking that a great deal of drunkenness goes on without their getting any profit out of it. Mr. Arthur Bass makes the remarkable statement that in Manchester one-fifth of the committals were for drunkenness between the hours of twelve at night and six in the morning, whereas all the public-houses are closed at eleven at night. The publicans suggest that at least part of this nocturnal drunkenness is due to the sale of wines and spirits under grocers' licences, and they complain that, while they are placed under restrictions, this rival trade is being constantly developed. If the Women's Whisky War is directed against the grocers, the publicans will maintain what may be called a benevolent neutrality in the contest. Their complaints are well founded to this extent, that the grocers ought to share the obloquy bestowed on them. But when they ask that magistrates should deal with grocer's licences in the same way as with their own, they raise the question, on what principle the system of licences may be reasonably maintained. The difference is obvious between consumption on and off the premises of the seller, and it may be properly made the ground of distinction among licences. The President of the Defence League proposed to its members at Bristol that they should join the Church of England Temperance Society in urging Government to place restriction on grocers' licences, and his hearers applauded his proposal for such a highly respectable association. The Church of England may promote temperance by other and more effectual methods than by limiting the number of grocers' licences, which would come to nearly the same thing as dividing the same amount of business among fewer shops. If it be true, as the publicans say, that intemperance among women and private families is largely due to the grocers' licences, they may claim Mrs. Stewart, as well as the Church of England Temperance Society, as allies against their rivals. There is, says the President, a firm which has two thousand agents among grocers for the sale of wines and spirits, and we may observe that this trade has been created during the period in which Sir Wilfrid Lawson has become famous. Another speaker at Bristol mentioned the increase of club houses, of which there are said to be one hundred in the "district" of Ashton-under-Lyne. We do not quite understand the publicans' view of these club-houses, but it appears to be that they are dangerous competitors in business. They have been formed, we presume, by working-men to obtain some of the comforts and advantages which the middle and upper classes derive from clubs, and it is probable that they will increase in number. Whether Mrs. Stewart and her female allies will denounce these clubs we do not know, but it is certain that all reasonable advocates of temperance will support them. The publicans' view appears to be that these club-houses are in effect taverns, and ought to be placed under the same restrictions as their own houses, and it is fairly open to them to urge this view, absurd as it is, upon the Legislature. Mr. Arthur Bass, who discoursed on the necessity of improving the dwellings of workmen in towns, would of course admit that a well-managed artisans' club is an advantage; and here again the publicans, whether convinced or not, are obliged to accept the judgment of their chosen leaders. There seems no end to the Leagues and Alliances which this controversy calls into existence. Mrs. Stewart proposes that women should "combine in league" to do that which hitherto they have been content to do in societies or individually. They are to visit the families of the poor, and especially the wives of drunkards, make them join the "Holy Crusade," and sign the pledge and "give every one good advice." Something like this is, we believe, done, or attempted, in most towns in England by what are called District Visitors, and if it can be done more effectually under the name of a League, let this American improvement be adopted. Attempts to check vice and mitigate the misery it causes may be called a crusade by any one who finds satisfaction in using that expression, nor can we object to a "Whisky War" so long as it is conducted with decency and regard to public order.

In a recent speech at Exeter Sir Wilfrid Lawson is reported to have said that, "if the Permissive Bill passed, *bonâ fide* workmen's clubs, where they could have drink without any one deriving profit from its sale, would meet every inconvenience." He had previously declared that he would support the publicans in attempting to take away the grocers' licences, and then invite the grocers to help him to abolish the publicans. But if all retail licences are abolished, where will the "*bonâ fide* workmen's clubs" obtain drink? Did the speaker mean that he would abolish retail trade and spare wholesale trade in drink, or would he abolish all trade, and prohibit both the making and importing of spirits, wine, and beer? This we take to be the logical result of his proposal.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

THE Spanish school, whose resources in England are known to be abundant, has often been seen in greater force than in the present Exhibition. Morales could hardly have acquired, in common with Raffaelle, the epithet "El Divino" had he never given to the world a nobler conception than "Christ Bound to the Column" (200). The works of few artists stand so much in need of weeding. Morales, like Perugino formerly, has been fathered with a multitude of illegitimate works wanting a parentage. In past years the "Christ Bearing the Cross," in Oxford, was assigned to Morales; but, at all events, the Oxford picture and the one before us cannot be by the same hand. The reputation of this revered artist is known to have suffered by the "dismal Madonnas and chalky Ecce Homos laid at his door." The followers of the master were, as is invariably the case, "mere feeble imitators of his style, who exaggerated his faults and were devoid of his inspiration." See Sir Stirling Maxwell's

"Annals," p. 235. Mr. Ford is rather severe on Morales when he says that the artist was "called El Divino more from painting subjects of divinity than from divinity of painting." We next turn to the "Portrait of Donna Maria Padilla" (176), lent by the Marquess of Lansdowne. The description in the Catalogue may with advantage be amplified, in the words of Sir Stirling Maxwell, as follows:—

A beautiful head of a woman at Bowood, painted by El Mudo—and said to be that of Doña Maria Pacheco, wife of Padilla, the ill-fated leader of the malcontents at Toledo in 1522—is a gem even in the collection of Lord Lansdowne—brown Castile never produced a lovelier face, nor a more delicately painted head; but as a portrait it must either be ideal or a copy, since the brave lady died two years before the painter's birth.

The same author remarks that "El Mudo, the dumb painter, is as familiar to Europe as his works are unknown." The picture before us, eminently Venetian in colour, accords with the fact that the painter travelled in Italy and "studied for a considerable time in the school of Titian." Indeed, at first sight, we assigned this head to Venetian studios. "The Crucifixion" (177), ascribed to Murillo, though hung on the line, scarcely deserves a passing glance. The great master of Seville is known to have painted eight Crucifixions; but this is not of the number. Murillo had many imitators, and the parodies, both in England and on the Continent, are naturally passed off for originals. As for Zurbaran, there is no internal evidence against the three figures of "Santa Justa" (111), "St. Thomas" (137), and "St. Cyril" (141). The last two, contributed by the Duke of Sutherland, are said to have come from the famed Spanish Gallery of Louis Philippe, formerly in the Louvre. All three sustain the statement that Zurbaran, like Velasquez, formed the early "resolution that everything he placed on his canvas should be copied directly from nature." These "Old Masters" never seem complete without a *chef-d'œuvre* by the great master of Castile. This year the genius of Velasquez is triumphant in the "Portrait on horseback of Don Gaspar de Guzman, Conde Duque d'Olivarez, the celebrated Spanish statesman, the contemporary of Buckingham and Richelieu" (116). Velasquez is known to have honoured this powerful patron with the best of his art; eight portraits of him still exist; the one before us is a small replica of the life-size picture in the Royal Gallery at Madrid. The Duke, who is described as one of the best horsemen and among the handsomest of Spanish gallants, looks over his shoulder towards the spectator, while he turns his horse towards a battle raging in the far distance. We see in this masterly work how true it is that the strength of Velasquez lay in portraiture; his style, though differing from, was equal to that of Titian; possessing within himself an innate nobility, he raised his art above the decadence which had fallen upon Europe in the seventeenth century.

The early Flemish and German schools have one or two noteworthy examples, among which stands pre-eminent a small altar-piece in the form of a triptych (172), a well-known work belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The middle panel falls into a not unusual arrangement; in the centre are the Virgin and Child, with the donors, Sir John and Lady Donne, and their children, kneeling, supported by their patron saints, Agnes and Barbara. On the one side of the two wings, or shutters, are St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist; on the other, or outer side, appear in black and white St. Christopher and St. Anthony. Horace Walpole, who lived not in a critical, but in a credulous and conjectural age, assigned this all but faultless triptych to Jan van Eyck; on better authority it is now pronounced "in every respect one of the finest" of Hans Memling's works, which number no less than a hundred. The panel remains in unusually good condition, though here and there the thinness and rawness of the colour might indicate over-cleaning. Little is known of Memling; he became a citizen of Bruges, was possessed of considerable wealth, and died in the year 1495 in his adopted town, which still possesses astounding proofs of his genius. His style bears affinity with both Jan van Eyck and Roger van der Weyden; yet, as here seen, his outlines are softer, "the heads of his women are sweeter and those of his men less severe." Mabuse, who next calls for notice, had, it is well known, two styles; the earlier was Teutonic, the later Italian. The small "Portraits of Three Children of Christian II. of Denmark" (173), lent by the Earl of Radnor, belong to the period prior to the painter's Italian journey, and therefore tend to the manner of Van Eyck. Mr. Crowe tells us that Mabuse "painted for Charles II. of Denmark dwarfs and children"; the picture before us, quaint in character, and endowing little children with a gravity and premature wisdom belonging to their grandfathers, pertains to such a series. Yet we do not remember to have seen in Copenhagen any like pictures; and not even the name of Mabuse appears among the collections in the Castle of Rosenborg, or in the Royal Picture Gallery of "Christiansborg Slot." It is well known that between Denmark and England there have been for centuries continuous flirtations, political and other. Seven Danish kings, including Christian II., whose three children are here before us, were invested with the Order of the Garter. These interesting portraits, it were natural to suppose, ought to be in Denmark rather than in England. The little kingdom has been cruelly treated; yet for the most part the historic collections which enrich Copenhagen are well guarded by a patriotic and jealous people. Mabuse visited England and painted, among other portraits, a somewhat analogous picture to that here exhibited, "The Three Children of Henry VII.," half-length small figures at a table playing with oranges and cherries. If the Academy should feel itself strong enough to continue these instructive exhibitions, we hope that the difficulties may be overcome which have prevented the loan from Castle Howard of "The Adoration of the Kings," the masterpiece of Mabuse, and one of the most valued of English art treasures. Mr. G. P. Boyce has lent two fairly good samples of the generic "German school," "Portrait of a Lady in a White Cap" (238), and "Portrait of a Man in a Black Cap" (242). We are glad to see that, contrary to ordinary custom, no attempt is here made to pass off good sound pictures of a "school" under the name of the most distinguished master that could be conjured up for the occasion.

In this seventh year of "Old Masters" the competition lies chiefly between the Dutch and the English schools, both unusually strong. The art of Holland is never a very enticing topic to write about. "A Dutch Revel, signed J. Steen" (215), though it comes from Buckingham Palace, and is fairly good of its kind, cannot be over-savoury in the hands of such a master. Neither is it easy for enthusiasm to kindle under the contemplation of a "Kitchen, signed D. Teniers" (162), containing an old woman scraping turnips or peeling potatoes, set off by heaps of cabbages jostling copper kettles, to balance the composition on the other side. But subjects thus low are often redeemed by the most consummate technique, and, if apology be needed, Reynolds comes to the rescue when he writes, "Painters should go to the Dutch school to learn the art of painting as they would go to a grammar school to learn languages." "The Grammar of Art" is certainly understood and exemplified by the twenty Dutch masters here present; the compass of thought, and what may be termed the vocabulary of expression, are circumscribed; but as to the mere "Grammar of Art," the Dutch masters, now once again in these galleries, prove themselves more strict than the Italians. It may be said, to pursue the metaphor a step further, that they seldom get wrong in their moods, tenses, genders, or cases; and, what is a great thing in compact construction, the relative comes close on the antecedent. Few, if any, better examples of the Dutch school can be shown than those in the well-selected collection of Mr. Lewis Fry—a collection which may be quoted in proof of the still unexhausted art treasures of the country. These pictures were all but unknown in London till the Burlington Fine Arts Club a few years ago obtained from Mr. Fry, as one of its members, the loan of two choice works, "Sunset after Rain, signed A. Cuyp" (75), and "A Waterfall, signed with monogram by Jacob Ruysdael" (80).

We will now turn to some few figure pictures. Lucas de Heere presents a good portrait, said to be of "Mary Queen of Scots" (66), contributed by the Earl of Radnor. Of such pretended likenesses no fewer than fourteen were shown at South Kensington among "National Portraits." The curious part of the business was that not two out of the fourteen could be made to agree, and most were anonymous. The picture now forthcoming was absent from Kensington; and, judging from internal, in the absence of documentary, evidence, we do not incline to attach much historic importance to it. The habit seems to have grown up of attaching haphazard to fancy pictures of beautiful women the name of Mary Queen of Scots. The remaining Dutch figure compositions are of mixed merit. "A Dutch Fair" (96), assigned to Wouvermans, is untrustworthy. It is said to be signed with initials. When will the Academy learn that forgeries are, as a matter of course, always signed, as even living painters have known to their cost? We also venture to pronounce as unworthy of Netscher the "Portrait of Queen Mary, Wife of William III." (86); yet this picture is signed and dated. On the other hand, good in quality are "The Violoncello" (163), by Metzu, from Buckingham Palace; "An Interior, with Woman and Child" (205), by Peter de Hooghe; and the "Music Master and Pupil" (211), from Windsor Castle, by Vander Meer. The "Grammar of Art," of which we have spoken, is in some, if not in all, of these works exemplified in a well-calculated distribution of spaces, in the balanced relation of colour, and in the conflict, ending in perfect concord, between the light and the shade.

The landscapes, though not so large and important as in some previous years, serve to illustrate the diversified subjects and styles of Italy, Holland, and England. The Italian style of Claude, in warm glow of atmosphere, in symmetric composition of trees feathery in foliage, and of temples which in their gingerbread construction recall the painter's origin in a pastrycook's shop, declares itself in a couple of typical landscapes. One is "Europa" (154): the bull, this time, is not swimming, but walking on the shore in wooden fashion as a returned refugee from some Noah's Ark. The canvas has been murdered by the cleaner. Take as a contrast for purity of tone, undefiled save by a few ravages of time, always interesting to observe as records of a picture's life, "A Seaport" (167), lent by the Marquess of Lansdowne. It would seem that Claude holds his own notwithstanding the damnatory passages of Mr. Ruskin; it is not the first time that a painter has survived the reputation of his critic. "A Landscape" (120), lent by the Duke of Westminster, though assigned to Gaspar Poussin, is singularly after the manner of Claude. The picture with the Escurial Palace (226) is immense and coarse. Rubens, fortunately for his reputation, repudiates much part or lot in the picture; but an interesting story attaches to the work. "Donkeys and Sheep" (83), ascribed, we can only hope falsely, to Berghem and Van der Neer, are little else than a disgrace to an Academy whose motto seems to be that all is fish that comes to the net. Three views in Venice (72, 136, 140) reach the average standard of Guardi, and even more of like faint praise may

be extended to "A Landscape" (126), by Jan Both. A couple of pictures by Van der Capella (55, 101) ought not to pass without notice. Mr. Wornum, in the Catalogue of the National Gallery, declares the painter almost unknown, and Kugler says of him that he is "one of those masters whose worth can only be appreciated in England." He resembles Cuyp; his favourite scenes are quiet seas under a cheerful sky and a warm sun. A good example of the master is a "View of a Harbour, with Vessels" (55), lent by Mr. Fuller Maitland. There are no less than five pictures by Adrian van der Velde, the scholar of Wynants, and almost the rival of Paul Potter and Carl du Jardin in terseness of composition and lucidity of atmosphere—cattle and figures, clouds and foregrounds, all combining in unity of effect. But some of those hung are wholly unworthy of the master; the best is the pastoral, "Oxen and Sheep—Evening" (214), lent by Mr. Lewis Fry.

Ruysdael, Hobbema, Van der Heyden, and Philip de Koning, in some first-rate examples, complete the list of Dutch artists. Ruysdael, "beyond all dispute the greatest of the Dutch landscape-painters," whose masterworks abound in England, can scarcely even in St. Petersburg be better seen than in "The Seashore" (164); the sea under a flowing tide breaks in waves sportive in their play on a breezy beach. "A Landscape" (61), by the same artist, illustrates how these Dutchmen had pictorial properties in common; the solid earth might have been painted with the shadowy brush of Rembrandt, while the aerial sky across which light clouds sail recalls the marine painters whose clouds are buoyant as balloons or as vapours exhaled from ocean. Also eminently characteristic of place, time, and style, are two landscapes (147, 165) by Philip de Koning, severally contributed by the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Cowper Temple. Likewise, showing how the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century did not steal, but merely borrowed, from each other, because they returned what they stole with interest, may be quoted pictures by Hobbema and Van der Heyden. Hobbema's "View of a Dutch Town and Canal" (149), consummate in architectural structure and masonlike manipulation, has little in common with the gnarled trees and broken foregrounds of the master. Closely analogous in subject and style is a choice example of Van der Heyden, "View of a Dutch Canal" (217), lent by the Marquess of Lansdowne. Van der Heyden, whom we have found rather a rare master in Continental Galleries, abounds in English collections. Here in the Academy from year to year, and also in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace, the realistic solidity of this master has found all but exhaustive manifestation. In conclusion, we direct special attention to an "Interior of a Church, with Figures" (207), said to be by Emanuel de Witte. There seems to be some doubt as to the Christian name and the orthography of the surname. But Kugler gives under "Jacob de Wit" a description which tallies literally with this masterpiece. "This painter," he says, "attained a marvellous excellence in the imitation of sculpture in all kinds of materials, bronze, wood, plaster, and particularly white marble." He had a happy gift of invention and was a good draughtsman.

In this and two preceding articles one object has been to disabuse the public mind of false faith in spurious works of the Old Masters. Criticism has never yet been brought to bear on our English collections so as to divide the chaff from the wheat. Academicians, like people dwelling in glass houses, discourage the throwing of stones at the dead, because a chance shot might hit the living. At any rate, in an easygoing way they give their sanction to works which desecrate great reputations.

REVIEWS.

SMITH'S CHALDEAN ACCOUNT OF GENESIS.*

THE candour and modesty of Mr. George Smith are apparent in his description of his recent publication as nothing more than a provisional work. He is evidently conscious of the imperfect state in which the records of Babylonian history are at present alone available, and of the tentative and rudimentary stage which our knowledge of the language has hitherto attained. Compared with the masses of literary material lying buried under the mounds of Kouyunjik, or in perhaps more boundless wealth under the ruined pile of Birs Nimroud, it is only as a mere sample that we can look upon the few scattered and chance-chosen cylinders or tablets which have as yet come within the ken of Assyrian scholars. A glance at the specimens in the Museum, or at Mr. Smith's illustration of the Deluge tablet in the volume before us, will show in how sadly mutilated and fragmentary a state these records are. The higher in consequence should be our estimate of the patient labour and the skill, amounting at times almost to divination, which have brought even our present measure of light out of so unpromising a chaos. Yet at the same time the greater is the need of caution in handling fragments of history so loose and disjointed, and of reserve in announcing as clear and full discoveries what may often be little more than guesses. The fact is that the themes of these legendary records lie too near the heart of the English public, from their bearing upon cherished theological or historical beliefs, for them to be easily treated in a dispassionately critical temper. And experience has shown with what impatient haste, at the outset of this wonderful revelation of the long-buried past, it was sought to identify Biblical names and incidents. A calmer and more judicial spirit has of late prevailed, and Mr. George Smith must be counted amongst those who have laboured to maintain a cautious and critical attitude under the strain of exciting influences.

There is abundant proof, even from the cuneiform tablets themselves, that the bulk of these records were Assyrian copies or editions of originals in the more ancient Accadian tongue, which had ceased to be spoken long before the library of which they formed part was mainly founded by Shalmaneser, son of Assur-nazirpal, about 860 B.C., and enriched to its full extent by Assur-banipal. The King's scribe, or librarian, moreover expressly states that where the primary documents in any department were wanting, he made it his care to procure copies from the most distant regions of the country, so that the collection had attained a remarkable completeness. The remains which were disinterred and deciphered relate—as Mr. Smith enumerates the subjects towards the close of his book—not only to history and theology, but to astronomy or astrology, medicine or medicinal charms, mathematics and mensuration, the geography, the animal, and the vegetable products of Assyria and Chaldæa. The whole series is calculated to have extended to 10,000 inscribed tablets, or, as some believe, to even double that number. As the patient toil of scholars gradually lays open to ordinary eyes the contents of these long-lost memorials, we may expect a flood of new light to illuminate the whole world of Assyrian life and thought. Few discoveries, however, can be expected to surpass in value or interest those which Mr. Smith has here brought forward to illustrate the history of the Book of Genesis. The story of the Creation is here told in a series of tablets, fragmentary indeed, but fairly consecutive, showing traces of having once contained a much wider extent of matter. The tablets are twelve in number, indicating a connexion, in the eyes of most scholars, with the path of the sun through the Zodiac, though Mr. Smith is chary of recognizing any solar foundation for the Babylonian myths or legends in general. The sea was, in the ancient Chaldæan belief, the origin of all things, in accordance with Genesis i. 2, where the chaotic waters are called the deep. The Assyrian word for chaos, *mummu*, seems connected with the Hebrew name for confusion. Of motion or production there are both male and female personifications; Lahma and Lahama, the upper and lower expanse or firmament, being named Sar or Ilsar, and Kisar, the former name passing in later times into the hero deity Assur. The mutilated state of the tablets makes it impossible to follow up the generation of the whole series of minor gods. The creation of the heavenly orbs comes in some respects closer to the account of Genesis, though the whole host is described as arranged in the semblance of animals, the germ of what has since become the system of the constellations. There are, we find, already the twelve groups or signs of the Zodiac. The signs of the planets seem less clearly distinguishable. One of these Mr. Smith transcribes Nibir, but he admits that this is not the usual word for planet, there being also a star named Nibir near the junction of the equator and the ecliptic. The moon is created before the sun in the Babylonian account, being evidently considered the principal body; but full details of the starry creation are unhappily lost, owing to the extreme mutilation of the tablets. One of the strangest conceits of the Babylonian fancy is that the world, which was drawn together out of the waters, rested upon a vast abyss of chaotic ocean, shut in by gigantic gates and strong fastenings, which prevented the floods from overwhelming the earth. When the Deity decided to create the moon, he is represented as drawing aside the gates of this abyss, and creating a whirling motion like boiling in the dark ocean below. Then, at his bidding, from this turmoil arose the moon, like a giant bubble, and, passing through the open gates, mounted on its destined path across the vault of heaven. The motions of the moon were observed and recorded from early times with a surprising degree of exactitude, and its phases described. In fact, if a recent reading of one astronomical tablet be correct, which is taken to indicate an observation of the phases of Venus, telescopic apparatus of some kind must have been in use in ancient Babylonia. It appears to us, however, far more probable that the passage merely refers to the waxing and waning of the planet's disc as she approaches towards or recedes from the earth, which would be quite appreciable to the unassisted eye.

A remarkable fragment, too short to be entirely intelligible, contains a speech of Hea, the moon, referring to the revolt of the Karkartiamat, or dragon of the sea. Another gives the curse after the Fall, mankind being spoken of as the *salmat-qaqadi*, or dark race; also as Admi or Adami, as in Genesis—not indeed as a proper name, but in a collective sense for the whole race. Sir H. Rawlinson had pointed out long ago the distinction of two principal races among the Babylonians—the Adamu, or dark race, and the Sarku, or fair race, corresponding possibly to the Biblical sons of Adam and sons of God who intermarried with evil results. So, again, the legends of the Fall bring in the dragon Tiamat, who in another phase is the principle of chaos and disorder—a spirit opposed in principle to the God self-existent and eternal, older even than the gods, the birth and separation of the deities out of this chaos being the first step in the creation of the world. This dragon, or winged genius, is figured with tremendous power and expressiveness in the fine slab from Nineveh, now in the British Museum, which Mr. Smith has chosen for the cover of his book. In other tablets the sacred tree, often accompanied by the serpent in true snake-like form, is

* *The Chaldean Account of Genesis, &c., from the Cuneiform Inscriptions.* By George Smith, of the Department of Antiquities, British Museum, &c. With Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

seem; in some unaccountable human figures paying homage and bringing offerings. In another group upon a cylinder from Babylon, Bel is known encountering the dragon, in shape a griffin; and in one from Assyria Merodach, or Bel, armed with bow and arrow for conflict with the dragon. Nothing in the way of Eastern art is more expressive than the eagle-headed figure from Nimroud, or the conflict of Izdubar or Nimrod with the lion, which forms the frontispiece. This dragon is the Rahab of the prophet Isaiah, and is referred to in an Accadian Liturgy translated by Mr. Sayce, and seems to find an echo in the defeat by Michael of the great dragon, that old serpent called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world. A singular point in the serpent legend is his being accompanied by four divine dogs. The curious myth of the seven evil spirits, or storm-clouds, at war against the moon, appears to be a variant of the same contest, connecting itself strangely with the Chinese belief in a dragon devouring the moon as the cause of an eclipse. As it happens, we have the Accadian text of this very myth, which makes it clear that the "trouble" of the moon mentioned in Mr. Smith's text was really an eclipse. Coincidences like these greatly strengthen the hands of those scholars who seek for mythology generally a basis in the phenomena of the heavens.

A companion story to the accounts of Creation and the Deluge is the legend of the sin committed by the god Zu, the Babylonian Prometheus. We are indebted to Mr. Sayce for the clearing up of the true nature of the offence, the word *um-sim-i*, or, as he prefers to read it, *dup-sim* (left untranslated by Mr. Smith), being deciphered by him to mean the "tablet of destiny" stolen by Zu, who was changed thereupon into a Zu bird or vulture, if the reading of the fragmentary tablet is to be relied on. A number of curious fables follow, in which the eagle, the serpent, the fox, horse, and ox, and other animals converse together in the style with which the later literature of the East has made us familiar. The eagle tells the serpent a story of the building of a great city and tower, which can hardly be other than that of Babel, the builder's name, however, being Etana. It is destroyed by night, apparently by a whirlwind, and "the counsel of the builders is confused"—a manifest allusion to the dispersion and confusion of tongues. The whole account of Babel is, however, among the most fragmentary and vague of the series. Far more definite and systematic is the scheme of the Izdubar group of legends, the hero of which has been conclusively identified by Mr. Smith with the Biblical Nimrod; the twelve adventures of the hero presenting, by their similarity to the Labours of Hercules, points of contact with the Greek and Indian mythology. In the mighty hunter of Scripture we have many attributes which mingle in the representation which primarily belongs to the all-powerful and conquering Sun-god, allied with which is that of the other mysterious personage Merodach, the "brilliance of the sun," originally, it may be thought, only another form of Izdubar himself. The birthplace of Izdubar is traced by Mr. Smith to the city of Amarda, or Marad, obviously suggesting, as Mr. Sayce goes on to argue, the derivation of the Biblical name of the hero.

When we come to the subject of chronology in dealing with these legendary and unearthly personages and events, we are treading on very shaky ground indeed. Mr. Smith thinks he sees his way to an approximate scheme, which in round numbers gives a date to Izdubar, or Nimrod, about 2250 B.C., at which time the hero slays Humbaba, who represents the intrusive Elamite power, and restores the Chaldæan sway, the Elamites having some two centuries and a half earlier overrun Babylonia, and their king Kudur-nanhundi having ravaged Erech, the well-known Biblical capital of the old monarchy. The notices which have come down to us through Greek channels point to a period very near this as that at which Nimrod united Babylonia into one kingdom and founded Nineveh in Assyria, in full accordance with the Biblical history of his going "out of that land" (into Assyria, *marg.*), of which the early cities were Babel and Erech and Accad and Calneh, in the land of Shinar, and building Nineveh. Mr. Smith, as we have noted before, is wont to discern human and historical personality where scholars of a different order of thought see little more than phases of solar mythology. We certainly think that, before making any attempt to assign a chronological basis to legends so inextricably mixed up with heaven and hell, light and darkness, life and death, storms, clouds, and diabolical monsters, he has to square accounts more definitely with critics who can point to so many elements of an utterly unhistoric character. Another, and scarcely less perilous, pitfall for the Assyriologist, as well as for his brother-worker in the field of Egyptology, is found in the temptation to rash and premature recognition of Bible names under the veil of Assyrian or Accadian forms. Mr. Smith is not in general to be charged with falling into this snare, and it must be allowed that in many of his etymological ventures at identification he has made safe and permanent additions to our stock of facts and allusions common to Biblical and independent history. That the name of Adam, used in a general sense for mankind, is traceable in the Creation legend we have already seen. Far less certain is the correspondence of other patriarchal names, such as Cain with *gina* or *kinu*, to "stand upright," or to "be right"; or Canaan with the name of a Babylonian town, Kannan, "flah-canal," its people being called Kanunai or Cananites. Enoch cannot possibly be the same as *Enuk*, "wise," which no one but Mr. Smith has found in the form *Enuk*; nor can Tubal Cain be brought out of *Bil-kan*, Vulcan, the fire-god, *bil* indeed being Accadian, but *kan* or *kanu* Semitic, and in no case meaning

Lamech, found in the cuneiform texts as Dannga and Lamga—two forms of a name for the moon—comes nearest to the deified Phœnician patriarch Binnish, and not a few of the names of patriarchs after the Flood may be recognised as names of towns, not indeed in Babylonia, but in Syria, as Reu or Ragu, Serug, and Haran. In later and more historic times Hebrew names are plentifully met with, as Pekah, Hoshea, and several compounded with the two divine names Elohim and Jehovah. The name of Abraham, taken no doubt from that of the father of the faithful, is found in Assyrian inscriptions of the time of Esarhaddon; as is also that of Ishmael in a monument of the time of Hammurabi, King of Babylonia about B.C. 1550, one of the witnesses to some transactions at Larsa being a certain Abuha, son of Ishmael. A curious instance of parallelism with Bible history is found in the story of Sargina or Sargon I., a Babylonian monarch reigning at Accad about 1600 B.C. This prince, whose name may be read as the "true, right, or legitimate king," tells of his having been exposed by his mother, a princess of the city Azupiranu, on the Euphrates, in an ark of rushes sealed with bitumen, and borne by the river to Akki, the water-carrier, by whom he was brought up, his father, he tells us, being unknown. There is no foretelling what treasures may reward the diligence of explorers and decipherers among the buried hoards of Assyria and Babylonia, illustrating the Hebrew records and enlarging our knowledge of early Oriental history. All lovers of learning must long to hear that the difficulties which have been thrown in the way of Mr. Smith's third mission to the East have been satisfactorily overcome, and that we may hail in due time his return among us with additions to Assyrian lore as plentiful and as valuable as those for which we have already to thank him.

VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE.*

THE genius of M. Victor Hugo, which has been for some years past dangerously balancing itself on the thin partition which divides sanity from insanity, would seem to have now fairly toppled over on the wrong side. It is impossible to consider this collection of miscellaneous writings as the work of a perfectly sane mind. There are many passages, and even whole pages, which to all appearance have been produced by a reasonable creature; but there are many others which remind one of a form of mental derangement perfectly familiar to the keepers of lunatic asylums. The special infirmity with which M. Victor Hugo is afflicted is the hypertrophy of self-esteem. He does not, like so many of his brother sufferers, imagine himself to be a king; he is probably preserved from this delusion by the intensity of his Republican principles; but his vanity does not flourish the less luxuriantly for this restriction, as he believes himself to be something far greater than "le vulgaire des rois." In his own opinion he is evidently what he would himself call an *homme-lumière*, set up to guide mankind through the *ténèbres* of the abyss. His voice admonishes the nations; from the rock of his exile he launches the thunderbolts of his anger, and the thrones of the "univers" are shaken. It is true that he does not claim any remarkable or extravagant title, but calls himself only an "atom." Let not, however, the unwary reader imagine that, even in this choice of a title, M. Hugo's vanity cannot find its own sweet gratifications. The Atom is big enough to plague the very biggest people on the earth; the Atom has a voice; the Atom has a pen; the Atom is a fearless, far-seeing, unpleasantly prophetic Atom, which, if men venture to despise, it will be at their own peril. On the other hand, the Atom has his own august society. He fraternizes with that power, the Abyss; he watches the Infinite; he listens to the Unknown. The great dark voice speaks to him; he has before him the gusts and the eagles; he sees that his destiny is thundering and black, like the clouds: that his persecutors are vain as the wind gusts, and his soul free as the eagles. The Atom, on his rock, holds out his hand to the Future. Although but an atom M. Hugo is also a reed; a reed which not only thinks but meditates, a reed whose black hair (the metaphor gets rather confused here, but we cannot help it) becomes first grey and then white in solitude; a man who feels himself becoming every day more and more a shadow, than all which, we are informed, there is nothing more to be dreaded by crowned malefactors. And yet, terrible as he feels himself to be, the Exile tells us that he has accustomed those around him to hear him say that if ever, the day after a revolution, Bonaparte in his flight came to knock at the exile's door, not a hair should fall from his head. We are quite willing to believe that no bodily harm would have been offered to Louis Napoleon if he had called at Hauteville House; but the idea of his ever calling there is so extremely unlikely that it never before occurred to us. We are happy to learn, too, that M. Victor Hugo, as a literary man, so generously appreciated the literary merits of the late Emperor that, when he was expected to be a candidate for a seat in the French Academy, the author of *Les Châtiments* made out a voting-paper beforehand, as follows:—"I vote for the admission of M. Louis Bonaparte to the Academy and a convict's prison." This was intended to recognize at once the merits of the *Life of Cæsar* and of the *coup d'état*, and is a beautiful example of even-handed justice.

When M. Victor Hugo has to tell plain facts he is often simple and interesting. He publishes all about his money matters in a

* *Pendant l'Exil, Actes et Paroles*, 1852–1870. Paris: Lévy Frères.

plain and straightforward way which we rather like. At the time of the establishment of the Empire his plays were bringing him in 2400*l.* a year; but this source of income was entirely cut off when the Imperial Government refused to allow them to be acted. He had not saved much—so little indeed that the whole of his private income, independently of daily labour, only amounted to 300*l.* a year. This small income would have been comfort for a bachelor, but M. Victor Hugo had nine people to keep. A hurried sale of his furniture at Paris had supplied about 500*l.* of ready money. With these limited means he had to move his little colony from one place to another, bearing the expenses of removals and all the unforeseen contingencies of an unsettled life. It became necessary, therefore, to write for money without delay; but M. Victor Hugo's prospects as a professional author were not bright by any means, for the French market was closed to his publications, and his Belgian and English publishers did not at that time give him any share of their profits. The *Châtiments* cost the author a hundred pounds, which sum was advanced by him to his publisher Samuel, and never repaid. All the profits of this little work, which had a large sale in foreign countries, were for eighteen years divided amongst the publishers of its different editions. M. Victor Hugo seems to be under the impression that there is no copyright for any author in England, for he mentions Chatterton as a case in point, Chatterton not being a foreigner, and yet committing suicide through hunger. We wonder for what reason, except international ill-nature, he goes so far back as a hundred years. Contemporary English authors find copyright a useful institution, and many of them live comfortably by the pen. We should be glad if international copyright were established on a more satisfactory footing, and we quite sympathize with the author of *Les Châtiments* when he tells us that the English publisher gave him no share of the profits, and that he received no profits either for *Ruy Blas*, of which there were more than two hundred representations on the English stage.

It was certainly a dark look-out for M. Victor Hugo when Louis Napoleon became Emperor, and it is much to his honour that he never hesitated an instant between material prosperity and fidelity to his political principles. But here, again, we are checked in the expression of our admiration by the intolerable quantity of self-praise which this virtuous man is constantly offering as incense to his own nostrils. It is well to be honest and brave, but it is not well to be always thinking "How honest I am!" "How brave I am!" and uttering the self-praise in print. Of course, the Exile is always saying that he is *peu de chose*, and that what he does is not much, but we appreciate these modest expressions at their true value. Real modesty does not depreciate its own merits, but is silent concerning them. This exile is always ready to burst forth into announcements of his own importance. He tells us that the unhappy came to him, the shipwrecked asked help from him; that not only individuals but peoples, not only peoples but consciences, not only consciences but truths, all came to him in his solitude. It was given to him, he tells us, to hold out a hand from the height of his rock to the Ideal fallen into the gulf, and it seemed to him as if the Future, in distress, tried to land upon his rock. He tells us that he was a Living Effort, that he was invincible, indomitable in his weakness, having reality on his side. Exile, he says, is the nakedness of the Right. We scarcely needed to be informed, with the candour which distinguishes M. Victor Hugo, that he is satisfied with himself and saddened by his reflections upon others, for his self-satisfaction bursts out in every sentence.

There are some wonderful pages about Paris towards the close of the introductory chapter. Paris, he says, is the frontier of the future, the visible frontier of the unknown, all the quantity of To-morrow which may be visible in To-day. Whoso seeks for Progress with his eyes shall behold Paris. There are black cities; Paris is the City of Light. It is impossible to get out of Paris; for every living man, though he knoweth it not, hath Paris in the depths of his being. The four hurricanes, the winds, the tempests, the squalls, cannot carry away the sister-towers, cannot disperse the arch of triumph, the Gothic belfry of tocsins, and the high colonnade which is wound about the sovereign dome; and behind the last distances of the abyss, above the shattering of ships and foams, in the midst of the rays, of the storm-clouds, and the gusts, may be seen in the dim distance of the mists the immense phantom of the city which never moves. Paris is an august apparition. Paris has ubiquity. Paris is an idea as much as a city. Paris may be breathed. It is a gleam below the horizon piercing the thick shades. The sublime peace of the starry heaven sufficeth not to dissolve in the depths of the mind this grand figure of the supreme city. Her women are goddesses; her children are heroes; her revolutions begin in wrath and end in masterpieces; she has the sacred omnipotence of a whirlwind of intelligences. All this, and more, is present in the soul of the absent—yea, even for the man plunged in shadow who passes his nights in contemplation before the eternal serenity, and hath in his soul the profound stupor of the stars.

We feel deeply impressed by the grandeur of all this, for we are quite convinced that it must be very grand, since the author puts together so many things which are generally considered to be sublime. It may be doubted whether any English writer could tune his style up to this pitch. Mr. Ruskin comes nearest it, perhaps, when in wrath against the wickedness of the age; but even Mr. Ruskin, tilting against steam-engines and political economists, is not so fine an example of crazy genius as Victor Hugo. It is remarkable that the inspired Frenchman remains comparatively sober when he speaks to an audience that he can see with his eyes; the sight of human faces appears to keep him within bounds. Some of the speeches contain passages of strong well-governed eloquence which remind us rather of the orators of antiquity than of the speaker's own countrymen at Versailles. In 1852, when in Brussels, he was expelled by Faider's law, which was made on purpose for the occasion, because he had written *Napoléon le Petit*. On the 1st of August he embarked at Antwerp for England, and was accompanied to the steamer by the French exiles and a good many Belgian Liberals. Just before going on board he made them a speech, of which the following passage is an extract, and a very fine passage it unquestionably is. Some people having said that the Republic was dead, the orator takes up the assertion and deals with it as follows:—

> Proscrits, si la République est morte, veillons le cadavre! allumons nos fines, et laissons-les se consumer comme des cierges autour du cercueil; restons inclinés devant l'idée morte, et, après avoir été ses soldats pour la défendre, soyons ses prêtres pour l'ensevelir.
>
> Mais non, la République n'est pas morte!
>
> Citoyens, je le déclare, elle n'a jamais été plus vivante! Elle est dans les catacombes, ce qui est bon. Ceux-là seuls la croient morte qui prennent les catacombes pour le tombeau. Amis, les catacombes ne sont pas le sépulcre, les catacombes sont le berceau. Le christianisme en est sorti la tiare en tête; la République en sortira l'auréole au front. La République morte, grand Dieu! mais elle est immortelle! Mais à quel moment dit-on cela? au moment où elle a, en France seulement, deux mille massacrés, douze cents suppliciés, dix mille déportés, quarante mille proscrits! La République morte! mais regardez donc autour de vous. La terre d'exil, les pontons, les bagnes, Belleisle, Mazas, l'Afrique, Cayenne, les fossés du Champ-de-Mars, le cimetière Montmartre, sont pleins de sa vie! Citoyens, la Démocratie, la Liberté, la République, est notre religion à nous. Eh bien, passez-moi l'expression, les martyrs sont le combustible des religions. Plus il y en a dans le brasier, plus la flamme monte, plus l'idée grandit, plus la vérité illumine. A cette heure, proscrits, je le répète, la République est plus vivante et plus éblouissante que jamais, ayant pour splendeur toutes vos misères.

Some of the best of the exile's speeches are his funeral orations over the graves of fellow-refugees. Though full of strong feeling about the bitterness of exile, they are also marked by great firmness and courage. The one on the tomb of Jean Bousquet, a refugee in Jersey, is good all through, as oratory, though it is necessary to remember that it was spoken, and to imagine the oratorical effect. Here is a powerful bit of invective:—

> Citoyens! aujourd'hui, en France, les apostasies sont en joie. La vieille terre du 14 juillet et du 10 août assiste à l'épanouissement hideux des turpitudes et à la marche triomphale des traîtres. Pas une indignité qui ne reçoive immédiatement une récompense. Ce maire a violé la loi: on le fait préfet; ce soldat a déshonoré le drapeau: on le fait général; ce prêtre a vendu la religion: on le fait évêque; ce juge a prostitué la justice: on le fait sénateur; cet aventurier, ce prince, a commis tous les crimes, depuis les vilenies devant lesquelles reculerait un filou jusqu'aux horreurs devant lesquelles reculerait un assassin: il passe empereur. Autour de ces hommes, tout est fanfares, banquets, danses, harangues, applaudissements, génuflexions. Les servilités viennent féliciter les ignominies. Citoyens, ces hommes ont leurs fêtes; eh bien! nous aussi nous avons les nôtres. Quand un de nos compagnons de bannissement, dévoré par la nostalgie, épuisé par la fièvre lente des habitudes rompues et des affections brisées, après avoir bu jusqu'à la lie toutes les agonies de la proscription, succombe enfin et meurt, nous suivons sa bière couverte d'un drap noir; nous venons au bord de la fosse; nous nous mettons à genoux, nous aussi, non devant le succès mais devant le tombeau; nous nous penchons sur notre frère enseveli et nous lui disons: "Ami! nous te félicitons d'avoir été vaillant, nous te félicitons d'avoir été généreux et intrépide, nous te félicitons d'avoir été fidèle, nous te félicitons d'avoir donné à ta foi jusqu'au dernier souffle de ta bouche, jusqu'au dernier battement de ton cœur, nous te félicitons d'avoir souffert, nous te félicitons d'être mort!" Puis nous relevons la tête, et nous nous en allons le cœur plein d'une sombre joie. Ce sont là les fêtes de l'exil.
>
> Telle est la pensée austère et sereine qui est au fond de toutes nos âmes; et devant ce sépulcre, devant ce gouffre où il semble que l'homme s'engloutit, devant cette sinistre apparence du néant, nous nous sentons consolidés dans nos principes et dans nos certitudes.

The funeral orations begin with a simple statement of facts concerning the dead person; the eloquent passages come later. The beginning of the oration on the tomb of Louise Julien is an interesting, though painful, history in itself. She had been a great friend of the poor, and greatly loved by the lower classes in Paris. She had worked for her own living and kept her old mother ten years. In times of revolution she had devoted herself to the care of the wounded. Being a woman of superior abilities, she had composed patriotic songs which were popular, and had some influence with the Parisian democracy. In various ways she had become important enough to be an object of dislike to the Government of Louis Napoleon, which first imprisoned and then exiled her. The hardships of imprisonment and exile to a woman in absolute poverty and in very delicate health brought on consumption and death:—

> Le 21 janvier dernier une femme fut arrêtée chez elle par le sieur Boudrot, commissaire de police à Paris. Cette femme, jeune encore (elle avait trente-cinq ans), mais estropiée et infirme, fut envoyée à la préfecture et enfermée dans la cellule No. 1, dite cellule d'essai. Cette cellule, sorte de cage de sept à huit pieds carrés à peu près, sans air et sans jour, la malheureuse prisonnière l'a peinte d'un mot; elle l'appelle *cellule-tombeau*; elle dit (je cite ses propres paroles): "C'est dans cette cellule-tombeau, qu'estropiée, malade, j'ai passé vingt-et-un jours, collant mes lèvres d'heure en heure contre le treillage pour aspirer un peu d'air vital et ne pas mourir." Au bout de ces vingt-et-un jours, le 14 février, le gouvernement de décembre mit cette femme dehors et l'expulsa. Il la jeta à la fois hors de la prison et hors de la patrie. La proscrite sortait du cachot d'essai avec les germes de la phthisie. Elle quitta la France et gagna la Belgique. Le dénûment la força de voyager, toussant, crachant le sang, les poumons malades, en plein hiver, dans le nord, sous la pluie et la neige, dans ces affreux wagons découverts qui déshonorent les riches entreprises des chemins de fer. Elle arriva à Ostende; elle était chassée de France, la Belgique la chassa. Elle passa en Angleterre. A peine débarquée à Londres elle se mit au lit. La maladie contractée dans le cachot, aggravée

par le voyage forcé de l'exil, était devenue menaçante. La proscrite—je devrais dire, la condamnée à mort—resta gisante deux mois et demi. Puis, espérant un peu de printemps et de soleil, elle vint à Jersey. On se souvient encore de l'y avoir vu arriver par une froide matinée pluvieuse, à travers les brumes de la mer, râlant et grelottant sous sa pauvre robe de toile, toute mouillée. Peu de jours après son arrivée elle se coucha; elle ne s'est plus relevée.

All this is very well and simply told, and when in the same oration the speaker allows himself to be eloquent, the eloquence is strong and pure, and animated by earnest emotion. If the reader will imagine himself by the open tomb at Jersey with the coffin in it, and the stalwart grey-headed poet speaking by the side of it, the following sentences will recover something of that power which oratory always loses when presented in mere print:—

Pitié! . . . ce mot que je viens de prononcer, il a jailli du plus profond de mes entrailles devant ce cercueil, cercueil d'une femme, cercueil d'une sœur, cercueil d'une martyre! Pauline Roland en Afrique, Louise Julien à Jersey, Francesca Maderspach à Temeswar, Blanca Téléki à Pesth, tant d'autres, Rosalie Gobert, Eugénie Guillemot, Augustine Péan, Blanche Clouart, Joséphine Prabell, Élisabeth Parlès, Marie Reviel, Claudine Hibruit, Anne Sangla, veuve Combescure, Armantine Huet, et tant d'autres encore, sœurs, mères, filles, épouses, proscrites, exilées, transportées, torturées, suppliciées, crucifiées, ô pauvres femmes! Oh! quel sujet de larmes profondes et d'inexprimables attendrissements. Faibles, souffrantes, malades, arrachées à leurs familles, à leurs maris, à leurs parents, à leurs soutiens, vieillies quelquefois et brisées par l'âge, toutes ont été des héroïnes, plusieurs ont été des héros! Oh, ma pensée en ce moment se précipite dans ce sépulcre et baise les pieds froids de cette morte dans son cercueil! Ce n'est pas une femme que je vénère dans Louise Julien, c'est la femme; la femme de nos jours, la femme digne de devenir citoyenne; la femme telle que nous la voyons autour de nous, dans tout son dévouement, dans toute sa douceur, dans tout son sacrifice, dans toute sa majesté!

RALPH OF COGGESHALE.*

RALPH of Coggeshale is a writer whom many who have seen him quoted by writers on the history of the later years of the twelfth century and the earlier years of the thirteenth must have often wished to see and handle for themselves. Up to this time they have had but little chance of so doing. He has always been to be had in a fragmentary state in the French collection of Bouquet, and it is said that there is also an edition published in England. But a perfect set of Bouquet costs 2,500 francs, and, when you have got him, you have not got the complete consecutive text of his authors. And the edition by Mr. Dunkin is said by the few people who have seen it to consist of twenty-five copies. Abbot Ralph has therefore up to this time been to students in general in very much the same case as if he had never been printed at all. It was well then that his Chronicle, whose value was so well known, but of which so few people could make any use, should be brought within the reach of ordinary students by an edition in the series of Chronicles and Memorials. And so we thank Mr. Stevenson for the volume before us, a volume which, if it be not on a level—what can be on a level?—with the best members of the series, gives us all that we absolutely want. We should have liked to hear a little more about Abbot Ralph and the grounds for setting down the Chronicle as his personal work. Still we have the text, and Mr. Stevenson, in his Preface, points out fairly enough the leading characteristics of the work. It is a book of annals from 1066 to 1221, in which annalistic entries of the most meagre kind alternate with full accounts of particular facts. As the work goes on, these special insertions come in oftener and oftener, and become longer and longer, till the latter part practically becomes a contemporary history, only with entries of the old annalistic kind peeping out here and there. The book is like a small house which has been enlarged into a great one, but where some of the old small rooms and offices still hang about it.

The period during which the special entries thus swell into a history begins with the later years of Henry the Second and ends with the early years of Henry the Third. During this time the Chronicle contains a great number of important details which are not to be found elsewhere, and for which the writer often personally quotes his authorities. Thus the account of Richard the First's return is given on the authority of one of Richard's companions, "Anselmus capellanus, qui hæc omnia nobis, ut vidit et audivit, retulit." And it might not be safe to say at Trieste or at Ragusa that Anselm's version was that they took ship at Corfu (Cóvreſó insula) and landed at Zara. ("In partes Sclavoniæ ad quamdam villam nomine Gazaram applicuerunt.") It may be, as Mr. Stevenson suggests, from the same authority that the Coggeshale writer got his account of Richard's death and the estimate of his character. Anyhow, it is a very grave, impartial, and high-toned piece of writing, which does great credit to the author, whoever he might be. As a piece of history, strictly so called, perhaps the most valuable bit is that which sets before us Archbishop Hubert, the great minister of the Poitevin knight-errant, doing all that he could to lessen the oppression which the rapacity of his absent master brought upon the kingdom for which he cared not.

So during Richard's campaign in the East some of the military details are given on the authority of an eye-witness, Hugh Neville. We have not, however, the name of any eye-witness quoted for the statement that Richard caused a certain Robertus Brito to be starved to death—a deed which, with all Richard's evil doings seems more in the line of his brother John. In another place we are told, which German historians must look to, that Richard received some votes at the election of a King of the Romans on the death of Henry the Sixth. And, like most writers of his time, the critical William of Newburgh not excepted, Ralph has tales to tell us about marvels and prodigies. The giants' bones found in Essex would no doubt be of interest to palæontologists, and we are attracted to the fantastic spirit in Suffolk who spoke with the voice of a child a year old, and called himself Malekin, because in his discourses on various matters, including discussions on Scripture with the chaplain of a neighbouring knight, "loquebatur Anglice secundum idioma regionis illius, interdum etiam Latine." Malekin himself, though often heard and felt, was never seen but once, in answer to the earnest prayers of a certain maid, and then he appeared "in specie parvissimi infantis, quæ induebatur quadam alba tunica." But in any case the fantastic spirit has a philological value, because the description of his dialect shows that those who told his tale marked a distinction between the Anglian of Suffolk and the Saxon of Essex. All this too was heard from the chaplain with whom Malekin held the disputations, and the account of the heresy of the Publicans which follows is given on the authority of the more famous Gervase of Tilbury, whose own part in the story is not much to his credit. Here we get the Coggeshale writer's views on the punishment of heretics, and his approval of their treatment by Count Philip of Flanders, "qui justa crudelitate eos immisericorditer puniebat."

During the reign of John the Chronicle sways to and fro between full accounts at the beginning and ending and meagre entries under the central years of the reign. We are led into Byzantine geography by the fact that Boniface of Montferrat, when he was established in the East, wished to set to work to found seven Cistercian monasteries—Coggeshale was a Cistercian house—in his new kingdom. This gives occasion to the remark, which shows how the New Rome impressed men's minds even in the days of its decline, "Dicunt nonnulli quod imperium Græcorum majus sit et latius quam tota Gallia, Hispania, Hibernia, cum tota Anglia." And it should specially be noticed that it is from our author that the best known version of the fate of Arthur of Britanny, that which has been made famous by the poetry of Shakspeare, originally comes. A very important passage, at an earlier time, is the portrait of Henry the Second, which should be compared with the portraits drawn by Giraldus, Peter of Blois, and Ralph the Black, as they have been compared by a master hand. What Henry's enemies called his oppression of the nobility was looked at in quite another light by our Cistercian Abbot:—"Semper paci civium pauperum atque mediocrum studens, nobilium ac potentum arrogantiam atque tyrannidem potenter reprimens, fures, reos, atque criminosos immisericorditer puniens."

Mr. Stevenson's volume, however, does not contain only the Chronicle of Coggeshale. He has added to it several other pieces bearing on the same period of history. The first is "De expugnatione terræ sanctæ per Saladinum libellus," which had been attributed, though on weak grounds, to the same writer as the Coggeshale Chronicle. In this one is amused by the pains which the writer takes to speak of the Mahometan enemy by the names of every earlier Eastern nation that he had ever heard of. It is most likely half metaphor when he calls them "filii Babylonis et Sodomorum" and "filii Edom"; but "progenies Ismael" and "hæredes Canaam" express facts, or some shadow of them. Saladin also is "rex Syriæ"; presently his subjects are in the same page, first in plain prose "Turci," and then, by a figure, "filii Esau." Then they are "Babylonii," "Ægyptii," "Chaldæi," and "filii Sodomorum" again. Then comes a most curious piece:—"Magistri Thomæ Agnelli Wellensis Archidiaconi sermo de morte et sepultura Henrici regis junioris." In reading the reign of Henry the Second, we are sometimes a little startled by the good character which several writers give to his rebellious eldest son, and we are still more amazed when we come to the fact, recorded with a fitting rebuke by the grave William of Newburgh, that some people believed that miracles were wrought by him after his death. Here we have the Archdeacon of Wells fully believing in him, counting him for a saint and martyr, describing his holy end and the wonders wrought by his relics, as though he had been Waltheof or Simon or Thomas of Lancaster. Lastly, he appears in a dream to his mother, from whom the Archdeacon heard the story, having on his head two golden crowns, one dull and the other bright, the dull one typifying the crown which he wore on earth, and the bright one that which he had now won in heaven. Then comes the romance of Fulk Fitz-Warin, which was printed twenty-one years ago by Mr. Thomas Wright for the Warton Club. But being printed for the Warton Club was much the same as being printed in twenty-five copies by Mr. Dunkin. It is not wonderful therefore that Mr. Stevenson does not seem to have heard of Mr. Wright's edition or preface. In both cases the French text is accompanied by an English translation, according to the law of the Chronicles and Memorials, a law which seems so queer but which is not without practical wisdom, which assumes that readers will understand Latin, but will not understand English or French. Mr. Wright, however, has added some useful notes, which have nothing to answer to them in Mr. Stevenson's edition; and Mr. Wright has gone with some care into the local geography of the country. Mr. Wright too has gone largely into the documents and other historical notices bearing on the persons spoken of in the romance. The story is, as Mr. Wright truly says, a piece of family romance. Fulk Fitz-Warin is a real man of the reign of John, whose outlaw and pardon

* *Radulphi de Coggeshale Chronicon Anglicanum, &c. &c.* Ex codicis manuscriptis edidit Josephus Stevenson. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

appear in genuine documents, but those genuine documents have naturally nothing to say about his going to kill dragons at Carthage, and other exploits of the same kind which do appear in the romance. As a specimen of one of the ways in which fictitious stories gather round real people, the tale, wild as it is, is worth reading and comparing with the notices which we have of the persons mentioned in the story. In this way Mr. Stevenson certainly does something for us, but Mr. Wright had before him done a good deal more. One point we may note that we hear of a Payn Peverel, a follower of the Conqueror, who was succeeded in his Castle of the Peak by his sister's son William Peverel. His story is utterly mythical, but it is of importance as showing that the writer of this story had never heard of the impossible scandal which makes William Peverel a son of the Conqueror. If any defender of the herald's figment should catch at such a straw as the description of William Peverel by his mother without the name of his father, it is enough to answer that the sister of any Payn Peverel could not be the daughter of the Englishman Engelric, the alleged father of William Peverel's mother. But Payn Peverel seems to be altogether mythical. Domesday knows of that name "Willelmus" and "Ranulfus," but no "Paganus."

Lastly, Mr. Stevenson gives us some extracts from the *Otia Imperialia* of Ralph of Coggeshale's friend and neighbour, Gervase of Tilbury. These were addressed to the Emperor, Otto the Fourth, whose close alliance with his uncles Richard and John were so constantly brought out. Mr. Stevenson's extracts contain Gervase's British and Early English History, in which we get his version of the Arthur fables, and then leap from Cadwallader to Cnut, to get that most astounding of all stories, Gervase's fable, wherever he found it, of the early relations between Harold and William. We see the growth of new notions in his account of Henry the First and Stephen. Henry's election, like that of Harold, is branded by the Domesday phrase "invasit"; and Henry is said to have made a will by which the Crown was left to Matilda and her son; but as neither a woman nor a child was capable of exercising the royal authority, Stephen was to be king, perhaps for life, at any rate, until young Henry came of age. But when Stephen tries to set aside the right heirs and to get the succession for his own son Eustace, then, and not till then, the barons revolt against him. These perversions of early contemporary history are very strange. When he gets to his own times, it is singular that he has nothing to tell his Imperial patron in praise of his grandfather Henry, who sheltered his parents in their banishment, while he glorifies all Otto's three uncles, among whom Geoffrey might almost be taken for his own son:—

Successit proles tertia, comes, aut potius dux Britonum, *Arcturo* fabuloso animali virtute non inferior; strenuus, militia pollens, liberalitate excellens, probitate et magnanimitate incomparabilis, exactis patris in virtute innumeris annis abiit.

Then he has to praise John, which he seems to find a little hard:—

Adjungitur quartus illustris rex Johannes, cujus incrementum ac laudes præsentiali inspectioni commendo, ne videar aut ex insufficientia mea minus dixisse de eo quam est; aut adulationi deservire in eo quod dixero aliquid quod est.

and so he ends by singing the praises of the Emperor himself and his mother and aunts.

KAYE'S SEPOY WAR.—VOL. III.*

(Second Notice.)

TIME has brought most people nowadays to the opinion that the great Mutiny was in a great measure the result of a vicious system, maintained for years, by which India was held as an appanage of the Civil Service. The immigration into India of independent Europeans, who would, if admitted, have taken root in the country, and who might even by mere numbers have prevented the rising, was discouraged and almost prohibited. The result was that the governing class—the Covenanted Civil Service—formed the only avenue to anything like power or distinction; it gradually absorbed the control of the army as well as the civil administration of the country, and it broke down at once and utterly in the time of trial. We are not speaking of individuals. If we were, the names of Sir John Lawrence, Sir Henry Lawrence, Edwards, Sleeman, and a crowd of others, would rise at once to confute us; we speak of the system. But how does Sir John Kaye deal with it? You may read his book through, and not gather from it that a word had ever been breathed against the Civil Service. He has, as we willingly believe, striven to be impartial; he has certainly sometimes blamed particular individuals. But, like Bottom, he roars you as gently as a sucking dove; his blame sounds strangely like skilfully veiled compliment, and when he praises, his praise is like the unanimity of the people on the stage in the *Critic*. How differently would he have written of the occurrences of a hundred years ago, and how can he venture, having written what he has written, to say, as he does say, that "to the historian all men are dead"? Another great cause of the Mutiny was Lord Dalhousie's craze for increase of territory; that policy came to its climax in the annexation of Oude. Of all the native States Oude was the only one with which we had come in contact that had preserved its nominal independence; from it half our army was recruited; it had been staunch to us in our day of trial; it had lent us money and men during the Afghan war. The annexation was a blunder, if it was not also a crime. Sir John Kaye, to be sure, does not approve of it, but his mild disapproval is totally inadequate to the occasion, and is altogether hidden behind the cloud of incense which he is pleased to burn to Lord Dalhousie. The annexation was conducted in a manner the most irritating to the Mahommedan population of India, and the most fatal to our own character for truth and honour. The manner of the deed no less than the execution alienated altogether the affections of the Bengal army. The deposed Royal family was much more powerful than it had been when nominally on the throne, for its jurisdiction was over the minds and memories of men. It could no longer oppress and outrage as in old time; it was itself a monument of the oppression of an alien race. The last and proximate cause of the Mutiny was the issue of greased cartridges. With this subject, too, Sir John Kaye deals in an inadequate manner. It must be remembered that the accusation of the Sepoy on this subject was a true accusation. The cow is the sacred animal of the Hindoo, and to touch its flesh is to lose caste; which, in his estimation, is tantamount to incurring eternal punishment. The cartridges issued to the Sepoys were really lubricated with the fat of cows and pigs. This was of itself sufficient to ensure a revolt, but the error was committed by Colonel Birch, Secretary to the Government of India in the military department. So gross a blunder was unpardonable; yet, though the manufacture of the greased cartridges was stopped, for various reasons no intimation of the fact was conveyed to the troops, which for four months were allowed to continue under the misapprehension that the Government intended to destroy their caste. It was not till after the outbreak at Meerut that any soothing announcement was made, and by that time it was too late. The idea had obtained possession of the mind of every Sepoy in India. The disavowal after the Meerut mutiny was only looked upon as an intimation that the Government, foiled in their attempt, withdrew from it till a more convenient season out of fear. Sir John Kaye enters fully on this point, but we cannot, on reading his exhaustive and very able statement, resist the conclusion that he has dealt with more tenderness than justice with men whose official incompetence or supineness it was his duty, as an impartial historian, to denounce much more strongly than he has done.

But the greatest error, in our opinion, of Sir John Kaye's book has still to be mentioned. In an evil hour for the truth of history, the friends of Lord Canning determined to entrust all his papers to Sir John Kaye. The whole book is an elaborate attempt on the part of Sir John Kaye to justify the confidence reposed in him, and to "write up" Lord Canning. The truth seems to be that Lord Canning was an amiable man, of undoubted personal courage, but weak and untenacious of purpose. He was as wax in the hands of those around him. He did not originate, he did not encourage those who did. He was never in time. Measures were pressed upon him which might have averted the Mutiny. He coldly rejected them; enthusiastic applause from Sir John Kaye. Anon the Mutiny is at its height, and those same measures which were rejected before are, all too late, adopted by Lord Canning; again enthusiastic applause from Sir John Kaye. We have no desire to run down Lord Canning. If he had been surrounded at the time of the crisis by such men as the two Lawrences, he would have taken his tone from them, and events might have been very different. Canning the ruler as heaven and events made him was very different from the heroic figure set up by Sir John Kaye; and we cannot think that the cause of truth is served by the author's overdone praise.

On one point, however, we are especially anxious not to be misunderstood. We have no sympathy with the indiscriminate severity with which men, women, and children were included in one common vengeance by the Europeans after the Mutiny. It is easy to understand that men who had seen their nearest and dearest shot down and massacred should take a terrible vengeance. But, though natural, it was horrible, and moreover the vengeance fell in great measure on the wrong people. The cowardly Sepoys who murdered the white men were the first to fly when the white men attacked them in arms. Those who were caught were often comparatively innocent—villagers who had joined the Sepoys through fear. It was inevitable that they should be shot when they were taken red-handed; but those who were on the spot, and who saw women and girls shot to death, and could not save them because, to tell the truth, they could not get their orders of mercy obeyed by the infuriated soldiers—those men knew that it was horrible, and that it was wrong. They knew, moreover, that a continuance of such indiscriminate vengeance was not the way to pacify the country. Lord Canning's "clemency," which earned for him a contemptuous title, was distinctly to be admired. What we find fault with is not his clemency, but his unreadiness. He would not believe that the Mutiny was more than a partial outbreak at a time when half the North-West was in actual revolt. The Meerut outbreak was known in Calcutta on the 14th of May. On the 17th Lord Elphinstone telegraphed from Bombay that he could despatch a steamer to Suez which would catch the mail of the 9th of June at Alexandria. The Governor-General "was not desirous of sending to England by an earlier opportunity than the 18th of May from Calcutta." Lord Canning remained blind to the magnitude of the crisis, though the two Lawrences, Colvin, and even the members of his own Council, urged energetic measures upon him. It is all very well to say that a man only a year and a half in India must

* *History of the Sepoy War*, 1857-8. By John William Kaye, F.R.S. Vol. III. London: Allen & Co. 1876.

see through the eyes of those around him. The plea might be admitted in mitigation of a severely hostile sentence. But the question is, would others have been so deceived? As a matter of fact, was Sir Henry Lawrence so deceived? If the answer be in the negative, what becomes of Sir John Kaye's attempt to make out that Lord Canning was the best possible man for the crisis?

We promised to say what part of the narrative is comprised in Sir John Kaye's third volume. Each volume has contained three books, and each book about five chapters. Sir John Kaye has kept to his intention of minute subdivision, but the connecting links of general history which were to form a setting to these scattered gems of history is not forthcoming. We are irresistibly reminded of Sir Walter Scott's story of the Scotch sermon, which, as the minister announced, would, God willing, be dealt with in three great divisions, each division being treated of under sixteen heads, and each head garnished with seven supplementary heads. The first volume told us of the revolt at Meerut and the seizure of Delhi. The second described the earlier incidents of the Mutiny at Benares and Allahabad, and certain stations in the Punjab, and narrated the two series of operations—one undertaken by troops collected in Madras from Pegu and from Lower Bengal; the other by troops from the hill stations of the North-West and from the Punjab. Pursuing his plan of episodical treatment, Sir John Kaye gave us an account—and a most interesting one it was—of the policy of Sir John Lawrence, the first conflicts in the Punjab, and the state of affairs in Peshawur and at Rawul Pindee. He described the first march of the Guides, the advanced guard of the relieving army, under Daly, in the early days of June, on the Mogul capital, and then, in obedience to his exasperating system, goes back once more to Calcutta at the beginning of May. At length we reach the siege of Delhi. It is admirably told—in a style full, strong, and nervous. We get on till the middle of July, and are at the height of the interest of the story, when the pen is thrown down; we are led back chafing to the beginning of May again, and, after a long chapter which brings Brigadier John Nicholson, at the head of his movable column, within sight of Delhi, the volume closes, and Sir John Kaye keeps silence for six years. The third volume opens with an account of the state of affairs in Calcutta during the month of June. Havelock and Neill were during that month pushing on from the South to the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow, and Sir John Lawrence was pouring down from the North all his available military strength on Delhi, and, as we have seen, all the North-West was rising. Sir John Kaye gives us an account of the mutiny in Shahabad, the outbreak of Dinapore, and the defence and relief of Arrah. This brings us to the month of August, and chronicles the arrival of Lord Elgin with the China troops, and the formation of the Naval Brigade. But we are doomed once more to go back to the month of May, and to hear the fate of Agra. Without index or table of contents to help us, it is utterly impossible to follow this powerfully written but most ill-arranged History. It must be slowly studied and collated, but the author is bound to give us what assistance he can by a copious index and chronological table of contents. We confess that, with the best good will in the world, we are unable to guide our readers through the maze. Each succeeding episode is of the deepest interest; but each breaks off just when we are becoming accustomed to the names and places of which we are reading, and a new subject is taken up. One subject only is in this volume happily brought to a close. The siege of Delhi, which we left in full swing at the end of the second volume, is finished in the last chapter of this.

In dealing with a book where there is neither cohesion, arrangement, nor visible plan, it is useless to attempt analysis. We must be content to wait till the appearance of the next volume enables us to take something like a general view. Sir John Kaye writes as good English as ever, which is saying a great deal; but he has not got rid of certain tricks which, as we thought, disfigured his earlier volumes. One of these is a tendency to incongruous metaphor; and indeed the same metaphor does duty very often; take, for instance, the rather absurd idea of "shuddering"—everybody throughout the book shudders when things go wrong with him. The King of Delhi "shuddered at the thought of removal, and the shudder ran through his family from the oldest to the youngest, male and female, relatives and dependents." That was in the last volume (p. 6). We suggested that we had heard it sung of the inhabitants of the Palace of Delhi

> We are all nodding
> Around the great Mogul;

but here is material for a conjectural emendation of the lyric. We hoped that we should have no more shuddering, but it comes on in the present volume worse than ever. In Calcutta, on a certain day (p. 30), "a great shudder ran through the capital." We are also told, on a solemn occasion which we are sorry to see associated with any ludicrous image—and by the recurrence of this absurd figure of speech it is so associated—of a dying general shuddering as he thought of the possible fate of his army. To take another extraordinary figure of speech which also recurs more than once, we hear (p. 33) of some mischief which was being hatched in the Oude colony at Garden Reach, but "the promptitude of the Government strangled it in the womb." This, however grotesque, is no mere slip of the pen, for further on another danger menaces the British Empire, and this time "Providence strangles it in the womb." We have heard of creatures strangled in the birth, but Sir John Kaye surely pushes the motto "principiis obsta" to a somewhat undue extent. These, after all, are trifles. The narrative is well told; but no words are strong enough to describe the chaotic nature of the arrangement.

LITERARY REMAINS OF OLIVER MADOX-BROWN.*

IF anything could dispose one to look severely on the promising works of a young author who now unhappily cannot fulfil the promise which they gave, it would be such unwise praise as that found in the Memoir prefixed to these two volumes, for which Messrs. W. M. Rossetti and F. Hueffer appear to be responsible. Here we are told that "this tale" (the *Black Swan*) is "possibly, when viewed in all its relations, the most remarkable prose story ever penned by a youth not older than from sixteen to seventeen. This we may say, without forgetting even Victor Hugo's *Bug Jargal*, written at the age of fifteen or sixteen; which, if slightly ahead of the *Black Swan* in respect of juvenile precocity, must be pronounced inferior to it as a sustained invention or piece of art." The *Black Swan* may be remembered by the title of *Gabriel Denver*, under which name, and in a form differing from its present one, it was published three years ago. Then it was pointed out in these columns that the work contained evidences of talent in spite of its many and manifest absurdities; and that its errors were those of youth and want of cultivation. To speak of it as a sustained piece of art is extravagant; the faculty which it most obviously wanted was the art which can sustain interest in improbable and abnormal things. To take one instance—it is clear that the author intended to make his hero Gabriel Denver both pitied and liked by his readers; but this object he defeated by laying on his colours too zealously. In his anxiety to bring out the repulsion with which Deborah inspired Gabriel, he seemed not to observe that the utter brutality and selfishness of Gabriel's conduct must certainly arouse disgust at him, and very probably compassion for Deborah.

In *Gabriel Denver*, the hero, who is left an orphan in Tasmania, has been brought up with his cousin, Miss Deborah Mallinson, who after the death of his parents makes a proposal to him, which he unwillingly, and with much protestation that he cannot love her, accepts. Immediately afterwards he is called back to England, and Deborah prudently arranges to cross in the same ship with him. Unfortunately, just before they start he falls madly in love with a beautiful girl named Laura, who is also going to cross in the *Black Swan*. Hence result various disagreeable and appalling incidents, which are concluded by Deborah in her insane jealousy setting fire to the ship; from which only Gabriel and the two women escape in an open boat without any kind of provisions. In the end, according to the present version, they were rescued, but not till Deborah was dead, and the other two very soon died also. This was a wild story enough, and not an agreeable one. The editors of the two volumes now published have made it revolting by restoring it, with a strange want of discretion, to its original form, in which Deborah is not only engaged to Gabriel, but has been actually married to him for some time before they embark on the *Black Swan*. Thus by Gabriel's absolute neglect of his wife and absolute devotion to Laura, which go so far that when he is collecting rain-water to assuage their thirst he never thinks of giving a drop to Deborah, all possible interest either in him or the girl whom he loves, and who quietly accepts his love, is destroyed. It was quite natural that, at the age when the author wrote his story, it should appear to him that the more his characters set all accustomed rules at naught the greater his work would be. It was also quite natural that a discreet and experienced publisher should desire the ugliest part of the tale to be softened down. It was not at all natural that his editors should now think it good to present the story to the public in its first and crudest form. The characters of this erratic but undoubtedly clever production, as was said in our review at the time of its first publication, were not its best point. The drawing of character and the power of construction, indeed, are the provinces of art which come latest to the writer of fiction, and we can at this moment call to mind no very early work in which these conditions are fulfilled, except Beckford's *Vathek*. That was an astounding performance; and its author was two or three years older than was Mr. Madox-Brown when he wrote the *Black Swan*. In this, as might well be expected, the personages resemble the figures labelled with some particular vice or passion in the old moralities; they have no light and shade, no individuality beyond the one feeling by which each is possessed at starting. Their actions and relative positions recall at one moment the works of Miss Brontë, at another those of Mr. Charles Reade. Beyond this there are various tricks of style which we may readily believe the author would have learned to cast off; but, as the work stands, these alone are enough to prevent it from being a sustained piece of art. One of these, common to many writers, is the habit of prefacing a sentence with the words "I think," which, except when used with rare skill, serves only to destroy instead of helping the illusion. Another, which seems caught from Hawthorne, and is found frequently throughout Mr. Madox-Brown's works, is the trick of introducing a statement with some such phrase as this—"It was a remarkable and suggestive thing." This was all very well when Hawthorne used it to draw

* *The Dwale Bluth, Hebditch's Legacy, and other Literary Remains of Oliver Madox-Brown, Author of "Gabriel Denver."* Edited by William M. Rossetti and F. Hueffer. With a Memoir and Two Portraits. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1876.

attention to what was really significant; but, when applied to natural and expected things, it becomes superfluous. Elsewhere one comes upon reminiscences of Victor Hugo; but, in spite of all faults, the absence of which would be far more surprising than their presence, the story of the *Black Swan* contains various passages, especially of description, which lead one to think its author had the capacity for good work in him. Here is a description of the ship with which the story opens, that strikes us as true and well told:—

The cabin lights were extinguished, and all on board the becalmed vessel seemed enveloped in silence and sleep. Her brown wind-worn sails were all furled in the breathless air; there was no sign or signal of any watch kept over the decks. The torpid ship seemed left entirely to her own control; even the steersman was slumbering, his hand attached by a string to the wheel, in case of any unexpected movement in the rudder, or sudden rising of the wind. The breeze which had borne the big ship out so far into the ocean had long before nightfall entirely died away from the face of the water, though high overhead, strange to say, it still lasted, so that the few stars seen from the ship, lost in the darkness below, appeared as though slowly drifting past the apertures in the sultry, overhanging, yet unseen clouds. The sea still heaved slightly round the great black hull, agglomerated into the obscurity surrounding it, save where a faint line of light was emitted by the water rippling and splashing round its sides.

At times some unlooked-for lurching of the vessel would cause a wave to dash up over the water-line; showering back inflamed into a livid cauldron of glowing phosphoric fire, spreading round in circles of luminous foam, reflected brilliantly in the wet hull, and gleaming in the cabin-windows and on the heavy anchors at the prow; and even, in the utter darkness, playing with a weird flickering reflection on the under sides of the great projecting yards, and the cross-masts, and rigging otherwise indiscernible up aloft.

Indeed the sultry tropical water seemed in an unusually excitable phosphoric condition. Every few minutes the water to a distance round the entire hull would be suffused with a pale quivering flame which at times lit up its clear green depths beneath the surface. The spot where floated a piece of drift-timber, dropped overboard during the calm, was shown in the darkness by constantly recurring flashes of light; but where the calm hardly-perceptible swell of the subsiding waves met with no obstruction, they were enveloped in the deepest obscurity.

However, the *Dwale Bluth*, the first story in the series now published, gives to our thinking a much clearer indication that the author possessed a gift for romance than does the *Black Swan*. It is far less extravagant; it has several touches of unforced humour; its descriptions are, on the whole, truer, as the writer was dealing with what he knew, and there is at least one well-drawn and consistent character in it. Oliver Serpleton is in his way quite as eccentric as any of the people in the *Black Swan*; but his way happens to be one which we recognize as in the main true to nature. This was the more to the writer's credit as the figure of an absent awkward man half lost in books, but especially tender-hearted, has often been presented before, and it was therefore difficult to produce it in an original form, as Mr. Madox-Brown has done. Oliver's interview with his brother, who has come to entrust him with the care of his little daughter, is particularly good. The meeting takes place in a lane near Oliver's house:—

All the pathos and beauty of the scene, vaguely defined as it was, had been wasted on the absent-minded Oliver, who was standing with his eyes fixed upon the depths of the windy sky, as though he was speculating as to whether it could be that the stars were drifting past behind the clouds, or the clouds were drifting by in front of the stars.

But he was at last recalled to himself by a distant voice which shouted, "Don't you think you had better go home, Nolly? The night-mist's rising and you might catch cold in it."

"Now I think of it," said Oliver hurriedly, for he was evidently perturbed in mind by some painful reminiscence which this advice awakened, "I think I had. Good-bye to you . . . my dear brother Jeffrey—have no care for the well-being . . . of your offspring." This reassuring speech was pronounced in a hurried nervous whisper, that seemed by no means calculated to reach the ear of the person for whom Mr. Serpleton intended it. "By the way, I remember now," he continued in the same modulated key, "what I have been desirous of saying to you, Jeffrey. Father *is not* spelt with an *r*. You were sadly in the habit of neglecting . . ."

But at this juncture, some mysterious instinct made him aware that his illiterate brother was no longer beside him, and was consequently incapable of profiting by his instruction. "Dear, dear me!" he exclaimed, stopping short and gazing blankly into the night.

The story of the *Dwale Bluth* is ill constructed, or rather it is not constructed at all; the pages are overburdened with dialect which constantly requires the interpretation of a foot-note; and the influence of Hawthorne is again evident in the character of the girl who is its central figure. Where the author shook himself free from extravagances and imitation—and that is not seldom—his writing has a freshness and truth which make this romance by far the most valuable and suggestive of his literary remains. Helen Serpleton, the child who is left in Oliver's care, inherits the wildness of the Romnany tribe from her mother, and is singularly out of place in the household of which she forms a part. On one occasion she is out in a storm on the moor, accompanied only by her favourite cat:—

An enormous impenetrable rain-cloud had drifted over the face of the sun; it was all black and lowering, but its large transparent rims, contantly writhing and changing shape before the wind, were fringed as though with bright flames: it was the largest in the sky. The remainder of the firmament was all obscurely occupied by wildly empurpled fragments of sombre vapour, diversified now and then with a blacker and heavier mass than usual—some with torn and shattered edges, others dense and solid. A most wild and tumultuous embattlement seemed perpetually going on among them—a struggle for existence as it were, while the larger and more magnetic clouds sucked in and absorbed the less predominant or powerful ones.

Once or twice an unhindered ray of the sun pierced through some forgotten crevice, striking one of the sombre hills with a sudden flash of light; but this did not recur.

The cloud-rack at last grew dim and blind all over, and the sunlight died out from the edges of the cloud which principally obscured it. At last a brilliant flash of white sinister light leapt out and flickered blindingly round the zenith from cloud to cloud, and for less than an instant the pelting rain seemed turned into a bright swift shower of pallid flame; then the shadow and sombreness predominated again, and an ominous hush fell everywhere. But just in the intense silence, the child's irrepressible song,

La bastarda brohjugi
Di bro—"

was interrupted by the booming vibration of an answering peal of thunder, which slowly gathered in force seemed to cause the whole of the solid atmosphere of the heavens to shake with anticipation.

Soon after this she poisons herself with the berries of the Dwale Bluth, or Atropa belladonna; and there is a ghastly description of her delirious fancies before she is restored to health. Mr. Madox-Brown seems to have had a curious attraction towards such subjects as this, which indeed often have for artistic and impressionable minds a fascination which experience teaches them to resist. The dwelling upon the influence which the berries of the nightshade plant ever afterwards had upon Helen conveys the idea that Wendell Holmes's Elsie Venner may have been present in the author's mind, very likely without his consciousness, when he wrote the *Dwale Bluth*. Helen's story is taken up rather like a broken thread a long time after her adventure with the deadly berries. Since then she has married a certain Mr. Thurlstone, who, she has reason to believe, has been lost at sea; in this belief she has fallen in love with a blind poet, who has always loved her, and the two are employed in love-making when Thurlstone inconveniently returns. The description of the spot through which he passes before he comes upon them is one of the best things in the author's work:—

The moon must by now have been rising over the inland hills, but its light in no way reached Thurlstone. He stood there quite still, for a moment looking down the passage where the children had disappeared as if uncertain what to do; then he turned and still proceeded rapidly along. He must have known the way well, or else have been sustained by nervous excitement, for it was so obscure that he could hardly see his feet. Right in front of him, however, as he came round a sudden turning, he saw the path winding up and down in a serpentine fashion, for, the reflection of the mist not being able to reach it, it stood out like a dark line on the face of the precipice. The faint stars grew brighter and brighter overhead, and he could hear the weltering and seething of the waves far down the side, as he still strode hurriedly along without caution. Once his heavy footsteps detached a fragment of rock which sank with a prolonged rattling into the abyss of vapour below, and created strange muffled echoes in its descent. All under the cliff-side till far out towards the horizon was deep in shadow now; beyond this the blanched light of the moon was dispersed from over the high upper crags.

At last he came in sight of the gloomy detached mass of the Castle-Rock standing by itself on the edge of the furze-covered plateau. The hollows and indentations of the here visible valley are very deep about this place; no light reached it; it was profoundly dark. The rock itself was in the shadow of the hills behind; its base, with the fern-covered sterile land it rose from, was in the deepest obscurity. On one side which faced seawards a faint reflection was derived from the clouds of white fog.

Against the pale solemn light still lingering in the sky beyond, its solitary outline rose: the jagged prominent masses of stone being blurred here and there by thin fringe of ferns and thistles. In one place the picturesque outline of a gnarled old blackthorn was visible, grown all aslant in the direction from which the sea-wind perpetually blew: in the gloom that concealed the side that was nearest to him, faint white traces like those of a winding path seemed indicated. The great cloven rocks, piled one on another as though by human agency, which crowned its summit, were white with the soft liquid moonlight which now began to fall on them.

The meeting which follows is not so good. Thurlstone threatens, if Helen does not come back with him, as indeed she ought, to throw the blind man into the sea; she puts up her "gracile hands," threatens to strangle him with her hair, an unpleasant threat which the writer's heroines rather affected; and, finally, goes away with him. Here the story ended abruptly; but a conclusion, which does not greatly recommend itself, has been made, from conversations with the author, by his editors. The other of the larger stories in these volumes is more tricky, more exaggerated, and fuller of unhealthy fancies, than the two of which we have spoken; but in this also there are traces of a talent for fiction which, cultivated and matured, might have been considerable. Whether it was wise to add to these three tales the fragments of prose and verse found after them may be an open question; it is certain that it was not necessary to print again by themselves the songs which had already appeared in other parts of the volumes.

We could wish that such oversights as these, or the use in the memoir of such phrases as "the facility which is the appanage of a painter," and "a restive idiosyncrasy of his own which urged him rather to follow a new path than to tread the paternal vestiges," were the gravest faults we had to find with Messrs. W. M. Rossetti and F. Hueffer. It is impossible, however, to leave unnoticed the fact that fully three pages of the memoir are occupied with a description, as elaborate as it is affected, of the various phases of delirium through which Mr. Madox-Brown passed on his death-bed. It is enough to inform our readers of this, and to add to our sorrow for the loss of a promising writer our regret that the task of presenting his works to the public should have been performed as it is by their editors.

BANCROFT'S NATIVE RACES OF NORTH AMERICA. VOL. III.*

THE task of the pioneer is useful and necessary, and the work-man who keeps within the limits assigned to him is worthy

* *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. III.—Myths and Languages. London: Longmans & Co

of all honour. Nor can a more important enterprise be undertaken by any explorer than the examination of the social, moral, intellectual, religious, and political condition of the tribes which the Spanish conquerors of the New World found in possession of the vast regions of Central America. Of the great questions connected with the origin of their civilization, the affiliation of their languages, the relations of their beliefs to those of other races, scarcely one perhaps has as yet been satisfactorily answered; and it is quite possible that at present the duty of the explorer is to amass materials rather than to apply them to the solution of these problems. This is the view taken by Mr. Bancroft in the encyclopædic work, on the first two volumes of which we have already made some remarks.* In his third volume Mr. Bancroft devotes himself to the examination of the myths and dialects of the Central American tribes; and if we look to the amount of material brought together, the execution of his task is worthy of all praise. Nor need we seriously qualify this judgment when we turn to consider the quality of the information here given. The writer deserves credit for diligence, conscientiousness, and discernment. The scrupulous avoidance of all speculation, of which he makes, we doubt not, a perfectly sincere profession, is in an explorer a merit of the highest kind; nor can the reader complain if, when the value of the evidence is the very point to be ascertained, the author patiently goes through the testimony of all the witnesses whose words seem to be in any way worth noting. This method must necessarily involve a certain amount of repetition, nor is it easy to see that any other method could be safely followed. Still the convenience, if not the comfort, of those who have to work on the materials brought together should not be lost sight of; and wherever it may be possible to avoid repetition by reference to other portions of the work, the toil involved in doing so ought not to be grudged. Unfortunately Mr. Bancroft has either grudged this toil or has thought himself not called upon to undergo it; nor has he avoided the perils of speculation so completely as he fancies. It is not easy, perhaps not possible, to examine the myths of a people without examining their religion; it is most of all difficult in the case of tribes to whose isolated and unconnected traditions or stories the name of a mythology cannot in strictness of speech be given. But Mr. Bancroft has already examined elaborately the religious systems of the Nahua and Maya races in his second volume; and if the scrutiny of their myths, such as they are, seemed to lay him under the temptation of transcribing much of what he has said before, he should, at the cost even of some trouble, have striven to resist it. In such undertakings as these it is manifestly easier to write a big book than a small one; and Mr. Bancroft has chosen the less difficult course. In his second volume we were told that at the feast of Xiuhtecutli, the god of fire,

> each naked and bound captive was borne upon the shoulder of a priest up to the summit of the temple, where smouldered a great heap of glowing coal. Into this the bearers cast their living burdens, and when the cloud of dust was blown off, the dull-red mass could be seen to heave, human forms could be seen writhing and twisting in agony, the crackling of flesh could be distinctly heard. But the victims were not to die by fire; in a few moments, and before life was extinct, the blackened and blistered wretches were raked out by the watching priests, cast one after another upon the stone of sacrifice, and in a few moments all that remained upon the summit of the temple was a heap of human hearts smoking at the feet of the god of fire.

In the present volume the worship of the fire-god is described with more full detail, and here we read that

> each captive was bound hand and foot, and so carried up to the top of the cu, where smouldered a huge heap of live coal. The carriers heaved their living burdens in; and the old narrative gives minute details about the great hole made in the sparkling embers by each slave, and how the ashy dust rose in a cloud as he fell. As the dust settled, the bound bodies could be seen writhing and jerking themselves about in torment on their soft dull-red bed, and their flesh could be heard crackling and roasting. Now came a part of the ceremony requiring much experience and judgment; the wild-eyed priests stood, grappling-hook in hand, biding their time. The victims were not to die in the fire; the instant the great blisters began to rise handsomely over their scorched skins it was enough, they were raked out. The poor blackened bodies were then flung on the "tajon," and the agonized soul dismissed by the sacrificial breast-cut (from nipple to nipple, or a little lower); the heart was then torn out and cast at the feet of Xiuhtecutli, the god of fire.—P. 388.

It is obvious that with repetitions on this scale a thousand pages may easily become three thousand without adding materially to the knowledge of the reader, whose labour in sorting the materials laid before him is in proportion increased. The conscientious anxiety of the author to adduce the evidence of all his witnesses produces the same unlucky result. The myths of the god Quetzalcoatl are substantially, in Mr. Tylor's belief, the myth of the Delian Phoibos, who, having journeyed westward, is seized by an irresistible longing to return to the home whence he set out in the East. The story describes the magnificence of his palace in the West—a palace gleaming with the golden glory which rests on the abodes of Tantalos and Alkinoös; but it depicts the god, although sick unto death, as heartily contented with the splendour which surrounds him; and the yearning for the eastward journey is inspired by a potion administered to him by the god Tezcatlipoca, in whom Mr. Tylor sees the young sun of the morrow. The great task of the latter is to overcome his reluctance to taste the strange drink offered to him; but drink it and go he must. "How is thy body and how art thou in health?" asks the god, who comes in the guise of a sorcerer:—

> "I am exceedingly sick," said Quetzalcoatl; "all my body is in pain; I cannot move my hands nor my feet." Then answered Tezcatlipoca, "Behold this medicine that I have; it is good and wholesome and intoxicating; if thou wilt drink it, then shalt thou be intoxicated and healed and eased at the heart, and thou shalt have in mind the toils and fatigues of death and of thy departure." "Where," cried Quetzalcoatl, "have I to go?" "To Tullantlapallan," replied Tezcatlipoca, "where there is another old man waiting for thee: he and thou shalt talk together, and on thy return thence thou shalt be as a youth, yea, as a boy." And Quetzalcoatl hearing these words, his heart was moved, while the old sorcerer, insisting more and more, said, "Sir, drink this medicine." But the King did not wish to drink it. The sorcerer, however, insisted. "Drink my lord, or thou wilt be sorry for it hereafter; at least rub a little on thy brow and taste a sip." Quetzalcoatl tried, and tasted it, and drank, saying, "What is this? It seems to be a thing very good and savoury; already I feel myself healed and quit of my infirmity; already I am well." Then the old sorcerer said again, "Drink once more, my lord, since it is good; so shalt thou be the more perfectly healed." And Quetzalcoatl drank again, he made himself drunk, he began to weep sadly, his heart was eased and moved to depart, he could not rid himself of the thought that he must go; for this was the snare and deceit of Tezcatlipoca.—P. 243.

Such is the account given by the Spanish Franciscan Sahagun, one of the first preachers sent to Mexico; but, in addition to this version, Mr. Bancroft gives us those of Clavigero, Torquemada, J. G. Müller, and others. All of these have their characteristic features, which are well worth noting, the reluctance of Quetzalcoatl to drink in one story giving place to extreme eagerness in another. Still, without injury to the plan of the work, there is little doubt that all these legends might have been analysed much more briefly and with equal effect. There is less need, and therefore less excuse, for repetitions of the loathsome details of the Nahua human sacrifices. The account of the victim, first pampered and then slain, in honour of the god Toxcatl, given in the third volume (p. 424), has already been given in the second. Nevertheless here we have all the details again—the honours paid to the victim, his marriage to the four maidens, his ascent of the hill, breaking his flutes as he goes along, until he reaches the summit, when Mr. Bancroft breaks off. "By sickening repetition we have learned to know the rest," he says; but in the same way we had learnt much, if not all, that went before; and surely it might suffice to give once only the horrid details of the immolation of women, whose skin, flayed off the instant after their hearts have been torn out, is put on by one of the priests, who draws it upon him like a glove, while another priest veils his face with the skin of the thighs. It is perhaps necessary that these horrors should be recorded; nor can we press in such cases the precept that Medea should not slaughter her children on the stage. But, the account once given, a reference should, wherever possible, take the place of repetition, and in this volume it might do so very often indeed.

In some, perhaps in many, respects Mr. Bancroft's fate is a hard one. He has taken up a subject of singular intricacy, involving the examination of an enormous mass of unassorted material; and, instead of having this task lightened by the exquisite beauty which charms us in the hymns of the Rig Veda or the creations of Greek poets, he has to wade through an ocean of horrors, seeing everywhere the awful signs of the most bloodthirsty religion that has ever defiled the world, the hideous life of a people in whom all sense of beauty seems to have been dead, and in whom the horror of their religious system is relieved only by the long sermons which take the form of prayers. Some of these, at least in parts, are edifying enough; but they are wonderfully like each other, and, after reading two or three specimens, the monotony becomes wearisome. Unfortunately this is not all. If we could but be sure that we have before us the genuine documents of old Mexican liturgies, we should take the tedious repetition with such patience as we may command; but Mr. Bancroft candidly acknowledges that we cannot have this assurance; nor can we doubt that Father Sahagun and others have in their versions thrown over them a colouring borrowed from the Old Testament and the New.

Lastly, we must again remark that Mr. Bancroft's profession of avoiding all speculation is not altogether borne out by his practice. It would be hard indeed to hold him to the strict letter of his bond. Not only, however, do we come across a good deal of speculation, but some of this speculation seems to be contradictory. The Abbé Domenech, like the Abbé de Brasseur, sees in Quetzalcoatl simply a human ruler, or a series of human rulers, who in process of time have been deified. To this euemerism, which has been ridden to death in the regions of Greek and Roman tradition, Mr. Bancroft replies by asserting that—

> Quetzalcoatl cannot be a representative and a national god of the Toltecs, without having an original nature-basis for his existence as a god. It is everywhere the case among savages with their national god, that the latter is a nature-deity, who becomes gradually transformed into a national god, then into a national king, high-priest, founder of a religion, and at last ends in being considered a human being.—P. 279.

This is probably true; but it is not easy to reconcile it with the statement in the second volume (p. 29) that, among these tribes "a successful leader is first feared as a man, then reverenced as a supernatural being, and, finally, himself, or his descendant, in the flesh or in tradition, is worshipped as a god."

We might find questionable speculation in other statements, as, for instance, that mythology generally describes "the present inhabitants of the world as descended from some nobler race," whereas the myth of Prometheus is at least as significant as that of the Hesiodic ages. It is also a perilous thing to assert that the phallic cultus, starting with purity, degenerated into beastliness amongst Greeks and Romans as they became "more sophisticated" (p. 508). But it would be ungracious and invidious to multiply such objections. We have spoken plainly of the faults

* *Saturday Review*, March 6 and September 11, 1875.

which are common to this volume with those which have preceded it. We add with pleasure the expression of our gratitude to Mr. Bancroft for the conscientious toil which he has bestowed upon a work which has evidently been to him a labour of love, and which will do wonders towards smoothing the way for future inquirers.

GENERAL DUCROT ON SKIRMISHING.*

IN England, if a general officer wishes any part of the army drill to be reformed, he prepares his proposed instructions carefully, and then submits them for Horse Guards' approval before they can be, as in the recent instance of General Lysons's work on Piquets, even "provisionally" approved for trial with the troops. In France the process appears at present to be much more summary and direct. A general commanding an army corps thinks that a part of the drill-book may be advantageously modified. He modifies it accordingly, and then, having added a preface addressed to the officers under him, recommending it and explaining its merits, he forthwith issues it as their standing guide. This system may seem at first sight to have the advantage of simplicity, but in truth it is really the reverse. There are eighteen of these army corps commands in France; and if each general at the head of one who happens to be an active man is to deal just as he pleases with the details of tactics, the result cannot fail to be confusing, and may possibly turn out very damaging when the army of which these corps are, after all, but large units, is suddenly brought together for common action.

If it be asked how such an evident mistake has arisen, the answer is simple enough. The existing French Constitution, or what does duty as a Constitution, although it has a soldier for President and another soldier under him for Minister of War, has yet provided no real substitute for the deposed Imperial authority over the military part of the nation. General de Cissey is a War Minister, much as we understand the word, only with rather more disciplinary power and right of interference than a civilian administrator could well possess. But he is not a Commander-in-Chief in the technical sense. He does not possess the full executive power over details wisely delegated by our War Office to that functionary, nor even the somewhat analogous but less strict right of control exercised in Austria by the Archduke Albert in his newly-created post of Inspector-General. Of course far less can he have the summary and complete jurisdiction of a Minister who is the direct agent of a sovereign of active mind and large professional knowledge, trained himself as a soldier; as is the case with General Kameke at Berlin, or General Miletin at St. Petersburg, whose orders are received simply as those of their respective Emperors issued through the proper official channel. And from the gap thus left in the military hierarchy of France, which Marshal MacMahon—for sufficient reasons, no doubt—does not care to fill, it follows that the generals of corps have each in peace time come in a manner to be commanders-in-chief within their own spheres; a result encouraging enough to individuality no doubt, but likely to be very hurtful to the unity of action which is not less necessary. Those among us who raise theoretical objections to Horse Guards influence and Horse Guards authority as though they were things blamable of themselves, should be careful how they condemn that in the abstract which is a primary condition of good order and discipline in a large standing army which the Sovereign does not personally superintend. The highest point of praise awarded to us in Colonel Bronsart's recent survey of the various European military systems is for the practical nature of our administration, which, by the simple contrivance of a Commander-in-Chief subordinate to, and yet in professional details independent of, the Secretary of State, gets over the apparent difficulty of subjecting the whole military force, with its complicated machinery, to a civilian Minister himself responsible to Parliament. That the abolition of the office would lead either to lamentable confusion for want of a head to control, or to still more lamentable indifference for want of a hand to stimulate, we have proof palpable in the work before us, and in the manner in which it comes before the public. If there happened to be an energetic man like General Ducrot in command of every one of the French Corps, we might have eighteen such handbooks, each enforced on one section of the army, and each thrusting its system on a confused public which could have no better means of judging of their worth than the reputation of the different writers. Something of this kind is going on indeed at present; but our author's name stands so much above that of his comrades that his volume was at once treated rather as a national work than as the mere official guide to the 8th Corps, which is all that it assumes to be.

Those who have thoroughly studied the history of modern skirmishers—their rise in the American revolutionary war, when the Provincial levies became models in this respect for their allies from Europe; their progress into formidable consistency, as they covered the advance of those scattered columns which, under Jourdan, Pichegru, and Moreau, replaced the old line tactics; their dash and energy when developed fully, so far as the imperfect arms of the day allowed it, under such tacticians as Ney and Lannes; and, finally, the great extension of power gained for them by the rifle, as first illustrated on the open grassy slopes round the hill of Solferino—must not expect to gain from what General Ducrot writes for his men any startling reforms or novel theories. The chief surprise the intelligent reader will feel is at finding how simple, and withal how generally understood already, are the principles here so earnestly laid down. But then they are generally understood just because the world has been anxious to discover the secret of the extraordinary military successes which have created the German Empire, and because sensible men, not to speak of experts, are well aware that such victories as we have watched with astonishment—victories so thoroughly won, so often repeated—are due above all to the quality and training of the infantry. Brave and active cavalry, bold and dashing gunners, ready and skilful engineers, efficient trains, an intelligent staff—these are all essential parts of that mighty machine, the modern army. But without a numerous and efficient infantry to fight the real battle, the other arms, however excellent, would be all but useless. For their benefit as regards humility they may be reminded that the infallible test of real usefulness, the proportion of losses inflicted and suffered, is invariably on the side of that arm which they are apt to regard as an inferior part of the service. Modern improvements in war have done nothing to shake this truth, which is founded on statistics more trustworthy than the finest theories of the sabreur or artillerist. And General Ducrot, in the capacity of tactical reformer, is strictly in the right in addressing himself in the first place to the improvement of his infantry.

The whole moral of the handbook lies in the extract from Napoleon's Correspondence which serves for its motto, and which closes with the prophetic words, "I do not see why I should not prefer a corps of skirmishers, regularly organized, to one which becomes such merely by the force of circumstances"; this remark being deduced directly from his own observation that in modern battles the fire of infantry has an invariable tendency to degenerate into skirmishing. Writing thus towards the close of his career of warfare, the Emperor in reality saw no further than the Prussian Bülow had done many years before, when he brought back to his own country the experience of the American War of Independence, and declared, with the foresight of genius, that battles would have to be fought and won by skirmishers. And Napoleon, as is now perfectly understood, never gave himself time to work out the tactical reforms which floated through his brain. He made no such change as his own deduction should have led him to. What his infantry were in their training at Austerlitz, that they remained until Waterloo put an end to all his opportunities. Nor did any one follow up boldly the indications he had left of what true progress in tactics should be, until May was enabled, by watching the events of 1866, to revive and carry it on. The *Retrospect* at once gave the form of reality to the vision conceived by his countryman Bülow, three-quarters of a century earlier. Combated, defended, criticized, and expounded by turns, the famous Essay did such a work of reform as no other professional pamphlet of the age has accomplished; and Ducrot's *Instructions* are but a new testimony that all tacticians who hope for success are following on the same lines laid down eight years since by the unknown captain of Prussian infantry, and the opinions which drew on him so much censure from his comrades that he dared not avow his authorship.

This is apparent in every one of the hundred and sixty pages of the little book before us; nowhere perhaps more than in its opening paragraph, which says:—

> The long range of artillery, the rapidity with which the modern infantry weapon is loaded, the accuracy of fire, have produced as a consequence the dispersed order of fighting. This order, which has now become the chief, is in fact the only one that enables the crushing fire of the enemy to be lessened in its effects, whilst allowing one's own, by a judicious use of frequent volley firing, the utmost possible power and precision. Moreover, it gives the means of acting against the points fixed on by successive attacks pushed on more and more up to the decisive part of the struggle, by turning to advantage the nature of the ground and the shelter found on its surface.

And the author goes on to deduce from these well-known considerations five broad rules which he deems essential. They are chiefly as follows:—The skirmishing order of battle must be subject to forms of a simple general character, easily modified in their application according to the ground, without affecting the system as a whole. Each man must be accustomed to act independently in his own sphere, whilst helping towards the common end. Volley and position firing are to be used as far as possible to save the waste of ammunition. Commands are to be so arranged that, so far as it is feasible, every officer may find in his own the supports that he requires. And, in short, the disorder inherent in a dispersed system of fighting must be regulated with care so as to attain the maximum of useful action.

The sting is evidently plainly in the tail. But if we except the weight attached by General Ducrot to volley firing, there is plainly nothing original in his recommendations. And if he deviates from May's teaching in attaching such importance to the retention of skirmishers under their proper chief, he does so in very good company. For many of the best of the German tacticians are notoriously of opinion that their leading reformer went too far in his belief that the time had arrived when men and officers in action could no longer hope to retain the bonds of company or regimental union, and must be prepared to lead or follow the nearest of the "horde" of skirmishers without regard to anything but setting forward.

General Ducrot proceeds to follow his theory into practice through the different parade-ground schools of the group or section, the company, and the battalion. In a fourth and fifth chapter he shows how this teaching is to be further practically carried out on

* *Instruction des Tirailleurs; Théorie-pratique; pour le 8e Corps d'Armée.* Par le Général Ducrot. Paris: Berger-Levrault.

broken ground, by the paloton and the battalion; taking pains, by the way, to instil into those he addresses the same sort of respect for private property that makes it necessary with us to legalise autumn manœuvres by special Act of Parliament, and reminding them that they can seldom have the opportunity of this exercise until the harvest is off the ground. In his "paloton," or fighting unit, to be formed for the practice of two or even three of the weak companies of a French regiment on its peace footing, since "instruction with less than a hundred men is without analogy to what goes on in war," we recognise of course a rough substitute for the strong company of the German army which is now avowedly the universal model. Should any doubt remain as to where this distinguished French general looks for his principles, his own advice to his officers to study the works of Vardy, Scherff, and Boguslawski must dissipate it. And if it is impossible to praise the system which is allowing all this labour to be spent, so far as its official use goes, on a mere fraction of the service which General Ducrot desires to elevate, it can at least be permitted us for another purpose to point to the attention which the handbook finds with his countrymen. There is a lesson that should come home to a certain school in our own army in the striking proof which this handbook and its reception afford, that to study the best foreign model, and seek to apply the lessons of its success in the field, does not, in the changed state of feeling in France, throw on an officer the unmerited reproach of running after novelties, and doing discredit to the traditions under which his country won honour in the field in days gone by.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.*

THERE is an air of freshness in some of these stories which lifts them out of the common run of the minor tales generally contributed to a magazine. Shrewdness, good temper, and that subtle tone which marks the man of good society, lend their several influences to make most of these *historiettes* bright and pleasant; and the reader's interest is not often suffered to flag because of the author's dulness, or by reason of those dreary wastes of words, without ideas which are generically known as padding. Indeed the first story of the collection, "The Fool of the Family," is remarkable for its many touches of good sense and keen observation. It is a little bit of real life as known to more than one young prophet whose native village does not honour him, and whose enemies are those of his own household; but who manages nevertheless to climb the slippery ladder of success by his unaided efforts, and gets before it is too late an attentive hearing for his once despised and interrupted utterances. Between the ugly ducks who are in point of fact fledgeling swans, and the so-called swans that are nothing but cackling geese, genius on the one hand, and the hopes of friends on the other, often come to grief; but time generally puts the mistake right before it is too late, and "the fool of the family" gets his innings like the petted genius before him. This, at least, is the doctrine preached by Mr. Dangerfield in the bright little apologue of real life which heads the collection.

The characters of this short story are well drawn and cleverly sustained. Edward Wynter himself is a happy sketch. Not brilliant, but plodding; not handsome to a ridiculous excess, but sufficiently good-looking to be assumed to be a fool in consequence; alone in London with ten pounds in his purse, and not a friend to help him to make his crown a pound before it was all gone; the consciousness of something in him, if he could only find the right method of bringing it out in serviceable form, but his normal habit of mind depression, and want of self-confidence, as a set-off against the overweening vanity of his early boyhood; dedicating himself to literature, but, "fool as he had been accounted, not enough one to think the literary citadel was going to be taken by storm by the crude fancies of a boy"; guessing "what not every one of his experience has discovered, that authorship is a knack, a trade, a thing to be slowly learnt, an art as much as painting a picture or forming a statue"—such as he is, we see him like a photograph before us; and we fancy that we can detect certain touches which prove the picture to have been taken from the life. We will not betray the secret of his career. Whether his honesty in refusing to write against his political convictions brought him bane or blessing, whether he discovered the heartlessness of Amy Dashwood for the second time before it was too late, or was taken in for life, and whether he understood pretty Lily Fontaine in time for their mutual happiness, or let her sweetness fade ungathered, the reader must find out for himself. The story has already been seen by many, having with the rest of the series appeared in the *New Quarterly Magazine*: but we suppose that its present form will find a new circle of readers, and, we venture to add, of admirers.

The next tale, "Splendide Mendax," deals with a bolder theme and strikes a stronger chord. While the "Fool of the Family" dealt with character, this owes its interest rather to scenery and situation. The wild grandeur of the Shetland Islands, and the strangely beautiful and as strangely cultivated girls, daughters of the blind old minister of Northray, are put before us with remarkable vividness. There is some unavoidable talk about Vikings and the like; but who could have foregone the temptation? Given a young lady steering a small boat on a stormy sea, a young lady with yellow hair, and wearing a small felt hat in which is a single feather of the sea eagle, whose touch on the tiller, as the Captain says, "is as light as a feather, and as true and as strong as steel," and we must of necessity submit to the old Norseman and their maidens:—

> To Eric Ericsson, still stirred with his fancies of the Northmen, the somewhat matter-of-fact praises of the captain sounded not incongruously. It was fit that a daughter of the sea-loving Vikings should herself be fearless and skilful on her native element. And, in truth, the tall, fair girl, with eyes which seemed to reflect the vivid blue of the sea, with her hair repeating the tone of the golden beach, and her complexion, which was like nothing so much as the pale, rosy lining of sea-shells, had in her, to his idea, some vague repetition and reflection of sea-tints and sea-tones, and she got to seem to him, somehow, herself sea-born and sea-belonging. Such a form and face as hers, he thought, must Hilda the sea-maiden have had, for whom the Knight of Lofoden won the golden bowl—Hilda, the fair-haired daughter of the Sea-king, who, when she lost her knight's love, made no complaint, but plunged into the whirling sea-pool bearing the guerdon with her, and was seen no more by men.

To this young lady belongs a sister of even greater beauty and richer colouring. They are first-rate classical scholars, and read Greek and Latin as other girls might read French and German. Their whole literature, indeed, seems to be comprised in the classics; and when they speak of novels they give "Theagenes and Chariclein" and "The Doris and Chloe of Longus" as their favourites. We have already seen what one of them is on the sea, and both are as bold and fearless as moral innocence and bodily hardihood can make them. As the cousin who has come to visit them, one Eric Ericsen, a "young man of three- or four-and-twenty, fresh from hard-won honours at an English University," is also handsome, bold, and cultivated, the inevitable result takes place; and both the girls fall in love with him, while he loves one secretly, and admires the other with a frank intensity that misleads both. It is his first friend Ruth whom he loves, but her sister Miriam whom he admires with such delusive frankness; so delusive, indeed, that Ruth, who loves him, gives him up to her sister, while Miriam accepts him as the captive of her charms, without a doubt as to the reality of her conquest. So sure is she that their cousin prefers her to her sister, that she does not scruple to win a promise from this last not to take him from her, as she had taken a former admirer, also a cousin, one Eric Sindal. And the main passion of Ruth's life is devotion to her sister, she gives the promise, and repents in the orthodox way. All things come right, however, by the return of Eric Sindal, and his resumption of devotion to Miriam; making the *splendide mendax* of Ruth of no avail when she looked calmly into Eric Ericsen's face and said, "Eric, my dear cousin, I have promised to marry Count Sindal." But if this story fails in the delicacy of touch and treatment which makes the charm of the "Fool of the Family," it has more vividness of colour, more movement and fresh air, more passion and dramatic strength, and thus wins its way on other grounds and for other merits. One thing only we would object to in it, the character and personality of Count Sindal, which reads strangely inharmoniously to the time, place, and conditions of the story, making the action of his arrival and Miriam's betrothal more like the artificial interference of a *deus ex machinâ*, called in at the last moment to get the actors of a drama out of a muddle, than like the natural result of natural circumstances. We have no doubt that Norwegians are to be found like this mincing and affected young gentleman, but they are not typical, and the Miriams of the Shetland Isles would not marry them, still less love them. In short stories we want fidelity to recognized types; if any ethnological character is to be introduced at all; and we feel it to be a mistake in art when a Norwegian is drawn as a French exquisite. This is the most glaring bit of false colouring of which our author has been guilty, but it is very false, and no special pleading could make it otherwise.

In "Beechwood Revel" and "Giulio Vescona, Poet and Painter," we have a curious reduplication, and at the same time variation, of the same figures. In the former, Stephen Goodlake, the "strong" man, is a ruffian, while Lord Vereker, slighter, fairer, more refined, is the better man of the two even in the matter of fisticuffs and throttling. There is also one girl between them, whom both love and to both of whom she has given—or fancied she has given—her heart. But in "Beechwood Revel" it is Stephen Goodlake who is the fancy, Lord Vereker the fact; while in "Giulio Vescona" it is Giulio, the slight, refined, young poet, painter, musician, lover, who is the fancy, and Norlano, the brave Free Lance, who is the fact. As the two stories are consecutive, the repetition of *motif* comes curiously; and not even the ingenious variation made in it prevents one from feeling the sameness of idea as a confession of barrenness of invention in the matter of characters. The accessories and local colour are of course widely different, and the stories are spirited and pleasant; but change of draperies is not the same thing as novelty in creation; and Mr. Dangerfield has only changed the dress and background of his puppets, while they themselves are made to do double duty. Also, how came he to lay himself open to such a comparison as he has done, when he says, at the end of the chapter detailing Guilio's love-making to Olympia, "the lute was played on no more that day"? The idea is too manifestly a version of the famous line, "Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante," to be overlooked, and the likeness is not to Mr. Dangerfield's advantage.

Of the last two stories which make up the collection, "Miss Olivia's Tempest" is a bright and lively farce, better adapted for the stage, for which indeed it seems to have been written, or from which taken, than for a narrative. All the lines are as old as the hills, and we know from the first that the strange lady whom

* *The Fool of the Family, and other Tales.* By John Dangerfield, Author of "Grace Talmar," &c. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

Colonel Standish rescues from the footpads is no other than that West Indian heiress, "with the manners and breeding of a Jamaica negress, whose conversation is probably of nothing but sugar hogsheads and puncheons of rum, whose skin is black and her nose flat," whom he had refused his father so peremptorily to marry. Of course he never heard her named, nor cared to verify for himself whether his not too flattering suspicions were true or not. This stock absurdity of the stage, rendered necessary by the brevity of the piece, is more than absurd in a story, and from the beginning strikes the false note which makes the whole thing discordant. But "Miss Olivia Tempest" would go well on the stage; and, if wanting in originality of construction, being indeed but a repetition of a dozen previous copies, would bring the house down by its sprightly dialogue and telling situations, besides affording opportunities for pretty dress and effective manners. In the last story of all, "A Tragedy Queen," we come to a graver theme, more passionate emotion, and a decidedly original catastrophe; but we miss even here the freshness and vitality of the earlier stories. The vein has been worked a little thin, and we should say that Mr. Dangerfield's powers of invention need rest for a time. His gifts are so many, and his manner so pleasant, that it would be a pity were he to over-write himself or exhaust in the least his fund of fancy and originality. Good-tempered, bright, refined, and lively he must always be; but more is needed for the success of a writer of fiction than even these desirable qualities; and we should be sorry to see Mr. Dangerfield repeat the common mistake of novelists—writing below himself because writing too fast and too much.

JAPANESE ART.*

JAPANESE art was practically unknown in this country before 1867. In that year for the first time its separate existence was revealed to the Western world, and a mighty revolution was effected. Naturally revolutions are of French growth, and it was at Paris in the *Exposition* that Japan asserted her artistic individuality. A mysterious personage, the Shôgun, or hereditary Prime Minister (vulgarly known as the Tycoon), whose office has been abolished, again emerged from the obscurity which had enveloped him before European Powers began heaping embassies and presents on him, under the delusion that he was the genuine Emperor, and sent over a Commission with objects of Japanese manufacture. These objects may literally be said to have burst upon the sight of European collectors. It is true that several great collections had long before secured fine examples of Japanese work. One museum, the first in Europe, was formed so long ago as the beginning of the eighteenth century at Dresden, by Augustus the Strong; and the museum in Prince Maurice's Palace at the Hague may date from the same period, while there has long been a Japanese collection at Leyden. But the world at large knew little of them, and our knowledge, if we had any, was chiefly derived from the reports of a few travellers, whose tales, wonderful as they were, by no means came up to the reality. Since the dispersal by sale of this exhibited collection, a great amount of interest has been excited in Japanese art, and many of our artists are forced to confess that in several important respects it excels our own. In hitting the happy medium between nature and conventionality the Englishman has much to learn from the Japanese painter. In colour, again, his instinct is marvellous. In manual dexterity, and what some of our painters think more of than it is worth—namely, execution—he also may claim to be our teacher. In short, he has the patience and exactness of the Chinese, the fancy of the French, and a natural ease and humour that are all his own. Messrs. Audsley and Bowes observe an absence of four-footed beasts, except horses, from Japanese pictures; but even here, those who remember a tiger painted on paper which used to be at South Kensington will know that a Japanese artist could succeed where Landseer himself might have failed; and though the Japanese collection at Brompton is not what it might have been, and the authorities did not profit by the sale in 1867, while this particular picture was hung in a dark corner, it is but just to say that many Englishmen learnt there for the first time what were the glories of Japanese art. Messrs. Audsley and Bowes, speaking of the animal paintings which do occur, mention one feat so characteristic of the Oriental mind, and so illustrative of the manual dexterity to which we have referred, that we must quote it. It would appear to be a test of artistic skill to depict the *yema*, or horse, as rapidly and in as few strokes as possible; and we are told of an artist wielding two brushes, held at an angle and wide apart, but in the same hand, and using both together continuously to draw a horse, while, as if to increase the difficulty, he depicted it upside down.

So far as it has been published, the work of Messrs. Audsley and Bowes has a dual character. It treats in a kind of preface of the art of Japan generally; and in a separate treatise of "Keramics" specially. The object of the book, it is true, is to illustrate the Keramics only; but the authors are well advised in giving their readers some information on the larger aspect of Japanese ornamentation. The whole subject is novel as well as important, and the impartial student will be struck with many interesting facts, and with none more than this—he will see in Europe and Japan two wholly distinct styles, working on different principles, and yet attaining the same great end of high art. To the Western mind art is not a necessity or an instinct as it is to the Oriental. It was Mr. Ruskin, if we mistake not, who first showed in words the true principle on which foliage should be painted. The Japanese artists had worked on the same principle for centuries. It is, in fact, interesting to compare a spray of leafage from one of Mr. Ruskin's drawings, and a spray from the cover of a lacquer box or the side of a Hizen jar. But no comparison of our art with that of Japan can be carried very far. Compared with Chinese and Japanese painters, ours may be said to know nothing of colour. When an artist in Europe can be called a colourist it seems to be taken as a matter of course that he is not a draughtsman. Honourable exceptions occur, though at this moment it would be difficult to recall one. But the painter of a common hand-screen, or the designer of a pattern for a sixpenny cigar-case, shows such taste, such eye, and, what is more important by far, such cultivated knowledge of harmony in colouring, as even Mulready never attained. This is really the point which astonishes European students of Japanese art. The skill in drawing may possibly be acquired, and the colour may be imitated, but it seems to be denied to our race to have it by nature. Another remarkable point is well brought out by Messrs. Audsley and Bowes—the love of irregularity in ornamentation. The "method of dividing a surface into unsymmetrical angular spaces, and filling them with different designs, appears," we are told, "to be peculiar to the artists of Japan, and has, no doubt, arisen out of their dislike to diametrical division, and their restless love of variety." The authors give many beautiful examples of combinations of geometrical patterns with the irregularity here indicated, and some specimens of surface ornamentation from wall papers which are marvellous from the skill displayed in breaking up the diapers. Ornaments powdered or distributed at intervals over a surface are always treated regularly and formally here. In Japan the artist distributes his powdering irregularly, but with "unerring judgment and unvarying success." Our authors conclude with regard to them, in a kind of despair of home art, "We are strongly inclined to think that they depend entirely upon that inborn taste and accuracy of eye which appear to serve them at all turns, far better indeed than all the teaching of the schools assists us on similar occasions." Perhaps the most charming examples of this characteristic irregularity are given by the authors in the ceremonial bouquets represented on plate "G." They say:—

> Two rolls are in our possession, each of which is of considerable length, and entirely filled with representations of these bouquets, all different in arrangement and design, and having descriptions attached to them. . . . In the formation of the bouquets dwarf trees and clusters of giant flowers are associated together without the slightest attempt at ceremonial arrangement; indeed anything like uniformity or balance of parts appears to be studiously avoided in these groupings. A piece of bamboo sometimes rises vertically from the vase, amidst the flowers, with a stray leaf or two of its own; a delicate creeper twining round it, or a slender branch of some choice plant stuck through a hole in its side, and deriving moisture from water or soil contained within; or, when the bamboo is of considerable dimensions, with a perfect miniature fir or oak tree planted in soil contained in the top joint, and flourishing as luxuriantly in its vase as its more favoured friends on the mountain side.

All these characteristics come out strongly in the keramic manufactures. The form, the colour, the love of irregularity, all are equally illustrated. Messrs. Audsley and Bowes have endeavoured to give us some account of the different schools of the manufacture, such as the potteries of Satsuma, and Kaga, and Kioto, formerly called Miaco. The subject is a difficult one. The utmost secrecy has been preserved as to the methods and processes of the art, and our authors record the name of a martyr to the spread of knowledge among the Western barbarians. "We were informed by an intelligent Japanese Commissioner of, the Keramic department at the Vienna Exhibition that about two hundred years ago a manufacturer of porcelain in Hizen made what we know by the name of 'Old Japan,' and traded with foreign nations in contravention of the existing law. On this being discovered by the Government, the manufacturer, Tomimura Kanyemon, was compelled to commit the Hari Kari." Some of poor Tomimura's smuggled ware is to be seen at Dresden, according to our authors, and one cannot help wishing that the maker of such things of beauty had met a better fate. Messrs. Audsley and Bowes note that no Kaga ware is to be found in old European collections. They make no mention of the collection at the Hague, but can hardly have overlooked it. At the present time Kaga produces large quantities for the Japanese markets, and considerable exports of it have also been made from Yokohama. Yet until the Paris Exhibition its beautiful red, gold, and soft white ground were unknown here, so carefully had one of the principal manufactures been secluded from the foreigner. There is an interesting account of the Kioto potteries. The authors are of opinion that here the earliest were established. This is, of course, likely, as Miaco was for centuries the residence of the Court, and the centre and seat of the arts. There dwelt the Emperor in an invisible glory, surrounded with a wealthy and ostentatious Court, all the members of which vied with each other in refinement and luxury. It was for their pleasure that many of the greatest triumphs of lacquer-work and ivory carving were produced, and no doubt it was for them also that the more delicate and minute kinds of porcelain would be designed and ornamented. Many of the particulars given by Mr. Audsley and his able coadjutor will be new to English readers. Their researches have been carefully conducted, and, while they tell us more than ever was told before, they are not afraid to say that they do not know when they do not.

* *Keramic Art of Japan.* By G. A. Audsley and J. L. Bowes. Parts I. and II. Liverpool. For Subscribers.

Two parts of the work are now before us; but it is to be continued until seven parts, forming two volumes, are completed, and to be illustrated by thirty-five coloured plates, as well as autotypes and woodcuts. The plates so far are extremely good, the colours delicate, and the printing exact. They are by MM. Firmin Didot, of Paris. A blue plaque, Plate XLV., is a marvel of printing in colour. The type, the paper, in fact, everything concerned in the production of the book, is most creditable to its authors. A limited number of copies only are to be issued; but the public will, it must be hoped, do what they can to encourage the authors in their costly and magnificent undertaking.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE record of the corps once known as the Second Dragoons—now a regiment of ordinary cavalry, like our own similarly named troops, but always retaining, like the rest of the United States cavalry regiments, more of the old character of the proper dragoons, or what are now called mounted rifles—is in miniature a record of the services and fortunes of the Federal army. Raised in a great hurry for a particular service; learning the rudiments of soldiership in the field, and acquiring real military discipline and efficiency by the time the special need is over; then forthwith disbanded or "converted," by the paltry economy of a Congress which had so little excuse for parsimony that it actually found a difficulty in disposing of the revenues it raised by a tariff devised chiefly for the sake of Protection; employed constantly on hard and tedious duty, so unsatisfactory and yet so perilous that the outbreak of a real war was not merely a gratification to soldierly pride and ambition, but a relief from the fatigues and anxieties of ordinary peace-service; always, whether on police duty upon the Indian frontiers or engaged in open hostilities with a civilized enemy, opposed to forces so inferior in material advantages, and generally in numbers, that nothing but extraordinary advantage of position and skill in their use could have made them formidable—the American army has had experiences as unlike as possible to those of the British. In the first war in which the Second Dragoons were engaged, as in their recent Indian campaigns, they were confronted by savages far inferior in numbers, in equipment, and in warlike quality to the Maoris, the Malays, and the mountaineers of India. The followers of Osceola were outnumbered almost as much as overmatched in resources by their white antagonists; but, on the whole, they contrived to beat, worry, and baffle them to such a degree that, but for starvation, the savages would probably have remained masters of the field; just as a few years ago some sixty Modocs contrived to hold out for eight months against the entire available power of the Union. It can hardly be said that the plains of the Far West or the swamps of Florida are more difficult ground than the bush of Ashantee or New Zealand, or the jungles of Burmah and Malacca, where our troops have never failed to defeat enemies outnumbering them by ten to one, nor failed, save in the case of the Maoris, to convert victory into conquest wherever the climate allowed them to remain. There is, therefore, a certain antecedent feeling of contempt in the British mind for American soldiership—a feeling greatly strengthened by the boastful tone in which American writers speak of such exploits as the conquest of Mexico, where troops of English race, far outnumbering those that subdued India, were opposed to an enemy decidedly inferior to the Mahrattas, and in no wise comparable to the Sikhs or the people of Scinde; of the Confederate war, where the Federals were always two or three to one, yet were beaten in three-fourths of the pitched battles on which they ventured, and conquered at last by sheer force of numbers and of naval ascendency, the rivers enabling them everywhere to penetrate the enemy's country without first fighting his armies; or of successes achieved against ourselves, when we could devote but the leavings of our strength to the purpose, by troops which never showed themselves in an open field. The impression is just only in so far as relates to the extravagant boasts so repugnant to English taste. In nearly every individual fight of which American soldiers—we say nothing of Fourth of July orators—are proud, the immediate danger and difficulty were great, with perhaps the exception of Bunker's Hill, where the colonists fled as soon as their entrenchments were reached, and of New Orleans, where they never moved from under a cover so complete that there was no danger in holding it, and no chance of being driven from it. In the Indian wars the peril is small when the troops are well guided and well led; but the fatigue of hunting the foe through interminable tangles of trees and strong creepers, knee-deep in endless swamps, or of chasing him over illimitable plains, is exceedingly severe. These campaigns, of which the doings of the Second Dragoons in Florida and in Montana are fair examples, cannot be called in any sense glorious, but their ill success is in no way discreditable. In the Mexican war the enemy made up for inferior quality by their numbers and by the efficiency of their irregular cavalry; and though they were certainly not better soldiers than we have met in India, they were not oppressed by that sense of inferiority, that awe of the enemy, which all our enemies in Hindustan, except the Sikhs, have felt for English troops ever since Plassy. The intolerable falsehoods told about the Confederate war serve to conceal the real merit of the victors; as when one of the authors of the volume before us boasts of six successive "routs" of Early's army, and yet shows that it was always ready to fight as hard as ever (and that without reinforcements), and able in the sixth battle to resume the strong position in which it had fought the first. If Northern writers would admit that they had nothing to brag of as regards the result of the war, and that the Confederates showed themselves superior in individual soldiership on nearly every battle-field, the reader would estimate fairly the disadvantage at which the Federal troops stood from being the assailants, and very generally assailants of effective, though very slight entrenchments, the splendid, though wasted, heroism that was displayed at Fredericksburg, and the steadiness and discipline which saved M'Clellan's troops from annihilation on the Chickahominy. But in the face of a few main facts which cannot be concealed—such as the defeat of Hooker at Chancellorsville, the almost unmolested retreat from Gettysburg, the failure of every attack on Richmond, including Grant's, and the extraordinary fact that Lee held a line of earthen mounds thirty miles long for six months with a dwindling army of 45,000 men against the entire force that Grant could dispose of, a force certainly exceeding 150,000—it is simply suicidal for Federal writers to speak of "glorious victories," or to misrepresent the comparative strength and quality of the two armies. This fault runs through nearly every part of the volume*, the work, as it is, of several distinct writers, and spoils the whole. The story of the Mexican campaigns is perhaps the best and most modestly told; and the historian of the Florida war actually seems alive to the ridiculous aspect of the regimental achievements, and is content to suggest, with perfect truth, that it was not the soldier's fault if dragoons were sent into impassable swamps and jungles, or if, in places where Indians could lie hid for hours while half a regiment was beating all around, and actually now and then riding over their lurking-place, they could not catch the enemy. We are very sure that any leader of English troops would prefer half-a-dozen pitched battles ending in a forced retreat to such a trial of their temper and discipline, prolonged for weeks; and we are equally sure that the United States Second Dragoons would rather have faced a regiment of Prussian Cuirassiers or joined in the charge of the Light Brigade.

Mr. S. P. Bates's history of the Battle of Gettysburg† seems on the whole a mistake. It is not written with that keen and clear knowledge of military matters, that full perception of every detail of the three days' fighting, and of its bearing on the result, combined with a just appreciation and sound judgment of the whole from a strategical and tactical point of view, which would render a book of this size valuable as a complete record of a great lesson in the military art. It represents the Confederates as superior in numbers, which, besides being palpably absurd (Lee had not 60,000 men at Chancellorsville, and can hardly have brought so many into Pennsylvania, while he was deserted by his cavalry in the actual battle, and Meade had fully 100,000), falsifies the entire meaning of the story. It is true that the battle had an important bearing on the course of the war, though infinitely less than the contemporaneous fall of Vicksburg; but this is no reason for relating at extreme length the mere details of a desperate hand-to-hand combat—a "soldiers' battle," on the Southern side at least, if ever there was one. What Gettysburg did was to show the Northern army that they need not necessarily be beaten by the Army of Virginia, at whatever odds of numbers and position; to show that even the best-trained veterans of the Confederacy could not be sure of storming steep heights held by twice their number; to teach their generals that they could not effectively invade the North, though they might, if they chose, revenge the devastation of Virginia on the south-western districts of Pennsylvania; and to deprive Lee of many thousands of "that incomparable Southern infantry" of which a Northern historian of a temper different from Mr. Bates's cannot speak without a word of generous admiration and chivalrous sympathy. But the blow that broke the power and the heart of the South was dealt in Mississippi, and not in Pennsylvania, on the 3rd July, 1863.

General Sherman is in hot water, and nobody seems disposed to pity him if he should get severely scalded. Good fortune and the personal favour of Grant, rather than his own proved merits, considerable as these were, placed him over the head of half-a-dozen rivals in distinction and ability, in command of the second army of the Union. The fatal error of Mr. Davis completed his good luck by removing the General who had baffled and beaten him, and who was preparing for him a dangerous encounter in front of Atlanta, and by taking the Confederate army also out of his way. This laid Georgia and South Carolina at Sherman's feet, and when he had wasted and burnt defenceless districts to his heart's content, made him second to Grant in the list of Federal Generals. Grant's elevation made him General of the Army—in our phrase, Commander-in-Chief. In this position he chose to write a history of his share in the war, and, writing from such a position of vantage, he was bound to be considerate, careful, and reserved, especially towards subordinate officers and dead enemies. It is certain that he has not been reserved, and the general opinion of Americans qualified to judge pronounces that he has not been just or candid.

* *From Everglade to Cañon with the Second Dragoons (Second United States Cavalry): an authentic Account of Service in Florida, Mexico, Virginia, and the Indian Country, including the Personal Recollections of prominent Officers.* With an Appendix, containing Orders, Reports and Correspondence, Military Records, &c. 1836–1875. Compiled by Theo. F. Rodenbough, Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army (late Captain Second Cavalry). Illustrated. New York: D. van Nostrand. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *The Battle of Gettysburg.* By Samuel P. Bates. Philadelphia: Davis & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

The author of *Sherman's Historical Raid* * undertakes to refute his narrative upon half-a-dozen points of great military or historical interest, involving as many considerable reputations; and to do this by the evidence of documents written at the time (several of them by Sherman himself) and preserved in the military archives of the Union. He has called forth a pamphlet by Mr. C. W. Moulton †, who endeavours to show "that the documents published in the Review are, almost alone, sufficient for the refutation of the graver charges against General Sherman." We shall not attempt to decide between the controversialists; the mere fact that a man in General Sherman's position has provoked and indeed challenged such a dispute — and this no reader of his book can doubt — is a clear proof of his want of taste and judgment. General Lee, though the world would have welcomed a history of his campaigns from his own hand, steadily refused to write what must involve more or less of criticism on the conduct of others. General Sherman, who was by no means urgently pressed to write, has scattered pungent censures right and left so lavishly that men of every rank concerned as prominent actors in the war, from the then President and Ministers to Colonels and Brigadiers, are stung and aggrieved in their own persons or in those of their surviving friends.

The coasts of the United States have not, as a rule, that variety and striking character of beauty which is to be found in so many parts of Northern Europe. The course of ocean currents, and the absence of those vast glaciers-streams which have in countless ages carved the rugged tableland of Scandinavia into its actual wonderful forms, presenting such a multitude of different shapes of grandeur and glory, account for the difference, when we remember that the Northern Atlantic States all lie south of the latitude of the Alps and of Bordeaux, and that the coasts opposite to those of Great Britain and Scandinavia are still in the Glacial age. Nevertheless, the Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast ‡ possess beauties of their own, not the less worth studying that they do not resemble those with which we are familiar: and the volume in which they are lovingly portrayed may not only serve to guide the native explorer or the fortunate foreign visitor who has leisure for such research, but will prove a source of real enjoyment to those who cannot well hope to see the original. America, as a Western man remarked to a tourist with limited time at his disposal, takes a great deal of seeing. Its distances are so vast, its natural marvels so many and so impossible to neglect, its local varieties of scenery and climate so great and so well worth knowing, that unless a traveller has years to devote to the United States alone, he can hardly hope to do more than skim the cream of their attractions. Boston is the chief "sight" of New England, and after a visit to that famous and self-conceited city, there is hardly one of the thirty other States that does not seem better worth a minute visitation than the six bleak and comparatively barren colonies which trace their origin to the only class of emigrants who would have found that part of the continent congenial to their taste and temper. There is nothing in New England to rival the wonders of California, the eccentricities of Colorado, the splendour of the South, or the vastness of the West; even Virginia and Maryland in summer, or Pennsylvania in autumn, have claims which take precedence of all that are here preferred. Florida § is in climate and character, as in geographical position, the very antithesis of New England. The low part of the country, it would seem, reclaimed from the ocean, a sort of bank thrown up by the Gulf Stream between the Atlantic and the Caribbean Sea—a bank which is prolonged by the Antilles till it gives to the Gulf of Mexico, on the map, almost the appearance of a Western Mediterranean—Florida is nevertheless one of the richest, in soil and climate, of the semi-tropical States of the Cotton Belt. The water which penetrates her territory in every direction, and gives easy access to her inmost recesses by the light river steamers of America, is too widely spread over her plains and amid the roots of her vast and still living forests for the well-being of the settler; and even now the State is very thinly peopled in proportion to her resources—the least populous, in that sense, as the Puritan States are the most densely peopled in the Union. But she has enough of the resources of civilization not to repel the ordinary traveller by the fear of more than endurable discomforts; her mosquitoes are not more savagely greedy, and her malarial fevers, though more frequent, are said to be less dangerous than those of the Mississippian delta, or than the terrible "country fever" of the cultivated portions of South Carolina. The volume before us is a modest description of her charms; very simple and humble in comparison with its predecessor, as the present condition and aspirations of the State are humble when compared with those of her wintry but vigorous sisters.

The Literature of Kissing * is the title of one of those works which must be so troublesome to compile, and are so very tedious to read, that it is difficult to comprehend their existence—works a collection of which might serve as a sort of concordance of literature in general, each comprising all the quotations that can be brought by real or formal identity of topic under a single head. Here, for example, we have a solid book on Kissing, not didactic, historic, or physiological, but simply referential; quoting every notable or indifferent song, saying, couplet, verse, or sentiment on this most familiar theme that the compiler can find or remember in the course of perhaps half a lifetime's reading more or less directed thereto; or, it may be, simply collected by means of indexes, dictionaries, and concordances. Such a work might be serviceable enough mischievous were it now, as it once was, usual to read three or four pages of every book once begun; for any reader, however deluded by deceitful scenes and pretty sentiments in a half-hour's skimming of the pages, would be utterly sick of the very idea before he had read two or three hundred such, and long ere he had completed the task would have been seized with a disgust which might probably take the form of a solemn pledge never to be guilty again of an act associated with such painful remembrance. Happily nobody is obliged to read the book through; and we venture to say that not the most romantic schoolgirl in England will ever do so.

Mr. Shedd's *Famous Painters* † and Mr. Perkins's *Sketch of the Life and Works of Copley* ‡ are both works of artistic rather than personal interest. Both are sufficiently technical to be rather dry reading for the many who think it needful to affect a knowledge of the principles and details of art which they do not possess; and probably to be dropped by the few who honestly avow that, though they enjoy and delight in certain pictures or classes of pictures, they are neither artists, art critics, nor even amateurs in art or criticism, nor ever expect to have leisure to acquire a mastery of the latter any more than of the former. But outside of these classes are the people who do understand art and care about it; and to them both works, but especially the latter, may safely be commended. The former appears to be written for people with no great knowledge of the subject; and, if so intended, should have given them an occasional explanation which they will commonly be too vain to ask.

Mark Twain's *Sketches, New and Old* §, are nearly all capital, and all of them worthy of the author; short and lively, for the most part free from vulgarity and offence, and raising a smile more often than provoking a roar of laughter, but always amusing. This is the kind of book to take up while a patient is waiting for a dentist, a passenger for a railway-train, a client for his patron, or a man for a wife or sister who promised to be dressed in five minutes; and it is good enough to make all of them forget the vexation, and (all but the last) even to forgive it.

We have a long list of average novels—*Theodora* ‖, larded with doctrine and morals; *Hester Howard's Temptation* ¶, dubious on both points, *Her Waiting Heart* **, sentimental, tinged with silliness; *Clayton's Rangers* ††, patriotic-boastful, a tale of the Revolutionary war; *The Detective and the Somnambulist* ‡‡, police-sensational; and *Roderick Hudson* §§, which, compared with the rest, may be called a novel proper. *Centennial Skyrockets* ‖‖ are well named; the book is a splutter of poor ideas, bursting from an excited brain in all directions except the right one—above snatches of everything save common sense. We have also a collection of verse, including Ray Palmer's Poetical Works ¶¶, not bad, but not good enough to make us wonder that we never heard of them before; a charming *édition de luxe*, beautifully

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* *Sherman's Historical Raid: the Memoirs in the Light of the Record.* A Review based upon Compilations from the Files of the War Office. H. V. Boynton, Washington Correspondent of the "Cincinnati Gazette." Cincinnati: Wilstach, Baldwin, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *The Review of General Sherman's Memoirs Examined, chiefly in the Light of its own Evidence.* By C. W. Moulton, Cincinnati, O. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1875.

‡ *Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast.* By Samuel Adams Drake, Author of "Old Landmarks of Boston," "Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex," &c. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *Florida; its Scenery, Climate, and History.* With an Account of Charleston, Savannah, Augusta, and Aiken; a Chapter for Consumptives; various Papers on Fruit-Culture; and a Complete Handbook and Guide. By Sidney Lanier. With numerous Illustrations. London and Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1876.

* *The Literature of Kissing; Gleaned from History, Poetry, Fiction, and Anecdote.* By C. C. Bombaugh, A.M., M.D., Author of "Gleanings for the Curious," &c. London and Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1876.

† *Famous Painters and Paintings.* By Mrs. Julia A. Shedd. Illustrated with Heliotypes of Engravings from Works by Raphael, Correggio, Titian, &c., &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *A Sketch of the Life and a List of some of the Works of John Singleton Copley.* By Augustus Thorndike Perkins, A.M., Harvard College, Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, &c., &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

§ *Mark Twain's Sketches, New and Old.* Now first published in Complete Form. The American Publishing Company: Hartford, Conn., and Chicago, Ill. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‖ *Theodora: a Home Story.* By Phebe F. McKeen, Author of "Thornton Hall," &c. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

¶ *Hester Howard's Temptation: a Soul's Story.* By Mrs. C. A. Warfield, Author of the "Household of Bouverie." Philadelphia: Peterson & Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co.

** *Her Waiting Heart.* By Lou. Capsadell. New York: The Authors' Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

†† *Clayton's Rangers; or, the Quaker Partisans.* A Story of the American Revolution. With Illustrations. London and Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡‡ *The Detective and the Somnambulist. The Murderer and the Fortune-Teller.* By Allan Pinkerton, Author of "The Expressman and the Detective," &c. Chicago: Keen, Cooke, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

§§ *Roderick Hudson.* By Henry James, junior. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‖‖ *Centennial Skyrockets: a Series of Flights, Fancies, and Facts.* By Rev. Titus Joslin, formerly Assistant Pastor St. Stephen's, &c., in the City of New York, 1843–1844. Albany, N.Y.: Van Benthuysen Printing House. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

¶¶ *The Poetical Works of Ray Palmer.* Complete Edition. New York and Chicago. Barnes & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

Illustrated, of Whittier's exquisite *Mabel Martin**, which alone might make a poet's fame: *The Mirror of a Mind*†, in which we see --nothing; Margaret J. Preston's clever and graceful *Cartoons*‡, principally foreign or mediæval legends set in modern frames; and Bayard Taylor's *Home Pastorals*.§ Messrs. Osgood are publishing pocket editions of American authors of note -Emerson‖, Hawthorne, and others; the books well chosen, the paper and binding good, the result pretty and convenient; so nice that everybody would like to buy the volumes, and the print generally excellent, but in one or two instances so trying that everybody who values his eyesight will burn rather than read them.

* *Mabel Martin: a Harvest Idyl.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. With Illustrations. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1870.

† *The Mirror of a Mind.* A Poem by Algernon Sydney Logan. New York: Putnam & Sons. 1870.

‡ *Cartoons.* By Margaret J. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§ *Home Pastorals, Ballads, and Lyrics.* By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

‖ *Culture, Behaviour, Beauty.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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For this purpose Properties have been purchased consisting a Site, the advantages of which, it is believed, cannot be surpassed, either as regards the ample accommodation which it affords, its proximity to the most fashionable and crowded thoroughfares, and its facilities of access from all parts of the Metropolis.

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The Premises purchased by the Company are held under Crown Leases, and form most valuable properties, independent of their utilization as a Rink and Club House.

The only Contract entered into is dated January 1st, 1876, and is made between Messrs. HALL and OLIVER of the one part, and the Company of the other part, whereby the leases of the premises, the erection of the Club House, and the construction of the Rink, under the superintendence of the Company's Architect, have been secured, and it is anticipated that the Rink will be opened within three months from the allotment of Shares.

A Copy of the Articles of Association and of the above-mentioned Agreement, together with the plans prepared by the Architects, may be inspected at the Office of Messrs. CROOK and SMITH, the Solicitors of the Company, at 173 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

The preliminary expenses will be confined to Printing, Law Costs, Architect's Commission, and such other incidental charges as shall [illegible]

Applications for Shares should be made upon the accompanying Form, which, together with the Deposit, should be forwarded to the Bankers, or to the SECRETARY of the Company.

January 22nd, 1876.

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TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE "LANGHAM SKATING RINK COMPANY, LIMITED."

GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to your Bankers for the Account of this Company the Sum of £ , being £1 per Share on Shares, I hereby request that number may be allotted to me, and I agree to accept such Shares, or any less number that may be allotted, upon the Terms of the Prospectus issued by you dated January 22, 1876, and I agree to pay the Balance due thereon when required so to do.

Name in full .....
Residence .....
Profession .....
Date .....

THE LANGHAM SKATING RINK COMPANY, LIMITED.—ALLOTMENT of SHARES.—Applications for Shares should be sent in, for London on or before Monday next, and the following day for the Country.

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THE COMING SESSION.

IN a few days any curiosity which may prevail on the subject will be gratified both by the list of Ministerial measures for the Session, and by the preliminary indications of tactics to be pursued by the Opposition. It may be conjectured that Bills for sanitary purposes, and perhaps for a more complete system of local government, will be introduced to redeem the pledge which was given by Mr. DISRAELI some years ago in one of the oldest of misquotations. *Sanitas sanitatum*, which means, if it means anything, the superlative perfection of health, is still a remote object of desire. Ideal sanitary arrangements will certainly not result from the exertions of the local governments which Mr. BRIGHT wishes to create in rural districts. Municipal administration in large towns is tolerably efficient, notwithstanding the frequent exclusion from the Town Councils of intelligent inhabitants who have the misfortune to belong to the political minority. Some leading members of a great Corporation are nearly certain to entertain enlightened views, and the permanent paid officers, who exercise great and deserved influence, are almost always on the side of improvement. In country places, the Unions will probably be the administrative districts, and the Guardians, or persons of the same character and similarly elected, will form the governing body. It may well happen that the farmers, who will often be the most powerful section of the constituency, will feel comparatively little interest in the condition of the villages in their neighbourhood. With their own premises they and their landlords are competent to deal, and they are not directly concerned with the drainage and water supply which in country villages are almost always defective. In this matter the public opinion even of the immediate sufferers is seldom favourable to innovation. A country labourer has fresh air enough out of doors, and he utterly dislikes it at home. In many cases he is probably right in preferring warmth to ventilation; but he is unfortunately indifferent to crowding, and uncritical as to the quality of water which is not offensive to sight or taste. Almost the only water which tends to produce disease is that which is drawn from wells in the neighbourhood of dwellings. Rivers, streams, and springs of many different degrees of purity are equally wholesome; but in the majority of cases villagers depend on more or less suspicious wells. The institution of local governing bodies to effect objects which neither they nor their constituents regard as desirable will not justify sanguine expectations of improvement; but, according to Lord DERBY, the public offices are full of Bills waiting for introduction, and those which correspond with popular theories will be likely to receive a preference. In no previous Session for many years has there been less external demand for legislation. It is much to be wished that the evil genius of Governments may not find mischief for idle hands to do.

Mr. DISRAELI need not be alarmed by any expectation that a policy will be proposed by the Opposition. The leaders of the party are not yet unanimous in favour of the extension of household suffrage to counties, though Mr. DISRAELI himself has on more than one occasion encouraged the change in ambiguous phrases. The introduction of Mr. TREVELYAN's annual motion has a tendency to counteract the most formidable schism which threatens the Conservative party. In several counties since the introduction of the Ballot the tenant-farmers have shown a disposition to separate themselves from the landlords, although, as at the present time in North Shropshire, their candidates are still nominally Conservatives. The measure which would summarily deprive both landlord and tenant of electoral power is probably more obnoxious to the occupiers than to the owners, because the farmer comes into immediate contact with the labourer, and understands the risks which may result from rural agitation. No other attempt will be made for the present in the direction of organic or constitutional change. Mr. BRIGHT, indeed, thought that a redistribution of seats might perhaps precede in time even an alteration of the county franchise; but on this question also the Opposition is disunited; and the Conservative majority would in case of need be reinforced by the representatives of constituencies which would be threatened with extinction. In dealing with questions of secondary interest, such as those which will probably occupy the ensuing Session, an Opposition has no opportunity of competing with the Government. Amendments in the Judicature Act, or in the Education Act, must necessarily be proposed, if they are required, by the heads of the proper departments. It may be conjectured that the LORD CHANCELLOR will not renew the proposal for withdrawing appellate jurisdiction from the House of Lords, especially as the leading member of the combination which defeated the measure last year has lately obtained a step in the peerage.

Lord HARTINGTON will in the first instance dispose his field for the purpose of profiting by any miscarriage in the Government innings. It is perhaps unlucky for the Opposition that the Fugitive Slave Circular has been made the pretext for a spurious local agitation. Mr. BRIGHT's significant avoidance of the topic in his speech at Birmingham has since been explained in a manner which proves that his memory was better than Mr. FORSTER's. It is now known that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government issued instructions of a more stringent nature, although it had the good sense not to publish the Circular in the newspapers. The most appropriate comment on the late Ministerial scrape was supplied by Mr. BRIGHT's quotation of Lord MELBOURNE's wise saying, "Why can't you let it alone?" It is true that the first version of the Circular was full of gratuitous blunders both in policy and in international law; but if the substance of the instructions had been confidentially communicated to commanding officers, and if a margin of discretion had been allowed them, little harm would have been done. The second corrected Circular is comparatively unobjectionable, and Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues will not share the misapprehension of local agitators who fancy that England is pledged to interfere with the institution of slavery wherever it exists. If the doctrines which were preached at Birmingham and elsewhere had been practised twenty years ago, the result would probably have been war with the United States. Demagogues who sneer at international comity are probably at other times agitators in favour of universal peace. The efforts of England to suppress the slave trade sometimes infringed on the rights of independent nations; but Lord PALMERSTON, who carried the principle of philanthropic interference further than his predecessors, never obtained a right to interfere with domestic slavery beyond the limits of the Empire.

On the question of the Suez Canal purchase the Government is strong, if it knows how to profit by its position. It will be prudent to guard, by previous understanding, against any possible difference of tone in the explanations which will be respectively given in the Lords and the Commons. Lord

Derby has on one or two occasions almost played into the hands of his adversaries by depreciating, probably for diplomatic reasons, the gravity of a transaction which can only have been justified by weighty reasons of policy. Mr Disraeli's mysterious eloquence will be better adapted to the defence of a measure which can scarcely at present be explained in all its reasons and probable consequences. If any Opposition speaker exceeds the limits of patriotic reticence, he will lay himself open to just criticism on the part of the Ministers. Mr. Disraeli will know how to make use of the attacks on his policy which have been made by unfriendly commentators in foreign countries. It is not on the ground of injudicious speculation or of irregular stockjobbing that Russian journalists affect to complain of the purchase. That Mr. Disraeli and Lord Derby have been at the same time dupes and profoundly unscrupulous conspirators is a proposition difficult to establish. In defending an act of foreign policy a Minister has almost always the advantage over his adversaries. The country knows that it is pledged by the measures of its confidential agents, and it is unwilling to believe that both are in the wrong. In the particular case public opinion is already favourable to the policy of the Government. Notwithstanding the arguments which are exhaustively urged in the *Edinburgh review*, the country cannot but think that the ownership of half the share capital of the Canal must involve some influence over its management and fortunes.

The most difficult and invidious task of the Session will perhaps be assigned to Mr. Hardy. A proposal to increase the Army Estimates may probably be defensible, but it can scarcely be popular. The object of an augmented expenditure will be open to criticism; and the large number of members who have no opinion on military matters will regard additional charges with distaste. There is no longer any hope of a considerable surplus in the revenue; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be disappointed if his plan for reducing the Debt cannot even in the second year begin its operation. If increased Estimates are introduced, the Government will at least be entitled to the credit of conscientious convictions. No party advantage can result from a measure which nevertheless may be required by the public interest.

MR. CAVE'S MISSION.

ALTHOUGH it is improbable that the precise results of Mr. Cave's mission to Egypt will be known, even to the Cabinet, before the meeting of Parliament, yet it may be expected that he will have had time to collect and transmit home the general facts on which a correct view of the financial position of Egypt must depend. Enough will be known to enable the Ministry not to make any very great mistake when they defend or describe the operation by which they have risked four millions on behalf of the nation. At any rate they will be in a position to explain what it was that Mr. Cave went to do. It was supposed that he was sent to help the Viceroy, to show that embarrassed potentate how much he owed and how he could best or most nearly pay it. For a system of Egyptian finance a system of English finance was to be substituted. The Viceroy was to be made to understand that people who spend more than they have got are apt to become insolvent, and that those who are nearly insolvent must retrench in a bold and manly way if they wish to avoid becoming insolvent altogether. Mr. Cave was to look into the figures, see what the Viceroy owed, what he could do now, and how his affairs could be best administered for the future. Nor would such a process be useful to the Viceroy only. We, with our newly acquired interest in Egypt, might reasonably wish to know on unimpeachable authority what Egypt is worth, what are its present resources, and its capabilities for the future. A large mount of Egyptian bonds also is held in England, and it would be comforting to many Englishmen that Egyptian finance should for the future be under English management. At any rate, whatever there was to come to them would be sure to come; and if Egypt was so governed as to put solvency before everything else, it seemed certain that a great deal would come to them. It was in accordance with this view of Mr. Cave's mission that the statement of the interference of the English Government to prevent the continuance of the Viceroy's war with Abyssinia obtained general credit. If Mr. Cave was to make the Viceroy solvent, he could not allow the Viceroy to tread further on the broad road to insolvency. Under the influence of this conception of Mr. Cave's objects and powers Egyptian bonds went up to a comparatively high price, and it was justly observed by those who gave this colour to Mr. Cave's mission that, even at the highest price which the bonds touched, they were very cheap. But doubts have arisen as to what Mr. Cave was really sent to do. It would seem that the Viceroy cannot have been forbidden to spend the money he borrows with so much difficulty on a new little war, for in point of fact the war is still going on. Mr. Cave may perhaps not have been appointed to help the Viceroy or authorized to guide him. The bondholders are not able to guess with any accuracy what their new position is to be, nor are they sure that they will have any new position at all. The fluctuations of the market have reflected these growing uncertainties, and Egyptian bonds have had a fall, not so remarkable as their rise, but still of a very considerable amount.

It is evident that, although until Ministers have spoken it would be premature to conclude that the fact is so, yet it is very possible that Mr. Cave never went out to help the Viceroy at all, or to see what Egypt is worth, or to improve the position of the bondholders. He may have simply gone to see what our special bargain with the Viceroy was worth, to estimate what the chances are of the Viceroy being able to pay us 200,000*l.* a year, and how far the present condition of the Canal warrants the supposition that it can long earn dividends without much further outlay. Of course Mr. Cave did not go to see whether the bargain should be made, for it was made before he started; nor is it to be supposed that he went to show that the bargain was financially a good one. The Cabinet does not rest for its justification of the purchase on there being a reasonable prospect of our getting a steady five per cent. on four millions of money. Even if the Viceroy does not pay his 200,000*l.*, and even if the English nation, like other shareholders, may be exposed to seeing its dividends cut down hereafter by the necessity of a further outlay of capital, the Government is no doubt prepared to say that to make the purchase was, under the peculiar circumstances attending it, better than not to make it. But Parliament, although it may not much hope for a good bargain, and may not much dread a bad one, may reasonably wish to know what sort of a bargain it actually is that has been made. If the Viceroy does not pay his 200,000*l.* Parliament will equally have to make good the interest on the amount borrowed for the purchase. It may be quite willing to provide the whole of this interest without having any receipts from the Viceroy to set against what it provides; but as there is a chance, or we may say a probability, that the Viceroy will pay what he says he is going to pay us, Parliament will want to know what it is supposed that it is likely to be called on to provide. The object of Mr. Cave's mission may have been simply to furnish the necessary information for this purpose. From this point of view Mr. Cave, except as a friendly adviser, would have nothing to do with the Viceroy or his wars or the bondholders. If the bondholders are only paid in part, we shall only be paid in part, or we may suffer more than they do, so far as they have special securities, which, in contrast to the conduct of his suzerain, the Viceroy may choose to recognize. If they are not paid at all, we shall not be paid at all. Thus we should have no further concern with the Viceroy, except to calculate how much he is likely to pay according as he is pleased to take any one of many courses, all of which he is free, so far as we are concerned, to take. Mr. Cave would have been sent, not to guide him, but to look at him; not to diminish the sum which Parliament may have to provide, but simply to calculate what the amount is likely to be. Neither will our bargain have been made better or worse by Mr. Cave's mission, nor will the position of the Viceroy or the bondholders have been affected by it. He will simply, as a member of the Government, have enabled the Government to describe what it has done. If his report is favourable, the Government and the nation will naturally be pleased. It is always desirable that a pecuniary bargain should show a chance of a fair return for money invested. If his report is unfavourable, neither the Government nor, as the Government supposes, the nation will much mind. Other considerations than those of direct pecuniary profit have determined the purchase of the shares.

in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*. Having no official responsibility, the writer can calmly contemplate all the possibilities on which a Ministerial speaker could not dwell; and, having a great experience of Indian affairs, he can talk with authority of Egypt from an Indian point of view. He discusses whether our mastery of the Canal, if it is assumed that the purchase of the shares gives us, or conduces to give us, in some inexplicable way, such a mastery, would be of any use to us in time of war; and secondly, whether, if we assumed a protectorate over Egypt, and, in the event of a disruption of the Turkish Empire, took such possession of Egypt as it would be possible for us to take, it would answer our purpose to do so. When we speak of a time of war we must suppose that the war contemplated is a war with France, or Russia, or both. In a war with any other Power we should be practically at peace so far as the free use of the Canal and the safety of our Indian possessions were concerned. If we were at war with France or Russia, the long narrow route of the Mediterranean, with a block at the entrance of a narrow canal, would be so dangerous that our mercantile marine would not think of using it. The main use of the Canal would be that we should be able to send our troops to India through it. But the argument of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL that it would not be worth our while to do so deserves attentive consideration. The enemy, by landing a force in Egypt, could force us to use the troops we were sending to India to turn him out, and if we were beforehand with him, and ourselves occupied Egypt, this would be a severe additional drain on our scanty army. By going through the Canal we should save a month or six weeks in time, but even with this addition of time we could, it is argued, send troops to India by sea faster than Russia could send them by land, and it must not be assumed that India would want any reinforcements except gradually to make good losses. So far as human foresight can go, it may be said that India as it is, without any reinforcements, is quite strong enough to repel any army that could be sent against it. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL'S discussion of the value of Egypt to us, if in some shape or other we assumed possession of it, is still more interesting. He freely concedes that the Egyptians would probably not object to it; he does not believe much in Mahometan fanaticism; he thinks the natural resources of Egypt itself great; he considers Egypt the best avenue to the interior of Africa, and he sees the vast good which English civilization, religion, capital, and enterprise might do in that neglected but fertile part of the world. He draws, indeed, so flattering a picture of the results of an English occupation of Egypt that the reader expects to find him advocating that the experiment should be made if the opportunity offered itself. But the conclusion of his reasoning is the other way. We are not, he thinks, equal to so great and new a call on us. India takes all our strength to govern, and to add Africa would be to overtask ourselves and weaken our hold on India. Unless the reasonings of Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL can be shaken, he will have done much to clear the way for Parliamentary debate. The controversy will in that case be narrowed, and the issue will simply depend on the political results of our acquisition of the position of shareholders.

CURRENT POLITICS.

THE return of Mr. LEIGHTON for North Shropshire as the nominee of the tenant-farmers shows that, even when no political question of any moment is involved, a spirited contest may be fought on a side issue, and men accustomed to obey may suddenly turn round on their leaders, fight them, and beat them. At first sight it seems difficult to understand how the farmers came to see any great difference involved between the return of Mr. LEIGHTON and that of his opponent. What is there which a Conservative nominee of the farmers would give them that a Conservative nominee of the landlords would not give them? What are the points on which landlords and farmers disagree? There do not appear to be any grievances under which the farmers allege themselves to be suffering which it is in the power of the landlords to remove and which they decline to remove. There is no dispute as to anything done, or to be done, by the Government as to which the two parties in the counties suffer. Neither landlords nor tenants trouble themselves about the loss of the *Vanguard*, or the Slave Circulars, or the Canal purchase. There are, in fact, only two points as to which the remotest shade of disagreement between the landlords and the tenants can be traced. The farmers seem to think that the landlords are not duly anxious to relieve farmers from the burden of local taxation, and the farmers have not the same objection to the Burials Bill that the landlords are supposed to have. The divergence of opinion on the latter head is probably due, not to any difference of theological or ecclesiastical convictions, but to the difference of social position. Farmers, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, are of the same class, and feel as their class feels on social and domestic points. There are no Dissenting landlords, and therefore the landlords look on the matter from the outside. But although the feelings of the farmers are thus more enlisted on the side of the Dissenters than the feelings of the landlords, it is evident that the farmers care too little about the Burials Bill to have fought a contest which must have involved them in much trouble, expense, and annoyance, simply that one kind of service may be read instead of another kind of service in a churchyard. As to local taxation, the farmers feel the immediate pressure of it more than the landlords do; but they might be sure that the landlords would get rid of as much of the burden as they could for their own sakes. The farmers do not complain that too much is laid out for local purposes, but they wish some one else to find the money for it. Why should the landlords object to this? Whatever the farmers saved would either stay in their pockets and make them better able to lay out money on the land, or it would come into the landlords' pockets in the shape of an increased rent. To neither process could the landlords have any possible objection. So far as the landlords are more backward than the farmers in proposing to shift the burden of local taxation, this backwardness arises from their having a keener sense of political possibilities, and from their knowing enough of the country generally to see that, although the farmers would like to shift their burden, those to whom it was shifted would very much dislike the arrangement. The towns would very soon cry out if this shifting was carried on to their obvious detriment, and the Government which both landlords and tenants profess to support cannot afford to quarrel with the towns, and would not itself countenance any proposal it thought unjust. The farmers would find it very difficult to say for what proposal as to local taxation they expect Mr. LEIGHTON to vote for which his opponent would not have voted. As they are discussed these differences of opinion seem to fade more and more away, and we are forced to seek for some less tangible ground of division, which was not easily put into words, but which must have operated with great force, as it led to a contest so seriously fought.

We may turn aside for a moment to study the beautiful language of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland. He was entertaining a body of Irish sympathizers with a flow of that oratory which is so natural and so agreeable to Irishmen, and very properly he directed the flow of his oratory in the channel of praise of the Government to which he belonged. Fertile in imagery, he compared the Constitution at once to a fine old tree which wise men like Conservatives cherish, clearing off parasites but never cutting the living roots, and also to a fine old building which the same wise men point afresh as time goes on, but which they never coat with an ugly facing of Roman cement. No wonder that all who heard this eloquence and followed these similitudes—not now perhaps, but for that reason all the easier to understand—were much delighted, and felt as if they were having their best feelings expressed in the most appropriate terms. But it must be owned that language of this kind, apart from the immediate pleasure it gives to an audience, does not do much good. It seems totally unconnected with real life. Men have their own objects to gain, and cannot easily shape them into harmony with theories about trees and buildings, parasites and cement. What could the most attentive study of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S language have done for an elector in North Shropshire? He might as well have been advised

to decide for or against Mr. LEIGHTON by being told that "the moon was on the waters." On minds which for any reason are outside particular political struggles arguments from sentiment may tell; but those who feel keenly about something in which they are much interested have no thought to give to them. The farmers of North Shropshire must have been much interested in something, or they would never have carried Mr. LEIGHTON. They must have had some belief by which they were inspired; and it is difficult to see what this belief can have been, except the general belief that the possession of political power confers advantages on its possessors. They may not want to be represented by a different sort of man from the person whom the landlords would choose. In selecting Mr. LEIGHTON they have not gone out of the family circle of proprietors. They merely want that the member returned shall be their member. This is not a new feeling, but it is an old feeling in a new form. In more than one county there have on repeated occasions been members returned because the farmers asked that they should be returned, and the landlords have generally with great good sense agreed to some arrangement satisfactory to the farmers being made. But this old feeling enters on a new phase when it works under the Ballot, and when it takes the form of asserting that the farmers have a right to decide who it is out of the circle of proprietors or their families that shall be returned. The change involves a readjustment, or perhaps subversion, of the old system of county representation. If the farmers begin to choose their man, how is it to be known that their choice will always take the humble and modest form of preferring Mr. LEIGHTON to Mr. MAINWARING, and putting forward such a very small stalking-pony as the Burials Bill?

If figures of speech about fine old trees and fine old buildings do not much affect the minds of Shropshire farmers, it is needless to say that they affect still less the mind of Mr. JACOB BRIGHT. His general view of things is that he simply loathes the Tory party. He wants to fight them, crush them, triumph over them. All the bad things he knows of they have upheld, and all the good things he knows of they have opposed. There would be no lowing of oxen and bleating of sheep to offend Liberal ears if this SAUL was let loose on AGAG and his followers. As Mr. BRIGHT himself said, it was needless for him to explain in detail his political opinions, for he sat for some years in Parliament, and all he thinks and all he has got to say are perfectly well known. One of his supporters said of him that he was a man with a very sensitive mind; and men whose minds are extremely sensitive not only feel, but speak, with warmth. Not that he affects to imitate or rival the eloquence of his eminent brother. On replying to the notification of the Committee appointed to select a Liberal candidate that he had been selected, Mr. BRIGHT exhorted his hearers to wrest the crown of representation, "or "whatever you call it," from their opponents; and this, viewed merely as a piece of oratory, was not perhaps creditable to the family. But, whether he is an orator or not, the Committee unanimously decided on selecting him. He has many crotchets in which many members of the Committee avowed they took no interest, or as to which they entirely disagreed with him; but they took him for all in all, and owned they could not find a better man. In the same way Mr. RYLANDS has been chosen as the Liberal candidate for Burnley, and Mr. RYLANDS is a very decided Liberal. Unmoved by the argument that, as the action of Government becomes more complicated and extensive, and as the prices of everything rise, the cost of governing the country must inevitably become greater, Mr. RYLANDS sees no duty in a Government except that of cutting down the Estimates. The present Government spends more than its predecessor, and therefore there needs nothing more to condemn it. There are many faults to be found with what Mr. BRIGHT says and with what Mr. RYLANDS says; but it is precisely because they are not guarded and wise and moderate that the Liberals of Manchester and Burnley will work hard for them. If they are elected, they will be the followers of Lord HARTINGTON, and Lord HARTINGTON knows perfectly well that he must have such followers if his following is to have any strength. There are seats which can only be won by men of what are called sensitive minds. This is quite as true of one party as of the other. The language of enthusiastic Conservatives at the last general election was quite as far removed from the line pursued by the present Ministry as the language and sentiments of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. RYLANDS are from the language and sentiments of Lord HARTINGTON.

THE RUSSIAN INDICTMENT AGAINST ENGLAND.

IT is difficult to understand the motives which induce Russian Ministers and statesmen to instigate constant vituperation of England; but the coarse and offensive manner in which their instructions are obeyed is readily intelligible. The old and harsh saying that Russian civilization was rotten before it was ripe is at least true of Russian political literature. Writers who may probably be so far sincere in their national antipathies that they are both ignorant and prejudiced are allowed to indulge for certain purposes in the most reckless licence, while neither they nor their predecessors or colleagues have ever had the smallest experience of liberty. The domestic and foreign policy in which their countrymen are interested is absolutely exempt from independent criticism. Probably no Russian journalist has yet expressed a suspicion that universal liability to military service may involve hardship to the community. The economical miscarriages which travellers and foreign residents have sometimes described as resulting from the emancipation of the serfs cannot be reported, even if the statements were true, in Russian newspapers. It only remains to direct the invective which is the easiest and rudest element in political controversy against foreign States, and especially against England. There is perhaps a still stronger popular feeling against Germany, but abuse of the EMPEROR'S favourite ally is only occasionally permitted. The late annual summary of events in the official *Invalide* indicates extreme animosity against a country and Government which are not at present conscious of any cause of quarrel on the part of Russia. To Western readers it might seem that the attack on English policy is not rendered more effective by inaccuracy which in some cases amounts to deliberate mendacity; but the object of the *Invalide*, or of that section of the Russian Government by which it is inspired, is not to influence European opinion, but to promote national antipathy among Russians, and perhaps to mislead ill-informed Asiatics. It may be hoped that the Chinese are sufficiently astute to distrust the officious sympathy on their behalf which is displayed by a formidable neighbour. The official personages who contrived the murder of Mr. MARGARY will assuredly not believe that it resulted from an English intrigue against China.

It is not true that England is or has been anxious to weaken China; and Russian diplomatists well know the difficulty of inducing the Government of Pekin to observe either the obligations of treaties or the rules of international justice. The complaint that the English Minister demanded the support of an additional naval force, and that he insisted both on the observance of the treaty and on the punishment of the Yunnan murderers, might have formed part of a eulogy on English firmness and vigour. The Russian Government is constantly and rightly in the habit of exacting redress from barbarous or partially civilized States which may have done wrong to Russian subjects. Russia is a party to the treaties to which Mr. WADE appealed, having, in common with other Powers, obtained the benefit of concessions which were extorted from the Chinese Government by English arms. "So great," it seems, "is the presumption of the English," that they remonstrated against the courtesies lavished by the King of BURMAH on a Chinese Envoy who was believed to have instigated the murder of Mr. MARGARY. When General KAUFMANN from time to time reproves a ruler of Bokhara or of Khokand, English writers, though they may sometimes attribute to him insidious designs, are not in the habit of charging him with extraordinary presumption. All these dark and subtle proceedings were of course designed for the purpose of opening new markets for opium. The writer in the *Invalide* has perhaps never heard that other commodities besides intoxicating drugs are among the products of England. Woollens, cotton goods, and cutlery might be thought legitimate articles of commerce; although it is a principal object of Russian policy to exclude English manufactures both from the Empire itself and from the vast territories which have been laid open to Russian conquest. No Englishman has the smallest desire or expectation that any part of the

Chinese dominions will be at any time annexed. It is not an immoral object to endeavour to increase the exchange of Manchester goods for tea and silk. The official journalist records with complacency the employment of two or three American officers to devise plans for the defence of the Chinese coasts; but he is for once sufficiently candid to admit that the Chinese army is extremely inefficient.

It might have been thought that the petty and troublesome warfare in the Malay peninsula would have been omitted from the list of English aggressions. Russian statesmen and soldiers fully understand how unprofitable and unavoidable conflicts constantly occur on the frontiers of a civilized Empire which happens to be conterminous with petty native States. Any extension of English territory which may result from the Malay war will be unwelcome, and it can have no bearing, direct or indirect, on the interests of Russia. English opponents of the Suez Canal purchase will be disappointed by learning, on official Russian authority, that the negotiation has been crowned by perfect success. Almost every other statement on the subject of the Canal is utterly false. It is not true that in 1874 the toll was reduced by one-half at the instance of England. On the contrary, it was increased with the consent of the English Commissioners by a considerable percentage. M. DE LESSEPS had in the previous year nearly doubled the charges which had been previously levied; and every maritime State in Europe, with the exception of France and Russia, protested against the augmentation as illegal. The French Government professedly represented the interests of the shareholders; and Russia probably wished to discourage the competition of English trade in the further regions of Asia. It has lately been announced that the Imperial Government proposes to subsidize Russian navigation by entire or partial payment of the toll on the Canal. No foreigner has any ground for remonstrating against a whimsical contrivance for the correction of natural inequality; but the project shows that Russia regards the preponderance of English navigation with envy, if not with ill will. The allegation that the KHEDIVE, as a shareholder, suffered sensibly by the supposed reduction of tolls is made in forgetfulness of his sacrifice of the dividends on his shares for a period which had then twenty years to run. It is not altogether unsatisfactory to find that Russian enemies of England believe, or affect to believe, in the prudence and expediency of the transaction. Another Russian journal some time since asserted that the English Government had purchased a portion of Egyptian territory. The attempt to establish a precedent for the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire was at least premature.

Even in Arabia the malignant and ubiquitous activity of England has produced results which have not been adequately appreciated. The Imam of MUSCAT has, according to the Russian writer, been succeeded by an English partisan, and the Turks have gained one or two victories. It was not convenient to state that the Turkish aggressions in the neighbourhood of Aden have been actively checked and discountenanced by the English authorities, and that the sovereignty of the SULTAN over the Arab tribes has not been acknowledged. The Indian subjects of the QUEEN will learn with surprise that Lord NORTHBROOK has been dismissed, and that they have themselves been disappointed because the PRINCE of WALES has not assumed the political functions which belong to the Viceroy. The rudiments of constitutional government are perhaps better understood in India than at St. Petersburg. Possibly the most significant part of the indictment against England is an intimation of the designs of Russia. It may be remembered that three years ago a negotiation which had been commenced by Lord CLARENDON was brought to a close by Lord GRANVILLE. Prince GORTCHAKOFF in the most explicit language undertook, on the part of the Russian Government, that it should abstain from any interference in the affairs of Afghanistan. After some further discussion he assented to the English determination of the Northern Afghan frontier, and no dispute has since arisen as to the meaning or purpose of the arrangement. The official writer in the *Invalide* is now instructed to assert that in 1873 the recognition of the Afghan AMEER as ruler of the countries to the north of the Hindoo Koosh was given "orally and very conditionally." In other words, a section of Russian politicians proposes, without even a frivolous pretext, to repudiate a solemn engagement. It is wholly immaterial whether the undertaking was oral. A promise given by a Foreign Minister to an Ambassador for the purpose of communication to his Government is as binding as if it were extended into a dozen despatches. The statement that the engagement was "very conditional" has no foundation, except that it formed a part of a general arrangement which has not been disturbed by any act of the English Government. Unless the official journalist is actuated by a disinterested passion for national perfidy, his discreditable suggestion tends to shake any confidence which may be reposed in the good faith of the Russian Government.

THE SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.

THE Senatorial elections have justified the principles of the Government at the expense of its practice. The Senate will contain a working majority pledged to support the Republican Constitution against the motley army which M. BUFFET has been seeking to array against it. It is, in a sense, a victory for every member of the Cabinet except the PRIME MINISTER. Whatever support M. BUFFET may have received from his colleagues of the Right Centre in his undisguised display of preference for Legitimists or Bonapartists over Republicans, it is a support which has not made itself publicly felt. He has stood out from the rest of the Cabinet with a strongly marked individuality, which, as it has undoubtedly thrown the other Ministers into the shade, may make it easier for them to dissociate themselves from him if he declines to modify his policy to the extent which will be necessary if he is to remain in office. The disappointment inflicted by the elections upon M. BUFFET himself must be the keener in that it is self-provoked. He cannot even console himself by saying that he and the electors want different things. On the contrary, the result has shown that M. BUFFET and the electors really want very much the same things; only the electors have no confidence that they can be got in the way in which M. BUFFET has hitherto proposed to get them. If he had not separated himself from the rest of the Ministers and induced Marshal MACMAHON to make a special appeal to the country for his sole behoof, he might have claimed the return of a Moderate Republican majority as a ratification of the Constitution of February, and, by consequence, of the Ministry which first took office under that Constitution. Instead of this he has in effect asked the country to dismiss all thoughts either of the Constitution or of the Ministry, and to vote for a Conservative list representing every shade of political opinion except the Republican. The profession of faith in which these various parties contrived to unite was simple and provisional:—I acknowledge M. BUFFET as my leader until my schemes for packing off him and his Constitution have been accomplished. When that happy time arrives he must of course give place to a Minister more agreeable to the King or the Emperor. M. BUFFET was better pleased with this temporary allegiance than with any expressions of mere lasting devotion. Apparently he preferred to think of himself in retirement, with the Count of CHAMBORD or Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON on the throne, and the Radicals either silenced or at Cayenne, than to think of himself as in office, with France still governed by a President, and the Radicals playing the part of a Parliamentary Opposition. The Senatorial elections have put an end to M. BUFFET'S visions. They have proved that the country is on the whole content with things as they are, and only dissatisfied with M. BUFFET because he is not willing to accept them as they are. France is not enthusiastic about the Republic, but she has a distinct conviction that she dislikes the idea of further change, and that the *status quo* will be best maintained by men who share this dislike. The experience of the last eleven months has made it clear that, if M. BUFFET dislikes the idea of change at all, it holds a very subordinate place among his distastes. There are things associated with the permanence of the Republican Constitution which he detests very much more. To see the MARSHAL reduced to the humiliating necessity of accepting M. GAMBETTA as a Minister would probably give him a greater shock than to see either the BOURBON or the Bonapartist throne set up again. The issue as submitted to the electors by M. BUFFET was a simple one:—Will you ask before voting for a Conservative candidate whether he is a Conservative Republican, or will you accept the word Republican as one that virtually

contradicts the word Conservative? M. Buffet left no doubt as to the answer he gave to these inquiries, and the electors have made it equally unmistakable what answer they give to them.

In a sense, therefore, it is quite true that the elections have gone in favour of the Conservatives. They have gone, that is, in favour of the Moderate Republicans, of the men who, without attributing any special sanctity to the Republic, accept it in good faith as the form of government that best secures to France the liberty and order which she has sought to no purpose in the opposite extremes of anarchy and despotism. There are already symptoms that the politicians who have hitherto supported M. Buffet in his endeavours to disguise from Frenchmen the true nature of their own preferences are not above learning wisdom at his expense. There is an evident disposition to make the best of the elections, and to accept as genuine Conservatives men to whom down to the moment of election this title would certainly have been denied. Indeed, M. Buffet himself may not be above learning by experience, provided that he can postpone the date at which he will be expected to have mastered his lesson. Supposing that the elections to the Chamber of Deputies go the same way as those to the Senate, it is at least possible that the Minister of the Interior may try if others can forget as readily as he that he ever worked to make them go otherwise. His efforts in this direction will probably be seconded by Marshal MacMahon; and, in the absence of any one clearly marked out to take M. Buffet's place, it is possible that there would be a general acquiescence in the continuance of the Ministry in office. That this arrangement could last long is not likely, inasmuch as the reactionary and the Liberal elements in the Cabinet can hardly agree in the production of a common policy. But for a time the Ministry might rub on without a policy, and in some ways it is to the interest of the Republicans that they should do so. The fewer sudden changes are introduced the more disposed the country will be to associate the Republic with that tranquillity which the Bonapartists have always striven to represent as their own peculiar property. France has not long learned to distinguish between a change of government and a change of institutions, and a too rapid succession even of Ministers might delay the complete recognition of the difference. Undoubtedly, with an honestly Republican majority in both Chambers, M. Buffet would have to choose between resignation and a very considerable modification of the language which he has been accustomed to use in the tribune. But in presence of that unmistakable manifestation of the wish of the nation to live under a Republican Government which will probably be afforded by the elections taken together, he may develop different qualities from any that have yet been apparent in him.

The event has shown that we were right in suggesting that the Bonapartist tendencies of the Mayors appointed or retained by the Duke of Broglie might perhaps have been exaggerated. The pronounced Imperialist faction has sustained a decided defeat. The prospects of the Empire may not be as disastrous as might be inferred from the ill success of its most noisy partisans, because the Empire has always a second string to its bow, and is ready to come back as the residuary legatee of a Government that has failed, if there is no popular current strong enough to bring it in on its own merits. But the expectation entertained by many that the constitutional uncertainty in which France was so long kept would prove to have made the Republic odious has not been realized. The Bonapartists will be stronger in the new Legislature than in the old one, because the circumstances under which the elections of 1871 were held made their strength in the Assembly no real measure of their strength in the country. But there is nothing to indicate that they will be more than a fraction, able occasionally to make its presence felt by some dexterous combination with other fractions, but not possessed of any independent or permanent influence.

still more unexpected result of the elections to the Senate has been the defeat of the Irreconcilable Radicals. An attempt has been made to detract from the significance of this fact by insisting on the Radicalism of the Senators actually returned for Paris. But that Paris would elect Radical Senators was never doubtful. What was doubtful was whether she would not elect Radicals who think the Constitution of February little better than Monarchy in disguise. All through the autumn the issue as between M. Gambetta and M. Louis Blanc had been kept before the eyes of the Paris electors. M. Louis Blanc's own speeches and those of M. Madier Montjau had been diligently reproduced for their benefit by the extreme journals on either side. The *Rappel* and the *Union* had agreed in assuring that here was the only true Republicanism, and in imploring them not to be taken in by the counterfeit article produced by M. Gambetta. It seemed probable that Paris would be true to the tradition of always voting for the most extreme candidate in the field, and the best hope that appeared to be left for M. Gambetta was that the intellectual eminence of two of the Irreconcilable candidates would deprive the result of a part at all events of its meaning. When the day of voting came, it turned out that Paris had ceased to be irreconcilable, and was ready to reject M. Victor Hugo at the first ballot, and M. Louis Blanc altogether, in order to elect the candidates who represented the constitutional Radicalism which is prepared to follow M. Gambetta. The breach in the Left of which so much has been said, and on which so many hopes have been built, has come to nothing. The elections have proved that, Radical as Paris may be, she is not Radical enough to sacrifice the Republic to the indulgence of impracticable passions. The Extreme Left may be divided in the new Legislature, as it was in the old one; but it will be a division representing the eccentricities of individual politicians, not the settled purpose of great constituencies.

BARON DEAK.

FEW statesmen have done so much for any country as the great patriot to whose memory the whole of Hungary is now doing honour. But for the firmness, the moderation, and the wisdom of Baron Deak, it is doubtful whether the long-standing feud between Austria and Hungary could have been closed in the present generation. Many of his earlier political allies from time to time rejected his guidance, with results fatal to their own political reputation, and injurious to their country; but the nation in general proved its aptitude for freedom by habitually following the most honest and sagacious of its leaders. One of Deak's conspicuous merits ought to be more particularly appreciated by Englishmen. He never relied on sentimental or abstract reasoning when he could appeal to legal and hereditary right. A true Conservative, he steadily refused to barter any fragment of ancient privilege for the most specious concessions which could be deduced from modern theories of Liberalism. At one time the Emperor of Austria and his Ministers were perfectly sincere in their desire to concede representative government and an improved system of administration to Hungary; but Deak steadily demanded a full recognition of the Constitution which had been violently abolished before he would consider even the most necessary reforms. Not less admirable was the good faith with which he accepted as sufficient the final satisfaction of the claims of his country. He was not one of the adventurers who hold that the concession of a just demand is a reason for devising new employment for a triumphant party. The solemn celebration of his obsequies was fitly attended not only by the Legislature, and by all ranks of his countrymen, but by representatives of the Sovereign whom he had restored to the enjoyment of his legitimate prerogative by defeating unwise attempts at usurpation. The Emperor is probably sincere in his regret for the loss of a loyal subject who had during the greater part of his career been the steadiest adversary of the Imperial Court. Although the Austro-Hungarian monarchy is still exposed to many difficulties and uncertainties, the solution of a grave complication, which was proposed and mainly effected by Deak, has made the Emperor and King a greater potentate than in the earlier portion of his reign before the exclusion of Austria from Germany and the loss of Italian provinces. Only ten years ago the discontent of Hungary constituted the gravest danger which threatened the Empire. At present Hungary is as well affected as the Archduchy of Austria.

When Deak was young, the Hungarians alone among Continental nations possessed a free, though aristocratic, Constitution. The reigning dynasty had incessantly encroached on their ancient privileges; but from time to time they found opportunities of making the redress of grievances a condition of military aid, as in the celebrated instance when, after a tedious and successful negotiation, the nobility proclaimed their readiness to die *pro rege nostro Maria Theresa*. Joseph II., after the fashion of the reform-

ing despots of his time, attempted to include abuses and ancient franchises in a common suppression; and in a later generation METTERNICH sought to punish the obstinacy of the Magyar aristocracy by closing their frontiers to commerce. The most effectual guarantee for a theoretical acknowledgment of constitutional right was the condition imposed on every King at his accession of being solemnly crowned at Pesth, after taking the coronation oath. In Hungarian estimation even the legitimate successor was either a usurper or a merely provisional ruler until he had complied with the ceremonial condition, which was itself dependent on the oath. The unfortunate FERDINAND who lately died in seclusion at Prague was crowned according to custom; but at the time, and long before, the attempts of Austrian Ministers to extend the Imperial absolutism to Hungary had caused grave discontent. Twenty years intervened between the accession of FRANCIS JOSEPH as *de facto* King and his compliance with the conditions which made his authority legal. It was in the struggle against the encroachments of the Crown that DEAK first attained distinction and popular confidence. When the wave of revolution swept over Europe in 1848 he became a member of the Liberal BATTHYANI Ministry, which in vain endeavoured to avoid the imminent civil war. In the conflict itself DEAK took no active part, and he probably sympathized as little with the Republican violence of KOSSUTH as with the Austrian Government and the Slavonic malcontents whom it enlisted against the dominant Magyars. The exclusive privileges of the aristocracy had been surrendered or modified before the collision with the Government of Vienna. The wise relaxations of the old oligarchical system which had been previously effected by DEAK and his associates undoubtedly stimulated the patriotic enthusiasm which made the Hungarians triumphant in the field. Many of their leaders were with good reason dissatisfied with the revolutionary measures of the Dictator; and the hopes of the Hungarians were at last frustrated by the Russian intervention which ended in the surrender of GÖRGEY at Villajos. During the short struggle KOSSUTH'S foolish proclamation of a Republic had rendered conciliation impossible; and after its conclusion, the Minister who then governed Austria in the name of the young EMPEROR was on his side not less extravagant in his language and conduct than the eloquent demagogue. Prince SCHWARZENBERG propounded the preposterous theory that all the rights of Hungary were abrogated by conquest, and that the EMPEROR was therefore at liberty to dispose of the most important part of his dominions without any limitation of law, of custom, or of private or corporate right.

As long as the despotism lasted DEAK necessarily held aloof from public affairs. While KOSSUTH was making speeches in foreign countries, and forming an alliance with MAZZINI against kings in general, it was evident to a higher and more cultivated intelligence that the position of the Austrian Government was not permanently tenable. The defeat of Hungary had only been accomplished with the aid of Russia, and Prince SCHWARZENBERG was said to have threatened his protector soon afterwards with a future display of splendid ingratitude. The first revival of Hungarian hopes followed the redemption of the Minister's promise by the Austrian occupation of the Danubian Principalities during the Crimean war. From that time it became certain that the Emperor of AUSTRIA would need all the strength which he could derive from the support of all his subjects. As soon as circumstances rendered a renewal of political activity possible, DEAK constantly directed and confined the aspirations of his countrymen to a recovery of the rights which had been suspended from 1848. The French war of 1859 forcibly illustrated the weakness which, notwithstanding the command of imposing armaments, resulted from the internal condition of the Austrian monarchy. After Solferino the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH had still a larger army than that of his French and Italian adversaries; he held the almost impregnable position which was known as the Quadrilateral; and Germany was preparing a formidable diversion in favour of Austria on the Rhine. The just disaffection of Hungary explained the apparently pusillanimous surrender of Lombardy; and immediately after the conclusion of peace a new policy of conciliation was tried under the SCHMERLING Ministry. A Constitution common to the whole monarchy was promulgated in 1860 by the authority of the EMPEROR; and for five years the utmost exertions were used to induce the Hungarians to accept the boon. If DEAK would have forwarded the not ungenerous policy of the EMPEROR and his advisers, he might have commanded any reward which he might have preferred; but, at the head of the soundest and most powerful section of the community, he still required that the KING should be crowned with the ordinary conditions, and that Hungary should be represented by a separate and independent Ministry exclusively responsible to the National Diet. NAPOLEON III. had commenced for the benefit of Austria a course of political instruction which was completed by BISMARCK and MOLTKE in 1866. In the following year the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH, under the advice of Count BEUST, finally granted all the demands of the Hungarian leader, and DEAK asked no more. From the moment at which the ancient independence of the kingdom was recognized, he used every exertion to promote harmony between the Eastern and Western portions of the monarchy. In foreign affairs, and especially in the adjustment of delicate relations with Russia and with Turkey, the interests of Austria and of Hungary are essentially the same. For some years the Chancellor, who holds the highest office in the Imperial and Royal Government, has been a Hungarian. The prominent part which Austria has taken in the recent negotiations on the Eastern question has only been rendered possible by the unity which survives the political separation of the East and the West. For some time past DEAK had retired from an active share in public business; but he was surrounded by universal respect and esteem. The champion of historic freedom is placed far above the philanthropic projector who devotes himself to the assertion of questionable rights of man.

THE SHIPOWNERS' MEETING.

IT must be admitted that the endeavour to obtain improved legislation in regard to merchant ships has hitherto been somewhat unfortunate in the conditions under which it has had to be carried on. It is obviously impossible that any good results can be expected in this direction unless the willing and hearty co-operation of the great body of respectable shipowners can be secured. Their assistance is indispensable to the efficient working of the law, whatever it may be; and it does not require much consideration to see that any attempt on the part of a Government office to take upon itself the minute, inquisitorial regulation of such a trade by purely coercive means must ultimately break down. If the shipowners think they are being ill used, they will certainly find a way to express their discontent, and to embarrass and circumvent the officials set over them. The shipowners, in fact, are a class of men who may be led, but who cannot be driven; and this has been too much lost sight of in the course of the blatant agitation of the last two years. Mr. PLIMSOLL bears a strong resemblance to some of those improvised generals of the first French Republic who had rhetoric enough to rouse the enthusiasm of their followers, but were apt to lead them into perilous positions when they went into action. It may perhaps be pleaded on his behalf that it was necessary to resort to strong measures in order to awaken an apathetic public; but the danger of all exaggeration is in the reaction which is sure to follow. The plain hard facts of the case, stated in their simplest and most prosaic form, were quite sufficient to have commanded attention without any sensational adornment; and if nothing had been asserted except what could be distinctly proved, the steady movement of public opinion thus produced would have been much more powerful than the jerky and spasmodic efforts which have hitherto been made. What is wanted in such a case is a little common sense and moderation. The shipowners are of course a mixed body, but the majority of them are respectable men, who are anxious to keep their ships in a sound condition, not merely from a sense of duty, but because they are aware that they are thereby, in the long run, promoting their own interests. At the present moment the best sort of shipowners do of their own accord almost all that it has been proposed to compel them to do, and there can be no doubt that they have even stronger reasons than the general public for being anxious to see a check put to the scandals and abuses which are due to the black sheep of the flock. Under these circumstances, it is difficult to imagine a more fatal error than that which has been committed in confounding the different kinds of shipowners in reckless and indiscriminate imputations, and thus alienating the very class which might become the most serviceable ally

of reform. No amount of Government regulation will be of any avail unless a healthy spirit exists in the trade, and nothing is more likely to impair this than a sense of injustice and injury on the part of men who are really doing their best. Any system of supervision which places good and bad on a level is doomed to failure from the beginning. Human nature in such a case cannot be left out of account.

We are glad, therefore, to see that this subject is now being taken up in earnest by the shipowners themselves, who are undoubtedly not less interested in it than any other class of the community, and who must be supposed to have a more close and intimate knowledge of it in its practical details. We do not mean, of course, to say that their views as to what should be done are to be implicitly accepted. They have naturally their own point of view, and they see some sides of the question distinctly enough, while there are other sides of which other people differently situated may have a more correct appreciation. Still it is evident that the Executive will be in a great measure powerless unless it can carry the shipowners with it; and that a measure which falls short of ideal reform, but which has the advantage of the support and cordial co-operation of the persons who have most influence in the matter, is more likely to be practically beneficial than one trying to do what is never likely to be done. The shipowners have held a meeting in London to consider their position in view of "existing and prospective "legislation" regarding merchant shipping, and have passed a series of general resolutions, which are to be laid before the PREMIER by a deputation, and which deserve attentive consideration as a representation of the views of a class who have a good right to be heard on such a question. We cannot say, however, that we have been in all respects very favourably impressed by the tone of the speeches at this meeting. It is difficult to see why Lord ESLINGTON, who is not a shipowner, should have been in the chair; and his speech betrayed prepossessions of the kind which disfigured and rendered worthless the Report of the Royal Commission of which he was a member. Mercantile prosperity is, no doubt, a fine thing in itself, but it is not exactly everything for which a great nation may be supposed to exist; and the way in which the Commissioners clung to the assumption that the extension of trade is the great end of life, and the object to which all considerations of humanity must necessarily be subordinated, proved their blindness to the moral aspects of the question. The sordid narrowness of their Report in this respect is a set-off against the extravagance of Mr. PLIMSOLL'S theatrical displays. It was not desirable that the half-hearted policy recommended by the Commission and adopted by the Board of Trade should be accepted; but it is impossible to imagine a more dangerous line of statesmanship than the precipitate reversal of the settled policy of a Government in deference to supposed public clamour. It may be true that the officials have, on the whole, been cautious in using the powers entrusted to them over an important branch of private property; but such a measure as the Act of last Session could never be tolerated except as a temporary contrivance for extricating the Government from a false position. By its terms it placed the shipping trade at the mercy of the arbitrary authority of petty agents, almost without check or limit. It is known to have been a casual expedient for a critical moment, and this is its only excuse. As a principle of permanent administration it is impossible that it could be endured.

The discreditable manner in which this important subject was treated by the Government last Session makes it the more important that this year it should deal with it in a becoming spirit. Without going into any discussion of details, it may be worth while to indicate the general principles which ought to be followed. The responsibility for the seaworthiness of ships should be fastened distinctly on those who have to do with the equipment or loading of the vessels; and the most effectual method of bringing this responsibility home to those concerned is to secure the most complete information as to the state in which every vessel quits the harbour, and to supply those who have the keenest interest in the safety of ships—the crews—with facilities for submitting their grievances to impartial judicial arbitration. It is an idle dream to fancy that Board of Trade officials can manage the shipping trade of the country better than those who are directly interested in it; but there ought to be a stringent system of police for rotten or overladen ships, as for any other infractions of the criminal law. Let shipowners manage their own business; but let means be taken to make them feel that a reckless disregard of life is likely to be attended with unpleasant consequences. The class which needs this reminder is not a very large one; it has no right to mercy, and the interests alike of respectable owners, of the seamen, and of the public will be promoted by a judicious severity.

THE ARTISANS' DWELLINGS ACT.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works are not altogether easy as to the effect of the Artisans' Dwellings Act. They are beginning to put it into operation, but they are by no means resigned to do their own particular part in the work and to leave the results to take care of themselves. Some of the difficulties raised in the discussion of last week are well worthy of careful consideration, but it does not seem to have occurred to the speakers that the time for going thoroughly into them has not yet come. The duties of the Board under the Act are broken up into several stages, and the stage in which matters are at present resting is the most elementary of all. This or that area has to be marked out as unhealthy, and the cost of clearing the land and bringing it into a state in which it can be let or sold for building purposes has to be estimated. When the way for further operations has thus been prepared, the Board will have to choose between the various offers made to them; or, if only one offer is made, to decide whether it is such as they can usefully accept. The debate of last week would more naturally have been held at a meeting of one of the various Companies which have been started to supply the poor with better houses. Nearly every one who took part in it began by saying that the Metropolitan Board of Works were not going to build on the cleared ground themselves, and then went on immediately to define the duties and responsibilities of those who would have to build on it. As a contribution to a controversy of great importance these expressions of opinion were interesting, and perhaps useful. The only objection to them is that they had remarkably little to do with the matter actually in hand.

Two faults were found with the policy of the Companies which are engaged in building houses for the London poor, and especially with the Company of which Sir SYDNEY WATERLOW is the Chairman. The criticisms offered would have had a more consistent aspect if the authors of them had decided beforehand on which of the faults in question they meant to rest their case. It is quite possible that these Companies may be pauperizing the poor by letting them rooms at less than an adequate rental. It is quite possible that they may be asking a fair rent for their rooms, but that this rent is altogether beyond the means of the class for whom the rooms are presumably intended. But it is hardly probable that the Companies should be making both mistakes at the same time. With the exception of the PEABODY Trustees, all the Associations now engaged in building are, we believe, earning a dividend, and none of them profess to be satisfied with less than that particular figure which many Englishmen seem to believe to be a part of the divine constitution of the world. There is little doubt, however, that if the Artisans' Dwellings Act is carried out on a proper scale, the Companies will one day find themselves confronted by this dilemma:—To let houses to the poor at less than their value is in the long run to pauperize them; to build houses which fall short of a certain minimum standard of decency is to perpetuate the evils which these Companies have been started to cure. Yet, if houses are built as they ought to be built, how are they to be let at prices which the poor can afford to pay? It is impossible to say precisely what answer will ultimately be given to this question. Probably the difficulty will be got over in different ways in different instances. At present, at all events, the directions in which a solution will be found can only be indicated. For example, too much stress is perhaps laid on the necessity of charging the poor the full value of the rooms they occupy, if they are not to be pauperized under the plea of benefiting them. Supposing that two sets of rooms, with the same amount of accommodation, are let at the same rent, but that one, being kept in proper order as regards drainage and necessary repairs, pays nothing to its owner, whereas

the other, being entirely neglected in these respects, pays ten per cent. to its owner, is it so certain that the man who lives in the well-drained and properly repaired room is pauperized by the fact that his landlord prefers to spend the ten per cent. which he might draw from the property in making it healthy and decent? If so, is not a man pauperized by living in rooms which only return five per cent., if by doing nothing to them the landlord might make them yield ten per cent? Where is the line to be drawn? A country gentleman who builds cottages for his workmen, and, in order to make them healthy and decent, contents himself with getting two-and-a-half per cent. on his money, is commonly considered to be doing a public service. Why should not a Company which does the same thing in London be held in equal estimation? The pauperizing element in the transaction must lie, if anywhere, in the supposed temptation held out to the tenant of the rooms to depend upon others rather than upon himself for the supply of his ordinary wants. But in this case he can get his ordinary wants satisfied elsewhere, if he is content to have them satisfied in a less healthy and decent fashion; and experience, unfortunately, seems to show that as yet the appreciation of what may be called the invisible points of superiority of one house over another is seldom keen enough to make a man pay more for them. If these invisible matters were properly attended to by all builders—if, that is, every house were so drained and repaired as to make it in all essential respects fit for human habitation—the case would be different. The average standard of rent would then have to be raised to such a point as would give the ordinary builder an adequate return on the money invested; and, if a Company were to let houses at a lower rate than this, they would, in effect, be making their tenants a money payment. But so long as the advantages given by the Company cannot be expressed in money, and take the form not of lower rents nor of increased accommodation, but simply of healthier and more decent arrangements, the danger of pauperization seems almost infinitesimal; while, if it exists, it is more than outweighed by the greater probability of the tenants not becoming pauperized in other ways.

If, however, the condition of the poor is to be improved on at all a large scale, this universal raising of the quality of houses in the matter of drainage and the like must some day be effected by legislation. The efforts of single Companies will be a mere drop in the ocean unless they are seconded by an Act of Parliament which shall make it unlawful to let unhealthy houses for healthy, just as it is already unlawful to sell unwholesome food for wholesome. When that day comes, the second difficulty raised in the recent discussion will assuredly have to be faced. If the quality of the houses is improved, higher rents must be asked for them, except in cases where the absence of competition has hitherto kept rents above the average level. How are the poor who now pay with difficulty 2*s.* 6*d.* a week for an unwholesome room to pay 4*s.* a week for a wholesome room? A similar question has often been asked with respect to all the commodities of which the price has risen in modern times, and the answer in all cases is substantially the same. When the cost of living increases in the producing class, the increase has somehow to be got out of the consuming class. If there are no more people employed in supplying the wants of London than are needed for the purpose, and these people have to pay more for their houses, they must in the long run ask more for the services they render. If they are already bidding against one another for employment, or if the rise in the price they ask for their services lead to some of them being dispensed with, so that they come to bid against one another, they must find employment elsewhere. The argument that we must not make the houses of the poor healthy because to do so will raise the rent of the houses, would have stood in the way of half the improvements of modern civilization. No doubt changes of this kind will often be attended with much individual suffering; but which is better in the long run, to have London inhabited by a smaller population, living healthy lives in decent houses, paying a comparatively high rent, but earning a comparatively high wage, or to have London inhabited by a larger population, living in houses in which decency is impossible and disease inevitable, and though paying a low rent, earning at the same time a low wage? The forethought and benevolence of private persons may do much to temper the hardships which will have to be borne while the change is in progress, but the object which statesmen and legislatures ought to keep in view is the eventual advance to a higher standard of living.

There is no need to follow the Metropolitan Board of Works into the consideration of the internal distribution of the houses which are to replace those which are not yet pulled down. There will be time enough to consider how many rooms should be arranged for separate letting, and how far the practice of living in one room should be discouraged by letting two rooms together. Two things, however, may be said even at this stage of the question. One is that nothing will be gained by providing single rooms if an equal, or even greater, degree of overcrowding is arrived at by taking in lodgers. Yet to prevent lodgers being taken in will be impossible except in isolated cases, where the vigilance of individual landlords is devoted to this particular point. It is very much easier to improve the arrangements of houses than to supervise the use which the tenants make of them. The other thing to be noted is that it will not always be possible or even desirable to fill the new houses with the same class of tenants as that by which the demolished houses were filled. The natural process will be that the new inhabitants will be recruited from the better portion of the tenants of houses in the surrounding district of the same character as those which have been destroyed, and that the lowest portion of the dispossessed tenants will take their places in the houses that are still left untouched. In course of time it may be hoped that improvement will extend even to these last, but for the present we must not complain if, in helping those who are willing to be raised, we have to leave on one side those who are past raising.

THE THIRLWALL MEMORIALS.

IT would not be amazing if, by a natural reaction, mankind should agree to put a stop to all visible memorials of the dead, and decree that, if departed worthies cannot dwell in the minds of those who ought to remember them, they must even be forgotten altogether. Everybody has a memorial now, as everybody has a biography. Some people have two or three memorials, as indeed some people have two or three biographies. And the worst feature of the memorial system is that half the memorials are not real memorials at all. Some one has some object of his own, often a very good and praiseworthy object, which he wants to carry out, and cannot; so he makes an effort to connect his own scheme with the name of some departed worthy, and asks for help to make a memorial. Not long ago circulars were going about through the land in which a clergyman, whose name we have forgotten, asked help for the restoration of a church, whose name we have also forgotten, on the ground that Bishop Stillingfleet was born in the parish, and that the work in the church was to be a Stillingfleet Memorial. It always strikes us that there is something amiss in these attempts to kill two birds with one stone, to do some work which is desirable on other grounds under cover of doing honour to some particular person. To set up a tomb or a statue or a picture is to make a direct memorial of the person commemorated; to found a prize or a scholarship in his name, to do anything, in short, which attempts something else besides commemoration, is not a memorial in the same direct sense. It is rather improving an occasion, taking advantage of the deceased person's memory to carry out some other object. The practice, too, leads to confusion. An Oxford man, we may suppose, wins the Stanhope prize and the Ireland scholarship early in his career. In a later stage he wins the Arnold prize and the Eldon scholarship. He is tempted to look on Lord Eldon and Lord Stanhope, on Dr. Ireland and Dr. Arnold, as alike personally his benefactors; and Lord Stanhope and Dr. Ireland are so in the strictest sense. They themselves made the foundations which bear their name; but the Arnold prize and the Eldon scholarship were not founded by Lord Eldon and Dr. Arnold, but by other persons in their honour. And when it comes, as it sometimes does come, to building a memorial church—as distinguished from a strictly monumental church—one is tempted to ask whether there is not in this something of a survival of the older practice of putting a church under the "dedication" or "invocation" of an acknowledged saint. We may perhaps mark two stages of the change from the actual dedication to the mere memorial in the church of Charles the Martyr at Plymouth, and Bishop Ryder's church at Birmingham. At Plymouth there was a genuine attempt at a real dedication; only, as no one brought himself to talk about St. Charles, the building is spoken of as "Charles" and its pastor as "Vicar of Charles." At Birmingham we quite forget whether the church was built by Bishop Ryder or was built in honour of him; but in either case it is an example of a church bearing the name of a man who did not come in even for the *quasi* canonization which fell to King Charles at Plymouth, but whose memory was clearly meant to be held in reverence. On so mysterious a description as that of "Laura Chapel" at Bath it may be safer not to risk any suggestion. Still, in all these cases—churches, prizes, scholarships, anything else—there is the same general notion, the

attempt to combine the commemoration of the deceased person with the carrying out of some other object. There is surely too much of this kind of thing about; indeed, the Stillingfleet case may be set down as a *reductio ad absurdum* of it. But we are far from saying that it may not be justifiable in some cases; indeed we have in our eye a case where some such course seems to us justifiable, praiseworthy, and almost necessary, as the only way of redressing a real wrong.

The church and [illegible] of St. David's have, as all the world knows, not long since lost a great prelate, and they have lost him in more senses than one. That Bishop Thirlwall passed away from his church and from the world was in the ordinary course of human events; in that sense he is lost only as all men must be lost sooner or later. But he is also lost to his church and diocese in another way, in a most needless and unworthy way. The last resting-place of such a man should undoubtedly have been in his own church, among the resting-places of so many of his predecessors in his ancient chair, a line of prelates which numbers many great names, and among which his is assuredly one of the greatest. There, in his own place, on his own ground, a fitting memorial might have risen over him; the tomb, the recumbent effigy, the canopy, the inscription eloquent in its simplicity, would all have been in their place had his dust been laid in the place where it ought to have been laid. But so it was not to be; the claims of his own church, his distant and lonely church by the rocks of the western ocean, the church where he had, to say the least, been more at home, been more truly a Bishop, than any of his predecessors for ages, were rudely cast aside. The claims of that venerable spot were not to be listened to when the "metropolitan cathedral," the "national Valhalla," or any other of the strange aliases which disgrace the church of St. Peter at Westminster, had once opened its mouth to ask for a new inhabitant. The leaky snatching passion which reigns in that quarter could not brook denial on the score of what anywhere else would seem the obvious propriety that [illegible] the greatest among the successors of St. David should find his last home in the church of St. David. Another attraction must be added to the exhibition; another thing must be set up for the Dean or the verger to show to the next "party"; another opportunity must be [illegible] on for further disfigurement of the hapless minster; so further fragment of the work of Henry or [illegible] must hewn away to receive some hideous "tablet," some fulsome inscription by [illegible] at scholastic Bishop, [illegible] one from the midst of company as queer as the which surrounds the bust of Sir George Lewis. One might be curious to know whether, in the quarters where these things are decided, there is any very clear knowledge where St. Davids is, and whether, by a not uncommon form of error, St. Davids and Llandaff may not be looked on as one and the same place. At any rate, the claims of so lowly a church, one so cut off from the pale of metropolitan society, so far out of the ken of a "metropolitan Dean," went for nothing. The dust of Thirlwall was sentenced to lie undistinguished in the crowd at Westminster, instead of lying, marked out and honoured, in his own church; the memorial which was actually to mark his grave was to add new disfigurement to the church of St. Peter, instead of new beauties to the church of St. David. The wrong has been done; let those who rejoice in such doings have their triumph. But it can hardly be expected that the glee of the robber should be fully entered into by those who have been robbed.

It was clearly impossible that such a man as Bishop Thirlwall could be allowed to go without a memorial of some kind or other in the diocese and in the church which was his own. The stranger has carried off his body; but the stranger has not been able to wipe out the memory of him from the minds of his own flock. The people of the diocese of St. David's, with their Bishop at their head, have determined that some memorial of the great man who has passed away from among them shall be set up on their own soil. But what kind of memorial are they to set up, now that all possibility of setting up the right kind of memorial has been so cruelly taken from them? There is a scheme, a scheme against which we do not wish to say a word, for commemorating Bishop Thirlwall by the foundation of a scholarship or professorship at Cambridge. But this is a scheme which cannot be supposed to have much interest for the people of the diocese of St. David's. It is a scheme which addresses itself to Cambridge men, and to others who think of Thirlwall mainly in his character as scholar; it does not satisfy the wishes of those who wish to commemorate their own Bishop in his own diocese. But how are they to do it? The right thing cannot be done; a translation to Westminster *per vim, mid unlage*, as our forefathers would have said, has hindered that. All that is left is to do the thing that is least wrong. And in such a case there is a strong temptation to be withstood, which might lead some to do the thing which is most wrong of all. The very worst thing of all would certainly be to set up a sham monument in St. David's Cathedral, a monument of a man who is not there. Yet the public taste on these matters lags so far behind the improvement of the public taste on many kindred matters, men's notions have got so utterly corrupted by the abominations of Westminster and St. Paul's, that it was absolutely certain that a cenotaph, a statue, or some absurdity of the kind, would be proposed. And so it was proposed. Some talked of a standing or sitting figure, some of a sham tomb with a recumbent effigy. A standing or sitting figure might be very well somewhere else, but certainly not under the roof of St. David's Cathedral. To a sham tomb there is the one killing objection that it is a sham. Some one said in an Oxford prize poem,

> No empty cenotaphs their bones enshrine.

But empty cenotaphs, if they are to exist at all, may at least be kept for those whose emptiness they might not badly symbolize. Some other memorial is wanted for the solid learning and wisdom of a Thirlwall. In a meeting lately held at Caermarthen the common sense of the matter was clearly put forth by the Bishop, and it is much to the credit of his hearers that his common sense should have gone down with them as it did. He told them that the sitting or standing figure would be utterly inappropriate in the church of St. David's, and that the recumbent effigy, however appropriate as a matter of art, would sin against laws higher than those of art—namely, the laws of truth. This is the kernel of the whole matter. Bishop Thirlwall is unhappily not buried at St. David's; and, as he is not buried there, St. David's must not make believe that he is. St. David's has suffered a great wrong; but she must bear her wrong as she can, and not try to mend it by an artistic lie. What then is to be done? There really is nothing to be done except to fall back on some of those secondary schemes which we should certainly fight against if there had been any chance of doing what is really the right thing. There is really nothing to do but to fall back on a memorial window, a restoration of some part of the building, or any other of those shifts out of which people must choose when the fault of others leaves them nothing but shifts to choose from. The choice which has been actually made seems to be as good as could be made under the circumstances. It is better, we think, that a memorial which is to be strictly a memorial, a memorial which is to be the nearest substitute for the real monument which cannot be had, should be something which it is good and desirable to have, but which yet is not of direct practical usefulness. Such an object was easily suggested by the present state of the church of St. David's. The west front which forms the end of that wonderful nave is utterly unworthy of the building. An ugly, but solid, composition of Nash, which is a great disfigurement as a matter of art, but which there could be no ground for sweeping away on any merely utilitarian ground. To substitute something better would really seem to be as fitting a memorial of Bishop Thirlwall as can be had, now that the really fitting memorial cannot be had. A west front harmonizing with the rest of the church, stern and simple without, enriched to any amount of gorgeousness within, would be a work worthy of its object. In glass or in sculpture some place would be found for the only form of direct commemoration of the Bishop which is left to his own church. His figure, with his staff in one hand, with the eight books of his History in the other, might well fill a niche over the west door or the west window. Something of this kind has been wisely decided on by the meeting at Caermarthen; but of course no details are fixed. All that has been done is to make choice of the west front of the cathedral church as the subject of improvement or restoration, in some shape or other, in memory of the great deceased. Such a scheme, if worthily carried out, will be the best thing that can be done as matters actually stand. May its promoters go on and prosper.

THE MIGRATIONS OF FASHION.

WE are constantly told that nothing can be more unaccountable than the migrations of London society; and also that its successive removes were made without any reason except caprice. But a moment's thought will show the fallacy of such assertions. A single example to the contrary is fatal to them. St. James's Square was built in 1676, became at once one of the chief centres of fashionable life, and remains the same after the lapse of exactly two hundred years. Two hundred years earlier the Strand was in fashion, and, had there been room, it might have remained so until the present day. Fashion has shown no caprice, and it required nothing short of an Act of Parliament to dislodge the last great noble who inherited one of those riverside palaces. Nor did this dislodgment take place two hundred years ago, when St. James's Square became the fashion, nor a hundred years ago, when Portland Place was built, but last year, when the busy City, having overflowed from Fleet Street, had swallowed up the last of the palaces which formerly bordered the Strand. The process began with Arundel House, and paused for a time at the mansion whose gate at the end of Buckingham Street is actually the only remnant, besides the Savoy Chapel, left to tell of the time when the Thames was the ordinary highway of the citizens, and a house by its bank the fittest residence for a duke. The exigencies of increased population, not the caprices of fashion, have dictated the principal migrations. In Elizabeth's reign the number of people who required accommodation within reach of the House of Lords was only one-eighth or one-seventh of what it is now, and the untitled aristocracy has increased at a still greater rate. The order of country squires who now have houses in Belgravia or Tyburnia did not then exist. When Master Wentworth came up from Lillingston Loyel to make his famous motion as to the Queen's private income and expenditure, he probably occupied lodgings or a room in an inn somewhere in Westminster. When his descendant Sir Charles Dilke, prompted by an ambition which in this case has the excuse of being hereditary, makes a similar motion in the Parliament of Queen Victoria, county members have their houses in St. James's Square,

in Belgravia, along Park Lane and Piccadilly, on the Bayswater Road, and round Kensington Gardens; while the whole fortune of all the sixty or seventy peers who constituted the House of Lords in 1576 would be required to make up the income of a Staffordshire brewer or a Berkshire financier, three hundred years later.

There is a petition among the papers at Knole which, though it is not dated, unquestionably belongs to the later years of the reign of James I. It complains of the great increase in the population of London, and begs the King to take measures for preventing the growth of the town. Proclamations against building fresh houses are said to have been made on more than one occasion, and it was owing rather to the overcrowding which was thus caused than to caprice, that noblemen and others who could afford it removed further and further towards the country. Within a very few years two immense districts covered with fine houses have arisen in Belgravia and Bayswater. Fifty years ago or less the Five Fields extended from Chelsea to Piccadilly, and hardly a house was to be seen between Millbank and Brompton. In those days people of rank and wealth affected two old districts and one new one. Portland Place and the terraces surrounding the Regent's Park, with all the streets between Portman Square and Langham Place, formed the refuge of the movable fashion. A centre which may be placed, according to Sydney Smith, in Grosvenor Square, existed then and exists still. St. James's Square, as we have seen, was what it still is, and the floating part of the fashionable population had begun to desert Bloomsbury and make its first move across the line marked by Regent Street. In 1826 the late Lord Farnborough published anonymously a tract on the improvements then in progress, and some curious and even instructive deductions may be drawn from it. The age was one of change, and the writer remarks that, "if we had been told some years ago that a message could be conveyed from London to Plymouth and an answer returned in ten minutes, that the metropolis would be brilliantly illuminated by the smoke of coal, or that by means of a kettle of boiling water we should obtain a speedy conveyance from Dover to Calais," our credulity would have been put to the test. It is curious to observe on this passage with what wonder the clumsy semaphore erected in 1816 on the top of the Admiralty was regarded by people who lived before railways and the electric telegraph; but this is not to our present purpose, for Lord Farnborough goes on to remark upon many projected improvements, such as the removal of the Exchequer offices from Palace Yard, and of the stables which abutted upon the Banqueting House in Whitehall. But his principal subjects are Buckingham Palace and the National Gallery, and he remarks of the former that, when the foreign princes visited this country in 1814, one of them, "who had received from us very large sums of money for the prosecution of the revolutionary war," spoke contemptuously—perhaps to Lord Farnborough himself—as to our royal palaces. "It was observed," we read, "in answer, that our magnificence was to be seen in our subsidies, not in our palaces." In those days, as from the reign of William III., St. James's Palace was the residence of the Court; and though Buckingham Palace may now be considered to have finally eclipsed St. James's, since Drawing Rooms and Levées are held no longer in the old Palace, yet the residences of the Heir Apparent and other members of the Royal Family are still upon the ancient site, and Marlborough House is rather to be accounted the centre of contemporary fashion than Buckingham Palace.

St. James's Palace and Whitehall are certainly nearer to what were then the fashionable quarters of Soho and Lincoln's Inn Fields than they are to the present suburbs of Kensington or even to Pimlico. Bloomsbury, when Lord Montague built the house which has since become the British Museum, was for the most part open country; but that was fully two hundred years ago, and the Duke of Monmouth and Buccleuch then lived on the other side of the Oxford Road, and Wardour Street had not been built. Even so late as 1734 the anonymous author of a *Critical Review of the Public Buildings* complains that, though Bedford Row is one of the most noble streets London has to boast of, the houses are not sufficiently noble for their situation; and it would seem that a good opportunity was then lost for making a very fine and fashionable quarter where the houses of one or two great nobles, including that of the Dukes of Bedford, still stood. Soho was getting too crowded, and Drury Lane had never recovered the bad name it got in the year of the Great Plague. This is perhaps the first time we find healthiness considered in determining the movements of the London population. But a little later Bow Street, running as it did from the confines of the riverside palaces to the open country by St. Giles's "in the fields," was the place of most fashionable resort. The great Dr. Radcliffe had a house there when he told King William he would not take His Majesty's two legs to have his three kingdoms, and when he offended Queen Anne by saying she had the vapours. It seems a question whether he lived in Bow Street or Great Queen Street when he had his famous passage of wit with Kneller. Walpole says Queen Street, and Cunningham follows him; but Jesse says Bow Street, and adds that the garden was behind Covent Garden Market, on the site of the present Opera House. It was therefore a possible relic of the Abbot's garden which gave its name to the district. But there is no question that in Queen Street the Duke of Newcastle resided when he was Premier, the house, No. 77, being now the depôt of the S.P.C.K., although it narrowly escaped purchase as an official residence for the Lord Chancellor. A greater Duke of Newcastle, with his celebrated Duchess, Margaret Lucas, whose book about her husband has recently been reprinted, lived far to the east even of Lincoln's Inn, at Newcastle House in Clerkenwell, where some dingy streets still preserve this name. He died just two hundred years ago, and Clerkenwell shows little sign now of the prosperous days when not only the Duke, but Lord Northampton, Bishop Burnet, and other great folk had houses within the precincts of the Priory. Monk's widow, the Duchess of Albemarle, was a later tenant of Newcastle House, and one of the many houses said to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell was in the Close. But to chronicle fully the migrations of early fashion, it would be needful to speak of Leicester Square, when the Prince of Wales rented Leicester House; of Aldersgate Street, when the Earls of Thanet had a house there which is still standing and is better known as the residence of the famous Shaftesbury, and when the Duke of Lauderdale and the Bishops of London, and still earlier the Earls of Westmoreland, lived in it; of Bishopsgate, when Crosby Hall was in its glory, and Richard III. plotted there against his nephew; and of many other places within or without the City boundaries which still contain evidence of the favours of the rich and noble.

The modern movements of the fashionable world deserve better the use of the word capricious. None perhaps has been more unaccountable than that which in our own day made Pimlico for a short time the vogue. Before the Great Exhibition of 1851 had discovered the capabilities of Kensington Gore, and while the genius of a Cole still slumbered under a pseudonym, every one who wished to be considered "in society" thought it necessary to have a house in the swamp which Mr. Cubitt had reclaimed. There was some connexion apparently in people's minds between Pimlico and Belgravia; and if the landlords had been wiser and the houses stronger the tale of its prosperity might have been longer. But fragile habitations, built with a maximum allowance of plaster and paint and a minimum thickness of brick, are costly to keep up and unwholesome to live in: some of the streets in that region now look as if nothing short of rebuilding would make them fit for human dwelling-places. Settlers of the better class are now congregating about Kensington, North and South, and it is sad enough to see the provision too commonly made for their reception. Many of the new houses are little better than sieves through which wind and rain readily penetrate, while the drainage need not be mentioned, if indeed any drainage exists. Vast districts of Bayswater are hardly more habitable except for their situation, which for the most part is high; and the proximity of the Park and Kensington Gardens gives to certain streets in Tyburnia an advantage which both doctors and builders seem determined to improve. The course of the Westbourne may be traced at nightfall across the Park by a line of mist, but the hills on either side, Notting Hill and Craven Hill on the west, and the original Tyburn Hill on the east, have been covered with streets and squares within a very few years. The gallows, which only took their final departure from Edgeware Road in 1783, probably prevented the earlier colonization of Bayswater. Fashion, indeed, seems to be in some measure returning to the older part of this district, and several handsome mansions have of late been built in St. Marylebone: houses which promise to stand for a century at least, and to be tolerably warm and comfortable even in winter. Possibly the dry sandy soil of the south-western part of the parish may have had some share in recommending it; but the great attraction has no doubt been Hyde Park. Wherever people can see green trees, and at least the semblance of green grass, the house-building speculator is sure of a good return for his outlay, and it is hard to believe that Grosvenor Place, Park Lane, and the Bayswater Road can ever cease to be favourite neighbourhoods for those who can afford to live in them. But it is strange that some of the older places should be deserted by people who have families to house. Rents are lower in Fitzroy Square and the adjoining streets, with their solid, comfortable mansions, than in the wretchedly built and crowded avenues and terraces of Earl's Court or Brompton. A man who has children might, but for the exigencies of fashion, have large and airy rooms, light, and good drainage for less than he pays to be squeezed into a villa at Kensington, where his neighbour's piano, the noise of little feet on the floor above, bad smells, and a standing account with the plumber and the druggist make his life a burden. It is but seldom that a young couple looking for a house think of anything but the rent and the proximity of great folk. The soil, the elevation, the thickness of the walls, even the drainage and the water, are seldom mentioned; and we have yet to see the day when an advertiser with houses to let will think it worth while to mention such considerations. Influenza, bronchitis, the annual epidemic of fever, seem all to be well compensated by living opposite a peer and having one's name in the *Court Guide*.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER ON CHURCH AND STATE.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER has contributed to the current number of the *Contemporary Review* an article on the relations of civil and ecclesiastical power, under the rather mediæval-sounding title of *Concordia Sacerdotii atque Imperii*. We are bound to say, however, that there is nothing scholastic about his paper except its name. He writes of course as a Roman Catholic, and to some extent—the reason of our qualification will appear presently—as an Ultramontane, but he does not, like most of the principal critics of Mr. Gladstone's Vatican pamphlets, write like a schoolman, a special pleader, or a pedant. His essay does not perhaps throw as much light on the general question of

the relations of Church and State as might have been expected, being mainly a plea against any persecution of the former by the latter, suggested by the conflict now going on in Germany, to which allusion is constantly made. And, so far as he pleads for this immunity, we are entirely with him, though in some of its details his argument appears open to criticism. It is remarkable, however, on the whole for its simplicity and directness, and for the frankness of its avowals. Thus, for instance, we find him expressly condemning all religious persecution, "whether Catholic or Protestant," and the Inquisition by name, admitting that writers in former ages have exaggerated the powers of the hierarchy, and that "the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church have overstepped the legitimate boundaries of spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction"—which, by the way, is a condemned proposition of the Syllabus. And, as a necessary consequence of these admissions, we find Papal infallibility restricted hardly less stringently than by Dr. Newman; but on this last point we shall have a word to say presently. The line of argument is always plausible, and often more than plausible; yet the writer somehow manages to pass *currente calamo* over awkward questions on which one would have been glad to hear what explanation he had to offer. But we must now proceed to examine the essay a little more closely. We need hardly remind our readers that it differs from most apologies which have been recently put forward for the Roman Catholic position, as emanating from a layman and a lawyer as well as a man of considerable learning, and not a mere hot-headed partisan.

The writer starts from the fact, which can hardly be denied, that "history shows that the civil power has always been jealous of the spiritual and ecclesiastical," though he does not add, what is also true, that the jealousy has not been all on one side. This naturally leads him to notice the scare created by Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets as to the State all over Europe being in danger from the revived influence of the Church, and suggests the obvious retort that the civil power has an absolute monopoly of physical and material force at its disposal. "It can crush a Church by bitter and continued persecution." And this, it is added, it is doing at present in Germany "under a disguised military despotism," and in Italy "under a vulgar, ignorant, corrupt, and rapacious democracy." As the alleged persecution in Italy is not again dwelt upon, we pass over this reference to it with the remark that the writer has not strengthened his argument by so conspicuously false an analogy. The ecclesiastical policy of the German and Italian Governments is so far from being identical, that their respective methods of dealing with the Church are almost diametrically opposite. But this by the way. To the material resources of the State, the Church, we are reminded, can oppose only the force of opinion. "Roman Catholic opinion is called Vaticanism; yet it is only opinion," and its effect depends wholly on individual opinion. "If Catholics did not believe in Papal infallibility, the decree would be a dead letter . . . a confessor may refuse absolution, but no one can be compelled to go to confession." This is true, in a sense, though it is not so many years since people *were* compelled to go to confession in the Roman States, and, we believe, elsewhere also; but it hardly goes to the root of the matter. Individual opinion, or its outward profession, necessarily depends a good deal on the public opinion of that world, whatever it be, with which the particular individual comes most directly into contact; and it would not be safe to argue, and certainly is not true in fact, that every Roman Catholic who tacitly submits to the Vatican decrees individually approves them. Many reasons short of that may account for their silence, to one of which the writer refers; for although, "if a man believes that the sacraments are unnecessary, the refusal of absolution is nugatory," it does not follow because he believes in absolution that he believes in the infallibility of the Pope. With a good deal of Sir G. Bowyer's strictures on Prince Bismarck's policy we can go along; but it is a mistake, we imagine, to say that he is determined to put down the "doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope." He has certainly always professed not to interfere with doctrine, as such; and while it may be difficult to reconcile all that has taken place with this profession, we are not aware of any attempt having been made to inflict penalties on bishops or priests merely for teaching the Vatican dogmas. We agree, however, with the writer, that if all persecution is hateful, a persecution which is not thorough is a blunder as well as a crime. "There was some sense in the persecutors of former days. Their policy was extermination. We condemn and abhor those persecutors, whether Catholic or Protestant; but we must admit that they knew the object which they had in view, and they understood the means of attaining it. If Prince Bismarck undertook to expel or exterminate the German Catholics, he would have a policy, and he might call himself a statesman." But in an age when such drastic measures are impossible, to legislate against religious opinion is sure to prove as ineffectual as it is unjust. It could only be excused by showing that the civil power is menaced by a real danger from the spiritual; and of this Prince Bismarck has produced no evidence, though he has been repeatedly challenged to do so. If it is a "grave error of judgment to attempt to justify everything that has ever been said, written, or done in the Church"—we do not know how Cardinal Manning will appreciate this frank admission—it is a still more serious mistake to turn against the present Church and its members anything wrong or questionable that can be collected from the enormous mass of ecclesiastical acts and documents during the last eighteen centuries.

So far, if he has advanced nothing very new, Sir G. Bowyer is on pretty safe ground. It is when he comes to grapple with the general question of the due relations of Church and State that the discussion becomes more interesting, but hardly more satisfactory. No objection, of course, can be raised to the broad principle, from which he starts, that as long as men continue to believe in the immortality of the soul and the existence of God, religion must always hold its own, even in some cases against and above temporal laws. Nor is there any difficulty about admitting St. Augustine's interpretation of the words, "My kingdom is not of this world"—namely, that "while in this world, it is founded on principles and intended for purposes different from those of civil and political governments." The real difficulty lies precisely in the circumstance that the spiritual society, however diverse its principles and aims, is and must be in this world, and therefore is inevitably liable to be brought into contact, if not collision, with secular ordinances and powers. And this difficulty is increased rather than diminished, as far as the State is concerned, by the fact on which Sir G. Bowyer insists, that the Roman Catholic Church, being a cosmopolitan, and not merely local society, "its constitution and laws belong legally to the condition of mankind anterior to, or at least apart from, the formation of separate States." In those mixed questions of which both powers take cognizance under different aspects, the two often mutually support each other, but not always. And hence arises a real or apparent conflict. We may dismiss, as practically irrelevant, such extreme cases as those here referred to of Nebuchadnezzar commanding an act of idolatry, or the persecution of the early Christians, where the conscientious duty of disobedience to the law is obvious enough. The writer comes nearer the point when he touches on questions of marriage and education. Let us take his treatment of the former. The law may, if it pleases, make the civil contract valid and sufficient; but the Church has a right to require, as it does wherever the Tridentine decrees are in force, the ecclesiastical solemnity also for a valid marriage. This sounds moderate enough; but what if the Church goes on to treat those who have been married by civil contract only, even when not members of her communion, as under no matrimonial obligations to each other, so that both or either of them may have her sanction for contracting a fresh alliance? Sir G. Bowyer can hardly be ignorant that a scandalous case of the kind has recently occurred in this country, to say nothing of others in Bavaria, and we should have been glad to know his opinion about it. For such cases are clearly not covered by his statement that "it amounts *only to this*, that the Church requires something more than the State, because it looks beyond the mere temporal order of society." On the contrary, the Church required of the persons we refer to a great deal less than was required by the State, not to add by the elementary principles of morality also. In the case of the divorce law we agree with the writer that there need be no collision. If the State permits divorce *a vinculo* for certain causes, and the Church forbids it altogether as a violation of the law of God, her prohibition merely restricts those who recognize her authority in the use of their legal rights, without affecting in any way their legal obligations.

But here, just as we hoped that the writer was proceeding to a more comprehensive treatment of the whole question, he suddenly breaks off on a side issue, and devotes several pages to the dogma of Papal infallibility, only returning at the end to his original subject to lay down what, as he puts it, is little better than a truism—that "the Church is not above the State, nor the State above the Church," but that they are related to each other in human society as the soul to the body in the individual man; whence it follows that, as long as the temporal government confines itself to its proper functions, there can be no collision between the two. Be it so; but this principle is not more serviceable for practical guidance than what the writer denounces as the "false, shallow, and stupid" formula of "a free Church in a free State." Either formula runs smoothly enough, till it comes to be applied. An abundant experience shows that the difficulty arises in fixing the proper boundaries of civil and ecclesiastical rights. No one claims for the State the regulation of sacraments, or for the Church the regulation of the police force. It is on the debatable land between the two that there is danger of collision and need for some clearer and more satisfactory adjudication of conflicting claims than we can gather from these pages. We shall not enter further here on Sir G. Bowyer's ingenious defence of the infallibilist dogma—about which he is a decided "minimizer," though he disclaims the name—than to observe that it is not borne out by any single high authority in his Church, with the exception of Dr. Newman. But Dr. Newman, while he is a very high authority in one sense, is no authority at all as representing the accepted Roman view of things; and his explanation has been elaborately attacked as anti-Catholic in the *Dublin Review*, which does represent Rome. It was scarcely worth while to gibbet the people who argue that, "if the Popes had been infallible, they would have remedied the Roman malaria"; but if it is a "figment and absurdity" to suppose the Syllabus an infallible document, as well as those numerous and solemn Papal decrees which have sanctioned the principle and practice of punishing heretics with imprisonment or death, not only is the Vatican dogma reduced to something very like a dead letter, but all its most authoritative exponents are convicted of fundamental error. As regards the Syllabus, indeed, the *Dublin Review* has pretty conclusively proved that it comes under infallible sanction; and Sir G. Bowyer may remember that, in the Jansenist controversy, the Holy See

expressly claimed infallibility on "questions of fact" (which he repudiates), and excommunicated those who denied it. He broadly hints, indeed, that Papal infallibility means no more than "the infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church." If so, we can only reply that the "absurdity" of misinterpreting the decree recoils on the heads of those who framed and sanctioned it. It seems hardly respectful to a General Council to treat its most solemn pronouncements as "much ado about nothing."

THE DECAY OF RURAL TRADITION.

THE editor of a Worcestershire newspaper has invited co-operation throughout that county in an experiment which is so excellent in its aim that it ought to be a success, and at the same time so late in its beginning that it must prove, it is to be feared, more or less of a failure. It is proposed to collect, under the title of "Old Worcestershire," the floating and unwritten, or at least unpublished, treasures of local traditions, customs, legends, proverbs, rhymes, and miscellaneous fireside memories belonging to the county; and, with a wise forethought, all such matter not belonging to the county is distinctly excluded from the plan. Such a work would stand in the same relation to the ordinary county histories as Mr. Green's *History of the English People* does to the ordinary Histories of England; and, if efficiently executed, it would go far to clothe the dry bones of the antiquary's labours with living flesh and blood. To the average antiquary of a century ago it does not appear to have been matter of much concern whether, if a man had not a coat of arms, he had any sort of coat at all. The only characteristic worthy of notice was a crest; and he who did not exhibit a motto might just as well not belong to the race of articulately speaking men. Exceptions were indeed made in favour of such departed worth as might have attained the parochial beatification of a monument; but then it must be in the church itself, and not in company with "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" in the churchyard.

It is, however, only just to Worcestershire men to say that Dr. Nash, the historian of that county, was an antiquary and an observer of a much higher type. His "collections" are full of interesting detail upon matters quite outside the range of the Heralds' College; and the curious old ballad in praise of Malvern and its waters, with its pious refrain, "O praise the Lord," in every verse, is known best, if not exclusively, through his volumes. His search of ancient records kept in view the man as well as his "coat," as in the case of the first known rector of the important parish of Martley:—"Robertus de Lech, persona de Mertle, per fas et nefas ab adolescentiâ suâ nummorum numerum augmentavit, et ille avarus 4 Id. Aprilis (1299) prædonibus peremptus pecuniam perdidit atque vitam. Defuncti funus non patria, vir dolet unus." The reference for this pleasant obituary notice is to "Ann. Wig." (*i.e. Annales Wigornienses*). But even the county historian of wider aims, such as Dr. Nash, would not have considered it worth his while, or of interest to his readers, to collect the old stories and superstitions of the country side. They probably showed, in the later years of the eighteenth century, no sign of dying out, and no Commission or Department had as yet been invented for the express purpose of making war against them. Learned men might correspond with each other on the subject of amazing derivations for local names; but they did not trouble themselves to know why or whether an anxious mother would come to the parson to beg a "Sacrament shilling" to hang round the baby's neck as "good for fits," or the old grandmother, when a thunderstorm was approaching, go to her chest for the "Letter of Our Saviour to King Abgarus," that she might fasten it up on the wall. If the language of old goodwives and nurses now and then reached the ears of wigged authority, it was probably disposed of after the fashion of Dr. Johnson:—"It is observable that the nurses call sleep *by, by*; *lullaby* is therefore *lull* to *sleep*." Why "the nurses call sleep *by, by*" did not concern our great-grandfathers very much.

Such an inquiry as that which has been lately set on foot in *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, and which has been taken up with some interest in a part of the county, might help to solve several questions of general historical interest. Among others, it would probably throw some curious light upon that chronological puzzle which everybody finds it so easy to answer wrong—the date of the Reformation. Rural England might be found not altogether to have borne out the favourite theory of the short and easy manuals, that the religious life of the people was at a certain fixed time, by order from London, turned upside down and emptied out like a drawer in a house cleaning, and then, after being carefully scrubbed and aired, filled up again with duly authorized contents. There would seem to have remained a good many odds and ends in the corners, suggesting that the contents of the drawer had been subjected to a very different process of change. And not a few shreds and bits of broken material would extend the suggestion to an earlier date, in the change from Pagan to Christian worship, and indicate in various charms and superstitions that the old gods, like the Canaanites, held their ground in many a hill fastness for a long time after the general conquest of their land. But during the last half-century, and especially during the present reign, the process of house-cleaning has been going on throughout the country in a very business-like and unsentimental fashion; and a millennium of English rural life would seem to be approaching, or at least yearned after, in which the old home, swept and purified from the accumulated "rubbish" of ages, with its dear familiar fragrance of rose-leaves and lavender, but qualified, it must be allowed, with some flavour of mildew and old leather, shall shine forth in perfect uniformity of design from Berwick to St. Michael's Mount, radiant in whitewash and odorous with yellow soap.

It is certain that, with our great and advancing social changes, the old memories and traditions have been disappearing fast. Our Sibyl, with her volumes of local history, is repeating the experience of her prophetic predecessor. The reason is not far to seek. Let any one plunge into the depth of even a moderately remote country district, such, for instance, as that which lies beneath him from Malvern to the West and North-west, and, eschewing every highway with a trace of Macadam about it, search out the ancient ways to which old maps or his own eyes may guide him—the main lines of packhorse communication or the cross-roads which led to market. He will probably soon discover, when his path touches some modern road, a wooden receptacle resembling half a Noah's Ark, nailed on a gate-post or hung in a tree; and he will rightly divine that this is meant for a rustic post-office. Let him, after the first inevitable smile at the ways of a primitive people, carry back his thought to their life in the days before this "scent" of the world's "paper-chase" was laid there, and when their only roads were the old tracks which he has been following. The people certainly could not write. For the most part, they could not read either; if they could, the Bible and Prayer-Book, and the broadsheets of carols or of songs from the pack of the infrequent pedlar, made up the bulk of their available literature; while wonderful prescriptions for the cure of rheumatism or of the stone might be found preserved in quaint MS. on a fly-leaf in the singing-gallery. After the day's labour, by the farm kitchen fire, in the summer twilight or the long winter evening, almost their only mental and intellectual resource would lie in telling over the old stories and sayings, and in singing the old ballads and rhymes. Such education as there was current would run in the same grooves. The baby must be sung to sleep; the restless or fractious child must be soothed by a story; the dame would teach the carol which she knew, and the prayer which she herself had once learnt. Thus the traditions remained, and, which is of still more importance, traditionary legends received uncriticizing belief. The parish clerk, a corporation sole, was their ordinary trustee; and the self-elective hierarchy of village singers in the larger parishes kept up the succession of ballads and graver tunes.

Another element in rural life and society had an important influence on the preservation of this unwritten literature. Mr. Hughes was, we think, the first to point out, in *Tom Brown*, that the *vates sacer* of the hall and the rectory had ceased, or is ceasing, to perform his once established function of learning in his boyhood and preserving in his later years the traditions of his home neighbourhood. He had not in the old days become the cosmopolitan that he is now; his early interests were very much confined to the narrow circle of his home; and the stories which he picked up in the nursery and the village were retained in a mind more intelligent than those of nurses and labourers, if not equally credulous. The existing condition of our social system through all its grades is fatal to the maintenance of such a state of things. Oral traditions are dying out, and those which have not already been preserved, or which cannot now be collected, in books must gradually cease to be. It is not within our present purpose to comment on the social or moral aspects of this change, with the causes and progress of which alone we are concerned. It is needless also to do more than refer to the altered conditions and opportunities of popular knowledge, and to the increased mental supplies for even the most uneducated modern labourer, which will have been sufficiently indicated by contrast with the condition already described. As a consequence of these, however, it is plain that the old local legends and traditions are no longer believed. Older people who may have heard them in their childhood are either ashamed of them or do not care to repeat them; and, though they may occasionally be extracted by careful cross-examination, the very process implies that their heads must already have been set down in the questioner's brief.

The school and the clergyman together have done a great deal, partly of deliberate purpose and partly by indirect action, to banish the old carols and the miscellaneous local rhymes or doggrel from the storehouse of childish memory. In a neighbourhood where, not forty years ago, every village child, when asked as to his or her prayers, would reply, "I says 'Our Father,' and 'I believe,' and 'Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,'" not a single child, in a school specially questioned for the purpose, was found to be acquainted even with the name of the old Angelo-Evangelistic invocation. The combined efforts of two or three educated memories may perhaps recover the whole of the curious "Catharine and Clement" rhymes associated in West Worcestershire with the children's custom of begging for apples in the last week of November; but the legendary fame of St. Catharine has almost entirely died out of remembrance in the Teme-valley district, where fifty years since it continued in undiminished freshness. The tracks of the Saint's "Mare and Colt," and of the iron patten-rings of the "maid" who stole them, may be found still by the curious upon blocks of the Old Red Sandstone lying in the devious course of the brooks (and of their tributary rills as well), down which the animals were led to avoid detection; but probably there is not an inhabitant of the district now living who would not laugh at the belief which was firmly held there in the early part of the

present century. Drainage has disposed of the Will-o'-the-Wisp who was known as a contemporary in the same region; and the rural policeman (*vice* the parson, withdrawn) has effectually laid the ghosts. It is therefore without much anticipation of any large measure of success that we offer a hearty welcome to the proposal lately issued by our Worcester contemporary, and express our hope that all who are able to assist in carrying it out will co-operate in furnishing the materials. Every year will make the work less susceptible of efficient performance. It should be remembered, however, that a record of ancient local customs and traditions is not the same thing as a miscellany of recent "folk-lore" and personal gossip; while, for want of the better material, a host of [illegible] very naturally be looked for. The promoters of [illegible] collect evidence to a certain probability; and the columns published weekly in a [illegible] material, to be used at a future time, [illegible] the ideal publication.

Posterity will no doubt acknowledge the large debt of gratitude which it owes to the Education Department, the Postmaster-General, and perhaps even to the police-force, and the *Daily Telegraph*, for the spread of that higher enlightenment which, from its centres in the towns, has [illegible] districts. At the same time posterity will not forget that the certificated schoolmaster, "abroad" in the country of the penny journalist, and clothed with his high-polite phraseology, is ill-fitted to destroy the old geographical and philological landmarks in his countrymen. It would be convenient to ask of her Majesty's Inspectors that they should require school managers, Boards, and teachers to preserve for future reference a collection of all the local phrases, "vulgarisms," and other forms of speech which they have heard from their scholars throughout the land; but the volume of childishness who would enjoy such a collection of the sweepings cast outside the school premises might well assert themselves with the hope that their labours will not be unrecognized a hundred years hence. The collection even of "old wives' fables," of local superstitions, and of [illegible] would be imperfectly educated [illegible] encouraged to set in the same hope. The legends and traditions of the [illegible] at least of no smaller interest than the old memories of the Hellenic race which gave vivid and abiding an interest to the first volume of Grote's *History of Greece*.

COMPUTING SCHEMES OF [illegible] REFORM.

AS the time approaches for the [illegible] of Parliament, the [illegible] public attention [illegible] questions which more particularly [illegible] are discussed with increased earnestness. Prominent among these questions is [illegible] condition of the English army, with the schemes for its reorganization which have been put forward in every quarter. The assertions hazarded are so startling and the various plans are so numerous and so different in character, that it becomes difficult for an ordinary observer to perceive what at present exists, or what is supposed to be required; and yet, in order to criticize fairly the action of Government in providing for the defence of the country, certain main principles must be kept in view, and certain definite ideas formed in regard to the value of the several propositions.

The first point to be settled is the number of force, divided into the several branches of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, which, in the opinion of those who are best able to estimate the requirements of the country, is necessary for its defence. This force will include not only the troops for the garrison of the United Kingdom, but also the army of India and of the colonies, together with the disposable force which England might find it necessary to despatch to the Continent or elsewhere for the furtherance of her policy. Having, however roughly, estimated the numbers of our army of the future, its composition should next be considered. Under this head must be included the efficiency which it is to attain, and the relative standard of excellence of its component parts. To retain in time of peace an army of a strength sufficient for war is manifestly impossible. Therefore the organization should comprise a first line adapted for ordinary requirements, reserves to fill it up and replenish it in time of war, and a second line as a support when the war has been fully developed. Lastly, the cost of this force must be estimated in relation to the wealth of the country. These are the three main principles on which the organization of an army hinges.

The majority of writers on military reform appear to agree that, if properly maintained, the army which we at present have on paper is numerically sufficient for the purposes required, and that the two hundred thousand men comprised in the regular army, the Militia, the Yeomanry, and the Volunteers, are enough for a country whose first line of defence must always be the navy. The rock on which critics split is the composition of this force, and the best means of raising it, and of keeping it in a due condition of efficiency. A few, of whom Captain Hime may be considered as the exponent, would imitate the example of the military nations of the Continent, and would raise the army by conscription. A larger number, represented by Lord Elcho, would combine conscription to the Militia, inducing men to enlist into the regular army by pay and bounty, and to enter the Volunteers in order to escape the ballot; whilst many writers deprecate any conscription whatever, alleging that so wealthy a country as England should maintain her army by voluntary enlistment, paying a fair price for her soldiers in the open labour market.

The arguments against conscription for the whole of the English army are so numerous and conclusive that it is unnecessary to do more than allude to them. The tax imposed on the wealth and happiness of a country by forcing into the ranks recruits whose labour otherwise employed would contribute in a far greater degree to its true prosperity could only be justified, and, in fact, would only be possible, if danger such as that which habitually menaces Germany impended over England. Its cost can scarcely be calculated, it fosters emigration by driving men across the Atlantic to escape the conscription, and it imposes a burden on a nation from which war, with the hope of future [illegible], might even be welcomed as a means of escape. In Germany its direct money cost cannot even be calculated, as the meagre pay of the soldier is almost necessarily supplemented by help from his relations and friends. In addition to these arguments the necessity of foreign service in peace time for the majority of the English regular army makes conscription out of the question.

The second plan, of putting in force the law which permits conscription by means of the ballot for the Militia, although in some degree open to the same objections, is yet so modified in its operation as to be at least a possible expedient. The period of service would be short, the duty comparatively easy, and the men would not be removed far from their homes; whilst the military tastes that would be engendered, with the hope of good pay, would tend to fill the ranks of the regular army, leaving the Volunteers to be replenished by those who would prefer to serve in the Militia the more severe training necessary to enable them to reach the requisite standard of efficiency. Mr. Hardy, in his speech [illegible] on the 9th May last, thus expressed his opinion of this modified form of conscription:—"The ballot for militia, as a contingency which it may become necessary to draw. I do not think it would be wise to draw upon it unnecessarily; but if necessity should arise, I am sure no Minister with a due sense of his duty would shrink from availing himself of it."

The third plan is to depend entirely on the inducements which can be offered to men to enter the army voluntarily. And among soldiers Militiamen, and even to a certain extent Yeomanry, are here included—in fact, to compete in the labour market for a supply of recruits. As, notwithstanding the many advantages which of late years have been conferred on the soldier, this method does not at present keep either the army or the Militia up to their proper numerical strength (to say nothing of the quality of the recruits), many schemes involving more or less radical changes have been put forward by army reformers. These schemes may be comprised generally under two heads. The first is that which finds a supporter in Earl Grey and an advocate in Mr. Holms, of revolutionizing our present system by sweeping away the Militia and depending entirely on a short-service army and on large reserves. The second is that which has recently been recommended with much force by a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, and has been frequently advocated by thoughtful men, of making the Militia the recruiting ground and the training school of the regular army, to be followed by short service in the ranks, with voluntary longer service for India, and a fixed period in the Reserves. In regard to the first scheme, Mr. Holms's plans are so crude that it is impossible to reduce them to a practical form; whilst Earl Grey's are tentative, and only possible, even if successful, after many years, as they depend for the formation of Reserves, together with a second line, on the effect of pensions. Both are also open to this objection, that, in place of building on foundations already existing, they pull down in order to reconstruct—a method which is not in accordance with English habits and precedents.

The objections alleged against the Militia scheme are that men will not join the force in sufficient numbers, that commanding officers will dislike to see their regiments made the nursery for another force, and that the Militia is not sufficiently drilled and disciplined to take its place in the field against the trained soldiers of the Continent. In reply, however, it may be fairly said that the supply of men to the Militia will depend on the inducements offered, that the position of colonel of a Militia regiment is so much sought after that the responsibilities attending it can safely be increased, and that the standard of efficiency for the force may, if necessary, be raised. It may also be contended that an emergency which would call for the embodiment of the Militia by threatening direct danger to England could not very well come so suddenly as to allow absolutely no time for preparation; and the experience of 1854 and 1859 shows that, in a comparatively short period, the Militia is capable of attaining very considerable proficiency.

There are thus three schemes before the public, all of them recommended by plausible arguments—namely, an army raised by conscription, an army raised partly by conscription and partly by voluntary service, and an army composed entirely of voluntary recruits; the last scheme being subdivided into two—namely, that which advocates one description of force, formed of men serving in the ranks and men who have passed through the ranks, and who create a Reserve, and the present system, comprising a regular army with its Reserves, and the Militia as a second line. The last two schemes would include the Volunteers as at present constituted; but, according to Lord Elcho's plan, with their standard of efficiency compulsorily raised. Putting aside conscription, and taking for granted that the larger part, if not the whole, of the army must be recruited by voluntary enlistment—acknowledging at the same

time that the results at present obtained are most unsatisfactory, that many branches of the regular army are much below their proper strength, that the recruits are too young and too weak for service in the field or in India, and that the Militia is very far short of its proper numbers—it may be useful to review the several propositions for attaining the desired end which various army reformers have tried their hands at framing.

On more than one occasion Sir Lintorn Simmons, in common with others well qualified to give an opinion, has pointed out the waste of life, and even of money, caused by enlisting for short service lads of seventeen and eighteen, and has shown that, for the regular army at least, men of twenty or twenty-one should alone be taken. This has been acknowledged by the writer of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* already quoted, who proposes as a remedy that the Militia should enlist these lads into their ranks, and after training them for three years pass them on to the regulars, sufficient pay, in whatever shape it may be dispensed, being given to induce their transfer of service. A mutual exchange of soldiers between the Militia and the Line would be much facilitated if the former were raised, as was the case some few years ago, in great measure from the agricultural districts; but, in consequence of the gradual absorption of the surplus rural population into the large towns, and of the increased demand for farm labour, the class of men who enter the Militia, as well as the regular army, has changed in character, and the ranks are now filled from the more migratory population of the towns. On every ground this is to be regretted; for it is as true in our own day as it was when Socrates pointed out the superiority as soldiers of the agricultural class, that the backbone of an army should be formed of the rural population.

Common sense tells us that, in order to obtain an article of value, its proper cost must be paid, and therefore, if the country determines to compete for soldiers in the labour market, it must offer sufficient inducements, remembering that short service, with all its advantages, requires a very much larger annual supply of men than long service, and consequently involves a considerable addition of expense in the item of recruiting. What inducements would be sufficient is a separate question, and one which has led to much variety of opinion. In comparing a soldier's career with that of a labourer or mechanic, it must be acknowledged that it is usually less laborious, and to many young men more attractive; on the other hand, it unfortunately does not find favour with parents, and it also necessitates the surrender of a good deal of the liberty enjoyed by the civilian. Putting the pros and cons against each other, the infantry soldier's pay ought at least to equal that of the best unskilled labour. Owing to the conditions of his life, it would be obviously impossible to give a soldier his entire pay in money. He must be clothed, fed, housed, and tended in sickness; consequently the surplus only will go into his pocket. But it has been found by experience that, to prevent soldiers on leaving the army from falling into destitution owing to previous improvidence, the State must save for them, and consequently that, if long service is resorted to, pensions (merely another form of pay) are desirable. The pocket-money of the soldier is thus very considerably reduced, and the direct attraction to recruits to enter the service is diminished by the means taken for their future well-being. A sum down as bounty on enlistment may attract men more than a pension on discharge (the amounts being the same); but the first has been found to have so demoralizing an effect as to be rejected, unless under exceptional circumstances, although it has the convenience that it can be raised or lowered according to the demand for men. Many valuable suggestions, amongst others those made by Archdeacon Wright, have recently been offered for the benefit of the soldier, but nearly all involve expenditure of money, and the Minister of War is obliged, not only to consider their real value to the soldier, but also whether they will have the effect of inducing recruits to join the ranks. The proposal of deferred pay, to increase according to length of service, has met with much favour, and has been ably advocated by Captain Trench; but although there is much that recommends itself in the scheme, the remarks of Lord Grey, who points out the failure of the plan, tried forty years ago, of paying the discharged soldier a lump sum down, are well worthy of consideration.

Apart from the question of deferred pay as a part of the actual remuneration of the soldier, it has been advocated as a means of inducing men to enter and continue in the Reserves—a matter of considerable difficulty when the migratory condition of the population is considered. This aspect of the case brings under notice one of the most important points connected with the organization of an army. The army that went to the Crimea did its work nobly as long as it lasted; but there were no reserves, and the raw recruits died and disappeared almost as soon as they were landed. Reserves to fill up the ranks to war strength, and to close the gaps caused by death and sickness, are a necessary adjunct to every standing army. The advocates of short service in the ranks very properly put this forward as one of the principal arguments in its favour, and no scheme can be of any value that does not provide for a sufficient supply of duly trained men to enter the ranks on the immediate threat of war. At present the inducements to enrol in the reserved force are not sufficient, and Lord Cardwell's plans in this respect do not appear to have succeeded. His localization scheme, which theoretically promises well, requires a longer period to test its practical value, and, above all things, the nation ought to guard itself against hasty conclusions and a restless desire for change. The question of army reform is not one that should be approached in a narrow or party spirit; the national interests at stake are too serious. Great patience in forming a judgment should be exercised; and due consideration should be given to the difficulty of providing an efficient army without so great a tax on the labour or the money of the country as to provoke the antagonism of the constituencies. In this article no plan is advocated, no scheme proposed. We have merely attempted to lay before those who will have to criticize the coming action of Parliament a short statement of the matter as it at present stands.

THE VESTRIES AND THE SNOW.

THE old question about the *custodes* has just turned up in a very curious way in the Marlborough Street Police Court. The Vestry of St. George's, Hanover Square, exists under the authority of an Act the title of which describes it as intended to provide for "the better local management of the Metropolis," including, among other things, the cleansing of the streets. It is of course as plain as anything can be that the meaning of the Act is that the Vestries should see to keeping the town clean and decent. The Vestry of St. George's, however—and we are afraid it does not stand alone—has chosen to interpret the duties imposed upon it in a very singular manner. Instead of removing nuisances, it has taken upon itself to create them. By the 125th section of the Metropolis Local Management Act, it is enacted that "it shall be lawful for every Vestry, and they are hereby required, to appoint and employ a sufficient number of persons to contract with any company or persons for the sweeping and cleansing of the several streets within their parish or district, and for collecting and removing all dirt, ashes, rubbish, ice, snow, and filth, and for the cleansing out and emptying of cesspools, sewers, and drains." The manner in which St. George's Vestry carries out these duties in regard to snow is, it seems, to employ a contractor to remove the snow from certain streets, and then to pile it up in other streets, and leave it there till a thaw sets in, and the accumulation is gradually dispersed by natural causes. The magistrate remarked that, as the snow was originally mixed with mud and muck, and by its melting became still worse, it well deserves to be considered as filth. It is evident that, if the word "removing" in the Act merely implied transferring a nuisance from one place to another, the same process might be applied to the other kinds of filth mentioned in the Act; and the inhabitants of Grosvenor Square, or any other part of the town, might any day find themselves swamped with the refuse of the cesspools or drains. It is perhaps only a London Vestry that could possibly conceive the idea of carrying out a law in such a manner. The vestrymen of St. George's have perhaps been misled by the saying, immortalized by Lord Palmerston, that dirt is only matter in a wrong place; but the course of reasoning by which they arrived at the conclusion that Grosvenor Square was the right place for dirt is difficult to imagine. It seems to be the idea of the Vestry that the inhabitants of Grosvenor Square are stuck-up people, who think a great deal too much of themselves; but it may be imagined that even unpretending people in Whitechapel or Lambeth might equally resent having huge embankments of damp and fetid filth built up in front of their houses. That it should occur to a Vestry to behave in this barbarous manner, and further, that even after the outrage has been exposed, it should be necessary to appeal to a police magistrate in order to get it driven into the dense heads of the vestrymen that they have no right to act in that way, is certainly a strange illustration of the practical aspects of modern civilization. No doubt it is desirable that much-used thoroughfares should be cleared of refuse which is not only offensive to passers-by but an obstruction to traffic, and if it were deposited in the open spaces of any of the squares merely for a day or so until it could be taken elsewhere, this might be endured. It appears, however, that the dirt was simply transferred from one place to another, and there left without any further thought about it or any attempt to deal with it, and so became much more noxious than when spread over the streets. It is needless to say that a mass of moist dirt steaming up in the air, soaking into the ground, and possibly even into the houses, and spreading dampness and miasma on every side, is not merely an inconvenience, but a positive danger. What is meant by the Act is clearly not that refuse shall be shifted from one place to another where it is equally in the way, but that it shall be removed to some place where it will do no harm.

The summonses in this case were nominally taken out against the contractor, but the real culprit was the Vestry, which justified his conduct. Mr. Livingstone, the surveyor, stated that his orders to the scavengers were to remove snow from the principal thoroughfares and to heap it up in lumps, so that the contractor might have "it carried away as quickly as possible"; but the question turns on what is "as quickly as possible." In this instance the snow was left to accumulate for seven days, and was added to until it attained formidable proportions, as many persons may have seen for themselves. When there is a heavy fall of snow in London there is no doubt a difficulty in immediately disposing of it, just as there is a difficulty in getting rid of other kinds of refuse; but it is absurd to speak of this difficulty as insuperable. Nobody expects everything to be made perfectly comfortable under such circumstances all at once; all that can be asked for is that what can reasonably be done should be done. In this case, it is said, the snow was removed to one of the squares, or to the Park, whichever was nearest to the main road to be cleared; but some

consideration should have been shown in distributing the snow. There might have been room for a moderate quantity for a day, but not for mountains to remain a week or more on the chance of melting. Again, a little trouble or expense in carting the snow further off would have been a small matter compared with the extreme unpleasantness, as well as danger, inflicted on householders who found themselves surrounded by walls of frozen mud. It is not very far from any part of St. George's parish to Hyde Park. The magistrate held that the Vestry was authorized to collect and remove the snow from the streets; but then this refuse could not be left indefinitely in some other place where it was equally a nuisance. There must, he said, be a reasonable user of this power, and when there was a collection, there must be a removal within a reasonable time. In this case he thought the limit of reasonable time had been much exceeded, and many persons besides the residents in Grosvenor Square will think so too. It is all very well to talk of public convenience; but the people in Grosvenor Square, and in other squares which have been similarly treated, are also part of the public, and are entitled to consideration, even though they are not shopkeepers. If the Vestry cannot discover any way of keeping the streets clean except by raising hills of snow in particular squares, they had better let it alone. But, as everybody knows, there is no impossibility in the matter at all. It is only a question of labour and expense. If the Vestry chose to have such work done properly, it could get it done at once. We do not happen to know upon what terms the contractor is paid to do his work, but if he undertakes the bargain, he should be strictly held to it. A writer in the *Times* speaks of the case of "a contractor who, having engaged to keep the streets clean, has allowed himself to be beaten by circumstances, and has chosen rather to pay a limited fine than to incur the unlimited expense of performing what he has undertaken." It would be interesting, however, to know whether the contractors really pay any fines at all, or whether the fines are more than nominal. A man in business who finds that it pays better to submit to a small fine than to do his work thoroughly is exposed to a dangerous temptation. It is obvious that, as regards clearing the streets of snow, a snowstorm or two in the course of the winter is a circumstance which a contractor must reasonably expect, and ought to be prepared for, and it is nonsense to talk of the additional expense of a little more carting being unlimited. It is possible that contractors are at present insufficiently remunerated; but that is another question. They have no right to pocket the money and then shirk the work.

The gross misconduct of St George's Vestry in this instance is unfortunately by no means an exceptional incident. It is only a characteristic example of the shameful way in which the general functions of these bodies are discharged. The cleaning of the streets, as far as the Vestries are concerned, has become simply an organized imposture. In the City the work is done thoroughly and systematically; but elsewhere it seems to be thought enough to make some nominal arrangement with contractors, and then to leave the contractors to do their duty or let it alone, just as suits their own private convenience. At ordinary times there is a show of doing something; but whenever the services of the scavengers are most required, they seem to subside into a purely passive attitude. Like the rustic who waited for the stream to run by, the contractors wait patiently for the bad weather to come to an end. They no doubt argue that it is useless to clean the streets one day when they are sure to be as bad again on the morrow. It is true that this is just what they are paid to do, but then they can always square things with the Vestry. Hence the lakes of mud, the embankments of dirty snow, the slippery filth of the pavement, more perilous than ice, and all that accumulation of mess and misery which makes the finest thoroughfares of the West End such a vile slough of despond after every heavy fall of rain or snow. It is impossible to imagine a more melancholy farce than to see the wretched paupers who are turned out in Piccadilly to make a pretence of sweeping. They seem to be chosen chiefly for their deafness and other physical infirmities, and their chief occupation is to get in the way of cabs and omnibuses. What little is done for the streets in bad weather appears to be ingeniously devised with a view to increase public discomfort. The mud is scraped from the middle of the road into broad ridges on each side, which have to be jumped or forded by any one who wants to cross. Not only in the cleaning, but in the repair, of the streets the convenience of the public is cruelly disregarded. At least the greater part of this sort of work might be done during the hours when the streets are little used; and, if a sufficient number of men were employed, there would be no difficulty about this, as they could work by gas-light as well as in the early morning. But this would not suit the convenience of contractors, who prefer to dawdle over every job as long as possible, and spin it out to the utmost. The consequence is that the traffic of important thoroughfares is continually interrupted during the most valuable period of the day, while a handful of men are pottering over their work. The other day, to the serious inconvenience of a large number of people, Kensington Road was shut up, and traffic had to go a long way round by the Fulham Road and South Kensington. Yet, for some part of the day at least, any one who had the curiosity to see what was doing in the Kensington Road would have found a couple of steam-rollers standing idle, and the attendants fast asleep.

It is amazing that in a rich, luxurious capital like London such a disgraceful state of things should be tamely submitted to. What can be more absurd than to go on ornamenting the town and raising fine buildings, when the elements of common decency are neglected in this manner? There must at last, we suppose, be a limit to human endurance in this respect; and it is much to be wished that householders generally would follow the example of those of Grosvenor Square, and take legal measures for preventing the Vestries from making nuisances instead of removing them. It is significant that the only part of London which is kept respectably clean is that where there are happily no vestrymen.

THE MALAY DESPATCHES

A DESPATCH has been received from General Colborne describing the operations which ended in the capture of Kinta. The force, naval and military, employed on this service moved by water up the Perak river at the rate of only seven or eight miles a day. The labour in poling heavily laden boats against a strong current was severe, and delays were caused by groundings of large boats and intricacies of channel. Advancing in this way, and meeting no opposition, the force reached Blanja on 13th December. At this place, which is forty miles north of the Perak Residency, intelligence was received that the Malay chiefs, Lela and Ismael (supposed to be implicated in the murder of Mr. Birch), had passed through Blanja and taken the road to Kinta, and it was decided to advance without delay from the Perak river through the jungle to the Kinta river, and get possession of the Kinta capital. Accordingly General Colborne, leaving a detachment to occupy Blanja, proceeded with the remainder of the force towards Kinta. The extreme badness of the narrow path, through thick jungle interrupted by fallen trees, with swampy ground and deep mud, rendered progress slow. At a turn in the path, about two or three miles from Blanja, the first opposition was encountered. Fire was opened upon the advanced guard of the 10th Regiment from a stockade, concealed by thick jungle, at thirty yards' distance. Our men placed themselves under cover and returned the fire. One of the guns of the Royal Artillery and the naval rocket tube were brought forward, and the enemy retreated. No casualty occurred on our side except a severe wound received by the Colonial Medical Officer, Dr. Randall. After a further advance of two miles fire was opened from another stockade, which was taken possession of in the same manner. No further resistance was encountered until the force arrived within two miles of Kinta, but extreme labour and difficulty were undergone from the badness of the road. Kinta was taken, after a slight resistance, on 17th December, and thus the road through this dangerous jungle was secured before the Malays had time to obstruct it more effectually than they did. The moral effect of the occupation of Kinta was likely to be beneficial. The chiefs Lela and Ismael were supposed to have fled into the Patani or Lower Siam territory. The health of the force had been good.

A force under General Ross went up the Larut river to Malang, and marched thence to Qualla Kangsa, on the Perak river, above Blanja. After taking Kinta as above described, General Colborne sent a message to General Ross asking for reinforcements to hold Blanja. A detachment of 150 men was sent accordingly, and as the river between Qualla Kangsa and Blanja had not been reported open, news of the arrival of this force at Blanja was anxiously awaited. On 22nd December a small steamer returned to Qualla Kangsa, and reported that this force had reached Blanja safely. But the next item of intelligence was less satisfactory. On 4th January General Ross proceeded to disarm Kota Lama, a village on the Perak river, two miles above Qualla Kangsa, with 100 men of the 3rd Buffs and other troops. The disarmament on the right bank of the river was easily effected, and the officer commanding the troops on the left bank sent word that the village on that bank was deserted. Hereupon General Ross disembarked on the left bank with his staff and a small escort, and Malays with muskets and spears surprised and nearly surrounded this isolated party, and killed an officer and wounded several men before they were beaten off. The next intelligence was an official telegram, dated 20th January, announcing that Governor Sir W. Jervois had returned from Penang to Singapore. At the beginning of the month he had obtained information that Ismael and some followers were in the mountains near the source of the Perak river. He immediately sent a body of armed police and trusted Malays to communicate with a friendly chief and obtain his co-operation in surprising this party. He had just learnt by telegram from Penang that Ismael, with the greater part of his followers, escaped, but Pandak Indut, the actual murderer of Mr. Birch, was killed. A hostile rajah was also killed. It appears from a Reuter's telegram that in this expedition to the interior of Perak "great dangers" were incurred, but a sensible loss was inflicted on the Malays. A telegram from Penang, dated 21st January, announces that our troops had attacked the village of Rathalma with artillery and rockets. The Malays fled, and the place was burnt. There was no loss on our side.

This is all that has been reported up to the present time, and we may be sure that, if anything important had occurred, the telegraph would have announced it within twenty-four hours after it was known at Penang. Facts would have been reported officially, and disquieting rumours, if there were any, would have been promptly forwarded by the Correspondents of the newspapers. But they have added little to the official telegrams. An interesting letter dated the 23rd of Decem-

ber appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday last, and as the Correspondent minutely describes his own journey to Qualla Kangsa, we may infer that larger topics of discussion were not forthcoming. He had heard that General Colborne had asked for reinforcements, and it was surmised, but as we have seen wrongly, that he was unable to get to Kinta. He had also heard—and in this there seems to have been some truth—that the troops at Qualla Kangsa were unable to move for want of transport. He took the opportunity of travelling with the Assistant Quartermaster-General, who was going to Qualla Kangsa with coolies. They steamed along the coast and up the Larut river, observing a man-of-war cruising to maintain the efficient blockade of the coast to which is partly ascribed the slight resistance of the Malays. Some merchant of cosmopolitan sympathy would no doubt have supplied them with rifles and ammunition if a strict blockade had not been established. The party steamed up the Larut river and landed at Tellok Kartang, from which place a good road leads in eighteen miles to Bukeet Gantaing. As the Correspondent was groping his way into this place after dark, he was challenged by a Goorkha sentry and informed that he had arrived at the rearmost station of the Qualla Kangsa force. Next day, travelling on an elephant, he reached Qualla Kangsa. There he found the 3rd Buffs, who before leaving Calcutta had their white clothes and helmets dyed a dirty slate colour, which he thinks a very sensible colour for jungle warfare. He remarked a large number of tins of Australian meat, and was informed that, although the officers liked it much, the men grumbled at it. The British soldier is the same all the world over, and would of course show the prejudice of the class to which he belongs at home. The Correspondent describes Qualla Kangsa as beautifully situated on the high banks of the Perak river. He found the officers of all branches of the service sleeping in a large hut, and messing under a tree by firelight. Each officer was restricted to 40 lbs. of baggage, and similar rations were served out to officers and men. There was no pale ale in camp, but each officer was allowed a glass of rum per day. The health and spirits of the troops were good, and he admired the fine physique and business-like appearance of the men. When he arrived, want of transport, which had been the great difficulty of this expedition, had been overcome. He thinks that coolies should have been brought from Calcutta for land transport, and that pontoons used as rafts would have enabled the force to float down the river to Blanja. However, as we have already seen, enough of boats and rafts were collected to send 150 men to Blanja. The new Resident is said to have adopted a policy of conciliation, which is likely to promote a peaceful settlement; but the Correspondent thinks that it will be necessary for some time to have such a force in hand that the Malays may see that our conciliation is not prompted by conscious weakness. This is only too true, both of the Malays and of other races with whom we are in contact in the East. The failure of the first attack made on the Malays on 7th November, and their surprise of General Ross's escort on 4th January, show that they can be dangerous enemies. The despatches of Lieutenant Abbott, published by the Admiralty, throw much light on the cause of the first failure; and it may interest Mr. Holms to know that, whatever may be the case at home, our Indian army is thought to have too few officers. There were present in that attack 54 Europeans with 4 officers, 20 Malays with 1 officer, and 74 native soldiers with only 1 officer. These soldiers were mostly recruits from the neighbourhood of Lahore, far from perfect in the use of arms, and to a great extent wanting in discipline. When the attack began, the Sepoys and police were huddled together behind a large tree, and proved utterly useless and rather dangerous from their wild firing, which wounded some of the troops. Lieutenant Abbott ascribes the inefficiency of the Sepoys to want of discipline, and to no officer being acquainted with their language; and it would be unreasonable under such circumstances to complain of failure. Captain Innes, who commanded and was killed in this attack, could only make it with such troops as were at hand, and, as we have already said, it is generally better to act promptly, bearing in mind, however, that success cannot always be obtained with imperfect means. If, as a writer in the *Times* represents, the native regiments are so ill supplied with officers that that which happened before this stockade may happen any day on a larger scale, then indeed our supremacy both among the Malays and elsewhere may be in serious danger. If we attempt to build our power in the East on any other foundation than that of our own capacity for war, the edifice will tumble. It may be doubted whether we have enough young active English officers in India, and it is certain that we have plenty of them at home. Sepoys will go anywhere, as they have always done, under proper leaders; but if we expect them to fight, say as our English soldiers fought at Inkermann, we shall be disappointed. It avails little to descant on the treachery of the Malays. "It is their nature to," and they will surprise us whenever we give them the opportunity. It may be hoped that no news is good news, and that this Malay war is done with. But we can easily have another whenever we discontinue the useful practice of sleeping with one eye open.

PICKETING AT ERITH.

THE Erith strike, though it presents no features of actual novelty, furnishes an instructive study to those who wish to understand the ruling principles and practices of the Trade-Unions, inasmuch as it exhibits them in an unusually clear and naked manner, and free from those accidental questions which occasionally disguise and complicate the real issues. During the discussions of last Session on the Labour-laws there was a general tendency to subordinate practical considerations to a rather sentimental view of the alleged grievances of working-men. Attention was concentrated on the supposed necessity of wording the law so that employers and employed should be placed on exactly the same footing—a good object in itself—and the important fact was overlooked, that working-men have ways of their own which are not the ways of any other class of the community, and are, in fact, distinctly defiant of other people's rights. The stand which is now being made against piecework, not only by a few men at Erith, but, as far as moral and pecuniary support goes, by the whole body of operative engineers in the country, and also by other trades, indicates very plainly the main object which the Trade-Unionists have in view; and the process of picketing, which also may be seen at work at Erith, illustrates in an equally unmistakable way the methods to which they are ready to resort in order to accomplish their purpose. It is here not a question whether working-men shall be compelled to work on terms which, rightly or wrongly, they object to, but whether men who are willing to work on the terms offered shall be allowed to do so. Messrs. Easton and Anderson have announced that they have at present as many hands as they want; but there seems to be no doubt of the fact that men have gone to Erith with the intention of seeking work, and that a good many of them have either been persuaded immediately on their arrival to go away again, or, if they accepted employment, have thrown it up at the end of a day or two. Of course, in so far as this result was produced by pure persuasion, there is nothing to be said against it; but whether it is persuasion—in any honest sense of the word—is just the point of doubt.

Anybody who visits Erith expecting to see the signs of the war now going on there openly displayed will certainly be disappointed. There was indeed an exceptional outbreak on the part of the men on Saturday last, and two cases of assault have since occurred; but in an ordinary way nothing can be more quiet and sleepy than the aspect of the town. The clang of work is still heard at Messrs. Easton and Anderson's factory, and there are no crowds of men out of work filling the streets. There is in fact no stir of any kind. The railway station is approached by a short road which is the private property of the Company, and on Saturday this was invaded by a number of strikers, who, ranging themselves on each side, hooted the "knobsticks," or men at work, as they went to the train to spend their Sunday away from Erith in order to be at peace. Since then a policeman has been stationed in the private road to preserve order, and pickets are not admitted. Immediately outside the entrance to the station is an open space, on one side of which the "Wheatly Arms" is conspicuous, and here the first outpost of the pickets is established. There are two sandwich-men carrying printed placards, on which it is "strongly recommended" that turners, fitters, &c., should not seek work on the terms offered by certain employers. These men walk up and down in the open space between the railway entrance and the public-house, and are attended or supported by some three or four other men, smoking pipes, who act as a sort of skirmishing party, keeping a sharp eye on all arrivals by train, and accosting in a friendly way such as seem to be in search of work. There is certainly nothing up to this point in the conduct of the pickets to give offence. They wish, of course, to conciliate the new-comers, if possible, and indeed a prompt adjournment to the public-house generally follows. In some cases the strangers push on without stopping to speak, but only the more resolute ones resist all parley. If the discussion does not proceed pleasantly, it becomes louder, and an oath or two is perhaps discharged in the rear of an obdurate fellow who will not listen to reason. Between this point and Messrs. Easton and Anderson's works there is another picket stationed about half way, and a third at a short distance from the works. There is no attempt, however, to beset the doors of the factory, nor indeed is there any necessity for doing so, seeing that there is no access to it on any other side. It will be seen that, in a small quiet place like Erith, nothing is easier than to detect strangers and to watch their movements, and obnoxious men are thus placed at a disadvantage. It is understood that the pickets have received special instructions from the officers of the Union to keep within proper limits in challenging new-comers, in order to prevent any prejudice being cast on the movement in which they are engaged. Judging from the look of the picketers themselves, there is certainly nothing very menacing or terrible about them. They have indeed rather a cowed, downcast look, as they shamble about in the cold; and are ordinarily quiet enough in their demeanour. We should not think that any man of ordinary spirit, who simply refused to have anything to do with them, would have anything to fear; but most of the men accosted get into talk, and possibly things may be said quietly which have a strong effect, and the two cases of assault show that some things are also done in the dark. The evil of picketing is that it is a perilous incline, on which it is difficult for men to avoid sliding downwards. It keeps up a perpetual state of irritation and ferment which may at any moment break out into mischief. It is like a pot on the boil which threatens to bubble over. Neither Unionists nor non-Unionists are exempt from the ordinary infirmities of human temper. Hot words are apt to lead to blows, and the parade of pickets leads by natural steps to more direct and violent molestation.

The truth is that picketing, even in its mildest form, amounts to

something more than merely holding aloof. It is distinctly an aggressive act. In any class of life a man may be in want of good advice in regard to his personal conduct, his relations with his family, or other such matters; but if a stranger presumed to stop him in the street, and to sermonize him on his iniquities, and suggest that, if he wished to escape a very bad end, only one course was open to him, which was to take the self-constituted mentor's advice, it would be thought to be a very intolerable impertinence, to say the least of it. Working-men have, no doubt, like other people, a perfect right to make speeches or vote at meetings, to publish articles in newspapers, to circulate hand-bills, or to come to any agreement as to whom they will associate with, or on what terms they may choose to work; but picketing clearly goes beyond this. It involves a personal attack, and implies in an offensive manner a right to scrutinize and criticize another person's behaviour, and to argue with him from a ground of superiority. If the pickets began by politely requesting permission to argue with those whom they take upon themselves to stop in the street, and if the request was granted, that might be very well; but they insist on introducing disagreeable questions, whether their interlocutor likes it or not, and without saying "By your leave." The Ancient Mariner who button-holed the Wedding Guest is perhaps the poetical ideal of a Trade-Unionist picket, and there can be no doubt that it was the weakness of mind of the Guest which gave the Mariner his opportunity. *De minimis non curat lex*; and it cannot be said that the State can undertake to teach manners to working-men. It would be obviously absurd that the law should prohibit one man from saying to another street, "Don't put your foot in that hole"; but, on the other hand, there is really a point at which officious advice becomes aggressive and insulting. Where to draw the line between what is allowable and what is not is no doubt difficult, but there are means of arriving at a conclusion. Take, for instance, this case at Erith. The justification of pickets is that they are intended to give information of value to working-men. So far the "strong recommendation" of the placards not to take work on certain terms is perfectly legitimate, and this might be enlarged upon, with appropriate arguments, in a handbill to be given to any one who chose to take it. But to bring a man whom you don't know to a peremptory halt in the street, and insist on having it out with him, is another thing. It is not to be supposed that any man who goes to Erith to get employment does not know perfectly well what the state of the case is. The matter has been taken up by all the Societies connected with the trade, it has been discussed for years, and every engineer perfectly understands the bearings of the question. It is obvious, therefore, that the picketing must be intended for something more than the giving of information which everybody directly affected by it already possesses. Any man may have a right to feel contempt and dislike for other people who will not do what he wants them to do; but the right to cherish this feeling privately is very different from a right to express it by an organized demonstration in an offensive and threatening sense. And this is what picketing does. To resolve to have nothing more to do with a man who acts in a certain way is one thing, but to take continual opportunities of going up to him in the street, and publicly remonstrating with him and blackguarding him is something very different.

This question of picketing, like that of piece-work, was very fully inquired into by the Trade-Unions Commissioners, and on the evidence before them, given in a great measure by enthusiastic supporters of the Unions, they came to the following conclusions:—"It is alleged that instructions are given to the pickets to confine themselves to a mere representation of the case of the Union promoting the strike, and to use argument and persuasion only, without resorting to violence, intimidation, or undue coercion. But, although such instructions may be given, it is hardly in human nature that the pickets, who are interested parties, and who are suffering the privations incident to the strike, should always keep within the fair limits of representation and persuasion when dealing with men whom they see about to undertake the work which they have refused, and who may thus render the strike abortive. Accordingly, experience shows, and the evidence before us leaves no doubt on our minds, that during the existence of a strike, workmen desirous to accept work are often subjected, through the agency of the pickets, to molestation, intimidation, and other modes of undue influence, and in effect are prevented from obtaining employment." The Commissioners further remark that, "So far as relates to members of the Union promoting the strike, the pickets cannot be necessary if the members are voluntarily concurring therein; so far as relates to the men who are not members of the Union, picketing implies in principle an interference with their right to dispose of their labour as they think fit, and it is therefore without justification; and, so far as relates to the employer, it is a violation of his right of free resort to the labour market for the supply of such labour as he requires." The outbreaks of violence into which the men at Erith have already been tempted are a significant illustration of the dangers of the system of picketing. At ordinary times the picketing may be mild enough, and of course there can be no harm in two workmen who are willing to argue with each other discussing the pros and cons of a question. But to call upon a man to "stand and deliver" his opinions on the highway, whether he likes it or not, smacks a little too much of a once familiar crime. The pickets may, in the beginning, mean to be extremely civil, and only philosophically argumentative; but their vocabulary is limited, and fervent feeling is a swift road to bad language. Even philosophers are not exempt from this temptation, and working-men are apt to consider expletives in the light of conclusive logic. A French writer who had been attacked by a rival on a question of grammar, remarked that he had been called a brigand and assassin, but that only meant that his friend did not agree with him. So, when a Unionist calls a non-Unionist by any of the ugly names which have been provided for the purpose, he perhaps means to express nothing more than a strong difference of opinion; but when such words are used, not in a treatise to be studied quietly in a library, but in the street, face to face with the person assailed, awkward consequences are apt to ensue. Therefore, if the Unionists really do not wish for a row in the streets, they will do well to withdraw their pickets at Erith. What has already happened may happen again, and perhaps in a more serious form. The new Act provides that "attending at or near the house or place where a person resides, or works, or carries on business, or happens to be, or the approach to such house or place, in order merely to obtain or communicate information, shall not be deemed a watching or besetting within the meaning of the section" in regard to intimidation; but hooting and crying bad names is evidently not a legitimate way either of obtaining or communicating information.

LAW FOR LADIES.

THE husband had by the common law power and dominion over his wife, and might keep her by force within the bounds of duty, and might beat her, but not in a violent or cruel manner; for in such case, or if he did but threaten to beat her outrageously or use her barbarously, she might bind him to the peace by application to Chancery or to the Court of King's Bench or to a magistrate, or might apply to the Spiritual Court for a separation. Lady Vane's case is commonly referred to as one in which the Law took the lady's side. She exhibited articles of the peace against her husband, charging that she was separated from him by arrangement: that she was seized by his servants and carried to his house, and confined eleven days; that she escaped, and that she had heard and believed that a servant said he was ordered by her lord to bring her alive or dead, and therefore she swore her life was in danger. Lord Vane moved, by counsel, to discharge these articles, and urged that, although [illegible] had been allowed to Chancery for protection of the wife against her husband's cruelty, and to compel him to find sureties that he did not beat or evil treat her, yet there was always a proviso "aliter quam ad virum suum, ex causa regiminis et castigationis uxoris suæ, licite rationabiliter pertinet." The Court, however, thought that Lady Vane had reasonable foundation to require sureties of the peace against her husband. In the case of Mrs. Cochrane, a judgment was delivered by Sir John Coleridge which deserves attention. That lady had been induced by stratagem to come to her husband's lodgings, and had been there confined by him until he was compelled by Habeas Corpus to bring her into the Court of Queen's Bench. The question then arose whether he had assigned an adequate cause for detaining her, and the Court said that our law, although expressed in terms simple almost to rudeness, proceeds on a broad and comprehensive principle. It has respect to the terms of the marriage contract, and to the infirmity of the sex. For the happiness and the honour of both parties, it places the wife under the guardianship of the husband, and entitles him, for the sake of both, to protect her from the danger of unrestrained intercourse with the world by enforcing cohabitation and a common residence. Mrs. Cochrane had lived apart from her husband for nearly four years, without loss of character; but her husband, with the highest opinion of her virtue, might yet be excused, even by her, if he felt uneasy when he learned that she had gone to masked balls at Paris with persons whom he did not know. He might well be desirous, and he had a right, to restrain her from frequenting such amusements unprotected by his presence and without his permission. She too, though she might feel secure, was not therefore the more safe at such places; and at any rate she had not the right to bring his honour or her own into possible or even imagined jeopardy. It had been urged that a refusal to discharge Mrs. Cochrane would be to sentence her to perpetual imprisonment; but she could not properly complain of the existing state of things, for it arose from her own breach of duty, and she might end it whenever she could resolve to perform the contract she had entered into. The moment that she should make restraint of her person unnecessary for keeping her in the path of duty it would become illegal, and nothing that had been said would prevent her from coming to the Court for protection. She must be restored to her husband.

But although the law exacts thus much from the wife, it also requires a good deal from the husband. Not only may she exhibit articles of the peace against him, but in a proper case she may make him liable for her costs of the proceedings, as she also may when she sues, on reasonable ground, for a divorce. A suit under such circumstances would be necessary and fit for the wife's protection, and she would be authorized to employ a solicitor, and her husband would be liable to pay the bill. If, indeed, a wife were to indict her husband for assault, he would not be liable for the cost of the prosecution, because that is not a proceeding for her protection, but for the punishment of the husband. But a divorce on the

ground of cruelty would be a proceeding for her protection; and, as she has no property of her own, she could have no redress unless she were able to pledge her husband's credit. Another of her privileges is that she shall not be punished for committing a theft in company with her husband. And she shall not be deemed accessory to a felony for receiving her husband, who has been guilty of it. On the other hand, while imprisonment for debt existed, she was liable to it. In an action for assault committed by the wife, both husband and wife might be taken in execution, and this perhaps was just. If she were taken in execution, together with her husband, for a debt due from her before marriage, she was not entitled to be discharged unless it appeared that she had no separate property, even although her husband had been discharged under an insolvent Act. It is lamentable to observe that in this respect we have degenerated from the courtesy of our ancestors. Blackstone says that, if judgment be recovered against husband and wife for the contract, or even for the personal misbehaviour of the wife during her coverture, the capias shall issue against the husband only, "which is one of the many great privileges of English wives." But this privilege, if it ever existed, had certainly disappeared before imprisonment for debt was abolished. It was undoubted law that the wife might be taken, and that it was discretionary with the Court to relieve her; and we find judges objecting to exercise this discretion, and protesting that they saw no reason for depriving a plaintiff of any part of his legal right. They admitted indeed that, if a wife were arrested by collusion between her husband and the plaintiff, they ought to interfere.

These were some of the privileges of women under the common law. But the passing of the Divorce Act has made some manifest change, to which all the consequences have not perhaps yet appeared. An attempt has been lately made to found on this Act a right in a divorced woman to sue her late husband for damages for assault, or other personal injury, committed on her during marriage. If such right exists, there must be a corresponding right in the man to sue his late wife, and it would seem that that right might extend to give him compensation even for an injury which had been the ground of divorce. In the case which came lately before the Queen's Bench Division of the Supreme Court, the divorce had been obtained by the wife; but, in this respect, the husband's divorce ought to have the same effect. It would not, however, have occurred to a person of ordinary intelligence to deduce from the Act any such right on either side; but then it must be allowed that many decisions of our Courts exhibit excessive ingenuity. The difficulty of this question is not diminished by recent legislation, and when a learned Judge refers to the ancient maxim that husband and wife are one person, we might ask whether this is not one of those rules of law which equity has upset dead. The Court of Chancery always recognized the separate existence of the wife, and even if it be doubtful whether husband and wife are two or one, it seems at least certain that they cannot be both two and one. Even if it be correct to limit this doctrine of unity to property, we must remember that it has been maintained by the Legislature as well as by the Court of Chancery. Under the Married Women's Property Act of 1870 courts of law were bound to recognize separate property in married women, and for one purpose, as we have already seen, they recognized it forty or more years ago. When a married woman was taken in execution and applied to be discharged, the Court inquired whether she had any separate property, and if she had it kept her in custody in order to squeeze out of it satisfaction to the plaintiff. An attempt was made a few years ago to sue a man after divorce for an assault committed by his wife on a third person during the marriage. For any wrong committed by the wife she was always liable, and her husband could not be sued without her, neither could she be sued without joining her husband. When the husband was thus joined "for conformity," as the lawyers said, if he died the action went on against the wife; but if the wife died the action abated. It is clear, therefore, that there was no cause of action against the husband. He was not liable for the wrong, but was joined only by reason of the universal rule that the wife during coverture could not be either sole plaintiff or sole defendant. Thus far the law was unquestionable, and it followed that the action could not be maintained against the late husband after divorce. This decision seems entirely satisfactory; but we fail to see how it helps the lady in the present case. Suppose that an assault was committed on the wife, and immediately afterwards her husband died, it may be admitted that she could sue for this assault. Then suppose that the marriage was dissolved not by death, but by a decree of a Court, the same consequence would follow. This seems to be the strongest way in which the lady's argument could be put; but there is still a wide difference between suing a third person and suing her late husband. It may be assumed, with some confidence, that the authors of the Divorce Act did not contemplate the result which this lady's counsel attempted to draw from it. The Court is undoubtedly required to look at the conduct of both parties. It would not of course follow merely because cruelty was one of the grounds of divorce that compensation for that cruelty was necessarily taken away. A man may be punished for felony or misdemeanour, and still remain liable to an action for damages for the very act for which he has been punished. But still we may venture to say, with some approach to certainty, that Parliament when it gave to a Court the power of divorce, did not intend that actions and cross-actions should be brought between the late husband and wife in respect of their conduct during marriage. But although you might feel tolerably sure of this when first the question was presented to your mind, you might be a good deal shaken after listening for half a day to arguments in which the old common law, the doctrines and practice of Courts of Equity, the criminal law, and the Married Women's Property Act were all jumbled up together. The Judges, with much doubt and difficulty, decided against the lady's claim, and we cannot help thinking that the case shows an almost hopeless confusion in a branch of law which concerns everyday life. Any so-called amending Act would probably make confusion worse confounded.

REVIEWS.

BELLEW'S KASHMIR AND KASHGHAR.*

DR. BELLEW is already favourably known to the public as the author of two works regarding countries that lie far away from the common route of tourists or Anglo-Indian officials. In 1857 he was attached to the Kandahar mission, of which Major-General H. B. Lumsden was the political chief; and, after helping to keep up our national credit at Kabul during the anxious period of the Mutiny, he published a journal which added considerably to our knowledge of Afghanistan. In 1875 we reviewed his volume entitled *From the Indus to the Tigris*, pregnant with facts accumulated by him when accompanying Sir F. Pollock on his deputation for the settlement of the boundary of Persia and Seistan. Dr. Bellew did not form part of the first expedition, headed by Sir Douglas Forsyth, to the capital of the energetic ruler who is now widely known as the Atalik Ghazi. But when Lord Northbrook, in 1873, following out the policy of Lord Mayo, determined on again sending a larger and better equipped party to Yarkand and Kashgar, Dr. Bellew joined the mission as its medical chief. When we add that, besides experience gained in his own profession, he is a naturalist and a botanist, and that he has a good knowledge of several Oriental languages, our readers may easily believe that the record of his adventures must possess matter of interest for more than one class. We do not forget that Sir D. Forsyth's first mission, if it had no other tangible result, produced a book from the pen of Dr. Henderson, who then filled Dr. Bellew's post. But on the former occasion Sir D. Forsyth never got a glimpse of the Atalik at all, and was either not allowed or did not find it possible to remain more than thirteen days at Yarkand. The whole trip was then comprised in some five months. Dr. Bellew and his party left the hill station of Murree in the Punjab on the 19th of July, 1873, and did not get back to that place until the 12th of the same month in the year following. Without instituting unfavourable comparisons, we may say that, while fully bearing out everything written by his predecessor as to the difficulties of the route, Dr. Bellew has traversed larger tracts of the country, mixed more with its inhabitants, eaten more copiously of the native dishes, with which all the members of the mission were literally surfeited at every visit, and has given us a graphic picture of native society under the rule of a capable, earnest, but severe religious dogmatician. Dr. Bellew's work may be divided into three main portions, with a few episodes or appendices. Four chapters are taken up with Kashmir and Ladak. Two more are occupied with the transit over the passes to Sanju and Yarkand. And the remainder of the work is devoted to an account of Yarkand, Kashgar, and as much of the interior as the officers of the mission could see. The return journey is wisely compressed into a single and a concluding chapter. The style throughout is easy, flowing, and animated, the anecdotes are well selected, and the criticisms err neither from severity nor favour. But there are two sad deficiencies. There is no index and no map. The omission of the first might have been condoned. The failure to give a map showing the passes and the routes taken by different portions of the mission is almost unpardonable. The pleasure of reading the narrative is marred by inability to see where the travellers shivered under twenty degrees of frost, or where they hailed the return to vegetable and animal life in the valleys.

We have so recently reviewed Mr. Wilson's *Abode of Snow* and Mr. Drew's *Jummoo and Kashmir* at some length, that we may pass lightly over the chapters in which Dr. Bellew describes this latter principality. His accounts of the vegetation; of the lakes, with their floating gardens, composed of material which supports breadths of melons and pumpkins in clusters, but engulphs heavy men; of the bridges at Srinuggur, which remind us of old Italian cities; and of the fruits, crops, manners, and scenery, have the merit of accuracy, if not of novelty; and we cordially endorse his remarks as to the character of the Kashmirian Government, and the loyalty and courtesy shown by the Maharaja of Jummoo. Nothing is more impolitic and discreditable than the style of letters which every now and then are allowed to appear in some of the Indian journals, written by some exasperated subaltern who shrieks for "annexation" because three of his porters have loitered behind and lost a package, or because he has had to pay a good price for supplies in a country swept by tourists. The Maharaja is evidently alive to reforms, and anxious to help local resources, and he has lately set up a silk filature on the Bengal system, at the head of which he has placed a Bengali Baboo. This gentleman's title or *gens*, by the way, may be either Day or Mukarji, but it cannot

* *Kashmir and Kashghar: a Narrative of the Journey of the Embassy to Kashghar in 1873-74.* By H. W. Bellew, C.S.I., Surgeon-Major, Bengal Staff Corps. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

possibly be both, as Dr. Bellew appears to write it. The latter word implies that this superintendent is a Kulin Brahman from the Lower Provinces, and we are certain that he is far better employed in stimulating a rising and indigenous industry than in drawing the vapouring comparisons between English and Hindu civilization which several of his countrymen have lately given in pretentious letters to the *Times*.

Dr. Bellew's own camp required no less than 103 mules, nearly as many camp followers, 87 ponies, and two or three score of coolies. The number, for the whole expedition, was far in excess of this amount, and then there was an ample store of warm clothing, mattresses, wraps, and provisions packed in tin. The walnuts and apricots, and the comfortable homesteads of the Kashmirian peasantry were soon left behind, and exchanged—first, for birch and willow; then, for juniper; and, finally, for hills of a "dreary, bare, and treeless aspect." The air was dry and light, but the sun's rays had lost none of their power; and headaches and feverish attacks were not uncommon, followed by giddiness, fainting, and an intense feeling of discomfort as heights of 12,000 and 15,000 feet were reached. Once they paid a visit to a Buddhist monastery, where, amidst dismal defiles closed up by drifting snow in the winter, the monks live monotonous, useless, and, the author adds, "disreputable" lives. Their religious ceremonies consist in the vain repetitions and the worship of images with which we were first familiarized by M. Huc. Occasionally the mission had to march or encamp in ceaseless drizzle, or surrounded by a mist worthy of the Scotch Highlands. Avalanches of stone, set in motion by the rain, by melting snow, or even by the footsteps of the wild sheep, startled the travellers, who learnt to camp in the friendly shelter of a rock; and if they escaped being crushed by huge masses, they had occasionally to dodge loose rolling stones. The tops of the passes were ghastly with the skeletons of men and animals in every stage of decay, or rather of desiccation. The icy wind would have chilled the bones and marrow were it not for the ample supplies of clothing; but snow-blindness affected the camp followers, and cattle and ponies floundered over glaciers, got rid of their burdens, and were now and then left behind to die. Dr. Bellew found a pinch of salt and some drachms of chlorate of potash the best remedy against the suffocation produced by the rarefied air. No wonder that an Afghan mule-driver cursed the climate as that of a "God-forsaken country," and wondered what the *Sahibs* wanted with a land made up of such miserable mounds of gravel and slate. Wild animals and birds fared little better than the coolies. In one place two snipe were picked up, frozen to death, and a landrail was caught in a state of exhaustion close to the camp fire, and, we much fear, was not revived, but immolated in the interests of science for a museum. The mercury showed fifty-six degrees of frost, or twenty-four degrees below zero, at Actagh, and the passage of some rivers was perilous from masses of floating ice. To add to their difficulties, fuel and fodder, and even victuals, ran short on this side of the Sanju Pass; and at one difficult ascent they had actually to adopt the practice of the Alpine Club, and cut holes in the ice with pickaxes, into which, when lined with felt and blankets, the wretched cattle were made to plant their feet. After this, we are not surprised to hear, later on, of a Punjabi Sikh who came to the author for medical aid with his toes frost-bitten and sticking to the inside of his huge boot; of some Turkish officers from Constantinople who were benumbed and famished, uttering cries of "Ya Allah" with characteristic helplessness; or of the death of Dr. Stoliczka on the return journey, whose constitution evidently could not stand the trial of a plateau 17,500 feet above the sea level. It is satisfactory, however, to find that the travellers crossed the passes, accomplished the descent, and reached Sanju in safety; nor is it wonderful to find the author, after this severe test of his physical powers, heading a fresh chapter with the announcement that "Sanju is a delightful place."

The description of this city, as well as of Yarkand and Kashgar, their ruins, bazaars, traffic, and institutions, dress, manners, and morals, is extremely well done. We have only room for a few details, and we refer our readers, for a long history of this principality, to Dr. Bellew. In the middle of the last century the Chinese supplanted the weak and divided Government of the Mussulmans, and very recently they had in their turn to yield to the vigour and capacity of the present ruler, Yakub Khushbegi, who has hitherto disappointed the predictions of his critics and defied the assaults of his foes. We are constrained to say that his rule, as disclosed in these pages, is one of severity and asceticism. We do not hear of any vestiges of the cruelties of which M. Vambéry was an eye-witness at Bokhara, nor is there any hatred of the Christian white face. Crimes of violence have been put down. No insults, save on one very exceptional occasion, were offered to the members of the mission. The bazaars of Yarkand were fairly thronged and flourishing. Nearly thirty colleges were counted, frequented by students of the orthodox Mahommedan schools. There were infant schools in addition to these higher establishments. Gamblers and idlers, and shopkeepers with false weights and adulterated goods, had a bad time of it under the inspection of a dignitary who was at once head policeman, sitting magistrate, and inspector of nuisances, and who administered the strap with prompt and wholesome severity to women who neglected to veil themselves, and to bakers whose flour was mixed with earth. But the population were unnerved by the strictness and intolerance of their ruler; the bazaars appeared less redundant with active life than those of Benares, Lahore, or Delhi; one special industry of jade has been stifled; mines are no longer worked as they were by the Chinese, and the impression left on Dr. Bellew is that the inhabitants, though not actively disaffected, are gloomy, spiritless, reserved, and suspicious. But there are lighter touches in the narrative to relieve this dark colouring. The institution of the *dastarkhwan* is peculiar and universal. Literally, not metaphorically as put by Dr. Bellew, it signifies "table cloth." Practically, it is an array of trays, produced by the host for his guests, and laden with all the ingredients of a solid and elegant repast. Dr. Henderson, in his account of Kashgar, noticed that the native order of the courses is exactly the reverse of ours. Dr. Bellew, without dwelling on this point, writes of ragouts and *pilaos*; bread of various sorts; the soup, termed *ash*; sweet dishes in abundance; a marmalade of carrots in syrup, though this confection may, we believe, be easily eaten without going to Central Asia; pounded white sugar with egg-flip; a kind of fruit called "ice-apple," from its semi-transparency; cakes simply made of dough and fat; pasties cooked by steam; the *zan-bosa*, or lady's kiss, a delicate kind of cake; pies of jam and meat, and even mince-pies. The defect of the cookery was its greasiness, and the author admits that they began to loathe the sight of these eternal tea-trays, as no party, whether of business or pleasure, was free from such intrusion. Not only at ceremonial visits, but on excursions to ruins, to burial places of Mahommedan saints, or to the shops and the bazaars, they were pursued by attendants, and compelled to eat, out of sheer civility. The water supply was exactly what might be expected under native rule. Wells were thought unwholesome even by the natives themselves, but how the open reservoirs could supply better water it is not very easy to see. These spaces received the foliage of willows and poplars, contributions of dust and filth, and a man might be seen filling his gourd with water for domestic purposes on one side of a reservoir, while a woman was washing her dirty linen on the other. All this, and a great deal more, is well described in the volume. One more peculiarity of the country we must notice. Besides great extremities of heat and cold, the glass in the plains remaining during winter at three or four degrees below freezing point, towns and villages are exposed to be overwhelmed by moving sands, which ordinarily advance in long ridges at a slow pace, but every now and then take rapid strides and subject mosques and dwelling-places to the fate of Pompeii. For the physical causes which produce these disagreeable results we must refer our readers to the author's pages.

The suggestive facts collected by Dr. Bellew derive additional significance from his cautious opinions. The mission of which he formed part was deputed with the avowed intention of concluding a commercial treaty with the ruler of Yarkand, and of giving a fresh impulse to the enterprise and energies of British merchants, who, we are often told, only want fair play, and the moral and material support of the Indian Government, in order to inspire Yarkandis and Kashgaris with a taste for Indian articles of commerce, and to beat Russia quite out of the field. Those who weigh the difficulties encountered by a highly-equipped and well-organized party in crossing the Khardong, Karakoram, and Sanju Passes, may be able to calculate the chances of commercial ventures attempted by Afghans, Kashmiris, or Englishmen, with limited resources. Macaulay once said that there were few spectacles so ridiculous as that of the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. We may say that this absurdity is matched or surpassed by the spectacle of certain journalists and speculators in one of their periodical fits of enthusiasm about the splendid openings for commerce *supra Garamantas et Indos*. For political reasons it is right to cultivate friendly relations with Yarkand. For our national credit it may be desirable that no dark or dismal corner of the universe should be unvisited by Englishmen. But Dr. Bellew, whether he intended it or not, has certainly exploded one Central-Asian delusion. We are aware that Sir Douglas Forsyth, on the other hand, has pointed out the possibility of another line, which he calls the Kogyar, which will shorten the journey by three days, and will avoid the Suget and Sanju Passes. This may be the case; but, if so, it is unexplained why this route was not attempted long ago. As the case now stands, to expect a vast increase to the transport of Indian products over the horrible route described in these pages is to expect that our Arctic discoverers, when they return in safety or triumph, will have exhumed an Hyperborean race in the Polar regions, whose lucrative traffic is to repay the cost of the expedition, and to quicken the industries of our great manufacturing towns.

MAXWELL LYTE'S HISTORY OF ETON COLLEGE.*

MR. MAXWELL LYTE'S work differs in plan from any historical account of Eton or its institutions that has yet appeared, and differs exceedingly both in matter and manner from two very superficial books concerned with Eton which we had the misfortune to review some weeks ago. We have here for the first time a continuous history of Eton College by a man who has had access to the right authorities, both documentary and oral, and has known how to make a right use of them. For the early part of the book Mr. Maxwell Lyte has been able to consult the MS. records in the College Library, which had hitherto remained untouched; and, by the way, we cannot help expressing a wish, which we believe is generally felt, that this library should be made rather more accessible than it is at present. For the

* *A History of Eton College, 1440-1875.* By H. C. Maxwell Lyte, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

recent period of Eton history which may be said to begin with Keate's headmastership, and is fairly within the memory of living men, Mr. Maxwell Lyte has been in communication with those who have the best means of knowledge, at Eton and elsewhere. Besides these advantages, he has brought to the task on his own part that scholarship and love of letters which are needful in such a case for turning to the best account even those materials which are open to all the world. The result is a book of more complete and authentic character than any which have gone before it, and one which may assume the rank of a standard authority, not merely because there is nothing else to compete with it, as is too often the case, but in right of its own just merits.

All public schoolmen know how difficult it is to keep oneself accurately informed of the actual state of things, and the minuter changes made from time to time, even at one's own school; and this is especially true of Eton, where in the course of the last generation changes have been extensive and rapid. Here the inaccuracies of detail are wonderfully few. Noting the first occasion on which the collegiate church of Eton is called a chapel—namely, in 1621-2—Mr. Maxwell Lyte says that "the older and more correct designation was not unfrequently used in common parlance till about fifty years ago." This is an under-statement. Within the last fifteen years "church" was at least as common as "chapel," except in speaking of the actual fabric; and in some phrases, if we remember right, "chapel" would have been a solecism. Nor are we prepared to allow, what is implied in another passage, that the name *Timbrells* is quite obsolete. In the last chapter there is a slight mistake as to the rifle corps, which on its first formation was a cadet battalion entirely officered by the boys themselves, and underwent sundry vicissitudes before it was converted into a small effective corps with masters for its commissioned officers.

But the distinguishing character and excellence of this book are to be chiefly sought in the early chapters. The modern history, or most of it, may be found elsewhere with more or less trouble; the earlier history, practically, not at all. Our author's clear and interesting account of the eventful first century of the life of Henry VI.'s foundation should meet with equal gratitude from Etonians, whether students of English institutions or not, and from students of English institutions, whether Etonians or not; not that the study of English institutions can justly be a matter of indifference to any English citizen, much less to any who have special associations with one that is ancient, renowned, and peculiarly national. One of the most striking things about the infancy of the College is the munificent, not to say lavish, outfit of ecclesiastical privileges and protection with which it started. Not only certain specific benefits were assured by sundry Papal Bulls to penitents resorting to Eton on the Feast of the Assumption (the College being dedicated to "Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor"), but the Provost received a standing power to grant indulgences to a considerable extent at this and certain other seasons. It was no doubt expected that the offerings of penitents attracted by these indulgences would be a material source of revenue; and in fact strangers did for some time appear in great numbers, but the cost of entertaining them was found to exceed the amount of their offerings. Mr. Maxwell Lyte's information on the original designs for the buildings, and especially the Church, of which last the plan was more than once changed in the founder's lifetime, and has remained unfinished, is very full and interesting. Not only the completion of the founder's schemes, but the very existence of his foundation, was in sore peril during the troubled times that followed the close of his reign. In 1463 all the preparations had been made for a complete suppression, even to procuring the Papal sanction. The details of this, "the most obscure as well as the most melancholy page in the history of Eton," cannot be filled up; however, the scheme was dropped, and Eton, though impoverished, survived this and other dangers of its early days. One feels a special grudge at Henry VIII. for a practically compulsory exchange of which we presently read, whereby the College parted with a considerable estate in what is now a central part of London, between Charing Cross and Hay Hill. The end of what may be considered the first period is marked by a descriptive chapter, founded on the *Consuetudinarium*, and showing the manner of life at Eton in the sixteenth century. Here and elsewhere Mr. Maxwell Lyte is something of an optimist in matters of education. He says "it is clear that Latin was almost the only subject of study"—and this, no doubt, was so—"and that no means of inculcating a sound knowledge of it was neglected." This must be taken at least with reference to the means known and customary at the time, for there is one way of imparting a sound knowledge of Latin or Greek—namely, to teach it from the beginning in a rational manner—which has been all but universally neglected down to the present time, and on this point we cannot claim for Eton the foremost place in improvement. The old official grammars lingered on in school long after they had become hopelessly obsolete in the "private business" of the tutors; and in the later pages of this book we find a man of Hawtrey's taste and refinement so imbued with them as to cling to the inexpressibly senseless rules of the Eton Grammar for the formation of tenses. Even that most perverse infliction on boys and men known as the *As in præsenti* is spoken of by Mr. Maxwell Lyte with a certain tender respect. The institution of school plays, both Latin and English, was in full force in the sixteenth century at Eton. There has been no continuation of this corresponding to the present Westminster play. "Speeches" are probably a distinct invention of modern times; nor can they be said to go far towards supplying the want of such training in elocution as the plays, if pretty frequent and tolerably well superintended, must have afforded. The value of money about this time is curiously illustrated by the quarterly bill of an oppidan, undated, but belonging to the earlier part of Mary's reign, and amounting to 16*s.* 7*d.*; and by the fact that in 1561 ten pounds was thought a proper, or at least not an illusory, compensation for a Provost who had been elected against the wishes of the Crown, when he was shortly afterwards compelled to resign. The quartering of the French Ambassador and his following on the College at a time when he was detained in a sort of honourable custody led to grave inconveniences, though the Provost's formal complaint of them is somewhat ludicrous:—

"7. Itm wheras their kichen ys under the ushers chambre they have sundry tymes thrust upp spittes in such places as the bordes be not close joyned and also dischardged their dagges uppon other places of the sayd bordes to the great daunger of those that be above, but wch of them did it yt cannot well be knowen because they that be above cannot see them that be beneth, save that the first of Januarie about three of the clock at afternoone oon of them was seen thrust opp a spitt wherwth hee had almost hitt a little boy that was in the chambre, and he that did this was in a graye fryse coate or jerkyn and therby it is thought to be Eustace the boye of the buttrie, for none other in the house hath at anie tyme worne graye fryse but he only.

"8. Itm. they have used to molest the sayd usher by imoderate noyse at unseasonable tymes of the night, and this was don by them wch lie nigh the Buttrie and Kytchen, and the like noyse hath ben made by them that lye on the other syde towards the Colledge whereof complaynt hath ben made to me by the fellowes of the howse dyverse tymes.

"11. Itm the laste of Decembre the lackye wch others whose names I cannot learne, spoyled a great manie of the Colledge bricks lying on the back side of ther kytchin wch they threw at the Schollers as they passed betwen the Schole and the fields, fyve of the sayd Scholers came to me the same daye to complayn and brought of the bricks wth them wch were throwen."

The gist of the offence in the last paragraph seems to be the spoiling of the bricks rather than the assault on the scholars.

The second period of Eton may be fixed as ending with Keate's headmastership; and Mr. Maxwell Lyte gives us an account of Eton habits under George III., which may be taken as representing almost the whole of this period, from a private contemporary document. Most of the arrangements here described have existed or left traces in our own time. We could mention some examples, not without their curiosity, of developments and rudimentary survivals, but Etonians will readily find them in the book, and it would require long explanations to make them generally intelligible. The book supplies us with one instance of a kind of migration of fables or anecdotes which is common enough, but has not to our knowledge been much noticed; we mean the appropriation of an old story to a younger generation by inserting contemporary names. Here is Mr. Maxwell Lyte's story of Major Hexter, the writing-master:—

He once made a formal complaint that his authority was despised, and requested the Provost's permission to wear a gown like the other masters. "By all means," replied Dr. Goodall, blandly: "you can do as you like." "And then, of course, the boys will touch their hats to me, and shirk me?" "As to that, Major Hexter, they must do as *they* like."

In the present writer's time this identical story was current at Eton, with the substitution, much to the loss of its point and probability, of living names. It would be rash, of course, to conjecture from this that it may be altogether mythical: yet one's historical faith is disturbed by such easy transformation. There is another story of a reply of Goodall to William IV. on one of his visits to Eton which we make no scruple of extracting simply for its own sake:—

On the second of these visits, in 1832 to wit, he promised the reversion of the Provostship to Dr. Keate in a strange way. Pointing to Dr. Goodall he said, "When he goes I'll make you him." Dr. Keate was wisely silent, but the Provost, who was first a gentleman and then a courtier, said with one of his most gracious bows: "Sire, I could never think of *going* before your Majesty." Some years later he was asked whether he had really used these words, and he replied, "Yes, and I meant to show the King how rude he was."

We may dismiss the third or modern period, from Keate to the present day, with brief notice, not for any decline of actual interest, but because Mr. Maxwell Lyte is here dealing with what is comparatively matter of common knowledge. The foundation of the Newcastle Scholarship is duly chronicled; but we see no mention of the celebrated answer of the late Vice-Chancellor Wickens on being asked to name the three Graces—"Grace before meat, grace after meat, and His Grace the Duke of Newcastle." A full description is given in a separate chapter of the rise, flourishing, and fall of Eton Montem, which may be read with interest by all, and with profit by those whose early knowledge of Montem may have been derived from a certain not very accurate little piece of Miss Edgeworth's. Montem died hard, and in some ways regretted even by those who condemned it; but "a custom for young noblemen and gentlemen to go about the country as sturdy beggars obtaining money from passengers," as Lord Denman called it in his letter to the Provost on the subject, could obviously be no longer sustained. Of the later changes in Eton government and studies Mr. Maxwell Lyte speaks in a rather conservative tone, but without partisanship; though it is a little irrelevant to say that, certain improvements, which were in fact important, but almost all improvements in *discipline*, "were not sufficient to bring the school up to the ideal standard of *educational* reformers." We must give a final word of praise to the manner in which the book is produced, and to the careful and faithful local illustrations; suggesting, however, that the index might well be made fuller. In a book of this kind the index, though not a vital point, is a material one.

SICILIAN POPULAR POETRY.*

FROM the earliest times, say the Sicilians, their isle has been, like Prospero's, full of "sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not." Passing from one set of rulers to another, it has often changed its political allegiance, but never has it been known to prove unfaithful to its ancient love for song. To this day are kept up with unflagging spirit the poetic contests in which the island so delighted ages ago, and the Sicilian subjects of Victor Emmanuel are probably as capable of fluent improvisation as ever were their most tuneful ancestors. Thus, on the 24th of every June, a great gathering takes place at S. Giovanni di Galermo. Thousands of spectators come together from the neighbourhood, the patron saint goes forth in state at noon, and is solemnly deposited in the place of honour, doubtless occupied in Pagan times by the local divinity whom he has superseded; and, one after another, from among the common people, step forward poets eager to sing his praises. A spectator of one of these contests, a few years ago, speaks in high terms of the facility with which the competing minstrels improvised, and of the intelligent endurance with which their audience listened. There were four competitors, three of whom adopted the Sicilian *ottava*, and the fourth the *sestina*, and there were thousands of hearers, who for a couple of hours bore the virulence of the sun at its hottest rather than lose the delight of listening to the strains of a juvenile farrier, two tailors and a shoemaker. Nor is the spot we have mentioned at all singularly rich in local poets. All over the island, among the rustics in the cities, the fishermen along the coasts, the husbandmen on the slopes of Etna, humble bards are to be found in numbers, many of them totally unlettered. One of the best of these improvisatori is a blacksmith, Stefano Lo Stasio, by popularly known as "the Ariosto of the rustics." Higher in social rank stood [illegible] Pietro Fullone, statesman and [illegible] of Palermo, who died in 1670, whom Meli places on Parnassus along with Dante, Petrarch, and the other great Italian poets. But [illegible] the musical echoes which ring in the plebeian ears of Sicily [illegible], it must be admitted, to more patrician lyres. Ideas and [illegible] of literary origin there, as elsewhere, have been preserved [illegible] oral tradition, and made the property of the people, [illegible] which they cannot be styled popular in the scientific [illegible] the word. Some of these authors are utterly forgotten, [illegible] es the memory remains dear to the Sicilian mind, as [illegible] of Antonio Veneziano, lyrist, antiquary, and song-writer [illegible] phet who had such honour in his own country that he was [illegible] ed from Algerine slavery at the expense of the city of Pal[illegible] here the day of his return home was celebrated as one of pub[illegible] rejoicing. Sad to say, he was afterwards imprisoned by the Inquisition, and while in confinement was killed by an explosion at Castellamare in 1593—to the great grief of his friend Torquato Tasso, who was on his way to visit him when he was stopped by the news of the catastrophe. Of certain kinds of popular poetry the Island is, as in other countries, conscientious preservers, ruthless rhapsodists wandering about in numbers from one sacred place to another, and in all gatherings of the people singing the praises of the Saints or of Fra Diavolo. At Palermo, indeed, a troop of such blind minstrels as these formed a licensed Congregation, having obtained a charter in 1661, and being allotted quarters, in 1690, within the walls of the Society of Jesus. On the temporary suppression of the Order the blind men were turned out, and on its restoration in 1806 their income was seized by their late hosts, with whom they battled stoutly for years, jealously guarding their papers in an iron safe under three keys. Eventually, when the Jesuits fell, their fall was shared by the Congregation of the Blind, deserving as it was of a better fate.

Of the rich fields of Sicilian popular poetry Signor Lionardo Vigo was one of the earliest explorers. More than half a century ago he began to publish the songs in which his childhood had delighted, and which, as soon as he grew to man's estate, he set himself eagerly to collect. Like a bee craving after honey he haunted the pastures in which these wild flowers of poesy were to be found; he even ransacked the remotest valleys and scaled the loftiest heights, everywhere drawing from the lips of old and young the luscious nectar of Sicilian song. Nor, after he had left his quiet home for the busy haunts of men, did he prove unfaithful to his early love; but, laughed at as he was by doctors, notaries, clergymen, and other scullers of a similar nature, he occupied himself year after year in song-hunting during the autumnal *villeggiatura*, when recalled from college or University to the paternal roof. At first he published the results of his researches in periodicals, but in 1833, finding them little appreciated, he ceased to do so. In 1857 appeared his first large collection, a goodly volume, though somewhat "hacked by the scissors of the cut-thoughts." Recently he has republished it, amplified and rearranged, and rejoicing in "the fullest liberty and independence, both political and religious." The veteran editor will now, he says, leave the field open to other collectors, but he reserves to himself the right of publishing the works of Pietro Fullone, and a collection of those "political-historical songs" which are too numerous to be inserted in his present volume. His already published writings, it may be remarked, amount to twenty-one. Among those which he has in hand may specially be noticed a projected work, to be styled "Misteri di Lord Bayron (*sic*), o Rivelazioni intime di Marianna Segati," which will contain, it is said, a number of hitherto unpublished letters from Lord Byron, as well as other papers relating to his life at Venice.

The Sicilian dialect of the present day includes many foreign words—Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, French, and Spanish aliens, due to the strangers who ruled, or colonized, or visited the island at various times. But the wing of time has swept away all remembrance of the popular songs of Sicily during the Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Arab epochs. They doubtless once flourished, but they have long ago disappeared. Of recent history poetic illustrations abound, but their numbers rapidly decrease as the date recedes to which they refer. The present volume contains a good many specimens of the popular poetry which the stirring events of the last score of years have evoked; but as they differ but little from those which we noticed when reviewing Dr. Pitrè's similar collection of Sicilian Popular songs some three years ago (November 9, 1872), we will not dwell upon them now. The *Canti Sacri*, however, are deserving of notice as representing the genuine and affectionate devotion of the people, their boundless credulity, and the strange medley of Christian and Pagan ideas to which they are addicted. Take, for instance, this well-known legend, as related by a Syracusan minstrel. A mother is told that she cannot be allowed to see her son, an innocent galley-slave, unless she brings with her a hundred pieces of silver. Away she wanders in search of alms, and has just succeeded in scraping together the modest sum of three *carlini*, farthing by farthing, when she finds a priest, apparently dying of hunger. On him she bestows the sum she has collected, asking him to say masses enough in return to liberate a soul from Purgatory. As she wanders on she is presently aware of "the form of a grand cavalier," who listens to her piteous story, and sends her to his castle with a letter to his son, ordering him to pay the hundred pieces. The son marvels greatly, seeing that the letter is in the handwriting of his father, who has now been dead many a year. But when he has heard the whole story, he understands that the poor woman's gift to the priest has brought about his deceased parent's release from purgatory. So he pays the money, with which she hurries joyfully to the captain of the galley. As the captain is "not cruel, but of a good heart, and devout towards God," he is so affected by what she tells him that he returns her the money and makes her a present of her son. The moral is that "almsgiving brings a blessing"—one which always comes home to the hearts of the poor, who in every land listen with special attention to the story of Dives and Lazarus. That story figures in the present volume in the shape of a "tragedia in canzoni." In the opening scene "Ju Ricco Epulone" orders his dinner with effusion. Lazarus enters, asking for alms, and is driven away. Presently news arrives of the death of Lazarus. "The Rich Glutton" rejoices at being rid of "that troublesome personage," but soon afterwards expires. In the next scene the glutton is seen carried downwards by Charon. In vain does he appeal to Abraham. He is told that he has not believed "Ablacucu o Geremia" and the other prophets who have inculcated almsgiving, and therefore he is now condemned. Thereupon Charon bears him to hell's gate, where Cerberus receives him as one well fitted "to be eternally with Pluto."

But it is to the songs about love that this collection owes its principal charm. Although its contents are arranged under fifty-nine different heads, yet they chiefly refer to that absorbing passion. Unfortunately it is impossible to give any idea by a translation of their tenderness, their fire, or their melody; and the difficulties involved in their dialect render them, if quoted in the original, somewhat obscure. Thus a song in which a youth upbraids the mistress who has deserted him for another ends with the lines:—

> Tu sarai l'acqua, ed iu sarò lo ventu:
> Sciusciu, e ti cacciu davanti di mia.

"Thou shalt be the water and I the wind; I *shoo-shoo*, and drive thee before me," the cry *shoo* being used in Sicily, as in Scotland and elsewhere, in turning poultry out of a yard, or the like. Another puzzling word occurs in the last line of a complaint in which an ill-used lover accuses Death of having refused to come to his aid, although entreated for two whole years to do so. Death indignantly replies that he is really dead, though he thinks himself alive:—

> Vera crudeli la tò amanti ha statu,
> Ca ti ammazzau senza 'ndingari a mia.

"Truly cruel has thy mistress been, for she has killed thee without having had recourse to me," the verb *'ndingari* properly meaning to accept a gift from an inferior. Quaint conceits are very dear to the Sicilian mind, and the lover delights in such assertions as that, if his body and his sweetheart's are opened after death, she will be found to have two hearts and he no heart at all; or that, if she looks within his breast, she will find her portrait there instead of his heart:—

> 'Nveci di lu mè cori, anima mia,
> Trovi lu tò ritrattu 'ntra stu pettu.

Jealousy gives rise in many songs to strong expressions. Here, for instance, is a complaint from Messina:—

> With sorrow and sighing I loved a lady; and now I see her held by another's hand. Not so great is the grief of him who loses relatives, as is that of him who loses her he loves. And to lose her by death, that is nothing. Little by little will his wailings die away. The real misery is when she thou lovest lives—but passes thee by.

Somewhat exaggerated also seem the declarations of a lover who exclaims that he could plant a nut-tree on the sea and make it bear fruit like a myrtle, or that it were for him an easy leap to pluck a

* *Opere di Lionardo Vigo.* Vol. II. Raccolta amplissima di Canti populari siciliani. Seconda edizione. Catania. 1874.

star from the sky. But to kiss his betrothed, he continues, is not now within his power; and so he has to content himself with kissing the cup whence she has drunk—

Ma la me' zita 'un la pozza vasari,
E vasu lu bicchieri unni vivi idda.

By way of conclusion here are three more specimens. One expresses a girl's views with regard to her two suitors:—

My heart says Yes and No. My head says No and Yes. Fain would I marry Totò; they want to force me to take Ciccì. Ciccì can never have this heart of mine. My senses say just the same. Before the priest I should say "No." But should Totò come; to him I would say "Yes."

The second is the cry for sympathy of a deserted lover:—

O turtle dove who hast lost the sweet company of thy mate, and flies! wailing through deserts! Come hither, and tell me thy bitter griefs, and I will tell thee mine. Thou lamentest because thy love is dead. I lament one who is living, but who is no longer mine.

The third, which, as the editor declares it to be worthy of being engraved on gold, is given in the original, describes how a fair one sleeps like a rose folded in the bud and dreams of her lover. He kisses her gently, and she awakes and gazes on him. Watching the locks which hang around her neck, and enraptured by her balmy breath, he asks whether any one on earth can be compared with the object of his worship:—

Comu 'na rrosa dintru lu buttuni
Durmia la bedda, e s'insunnava a mia;
Adaciu, adaciu cci dugnu un vasuni,
Si arrisbigghia, apri l'occhi e mi talia;
Cci sciaura di cannedda lu sciatuni,
La trizza coddu coddu pinnulia;
Guardati si a stu mumu c'è pirsuni
Ca ponna assimigghiari a la mè Dia!

THE CURATE IN CHARGE.*

IT is a subsidiary triumph of the writing faculty that it can entertain the reader for a time without any distinct subject-matter. The practised pen carries us along through suggestion, speculation, experience, and gentle satire so easily that we do not immediately detect a want. Mrs. Oliphant in the *Curate in Charge* has not much of a story to tell, and is very far from being at home in her subject; yet, by the aid of an easy agreeable style and a general habit of observation, she has produced a novel which carries us pleasantly on to the end. Only by degrees does the reader become alive to the fact that the story makes slow way, and that getting over the ground is no object with the author; and only later still he discerns that the meagreness of her material has been all along a conscious motive for diffuseness, without which the requisite number of pages could not be filled. When a skilled hand is sensible of this necessity, diffuseness becomes a characteristic of style, and ingenuity is put on its mettle to make it a graceful and natural characteristic. A diffuse style is different in its nature from prosiness; it implies more design and organization, and of course there are two opposite ways of telling a story well. Still we think this story would have been diffuse enough if told in one volume instead of two, the rather that amplification betrays the writer's want of real knowledge of her subject, and leads her into a repetition of pictures and images against which our experience rebels.

In the grievance of curates Mrs. Oliphant has found a popular and sensational subject; but, in fact, no one born and bred a Presbyterian can discuss the difficulties and anomalies of the English Church with the understanding of sympathy and long familiarity. She decides on the injustice which attaches to the position of curate without knowing the proper standpoint, and attributes to her characters speculations and indignations that are foreign to their actual circumstances. When her heroine, the Curate's sensible daughter, scorns and almost bullies the incoming Rector for stepping into her father's position and invading his natural rights, she writes what no reasonable Englishwoman could have written. It is an external view. Every curate's daughter fully understands the conditions of the parish which her father serves; and knows that, if it is a College living, a Fellow of the college will succeed to it. To be angry that her father may not remain as rector because he has been twenty years curate shows the temper of a born agitator. The poor girl will have many quarrels with circumstances and society, but that is not likely to be one of them—not, we mean, in any strength or coherence; not one to be set forth with a vehemence that should send the startled and convinced intruder back to his college to see if he could persuade its Head and the Fellows—*engaged* Fellows—below him to waive their claims and set aside old prescription in favour of the curate in charge. No doubt, in a great many cases where people have to write on a subject, it is a very inconvenient thing, very clipping to the wings of imagination, to know too much about it; and the *Curate in Charge* could never have been written by one intimately conversant with the laws and customs which regulate preferment and the prevalent ideas resulting from them; but, however weighty this consideration, the general fact is an important one to be pressed on the ordinary reader as a motive for keeping his critical faculty in some sort of exercise.

We see at once, however, that the ideal victim and sufferer in this vexed curate question is one quite in Mrs. Oliphant's range. An elderly curate touches on her speciality—one of her specialities, we should say. She feels herself quite at home in delineating an elderly gentleman, courteous, mildly selfish, the slave of habit, and incapacitated for change by that decay of mind and body which our author uniformly represents as setting in so early in the human race. With that delight in contrasting the pretended superiority of man with woman's practical power, which is common to the lively feminine mind, but exuberant in Mrs. Oliphant, she dwells on the weakness of purpose and imbecility of her hero till our sense of justice is stirred in an opposite direction to that in which she would lead us. The sort of man she describes, we coldly reflect, is made to come to grief, and so we dismiss his case; the parishioners, on the other hand, would have a right to complain, and certainly would complain, if the pastor who in the maturity of his powers has set them so poor an example in the management of his domestic affairs should be fixed for ever upon them in their decline. The truth is, the writer is run away with by the congeniality of her theme, and in fact the merit of her story lies in the delineation of Mr. St. John, and especially when he shows himself weakest and most bewildered—to use her very favourite and often repeated epithet. His character, rather necessarily, wants consistency, as the spirit of the portrait—a very able one—all lies in its domestic aspect, and his ministerial virtues have to be assumed for the sake of the grievance. Perhaps it was his misfortune to have set out in married life with too perfect a wife. The engagement had been a long one, which Mr. St. John had borne almost too patiently; for, though a constant, it was not his nature to be an ardent lover. He marries on being appointed to the sole charge of Breatburn in Berkshire, a village lying on the borders of Ascot Heath; the absentee rector leaving him the rectory and dividing with him the income of 400*l*. Here Mrs. St. John

managed to live upon her two hundred a year as few of us can do upon three or four times the sum. Waste was impossible to her; and want appeared as impossible. She guided her house as—well, as only genius can—without any pitiful economies, without any undue sparing, making a kind, warm, beneficent living house of it, and yet keeping within her income. I don't pretend to know how she did it any more than I can tell you how Shakspeare wrote *Hamlet*. It was quite easy to him—and to her; but if one knew how, one would be as great a poet as he was, as great an economist as she.

Such a wife is a positive misfortune if she dies, for the survivor retains false—fatally false—notions of what money can do. Not that these very broad distinctions make the difference between wise and bad management; there is no royal road to economy. Mr. St. John is left thus doubly desolate with two daughters, for whom his compassionate parishioners provide him with a safe governess, carefully chosen for her absence of attractions. Under her the girls grow up, till Cicely, the eldest, is fifteen, when an aunt from London suddenly descends upon the party and pronounces that the girls must go to school at her expense, and the governess must be told that her services are no longer required. There is an inertness in the Curate's nature that only woman can move. His Helen had learnt to doubt his power of taking the initiative even when the chance of marrying came, and he succumbs at once to Aunt Jane's plans, but dares not announce them to his household. To have to tell Miss Brown that her services were no longer required was an effort to which he was unequal. "A more miserable man was not in all the country" than the Curate with this speech yet unspoken. And when the news comes out, and the girls under Miss Brown's magnanimous efforts depart, leaving her behind at the rectory, preparing for her own departure, he has but one suggestion to make—"Would it not be better to stay here, Miss Brown?" On which the lady's sense of propriety naturally bridles:—

The poor curate did not move. He took off the lid of the big inkstand and examined it as if that were what he was thinking of. The Governesses' Institute sounded miserable to him, and what could he do? "Miss Brown," he said in a troubled voice, "if you think you would like to marry me I have no objection; and then you know that you could stay."

"Mr. St. John!"

"Yes; that is the only thing I can think of," he said with a sigh.

And this is how at the end of three years we find Mr. St. John a second time a widower with twin boys in addition to their grown-up sisters, and with 200*l*. a year wherewith to maintain the whole party. We cannot willingly admit the two babies and their nurse as constituting the additional claim upon the patrons of the living which they are assumed to be; but under Mrs. Oliphant's graphic treatment they add to the picturesqueness of the situation, and, to do her justice, she never sacrifices her art or the amusement of her readers to the dry consistency of her moral or to her devotion to the cause she undertakes to advocate. The death of the mother-in-law brings Cicely upon the scene—the image of her own mother, and inheriting her genius, though the condition of affairs is beyond remedy; for she finds her father in debt to every small tradesman in the place, and too passive and too practised in the art of shirking disagreeable topics to be brought even to enter into the subject of his embarrassments. At this stage the Rector, who has lived for twenty years a professed invalid in Italy, dies, and the news descends like a thunderbolt upon the daughters a fortnight after the event. The Curate, true to his character, cannot for some time be got to take in the consequences of the event; and when the ladies of his family urge upon him the duty of applying for the living, he declines, more on the general ground of never asking for anything than as understanding the futility of the application. However, in the speech put into his mouth we recognize feminine daring in unfamiliar regions rather than the bewilderment of any masculine brain:—

"It is my own college, too," he said reflectively, "and I suppose I am now the oldest member of it. It would not be amiss if they let me stay here

* *The Curate in Charge*. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

the rest of my days. But I never was distinguished. I never was a Fellow or anything. I never could push myself forward. No, we must just wait to see what is going to happen."

When the living was announced to the College as vacant, it comes to the choice of Mr. Mildmay, whom Mrs. Oliphant describes as—the ladies' favourite collegiate ideal—a Don. As a Don he seems to have unlimited command of money, an entrance into high society, and all this world's good things at his feet. Thus far Mr. Mildmay has thrown rather an elegant mind into the collection of china, bric-à-brac, and furniture; but he has become alive to the vanity of this pursuit, and awakes to the necessity of living a real life, and on this impulse accepts the living of Brentburn, and comes down to look at the place. Here he encounters the flashing indignant eyes of Cicely, and, probing what they mean, falls into her view—that her father, by all right, ought to be rector—and, after making acquaintance with the Curate, goes back to his College and suggests the thing to the Master, who pooh-poohs it all in a strain with which we are intended by the author to be indignant. Finding also that Ruffhead, the Fellow below him, who is engaged, is equally hard-hearted, Mr. Mildmay decides to hold the living in favour of the curate. The rest of the story, with its real lesson on the supremacy of the female sex in all practical matters, we leave the reader to find out for himself, assuring him on our part that it is all very easy reading when he once falls into the author's pace of telling what there is to tell. The real injury to the parish of Brentburn, the grievance of which its inhabitants have to complain, is the twenty years' non-residence of its absentee rector; for this they would have found little compensation in the appointment of Mr. St. John to the vacant office.

MISS CUSACK'S HISTORY OF CORK.*

WE do not know how a "Kenmare publication" is defined; but from this specimen we gather that, if we wished to know anything about Kenmare, it is not to a Kenmare publication that we should go to learn it. We cannot conceive a better way of having one's mind carried away from the city and county of Cork than studying their history under the guidance of Miss Cusack. That, we find from an advertisement at the end, is the received way of describing the writer; though it appears that she is also more poetically described as "the Nun of Kenmare," and we find that she is "pre-eminently the literary nun of the age." We are not sure that we ever before reviewed a nun; indeed our list of literary nuns would hardly go beyond Abbess Hroswitha and Dame Juliana Berners; and we have a sort of notion that some ancient privilege or other, like those which Dr. Stanley never forgets at Westminster, might possibly exempt nuns and their writings both from episcopal and from critical visitation. Besides, we should never have thought of calling a nun "Miss," any more than of calling The O'Donoghue "Mr." We might have been more inclined to speak of "Sister Mary Frances," as one authority does; but the balance of custom seems to lie in favour of the more temporal description, and it is always well to conform to custom when so to do involves no breach of principle. We are told further that Miss Cusack's "cell in the Convent of Poor Clares at Kenmare is no place of indolent repose, but a genuine place of study, a literary workshop of no common merit." But what is most puzzling is that the same page which announces one of the Kenmare publications, the Public Speeches and Letters of O'Connell, also announces "Vermin Paste, for destroying Rats," and other means of destruction for mice and bugs. We thought for a moment whether St. Francis, in his brotherhood with all things living, would not have begged mercy for the bugs, or at any rate have demanded for them a trial at canon law, such as that to which the cockchafers were summoned in the Bishop's court at Lausanne. And we confess that for a moment we doubted whether St. Patrick had not banished all noisome creatures from his island. But we remembered that it was reptiles only, toads and serpents, that he banished, and that he left insects and mammals alone. And we remembered further the "majores mures qui vulgariter vocantur rati," which ate up the books of an Irish Bishop, and were for that crime cursed—seemingly without any legal process—into something like the Buddhist paradise of Nirvana. Where then has that power fled? Has the oppression of the Saxon taken away that ancient gift of cursing in which it is certain that the saints of Ireland once surpassed all men? There must be lack of faith, even in the convent of Poor Clares at Kenmare, when the bugs have to be got rid of by the secular arm in the shape of "Persian Insect Powder," instead of by the anathemas of whoever may be the ecclesiastical superior of Kenmare.

Now we know a little about Kenmare and Sir William Petty out of Lord Macaulay's History; and we also know a little about Cork from the same source and from others. Perhaps the fact about those parts which is likely to make the deepest impression is that it was on the road from Cork to Dublin that the women insisted on kissing James the Second, and that his Majesty gave orders that he was not to be kissed. But it is wonderful how very little more we know about Cork after going through Miss Cusack's large volume on its history. It is not that there is absolutely nothing about Cork in the book. But the things which have most to do with Cork—the natural history, the topography, the municipal history—are all stowed away at the end, and some of them are not treated by Miss Cusack herself. There is a list of Sheriffs of the county and Mayors of the city, which, with singular perversity, is put in alphabetical order, or rather not in alphabetical order, for Spearing comes before Savage, and Supple before Silver. But even here we learn something. Thus among the Mayors there are many of the name of Sarsfield; among the Sheriffs only one, whose year, by an odd misprint, is given as 1938. Thus we seem to get a special connexion of one of the heroes of Ireland with the city of Cork; but his name occurs only once or twice incidentally at the place where we should specially have looked for it, in the chapter headed "William of Orange." We note that several of the High Sheriffs towards the end of the last century and the beginning of the present are said to have been knighted during office, which certainly is not, in England at least, the manner of High Sheriffs now. There is in these appendices a good deal of local history put together in a rather chaotic shape, and of course Cork is often mentioned, perhaps oftener than any other place in the course of the general narrative. Still Cork only peeps out now and then among other places. The book has really no pretensions to the character of a local history; what there is in it about Cork city and county is altogether smothered by matter about Ireland in general. And what Miss Cusack has to say about Ireland in general comes to little more than telling the old stories over again, and that in a great state of excitement awakened by the late work of Mr. Froude. Now what we think of Mr. Froude's work on Ireland we have said often enough. Miss Cusack may possibly know that we have no more love for Flogging Fitzgerald and his panegyrist than she can have herself. Still we doubt whether much good can come of sneering and nagging at Mr. Froude through page after page; and we are sure that a book of local history is not in any case the right place for it. If Mr. Froude has misrepresented any fact in local history, it is the business of a local historian to point it out. But it is not the business of a local historian to go scoffing at Mr. Froude sometimes by name, sometimes as "a certain historian," on account of general views which concern Cork only as they concern all Ireland. We might grant to human frailty the license of one outpouring of the kind in the course of the book. But a good many pages of it are rather too much. Nor do we know that it is exactly the business of a local historian of Cork to go minutely into the character of Henry the Second. The great lawgiver is in stronger hands than those either of Miss Cusack or of Mr. Froude, and his wonderfully mixed character is not to be judged of by little scraps from the declamations of his enemies. And anyhow, it is funny to see Giraldus quoted through "Cambrensis Eversus." And before Miss Cusack or anybody else builds up any theories on the words "oppressor nobilitatis," used more than once by Giraldus in a rage, it would be well for them to see in the more judicial pages of Peter of Blois, and, above all, of Ralph of Coggeshale, what the charge really means.

We do, however, learn one thing about Cork which, if true, would be worth remembering. "In the age of the world 3668, Cork was honoured by becoming the seat of monarchy." It is true that, on turning to the Four Masters, we find that the word Cork must here be taken as meaning, not the city, but the county; but it is something to have faith to believe in Irish chronology in the age of the world 3668. But Miss Cusack boldly believes everything. She asks in her first page, "Why should not the Irish Celt have as ancient and respected traditions as the Assyrian or the Indian?" And presently "The first immigrants of Erin left their archaic markings after them, and the ogham character may well dispute antiquity with the runes of the Scandinavians, or the cuneiform inscriptions of the Assyrians." We should be very glad to have any runes as old as the oldest Assyrian inscriptions, and we should receive with reverence oghams of the same date, if we were certified by competent Celtic scholars that they were of that date. But till we have this, cannot Miss Cusack or anybody else see that the reason why Irish traditions are not as much respected as Assyrian inscriptions is simply because the traditions are traditions, and the inscriptions are inscriptions? And so we have a prodigious deal of the same kind resting on evidence which is discussed in this fashion:—"Keating has given special and very full details of the arrangements at Tara, and it will be remembered that Keating writes from very ancient sources." And we may say that, while complaining of the neglect by English writers of the ancient Irish laws, it is rather unfair to pass by the elaborate use of them which has been made by Sir Henry Maine. But it is most likely in vain to talk about Sir Henry Maine or any other rational writer in the face of this kind of thing:—

> All early Irish history points not only to an Eastern but to an Israelitish descent. It is well known that the *Lia Fail*, or "Stone of Destiny," now most probably in Westminster Abbey, is supposed to be a pillar stone used by Jacob, and brought from the East by the Tuatha-de-Dananns. We have met recently with a curious little pamphlet, which has had a circulation of some 300,000, the object of which is to prove that the whole British nation are descendants of Eastern tribes. This is obviously incorrect as far as the Saxon race are concerned. The subject is so strange and so full of interest, both from historical, ethnological, and religious points of view, that we intend to enter on it fully in a note at the end of the present work.

We have tried in vain to find this note, and there is no index; but it is a certain relief that at any rate "the Saxon race" is let off from any suspicion of Israelitish descent. So in another page Miss Cusack tells us that she "reserves a fuller account of the ancient architecture of Ireland for a future page." That subject, moreover, has been dealt with by a stronger, though a purely Irish, hand, and we hope before long to have something to say about it. And again, we have not been able to find the "fuller ac-

* *A History of the City and County of Cork.* By M. F. Cusack. Kenmare Publications. Dublin: McGlashan & Gill. Cork: Guy. 1875.

count" in the "future page"; but on the opposite page we do find that "as early as fifteen hundred years before the Christian era sumptuary laws were passed to regulate the colours of dress. The Irish Celt was clothed, and well clothed, at a time when the Gaul and the Saxon were half-naked savages." We must leave the Irish Celt and the Gaulish Celt to fight out their own differences, but we do feel a pang at our own modernness when we have to confess that we have no notion whatever how our forefathers were clothed or not clothed in 1500 B.C. All that we can do is to appeal to Trajan's Column for the fact that they were very well and decently clothed about 100 A.D. But we may have our revenge, even at the expense of putting a new weapon into the hands of Mr. Froude. Sumptuary laws are not commonly looked on as signs of wisdom; and, if the Irish were the first nation to decree sumptuary laws, a scorner of Irish ideas might argue that this proved that the Irish had shot ahead of other nations in the race of what we will delicately call unwisdom. Far be it from us to say that it was so, because we do not profess to know in the least what went on in any part of Europe in 1500 B.C.; but if people will bind themselves to such rash chronology, they must take the consequences.

Here and there up and down the book we do find notices about Cork and its county, and something might doubtless be made out of the topographical guide at the end, which is put in alphabetical order—an arrangement convenient for a guide-book, but hardly for a local history. But why should the Nun of Kenmare come over to England to set us wrong about the burning of Friar Forrest? Now we have the greatest dislike to all burnings of anybody, and the burning of Forrest was on every ground one of the most unjustifiable of all burnings. So far there is no dispute between us and Miss Cusack; but she tells the story of Forrest somewhat differently from Hall:—

> The royal process of conversion to the royal opinions had at least the merit of simplicity. There is an old rhyme—one of those old rhymes which are often more effectual in moving the hearts of the multitude than the most eloquent sermons, and truer exponents of popular feeling than Acts of Parliament—which describes the fate of Forrest, the Franciscan friar, confessor of the king's only lawful wife, and the consequences of his temerity in denying the king's supremacy:—
>
> "Forrest, the fryar,
> That obstinate lyar,
> That wilfully will be dead;
> Incontinently
> The Gospel doth deny,
> The king to be supreme head."
>
> There is a grand and simple irony in this not easily surpassed. Some very evident proofs had been given in England that to deny the King's spiritual supremacy was "wilfully to be dead," although neither the king nor the parliament had vouchsafed to inform their victims in what part of the Gospel the keys of the kingdom of Heaven had been given to a temporal prince. Still, as I have observed, the royal process was extremely simple—if you believed, you were saved; if you doubted, you died.

Now in Hall the fourth line is given, not "incontinently," but "in his contumacy." But the point of the story is that the verses, as well as the other verses about Darvell Gatheren, were not an old rhyme describing the fate of Forrest, but the inscription which was set up in great letters upon the gallows which he died on. Anyhow, what has all this to do with the history of the city and county of Cork?

SHERIDAN KNOWLES ON *MACBETH*.*

IT is not a little singular that Sheridan Knowles's *Lectures on Dramatic Literature* have never been published. In the quotation from the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* which stands on the title-page of the Lectures now reproduced, Christopher North says, "Knowles is a delightful fellow and a man of true genius." This is a curious instance of the loose way in which the word "genius" is employed by English writers. By the French the title is bestowed with more discrimination, being reserved for the few who tower among their comrades like Saul. With them Sheridan Knowles would rank as a man of true talent, but not of true genius; for there have been many men of equal powers to his. It must be admitted that the precise French demarcation has the advantage over our helter-skelter lavishness of praise. When a man of extraordinary power arises among them, they have his description clear and ready to hand, while we in such a case can only distinguish the supreme from the admirable by a laborious heaping up of epithets. Again, if the title of genius were less carelessly given, it would be less easily usurped. That Sheridan Knowles was not a man of genius in the highest sense of the word is patent from the fact that, although the *Hunchback* is still occasionally performed, none of his plays can be said to have kept the stage. That he was a fine critic, a man who thought well and deeply, and expressed his thought in eloquent language, is evident from the *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, all of which may, we hope, some day be published. Meanwhile, it was no doubt appropriate to select from among them those which treat of the play that has lately commanded special attention.

It is curious that at the very beginning of Sheridan Knowles's work is found almost its only blunder. The historical materials which Shakspeare had for *Macbeth* were, he says, Macbeth's success against the Norwegians, his murder of Duncan at his wife's instigation, his usurpation, and his death by the hand of Macduff. The opportunity given by the remote period for introducing supernatural scenes and persons was inviting, and therefore "the powers of the air, the mysterious, impalpable ministers that wait on nature's mischief, were summoned to his aid; and in all the potency of prophecy, illusion, and charm, appeared at the invocation of the enchanter." It is easy to believe that, had there been originally no mysterious prompting to spur Macbeth to evil deeds, such a motive might have been added by Shakspeare to the narrative which he took to mould into a tragic drama; but the fact is that Holinshed relates among other facts this one, which he chronicles as simply as the rest, that as Macbeth returned from victory he was met by three women of strange and wild attire, "resembling creatures of an elder world," who greeted him by the titles of Cawdor, Glamis, and King, exactly as they do in the tragedy.

Having noted this slip, we may go on to consider Sheridan Knowles's criticism of the play. As a good deal of one kind and another has been lately said and written concerning the character of Macbeth, it may be well to take the author's estimate of this first. On that subject he observes that "this impression (as to the vastness of the tragedy to be unfolded) is improved in the second scene, in which we are partly enlightened as to the character of Macbeth, by the Sergeant and by Macduff" (here is another slip; it should be Rosse, not Macduff), "who successively describe his prowess to the King, and whose relation tends powerfully to exalt our opinion of the importance of the hero, and to increase our anxiety to see him." This, a good reason enough for not omitting the dialogue between Duncan and the Sergeant, has been dwelt upon by critics of the present day. A yet better reason is given later by Sheridan Knowles. At the end of this scene, it will be remembered, Rosse announces the treason of the Thane of Cawdor, whose death Duncan instantly decrees, and in the same breath sends Rosse to greet Macbeth with the title of Cawdor:—

> Except for this preparatory step one of the most striking incidents in the following scene would have been deprived of half its force. The fulfilment of the second witch's prophetic "All hail!" without it would have appeared a mere trick of the dramatist, whereas now it falls out naturally. 'Tis by such means, that of all dramatists Shakspeare comes the nearest to nature. 'Tis thus that he gives plausibility even to the supernatural when he has occasion to resort to it.

One should remember this passage in reading another which comes much later on, and concludes with these words:—"Macbeth is the most melodramatic tragedy in the whole range of the drama, and it is to the credit of Shakspeare that it is so." Melodramatic, that is, in the sense that a constant and overpowering succession of incidents and situations is melodramatic. But the events are exalted into the highest regions of poetry by the dramatist, who commands and knits together the passions and the fortunes of his characters, and never presents a circumstance, important or trifling, with insufficient motive or explanation. A melodramatic writer, to use that epithet in its most common sense, would have thought it much finer to bring the announcement of Macbeth's new title to the audience, as well as to him, straight from the lips of the witches, without any forewarning. He would have been blinded to the truer order by the dazzling effect of a moment.

But consideration of these things has led us away from Macbeth himself. Before he appears "he is described to us by his deeds; deeds of prowess almost superhuman. One single arm decides the multitudinous strife of blood, and it is his." When he has been greeted by the weird sisters and observed by Banquo to start, he "cannot, dares not, trust his utterance, but he cannot refrain from betraying what he feels. The remark of Banquo is the officious tongue of Macbeth's thought; it lays open his soul to you to the bottom, as the salutation of the third witch falling upon Macbeth's ear rouses the slumbering demon within him, like a flash of lightning illuminating a cavern, and revealing to you a startled monster crouching there." From this and from the description of how the witches vanish when they have accomplished the "quickening of the evil seed that is to shoot up apace and flourish in baleful, irrepressible rankness," it is evident that the writer supposed, as seems to us natural, that there was at least some vague project of usurpation in Macbeth's mind before he met the weird women. He goes on to point out the deep abstraction which possesses Macbeth after the news of his fresh honour is brought to him, under the influence of which he should, according to the writer, address his thanks to Rosse and Angus mechanically, ignorant that they have changed their place and gone apart with Banquo, so that he should bow to empty air, not turn round deliberately to their new position. In the next scene some fine touches are pointed out:—

> From what we perceive of Macbeth when he is first introduced to us he is evidently a man whose nature is not exactly attempered to the commission of crime. He can admit the thought of the murder, but he cannot entertain it without shuddering. He wants provocation to nerve his hand for the dagger, and Shakspeare finds it for him in this scene with the advancement of Duncan's eldest son to the principality of Cumberland.

Further than this, the very occasion for carrying out his "black and deep desires" is given in the same scene by Duncan's proposed visit. An instance of the poet's surpassing truth in every lightest word of each of his characters, which might easily pass unnoticed, is dwelt upon. Banquo's answer to Duncan's kindly greeting is short, clear, and evidently heartfelt. Macbeth's is a vapid, but specious, piece of reasoning. In treating of the soliloquy which opens the last scene of the act, the writer points to various passages which show that the Thane had much that was noble in him; he had a moral sense, was jealous of honour, alive to the beauty of virtue, thoughtful of heaven; and was therefore such a man as could only be urged to execute the murder by such an ac-

* *Lectures on Dramatic Literature. Macbeth.* By James Sheridan Knowles. London: Francis Harvey 1875.

complice as his wife. This soliloquy, he further thinks, should be delivered with infinite discomfiture and confusion; by fits and starts; and by no means with an appearance of coolness and self-command. When we pass to the scene of the murder, we find our attention drawn to the powerful leading up by degrees to the deed, which we await with trembling lest it be done, and longing that it be done quickly:—"Where there is interest, there is generally a charm in gradual progression. . . . The long, fluctuating, rumbling roll of the thunder communicates to us the full conception of sublimity; but a single clap, howsoever sudden and loud, affects us little more than the close report of a piece of ordnance, or even a fowling-piece discharged unexpectedly." Thus it is not Macbeth, but Banquo, heavy with forebodings, who first appears; and, when the Thane himself comes on, there is yet delay and expectation before his purpose is put in force.

The opinion of Sheridan Knowles, which will probably be held a conceit by most readers, is to be noted, that the dagger is not, as Macbeth thinks, "a dagger of the mind," but an actual apparition raised by the weird women, and coming and vanishing as they do themselves. We have not space to dwell on or even glance at all the pregnant suggestions which are found in the criticism of this scene; we must content ourselves with touching upon what is said at the end of the part or chapter which treats of it. The writer asserts what, until a short time ago, one would have thought required no urging, that the effect of the scene is rather to denounce than recommend crime:—

> Contemplate Macbeth in this act, and recall the image of the man who in the third scene of the first act presented himself to you, flushed with the honest pride of victory achieved in a virtuous cause. What is he now? A livid, nerveless, quaking coward, whose eyes are plucked out, as it were, by the sight of that with which the havoc of a hundred fields has made them familiar and perfectly at home.

The remarks upon the last act, valuable as far as they go, are something too brief; and there is scarcely any mention of the banquet scene. Perhaps, in spite of this, we may be allowed to mention a suggestion which seems to us to have some force. It has been the custom to deliver the address to the ghost as though it were inspired merely by terror. Now, taking into consideration the side of the usurper's character which is too often neglected—his overpowering will—it seems tenable that the words "Hence, horrible shadow! unreal mockery, hence!" might rather be an effort overcoming the first horror, and banning the spectre by the mere force of command. The reaction would follow naturally enough afterwards, and in support of the theory it is suggested that the appearance of the Ghost is the last interference of conscience between Macbeth and his crimes. Till then some human scruple has always clung to him; afterwards, no atrocity appals him. That Macbeth did possess a will which may be compared to that of the first Napoleon is evident from the fact of his placing himself on the throne in spite of all suspicions aroused by Duncan's death; and if, with such a power, he had no weakness of hesitation or remorse, he would have been superhuman.

As to Lady Macbeth's character there has been less discussion than as to her husband's:—

> The historical fact [says Sheridan Knowles] that Macbeth was instigated by his wife to murder Duncan, suggested to Shakspeare the character of Lady Macbeth. From this single trait he inferred the whole of a character, for fidelity of keeping and force, if not superior to any, at least inferior to none in the wide range of his immortal drama. Here he has, indeed, realized the highest feat of the terrible in romance, by embodying the spirit of a fiend in a human form—a being composed of flesh and blood, and not without the sympathies which result from the living union of such ingredients; but possessing them in utter subserviency to the evil principle. . . . She takes no more account of blood than if it were water. That from the sight of which unused nature instinctively recoils, though shed for a salutary purpose, under circumstances the most revolting, only serves to furnish her with an image of pleasure—
>
> If he do bleed,
> I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal.
>
> She does so, and never hastens to wipe her hands, but brings them reeking, to taunt her pale and quaking husband with their colour.

The writer goes on to speak of Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth. Nothing is so difficult to describe as a fine piece of acting which produces its impression by a gradual harmonious course of effects, some of which, and perhaps among them the touches whose force though the least evident is the greatest, cannot but be slurred in the telling. For this reason anything which conveys so clear a notion to a reader as Sheridan Knowles's writing on this matter is especially valuable. "The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons," he writes, "was the genius of guilty ambition personified—express in form, in feature, motion, speech; an awe invested her. You felt as if there was a consciousness in the very atmosphere that surrounded her, which communicated its thrill to you. There was something absolutely subduing in her presence—an overpowering something, that commanded silence, or, if you spoke, prevented you from speaking above your breath." Every word of the writer's description has weight, but we must be satisfied with quoting that of the sleep-walking scene, leaving readers to find the rest in its own place:—

> But the sleeping scene, where she walks and dreams! I could pity a murderess who should look upon that scene. The ghostly group that enter the tent and surround the couch of Richard bring with them not the tithe of the horror that attends that silent woman, Lady Macbeth walking in her sleep. Though pit, gallery, and boxes were crowded to suffocation, the chill of the grave seemed about you while you looked on her;—there was the hush and the damp of the charnel-house at midnight; you had a feeling as if you and the medical attendant, and lady-in-waiting, were alone with her; your flesh crept and your breathing became uneasy; you felt the tenaciousness of the spot which she was trying to rub out upon her hand; while the sigh of her remorse seemed to ascend from an unfathomable abyss of misery and despair.

There is much concerning minor matters in these lectures of which it would be pleasant to speak; but it is enough to say that, if any one wishes to read a fine and eloquent piece of criticism, he cannot do better than go to Sheridan Knowles's *Macbeth*.

THE NEW REFORMATION.*

THE Old Catholic movement has had the good or ill luck to draw upon itself the fire of three parties which have no other bond of union than this common hostility. To discredit, and if possible destroy it, is a matter of life and death to the Ultramontane party, for Ultramontanism and Old Catholicism are the negation of each other. They cannot agree to differ, for their differences are fundamental and necessarily irreconcilable. Till one or the other yields or is crushed a truce between them is logically impossible. And this is equally true of the relation between Old Catholicism on the one hand and scepticism and ultra-Protestantism on the other. For a time both ultra-Protestantism and scepticism adopted the policy of patronizing the Old Catholic movement the former hoping to utilize it against the historical view of the Church, the latter believing that it would run the career of Lamennais and Froschammer and reject the Christian faith altogether. The hopes of both have been signally disappointed, and their disappointment has found vent in a bitter resentment not always free from gross misrepresentation. The Old Catholics have taken their stand on history, and history is fatal alike to Ultramontanism and popular Protestantism. Ultramontanism, in either its ecclesiastical or theological aspect, is unknown to the era of the undisputed General Councils; and the same may be said with equal truth of Calvinism. The Churches of Calvin and of Manning would certainly have been repudiated by Athanasius and Augustine. Neither can have been developed out of the primitive Church, for development must be true to the essential attributes of its germ. The child is father to the man; but he cannot be sent to parrot or a chimpanzee. Ultramontanism and Calvinism are not developments, but revolutions, and the logical goal of both is scepticism. Admitting in word that Christianity is a revelation, a body of truth once for all given, they deny it in fact. In both systems the criterion of truth is not history, but individual illumination; in the one "private" verifying faculty" of each Christian; in the other, the verifying faculty" of one person, to whom the rest have agreed to delegate the exercise of their individual verifications.

It is not surprising, then, that Scepticism, Ultramontanism, and popular Protestantism, should have made common cause against Old Catholicism, and used the volume of "Theodorus" as a fulcrum for their combined assault. "Theodorus" himself, whoever he is, writes in a friendly spirit, and his book is evidently intended to put the position and principles of the Old Catholic party in a favourable light before the English public. But his benevolence is more apparent than his grasp of the question, and those who wish to master the issues involved in the Old Catholic movement must study them in the works of its recognized leaders and writers, such as Schulte, Friedberg, Mejer, Langen, Frommann, and Friedrich, to say nothing of Dr. Döllinger. It may suit the tactics of sceptics and Ultramontanes to treat the movement as a "microscopic spiritual faction," whose aims are as contemptible as the number of its adherents. Criticism of this sort may impose upon the ignorant, but the critics themselves can hardly share the misconceptions which they propagate. Nothing, for example, can be more fallacious than to estimate the strength and forecast the future of the Old Catholic movement by the rules of arithmetic. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that the avowed Old Catholics among German-speaking populations do not exceed two hundred thousand, or even half that number. What then? When the Founder of Christianity left the earth the number of his avowed disciples was "about one hundred and twenty." Yet he would have been a shallow reasoner who would have argued from this that Christianity was but one of the many ephemeral sects which appeared about that time in Judea. When Edward VI. died the English nation submitted, with scarcely a show of resistance, to the rule of the Popish Queen Mary. Did that prove that the previous repudiation of Papal supremacy was merely the crotchet of a few professors and courtiers, and had no root in the national sentiment? The truth is, movements which are destined to succeed are necessarily of slow growth; it is the seed which falls upon stony ground that grows up rapidly, and as rapidly withers. The sympathy of the multitude is of course as necessary to the ultimate success of religious as of political reformations; but the multitude are slow to apprehend the significance of controversies of which the practical bearings do not appear on the surface. It was not because the doctrine of Papal supremacy or of Transubstantiation was capable of being refuted by historical or theological argument that the English Reformation at last succeeded, but because Englishmen resented the intermeddling of an Italian priest in their political and social life. And Luther's doctrine of justification by faith would never have been anything more than a barren speculation if Tetzel had not been there with his budget of in-

* *The New Reformation: a Narrative of the Old Catholic Movement from 1870 to the Present Time.* With an Historical Introduction. By Theodorus. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

dulgences to give it a practical application. It is fortunate, for many reasons, that the battle of Old Catholicism should be fought on German soil. Nowhere else in the Roman Communion could the requisite learning and tenacity of purpose be found so happily blended. But, on the other hand, Germany offers in some respects a less promising field for the conflict than most other countries in which Roman Catholicism has an established position. Partly in consequence of the culture of its clergy, and partly by reason of its close contact with antagonistic systems, German Catholicism, even in its Ultramontane aspects, is for the most part free from the corruptions in doctrine and discipline which flourish in other countries. There are no crying scandals to which the preachers of Old Catholicism can point to illustrate their polemic against Ultramontanism. Yet he would be a rash man who would thence conclude that the Old Catholic movement has found no response among the Roman Catholic population of Germany. In several districts the people have risen against their Ultramontane pastors, and in more than one parish they have built a church and support a priest of their own.

So far we have argued on the ground selected by the adversaries of the Old Catholic movement. But the success and prospects of the movement cannot, in fact, be estimated fairly on that ground, for the number of its avowed adherents is no measure at all of its strength. The aim of its leaders is not to foment or perpetuate a schism, but to act as a reforming leaven within the Roman Church. They abstained for a considerable time from the formation of separate congregations, and for a still longer time from the creation of an Old Catholic Episcopate. "Theodorus" is quite accurate in saying that "wherever they were not debarred from access to the established ministrations of the Church, it was no part of their policy to found a rival communion." Even now it is no part of their policy to do anything tending to the breaking up of the Church of Rome. Their motto is reform, not revolution, and consequently they do not encourage secession from the ministrations of the ordinary parish priests except when un-Catholic terms of communion are imposed. The result is that sympathy with the Old Catholic movement, and wishes for its success, are by no means confined to those who have openly enrolled themselves under its banner. Even among the clergy a large number would side with Dr. Döllinger if they followed the spontaneous promptings of their consciences; and among the Roman Catholic laity the proportion of sympathizers is much larger.

The Old Catholics have been reproached with courting the aid of Prince Bismarck against their Ultramontane opponents. Bishop Reinkens, however, will be admitted to know more about that matter than the correspondents of English journals; and therefore we quote the following passage from one of his published speeches:—

> Our religious struggle against Rome was for a long time exceedingly irksome to the leading statesmen in Germany. We found not the smallest support amongst the governments, and only a partial negative protection.

And certainly the Falk laws are not conceived in the interest of the Old Catholics, nor did they derive any advantage, but much the contrary, from their operation. Indeed it is well known, for it has been publicly stated more than once, that Dr. Döllinger used his personal influence to induce the German Chancellor to mitigate the severity of his legislation against the Ultramontane party. Nor is it at all necessary to credit the Old Catholic leaders with any heroic chivalry in this intervention on behalf of their implacable foes: for their policy was dictated by the commonplace motive of regard for their own interests. The tergiversation of the German Episcopate in imposing as an article of faith a doctrine which they had denounced a short time before as an historical falsehood had shocked the national conscience, and alienated the respect of honest men. But Prince Bismarck's legislation gave the Bishops an opportunity of suffering for conscience sake, and thus of recovering to some extent the respect which, by their previous conduct, they had forfeited. In this way it happened that much of the sympathy which had been naturally attracted by the gallant bearing of Dr. Döllinger and his friends was transferred to their persecutors. What the effect of the Bismarckian legislation may be on the fortunes of Ultramontanism and Old Catholicism respectively, it is as yet too early to predict; but signs are not wanting to show that Ultramontanism may possibly be worsted in the struggle. Symptoms of weariness are visible here and there in the Ultramontane camp, and there are whispers abroad of a possible compromise. If Prince Bismarck succeeds in destroying the seminary system of clerical education, and in compelling the future priesthood of Germany to study in the national Universities, he will have struck a fatal blow at Ultramontanism as far as German Catholicism is concerned: for Vaticanism, Cardinal Manning being witness, cannot stand the scrutiny of independent historical inquiry.

A contemporary which now and then undertakes the defence of Ultramontanism for the purpose, apparently, of damaging the Church of England, asserted not long ago that the dogma of Papal infallibility is "a doctrine in which nothing is new but its official promulgation." This, however, is a sophistical way of stating the matter. It is true that the doctrine is not now as a debatable opinion in the Roman communion; but the "official promulgation" of a debatable opinion is, in fact, a new doctrine. We are told indeed that "there is a complete concurrence of scientific opinion against the allegation that infallibility is a revolutionary novelty." But of what kind of infallibility is this predicated? If the personal infallibility of the Pope is intended, the "concurrence of scientific opinion" is all against it; and nowhere was this concurrence more conspicuous than in the Vatican Council. The final surrender of the minority is without a parallel in ecclesiastical history. In the Council they rejected the doctrine on the ground that it was inconsistent with the plain facts of history, and in accepting it they have not attempted to reconcile it with historic truth. And so, again, with regard to the œcumenicity and freedom of the Council. The question, as respects the German Episcopate, is not whether the Council was really œcumenical and free, but whether the German Bishops declared that it was neither, and afterwards ate their own words. The following passage, quoted by "Theodorus," from a speech delivered by Bishop Reinkens at the Congress of Cologne, is hardly too severe, all things considered:—

> They again and again registered protests against the order of proceeding, and declared that the Council was not free, that its œcumenicity would be disputed; *and now they declare that they had after all the requisite freedom.* But the documentary evidence to the contrary is still on record in the acts. Further, they have declared in official documents that the doctrine of papal infallibility, both name and thing, was foreign to Christian antiquity; they have testified that even to this day it is unknown in name to entire dioceses and countries; they have boldly expressed their conviction that this is no Catholic doctrine, because it has no place either in Holy Scripture or in the traditions; they have said that if it be elevated into a dogma, the Church would commit suicide. In a paper circulated by Bishop Von Ketteler they have asserted that it would be a spectacle deserving the amazement of all centuries, if by such a dogma the Council should declare itself superfluous; *and now they come back and inform us that in substance this dogma has been taught in all centuries.* The bishops in Rome stood up as witnesses to the truth, and said, "We bear this witness, because the duty of our office commands us, because our oath requires it; we can testify no otherwise than we do"; and now, where is the duty of their office, where the oath which they swore? They said it would be the destruction of souls; *and now they themselves destroy souls!* Further, they declared in Rome, "We preach a doctrine of the relation between Church and State very different from the ecclesiastico-political system contained in the bulls of Boniface VIII. and Paul IV."—let us now add in the *Syllabus* of Pius IX.—according to which the Pope's sovereignty was exalted above every state dignity, judges, princes, and nations, constitutions and laws; they protested that it is impossible to remodel civil society by this system; now they come back and feign that they never preached any other doctrine; they attempt the impossible, and wonder that Governments should engage in conflicts with them, when they themselves predicted that a conflict was inevitable! At Rome they proved the design of Pius IX. by a mock council to abolish for ever the wholesome institution of councils; they proved this design by their own experience and from his own briefs, and now they deny what they proved. They registered reclamations and protests against all infringements on their dignity and office at the council on the part of the Pope and his officers, and declared that they only registered these reclamations as *perenne documentum*, as a testimony for ever, whereby before men and the terrible judgment of God they disclaimed the responsibility of all the consequences. Not two months later they took the responsibility upon their own shoulders; and so that document has become a testimony for ever, that in their appeal to God's terrible judgment they played a blasphemous game.

Those who have no access to original information will find the volume of "Theodorus" useful as a book of reference. It does not go deep into the question, nor is it always to be implicitly depended on either in its statement of facts or in its inferences. But it is written in an excellent spirit, and with an evident desire to be fair. We would mention, however, as an instance of hasty inference, the author's assertion that the discussion of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in the Bonn Conference of 1874 "was remarkable for revealing among some members of the Anglican party a certain leaning towards the condemned tenet." And this, though he quotes immediately afterwards Dr. Liddon's emphatic declaration that he "rejected it whether as a dogma or a pious opinion." The author did not intend to misrepresent, else he would not have thus afforded the means of his own refutation; but a writer who was master of his subject would not have committed himself to so conspicuous a blunder.

DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN.*

IT would seem that to translate Demosthenes "On the Crown" has been deemed by common consent an appropriate feat for a lawyer who aims at distinction. Undaunted by the fire of criticism which assailed Lord Brougham's dashing and unequal version, unabashed by the admission of Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy (who, by the way, undertook in the notes to his translation a chivalrous defence of his brilliant predecessor's production) that "he must be a confident man who can satisfy himself upon such a task," not a few of our lawyers have committed themselves to this arduous adventure, whilst many others, we may be sure, have their "Crowns" wrapt up in paper and stowed away in their desks, to issue thence when a spirit of rivalry stimulates them to contend for the palm with the latest comer. It was but five years ago that a scholarly translation came, we fear without attracting much attention, from the pen of Mr. Brandt, a former scholar of Oriel and a member of the Inner Temple; and now Sir Robert Collier, already distinguished as an amateur painter, aspires to give proof of his scholarship as well as his legal acumen and experience by putting forth an English rendering of the most famous speech of the most renowned of Greek orators. In some respects the time of his appearance is fortunate. Greater predecessors have run the gauntlet. Sir R. Collier launches upon a sea where there are beacon lights to warn him, and on which of late years pilots have been multiplied. If some of Whiston's notes in the edition of the

* *The Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown.* Translated by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Collier. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

Demosthenes and Æschines on the Crown. By G. A. Simcox, M.A., and W. H. Simcox, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1872.

Bibliotheca Classica are doubtful, no handier or more useful annotated text within small compass than that of the late Mr. Arthur Holmes, of Clare, could be named to the student who wished to feel his way safely through the Greek. On a larger scale, yet in a compendious and convenient shape—especially as it contains within some two hundred and fifty pages the text of the two rival orations on the Crown, with ample notes and able introductory essays—the "Clarendon Press" volume of Messrs. Simcox throws new light on the subject, and brings all needful collateral matter within such compass that no one need be at fault respecting allusion or argument on either side. We do not quite hold with the practice of introductory dissertations stretching over 130 pages, and so discursive as to make us sigh for the old days of Latin notes and prefaces; but at all events a translator now runs much less risk of error, default, or misconstruction than formerly, and we are glad to make this passing recognition of an edition which was overlooked at the time of its publication. Not indeed that it is at all clear that Sir Robert Collier has availed himself of these later editions—possibly he may but have resuscitated and refurbished an early effort—though there are, it seems to us, plain traces of his resort to Mr. Kennedy's translation for guidance on difficult points, to say nothing of unconscious following in his very word-tracks in level passages. It is hardly possible that in § 7, where the authorship of the laws of Athens is referred to Solon, who is designated *εἶναι ὃν ὑμῖν καὶ δημοτικὸς*, Sir Robert Collier is not tracing Mr. Kennedy's lines when he translates "a friend to you and to popular rights," as against the other's, "a man friendly to you and to popular rights." The opening clause of § 10 runs almost word for word alike in both, and in § 223 Demosthenes's boast, *ὅτι . . . ἐγὼ τὴν τῆς εὐνοίας τάξιν ἐν τοῖς δεινοῖς οὐκ ἔλιπον*, reappears in Kennedy, "I alone deserted not the patriot's post in the hour of danger," and in Collier, "I alone deserted not the patriot's post in the hour of *peril*." It imputes no blame that we note such coincidences, but it may serve to show that the translator of the Oration of the Crown, since the appearance of Bohn's Classical Series, has his path made smoother for him than it was for Lord Brougham and other lawyers of his day.

In return for such advantages—although deprecating too much introductory and annotatory matter—we look for something further from modern translators; to wit, lucid parallelisms of Attic and English procedure and terminology in regard to the proceedings of the law courts, and clear, though brief, explanations of passing references in the course of the speech. On the first point, there is no fault to find with Sir R. Collier, who in his preface traces very clearly the marked difference between "trial by jury" at Athens and in England, and the restricted functions of the twelve jurymen in the latter as compared with their unlimited province in the former. He defines lucidly the meaning of the *γραφὴ παρανομῶν*, on which so much turns, and what is the distinction between a *ψήφισμα* and a *νόμος*. The grounds of Æschines's indictment against Ctesiphon, and the line of defence adopted by Demosthenes, are stated with commendable succinctness; and here and there a passing criticism, such as the remark upon Demosthenes's silence as to Æschines's imputation to him of bribery being possibly attributable to limited time for speaking ("one advantage, perhaps, of their procedure over ours"), shows a critical study of the whole forensic process, the results of which would have been welcome if even more thickly sown in notes and comments. But though it is conceivable that the translator in this case aims at an approximation in English to the original Greek masterpiece, and would hold that he is translating for the educated and not for the unlearned (a mistake, we suspect, because the only readers of an English Demosthenes will be those who cannot easily follow the Greek), it seems to us that a few brief notes to explain allusions in the course of the speech—*e.g.* § 29, *Εὐρυβάτου πράγμα*; § 87, *τὴν Μυσῶν λείαν καλουμένην*; § 326, *ὥσπερ ὀπωρώνης*—would not only make his work more acceptable to all possible readers, but also show his own familiarity with the literary stores of the orator he is representing. Such proverbial allusions as the first two of those which we have cited are very germane to the manner of a Greek speech—the second having reference to the defenceless state of the pirate-ridden Mysians in the absence of their king Telephus, and so to all helpless victims; the first to an historical traitor who, having taken Cresus's money to hire him mercenaries against Cyrus, straightway went and betrayed his employer. Had Sir Robert seen the necessity of inquiring into this latter reference with an eye to a note, he would have discovered that it was not the "part of an Eurybatus," but of an Eurybates, which Demosthenes charged Æschines with acting.

On the whole it is but fair to admit that the translation before us runs clearly and smoothly, and is calculated to give a good general idea of the arguments, artifices, thrusts, and counter-thrusts of the great orator. If it never rises to eloquence, on the other hand it is never rugged; and if it cannot be charged, to coin a Demosthenic word, with too much "Græcizing," at any rate it keeps in the main within the limits of textual exactness, and introduces nothing which is not conveyed directly or indirectly by the Greek. There is no pretence at a running commentary, which might have been a convenience and improvement, nor even a division of the speech into sections matching with those of Reiske or other text-makers for the purposes of comparing the Greek and the English. The object, therefore, seems to be to produce an English counterpart, if it may be, of a Greek oratorical masterpiece. One or two passages will suffice to show how far this object is attained. A good sample will be found in pp. 27-8, where Demosthenes justifies his having opposed subserviency to Philip, and even neutrality, at a time when that tyrant had shown by aggressions on his own allies that his object was simple and unscrupulous self-aggrandizement. "What language," he asks, "was I to hold when" (*cf.* §§ 82-3, *ἑώρων δ' αὐτὸν τὸν Φίλιππον—παραχωρῆσαι τῷ Φιλίππῳ*)

I beheld Philip, our antagonist, in pursuit of empire and sovereign sway, submitting to the loss of an eye, the fracture of a collar bone, the mutilation of a hand or leg; in short, readily sacrificing to fortune any portion of his body she might choose to seize upon, so that with the rest he might live in glory and renown? Who will have the audacity to assert that Philip, bad as he was at Pella, then an insignificant town, could possess such elevation of soul as to aspire to and compass the sovereignty of Greece, while you, Athenians, having before you day by day, in all that you hear and all that you see, the memorials of the greatness of your forefathers, could be capable of such degradation as *willingly* and *spontaneously* to surrender to Philip the liberties of Greece? This no man living will dare assert.

In the above passage the original is reproduced with good faith, even to the Englishing of *αὐτεπαγγέλτους ἐθελοντάς*, words which differ, as Messrs. Simcox point out, as *ultro* and *sponte*; and it would be unfair to deny its general title to a certain force and vigour. Still more so will be found the passage (§§ 218-20) which describes the effect of the news of the fall of Elatea on Athens, and the paralysis of all those who ought to have given counsel at that crisis, until "I, Demosthenes, arose"—until the orator and patriot came out as the man for the emergency. Here are a few lines of it:—

It what was required in the speaker then called for had been anxiety for the public safety, all of you, ay, and every other Athenian too, would have risen in your places, and mounted the tribune, for that you were all anxious to save the country, I know full well; if it had been wealth, the three hundred would have risen; if wealth and patriotism combined, all those who displayed both by the munificence of their subsequent contributions. But that crisis—that day called for a man not merely of wealth and patriotism, but for one who had followed the course of events from their commencement, and had arrived at a thorough comprehension of the motives of Philip's conduct, and of his ulterior designs; for without such comprehension, without careful study of remote as well as proximate causes, no man, were he ever so wealthy or ever so patriotic, could be qualified to form a sound judgment on the course to be pursued, or to give you trustworthy advice.—P. 68, *cf.* §§ 221-2.

This is adequately translated without the surplusage which here and there creeps into Sir Robert's renderings; as where, for instance, at § 110, he expands the question, *τίς δ' ἦν ὁ τῇ πόλει λέγων καὶ γράφων καὶ πράττων*, into "But who spoke in your assemblies, who proposed the measures, who saw to their execution?" instead of emulating the succinctness of the original, and of Mr. Kennedy's version, "But who advised, framed, executed the measures of State?" There are indeed some passages where a little manipulation and reconstruction in the English does fuller justice to the original sense, as in the case of the famous climax, which the ancient rhetoricians were so fond of citing, in § 230, *οὐκ εἶπον μὲν ταῦτα, οὐκ ἔγραψα δέ, οὐκ ἔγραψα μέν, οὐκ ἐπρέσβευσα δέ, οὐδ' ἐπρέσβευσα μέν, οὐκ ἔπεισα δὲ Θηβαίους*. Here there are various devices for giving an equivalent of the Greek construction—that of Kennedy and the Simcoxes, "did not make a speech without proposing a motion, &c.," coming as near to the force of the Greek as most. It must be owned, however, that Sir R. Collier has hit it off exceedingly happily in his way of putting its stages and steps—namely, "Not only did I make a speech, but I proposed a decree; not only did I propose the decree, but I went on the embassy; not only went I on the embassy, but I prevailed upon the Thebans."

There is a fine passage much earlier in this oration, to give due force to which it does not seem to have been needful for Sir Robert Collier to alter the order of the original. It is where (§ 120, *πέρας μὲν—διδῷ γενναίως*) Demosthenes declares what spirit animated the Athenians in lending aid to Corinth and the Thebans in spite of their ill-conduct in the Decelean war, and in face of the predominance of Lacedæmon by sea and land—to wit, a determination to brave defeat in the cause of freedom and generosity. "To all men," moralizes the orator, "the end of life is death, though one keep shut up in a closet; but it becomes the brave to strive alway for honour with a good hope before them, and to endure courageously whatever Heaven ordains." In the translation before us there is nothing gained by turning it into, "No man can escape death, the termination of all mortal life, by keeping himself hidden in a cellar; the brave should be ever ready to set forth on the path of glory, armed with high hope and courage, prepared to accept without a murmur that fate which Heaven may ordain." There may be doubts whether a better interpretation of *ἐν οἰκίσκῳ* than "closet" or "cellar" (which latter is surely very ignoble) would not be a "bird-cage," or "bird's nest," or a dovecot; and *φέρειν γενναίως* scarcely calls for such tall translation as "prepared to accept without a murmur"; but certainly the natural order of the Greek needed no transposing. We have also come upon two or three passages in the translation before us which call for some correction. In § 4 Demosthenes says of his antagonist that he has the advantage over himself in his accusation in that, having neither position nor repute, *ἐκ περιουσίας μου κατηγορεῖ*. This is only vaguely paraphrased in Sir Robert's rendering, "but as for him he risks nothing which he cannot afford to lose by his wanton accusation"; and we cannot say that Kennedy's, "The prosecution, however, is play to him," is a translation that meets the Greek words. The Simcoxes' version, "I have—I don't say what, but he can well afford to accuse me," catches the drift without conveying it; but to our thinking Mr. Holmes alone does justice to the sense by simply rendering *ἐκ περιουσίας* "at a monstrous advan-

tage," an equivalent which implies the whole of what the others have striven to bring out. Again, in § 23, Philip is described, how *αὐτὸς παρεσκευάζετο καὶ κατὰ πάντων ἐφύετο*, and this Sir R. Collier loosely renders, "was attaining a power menacing to them all." This, we submit, is not translation. What is wanting is some expression to give the idea of growth of power, and of that power swooping down on its victims. "He was waxing powerful," we might say, "to come down upon us all," or "growing up to the downfall of us all." In § 35, too, the sense of *ἐν τοῖν δυοῖν ὀβόλοιν ἐθεωροῦν ἄν* is not given in its full force, which is delicate, with reference to the charge against Demosthenes that he had not moved to exclude Philip's ambassadors from the *reserved seats* at the theatre. It has escaped our latest translator that *ἐν τοῖν δυοῖν ὀβόλοιν* is a figure of speech by which the price of the seats is put for the seats or the place it purchased. "They might," as Brandt puts it, "have paid their money at the door," or, as Messrs. Simcox render it still more literally, "they might have been spectators in the twopenny seats." To render, as Sir R. Collier does, "But without a decree of exclusion they could have seen the performance for two obols," is to make the point obscure, and is not, strictly speaking, correct.

We readily admit, however, that there is evidence of pains and a desire to be accurate on the face of Sir R. Collier's work, which we take to be meant rather as a literary feat than as a permanent assistance to students or non-students. It is the work of a scholar, not indeed of the stamp of the Messrs. Simcox or of the lamented Mr. Holmes, but of one who has carried to the judicial bench a sufficient residuum of Greek scholarship to plead as a set-off against the Greek and Latin verse and various classical accomplishments of others of its occupants.

THROSTLETHWAITE.*

THROSTLETHWAITE will not disappoint the readers of Miss Morley's first novel, *Aileen Ferrers:* but, at the same time, it will not surprise them by the revelation of any new excellences. *Aileen Ferrers* was written with admirable clearness, correctness, simplicity, and refinement. Its strength lay in the singularity of the central situation, and its weakness in a kind of timidity in dealing with all the sides of that situation. The style in *Throstlethwaite* keeps its purity, and with singular self-restraint Miss Morley resists the temptation to use the descriptive material which lies ready to her hand. She takes her heroine to Homburg, in the "age before morality," and says nothing of Russian countesses, haggard gamblers, and the rest of the stock characters of a Kursaal. She makes her heroine pass a night on the Cumberland hills, and, though she does sketch the dawn, the sketch is in two tints, and the brush is not dipped in the gold, azure, and russet of the word-painter's palette. There is thus nothing to divert the reader's attention from the characters and the plot. If the latter is less strikingly original than that of *Aileen Ferrers*, on the other hand there is some improvement in the fact that the action never drags, and that the story steadily increases in interest to the close.

In *Aileen Ferrers* Miss Morley described the perplexities of a girl of character and cultivation entangled in an odd and romantic love affair with an honest fellow far beneath her in station. In *Throstlethwaite* she describes the troubles of Ruth Charteris, a girl of character and cultivation in a position very usual in novels. Ruth discovers that her lover is not worthy of her, and she has with pain to renounce him. It is no part of Miss Morley's plan to describe with much minuteness the pain and struggle in the heart of her heroine. Ruth has to pass a dark hour, to be sure, but she "determines to do her best to be cheerful and happy." Perhaps she succeeds a little too well in this admirable resolve; perhaps Miss Morley's self-restraint has made her almost tame in this as well as in other passages. This timidity or repression is an error, if it be an error, on the right side, and in any case is a proof of the author's respect for her art. But when it is combined with a certain ignorance of the ways of men, scarcely atoned for by a most amusing knowledge of the ways of women, it lessens the charm of a very engaging story. Possibly with the intention of preventing her readers from thinking her heroine too correct, Miss Morley first introduces them to Ruth Charteris when she is doing something by no means conventional. She is the daughter of a house which an American might style one of the "first families" of the Lake district. While she is walking in a wood near "Brideswater" her dog follows a rabbit down a hole, and is lost. To her, at this moment of need, enters a "Laker." Now a Laker in the language of the first families of that country seems to mean a tourist, and to be a creature held in great contempt Nevertheless, the Laker helped Ruth to drag out her terrier, and as the business was a long one, he stood in danger of losing his train, which started from a station at the other side of the lake. As Ruth had a boat, and as the Laker could not row, she pulled him across, and thereby incurred the wrath of Leonard Barrington, with whom she had what is called an understanding. Now as this Laker turns out to be a Harrow and Cambridge man, and as he is skilled in everything, from managing land to making picture-frames, and is a "tall man of his hands," besides, it is not easy to see why Miss Morley chose to put him in the ridiculous position of needing a young lady's help to row a light boat. By way of starting every one fairly, however, she prejudices us against Leonard Barrington too. "What would even Edgar say to your rowing off in that way with any confounded tramping snob who happened to carry a lame dog a few yards for you?" It is thus that Leonard addresses the lady with whom he has an understanding, and, foreseeing that the twain are to be rivals, the reader perhaps inclines to favour the non-rowing Laker.

The nature of Ruth's understanding with Leonard Barrington is so unsatisfactory that one can hardly help sympathizing with the perplexity of his worldly and managing mother and married sister. Barrington has been a companion of the Charteris girls from their childhood, and Ruth has been the confidante of all the phases of his clever and desultory boyhood. This partnership in views has made almost all her education, and when Leonard, after various futile efforts to settle down to business, returns to Brideswater, Ruth and he merge their friendship in an unavowed love. Leonard indeed cannot afford to declare himself, because he has nothing but expectations, and these expectations only begin to look promising at the moment when the story commences. They depend on the death of Frank L'Estrange, the only son of a certain Mrs. L'Estrange who is Barrington's aunt by marriage, and the great lady and moral tyrant of the neighbourhood. As Ruth is sincerely attached both to Mrs. L'Estrange and to Frank, a pleasant boy who does not know that he is dying, she cannot listen with patience to Barrington's speculation about his own chances of becoming Mrs. L'Estrange's heir. Leonard is of so mobile a character, to be sure, that he can abandon the worldly side of the question, and declaim Mr. Tennyson's lines:—

> Oh yet we trust that somehow good
> Shall be the final goal of ill;

the "good" in this particular instance being his own succession to the L'Estrange property. But Mrs. Charteris, Ruth's mother, and Agatha, her sister, are much more plain-spoken; and as Frank L'Estrange grows weaker day by day, look on the understanding with Leonard quite favourably. "Of course it is a dreadful thing for Mrs. L'Estrange," says Agatha, "but as far as the outer world is concerned, I dare say Leonard will do just as well as Frank—and of course he will take the name."

It chanced that the position of land agent to Mrs. L'Estrange's estates fell vacant, and Frank set his heart on having a certain friend, Stephen Powys, of whom he had long lost sight, appointed to the position. This Powys was the son of a bankrupt banker, and was believed to be in need of employment. In compliance with the wish of the invalid, Leonard was sent to town to look for Stephen. He returned without him, declared that he had gone to America, or at all events could not be found, and shortly afterwards the "dreadful thing for Mrs. L'Estrange" happened, and Frank died. Mrs. L'Estrange was well aware of the attachment between Leonard and Ruth, but she was also well aware of Leonard's weakness and extravagance. After a sermon of great severity, she promised to make him her heir if for three years he would stick to business in the local bank, and would pay off his own debts in that time. As Leonard is one of the people who, like Becky Sharp, would have found it "easy to be good on five thousand a year," we can scarcely help agreeing with Agatha, the worldly Chorus of the story, that Mrs. L'Estrange is only "offering a premium on hypocrisy." He determines to do his best, however, and Agatha and her husband take Ruth abroad to distract her mind, and, in short, to put her in the way of a new wooer Now Ruth believed herself to be the last girl to justify the saw, "souvent femme varie":—

> Her conception of the sort of affection which alone could justify marriage, or make it possible, had been of a feeling stronger and deeper than any other, about which there could be no mistake, and which must fill the whole being with all the resistless force of an Atlantic tide wave; a feeling which might or might not have to be struggled against, and might even have to be suppressed and silenced, but which certainly could not have another similar affair just precede or just follow it; which might take years, or might only take days, to grow, but which it *must* take more than days or weeks to kill!

At Homburg, however, events happened which not only killed the old feeling, but started a new "Atlantic tide wave" on its resistless course. She met the Laker whom she had rowed across Brideswater. She found out that he was one of the most honourable, earnest, and meritorious of young men, who had given up excellent chances of getting on well in life to attend to his stepmother, a weak old lady whose advice in money matters had been the ruin of his father. More than this, the Laker proved to be no Laker, but the long-lost Stephen Powys, whom Leonard had actually met in town, but whom, for reasons of his own, he had represented as having emigrated. The motive of this dishonourable conduct really appears to us scarcely sufficient to have driven a man not without some kind of common sense to so mean a course. To put it shortly, Leonard when in town had been taken by a friend to a gambling house. Powys the virtuous had also been led by an acquaintance into the same scene of dissipation. Both were quite unused to the ways of that bad place, but Leonard played and lost, while Powys only looked on in sorrow, and detected some one cheating. A confused scene followed, in which Leonard found out who Powys was, while Powys was left in the dark as to the personality of Leonard. Now is it likely that Leonard could suppose that, if Powys became Mrs. L'Estrange's land agent, he would tell the story of the gambling quarrel, in which he was himself involved? Men do not tell this sort of tale out of school; at all events they do not tell it to old ladies, especially when they themselves are implicated. Leonard, however, as

* *Throstlethwaite.* By Susan Morley. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

we have seen, did not reason in this way, and committed himself to a falsehood.

When Ruth hears of this disgraceful action, she writes at once, though guardedly, to Mrs. L'Estrange, and, more in sorrow than in anger, to Leonard. That shifty youth manages to satisfy Mrs. L'Estrange, but he pains Ruth more than ever by seeing nothing very bad in his own conduct. Time passes, Powys goes to Bridgewater, and takes the agency. Ruth returns to her family, and she and Powys begin to fall in love with each other. Leonard all the time tries to do his best at the bank, and makes some money by writing in the magazines. Mrs. L'Estrange forgives him the gambling adventure, which she comes to hear of in a not very probable way. A certain Jack Anderson who was present at the scene insists on talking about it at the top of his voice, in the presence of a number of ladies at a skating party, neither the sort of company nor the sort of place in which men delight to converse about rather disreputable amusements. No one, however, except Powys, Ruth, and Leonard knows the real extent of the young man's iniquity. The position is thus a difficult one, for Leonard is believed by every one to be engaged to Ruth, while he himself is aware that she knows too much about him, and Powys and Ruth make shy, but obvious, advances to each other.

This state of things might have dragged on for months, if Leonard had not committed himself in a new and scandalous way. Some diamonds had been deposited at the bank in which he was a clerk by a lady who died suddenly abroad. The diamonds were looked for and could not be found, but Leonard's ring was discovered in the drawer where they used to be kept. This happened in his absence, and, as he was expected to return to find a criminal charge against him, Ruth wandered across the mountains in the mist and moonlight, to meet his train at a side station, and give him warning of what was in store for him. Ruth lost her way in the mist, where she was found by Powys. He had been more successful: he had met Leonard before he reached the county town, and found that, as usual, he had a tolerably plausible account to give of the whereabouts of the diamonds. As Powys rowed Ruth across the lake that morning—for he had learnt to row by this time—the pair became satisfied that feelings do not take so very long to kill, and that new Atlantic waves of affection may rise mountains high within a very few months after the old wave has foamed and gone.

Agatha may be allowed to speak the epilogue:—

"Ruth always *was* odd, mamma, you know! And, after all, this is a tolerably harmless form of eccentricity. All things considered, it is not so *very* bad a match for her, especially in her own county, where her position is safe enough. And then, you know, the Barrington's are none of them strong, and very possibly it may all come right as to Throsthethwaite in the end, though, of course, one mustn't say so."

Mrs. L'Estrange, in short, had given up trying Leonard's virtue and resolution, and had wisely determined to put him out of the reach of mean temptations by making him her heir, with a reversion to Ruth in case he should die childless. That young lady is thus left in a position of happiness and prosperity which her sweetness of temper, honesty, and frankness deserve. These qualities have from the beginning been so well marked in her that the reader feels as sure that she will come well out of every trial as he does that certain muscular heroes of action will always be able to knock their enemies down. Perhaps this absolute security somewhat weakens the interest of *Throsthethwaite*. Miss Morley has been almost perfectly successful within the bounds that she has set herself, but then these bounds are rather narrow. One feels the want of more original motives, more passionate characters, more spontaneous humour, a wider circle of interests, a larger air.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. TAINE'S new work, so long advertised, has at last appeared; it will no doubt attract considerable notice, and it deserves to be closely and carefully studied. Whatever opinion we may have of M. Taine's theories, all competent critics must agree in doing homage to his talent, and, what is more, to the conscientious manner in which he sits down to his self-imposed task. After having, so to speak, sown his wild oats in the clever but somewhat flippant volume on the French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century, he has gradually assumed a calmer tone; his History of English Literature, with all its imperfections (and they are many), is a remarkable work, and the volume we have now to notice * strikes us as far superior to his former productions. It is evident that, if we wish to appreciate contemporary France with anything like fairness, we must know its antecedents; we must ascertain how the *bourgeoisie*, the clergy, the working classes, and the peasant population have come to be what we see them at the present time. The new order of things has its *raison d'être* in the Revolution; the Revolution, in its turn, is the result of the *ancien régime*; we have here three elements inseparable from one another, and which ought to be studied with equal care. The present volume, devoted to the description of France as it was before 1789, is therefore only the first instalment of a work which will prove, if continued as it is begun, the author's chief title to permanent reputation. Armed with illustrative documents copied and analysed in libraries and in the French Record Office, M. Taine examines minutely the structure of the political edifice; he then sketches what he terms the "character" of society properly so called—that is to say, the Paris *salons*, their influence and their value as an element in the history of civilization; the third and fourth books are taken up with a discussion of the revolutionary doctrines, their merits, the hold they obtained on the nation, and the means of propagandism they had at their disposal. The concluding part of the volume treats of the proletariate. M. Taine's conclusion is that the history of the privileged classes in France is the history of a long suicide. Suppose a man standing on the top of a very high ladder, and deliberately cutting down from under him the prop by which he is supported; you have in these few words the parable of the *ancien régime*.

Two new periodicals have started in France with the year 1876. It may be remembered that in 1866 the Roman Catholics issued, under the title *Revue des questions historiques*, a quarterly, magazine professedly designed to survey the wide expanse of ancient and modern history from the point of view of the strictest orthodoxy; the editors aimed at showing the hollowness of revolutionary and free-thinking doctrines, and at rectifying what they considered to be the fallacies of the school represented in history by such writers as M. Thiers, M. Henry Martin, Mr. Froude, and Mr Buckle, and in philosophy by M. Renan, M. Littré, &c. The *Revue des questions historiques*, supported by a band of able contributors, has held its ground up to the present time; and the success it has obtained is no doubt the reason why the *Revue historique* * now comes forth as a fresh candidate for public favour. The names of MM. G. Monod and G. Fagniez warrant the belief that the new periodical will be ably and fairly conducted. The editors undertake to deal with historical questions on their own merits, and not to allow themselves to be biassed by religious or political sympathies; but we cannot help doubting the possibility of discussing points of either Church or secular history without giving an opinion about them. In spite of all declarations to the contrary, the *Revue historique* will be immediately set down as the organ of the Free-thinkers; meanwhile its introductory number is attractive. Besides the opening article on the progress of historical studies in France since the sixteenth century, we notice a curious essay by M. Chérue on the relations between Saint-Simon and Cardinal Dubois, and M. Sorel's interesting account of the Duke of Brunswick in connexion with the first French Revolution. Mr. S. R. Gardiner is the English correspondent of the *Revue historique*.

The second periodical of which we have to speak is essentially philosophical, in the French sense of the word—that is to say, it deals with metaphysics, ethics, logic, and psychology, concerning itself with natural science only in so far as it affects those branches of speculation.† M. Ribot, the editor of the *Revue philosophique*, professes complete neutrality; he begins by remarking that no common ground has as yet existed in France where the various schools of metaphysics could put forward their respective claims and contend for their several views of truth; this difficulty is now removed, and no one will be able to complain that he has no opportunity of making himself heard. In addition to a few notices of books and journals, the present number contains three important articles—one by M. Taine on the acquisition of language by children and by primitive races; another, from the pen of M. Janet, on final causes; and a third, by Mr. Herbert Spencer (translated into French), on comparative psychology.

M. Claudio Jannet ‡ tells us that he has closely observed the social and political life of the United States of America, and he comes to the conclusion that they are in a condition of decay, which began to manifest itself shortly after Jefferson's Presidency, but which the War of Secession has rapidly developed. M. Le Play introduces the volume by a remarkable preface. The causes of the ruin which threatens the United States, says M. Le Play, are identically the same as those which have been so injurious to France; and the admiration with which De Tocqueville and other Liberals regard the institutions of North America is, he considers, an error against which it is impossible to protest too loudly. To begin at the beginning, the intervention of the French Government in 1778 between England and its colonies was an act of suicide on the part of Louis XVI.; and the treaty negotiated through the mediation of Franklin was a flagrant violation of the principles of international law. Whilst La Fayette, carried away by a foolish admiration of Republican principles, did his best to encourage contempt for authority, Jefferson endeavoured, on his side, to destroy the notions of order, religion, and morality which the early colonists had brought with them from the mother-country; so that, whilst in England, thanks to the influence of Johnson and Burke, the governing classes made rapid strides in the right direction, the contrary has been the case on the other side of the Atlantic, where even religion itself is gradually losing its hold on the population. La Fayette and De Tocqueville fell into the error of believing that the early prosperity of the United States was the result of Republican institutions, whereas it really originated with the virtues of men trained under the English monarchical *régime*. M. Le Play is of opinion that since the publication of Rousseau's *Contrat social* no work has done so much harm as De Tocqueville's *Démocratie en Amérique*, and M. Jannet's volume is taken up with a demonstration of the same

* *Les origines de la France contemporaine.* Par H. Taine. Vol. I. L'ancien régime. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Revue historique.* Publiée par G. Monod et G. Fagniez. Part I. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Revue philosophique de la France et de l'étranger.* Publiée par Th. Ribot. Part I. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Les États-Unis contemporains.* Par Claudio Jannet, ouvrage précédé d'une lettre par M. Le Play. Paris: Plon.

proposition. Our author, whilst discussing the affairs of the American Union, professedly writes for the edification of his own fellow-citizens. His remarks on the sovereignty of the people, and on the necessity of limiting universal suffrage, are obviously intended as applicable to France, and M. Gambetta is sharply criticized under the person of General Grant.

The third series of M. Van de Weyer's *Opuscules** is a posthumous work, and it is accompanied by a biographical introduction which is full of melancholy interest. The essays themselves are of the most varied kind, including short philosophical papers, literary articles, one or two political critiques, and even poetical effusions. M. Van de Weyer has left behind him a reputation which many public characters might envy; and all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance will readily endorse the following remarks uttered by one well qualified to speak on the subject:—"He was singularly truthful, simple, and gentle-hearted. A rare quality of unselfishness was peculiar to him, acting upon a principle which was implied but never expressed, that the duty and happiness of man lay, after all, in living for others, and not for himself." The article entitled "Il faut savoir dire non" is an excellent specimen of M. Van de Weyer's literary talent, and it enforces a precept upon which even the kindest-hearted persons often find it necessary to act.

At the present time information about Montenegro and the Herzegovina is specially valuable, provided it be trustworthy. We have therefore turned with interest to the new volume† published by M. Plon. Nor have we been disappointed. Messrs. Foilley and Wlahovitj are not to be confounded with the usual herd of tourists. A residence of five years in the Slavonic provinces of the Ottoman Empire enables them to give us a mass of information as to the institutions, government, and political life of those districts which travellers in general would either be unable to supply or would perhaps consider as dull and heavy. A valuable historical introduction opens the volume; details on physical science come next; and, after having described the habits and customs of the Montenegrins, and taken us on a tour from Trieste to Ostrog, the authors devote a series of chapters to political considerations. The particulars given respecting Prince Nicholas I. are unusually interesting. The descriptions of the microscopic Court of Montenegro, with its mixture of feudal and Eastern manners, the narrative of the insurrection of 1869, and the discussion of the claims of the Montenegrins to independence, are all well calculated to arrest the attention of the reader. The volume is illustrated with a good map and ten woodcuts.

One of the most interesting series of volumes in the late M. Jannet's *Bibliothèque Elzévirienne* was the collection edited by M. A. de Montaiglon under the title *Recueil de poésies françaises des quinzième et seizième siècles*; it had reached its ninth volume, and was intended to be completed by one more, containing a glossary and index. But in the meanwhile M. James de Rothschild placed at M. de Montaiglon's disposal a large number of poems belonging to the same category which had the merit either of extreme rarity or of having never been printed before. Thus it is that the *Recueil de poésies*‡ will extend probably to twenty volumes instead of ten, and the learning of M. de Rothschild is now called in to supplement that of the accomplished lecturer at the École des Chartes. The present duodecimo‖ contains twenty-three pieces, all extremely curious and of rare occurrence; some of them had escaped Brunet's notice; of others only a single copy was known to exist; most lay concealed in the libraries of Paris, Geneva, and London; a few are taken from the private collections of bibliophilists. At a recent sitting of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, M. N. de Wailly pointed out the philological importance of the volume before us; some of the pieces, although written in the sorriest doggrel, are highly valuable in an historical point of view, and the annotations and introductory remarks deserve also to be mentioned.

M. Eugène Réaume has made a special study of the French authors of the Renaissance period; in 1869 he published a volume of notices devoted to the prose writers of that time, and he has since been engaged on an edition of Agrippa d'Aubigné's works. The present book §, got up in the most unpretending manner, is intended for school purposes; it is an excellent protest against the popular fallacy of holding up the great writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries exclusively to the admiration of young students; and its aim is to answer the requirements of the educational programme of 1874, which at last places Montaigne, Amyot, Ronsard, and L'Hôpital on the list of authors to be studied by the pupils of the French Lycées. The volume begins with a short historical preface on the general character of the Renaissance and Reformation era; a philological essay comes next, in which the author discusses the principal features of sixteenth-century grammar; then follow the illustrative extracts, each contributor being dealt with in a concise biographical sketch, and the prose writers being separated from the poets by dramatic specimens to which Jodelle, Larivey, Garnier, Grevin, and others have supplied various choice pieces. M. Réaume's account of the old French stage, added as a preface to this part of the volume, is not its least interesting feature. The notes are copious, the glossary of archaisms is very complete, and the alphabetical index of persons quoted or alluded to terminates what we must pronounce to be one of the best school books lately published.

M. Meunier, Professor of Geology at the Paris Museum of Natural History, has brought out two works which deserve far fuller notice than we can now give them. The lectures on comparative geology must be named first*, and although the word "geology" may perhaps be objected to as unsuitable in a book treating, not of the earth alone, but of all the planetary bodies, it is difficult to say what other word could have been selected. M. Meunier's researches into the phenomena connected with light, and into the mass, the rapidity, and the general characteristics of the planets, are highly interesting; but perhaps the most striking thing in the work is the chain of inferences derived from the author's observations. Adopting a cosmogonic theory akin to that of Laplace, which he, however, completes, M. Meunier considers our solar system as one grand geological whole; the planets are fragments of it, successively detached from the central mass, this mass itself still subsisting as an incandescent substance in the sun.

Another work† for which we are indebted to M. Meunier may be considered as forming part of the history of Paris. Cuvier and Brongniart had already examined the geology of that city and its environs in a book the last edition of which was published forty years ago. Vicomte d'Archiac's *Histoire des progrès de la géologie*, issued in 1851, contains also a chapter on the same subject; but even since that comparatively recent period discoveries of every kind have been made in the various branches of geological science, so far as Paris is concerned, and we have to thank M. Meunier for giving us the result of these discoveries. Not that he appears in this volume as a mere reporter of other men's researches; on the contrary, many of the observations made are entirely his own, and they bear evidence to his scientific attainments.

The Académie Française has already twice awarded a prize to Mme. Blanchecotte for her useful contributions to ethical science; and the present volume‡ sustains her reputation. As the title sufficiently shows, it is the result of observations made during a life-time. Man, says Mme. Blanchecotte, may be compared to a traveller *en route* for eternity; he sketches, whilst on his way, the most striking landscapes; he notes down the best hotels, the safest encampments, the shortest roads; he records likewise the dangerous and treacherous paths; and generously bequeaths to those who shall follow him the results of his experience. Remarking on the frequent cases of suicide which appear in the columns of the French newspapers, the author traces them to the want of faith characteristic of the present generation; it is high time, she says, that some attempt should be made to raise men from the depths of selfishness and materialism into which they have sunk; and Mme. Blanchecotte's ambition is to play her part, however small, in the work of regeneration. Hence this book, composed of detached thoughts classified under various heads; we recommend especially the chapter entitled "Lettres à nobody."

"Sonnet . . . c'est un sonnet," exclaimed Trissotin of yore. In the volume before us § we find no fewer than one hundred and forty of these small poems. They are divided into sets of ten; eight sets representing the period comprised between Mellin de Saint-Gelais and Jean-Baptiste Rousseau, whilst the nineteenth century claims all the rest. We have it on Boileau's authority that

> Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poème;

and some of those included in this collection are certainly gems of this kind; a few made quite a commotion at the time when they appeared, and persons acquainted with the French literature of the *Précieux* style could tell us how the Uranistes headed by Voiture, and the Jobelins conducted by Benserade, fought it out in Mme. de Rambouillet's *salon*. We cannot say that sonnet literature improves as we draw nearer our own days, and there is not one of these compositions belonging to contemporary authors that can be compared with the *chefs-d'œuvre* produced by Ronsard, Clement Marot, or even Charleval. The famous sonnet composed by Desbarreaux after his conversion has never yet been equalled, and Scarron's *sonnet comique* is in its way a perfect wonder. M. Asselineau, the learned editor of this volume, has given in an excellent historical introduction a complete account of sonnet-writing in France since its origin, and the notes supply likewise a variety of useful illustrations; but we are bound to say that the poems contributed by our own epoch might very profitably have been curtailed.

After MM. Ducis, Letourneur, Guizot, François-Victor Hugo, E. Montégut, and Benjamin Laroche, another scholar has endeavoured to grapple with Shakspeare, and to clothe him in a French dress. The difficulty which M. Alcide Cayrou had to overcome was unusually great, for his translation‖ is not a commonplace prose rendering of the original; he applies the formal Alexandrine to the English dramatist, and the necessities of rhyme oblige him more than once either to sacrifice accuracy or

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* *Opuscules de Sylvain Van de Weyer.* 3e série. London: Trübner.

† *Le Monténégro contemporain.* Par G. Foilley et Jovan Wlahovitj. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Recueil de poésies françaises des XVe et XVIe siècles.* Publiés par M. Anatole de Montaiglon. Vol. xo. Paris: Daffis.

§ *Morceaux choisis des prosateurs et poètes français du XVI siècle, avec introduction, notices, etc.* Par Eugène Réaume. Paris: Belin.

* *Cours de géologie comparée.* Par Stanislas Meunier. Paris: Didot.

† *Cours de géologie des environs de Paris.* Par Stanislas Meunier. Paris: J. B. Baillière.

‡ *Le long de la vie; nouvelles impressions d'une femme.* Par Mme. Blanchecotte. Paris: Didier.

§ *Le livre des sonnets.* Paris: Lemerre.

‖ *Chefs-d'œuvre de Shakspeare traduits en vers.* Par M. Alcide Cayrou. Paris: Plon.

to introduce superfluous words belonging to the class of what our neighbours call *chevilles*. The plays selected for translation are *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*. M. Mézières, recently elected a member of the French Academy, and thoroughly acquainted with the dramatic literature of the Elizabethan era, has added a preface, which is somewhat disappointing by its brevity and meagreness. M. Guyrou's enthusiasm for Shakspeare is most creditable; but we must say that, whatever liberties may be taken with the Racinian Alexandrine (and they are such in these two volumes that several of the passages read like prose), it utterly fails in the present instance. German is the only adequate language for a metrical translation of Shakspeare and the French must remain satisfied with a prose version aiming solely at accuracy.

M. Marius Topin is already favourably known by a volume on the Man with the Iron Mask. We reviewed it some time ago, and did justice to the author's learning, although we could not satisfy ourselves that he had solved the mysterious problem which has puzzled so many before him. On the present occasion he attempts * to prove a thesis put forth originally by M. Cousin, to the effect that Louis XIII. really countenanced Richelieu's policy, and admired it, instead of being the weak, wavering monarch that historians represent him to have been, obliged to bend under the Cardinal's yoke. M. Topin has had the opportunity of studying upwards of two hundred letters in the King's own handwriting, addressed to Richelieu, and it is chiefly on this mass of evidence that he takes up his position for the purpose of rehabilitating the memory of Louis XIII. The volume before us is divided into three parts; the first being devoted to a brief sketch of the reign. With the help of documents found by him in the French Foreign Office, M. Topin is enabled to correct many blunders which had been received as facts by the best writers, even by M. Cousin and M. Avenel, the learned editor of Richelieu's correspondence. The second part of the work comprises the letters discovered by M. Topin; they embrace the period of twenty years beginning with the death of Constable de Luynes, and are copiously illustrated with notes and historical commentaries. Finally, we have an account of the last days of Louis XIII. and Richelieu, ending with a general estimate of the King and his illustrious Minister. If Richelieu obtained such extraordinary power, it was merely, says our author, because the King was actuated by enlightened patriotism, and the Cardinal was unreservedly devoted to the interests of France. It need scarcely be proved that Richelieu's unquestionable genius is in no way diminished by the fact that Louis XIII. was not a *roi-fainéant*.

M. Jules Arène, who has spent some time in China, now gives us the result of his impressions.† We are not asked here to study the "Celestial Empire" in its classical dress, as the works of MM. Stanislas Julien and Panthier present it to us. M. Jules Arène's Chinaman is the regular "heathen Chinee" of the nineteenth century—that is to say, a specimen of all the worst qualities which belong to the human race; the poetry he writes is as inferior to that which we have been accustomed to admire as the famous "willow-pattern" dinner service is to old china; and if under the Ming dynasty John Chinaman's code of morality was of a somewhat loose character, it suggested at any rate lyrics and tales far superior to those quoted by M. Arène.

It is possible, however, that our traveller may have calumniated the ladies of the "Celestial Empire," just as M. Ernest d'Hervilly, if report speaks truly, has grossly misrepresented *mesdames les Parisiennes*. We hope, at all events, that the objectionable stories introduced by M. d'Hervilly in his volume will not be regarded as specimens of Parisian life in the best sense of the word.

The January number of the *Bibliothèque universelle* is§ a good beginning of the volume for 1876. M. de Montalembert's essay on Spanish history, rejected by the *Correspondant* on account of its Liberal tone, and M. Tallichet's biographical sketch of Alexandre Vinet, are excellent articles.

* *Louis XIII et Richelieu; étude historique.* Par Marius Topin. Paris: Didier.

† *La Chine familière et galante.* Par Jules Arène. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Mesdames les Parisiennes.* Par Ernest d'Hervilly. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *La Bibliothèque universelle.* Janvier 1876. Lausanne: Bridel.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

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THE OPENING OF THE SESSION.

A SESSION which will certainly not be devoid of interest, but which may perhaps be free from any serious party excitement or contest, was opened on Tuesday by the QUEEN in person. It is some years since the QUEEN has felt herself equal to the discharge of a duty which, however gifted she may be with the qualities necessary to perform it with dignity and grace, must still be inevitably onerous and trying. It is always a satisfaction to the public when circumstances permit HER MAJESTY to go through any of the great ceremonials of State without the tax on her strength being unduly severe; and there is a general feeling that a Session begins well when the QUEEN presides at its opening. On the present occasion she had to touch on a subject deeply interesting to herself as well as to the nation, and the success of the visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to India has been so indisputable that there was no reason to fear lest anything she might say should evoke even a whisper of dissent. By a pure accident the occasion of the QUEEN'S visit to Westminster was also the occasion of the signal collapse of a KENEALY demonstration; and it is not perhaps a bad beginning of a Session that an incident at its opening should seem to warrant the supposition that even the humblest and most ignorant of the QUEEN'S subjects can ultimately detect a vulgar imposture. Foreign affairs necessarily took up the greater part of the Speech from the Throne, and the list of home measures was unusually brief. Mr. DISRAELI, during the debate on the Address, justified its brevity by observing that, if the Government furnished a long list of measures which it proposed to carry, experience showed not only that it is impossible all should be carried, but that the world very unjustly forgets those which are carried to remember exclusively those which are not carried. The path to glory seems, therefore, to lie in proposing to do scarcely anything, and then every achievement beyond these modest bounds will come as a surprise, and the country will be delighted to find itself in the hands of a Ministry which does, not merely what it proposes to do, but a great deal more. The constitution of the Final Tribunal of Appeal, and the replacement of the temporary regulations passed last Session with regard to merchant shipping by a permanent Act, were objects which the Government was pledged to accomplish in the most satisfactory way it could devise. The inclosure of commons and the management of prisons are, no doubt, in themselves matters of importance, but scarcely of the importance which might have been expected to secure them notice in the QUEEN'S Speech. It is different with the regulation of the Universities and the organization of primary education. Their importance is unquestionable, and the Ministry has shown commendable boldness in attempting to deal with them. Whatever is proposed is sure to run counter to the feelings, prejudices, and beliefs of innumerable critics, and perhaps no two subjects could be named on which it would be harder for the Government to hit the exact point of moderation which will satisfy, not cliques and sects—for to satisfy them is impossible—but the nation at large.

Ill-luck in the ballot for the order of precedence of the Bills of private members has determined Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN to withdraw his Burials Bill and to substitute a Resolution. It may turn out to be advantageous for all parties that this course should have been forced on him, as it may lead the House to determine a preliminary question which it is desirable to have decided. The objection to the Burials Bill may be, that it proposes to take away from the Established Church the exclusive custody or ownership of churchyards; or the objection may be that, if this exclusiveness were impaired, there would be no security against scenes painfully jarring on the feelings of reverent and pious people. If the first is the objection entertained by the majority of the House, it is obvious that there can be no Burials Bill at all; if it is the second that is entertained, then the question will be what valid securities can be suggested by the promoters of the Bill. The Irish members appear to be more fortunate than Mr. MORGAN, and a long list of Bills has been announced which different Home Rulers are to bring forward. Ireland was not noticed at all in the QUEEN'S Speech, and the seconder of the Address in the Commons, representing an Irish constituency, noticed this at once as a novelty and as a sign that things were going on well in Ireland, and that the country was becoming peaceful and prosperous. Nothing could be more vexatious to Home Rulers than that this assumption should be supposed to be warranted. Mr. RONAYNE especially set himself to combat it. He presumed that Mr. MULHOLLAND was judging of all Ireland from the point of view of Belfast. Even as to Belfast he could state that he had heard much growling as to the state of trade there, and certainly, if no place is to be held prosperous until all growling has ceased in it, it is hopeless to dream of prosperity anywhere. Whatever may be the truth as to Belfast, nothing can be more foolish in the eyes of Mr. RONAYNE than to talk of the rest of Ireland being prosperous. No doubt, as he admitted, the amount of deposits in the banks rapidly increases, but that is only because the farmers pull their hoards out of old stockings, and take them to the banks. That such a process should conduce to the wealth of the country has not entered Mr. RONAYNE'S innocent and virgin mind. It is true, as he also admitted, that wages in Ireland have risen considerably; but he urged that the labourer was no better off, for the prices of everything had also risen; and in the next place the labourer was better off, but this was only because half the population had been killed or driven away. In time perhaps Mr. RONAYNE may suspect that it has been a gain to him that the absence of Home Rule has obliged him to address an audience with which arguments flagrantly conflicting do not have much weight.

The course taken by the Ministry in referring the questions involved in the Slave Circulars to a Royal Commission is open to very serious objection. The Government has entirely abandoned the first Circular, owning its responsibility, but stating that its issue was a blunder into which it was betrayed by the erroneous opinions of its Law Officers. But the second Circular has been framed in accordance with the deliberate opinion of the highest legal authority at the command of the Government, that of Lord CAIRNS. The Ministry contend that it was necessary to issue some Circular, and that the Circular now in force is a thoroughly proper Circular, based on the proper legal doctrines. If this is so, what is there for a Royal Commission to do? There is nothing whatever for it to discover which the Government does not know already. It is ridiculous to ask a Commission to inquire whether Lord CAIRNS is right in point of law. Our existing engagements and treaties, and all the contents of all previous Circulars, are perfectly well known to the Foreign Office. The Royal Commission may be of opinion that much more discretion

than the Circular contemplates should be given to captains of ships of war; but this is the very point which the Government has decided, and it is for Parliament, not for a Commission, to say whether its decision is right. The only kind of suggestion which Lord DERBY could make as to the possible utility of the Commission was that it might give hints as to what new treaties or engagements the Crown should be recommended to make if other nations will accede to them. But this is precisely the duty of the FOREIGN SECRETARY, and not of any one else. And this is especially a case where the Foreign Office ought to act, and to act in its own way. To deal rightly with the questions which the retention of fugitive slaves raises is to deal rightly with a great many small practical matters, differing very greatly in different places. It is very undesirable that England should lay down fixed general rules specifying what she requires and claims either as to her treatment of fugitive slaves or the extraterritorial character of her men of war—that she should announce these rules to the world and call on the world to acknowledge them. We shall almost certainly get into quarrels with foreign Powers if we act in this way, and we shall be quite certain to do much less than we otherwise might for the benefit of the fugitive slaves. It is equally undesirable that the history of all that the Foreign Office has done in the matter on past occasions should be revealed; and if it is not revealed, and the Royal Commission is silent as to much of which it gains knowledge, the public will have no means of judging on what grounds any decision has been arrived at, and it will be unable to derive any comfort from the labours of the Commission. For the moment perhaps the Government, by shirking its due responsibility, may gain a sort of ease, and may please itself with the hope that, by the time the Commission reports, the Slave Circulars will have been forgotten. It would be saying too much to say that this hope is an illusory one. In a few months the public may have forgotten the Slave Circulars; but it will not have forgotten that the Government showed weakness when it ought to have announced a decided and defensible policy, and that the FOREIGN SECRETARY, instead of doing his duty, has asked other people to tell him how to do it.

MINISTERS ON THE SUEZ CANAL AND TURKEY.

IT had been foreseen that the debates or speeches on the Address would relate chiefly to the two questions of foreign policy which have for some time past occupied general attention. The Suez Canal purchase will be more fully discussed on Monday next, when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER asks for a vote of the money necessary to indemnify Messrs. ROTHSCHILD; but the papers which have been published contain the meagre history of the transaction, and Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI, while they touched lightly on the financial character of the investment, sufficiently explained both the general reasons for the purchase and the motives for immediate acceptance of the KHEDIVE'S offer. Lord DERBY repudiated the interpretation which had been not unnaturally placed on his Edinburgh speech. He now explains that he only denied that the purchase was a departure from the habitual policy of England, and was connected with any project of an Egyptian protectorate, or of participation in the dismemberment of Turkey. It appears that negotiations are in progress which may perhaps result in securing to the English Government a share proportioned to its interests in the management of the Canal; but if such an arrangement is for any reason deferred, the acquisition of nearly half the capital will not fail to confer corresponding influence on the owner. As Lord DERBY said, those who hold the opposite opinion assume the position of a man who denies that two and two make four. M. DE LESSEPS furnished a sufficient justification for the purchase when, either relying on the support of the French Government or wishing to test its policy and resolution, he threatened in 1874 to stop the traffic of the Canal. In days when French ambition was more restless the experiment might probably have succeeded. According to Mr. DISRAELI there was some difficulty in inducing the SULTAN and the KHEDIVE to despatch a force to protect the navigation from interruption. It is not likely that the KHEDIVE would have determined to undertake the management of the Canal in the face of a French protest. The aid which the French Ambassador had, under the instructions of his Government, afforded to M. DE LESSEPS during the sitting of the Commission at Constantinople was professedly given because the greater part of the capital of the Company was held by French shareholders. If the English Government had previously effected the purchase, either a different policy must have been adopted or a new explanation must have been devised. If M. DE LESSEPS treated the undertaking as French while nearly half the shares belonged to the KHEDIVE, he would more plausibly have appealed to national pride and jealousy if either a French Ministry or a body of French capitalists had anticipated the action of the English Government.

As the Duke of SOMERSET truly said, the risk which was barely averted in 1874 was one of the complications which Lord PALMERSTON had formerly anticipated. The difficulty might have assumed a still more serious form if M. DE LESSEPS, instead of closing the Canal, had refused admission to the vessels of any nation which objected to the augmentation of tolls. France would have accepted the increased tariff, and Russian ships would, if necessary, have been franked through the Canal by means of a Government subsidy. The indignation which would have been caused by the exclusion of English shipping would have been more formidable than the plausible objections to the purchase which are expounded in the *Edinburgh Review*. One or two propositions to which Lord HARTINGTON seemed to commit himself exhibited less than his usual caution. It was a waste of ingenuity to attempt to prove that the shares might have been bought cheaper; and it was unnecessary to announce that the KHEDIVE would be bound in time of war to close the Canal to all belligerents. Mr. DISRAELI, who judiciously declined to anticipate the contingencies of war, may probably have reflected that, when a great struggle was proceeding, the stronger combatant would certainly not allow the Egyptian Government to exercise an independent discretion. As far as the amount of the purchase money is concerned, it would have been impolitic as well as undignified to drive a hard bargain; and the KHEDIVE would rather have raised four millions at ruinous interest than a smaller sum on the moderate terms which were offered by the English Government. It is satisfactory to learn from the Ministerial statements and from the published Correspondence that foreign Governments are perfectly satisfied with the good faith of the transaction. The French might be excused if their complacency was in the first instance disturbed. The Russian theory that the purchase was an instalment of the partition of Turkey was a figment intended exclusively for domestic purposes.

On the propriety of the adhesion of the Government to the Austrian project there was little difference of opinion. Lord DERBY showed that there had been little room for choice among four possible courses of action. The English Government might have withheld its concurrence; it might have proposed a Conference; or a competing scheme of reform might have been tendered. A refusal to co-operate with the three Imperial Courts would have been followed by a Turkish rejection of Count ANDRASSY'S Note, and by ulterior consequences which can be but vaguely conjectured. A Conference is, like a Royal Commission on the law of slavery, only a device for procuring delay; and in this instance such a proposal would almost certainly have been rejected by the three allied Courts. If a Conference had been held, there would have been a majority in favour of the reforms demanded in the Note; and, with or without a Conference, it would have been idle to produce an alternative project of reform. There is little doubt about what the Porte ought to do, though there has been much dispute as to the best method of inducing the Porte to do anything. The Turkish Government itself provided the strongest argument for concurrence in the Note by intimating a wish that England should not stand aloof. It is not surprising that Turkish statesmen should be anxious to postpone or avert a collision with formidable neighbours. If foreign Powers are to intervene in the administration of Turkish provinces, it may well be thought desirable that the most sincere friend of Turkey should have the opportunity of sharing in the arrangement. Lord DERBY took occasion expressly to repudiate the inferences which have been deduced from the conduct of the Government by the implacable partisans who assail Turkey in the press:—"It is quite within our power, "I do not say to withdraw, for there is no withdrawal in "question, but to abstain from further action, without any "one being able to say that we have either disappointed ex- "pectations which we have created, or broken any engage-

"ments we have made." It was time to disclaim responsibility for the rash pledges of inconsiderate partisans.

It is premature, and it would perhaps in any event be useless, to inquire how far the spirit of the Austrian Note is consistent with the reserves of the Treaty of 1856. Lord DERBY was justified in saying that thus far there has been no infringement of the Treaty. Any Power may, at the risk of giving offence, but without violation of the common law of nations, advise any other Power to deal justly and benevolently with its subjects. In the Treaty of Paris it was proper to guard the concessions promised by the SULTAN by the provision that no foreign Government should interfere with the internal administration of the Empire. Thus far Russia, Austria, and Germany have not exceeded the license of the Treaty, inasmuch as their advice to the Porte is not enforced by any overt threat. Lord HARTINGTON reminded the House that Lord PALMERSTON himself had admitted the moral right of the European Governments to remonstrate if the promises of the SULTAN were not performed. The communication to its allies of its own good intentions to its subjects was an acknowledgment by the Porte that they had some kind of interest in the matter. A suggestion that its benevolence should assume a certain form is an additional encroachment only because there is a suspicion of force in the background. Lord HARTINGTON'S quotation from a speech of Mr. GLADSTONE delivered twenty years ago was less instructive than his reference to Lord PALMERSTON'S opinion. Mr. GLADSTONE thought in 1856, as he thinks now, that the juxtaposition of Christians and Mahometans involves difficulties which will survive the present generation. Lord PALMERSTON and the English nation have always been aware that there were two hostile creeds in Turkey, though Lord PALMERSTON'S hope that their relations might be equitably adjusted has been in great measure disappointed. Mr. GLADSTONE is not to blame for his inability to discover a remedy for the evil which he points out and deplores; but those who share his opinions ought to regard with tolerance the cold-blooded policy which acquiesces in an unavoidable evil. Foreign Governments will collect from the cautious phrases of Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY their substantial adherence to the long-established policy of England. When any practicable contrivance for abating the antagonism of Turks and Christians is devised, it will be time enough to speculate on the extirpation of the Mahometan faith or the expulsion of its votaries from Europe.

GERMANY.

THE Session of the German Parliament has been brought to a close, and the main work assigned to the Parliament during the Session, that of passing the new Penal Code, has been accomplished. Before, however, the close of the Session, Prince BISMARCK appeared on the scene in the character which from to time he assumes, and generally with imposing effect, that of a person really in the secret of things, who knows what no one else can know, sees dangers where to other eyes all seems safe, and offers to take care of every one on the indispensable condition that he is allowed to act in his own way as the mysterious and magical saviour of society from an abyss. There can be no doubt that, at more than one epoch of his life, Prince BISMARCK really has had a policy the bearing of which he could not prematurely disclose, for the prosecution of which he was obliged to persuade or coerce bewildered people to find him the means, and the ultimate success of which has made Germany what it is now. But what was once a necessity has become a habit, and Prince BISMARCK is never weary of exhibiting himself as a gloomy prophet whose mission must be attended to or the globe will collapse. He is a sort of MAHOMET of culture, and the Angel GABRIEL is only too assiduous in his attendances on him. The Parliament had excited his wrath by rejecting certain clauses in the Bill by which it was proposed to deal very sharply with Socialists—that is, with members of secret Societies, and all persons in any way causing confusion by advocating opinions hostile to property, the family, and marriage. The Parliament thought this a scare, and the German public is just at present tired of scares. One of the clauses was rejected and Prince BISMARCK was furious. He came down on the House with a whole armoury of thunderbolts. He warned his hearers that he knew perfectly well what he was about. He had got his palm-leaves, he could decipher the characters on them, and his palm-leaves told him distinctly that the clauses must be passed. The German Parliament has not yet got the length of setting itself up against GABRIEL when that tutelary being is brought directly on the scene. It appears to have given way, and to have passed the clauses with what modification, if any, is not yet known, and the PRINCE, being restored to good humour, thanked the Parliament for the efficient and satisfactory way in which it had discharged its duties. The text of Prince BISMARCK'S speeches has not as yet reached us, except in an imperfect form, and no opinion can therefore be offered as to the value of his arguments and the significance of his statements; but if the general tenor of what has been reported of them is correct, the PRINCE used language which will supply both his enemies and his friends with curious matter for reflection.

Although, however, the Penal Code has been passed and Prince BISMARCK is good enough to say that he is satisfied with it, the severity of the original draft has been considerably mitigated. As it stood in its first conception, DRACO, could he have come back to earth, would have chuckled over every line of it. That stern person would, it may be imagined, have been especially tickled with a clause rendering it a criminal offence to give any encouragement, inducement, or assistance to emigration; so that, as it was remarked, a shipowner advertising cheap fares to New York might any day wake with his hair clipped and nothing but bread and water to live on. In this instance the Parliament felt sure there was something wrong about the palm-leaves, and struck the clause out altogether. There was also some opposition to two sets of provisions—those by which a change was made in German law corresponding to that forced by Germany on Belgium, and those by which misdoings like those imputed to Count ARNIM were made henceforth punishable as criminal. As these, however, were points not touching Germans generally, but touching Prince BISMARCK personally very much, the clauses, with some slight changes, were passed out of compliment to him. The position of Count ARNIM himself cannot of course be affected by the new law, and as he will not come back to Germany, the sentence already passed on him remains inoperative for the present. He thinks he has been very badly used, and Prince BISMARCK thinks he has got much less than his due punishment, and there is an end to it. The last stage in this diplomatic passage of arms has been the publication of two letters written in 1872 and 1873 by Prince BISMARCK to the EMPEROR, which certainly show that Prince BISMARCK has long disliked and distrusted Count ARNIM, but do not show much more. What their publication was intended to show is not easy to say. Except to those who have a clue which the letters themselves do not afford they are very puzzling documents. In the first Prince BISMARCK reminds the EMPEROR that Count ARNIM was much distrusted by His MAJESTY. It is the EMPEROR who appears as convincing Prince BISMARCK, or almost convincing him, that Count ARNIM ought not to be at Paris. In the next letter everything is turned round, and the EMPEROR is reminded that Prince BISMARCK had always warned him against Count ARNIM. The change of tone might naturally suggest the supposition that, in the interval between the dates of the two letters, Prince BISMARCK had not found the EMPEROR'S memory as to his own prepossessions against Count ARNIM quite so lively and fresh as Prince BISMARCK had anticipated, and that it seemed more in accordance with the Imperial recollection that Prince BISMARCK had warned His MAJESTY against a person whom the EMPEROR regarded with a friendly eye. However this may be, there can be no doubt that the letters show that Prince BISMARCK'S eminent position enabled him to address his Sovereign with a complete absence of reserve; and that in the unsparing discharge of his duty, Prince BISMARCK saw no reason why he should not say what he pleased, and not only deal sharply with Count ARNIM, but make a painful reference to another friend of the EMPEROR whom death has long removed. Even in addressing his Sovereign Prince BISMARCK appears never to forget that he has got GABRIEL at his back.

There is one passage in Prince BISMARCK'S letters which has a peculiar interest for us in England. The PRINCE reminds the EMPEROR that at one time there had been a

notion of sending Count ARNIM as Ambassador to London, but that the project had been abandoned because it had been discovered, when the usual steps were taken to ascertain how the appointment would be received here, that Count ARNIM's appointment would be unwelcome, as it was thought that he was so unscrupulous in his departures from truth that no one could believe a word he said. If this merely means that, when Count ARNIM's appointment was being discussed, a German official here, guessing perhaps Prince BISMARCK's own sentiments, sent a report more or less adverse, no one need be astonished. But this is not what the passage would naturally be taken to mean. It would be supposed to imply that this was the opinion of the English Foreign Secretary, and that Lord GRANVILLE had not hesitated to express it. There is something very astonishing in this. Certainly no disposition existed in the Foreign Office at the time to criticize very rigorously any proposal made by Germany. Politeness in its highest and most cordial form was the order of the day between the representatives of the two countries. Count ARNIM belonged to the first society of Berlin, and was supposed to stand exceedingly well with his own Court. Lord GRANVILLE must have strangely forgotten his usual courtesy, and lost in a moment his habitual tact, when he ran the risk of giving very serious offence by making a grave personal imputation against a person whom the Emperor of GERMANY thought worthy of the dignified post of English Ambassador. Had Prince BISMARCK had the advantage of knowing Lord GRANVILLE as well as Englishmen know him, a suspicion must have crossed his mind that there had been some mistake in the information sent to Berlin. But even if this had not been the case, and Lord GRANVILLE had expressed the opinion about Count ARNIM which it is suggested that he expressed, we are at a loss to understand how Prince BISMARCK can think himself now entitled to communicate such an opinion to the world. Personal objections to proposed ambassadors are very delicate things. They must be made in complete confidence. They are only possible if those who know what is said never reveal what they know. If Lord GRANVILLE ever said that he doubted Count ARNIM's veracity, he can only have said this in the full belief that he was safe in making a statement of the most strictly confidential character. The free and friendly intercourse of the highest representatives of different Powers would be at an end if it could be supposed that references to the private character of individuals were going to be published in the newspapers. Even if Prince BISMARCK has not injured Count ARNIM by allowing it to be supposed that Lord GRANVILLE went to the extraordinary length of objecting to receive him on account of his want of veracity, while Lord GRANVILLE never said anything of the sort, still Prince BISMARCK has set a very bad precedent. He has violated a confidence which Lord GRANVILLE had every reason to believe sacred. This is an injury to the whole civilized world. It degrades diplomacy. It makes honourable men in high office doubt whether they can ever be safe. The course which Prince BISMARCK has now taken is one which on other occasions he has denounced with the utmost vigour, and it is much to be regretted that he has been hurried by personal pique and passion into doing what, if done by any one else, would have met with his sternest reprobation.

COUNT ANDRASSY'S NOTE.

THE publication in full of Count ANDRASSY'S Note proves the inaccuracy of the statements which had been made as to its substance and character. Having once for all verbally recognized the independent sovereignty of the SULTAN, the Austro-Hungarian CHANCELLOR proceeds, in the name of the three Imperial Courts, to dictate in peremptory language the methods of administration which are to be adopted in Herzegovina and Bosnia. The undisguised contempt which is expressed for the late reforming decree of the Porte has been hastily regarded as a proof that the document cannot have been issued in deference to the advice of the Russian Ambassador. It is possible that General IGNATIEFF may have intended both to subject the Turkish Government to humiliation, and to remind it that the most liberal concessions would not avert foreign interference. It has been reasonably objected that the firman purported to apply to the whole Empire, instead of simply providing for the redress of grievances in the disturbed provinces. The three allies might be accused of perpetrating a similar anomaly in extending their solicitude to Bosnia, which has hitherto for the most part remained at peace, while the insurrection has been almost entirely confined to Herzegovina; but they would perhaps reply with truth that of their earnestness there can be no reasonable doubt. Their profound distrust of the sincerity of the Porte is concealed by the most transparent veil of conventional courtesy. Count ANDRASSY more than once remarks that the Christian subjects of Turkey repose no confidence in the good faith or sincerity of the Government; nor is it even thought necessary to disclaim participation in their disbelief. It may be inferred that no laws or regulations will satisfy the exigency of the Imperial Courts. If Count ANDRASSY'S Note were adopted by the Porte and verbally reproduced in the form of a firman, the Turkish Government would in no degree have met the implied charges of perfidy or incapacity. If the accusation is well founded, Russia and Austria, and perhaps Germany, will after a short interval have to repeat their suggestions with an additional demand for satisfaction in respect of a breach of promise. On the other hand, it is possible that the evident imminence of foreign intervention may strengthen the hands of the Turkish Government in dealing with its Mussulman subjects. The more or less liberal decrees of the late and the present SULTAN are thought to have been disobeyed on the ground of their inconsistency with the precepts of the Koran; but superior force furnishes an excuse for disregard even of divine commands. Toleration of infidels ceases to be a crime when the alternative is the final establishment of infidel supremacy.

The main cause of the grievances which produced the present insurrection is the possession of the land by owners of a different creed from the majority of the population. The political and administrative oppression of the Christians arises partly from local antipathies, and perhaps principally from the belief in their own superiority which is common to Turks and to Slavonic Mahometans. The remedies proposed by Count ANDRASSY fail to reach the root of this evil. He could scarcely have recommended the expropriation of two-fifths of the inhabitants of Herzegovina; and for the present he only suggests the palliative of facilitating the acquisition by the Christians of waste lands which seem to be at the disposal of the Government. When the peasantry have become purchasers of petty freeholds, they may, according to Count ANDRASSY, use their discretion as to becoming or remaining tenants of their Mussulman neighbours. It is probable that, if the owners were driven to choose between the cultivation and the abandonment of their lands, they might often be disposed to sell them on easy terms. An indispensable part of any feasible scheme of reform of course consists in the admission of Christians to social and legal equality. It is not to be endured that their evidence should be rejected in courts of justice; and they are entitled to a real as well as a nominal voice in local administration. In matters of this kind the only peculiarity of the advice contained in the Note is that it is virtually a command. The interference of the three Governments in fiscal administration is more novel, and therefore more significant. Count ANDRASSY considers that the provinces have just cause of complaint in the remittance to Constantinople of the revenue arising from taxation. He requires that in future the whole proceeds of the direct taxes shall be applied to provincial purposes, while the Porte is still graciously allowed to profit by excise and other indirect imposts. Chambers of Agriculture and disappointed followers of Sir MASSEY LOPES may envy the relief which is to be afforded to the Herzegovinian ratepayer at the expense of the national revenue. Count ANDRASSY'S demand may possibly be equitable, though the reasons by which it is justified are not explained; but no part of his Note is so incompatible with the independence of the Turkish Government. The distinction between the purposes of direct and indirect taxation is entirely arbitrary; and the proposed rule would probably finally complete the insolvency of the Porte. English holders of Turkish bonds may possibly think that their own vested interests are as important as philanthropic measures for the benefit of Herzegovina. If the Porte accepts the Note without qualification it will have pledged itself to account to the Imperial Governments for the disposal of its revenues. It may be doubted whether any European State has established for

itself the fiscal distinction which is to be imposed on Turkey.

Disregard for diplomatic reserve is exhibited not only in recitals of that distrust of the Porte which is attributed to its Christian subjects, but in the intimation that the insurgents are about to profit by reinforcements or diversions. Count ANDRASSY has anticipated the many newspaper Correspondents who propagate hostility to Turkey in the announcement that Bulgaria and Crete are preparing for insurrection in the spring. The Greeks, whose aid would be regarded as indispensable by Cretan insurgents, will receive with surprise a prophecy which has an evident tendency to fulfil itself. It is less surprising that the Porte should be threatened with withdrawal of the restraint which has hitherto been imposed on Servia and Montenegro. It is not certain whether the authors of the Note were aware of the negotiations by which the Porte is now endeavouring to buy off the dangerous enmity of Montenegro. The Prince of MONTENEGRO and his subjects may congratulate themselves on their political adroitness, if their ambiguous conduct during the insurrection procures for them the coveted possession of a port on the Adriatic, as well as other desired extensions of territory. The concessions made by Turkey may perhaps be prudent, if any security can be obtained for future immunity from Montenegrin hostilities. All the reasons which are commonly assigned for rendering aid to kinsmen and coreligionists will remain in force notwithstanding any material advantages which may have been obtained by the Principality. The warlike tendencies of the population will scarcely be abated by a transaction which will have proved that it is profitable as well as praiseworthy to give assistance to neighbouring insurgents. If it is true that the Bulgarians and Cretans are preparing for revolt, it is difficult to understand why they should accept concessions to the Christians of Herzegovina and Bosnia as redress for any grievances of which they themselves complain. The implied encouragement to rebellion which is contained in Count ANDRASSY'S warning amounts to a reversal of the traditional policy of Austria. The last Cretan rebellion was only encouraged by Powers which were at that time entirely opposed to Austrian policy.

Impetuous sympathizers with the insurrection prematurely denounced Count ANDRASSY'S Note as nugatory, because it was known that his recommendations were not enforced by a definite menace of intervention. The substance and the tone of the communication supersede the necessity of a formal threat. The Note could only have been addressed to a Government which was required to obey on pain of the most serious consequences. Austria and Russia can have no possible right to dictate the application of Turkish revenues, unless they consider themselves at liberty to enforce the acceptance of their advice. The Porte will be required to submit to all the commands of its imperious neighbours, nor will negotiation on details be permitted. Resistance to superior force would be imprudent, though it might perhaps cause some embarrassment to the Imperial allies. The Austrians can at any time occupy Herzegovina and Bosnia; and probably their administration of the provinces would be for the moment the best solution of innumerable difficulties; but any measure of the kind would be practically irrevocable; and it would furnish a precedent for the further dismemberment of the Turkish Empire. It can only have been under a supposed pressure of necessity that Austria, which, as Count ANDRASSY lately said, is identified with England in policy and interest, can have concurred in the policy which has always been pursued by Russia. Probably neither Power favours the extension of Servian dominion, and Austria would regard with suspicion the aggrandizement of Montenegro, which acknowledges an informal Russian protectorate. The union of the three Imperial Governments, as long as it lasts, renders opposition to their measures practically impossible. France is for the time indisposed to an active policy, or perhaps is inclined to cultivate the good will both of Austria and of Russia. The protection which England has for a century accorded to Turkey has always been rendered on the assumption that Austria was opposed to Russian encroachments. The transfer of one or more Turkish provinces to Austrian dominion would not in itself have been regarded with disfavour. It is still probable that, when circumstances change, the existing combination may be dissolved. As it was impossible, and perhaps undesirable, to defend the Porte, the English Government judged wisely in not encouraging resistance. The Porte, which at once submitted to the demands of the three Powers, would have been embarrassed by an intimation that, in the opinion of England, the required concessions were excessive in themselves or inconsistent with the dignity of the SULTAN. It may perhaps have become impossible to adhere to the established policy of maintaining the independence of Turkey. If Austria continues to act in union with Russia, it will only remain to break or to disguise the fall of the Empire.

LANDED PROPRIETORS.

THE official list of landed proprietors will not put an end to the agitation against the present system of tenure; but it will render new arguments necessary. The 30,000 owners, half male and half female, recorded in the Census, who have so often offended Mr. MILL and Mr. BRIGHT, would, although their possessions were unequally divided, have averaged about 1,000 acres apiece. Their average is now reduced to 35 or 36 acres, although the great majority in number own nothing but a house and perhaps a strip of garden. Careful study of the Blue-book will probably show that the greater part of the land belongs to comparatively few proprietors. Until the statistics of personalty are collected with equal completeness, it will be impossible to know whether other kinds of property are more equally distributed. An examination of the share-registers of public Companies would probably exhibit a preponderance in value of the holdings of the larger capitalists; but there are reasons for much wider differences of amount in landed estates. A dividend warrant for 5*l.* is as conveniently received as one for 5,000*l.*, nor is it more liable to deductions. A man who sells a railway share, unless he uses the money for commercial or industrial purposes, will not find his income increased, except at the cost of additional risk, by an alternative investment; but almost any landed proprietor, large or small, has the power of becoming richer by sale of his estate. On the other hand, the universal appetite for land extends to no other form of property, with the exception, in some cases, of objects of art and luxury. There is no sentiment about interest on bonds or dividends on shares; and such securities are therefore bought and sold with exclusive regard to the income which they produce. The advocates of the division of land into small freeholds, even when they admit that large properties are more profitable, hold that a cultivator of the soil is happier and more independent when he is also the owner of his tenement. Some economists further contend that spade husbandry is more productive than farming on a large scale; but they are almost always deluded by the fallacy of reckoning gross returns of produce instead of net profits. There can be little doubt that corn and cattle are produced more cheaply on the large farms of England than in any part of the Continent. If farm-labourers were converted into small freeholders, two or three times the actual number would, as in France, be employed in raising the present amount of produce. The part of the population which is set at liberty from the land by cultivation on a large scale earns a much larger income than the same number of farm-labourers.

Estimates of the comparative economical advantage of different systems of land tenure by no means exhaust the question. If it were possible to convince a French peasant that large farms and large estates promote national wealth more effectually than petty freeholds, he would remain not less immutably attached to his fragmentary ownership of the soil. Nevertheless the subdivision of land in France is only maintained by the operation of positive law. The compulsory division of the land among the children of the former owner is a thoroughly artificial arrangement. One result in the cessation of growth of the rural population would be regarded as an evil, except by the school which holds the doctrines of MILL. The universal thrift of the peasantry is a mixed advantage. The experiment of education has not been fairly tried in French rural districts. When the mass of the population learn to read and write, and when some of them aspire to more complex studies, it is at least possible that the general attachment to the soil may be rapidly impaired. It is found in the Eastern States of the American Union that the descendants of former occupiers of land throng more and more into the towns. Ploughing and sowing are healthy occupations

which suffice for those who understand nothing else, but they tend to become monotonous and dull. A young Englishman who should deliberately devote his life to the cultivation of fifteen or twenty acres of his own would provide for himself a dismal career. As long as his case is exceptional, he may easily add to his income by working for others; but if the greater part of the country were divided into little freeholds, there would seldom be a demand for hired labour. With a neighbouring proprietor ready to give him perhaps 1,000*l.* for his property, the occupier of his own land would practise singular self-denial if he persisted in living on the produce. For another class, and especially for tradesmen and mechanics, small holdings of land are highly desirable. It is a great advantage when freeholds are comparatively easy to be obtained in the neighbourhood of small towns and villages; and small capitalists who can afford to indulge their tastes not unfrequently outbid large proprietors; yet it would scarcely be practicable to establish varying systems of land tenure in different parts of the country.

The operations of Building Societies and similar organizations during the last twenty years probably account for a considerable portion of the 900,000 properties in the Blue-book. The same machinery would have been applied to the purchase of small agricultural freeholds if there had been a genuine demand for the means of peasant cultivation. The occasional purchase of their own farms by rich tenants would, even if the practice were more general, produce no permanent change in the distribution of property. For one or two generations the race of comfortable yeomen may last; but the numerous children of English households require provision, and it is difficult to maintain the practice of primogeniture on an estate of three or four hundred acres. The alternative of splitting up the farm into fragments would involve great waste of money in the erection of new buildings; and in the majority of cases it would greatly diminish the value of the land. The tenantry who from time to time betray jealousy of the landlords may be well assured that large farms will not survive the subdivision of large estates. Except for a large proprietor or for a landowner who has other sources of income, the permanent investment of the greater part of a man's property at 2½ or 3 per cent. involves an exercise of self-denial. It is not surprising that the happy recipient of annual thousands should prefer a comparatively unremunerative investment which gives him the greatest possible amount of pleasure in addition to a sufficient income.

The returns will throw no light on the only controversy relating to land which has for the moment any practical importance. The tenant-farmers have, without any extraordinary exercise of sagacity, discovered that the Ballot has transferred to their class the control of the county representation. Their late victory in North Shropshire is likely to encourage them in future contests; and the enthusiasm which was expressed for Mr. READ on his retirement from office proves that the tenantry are not indisposed to mutiny against the Conservative party. Only a few of their number will trace the connexion between the actual distribution of property and the custom of occupation; but the advantage of increased security of tenure, and of a larger share in the profits and conveniences connected with land, is readily discerned. No official statistics were needed to inform the farmers that they have for the present no reason to fear the multiplication of small freeholds: but their most formidable adversaries in the future are not the owners of the land. It would be difficult to ensure a sufficient supply of hired labour if small holdings became numerous. The remedy which Count ANDRASSY urges on the Porte for the discontent of the labouring class in Bosnia is not yet proposed in England. The Blue-book will be more interesting to social reformers who are in the habit of discussing the abstract right by which property in land may be held, but the stability of titles is likely for some time to remain exempt from practical dispute. The great inequality of landed estates, though it is not now disclosed for the first time, will be used as an argument in favour of measures which might facilitate periodical dispersion of property. The class which has perhaps most to apprehend from changes in legislation consists of unborn children; but the principle of settlements will be defended by those who own property in land or in personalty, and they will resent the disturbance of their habits by speculative economists. Revolutionary proposals for dealing with land are not yet proposed in England; nor can they become formidable until agricultural labourers acquire political power to be manipulated by agitators.

M. GAMBETTA AND THE CHURCH.

THE usually sluggish course of French electioneering preparations has this week been varied by an important speech from M. GAMBETTA. He is a candidate for the representation of Lille, a city which has for him the special attraction of being associated with the resistance of the Army of the North under General FAIDHERBE, and on Sunday he addressed the electors for the first time. His speech is characterized by all the moderation which he has at length taught the French Radicals to expect from him, but it differs from most of those which have preceded it in containing a clear statement of his position on the ecclesiastical question. Considering how dominant this question is in the controversies of the time, it is creditable to M. GAMBETTA's dexterity that he should have been able to keep clear of it so long, and the reasons why he has been anxious to do so are easily to be divined from the speech itself. M. GAMBETTA has apparently conquered the tendency to misconceive and misrepresent his opinions which for so long a time has been ingrained in the moderate Conservatives of France. Perhaps the issue of the Senatorial elections has convinced them that, as M. GAMBETTA is certainly a man with whom they will have to reckon, he is also a man whom it may be worth taking some trouble to understand. At all events, to whatever it is to be attributed, there is a remarkable change of tone in the moderate Conservative organs as regards this particular speech. A year ago—even a month ago—it would have stood a good chance of being set down as a timely disclosure of the atheism and impiety which underlie M. GAMBETTA's assumed superiority to Radical passions. It would have been of little avail to talk about Church matters before a public which was sure to misunderstand him, because anything that he said would have been represented, first to, and then by, the French clergy as a direct outrage upon religion; and as the clergy have to a considerable extent the ears of the peasantry, the evil done by the speech at second hand might have been greater than any good that it might have done at first hand. Now that this systematic perversion of everything that comes from M GAMBETTA has apparently been abandoned, there is more chance that his words may be left to make their way unaccompanied by ecclesiastical glosses; and, when they are fairly considered, they will probably find favour with a good number of the country curés and with a still larger number of the peasantry. M. GAMBETTA introduces the ecclesiastical part of his speech by a definition of the word Liberal. By Liberal, he says, I understand a man who respects all varieties of religious belief, including their ministers and all the practices which spring naturally, even if remotely, from religious opinions. Such a man will not be disposed to tolerate encroachments by the ministers of any religion upon the domain of secular affairs. The Church must remain the Church, and not attempt to obtain Parliamentary influence. She must resign herself to her proper sphere of administering spiritual consolation to her members, and not interpose herself as a discordant and dividing influence between parent and child, or between husband and wife. It is this that has made the Church a political danger in so many countries, and has brought upon her attacks which are, after all, only reprisals. So long as the struggle between faith and reason, between science and revelation, is confined to books, to pulpits, and to academies, politicians, as such, have no concern with it; it is when it sits by the side of a Minister, and penetrates into the working of an office, that it becomes no better than a suppressed civil war.

M. GAMBETTA's view of the position of the Church in the State must be compared with the views of the Extreme Radicals before its significance can be rightly appreciated. There is all the difference between him and them that there is between Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. BRADLAUGH. The Radicals who have lately been plying the Paris candidates with questions, shrieking against the black coats, and denouncing the wickedness of being married in church, must be as much shocked at M. GAMBETTA's language as at anything that could be said by M. VEUILLOT. To talk of regarding religion or the ministers or practices of

religion with respect is, in their estimation, a compromise too mean and too immoral to deceive a single honest man. To them religion has no proper place; she is equally to be hated in the spiritual and in the temporal sphere. It is nonsense therefore to talk of confining her within specific limits; from a properly constituted society she must be altogether and definitively banished. This is the sort of language which Frenchmen have been accustomed to associate with Radicalism; and when they hear of the very different language used by M. Gambetta, it is likely to give him a new title to their confidence. There is no reason to believe that the peasantry of France are in the least priest-ridden; on the contrary, they are exceedingly jealous of any trespass on the part of the priest upon matters which they regard as specially their own. And even the less distinguished curés have probably some sense that the association of the Church with politics has been a fruitful source of the distrust with which their ministrations are often received. They are supposed to be political agents even when they are not really concerning themselves with politics, and the unpopularity which attaches to them in this capacity often extends to them in their purely spiritual capacity. To a man who is really acting as a political agent, the hope of serving the cause he wishes to see triumph may be a sufficient consolation for losing the confidence and goodwill of his parishioners; but to a man who is not a political agent, and who merely enjoys the reflected discredit of being one, the loss remains wholly unbalanced. He would be quite satisfied, if left to himself, to let the world go its own way and to make the spiritual needs of his people the sole object of his labours. It is hard that he should be prevented from doing this by the determination of his more ambitious brethren to take the world in hand and convert the Church into a powerful political influence. When men of this type hear that the leader of the Left professes his respect for the beliefs, the ministers, the practices of religion, and only dislikes the identification of religion or its ministers with politics, they will not feel under any very strong inducement to push the prospects of some Conservative candidate who may adjure them to resist M. Gambetta and his party as they would resist the Devil himself.

M. Gambetta's attack upon the liberty of University education was not worthy of the rational statesmanship he has lately sought to display. If the clergy are to remain dissociated from politics, politicians must take care not to deny them their just rights. Otherwise they will come into the political sphere to regain them, and once there, they may not be so willing to retire. It is unreasonable to expect that French Catholics would for ever remain content with a University system which committed the whole higher education of the country to the State. Upon any theory of Liberalism parents have a right to bring up their children in any system of religion or philosophy that they may choose, and we cannot see why they should be forbidden to delegate this power to others. M. Gambetta would not forbid a father to teach his son that the sun goes round the earth, but he is distressed at the notion of this same parent sending this same son to a college which teaches that the sun goes round the earth. Perhaps he will say that it is not the teaching he objects to so much as the claim put forward on behalf of the Church to have this theory stamped with the State seal, and put in all respects on a level with the more accurate, though less orthodox, theory. No doubt, if the State were compelled to give degrees to men who passed an examination in either kind of astronomy, M. Gambetta's dislike of the law would be perfectly reasonable. But, as a matter of fact, the difficulty is always evaded in one of three ways. Either University degrees are conferred by a mixed Board, in which case the theory of the earth's motion is sure to be recognized; or the orthodox University is allowed to confer degrees of its own, and so no one is deceived, because it is known that an orthodox degree means that a man has been brought up in the belief that it is the sun that moves, and not the earth; or the subject is excluded from the examination, and then those callings which require astronomical accuracy institute a special examination in astronomy. All these ways are open to cavil, but any one of them seems to be better than a system which does its best to isolate the orthodox student, and so to shut him out from that amount of knowledge on other subjects which those who have the charge of him are willing that he should obtain. The most extreme conceivable instance has purposely been chosen in order to show that the case of the opponents of freedom of the higher education breaks down even when Ultramontanism has been allowed to do its worst. Even if the Ultramontane student were taught to renounce the doctrine of Galileo, we should still say that it is better for him to be taught to renounce it at a University than in some local seminary. If he remains ill taught on this one point he may still be well taught upon others, and the mere fact that he is brought into relation with the triumphs of human knowledge in certain departments will be likely in some degree to excite his curiosity to know what it has done in the forbidden department. The hostility which French and Irish Liberals bear to freedom of University education seems to be the offspring of a distrust of that very learning which they wish to extend. Instead of feeling that an educated Ultramontane is at all events better than an ignorant Ultramontane, they seem to fear that the more an Ultramontane knows, the more dangerous he will become. This view would be intelligible if it were preached by Ultramontanes themselves. But to declare that the only way of rendering your adversary harmless is to keep him ignorant involves a strange misconception of the influence of education. The details of the French law which concedes freedom of University education may be faulty enough, but the principle on which it is based is more really liberal than the opposite principle maintained by M. Gambetta. Still the fact that he does not apply the common sense which characterizes other parts of his speech to the subject of the higher education does not destroy the importance of a change which, almost for the first time in later French history, exhibits Radicalism and moderation in conjunction upon the question of religion.

THE COST OF EDUCATION.

THE announcement that the expenditure of the London School Board for 1870 will necessitate a rate of 4½*d* in the pound, coupled with the reasonable suspicion that even this sum may fall short of the actual outlay of the year, will excite a natural uneasiness in the minds of the ratepayers. It is clear that to bring elementary education within the reach of every child is a more costly process than was at first expected. Before the passing of the Education Act, zealous educationists naturally tried to make us little as they could of the burden, while those who were not zealous educationists did not know the statistics of the question well enough to have any opinion about it. Three unforeseen sources of expense have been discovered since that time. First, there is the inevitable overlapping of voluntary and Board schools in large towns, and most of all in London. In country parishes it is easy to ascertain whether sufficient accommodation for every child is already provided in voluntary schools; and, where this is the case, things go on much as they would have gone on if the Education Act had never been passed. But in London, where it is known beforehand that the voluntary schools are altogether inadequate to the educational needs of the population, and a corresponding vigour of effort is expected from the School Board, it is plainly impossible to calculate with any nicety how many children are already provided for and how many remain to be provided for. Possibly the London School Board may not in all cases have been careful enough to ascertain whether schools were wanted before determining to build them. But, even if they had exercised all possible caution in this respect, they could not have helped building some schools which, as things have turned out, are not absolutely required. Another element of increased expense is the advanced conception of elementary education which is a necessary result of the position which the controversy has taken. It is impossible to turn elementary education into a great political battle-field without making each party maintain that they have a higher idea of education than their adversary. The secularist taunts the Churchman with being indifferent to the children's progress, provided only that they can say the Catechism by rote. The Churchman retorts on the secularist that the beggarly elements of secular knowledge as taught in Board schools do not even supply that intellectual learning to which the religion of the children is sacrificed. Consequently both parties are anxious to make the list of subjects taught in their schools as complete as possible, and the more subjects are taught, the

better qualified must be the teachers that teach them. A third element of increased expense is the rise in the value of teachers consequent on the increased demand for them. Not only are more teachers wanted, not only must the teachers be themselves better educated, and therefore able to ask better terms, but the ordinary teacher of five years ago is no longer to be had at the price of five years ago. Schools have increased at a rate with which the increase of teachers has not kept pace. None of these items of expense are likely to grow less as years go on; or, if the last should happen to decrease, it will probably be balanced by a further increase in one or both of the other two.

This consideration will perhaps have weight both with Parliament and with the Government in determining the character and fate of the various Education Bills which will be introduced this Session. For example, Mr. DIXON will have some good stiff work cut out for him if he wishes to prove that the ratepayers will be better off if School Boards are universally established. The ideas of a School Board and of a school are not inseparable, but they are very closely allied; and it is not likely that, if they were set up in every parish, they would all be content to do nothing beyond passing by-laws to help the parson in filling the Church school. The advocates of free schools will be equally at a loss to justify their rejection of school fees. It must cost considerably more to teach a child for five years who never pays a farthing all that time than to teach a child for the same period who never fails to produce his threepence every Monday morning. It will be a matter of some interest to see how Mr. DIXON meets this objection. An array of free Board schools rising up in every direction side by side with voluntary schools may rejoice the hearts of educationists, but it will make an equally forcible appeal to the pockets of the ratepayers. What, for example, would the education rate amount to in London if there were no voluntary schools and no school fees? Even if we concede that under these circumstances the education given to the children would be very much better than it is, and consequently that the ultimate gain to the community in the shape of diminished Poor rates and fewer prisons would more than counterbalance the loss in the shape of an increased Education rate, would it be prudent to submit the issue to the ratepayers until they have been trained to submit to present outlay in consideration of future returns? If the outlay is suddenly imposed on them before they have mastered this lesson, there is reason to fear that, in the reaction against extravagant expenditure, much that is included in strictly reasonable expenditure would be swept away. There is so much remaining to be done which must entail further expenditure that it seems imprudent to quarrel with any agency that is really doing good work, even though it may not be doing it in the best conceivable way. Of course there must be a limit to this endurance, as in the case of Ragged Schools. When a certain end has to be attained, it is not wise to be particular about the uniformity of the means taken to attain it, provided that they all have the essential quality of bringing those who adopt them to the common goal. If they fail to answer this definition they have no claim to be considered as means to that particular end. When Lord SHAFTESBURY defends Ragged Schools on the plea that, though they do not give the education which Parliament has determined shall be brought within the reach of every child, they give something which is much more valuable, he puts himself out of court. He may be right in thinking that the Ragged School managers know their business better than Parliament, but this does not alter the fact that the function of Parliament is to make laws, and the function of school managers to obey them. When, however, the Ragged School managers tacitly withdraw this pretension, and only ask for time in which to make their schools efficient, the situation is entirely changed. No one except an inveterate formalist denies that they have played, and are capable of still playing, a very useful part in the machinery of education; and provided that they will not insist on resting satisfied with a lower standard of education than is demanded of other schools, no one desires to injure or annoy them. Schools which to a considerable extent feed and clothe the children attending them must have means of inducing, if not of enforcing, attendance which are wanting to schools which only give education; and in proportion as attendance becomes regular the difficulty of bringing children up to the prescribed standard will probably disappear.

The lesson of the London Education rate may also be commended to the Government. The mention of primary education in the QUEEN'S Speech seems to indicate that there is something more in store than a mere alteration of the conditions under which the Parliamentary grant is distributed, and Mr. CROSS's views about compulsion give some ground for hope that a further advance in this direction is in contemplation. Certainly the more costly education becomes the more important it is that none of the money spent on it should be wasted. If we have every year to pay more money for teaching, let us at least make short work with the mischiefs which are alleged to flow from children not being taught. Even the loss on the school fees of the absentees is not to be altogether despised. It costs as much to provide school accommodation for five hundred children who play truant as for five hundred children who attend regularly; but the return of the children's payments in the two cases presents a very different aspect. There is no necessary association between compulsion and School Board schools; indeed, the more thoroughly the attendance of children is enforced the more it will be expedient to leave parents free to choose the schools which they wish their children to attend. The failure of the Agricultural Children's Act to answer the purpose which its well-meaning framers designed it to answer has been too unmistakable to leave any doubt as to the uselessness of indirect compulsion, unless it is accompanied by a very complete, and consequently very costly, system of inspection; and even if this were provided, it would not touch the cases of children who are kept at home for the sake of their work or their pleasure, instead of for the sake of their wages. But, even if inspection would completely remedy the evil of non-attendance at school in agricultural districts, it would be a most short-sighted policy to have recourse to it. Compulsion brought to bear on the employer can only be a temporary substitute for compulsion brought to bear on the parent. After all, it is the parent's business to see that his child is properly brought up, while, except in a very general sense indeed, it is not the employer's business. If the promised measure of the Government ignores this obvious but fundamental distinction, and proposes to spend money on making the Agricultural Children's Act efficient, the work will certainly have to be done over again by and by.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON BREAKDOWN.

THE fact that certain notorious enterprises at South Kensington, which had their origin in the surplus of the Great Exhibition of 1851, are at the present moment in a condition of hopeless financial collapse, would not be in itself a matter of much consequence if it affected only those who are immediately interested in these unfortunate projects. It happens, however, that a large sum of public money has thus been grossly misapplied, and that the Royal Commissioners, who are to a certain extent responsible for this discreditable result, were appointed to act on behalf, not of private speculators, but of the community at large. It would seem, therefore, that the time has come when the Royal Commissioners should be called upon to render an account of the funds entrusted to them, and that the truth with regard to the various South Kensington Exhibitions should no longer be concealed with the connivance of the Government. The Duke of EDINBURGH remarked the other day in reference to a sham Aquarium at Westminster, which has turned out to be merely a drinking-bar in disguise, that this precious institution was "a natural result" of the PRINCE CONSORT'S benevolent projects; but those who have any genuine respect for the PRINCE'S memory will probably hesitate to believe that he contemplated the results which have actually been produced, and will be disposed to think that the persons who are responsible for these results have formed a very imperfect appreciation of the objects which he had in view. It was arranged that the profits realized by the first Great Exhibition should be applied to promote the general advancement of science and art; but it appears that the greater part of the fund has been bestowed on such projects as the Horticultural Gardens and the Albert Hall, and no one can pretend that science or art has profited by such an application of the money. The Horticultural Society has long ago abandoned even the pretence of doing anything for horticulture in its scientific aspects, and the Gardens have become a mere pleasure-ground for the use of

neighbouring residents. As for the Albert Hall, it has never served, or attempted to serve, any purpose beyond that of competing in the ordinary way with the other concert-rooms and music-halls which are kept up by private enterprise; and it is difficult to see why it should be supported out of public funds. At the present moment both the Horticultural Society and the proprietors of the Albert Hall have absorbed a large part of the Royal Commissioners' resources, and are making no return. Indeed they are both in such a desperate condition that they are endeavouring to break the bargains which were originally made with their subscribers, and to compel the latter to pay over again for privileges which have become a wretched mockery. The Horticultural Society, which is supposed to be managed by noblemen and gentlemen of high position, has fallen so low, both in purse and conscience, that it has actually defrauded the poor gardeners of the prize-money by the promise of which they were deluded into sending contributions to flower-shows which were profitable to the Society. The meeting of Fellows on Thursday is described by the reporters as, "if not of a discordant, of a very inharmonious character"; and Lord ABERDARE, in taking the chair, remarked that "in the present state of feeling amongst the Fellows" it would be impossible for him to go into past events. It seems that the Society is at such a low ebb that its *Journal* has been discontinued, and it has now to depend for "a medium of communication between the Fellows" on the charity of the newspapers. Moreover, the prize-list has been cut down to a merely nominal amount. The last resource of this distinguished body is now, it would appear, to stake its fortunes on a skating-rink, which must be admitted to be a very curious method of promoting science and art.

Under these circumstances, it is evident that the Horticultural Society and the Albert Hall are in possession of public property on false pretences. It is stated that the Horticultural Society holds ground from the Royal Commissioners valued at more than 100,000*l.*, and that it is now heavily in debt to the Commissioners for unpaid rent. The financial position of the Albert Hall is at present surrounded with greater mystery; but it is clear that it is financially in a very bad way, since it has avowed its design of asking Parliamentary sanction for a plan of levying a new tax on the unfortunate victims who have already purchased useless boxes and stalls at a high figure. If these enterprises had been carried out by the private speculators who are at the bottom of them in their own names, they would no doubt have been wound up long ago, and it is only by trading in a despicable manner on a respected memory, and obtaining the use of public money on empty pretexts, that they have been enabled to prolong a scandalous existence. It is only just that, as far as possible, the public property which has thus been misapplied should be recovered for the use of the nation in some honest and respectable way, and that the cover of a Royal Commission should be stripped from institutions which would then be exposed in their true colours. Whatever may have been the original intention with which the South Kensington estate was taken up by the Commissioners, there can be no doubt that their management of it has practically taken the form of a mere building speculation. Whether it will prove to be for the public convenience that the natural history collections should be removed from the centre of the town to this remote suburb remains to be seen; but it can readily be understood that the scheme of concentrating museums and pleasure-grounds on this spot is highly acceptable to the owners of house property in the neighbourhood, and this is the only class which has profited by the large expenditure which, by a gross abuse of authority, has been diverted from the true objects to which it was dedicated. It would be interesting to know what form of science or art is supposed to have been promoted by the gimcrack mansions of South Kensington. In a town which grows so rapidly as London it is always a pity that any piece of open ground should be swallowed up, and there might be reason to regret the conversion of the Horticultural Gardens into streets and squares. It is clear, however, that, whatever is to happen, the Horticultural Society has forfeited its right to the continued possession of this property, by its flagrant abandonment of the purposes for which it was pretended to be established. Some arrangement might perhaps be made between the Commissioners and the householders of the district for a lease of the ground; but in any case public money ought not to be applied to purposes of merely local convenience. The National School of Music is another offshoot of the same rank soil as that which has nourished the other fungi. It enjoys distinguished patronage, and bears the usual delusive trade-mark of science and art; but it should not be forgotten that it practically involves an attack on an older institution which, in the face of many difficulties, has done service of the highest value in the cultivation of musical taste and skill, and which an attempt is now being made to supersede, in order to provide further accommodation for the omnivorous COLE family, and a platform for the display of pushing professionals and distinguished patrons in search of a popular reputation. There seems to be something in the atmosphere of this district which covers the institutions springing from its soil with a thick coating of parasitical incrustations. It is the great nursing-ground of jobbery and humbug. From the early days of the Brompton Boilers a claptrap parade of enthusiasm for the promotion of science and art has been systematically kept up, with a view to diverting public money and patronage to this quarter for the benefit of an interested clique; and for the credit of public administration it is necessary that the abortive speculations which have resulted from this system should be cleared away. There might be no harm in such exhibitions if their character as commercial enterprises were candidly announced; but it is a scandal that such a system of mismanagement and imposture should be placed in any degree to the credit of public administration.

AFFECTATION.

ALL epithets which commonly imply the existence of a feeling of slight approval or disapproval in the speaker's mind for the thing named are apt to be used very vaguely, and the term "affected" is no exception to this rule. Some people seem to call anything in another "affected" which they dislike, just as they term anything "nice" which they happen to like. Still even the most foggy minds probably attach some dim connotation to the term affectation, while by some few persons it is always used with a fairly distinct apprehension of its correct meaning. Hence it does not seem to be a hopeless task to attempt to define the term a little more exactly, and to find where its peculiar value as an ingredient of a well-sorted vocabulary really lies. In making this attempt we must obviously have recourse to the Socratic method of definition by an induction of various examples of the well-recognized application of the term.

Affectation is most commonly employed in reference to the details of external behaviour. To take a familiar instance, any trick of bodily gait or of manual or facial movement may be deemed affected. A man may have an affected way of bringing his forefinger to the side of his nose after the foreign manner, or a lady may have a way of seeming to relieve her trachea from some irritant by a characteristic "hm," which strikes us as being affected; or again a young girl may appear to be affected when she gives herself a certain dignity of deportment. Some people are able to keep up an affected condition of behaviour for a considerable period. Thus we know ladies who regularly assume and maintain a curiously unnatural tone of voice when entertaining their male visitors. In such a case as this it obviously requires intimate knowledge and close observation to discover the affectation. In these instances, and in many others resembling them, we call an action affected because it springs from a deliberate wish to impress another person, instead of from some unreflecting impulse or mechanical habit. With respect to polite behaviour, it may be added that we look for a certain fixed habit of courtesy in people, and do not, for example, call a lady affected who uniformly adopts a gracious manner to her guests. So that what we mean by an affectation of elegance in behaviour is the conscious endeavour to assume something which does not flow easily from the fixed sources of habit. It follows from this that affected behaviour is very frequently a conscious imitation of something foreign to the person, more especially of something a little above his reach. Children's amusing affectations always show themselves as rather too obvious attempts to don the pretty manners of their elders. Imitation passes into affectation as soon as it becomes a conscious process, and this change seems to take place very early in the child's development. Affectation in adults as well as in children owes much of its ludicrousness to a conscious imitation of the words and actions of a superior age or social rank. It is this simple type of affectation which has so often been ridiculed in fable.

Another department of human life which offers a good field for the discovery of affectation is the region of emotional expression. When, for instance, a child or an adult expresses admiration of some spectacle by a long chain of extravagant superlatives and absurd images, we call the language exaggerated and affected. The expression is felt to be out of proportion to the feeling to be expressed. Again, a person may go on urging, so to speak, the presence of a

certain emotion on his hearer long after the feeling has had time to relieve itself. A lady is expressing her regret at some little inconsiderateness, and, instead of making her apology in a few words, continues to reiterate her assurance of vexation, much to her companion's discomfort. Another common form of this affectation of sentiment is the habit of flowing over into feeling on every possible occasion. Some men and women seem to affect, for instance, an extraordinary degree of risibility, since the least provocative—something quite microscopic perhaps to others—sends them into long fits of explosive laughter. Then there are the young women who seem to be afflicted with a plethora of æsthetic sentiment, and are for ever breaking forth into gushing rhapsodies over the scenery last visited and the works of art last inspected. Judging by the ordinary standard of human nature, we are unable to believe in these excessive effusions of sentiment. What strikes one as most significant of affectation in these sentimental persons is that they appear to be equally excited by the most powerful and by the most insignificant stimulants. The very funny youth who sees a comical element in all kinds of things laughs just as uproariously and persistently at what seems the merest trifle as at something which others are able to recognize as really ludicrous. In all these instances the affectation lies in a suspected forcing of a feeling beyond its natural bounds by an act of deliberate volition. It is the doing with a conscious purpose a thing which we expect to be done instinctively by the mere force of feeling itself.

A case of affectation in sentiment which at first sight looks very different from those just specified is that of a person who does not so much seek to increase the visible dimensions of a feeling as abstain from checking a feeling within becoming bounds. Thus we are apt to call a lady affected who makes no visible effort to subdue a feeling of trepidation, or of a fastidious aversion at the sight, or even mention, of certain harmless little creatures. So, too, we call a young woman affected who apparently makes no effort to overcome her natural bashfulness in the presence of strangers. Whenever the term is carefully employed in reference to these cases, it seems to connote a positive as well as a negative element of volition. For we invariably suspect that the person would control the feeling but for a lurking wish to display as much sensibility or sentiment as possible. It is this latent intention to appear sensitive which really justifies the use of the epithet in such an instance; for, strictly speaking, we employ it incorrectly if we imply merely a moral weakness of will. And so we find that in these examples also the essence of affectation is the substitution of a conscious purpose for an instinctive process. The sentiment is deliberately nursed, so to speak, by an artificial expansion of its external expression.

It is to be observed that there seems to be a well-recognized distinction between affectation and hypocrisy in the expression of sentiment. If the hollow profession of sentiment is likely to deceive, and also to injure by misleading, we scarcely speak of it as an affectation, but apply to it some stronger term of opprobrium. Moreover, though we are accustomed to regard as affectations mere exaggerations in the expression of certain feelings, such as those we have been describing, we should sometimes speak of a wholly illusory profession of the same sentiment as insincere or false. If a lady is rather too voluble in the expression of her regrets, she is said to be affected; if we have reason to believe that she feels no regret at all, we rather call her hypocritical. This shows that the term affectation, as applied to feeling, implies only a slight or harmless kind of simulation—a petty species of pretence which is rather comical from its patent hollowness, as well as from the silliness and vanity of its motive, than morally reprehensible. It is also worth noting, perhaps, that in the case of sentiment, as in that of mere external behaviour, we recognize such a thing as second nature—that is, a fixed habit of expressing a feeling on a certain occasion without any reflection at the moment. The rules of a rigid courtesy demand, for example, that we should always manifest a certain friendly interest in anything which our guest happens to be talking to us about; and so long as we do not exceed this quantity we are not likely to be accused of affectation. On the other hand, if we lay ourselves out to be specially sympathetic towards a person with whom we really have no particular interests in common, our conduct is rightly said to be affected; unless indeed it has some ulterior purpose besides that of simply making an impression on our guest's mind, in which case it will probably be characterized by some stronger epithet.

We may now pass to the second great region of affectation, that of literary and artistic style. When we accuse a writer of having an affected mannerism, we clearly liken him to those who show themselves affected in personal behaviour and in the profession of sentiment. The clearest case of affectation in art is where there is conscious imitation of another's manner. The usual form which this naturally takes is an attempt to array oneself in the fine plumage of more brilliant birds. The group of young aspirant poets and poetesses who uniformly follow in the wake of a leading popular poet, eagerly catching at all his peculiarities of manner, are rightly said to be affected. There is of course a vast deal of unconscious imitation of style in art, and it would be absurd to term every musician, for example, affected who instinctively follows some one model of style. Where the imitation is seen to arise from a natural affinity of mind, it is not said to be affected. Not only so, even conscious imitation of style does not always amount to affectation. It is unreasonable to expect that every writer should always abstain from introducing an echo of some previous master's melody. The field of perfect originality in art is not large enough to allow us to make such a demand. If only the selection of the particular model is seen to be made with an intelligent purpose, from a conviction that the manner selected is most suitable for the object in hand, it has nothing unseemly. In short, only such imitation of another's style is affected as is consciously executed, and, moreover, springs from mere mental impotence and a silly propensity to try to appear more than one really is. The style of a writer or a painter may, however, be affected without being imitative. Just as an original eccentricity of behaviour becomes affected as soon as it is studied, so oddities of artistic manner grow into affectations when consciously cultivated for their own sake, and without any reference to their fitness or utility. Hence it is sometimes permissible to call an eccentricity of literary manner affected after it has been distinctly brought before the author's notice by adverse criticisms, though before this it may have been a wholly unconscious habit of mind. Nobody, for instance, can doubt that some of the later uncouthnesses of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Browning are correctly styled affectations. It is absurd to suppose that a writer can be wholly unconscious of mannerisms which have frequently been thrust as it were under his very eyes; and when one sees an author persevering in such eccentricities after these criticisms with rather more energy than before, and in cases where no other eye than his own, however kindly, can discover any advantage in their employment, it seems a fairly safe inference that the writer is obstinately affected. Yet it is no less clear that it is always more or less hazardous to predicate this quality of any man's style. For, after all, a man may bring himself to believe that his favourite mannerism is not only useful but essential to his art. In speaking, then, of artistic style as affected, we assume that the selection of all details of style should be a half-unconscious process guided only by the exigencies of the subject in hand. This idea is clearly indicated in the common expression, "naturalness of style." A literary style is natural when it springs from the author's individual nature, and is directed exclusively to the best expression of the idea of the moment. It is artificial and affected when it is made a distinct object of pursuit for its own sake, whether it be the original product of the person who uses it or consciously borrowed from another. So that, in this class of cases also, affectation connotes the presence of consciousness and deliberate volition with respect to a thing which ought, so to speak, to take care of itself by means of an instinctive or mechanical process.

In the affectations of art as well as in those of social life we may see the distinction between a comparatively harmless and a culpably insincere profession. Thus with respect to artistic imitation we draw a sharp line between affectation, or the adoption of another's style, and plagiarism, or the adoption of another's ideas. The latter term conveys a grave accusation of intellectual dishonesty, while the former is only in a very slight degree condemnatory. This difference is probably explained by the consideration that the borrowing of ideas is never, like the borrowing of style, to be excused on the ground of the limitation of the individual mind, for nobody has any business to write who has no ideas of his own to convey; also that the filching of an author's ideas is much more likely to impose on readers, and far more difficult to detect, than the adoption of an element of his style which lies patent, diffused, so to speak, over the whole surface of his writings.

We conclude, therefore, that the term affected has only a very slight amount of ethical force. In some cases it does no doubt imply the presence of some amount of falsification or simulation, but this is not of a serious character calling for stern disapprobation. On the other hand, people certainly do very often mean to express their strong dislike by this word, and we may reasonably infer that, as employed by the more refined and discerning, it strikes, so to speak, at a certain quality of deformity in the behaviour or action so described. In other words, an affectation is something which offends our æsthetic sentiment. This inference is fully borne out by a consideration of the essential qualities of affected actions. We have seen that they are such as possess a certain unnaturalness, being the result of conscious study and voluntary endeavour, instead of the spontaneous outflow of native or acquired disposition. The æsthetic charm of a good deal of human action resides in its unconsciousness. A man whose every action was directed by deliberate purpose and reflection would be intensely wearisome to the æsthetic eye, which loves before all other things in human character and conduct spontaneity and ease. There is, too, in all affected conduct a further repulsiveness which is connected with a recognition of illusion and pretence. Contradiction is always unsightly, and the deliberate simulation of a natural quality strikes us as an æsthetic dissonance. At the same time there are many examples of affectation which do not so much displease our sense of fitness and harmony as awaken our feeling for the ludicrous. This holds good especially of all the attempts of people to robe themselves in the unsuitable manners of their superiors. Of course this interpretation applies only to the term as employed with a certain degree of precision by thoughtful persons. Unfortunately, however, these are very few, and the greater number of people who use the term do so in the most slovenly manner. It naturally follows that these same people are utterly careless in making sure that the persons they thus vaguely characterize have the quality attributed to them. It will be seen from what we have said that it is often a matter of great delicacy of insight to decide whether a particular ingredient of a man's behaviour or an oddity of style is really an affectation.

THE FIRST DAY IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IT is natural that when the Sovereign appears in person at the opening of Parliament attention should be chiefly concentrated on the more gorgeous Chamber in which the pageant is enacted. And yet the House of Commons is perhaps, in its way, an equally curious, if less dazzling, object of contemplation. The usual contrast between the sober, work-a-day look of the Lower House and the elaborate grandeur of the Upper is of course heightened on such an occasion. The House of Lords is in its fullest splendour. The throne is uncovered, and the whole area flooded with rainbow tints—peers in red cloaks, diplomatists in uniforms and stars, great ladies in velvet, diamonds, and feathers, entering into a bewildering chromatic competition with the blazoned windows and gilded roof. The Usher of the Black Rod and his servitors are in the ascendant, the company is marshalled with courtly propriety, and ceremony and precedence are enforced. When we pass from this spectacle of pomp and ordered state to the House of Commons we enter upon a very different scene. The House itself has that sort of blinking appearance which reminds one of a theatre by daylight when the actors are lounging about waiting for rehearsal, and when everything and everybody has an air of undress. It is barely noon, but there is already a throng of members in the House, some trying the familiar seats, with possibly premonitory symptoms of the weary aches of much sitting later on, but, for the most part, standing about as long as they can, like railway travellers who stretch their legs before they are shut into their compartments. There is a loud buzz of gossiping, broken by occasional bursts of laughter, as the funny men make their way from point to point; and it will be observed that all have their hats on, as if in the street, although, in compliance with a superstition which is too strong even for the coldest day, their overcoats have been hung on the pegs which line St. Stephen's cloister. There is no Speaker as yet, and the gathering is therefore only a casual mob under the care of the doorkeeper. Even, however, when the Speaker comes, the House is only half a House until the Queen's Speech has been read. Prayers, indeed, are read, and places secured, but till the Royal messenger comes the Speaker is not entitled to ascend his elevated chair, but must sit at the clerk's table in a private, informal way. Unless impelled by their own curiosity, there seems to be no reason why members should attend on this occasion at all. There is nothing more characteristic of the loose, casual growth of great constitutional arrangements in this country than the manner in which a House of Commons comes together at the opening of Parliament, as if it were merely a fortuitous concourse of atoms. No official notice is sent to the members that they are required to meet, nor is the time of meeting intimated to them in any form different from that in which other people learn these particulars—that is, from the columns of the newspapers. When the Sovereign reaches the House of Lords, the Royal commands are sent to the Commons to attend immediately in the other House; but, oddly enough, there is no preliminary summons to the Commons to assemble, and it is only by the accident of members reading the newspapers, or by the circulars emanating from their leaders, that they discover that on such a day, if they are at Westminster, they will some time or other hear a summons from the Usher of the Black Rod. As far as official forms are concerned, therefore, it might happen that when "the honourable House" was called upon to attend the Sovereign, there would be no House ready to attend. Such members of an existing Parliament, however, as may have turned up are capable of assuming a sufficiently vertebrate form, under the qualified presidency of the Speaker, to receive the Usher of the Black Rod when he knocks at the door, and to go in a body to the House of Lords. But in the case of a new Parliament even this rudimentary degree of organization does not exist; for there is then no Speaker at all, and the House without a Speaker is still only in its first jelly-fish stage, a flabby lump of almost inanimate matter. It is true, indeed, that the Chief Clerk at the table is on such occasions entitled to exercise a vague authority over the company; but he is not allowed to open his mouth, and, at the utmost, can only indicate by pointing or other gestures what he means. It is impossible to say what would occur if a dispute on a point of order happened to arise in the course of a debate on the election of Speaker. The Chief Clerk would then be dependent on his proficiency in the art of pantomime for conveying any opinion or instruction to the bewildered assembly, and the highest authorities are, we believe, in doubt whether he would be allowed to resort to anything so articulate as the deaf and dumb alphabet of the fingers. It is to be hoped that dexterity in dumb show is not omitted in the list of qualifications for a seat at the table of the House. It might even happen that the Clerk, in attempting to keep order, would himself commit some breach of discipline, such, for instance, as calling out a name, which the House would only not resent because it possessed no mouthpiece to express its resentment. It has never happened, in point of fact, that this extraordinary state of things has led to any serious practical inconvenience, but still it is a curious example of the anomalous character of an important part of the British Constitution.

The explanation of the omission of any specific official invitation or command to members of Parliament to meet at an appointed hour, beyond the general notification in the *Gazette*, may no doubt be traced to that traditional jealousy of the Commons themselves in regard to the authority of the Crown which prompts them to adhere to the rule that "the first day of every sitting, in every Parliament, some one Bill and no more, may be read a first reading for form's sake," before the House will enter upon the consideration of the Queen's Speech—that Bill being always one with the mysterious title of Clandestine Outlawries, of which no more is ever heard afterwards. The Sovereign is entitled to summon Parliament, but a command to members separately to come to Westminster might seem to imply a right to compel them to come. One difficulty would of course be, from whom the order to meet should emanate. The head of the Government and the leader of the Opposition send round circulars to those whom they consider their supporters, asking them to be present at the evening sitting; but in this respect the Premier and the leader of the Opposition are acting only as private members of the House, and their circulars do not apply to the opening of the Session, but only to the business to be done after the House has been duly constituted. The House itself, when opened, has of course a right to compel the attendance of members, when it thinks proper to do so, by the form known as "a call of the House," and this power has been repeatedly exercised, though seldom in modern days. Hatsell, speaking of the latter half of the last century, remarks that, "notwithstanding the great anxiety, trouble, and expense which many persons put themselves to to obtain a seat in the House of Commons, it is inconceivable how many of these very persons neglect this duty by not attending and taking a part in the business that is depending; and with what difficulty they are prevailed upon to give up their amusements and other less important avocations for this which, whilst they continue members, ought to be their first and principal object." This, however, is not one of the grievances of the present day; indeed, the grievance now is rather the other way—that on important occasions the attendance is apt to be greater than there is comfortable room for, if room at all. The early hour on last Tuesday at which members began to present themselves certainly showed anything but want of relish for Parliamentary duties or reluctance to attend. Before ten o'clock in the morning one member had made his appearance, and left his hat on a seat which he particularly coveted, and by noon the benches of the House might almost have been supposed to be set out for a competitive exhibition of the hatter's art. No places are specially allotted to members in the House of Commons, except that the front bench to the right of the Chair belongs to the Privy Councillors and the members for the City of London. In process of time this bench has become the peculium of the persons composing the Government, whether Privy Councillors or not, while courtesy assigns the corresponding bench on the left to the corresponding members of the Opposition. As late, however, as Sir Robert Walpole's time, the Premier and the leader of the Opposition both sat as Privy Councillors on the same bench. It is easy to understand that such proximity was found inconvenient, and the present Prime Minister once expressed his satisfaction that there was a table between him and the excited leader on the other side. Members who have received the thanks of the House in their places are allowed to keep them permanently, and a few fortunate members possess their habitual places by a polite understanding. A member is, however, entitled to mark his seat for the night if he has been present at prayers—a condition which may be supposed to promote, if not the piety of the assembly, at least its observance of pious forms.

While the regular attendance of members in the House of Commons is a custom which may deserve to be encouraged, it must be confessed that in some other respects this branch of the Legislature has been in recent years drifting into certain habits which by no means tend to raise its character. It is to be hoped that the scandals of last Session will not be repeated during the present; but, apart from actual disorder, there has been a growing tendency to set aside conventional amenities which cannot be ignored, and which it should be the object of all who have its reputation at heart to try to arrest by every means in their power. There is happily at present only one Keneally in the House of Commons, and the police may be left to deal, as they did promptly and effectually on Tuesday, with the gang of roughs and pickpockets who serve as his bodyguard in the streets. The treacherous subserviency to the mob which characterized the Executive during Mr. Gladstone's reign has fortunately come to an end, and members are no longer allowed to be insulted on their way to the House by attempts at ribald intimidation. Within the House, however, the observance of reserve and decorum might perhaps be more steadily cultivated. In such a body, while every member is no doubt theoretically on an equality with others, there are grades of personal importance and authority which, though no one would think of sharply defining them, are easily understood, and which ought to be respected. There are speakers to whom it is a privilege for the House to listen, and there are other speakers who, though they have the privilege to speak, are bound to use it with consideration to others and with some thought of the relative value of what they have to say to that of public time. The disorderly scene which occurred on the first day of the present Session when the members of the House of Commons were on their way to attend the Queen in the other Chamber may perhaps be taken as emblematic of the spirit which is unfortunately manifested by a certain class of members at other times. In going to the House of Lords, the Speaker, preceded by his mace, leads the way, while the Ministers and the chief men on the other side are supposed to attend him closely, and the rest of the members follow in the order of balloting. On Tuesday, although the Speaker was allowed his start, he had, from the headlong chase of the members behind him, some difficulty in

keeping it, and Mr. Disraeli, for one, was jostled out of the running and prevented from reaching the bar of the Lords. It is impossible to imagine anything more discordant with the tone of ceremonious dignity which ought to prevail on such an occasion than the tumultuous rush of members across the lobby in order to get well to the front in the other House. But much the same spirit may sometimes be detected even in the ordinary proceedings of the House. There is a want of respect for the leading men, a self-important obtrusiveness on the part of some members who might be content to remain in the background until they had in some way proved their right to a more prominent position. The usefulness of such a body as the House of Commons must necessarily depend in a large measure on the respect in which it is held by the public, and this will in turn depend on the respect which it shows for itself. It is not required that what are called private members should efface themselves, but simply that they should show a little reticence and modesty in using their opportunities of display.

PARISH REGISTERS.

THE domestic history of the English people for three hundred years before the accession of the reigning Sovereign is recorded, with more or less accuracy and completeness, in about ten thousand sets of volumes, each set consisting at the least of five separate books, and many of them comprising a much larger number. These invaluable and almost unique records are preserved in as many different places as there are sets. An extremely valuable set, just where the London smoke begins to give way to fresh air, was a few years ago lodged in convenient proximity to a patent stove. A very large number are stored in iron boxes, which may be supposed by ill-informed and worse-intentioned persons to contain plate; and a number nearly, or quite, as large as this may be found under the more immediate eye of their legal custodians in private houses. These volumes are, as our readers know, the parish registers of England and Wales. To a certain extent, but it is believed very imperfectly, their contents are preserved in duplicate in the various diocesan registries; but as original public records of almost priceless value, the safeguards for their protection are what we have above described. From the time of the passing of the Registration Act of 1836, the value of the parish register as a public record has been materially lessened. The registration of births and deaths has, for legal purposes, superseded that of baptisms and burials; and the well-known pair of long green books, the visible bane of bridal veils and the hidden stumbling-block of modern novelists, with their compendious introductory work of fiction, narrating under Parliamentary sanction the blissful crowning of the loves of William Hastings and Sophia Ann Mitchell on the 17th of March, 1836, by an entirely apocryphal "Vicar of Mary-le-bone," have replaced in much more elaborate form the single and simple old record how "Thomas Bishop and Susana Goodier were marryed by Banns Januar y^ 27." It would be unfair to future reviewers if we were to indicate the way in which these duplicate, or, as they are in fact, triplicate, entries have proved fatal to the literary claims of many a carefully constructed plot; and in charity to one or two well-known writers we will not tax our memory for instances in point.

The usual set of parish registers consists, as has been said, of five volumes. The first is the general register, which is probably best known by the regulations made with respect to it in the Seventieth Canon. This book, or series of books, commencing at various dates, as will be presently shown, contains all the recorded baptisms and burials till the year 1812, and all the marriages publicly solemnized till the passing of the Marriage Act of George II. in 1753. The second book is the Register of Marriages under the last-mentioned Act from 1754 till the general Registration Act of George III. in 1812; and the three others are the Marriage Register of 1813-1836 and the Registers of Baptisms and Burials still in use. In comparing the value of the personal information contained in these various books it may be said generally that the later registers are very much fuller than the earlier in their record of marriages; that they are on the whole more complete as regards baptisms; and that they fall behind the original registers to a most unsatisfactory degree in the very important matter of burials. They do indeed give the age of the person buried, which is seldom stated in the older books; but, except the mention of his place of abode, they give no other detail by which he may be identified. The greater freedom of an open page, as compared with spaces barred and fettered by lines and columns, was perhaps favourable to the descriptive entries which are frequently found in the old books; and, while "a poore vagabond boy unknown" is a description at least as definite as a workhouse name or an alias, the personality of "Old Francis who work'd in the Gravel Pit" stands out much more clearly, in a register near London, than if the entry had been "Francis Pitman, 70." From the same register may also be gathered many evidences of the practice of sending delicate children from the city to be "nursed" in the fresh air of the villages round.

The chief historical or antiquarian interest belonging to these records centres necessarily in the earliest register of the group, the "one parchment book" of the Canon. However unwelcome its first introduction may have been, and whatever may have been the resistance in some places to State intrusion within the province of the Church, especially where the tax-gatherer appeared in the background, there can be no doubt that the old register is now so highly prized as a local treasure that the shadow of a proposal to transfer the original volumes to the Public Record Office would be the signal for a unanimous protest of angry refusal. When, therefore, we venture to revive a suggestion which was made in official quarters, and locally advocated with some zeal, about a century since, the only form in which it can now be presented is that it would appear very desirable that official copies of the whole of these precious documents should be made, and preserved among the Public Records, illustrated to some extent, and in special cases, with pages in facsimile. For a brief and clear account of the eighteenth-century arguments upon this subject we are indebted to Dr. Nash, the historian of Worcestershire. This able and learned antiquary was fortunately possessed by a Herodotean love for all sorts of incidental digressions from his immediate subject; and he was engaged upon the history of Claines, a parish adjacent to Worcester, when the idea of an excursus upon Parish Registers seems to have occurred to him, suggested, as usual with him, by some local neglect. It appears that a pamphlet had been written by Somerset Herald of the time, Mr. Bigland, "a learned antiquary," containing some curious illustrations of the slovenly way in which the registers were then kept, and many valuable hints for their better management. "All entries," he had urged, "should be more descriptive"; assigning as a reason that their importance as evidence had increased, since "inquisitions *post mortem* are determined by Act of Parliament, and there has been no Heraldical visitation since the Revolution." The magnate of Doctors' Commons could not be expected to think much of the multitude without "coats," whose interests would only be indirectly served by his criticism; but it was by "others," not by Mr. Bigland, that a distinct proposal had been offered, that the Heralds' College should serve as a public repository for the registers. Complaint is made that at that time the registers were "carelessly kept, and often entrusted to the custody of an ignorant conceited parish clerk, who may neglect to make entries, or give what nicknames he pleases." "Old Mother Pummell" and "Tipling Tomlinson" are thus instanced by Somerset Herald, together with "Dr. Johnson's lady," an entry which would more directly provoke his official censure on the ground of its uncertainty.

The original orders for the provision of parochial registers date from 1538, and were rendered necessary in consequence of the dissolution of the religious houses and the cessation of their registers. The first was issued by Thomas Cromwell, the King's Vicar-General; and this order was continued by injunctions of Edward VI., Elizabeth, and James I. In the more important places, and in many other parishes of less note, the registers date from the time of the original order; but this is not found to be the case with the smaller and more retired parishes, and the Canon of 1604 indicates the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth as the earliest date from which the general record might be expected to exist. The register was to be compiled "so far as the ancient books can be procured, but especially since the beginning of the reign of the late Queen." Still the registers were ill kept to a great extent. Parliament interfered under the Commonwealth; registrars were appointed; and the curious entries which must be familiar to many of our readers, beginning "The purpose of marriage having been published," evidence the interposition of the civil power in relation to marriages. At the Restoration the charge of keeping the registers once more devolved on the parochial clergy; but it seems not to have been till after the Revolution that the subject again engaged the attention of Parliament, and in 6 and 7 William III., a duty being imposed on the various entries, the negligent clergy appear to have been for the first time exposed to the terror of the common informer. The commencement of the registers in many of the smaller parishes during the last decade of the seventeenth century is evidently traceable to this cause; but changes were slow to take effect in remote rural districts, and an Act of Indemnity was found necessary for the protection of the defaulting clergy in 4 Anne, c. 12. Instances may be found of the gradual awakening of the country parishes to the liabilities of the clergy under the Act of William in the fair-hand copies of several years in the existing registers, obviously made from very imperfect original memoranda—the name, and occasionally even the sex, of a baptized infant being in some cases left blank.

Except in some central and considerable places it is probable that few of the original registers are now in existence, most of the earlier records being represented by copies, made at various times, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Anne. Sometimes these copies have led to singular antiquarian mistakes. In a small, but ancient, West Midland market-town the traces were believed to exist of an incumbency of almost patriarchal duration, from the pages of the register successively signed, "per me, A. B., Rector.", till some sceptical visitor discovered that the great majority of these signatures were preceded by a hieroglyphic which proved to be "ext^" *i.e.* "extractum." The town registers are of course far more complete and valuable records of English life than those of the country parishes, and those of the suburban parishes, again, are more complete than the provincial. In the original register of a parish near London there appears a record of the execution of Charles I. in its exact place, so entered with a blank margin on every side as to suggest the intention of the writer to surround it with a black border as soon as he could safely do so. A question of some interest in the history of religious opinion is raised by the continual occurrence, in the burial entries of a country town in the early part of the seventeenth century, of the phrase "a creature of Christ." Entries of the burial of infants by name abound; while children who never

lived are described by a word now used only as a medical or legal form; and it has been suggested with some show of reason that the unusual description just quoted may indicate children dying unbaptized. But apart from any matter of historical or public interest which the old registers may contain, many trifling, yet by no means worthless, traits of personal character may be gathered or inferred from them. The neat and precise incumbent is at once distinguished from his offhand or slovenly predecessor; the man of scholarly attainment is known by his little bits of Latin; the seventeenth-century High Church ecclesiastic marks the birth or baptism of his own child by the Church Festival as well as by the day of the month. The domestic parson carefully tells us of a time of home anxiety happily ended, "undecimâ horâ noctis"; and in the case of his eldest born, perhaps, writes "Deo juvante" as well. One incumbent in 1691 has left the really interesting detail of his induction to his benefice "per Thomam Fox, Decanum Decanat: de ffroome," thus indicating a time and place where the official existence and action of the Rural Dean was recognized. A century later, a scholarly archdeacon from Oxford notes from time to time in a few words of graceful Latin the character of some quiet life passed away, or heads the record of his baptisms with a hope adapted from the Greek of the Apocalypse touching another Book wherein *τὰ ὀνόματα αὐτῶν γεγραμμένα εἴη*: while his churchmanship almost gets the better of his charity as he relates, with a too manifestly implied inference, how a parishioner was drowned on the evening of a day when he had been measuring the ground for the new Baptist Chapel.

Now and then the use of the register as the parson's commonplace book produces an effect bordering on the grotesque. On the first page of the Baptismal Register now in use in a small country parish is inscribed, "The Black Italian Poplar by the Fish-pond was planted on the 14th day of January, 1818, being then six feet high, By me, R. E. O——, Curate." "Proh pudor!" adds his successor in 1822; "is this the place for registering a Black Poplar? J. R——, Curate." In the pages of these simple chronicles of bygone time even the ghosts of "the lost eleven days" may almost be recognized as they flit silently and mournfully across the scene; and although an isolated inference here and there is not sufficient to prove a trace of a once obstinate rural resistance to an innovation upon established custom, it is possible that, on a wider comparison of the registers of 1752, some interesting evidence on the subject might be brought to light. But enough may have been already said to show that, on many and very widely differing grounds, it might prove both desirable and useful to inquire into the details of the history of the domestic and social life of England which are still preserved, though practically hidden from sight, in the parish registers.

DIETRICH OF BERN.

WE have no wish to war with the dead, nor should we willingly rake up again a controversy eleven years old either with the dead or with the living. When Mr. Kingsley was Professor of History at Cambridge, we had occasion to speak more than once with some degree of strength of some of the writings which he put forth in that character. The mere fact of his death cannot make those writings better or worse; but a fact which happened some while before his death made a wide difference in the way in which any fair critic would look at them. One act of Mr. Kingsley's life might well be taken as wiping out all old scores on the ground of anything that he said or did as Professor. To put the matter in plain words, he was appointed to an office for which he was unfit, and, when he found out his own unfitness, he gave up that office. We are not speaking without book when we say that Mr. Kingsley gave up his professorship, not from caprice, not from weariness, not from the ambition of any higher post, but from the honest conviction that he had made a mistake in accepting the office at all. An act like this may fairly be set against the original mistake and against any other mistake that followed it. It was the act of a just man, and something more than a just man. It was the act of a man who had clearness of moral vision enough to see what was right even when it told against himself. And it is an act which as yet stands by itself. It is an act which as yet had no imitators, even where an imitation of it would have been most for the welfare of learning. It would be easy to name Professors who are at least as unfit for their posts as Mr. Kingsley was, but whom it has not been found so easy to convince of their own unfitness as it was to convince Mr. Kingsley. We have been led into these remarks on a subject to which we should not have gone back of our own accord, because, in a preface to a new edition of *The Roman and the Teuton*, Professor Max Müller has made some remarks which bear directly on our criticisms of that work when it appeared eleven years ago, and which start one or two points which seem worth examining on their own account. We are not going to review the book again. Indeed we really do not see that Professor Müller's estimate of it really differs very much from our own. We spoke strongly in criticizing the work of a living writer which we thought was likely to do harm to sound learning. Professor Müller writes gently and apologetically in editing the work of a deceased friend. But the two estimates are really as nearly the same as they could be when they were written from two such opposite points of view. Professor Müller "doubts" whether Mr. Kingsley would have wished *The Roman and the Teuton* to be handed down to posterity; from the fact that Mr. Kingsley resigned his professorship we infer that he would not have wished it. But we have no need to argue this point; we have no need to review the book again. Our present business is with Professor Müller, and not with Mr. Kingsley, and if we have to mention Mr. Kingsley's name again, it will be purely accidentally, and because we cannot help it.

We do not find, however, that we have any real question, either of fact or of opinion, to dispute with Professor Müller. Indeed we are not quite sure whether Professor Müller, in defending his deceased friend from certain adverse critics, really referred to ourselves or not. Professor Müller says:—"For instance, Kingsley's using the name of Dietrich instead of Theodoric was represented as the very gem of a blunder, and some critics went so far as to think that he had taken Theodoric for a Greek word, as an adjective of Theodorus." Now it is perfectly true that we did represent the use of the name Dietrich in this case as "the very gem of a blunder"; indeed we used it in illustration of the doctrine that only an ingenious man can make a good blunder. A dull man, we expressly said, would not have spoken of Theodoric as Dietrich in this particular way. But it was not we who hinted that Theodoric had been taken for a Greek word as an "adjective of Theodorus." Indeed we do not know what is meant by Theodoric being an "adjective of Theodorus." What we did hint was that the form Dietrich was used under the notion that Theodoric was, not a Greek word, but a Greek corruption of the Gothic name, and that to write Dietrich was in truth to restore that name to its proper form. Our notion was that the form Dietrich was used because it was the form used in the Nibelungen Lied and by German writers generally, and because it was thus thought to be the truest and most correct form of the name of the Gothic King. Now we need hardly say that Dietrich, the High-Dutch form of the name, was not and could not be the true form of the name of a Goth, and that the usual form Theodoric, even if its vowels have been a little tampered with to give it a Greek look, keeps the right consonants, consonants which are equally Gothic and English. To call Theodoric Dietrich seemed to us to belong to that peculiar class of blunders in which a man, in striving to correct a common usage, goes himself much further wrong than the common usage. Blunders of this kind are always especially amusing, but we repeat that it is not every man who can make them. They can only be made by those who combine half knowledge with real ingenuity. Perhaps we are wrong in our inference. It may have been, as Professor Müller thinks, some quite different line of thought which led to the use of the word in this case; but, granting that the line of thought was what we thought it was, the use of the form Dietrich in this case certainly was a very gem of a blunder of this particular kind. The usual form was the right one; the attempt to correct the usual form was the immediate source of error.

But it is quite possible that we were wrong, and that Professor Müller is right. It may be that the name Dietrich was preferred, in perfect knowledge of the difference between the High-Dutch and the Gothic form, but with the object of pointing out the connexion between the Theodoric of history and the Dietrich of legend. Professor Müller admits that, in such a case, "a few words on the strange mixture of legend and history might have been useful." We should have said that they would have been not only useful, but absolutely necessary. Still it may be as Professor Müller suggests. But he leaves out of sight that we spoke of the use of the form Dietrich as not standing alone, but as being one among several strange descriptions of other people. We thought that, when Theodoric was called Dietrich, it was of a piece with calling the Eastern Emperor the "Kaiser of Byzant," a formula of which Professor Müller gives no explanation. It is possible that it may have been done to suggest the continuity between Justinian and Francis the Second; but here, again, a few words of explanation would certainly have been useful.

But our question with Professor Müller goes a little further. The case is this:—Theodoric, allowing for a slight change in the vowels, is the Low-Dutch, the Gothic and English, form of the same name which in High-Dutch is Dietrich. The obvious rule would be that, in speaking of persons bearing that name, an Englishman should say Theodoric and a German Dietrich. We may add that a Frenchman would say *Thierry*, and a Hollander *Dirk*, those being the forms which the name has finally taken in their several tongues. This is the rule on which we commonly act, when there is no particular reason to the contrary. The conqueror of England will naturally appear as *William*, *Wilhelm*, *Guillaume*, or *Willem*, according to the tongue in which he is spoken of. According to this rule, we should not be at all surprised at finding any German writer speak, like Johannes von Müller, of Theodoric as *Dietrich von Bern*, any more than we should be surprised at his speaking of an English king as *Wilhelm* or *Heinrich*. To speak of Dietrich in English would, from this point of view, be much the same as to say that Abbot *Friedrich* was deposed by King *Wilhelm*. But the case of Theodoric and Dietrich is not quite the same as this. It comes nearer to the case of *Karl*, *Charles*, or *Charlemagne*: but it is not quite the same as that. There is a great historical Theodoric—*Thiederik*, if we mean to be perfectly right—who stands out in history by that particular form of the name above all other bearers of it. There is also a mythical person who stands out as conspicuously in legend by the other form of Dietrich. Here, then, there would at first sight be reason for always speaking of the historical hero as Theodoric, and of the legendary hero as Dietrich. It would seem to be so important to distinguish them that it might be thought

well to call the historical person Theodoric, even in writing High-German, and the mythical person Dietrich, even in writing English. Then comes in the fact that the mythical hero also appears, in another branch of Teutonic literature, in a form which, as contrasted with Dietrich, we may call the same as Theodoric; the *Thjodrekr* of the Edda. And there comes in the much more important fact that the Theodoric of history and the Dietrich of legend have got inextricably rolled into one. The real or supposed deeds of each have been attributed to the other. In speaking of Theodoric, we must not forget his connexion with Dietrich; in speaking of Dietrich, we must not forget his connexion with Theodoric. The thing therefore becomes really puzzling. Unless the matter in hand is so perfectly clear as to exclude all cavil, it is almost dangerous to speak of either hero by either name, without some kind of explanation. One form may be best for the initiated, and another for outsiders. Local nomenclature comes in also as well as personal nomenclature. It is pleasant to find old Tschudi thinking it needful, when he speaks of Verona, to explain that he means "Dietrichsbern in Lamparten." To call Verona *Dietrichsbern* is a short way of calling up a whole crowd of associations in those who know all the Dietrichs and all the Berns; but such a way of speaking would be meaningless to the world in general.

There is then, as far as we can see, no real difference between ourselves and Professor Müller. Professor Muller allows that an English writer should not call Theodoric Dietrich without some explanation. We can conceive cases where it might be well to call Theodoric Dietrich, provided some explanation were given. All that Professor Muller has to say about the name, though very curious and instructive, hardly bears on the point from which the controversy, if we may so call it, first started. The different forms of the name, as collected by Professor Muller, make an amazingly long list, and yet we conceive that it is only meant as a list of forms applied to the one great Theodoric. For it would be easy to make it longer still by taking in all the forms borne by all the bearers of the name. And to Professor Muller's researches we might add that the Gothic name seems, oddly enough, to have got more thoroughly Hellenized in Latin than in Greek hands. In Malchos and Zosimos he appears as Θευδέριχος, which is one degree nearer to the Gothic, though not to the English, spelling than the Theodoricus of the writer whom we are glad to be taught to call the annalist of Ravenna, instead of the awkward formula of the "Anonymus Valesianus ad calcem Ammiani Marcellini." Then the Ravenna annalist tells us that the plate by means of which the King used to sign his name had four letters engraved, for which four letters the annalist gives us five, "Theod." *Th* then was expressed by one letter; but was it, as is commonly assumed, a Greek Θ, or was it the Gothic equivalent which looks more like Ψ? So again it is perfectly true that proper names do not always conform to Grimm's Law, and we might talk for a long while on the question in dispute between Grimm and Professor Muller as to the respective antiquity of High and Low Dutch. It is a great point for Professor Muller's view if he has caught a *Deudorix* and a *Teutiorix* much older than the East-Goth Theodoric, though at the same time we might whisper in his ear not to forget Teutates and Orgetorix. But all this has very little to do with the matter in hand. Let us grant that proper names often sin against Grimm's Law, as they must do when they are carried bodily from one people to another. Let us grant also that the High-Dutch forms may be as old as the Low, or older. But in this particular case, as between the two forms Theodoric and Dietrich, Grimm's Law is strictly observed, and the Low form is, at least in existing writings, older than the High. We are always glad to hear anything that Professor Muller has to say on the subjects of which he is so great a master; but what he says now has really very little to do with the original matter in hand.

But in the last two or three pages of the preface Professor Muller goes away into matters of which he is not so thoroughly master. It is always a weak line of argument to defend the mistakes of a modern writer by saying that he followed the lead of some great earlier writer. Nor is it quite the line of historic study which we should chalk out when Professor Muller says, "The permanent interest attaching to these lectures does not spring from the facts which they give; for these students will refer to Gibbon." There was a time—it may be past—when even the general reader not only referred to Gibbon but read Gibbon. Students, we may hope, will read their Gibbon, and will also refer to, and sometimes even read, Gibbon's authorities. To call Odoacer and Theodoric Kings of Italy, still more to say, as modern writers so constantly do, that they "took the title of King of Italy," turns the history of the times so utterly upside down that the example of Gibbon himself cannot justify it. But it is to be noticed that it is only incidentally that Gibbon ever calls them Kings of Italy. He points out quite clearly, though less prominently than might have been wished, that they never called themselves so. They were kings, but not Kings of Italy; indeed a territorial title like King of Italy was unknown till ages later. The Teutonic king was in formal style "Rex" simply. He is rhetorically "Gothorum Romanorumque regnator," and we even read of Odoacer that "regnavit Italiæ"; but "Rex Italiæ" they never are. The oddest thing of all is that, where Procopius, in describing the death of Totilas, makes the young Goth say to his slayer Asbados, τί τοῦτο, ὦ κύων, τὸν δεσπότην τὸν σαυτοῦ πλήξων ἔρριψας, this appears in Gibbon as "spare the King of Italy." Milman, in a note, points out the strange perversion, and Professor Müller might have added that in *The Roman and the Teuton* Milman is followed and not Gibbon. What Professor Müller means when he says that Gibbon shows how Odoacer "was determined to abolish the useless and expensive office of viceregent of the Emperor" we cannot in the least guess. What Odoacer did, what Gibbon distinctly shows that he did, was to substitute a nominal viceregent of the Emperor—practically, of course, an independent King—for a separate Emperor in Italy. Professor Müller again says:—"In speaking of the extinction of the Western Empire with Romulus Augustulus, Kingsley again simply followed the lead of Gibbon and other historians; nor can it be said that the expression is not perfectly legitimate, however clearly modern research may have shown that the Roman Empire, though dead, lived." This last sentence we do not understand; but to speak of "the extinction of the Western Empire with Romulus Augustulus" undoubtedly is, if properly explained, perfectly legitimate. But if Professor Muller refers to anything that we have said, we can only say that the phrases to which we objected were quite different. We objected to speaking of Augustulus as "the last Emperor of Rome," and to recording the formal reunion of the Western Empire with the Eastern with the comment, "So ended, even in name, the Empire of Rome."

We have only to add that Professor Muller speaks throughout of his reasons for not altering or correcting this or that in the book for which he wrote a preface. He would of course have been quite wrong to correct or alter anything in the text, whatever he might do in the way of corrections, after Dean Milman's fashion, in a foot-note. We cannot say that we agree with Professor Muller as to its being worth while to reprint *The Roman and the Teuton*; but there can be no doubt that, if it was to be reprinted, it was right to reprint it word for word as its author left it.

THE QUAKER'S HAT.

A VERY big book might be written on the part played by the hat in history. If the Mad Hatter of *Alice in Wonderland* had undertaken to write a history of the world, he could have summed up the leading epochs in the development of European civilization under headings designated by the prominent headpiece of each epoch. What better symbol for the old Greek epoch than the *Stephanos*, for the old Roman epoch than the civic crown, for the Byzantine Empire than the diadem, for the middle ages than the Papal tiara, or for the Revolution than the *bonnet rouge*?

Perhaps no other human headpiece has been the cause of so much stir in society as the hat of George Fox, the founder of Quakerism. We have seen the pilgrims at Thonon, in Savoy, kiss the hat which the eager Francis de Sales forgot to put on his head when he started upon his preaching mission against the Calvinists. What would one give to see the far more important hat which George Fox first refused to put off in the presence of the magistrates and ministers of Cromwell's reign? "Proud flesh," says George Fox, "looks for hat honour." The refusal to uncover the head before magistrates, like many other parts of the Quaker ritual, had been intermittently attempted by some of the earlier Puritans. "Saltmarsh was the first," says Dr. King, in his Life of John Locke, "that began to be scrupulous about the hat." It appears, however, from Camden's Annals, that more than a century earlier Hachet and some of the first Marprelates refused, in Elizabeth's reign, to take off their hats before the magistrates. That which was undefined and tentative for a few here and there among the forerunners of Quakerism became a fixed and hard ritual for thousands when it was adopted by the powerful mind of George Fox. He claimed a Divine commandment for his apparent want of respect and politeness. "When the Lord sent me forth into the world He forbade me to put off my hat to any, high or low. O the rage that was then in the priests, magistrates, professors, and people of all sorts! But the Lord shewed me that it was an honour invented by men in the Fall and in the alienation from God, who were offended if it were not given them, and yet would be looked upon as saints." His disciples accepted at once and without hesitation the command to pay no "hat honour" to their neighbours, and were satisfied with the arguments produced by their leader. Before they came into conflict with the higher powers upon this point they had to endure "blows, punches, and beatings for not putting off their hats to men," and often "had their hats violently plucked off and thrown away." Many a good Quaker, George Fox tells us, lost a good hat through his resolute obedience to this novel unsocial ritualism. Many Quaker tradesmen lost their customers at the first, for "the people were shy of them, and would not trade with them, when Friends could not put off their hats, nor bow, nor use flattering words in salutations, nor go into the fashions and customs of the world; so for a time some Friends that were tradesmen could hardly get money enough to buy bread." But when it was discovered that the yea of these queer persons "was yea, and their nay was nay," their customers returned, until the complaint became common in the North of England amongst "envious professors, If we let these Quakers alone, they will take the trade of the nation."

The first occasion on which the Quaker's hat came publicly and officially into trouble was at the Launceston Assizes in the year 1656, before no less a person than Chief Justice Glynn. "When we were brought into the Court," says Fox, "we stood a pretty while with our hats on, and all was quiet, and I was moved to say, 'Peace be amongst you!' 'Why do you not put your hats off?' said the Judge to us. We said nothing. 'Put off your hats,' said

the Judge again. Still we said nothing. Then said the Judge, 'The Court commands you to put off your hats.'" George Fox, with amazing simplicity, asked for some Scriptural instance of any magistrate commanding prisoners to put off their hats. He next asked to be shown, "either printed or written, any law of England that did command such a thing." Then the Judge grew very angry, and said, "I do not carry my law books on my back." "But," said Fox, "tell me where it is printed in any statute-book, that I may read it." The Chief Justice cried out "Prevaricator!" and ordered the Quakers to be taken away. When they were brought before him again, the Chief Justice asked Fox whether hats were mentioned at all in the Bible? "Yes," said the Quaker, "in the third of Daniel, where thou mayst read that the three children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command with their coats, their hose, and their hats on!" Here was a proof that even a heathen king allowed men to wear hats in his presence. "This plain instance stopped him," says Fox. "So he cried again, 'Take them away, gaoler;' accordingly we were taken away, and thrust in among the thieves, where we were kept a great while." After nine weeks' imprisonment "for nothing but about their hats," as the Chief Justice told them, they were again brought before him, grimly wearing the offending headgear. "Take off their hats," said the Judge to the gaoler. "Which he did," says Fox, "and gave them unto us; and we put them on again. Then the Judge began to make a great speech, how he represented the Lord Protector's person, and that he had made him Lord Chief Justice of England." The Quakers were incorrigible. They were sent back to prison, but not really so much for the wearing of their hats as for the suspicion that they were Royalist emissaries affecting religious singularity in order to win their way amongst the extreme Puritans. Indeed, a Major Seely actually gave evidence—false enough—that he had heard George Fox boast that he "could raise forty thousand men at an hour's warning, involve the nation in blood, and so bring in King Charles."

These first public prosecutions for the sake of the hat happened in 1656. In the following year John ap John was put in prison at Tenby for wearing his hat in the church. George Fox went to the mayor, justice, and governor of the prison, and asked them why the Quaker was imprisoned, while the Puritan minister was left in freedom; he had seen the minister "in the steeple-house, with two caps on his head, a black one and a white one, while John ap John had but one." The brims of "the priest's" hat were cut off; the brims of the Quaker's hat were left on "to defend him from the weather." Was the difference in brims cause enough for imprisonment? "These are frivolous things," said the governor. "Why then," replied the patriarch of the Quakers, "dost thou cast my friend into prison for frivolous things?" In the year 1658 many Friends were in trouble in London with Sir Henry Vane, "who, being Chairman of Committee, would not suffer Friends to come in, except they would put off their hats. Now, many of us having been imprisoned upon contempts (as they called them) for not putting off our hats, it was not a likely thing that Friends, who had suffered so long for it from others, should put off their hats for him." Vane, however, did not make so much ado about it as the country justices or the high legal officers had done. After some slight word-conflict, he allowed these quaint irreconcilables to plead before him with covered heads.

George Fox speaks of the Restoration of Charles II. as a judgment-day "upon that hypocritical generation of professors, who, being got into power, grew proud, haughty, and cruel beyond others, and persecuted the people of God" (his periphrasis for Quakers) "without pity. O the daily reproaches, revilings, and beatings we underwent amongst them, even in the highways, because we would not put off our hats to them!" The Restoration did not bring about a total cessation of Quaker persecution, but it brought some amelioration of their condition. The easy-going Charles II., always personally tolerant, was much more amused than offended when the Quakers refused to uncover their heads in his presence. Not only upon Fox himself, but upon Hubberthorn, Ellis Hooke, and several others, the King made a very pleasing impression. In December 1660 Charles granted an interview to Thomas Moore, of Hartswood, who had been a justice of peace, in order to receive a petition upon Quaker suffering. There was much debate amongst the courtiers, in the presence of the King, what they should do with this sturdy Quaker's hat. All agreed that he could not be called in with his hat on, and that he would never take it off himself. Some proposed that it might be removed gently by the Clerk of the Council. The King, the greatest gentleman of them all, declared that the hat should not be taken off at all, unless Thomas himself chose to remove it; no other should take it off. "When I saw the King at the head of the table with the rest of the Council," says Moore, "I made a stop, not knowing but that I might give offence; when one of the Council spoke to me and said, 'You may go up; it is the King's pleasure that you may come to him with your hat on.'" His whole account of the interview shows that there was not a particle of rudeness or impertinent self-assertion in the sturdy Quaker. Six years later, when Adam Barfoot "came out of Huntingdonshire to warn the King," he met Charles at Whitehall, "betimes in the morning, going a hunting." Adam "stopped to the coach-side," says Ellis Hooke, in a letter to Margaret Fell, "and laid his hand upon it, and said, 'King Charles, my message is this day unto thee, in the behalf of God's poor, afflicted, suffering people.'" When he came to the coach-side, the footman took off his hat; "but the King bid him give the man his hat again, and was very mild and moderate." Similar testimonies to the good-natured and gentle manner of Charles II. from men who were the very opposite of courtiers and cavaliers, occur frequently in the autobiographies and letters of the first generation of Quakers.

They were quite as determined to remain covered before Charles's Parliament as before Charles himself. In May 1661, Edward Burrough and two other Quakers were cited before a Parliamentary Committee. There were "some obstructions," says Burrough, "about our hats, which at last were taken off by one of them." A few days later, some members procured four Quakers admittance to plead at the bar of the House against the proposed Bill to "compel certain persons called Quakers to take lawful oaths." By the vote of the House they were called in; "and after some little debate at the door by some of the members about our hats," says Burrough, "the sergeant came and told us, we might come in with our hats on or off, which we would. So into the House we were conducted by him, with our hats on; and within the House near the bar he took them off." The hat had, in fact, become the war-standard of this quaint army of non-fighters, and its victorious maintenance is chronicled always with a kind of gleeful and quiet humour by the Quaker autobiographers.

In the seventeenth century it seems to have been as usual for men to keep the hat on in some assemblies which were not religious as it is now for women to wear their hats or bonnets at all public assemblies. In the account of the meeting of the English "Academy, or Royal Society," in the Travels of the Grand Duke Cosmo, in the year 1669, it is implied that the fathers of scientific congresses conducted their business with their hats on. "They observe the ceremony of speaking to the president uncovered, waiting from him permission to be covered." The refusal of hat-honour by the Quakers was at first a chance testimony against supposed worldly and unreal courtesy; but in time the negative refusal to take off the hat was fossilized into a kind of positive ritualistic symbol; it became the duty of a Friend of God to keep his hat on. When William Penn, a man of utterly different spirit from George Fox, was at the Court of the religious Princess Elizabeth at Herford, in 1677, he argued against hat-honour in the language of his spiritual master. "The hat cloketh" (he said to "a certain Great or Earl") "because it telleth tales. It telleth what people are; it marketh men for separatists; it is a blowing a trumpet, and visibly crossing the world; and this, the fear of man cannot abide." But, when he was closeted with his own sovereign, he spoke of the Quaker's hat in a more courtierly and less pretentious tone. The King asked Penn to give him his own explanation of the difference between their religions, Roman Catholicism and Quakerism. The Quaker answered by pointing out the symbolical difference between the hats worn by the King and by himself. "My hat," said he, "is plain. Thine is adorned with ribbons and feathers. The only difference between our religions lies in the ornaments which have been added to thine." No Quaker of the Commonwealth period could have brought himself to give utterance to such a mild definition of Popery. The Quaker's peculiar hat, after lingering long as an exterior sign of the religion of the wearer, has now nearly wholly disappeared. Whether the refusal of hat-honour is disappearing with the broad-brimmed symbol, we do not know, but we believe that there are some "Friends" who remove their hats to ladies, and we know that there are some who take them off when they visit a church.

We must not omit to mention that the fiercest controversy within the Quaker sect itself in Fox's time was also connected with the hat. The once famous John Perrot determined to out-quaker Quakerism, and to develop it along those lines which Fox had pleased to cut short. Fox often speaks bitterly of this schismatic and of "those that run out from truth with him." Perrot naturally asked, Why, if it were no true honour to neighbours and magistrates to remove the hat to them, it can be true honour to God to remove the hat to Him?—which Fox and his disciples invariably did in prayer. God, said Perrot, does not demand hat-honour, but heart-honour. He spoke too late, however. At the close of the seventeenth century there was no longer sufficient raw material in England for the formation of new sects; the amazing religious productiveness of the nation had come to an end. The general Quaker body remained content with the casuistic arguments provided by their leader for the retention of the inherited habit of uncovering the head in worship. Fox's latest declaration on the subject of the hat was made at Harlingen, in Friesland, in 1677. We quote it for the proverb which he cites:—"The very Turks," says he, "mock at the Christians in their proverb, saying, 'The Christians spend much of their time in putting off their hats, and showing their bare heads to one another.' Now is not the Turk's proverb a reproach to the Christians, and have not you (the Burgomaster and Council of Harlingen) fined and imprisoned many because they would not put off their hats to you, and show you their bare head?"

DR. SCHULTE ON CLERICAL CELIBACY.

THE appearance of a work from Dr. Schulte's pen on Clerical Celibacy (*Der Cölibatszwang und dessen Aufhebung geschichtlich*, Bonn, 1876) is both an important fact in itself, and marks a new phase in the Old Catholic movement in Germany. And, accordingly, the review of it which has just appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, evidently from a friendly hand, directs

attention to its object and probable influence, as well as to its intrinsic interest. It may be remembered that, at the Old Catholic Synod held last year at Bonn, Schulte deprecated any immediate action in this matter, and especially insisted, with obvious reason, that individual priests should not, like Father Hyacinthe, take the law into their own hands. His chief motives for counselling delay were, first, that it was not yet clear how far men's minds were made up as to the compatibility of a married clergy with the Catholic ordinances of the Mass and the Confessional; secondly, that in some countries the Concordats with Rome might involve practical difficulties about the abrogation of the law. He now announces that, if it should happen that the community, whose wishes he is desirous of ascertaining, agree with him, and if no legal difficulties stand in the way, he shall be one of the first to vote for the change, and shall consider that the right time for making it has arrived. On this question of policy it is unnecessary, and indeed scarcely possible, for us to pronounce any definite opinion. It must obviously depend on many detailed considerations of which the Old Catholic leaders can alone be in a position to form a competent judgment. But Dr. Schulte is not a mere agitator or pamphleteer. He does not write to advocate a theory, still less to appeal, as in dealing with so delicate a question would be easy enough, to popular prejudice or passion. He is a canonist and historian of no mean order; and if he desires to see an alteration in what has been for many centuries a fundamental disciplinary institution of his Church, it is because, in the first place, he is prepared to show that, on historical and canonical grounds, the measure is abundantly justified. And here we are glad to observe that his reviewer, whose name is not given, but who speaks as one having authority among the Old Catholics, is quite in accordance with him. He, too, abstains carefully from claptrap arguments or invective, and expressly disclaims all idea of taking a Protestant standpoint. His appeal is to "Holy Scripture and the Œcumenical Councils of the ancient Church," by whose verdict he exhorts the Old Catholics to let themselves be guided. "But as it is clear, and admitted by all Catholic authorities, that the law of celibacy is neither based on Scripture nor on any ordinance of the Universal Church, as also that all decrees on the subject emanated originally from local Synods, and afterwards from Popes, and finally that the invalidity of clerical marriages was first established by a civil law and introduced into the Latin Church by a Papal Constitution at the Lateran Council of 1123, Old Catholicism would condemn itself by indefinitely postponing a decision on this point." There is a slight inaccuracy about the last statement of fact. The earliest sanction of a General Council may have been—though we half suspect the writer was thinking of the smaller Lateran Synods of 1059 or 1074 given at the first Lateran in 1123, but Hildebrand some forty years before had taken the decisive step of making clerical marriage invalid as well as unlawful, which was the turning-point in the whole history of the institution of celibacy. On this we shall have a word to say presently. Meanwhile, we are glad to observe that Schulte's reviewer appeals, as we have no doubt he does himself, not simply to his own party, but to the great body of Roman Catholics. It is certain, he observes, that there are hundreds and thousands of members of the Roman Church who are by no means in harmony with the decrees of the Vatican Council, and would readily lend a hand to any scheme which they thought feasible for the reform of the Church: but the first condition of the success of any such undertaking is the abolition of the law of celibacy, which keeps the clergy in slavish dependence on their superiors, and, above all, on the Pope, who could at any moment abrogate it, but will never do so without having some very strong pressure brought to bear upon him. The writer adds that he will never abandon the hope of seeing the clouds of Vaticanism disperse, and the light shine once more on the millions who are at present overshadowed by it. And he quotes with satisfaction Schulte's assurance that, in publishing this book, he has meant "to discharge a duty to his Catholic brethren and his fatherland, while he leaves the result with confidence in the hands of God." Before noticing the contents of the work, it may be worth while briefly to recall to our readers' recollection the main historical facts of the case.

It is often assumed by Roman Catholic writers and others that clerical celibacy has from the first been the rule, or at least the all but universal practice, of the Church, while they are silent as to any evil consequences or dangers resulting from it, if indeed they do not—as is often the case—indignantly repel such a charge as libellous. Yet only the most complete ignorance of Church history, ancient, mediæval, and modern, can explain or excuse so paradoxical a contention. It is unquestionable that during the early ages bishops and clergy were free to marry, though it is also true, as Mr. Lecky points out, that a feeling, based on certain well-known passages in the New Testament, had existed from the beginning that celibacy was *per se* a higher state than marriage, and therefore better suited for the consecrated ministers of the altar. But that view, whether right or wrong, is a totally different thing from the obligatory rule afterwards imposed in the West. It is also true that from the earliest times the second marriage of priests was discountenanced, if not positively forbidden, being held to conflict with St. Paul's injunction in 1 Tim. iii. 2, 12. This again is, however, quite a different question. Then gradually the notion grew up that married priests should cease after ordination to cohabit with their wives; but the Council of Nice, when appealed to on the subject, refused to impose any such restriction upon them, though some local Synods had already enjoined it. Towards the close of the fourth century Pope Siricius issued in 385 the earliest authentic decretal still extant, strictly interdicting the marriage of the clergy, and Hefele argues that this was rather intended as a confirmation of the existing rule than as creating a new one. Be that as it may, clerical marriage continued for centuries afterwards to be openly practised in the West, though a stigma attached to it; in the East it became the rule that secular priests should be married once, but bishops should be taken exclusively from the regular clergy, who were of course celibates. We may pass over the dark night of immorality and violence which had settled over the Latin Church before the Hildebrandian reforms—"the heavens all blood, the wearied earth all crime," when it was popularly believed that the Last Judgment was at hand—with one quotation from Ratherius, a bishop of the tenth century, who says that, if he were to enforce the canons against unchaste persons administering sacred rites, none but boys would be left in the Church, and if he enforced the canons against bastards, they also would have to be excluded. A Roman Catholic Bishop of our own day, appointed to a South American see, is said to have made a very similar remark on taking possession of his diocese; and the late Archbishop English of Trinidad was generally believed to have been poisoned by his clergy, whose irregularities he was endeavouring to restrain. This brings us to the great reform at the end of the eleventh century which has made the name of Gregory VII. one of the most famous in history, and has drawn upon him such passionate eulogies and such virulent abuse. On the whole, there can be no doubt whatever, among those acquainted with the history of the period, that his panegyrists are much more nearly in the right than his assailants. But that is too wide a question to linger upon here. As regards the particular point we are immediately concerned with, one fact alone, on which two writers so unlike each other and both so strongly opposed to the principle of clerical celibacy as Mr. Lecky and the late Dean Milman are agreed, goes far to justify the energetic, not to say cruel, policy by which he enforced on the priesthood the observance of what had then long been the canonical rule of the Western Church. There was at the time a real and very imminent danger of the clergy sinking into an hereditary caste, which would have destroyed their spiritual influence altogether, and thereby removed the only available check in that feudal age on a crushing tyranny fatal alike to moral and material civilization. That Hildebrand himself was keenly alive to this danger there is ample proof, and it furnishes the best apology for his conduct in the matter, though it supplies no pretext for the perpetuation of his policy under circumstances radically different. We cannot but think that modern assailants of clerical celibacy, in their zeal for a righteous cause, are apt to be unjust to his memory.

It must be admitted, however, that if such desperate measures were, as would seem to be the case, necessary in the eleventh century, the remedy soon proved almost worse than the disease. Scarcely a Council, local or general, met during the next four centuries which did not ring with complaints of the twin clerical vices of simony and incontinence. It actually became a common custom, as it is still, or was very recently, in parts of Germany, for the people to insist on their priest taking a concubine for the protection of their families. There is even a canon extant of a Spanish Synod held at Palencia in 1322, condemning laymen who compel their pastors to do so. The same custom prevailed in Switzerland. And Nicholas de Clemangis, who took a prominent part in the General Council of Constance in 1414, not only notices the practice as a common one, but roundly asserts that the laity were persuaded that priests *never* lived a chaste life, and, where no evidence of concubinage could be detected, assumed as matter of course their indulgence in more heinous sins. The passage is a very startling one, but will hardly bear quotation, even in the original Latin. We shall not proceed here to examine the moral condition of the Roman Catholic clergy in our own day, but it is quite certain and perfectly well known to the ecclesiastical authorities that in some parts of Europe, and still more in South America, their manner of life is only too like what was openly denounced by a host of mediæval writers. At the same time it would be most unfair to deny that there is another side to the picture, and that the celibate system, in its action on higher natures, has produced very different effects. As Mr. Lecky puts it, "no body of men has ever exhibited a more single-minded and unworldly zeal, refracted by no personal interests, sacrificing to duty the dearest of earthly objects, and confronting with undaunted heroism every form of hardship, of suffering, and of death." Yet it is obvious to remark that, on the one hand, even such advantages may be too dearly purchased, and on the other, that men may, and often do, voluntarily dedicate themselves, like *e.g.* the late Bishop Patteson, to a single life of unselfish devotion to the spiritual and temporal welfare of their fellows when no rule of celibacy is imposed. However, we are not now engaged in discussing principles, but in recording facts.

Professor Schulte, as we gather from his reviewer, has carefully examined the bearings of the existing rule on the position of the clergy of his Church, and is prepared to show that it is on the whole most prejudicial to their character and influence. He will probably carry with him many of his co-religionists in his strictures on the mischievous effects, both moral and intellectual, of the narrow system of separate seminary education of the clergy from early boyhood, which is said to be rendered necessary by the celibate rule. He complains that one consequence of this method of training is that the majority of them read nothing but a few Ultramontane newspapers and religious books, and are wholly

devoid of literary culture or capacity. Another very disastrous result—which is indeed notorious—is that the great majority are drawn exclusively from the lower classes of society, and that their tastes are coarse and frivolous when not actually vicious. He adds, reasonably enough, that the present system of clerical education conspicuously disqualifies the priesthood for the office they are always anxious to claim, and do very frequently discharge, of educating others. And he appears to anticipate that an important step would have been made towards the ultimate reunion of the Catholic and Protestant Churches if this great difference of practice had ceased to exist between them, though he takes care to guard himself against being supposed to advocate any merging of Old Catholicism in Protestantism. We have probably said enough to convince our readers that Dr. Schulte's work is remarkable both in itself and in the circumstances of its appearance. We shall watch with interest the impression it produces on those to whom it is primarily addressed. Nor will Roman Catholics generally be able altogether to ignore such a challenge issuing, for the first time almost since the Reformation, from a learned and influential writer in their own ranks, who has grown up and lived to mature age in the midst of the system which he comes forward to condemn, and who was for years the authorized exponent, under high ecclesiastical sanction, of that canon law to which it owes its origin and its validity. They may perhaps remember the saying of a canonized Saint, whose name has escaped our memory, that two-thirds of the priesthood would lose their souls, one-third for avarice, the other for incontinence. That seems a startling comment on the operation of the existing law.

THE STORY OF THE BREMERHAVEN EXPLOSION.

THE magistrates of Bremen have published a long statement of the result of the inquiry made by them into Thomas's proceedings, and they have collected many curious particulars, although they have not made any important addition to the facts which were known soon after the explosion. It appears probable that Thomas had made money by running the blockade or otherwise during the American war. He married and lived for some years comfortably, but his means were reduced by unlucky speculations, and, to retrieve his fortune, he contrived a plan of fraudulent insurance, and, when this last hope was defeated by the premature explosion, he yielded to despair and attempted suicide. The magistrates of Bremen do not know, and therefore cannot tell us, who were the confederates or what were the means on which Thomas relied to make his murderous scheme adequately profitable. Neither at Southampton nor anywhere else in England have the goods been discovered which Thomas stated were to have been sent on board the *Mosel*, nor has any trace been found of his alleged accomplice, Skidmore.

He made the acquaintance of his wife at St. Louis in 1865. He was then wealthy and popular in good society. After a short acquaintance he married her. He evaded such questions as she asked as to his previous life. They came together to Germany in January 1866. Their movements from place to place in Germany are traced from that time to the occurrence which made these movements interesting. They visited various places together, and he went to more places alone. During visits to Leipsic and Dresden he associated with the most respected American families, and there are no signs that he had communications with suspicious persons. Apparently rich, good-natured, and jovial, he was cultivated, but without success, by gamblers, and plied with begging-letters. His domestic life was on the whole happy. In 1868 he deposited with a banker at Leipsic 35,000 thalers, which he afterwards transferred to Messrs. Baring, who became his bankers in 1869. This balance in their hands gradually declined until by the end of 1873 it was only 1,619 dollars. When this sum was gone Thomas was supposed to be devoid of means, and dishonoured bills of his are now in the hands of German bankers. There is no proof that he planned the destruction of ships previous to 1875. The *City of Boston* was lost in 1870 between New York and Liverpool, but it has not been proved that Thomas had any interest in her cargo or received any of the insurance money paid on it. Early in 1873 Thomas, who then lived in Leipsic, called upon a clockmaker of that city to inquire whether he could be supplied with a noiseless clock that would run eight or ten days and then strike a single blow. The order was declined, but by the end of 1874 he had a clock made to suit him at Vienna. From this clock, as model, a large instrument was made at Bernburg, and this was destroyed in the explosion. In December 1874 Messrs. Krebs, manufacturers of dynamite, at Kalk, near Cologne, received a visit from a gentleman calling himself Garcie, of Kingston, Jamaica, who ordered a quantity of lithofracteur. Garcie was an *alias* for Thomas. In March 1875 the same person appeared at Kalk, and received seven hundred pounds of lithofracteur wrapped in parchment and packed in pasteboard boxes of five pounds each. It appears that boxes containing the lithofracteur thus obtained were brought by rail to Leipsic and placed in a storehouse rented by Thomas in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Pologne. He purchased a chest, and a journeyman cooper who assisted him saw it partly filled with small parcels in grey paper. When the chest was packed, it was sent by rail to Bremerhaven, where it was put on board the German Lloyd steamer *Rhine*, which left for New York on 5th June. The chest was stated to contain hardware. On 4th June Thomas wrote to Messrs Baring requesting them to insure for property shipped by him on board the *Rhine* value 9,000*l.*, and Messrs. Baring, on the 7th of June, informed him that they had insured accordingly, adding that they would be glad to know the nature of the property and how it was packed. To this letter no reply was sent. Thomas went to Liverpool *vid* London, and on the 10th of June embarked for New York, where he found the *Rhine* and in it his chest. It was placed in bonded warehouse for re-exportation, and being opened for this purpose Thomas declared that it contained cement. No clockwork was noticed at the hasty inspection made by the Custom-house officers on this occasion. On the 26th of June Thomas returned to England, and in August he joined his family at Dresden. About the same time he purchased a further supply of lithofracteur and some other articles of Messrs. Krebs, and had some additional apparatus made at Dresden. In October he spent a week in Liverpool, having with him two chests, two small boxes, very heavy, and a bag. He took a ticket for New York in the steamer *Celtic*. He then instructed agents to insure for him two chests full of twenty-dollar pieces, worth 6,000*l.* The Company to which the agents applied wished to have the dollars counted out before them, on which Thomas found the premium too high, and declined. He tried to effect the insurance at another Office, but the same difficulty arose. On this Thomas, with his two pretended chests of coin, which, it is said, really contained small shot, embarked in the *Celtic* for New York. It appears from the letters of Thomas's wife that this journey was not originally intended, and it is likely that he would have returned to Dresden if he had succeeded in effecting the insurance. In New York he instructed a broker to send back to Bremen by the *Rhine* the chest which had been deposited in the bonded warehouse, and he himself returned to Germany by the *Frisia*. The chest arrived at Bremerhaven on November 11, and it was sent on to Bremen, where Thomas obtained possession of it.

The preparations for the final and fatal attempt were made at Bremen. Thomas had the clock-work cleaned, and repacked his chest in a rented stable. It appears that the machinery was placed in a barrel and covered with pasteboard boxes, which, no doubt, contained lithofracteur. A workman employed to close this barrel was about to use a longer nail than Thomas intended, thinking it would be more secure. "Thomas in a great fright tore him away from his work." If he had knocked in that longer nail he would have made an end of himself and Thomas, and perhaps of part of the town of Bremen. This barrel must have been placed in the chest already mentioned, as it is known that the explosion was caused by a chest sent from Bremen to Bremerhaven, registered by Thomas for New York, and directed to "Charles J. Harvey." Thomas gave the contents as caviare, and insured it for 150*l.* The explosion reduced the contents of the chest to atoms, yet a small piece of brass was found which may have been part of the case containing the springs. The clockmaker thinks that the mechanism was hardly strong enough to retain its hold of the spring with such a concussion as a fall. It seems that Thomas intended to have sent the chest by the *Deutschland*, which left Bremen on 4th December, and was wrecked on the Kentish Knock; but he was prevented by the clockwork not being in order. On 4th December he wrote to his wife that he would be detained at Bremen another week, and added, "Oh! if I had lots of money what a good time we could now have with such pretty dear good children." He writes again to his wife on 11th December (Saturday), saying that he had made his arrangements to be at home on Thursday or Friday, to remain quietly with those he loved so much, and he added that he was going in the meantime to Hamburg. This may have been merely to conceal his intention of going to Southampton.

It appears, on the whole, that the difficulty of effecting large insurances is likely to defeat these plans for maintaining a wife and family in affluence by wholesale murder. Thomas had spent largely in two unsuccessful attempts, and a third failure would have ruined him. He had no particular malice against the passengers or crew of the *Mosel*, but he probably said to himself, "They or I must die." We cannot be sure whether he expected an explosion on board the *Rhine*; but the chest was in her, and he had insured for "property on board" to the value of 9,000*l.* He wrote to Messrs. Baring on June 4, and the steamer, with the chest, left Bremerhaven next day. When she left he must have expected to effect a remunerative insurance, and he could not know until he heard from Messrs. Baring, three or more days later, that any difficulty would arise. It seems, therefore, probable that the *Rhine* was destined to destruction, but escaped by some imperfection in the explosive mechanism. He crossed the Atlantic in another steamer, the *Republic*, and, as we have seen, reclaimed his chest. If the *Rhine* had been lost and a claim made there would have been the awkward fact against him that Messrs. Baring had asked as to the nature of the property, and had received no answer. In his second attempt both he and his machine must have been on board the *Celtic*, but he had time to make it safe before embarking. If it had not been for the troublesome desire of the underwriters to see the gold they were asked to insure, he would probably have arranged for the explosion and disappeared at the last moment. But here again there would have been suspicious circumstances to obstruct the realization of the expected profit. As regards the third attempt, we do not entirely know what he did in the way of insurance. He might have put his chest safely on board, and the clockwork might have acted at the right time and in the right way, and yet he might not have

stood to win anything beyond 150*l.* on the dangerous game. Inquiries in New York may perhaps discover important facts, but the inference at present rather seems to be that he was working alone, and so could not work effectually. There was of course always the risk that, from failure of mechanism, the explosion might not come off; but the greater risk seems to have been that it might come off unprofitably. The result, therefore, of this elaborate inquiry is to some extent satisfactory; and, now that underwriters are thoroughly warned, it would be almost impossible to effect a fraudulent insurance without leaving in their hands some clue by which the perpetrators of the fraud may be discovered. Probably the *City of Boston* perished by such a fraud; but the brilliant invention has now been considerably generalized. The difficulty lies, not in destroying a ship, but in making money out of her loss. The German police have ascertained that their compatriots perished by an explosive made at home, but to America belongs the perverted ingenuity which applied it to this murderous design.

THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

IN this concluding article we propose to give a brief sketch of the English school as seen, in unusual amplitude and variety, in the Exhibition of the present year. We have reserved till now the mention of Vandyck, because in numerous full-length portraits, such as those of "Prince Maurice of Bavaria" (104) and "Prince Rupert of Bavaria" (112), the nephews of our Charles I., we trace back to the seventeenth century a branch of art planted and patronized in England. These and other like examples are far from first-rate in quality, yet it is impossible not to admire the court-like presence, the graceful bearing, the head and turn of the heads, the pendant attitude of the hands in figures evidently posed for portraiture and posterity. Then followed a decadence so low in art and yet so exalted in self-satisfaction as to seem all but beyond redemption. Voluptuous, and after the meretricious manner of Sir Peter Lely, is the "Portrait of the Duchess of Cleveland" (24). Afterwards Sir Godfrey Kneller, a fit precursor of the Brunswick House and the Georgian era, reduced art to wood, buckram, the style of the signboard and the figure-head, as may be seen in "A Portrait signed and dated G. Kneller, fecit" (257). Yet Kneller at his best had a certain noble knock-down way of dealing with his sitters, and Reynolds, even when leading the fashion of the day, was met with the rebuke, "Ah, Reynolds, this will never answer; why, you do not paint in the least like Kneller. Shakspeare in poetry and Kneller in painting!" Sir Godfrey Kneller, wise in his generation, struck a note to which too many of our English artists down to the present day have heartily responded, when he said, "Painters of history make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live." Reynolds, and other Presidents of the Academy, dead and alive, have acted up to this maxim.

Hogarth was the first to bring true English character into a portrait gallery. "Peg Woffington, the Actress" (54), dressed picturesquely with wide hat edged with lace to shade a pretty face, looks a coquette, and yet a village maiden. Hogarth is here betrayed into refinement; how liquid is the colour, and how free and firm the handling! This buoyant and burlesque genius has been too exclusively regarded as a mere caricaturist; it is hardly recognized how much his satires on society owe their sting to a pencil keen as a sword, yet gentle as a feather. Offhand sketchiness, broad character, and transient action are more conspicuous in "The First Performance of the *Beggar's Opera*" (100), lent by Mr. John Murray. Allan Cunningham relates that Hogarth had a ready way of making sketches on his thumb-nail, which memoranda he was accustomed to carry home and expand at leisure. This scene from the *Beggar's Opera*, Captain Macheath singing "Which way shall I turn me? how shall I decide?" may easily have been hit off on the spot upon the ten nails of the artist's fingers. "The Portrait of the Painter's Wife" (98), who made a runaway marriage from the house of her father, Sir James Thornhill, is not painted as lovingly as might have been expected; we do not recognize in the head and bust very much of the Hogarth "line of beauty." But in these galleries the artist treads, as was his boast, in a path which lies half-way "between the sublime and the grotesque."

Reynolds next steps upon the stage; his master, Hudson, has one portrait (4), just a little above hopeless mediocrity. English art is known to have been at the lowest depth when Reynolds came to its rescue. No less than thirty pictures attest the infinite variety of the painter, the consummate art by which he captures nature in ways apparently artless. Yet the first President of the Academy has perhaps received overmuch adulation. His "Discourses," though they take rank among English classics, are behind the standard of subsequent criticism, especially in Germany and France. His own pictures are certainly not always above censure; thus the family group of "Richard and Harriet Eliot, with all their Children" (3) must be pronounced early and inartistic. We may just mention that Captain Hamilton adds to the compactness of the composition by carrying one of the younger children on his back! Nor do we think it in the best of taste that "Miss Morris" (18), though unmarried, should be portrayed in the maternal act of giving suck to an infant at her breast; the title, or excuse, however, is that "Hope nurses Love" (18). Yet the art is consummate, and a touching story, ending in early death, tells of beauty without a taint. It used to be said, and with truth, that Sir Thomas Lawrence—here represented by animated and vivid heads of men (146)—made his ladies so fine as to suggest the idea of doubtful reputations; but Reynolds, on the contrary, diffused the utmost sentimentality and refinement over sundry works such as "The Portrait of Kitty Fisher as Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl" (39). The lady is even coy; and as for the touch, the colour, the gentle and graceful flow of the lines, and the relation between the figure and the background, we can scarcely conceive of anything more tasteful or artistic. Yet, despite his aspirations after the grand manner, Reynolds at his very best was not quite Titian, and was something less than Michael Angelo. But, as a man of the world and of society, he adroitly adapted his art to his sitters; thus from "Mrs. Nisbett as Circe" (34), graceful as the Graces, he passed at his ease to "Lord Thurlow" (142), of whom it was said, at least when the Chancellor's wig was on, that no man could possibly be as wise as Lord Thurlow looked. Of course Reynolds was eclectic; yet to steal from nature is not stealing, and to steal from the Greeks is but petty larceny. The portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Bouverie (103) is Grecian in pose and cast of drapery. How much Reynolds knew of the Greeks biographers do not tell us. Possibly in this composition, evidently arranged on a classic formula, he owed somewhat to his rival, Romney, who, between Greek vases and Lady Hamilton, managed to give a composite version of neo-classic styles.

In this year's Exhibition Romney manifests supreme skill in the arrangement of graceful lines and in the modelling of lovely forms. We are pleasantly taken back to times when beauty in art went hand in hand with nature. There has never, save in classic *relievi* or in the designs of Flaxman and the hundred works of Wedgwood, been seen a composition more harmonious in proportion or in movement than what may be termed a garland of dancing children, portraits of "The five Children of the second Earl of Sutherland" (70), lent by the present Duke. Raffaelle did something akin with a circlet of dancing figures, a composition repeated by Marc Antonio and Giulio Romano. Romney must have had an exquisite sense of what may be called pictorial rhythm when he linked together the graceful and well-poised arms and hands of these pretty personations of the muse Terpsichore. But Romney invariably errs in colour—a failing all the more remarkable because his sense of relation in other respects was in balance. This may be seen by "The Portrait of Emma Lyon, or Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton, seated at a Spinning-wheel" (240). Here is a Cenci-like pallor as of Guido, with the classic line of Flaxman in the figure; and the play of the hands about the spinning-wheel is sensitive and musical as the hands of St. Cecilia. Every one has seen countless pictorial panegyrics on this siren, but we do not remember any which so well serves to save her from the character of the courtesan. It is said that poor, infatuated Romney "had no Cassandras or Magdalens or Mirandas in his imagination" except when this lady of his idolatry was pleased to enter his studio. But the story is too old to be told afresh. Gainsborough once again is only less varied than Reynolds. Queen Charlotte and her three daughters (282–3, 4, 5) are pictures which show how nature may be aided by art. How sketchy, yet complete, is the execution; how free the hand in facile play among the hair; no line retouched or corrected. The colour, too, sometimes in Gainsborough a little crude and chalky, is here liquid and transparent; the technique also is varied, passing from a thin wash to solid impasto, as of enamel. As a rule, Royal portraits, at least since the time of Charles I. and Vandyck, prove melancholy failures, partly because the subjects are unfavourable; also because crowned heads seem to frighten artists. Never in the history of English art has there been, as is here once more made manifest, so happy a conjunction of the planets as when Reynolds, Romney, and Gainsborough rose above the horizon; yet of them it may be said that one star differeth from another star.

Some few portraits deserve to be known as well for the sitters as for the painters. We have, for example, no less than four versions of David Garrick; among National Portraits at South Kensington there were five. That by Dance, R.A. (60) is naturally the worst; the version of the character is mean. Hogarth, too, has shown bad taste, although he seizes on the versatile player in the very act of penning "The Prologue to Taste" (88). Hogarth at his best was a colourist, but here he is at his worst. From Windsor Castle comes Garrick as "Kitely," in Ben Jonson's play of *Every Man in his Humour* (57), by Reynolds. The more celebrated portrait of "Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy," by the same artist, is absent. David Garrick also fell into the hands of Gainsborough (59); Mrs. Garrick pronounced this "the best portrait ever painted of her Davie." Among other celebrities we have to record a coarsely modelled head of "Lord Byron" (233), by Phillips, R.A., lent by Mr. John Murray. Here is also an indifferent likeness of Southey (230), by Opie, R.A.; a transcript in marble of this singular countenance, keen as a razor and pert as a little thing asking a question and not pausing for a reply, stands in Bristol Cathedral. Opie, "the Cornish Boy in tin mines bred," has, by the rude naturalistic force of his hand, immortalized a "Housekeeper" (47). This master-work scarcely suffers by comparison with the massive and grandly painted head of Van Tromp (255), by Rembrandt. Opie, though supposed to have been improved by his Quakeress wife Amelia, was more of an educated mechanic than a poet. Occasionally he ventured beyond his tether, and it must be conceded that the experiment in

colour in the "Red Boy" (41) is raw and repulsive. Gainsborough showed a more sensitive eye in the parallel problem in "blue" known as the "Blue Boy."

The English school of subject compositions has comparatively few examples. Here, however, is Fuseli with a vengeance, of whose art it might be said, as of the book of a certain English divine, that it came like the law unto Moses on Mount Sinai amid thunders and lightnings. Had we not here actually before us "The Scene from *Macbeth*" (248) and "Psyche passing the Fates" (250), we should have deemed such Bedlam ravings beyond the reach of art or reason. Fuseli's writings are unjustly neglected, but it has been truly said that his genius, "like a meteor, loved to shine upon impassable places, and to lighten the darkness of that region which forms the border-land between sense and absurdity." Etty's "Storm" (261) appears supremely grand in movement and resistless power of wave. The emotion evoked is akin to that of the tempest by Giorgione in the Academy at Venice. We are at a loss to know how a plain man like Etty could, here and elsewhere, have compassed such grand conceptions. He was doubtless greatly indebted to Venice, and yet he is more than decorative. Newton, of whom we never see enough, has a skilful Dutch-like composition, rivalling, if not surpassing, Leslie, R.A.—namely, "The Vicar of Wakefield reconciling his Wife to Olivia," lent by the Marquis of Lansdowne. Of interest in several ways is Angelica Kauffmann's portrait of her ardent admirer "Sir Joshua Reynolds" (45). Yet assuredly the lady must have been much more delightful than her pictures are admirable.

The landscapes, though less important than usual, serve to illustrate the character of the English school onwards from the Anglicized-Italian style of Wilson (37). Of Crome there are seven specimens. "The Barge" (22), lent by Mr. Fuller Maitland, is, in point of composition, colour, and quality, something more than the Dutch masters, and scarcely less than Turner at his best. By Turner himself there is the literal yet romantic "View of Lowther Castle" (33), lent by the Earl of Lonsdale. As an indication of the artist's mode of work—conscientiousness and license combined—it may be interesting to know that most careful studies for the foreground trunks and foliage, exquisite in line and truthful in detail, are known to exist. Hence it happens that there is often as much to find out in a picture by Turner as in a landscape fresh from the hand of nature. Also deserving to be conned carefully are some small studies by Wilkie (26-99), and by Mulready (20); all of which prove, if proof were needed, how artists in all times have achieved greatness only at the cost of ceaseless labour. "Pre-Raffaelitism," so called, is, in fact, not peculiar to time or place; it existed long before Mr. Ruskin discovered it. The best work which we can recall by Barker of Bath—a landscape which leads us to think that he must have looked intently at old Crome—is "The Clover Field, with Woman and a Donkey in the Foreground" (69), another choice work due to Mr. Fuller Maitland. A word may be added as to a class of pictures peculiar to our English school; compositions which combine landscape with portraiture, such as the "Portrait of Lady Catherine Clinton" (263), by Reynolds, and analogous works by Gainsborough. This practice of backing up portraits by trees and fields has within the last few days been rather severely criticized by Mr. Armitage in his well-matured Lectures on Painting at the Royal Academy. But in reply it may be urged, in favour of the treatment of Reynolds and Gainsborough, not to go back to Raffaello and others, that landscape accessories let in light; the face is illumined by day; moreover, the spectator's eye is carried out into space, and thus the head and figure are not cribbed and imprisoned in a dark four-cornered space, as was the practice with the "black masters." It is but natural that landscape, an art supreme in England, should have been made the ally of portraiture. In bidding adieu to this instructive and pleasantly varied collection, we express the hope that there is no foundation for the general rumour that the present Exhibition is the last.

ANNE BOLEYN AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A CRITIC is nothing if not critical, and it may be admitted that many of the exceptions taken to Mr. Tom Taylor's new play may be justified on the assumption that a high standard of excellence ought to be imposed on him. But, looking at the matter practically, we observe that this is a much better play than *Joan of Arc*, and nearly as good as *'Twixt Axe and Crown*, which, whatever were its merits, was undoubtedly successful. It seems to be forgotten that Mr. Tom Taylor did not undertake to do more than produce a reasonably good play for a theatre which has for several seasons been lamentably deficient in successful novelties. We have so often protested against the loose, careless way in which dramatists who have once established their reputation are content to write, that it seems fair to acknowledge the merit of this play before pointing to its defects. Mr. Tom Taylor has aimed high, and he has obtained considerable, although not complete, success. It is unsafe to judge a play by a first night's performance; and, although we may wonder that he did not see beforehand that some things were unnecessary, or even absurd, yet he has seen this afterwards, and has cut these things out. No doubt the play as first performed was too long by half-an-hour; but when we hear sweeping complaints that it is "talky," and suggestions for throwing two acts into one, we feel tempted to inquire what people who are so chary of their time at the theatre do with it before or after the performance. This impatience of modern English audiences makes a great difficulty for the dramatist, who has nothing like the same scope in his work as is allowed to his brethren in France, or as was enjoyed by our own dramatists of the Elizabethan age. If Hamlet's speech, "To be, or not to be," could now be delivered for the first time at a theatre, some critic in the next day's papers would be sure to recommend that what he would call "the pruning-knife" should be applied to it. A man could probably eat as much as is good for him in twenty minutes; but it is not usually considered waste of time to prolong a dinner to an hour or more.

Let us take, in the first place, a character of this play which has received unanimous commendation. The Spanish Envoy, as represented by Mr. Arthur Cecil, is a Frenchman, and that is the only fault, if it be a fault, that can be found with him. There is not a line too much, nor a word or gesture that is not appropriate. The play would be worth seeing for this character alone, and the author not only invented it, but contrived circumstances to display it. In contrast to the subtle intrigues of Chapuis against Anne Boleyn, Mr. Howe, who has seldom appeared to such advantage, exhibits the outspoken enmity of Norfolk to the niece who has eclipsed the glory of his immediate house. Further, if we take the first act by itself, there can, we think, be no question as to its merit. "The Howard blood spoke in her there" is the best description of Anne Boleyn in this act. Whether the real Anne Boleyn could have so spoken may perhaps be doubted. But she shows herself in this act as a bright jewel fairly set. Her scorn of Percy when he shows signs of yielding his love for her to his father's threats is admirable. She would read in the heart of him whom she is to call husband two words only—"truth" and "manhood"—and, having overheard his talk with his father, she has seen to the bottom of the hearts of both. We may at least say that the spirit she shows in this scene is worthy of the mother of Queen Elizabeth; and if the purpose of the play be to exhibit the character of Anne Boleyn, real or ideal, this scene, or even the whole act, can hardly be called superfluous. When the curtain falls at the end of it, the spectator who is not pleased and interested had better perhaps depart; for, unless he can accept this treatment of the subject, he is not likely to be satisfied with what follows. Anne Boleyn is the author's heroine, and if there is too much of her in this play, it might almost be said that there is too much of Hamlet in the play which bears his name. A dramatist should have a purpose and keep to it, and then he is likely to be to some extent successful. The critics who explain to Mr. Tom Taylor what he ought to have done and how he ought to have done it may hope that he and they may live long enough to see some of their suggestions adopted in some other play.

When we observe how difficult it sometimes is to arrive at the truth in investigations of matters near our own time, we may feel only moderately interested in the attempts of historians to decide for us the question of Anne Boleyn's guilt or innocence, especially where these historians are deficient in the faculty of weighing evidence. The current belief has been that she was judicially murdered, and there is truth and force in Chapuis' remark that, between tyrannies, he prefers that which is free from forms of law. Where my great master reigns, he says,

> We look the one will naked in the face,
> And bow to it or break, and there an end.

Still it must be remembered that these forms of King Henry's time were realities before and afterwards. The Duke of Norfolk describes Anne's demeanour before the Court over which he presided; and it is strange that those who summarily condemn the fifth act should not have been moved by this picture of youth and beauty—for we will not assume innocence vainly seeking among those stern-eyed judges to find a friend. We must, however, confess to some irritation at the anti-Papist and Protestant claptrap which Anne is made to utter earlier in the play; and it may be allowed that a critic overdone with the Archbishop and the baby on the first night might pardonably yield to impatience before the curtain fell. The best answer to the charges brought against Anne after marriage is her freedom from reproach before it. She might have been the King's mistress, and she preferred to wait six years to be the King's wife. Her indecent exultation when at last the King became or thought himself free to marry her was at worst only saying what others would have been content to feel. She had the Church of Rome, the Spanish Court, and nearly half the English nation for her enemies, and we may infer, from the course of political and religious controversy in our own time, that she could have had no chance of justice between these malignant influences and the cooling passion of the King. When the Seyyid saw at Windsor Castle the portrait of this sovereign, Dr. Badger told him that that was the King who abolished the Roman Catholic religion in England. From the same point of view it might be said that Anne Boleyn was the Queen who made the Bible free. There is in the statement at least thus much of truth, that she provoked, by her patronage of Reformers, animosity which would have brought her, if it saw the chance, to disgrace and death without the least regard to her guilt or innocence of the charges made against her. As Mr. Tom Taylor says in his preface, the character and life of Anne Boleyn have been a battle-ground of religious parties, and we might add that historical truth is equally little to be expected from either side.

The modern tendency to exalt the King's character proceeds

rather from a love of paradox or a desire to show ingenuity than from religious or political partisanship; but as the King, from whatever cause, rises, the Queen must fall. We can readily believe that his subjects thought little of faults of which some modern writers have made much. He seems to have strongly held the sanctity of the marriage tie; but probably a queen, if she must choose, would rather that her husband should desert her than that he should cut off her head. As Hume puts it, this King seldom thought of any other attachment than that of marriage, and in order to attain this end he underwent more difficulties and committed greater crimes than those which he sought to avoid by forming that legal connexion. The method of King Charles II. was, on the whole, preferable to that of King Henry VIII. A libertine on the throne is better than a murderer.

Mr. Tom Taylor has been sharply criticized for violating both history and probability in this play; and therefore it deserves notice that, although he professes to have been guided by newer lights, his view of Anne Boleyn's conduct nearly agrees with that taken by Hume; and we may be sure that Hume, although he may not be the highest authority on history, would not adopt a story inconsistent with common sense. Anne, says Hume, became pregnant soon after her marriage, and this event was regarded by the people as a strong proof of the Queen's former modesty and virtue. She was married in November, 1532, or later, and she was beheaded in May, 1536. In the Tower she revealed some indiscretions and levities, which her simplicity, says Hume, equally led her to commit and to avow. Then follows a summary of this confession, in which the names of Norris, Weston, and Smeaton occur, and it reads almost like a description of certain scenes in Mr. Tom Taylor's play. The evidence against the Queen is dismissed by Hume as "palpable absurdities," which however were regarded, he says, by the peers of England as sufficient reason for sacrificing an innocent Queen to the cruelty of their tyrant. Had she been lost to all prudence and sense of shame, as was implied in the King's accusation, she must have exposed herself to detection and afforded her enemies some evidence against her. If this argument should not suffice, Hume adds another, which goes a long way. The King, he says, made the most effectual apology for her by marrying Jane Seymour the very day after Anne's execution.

This is not the place for examining Mr. Froude's history of this period, but if it be compared with that of Hume, we do not think that the older writer will suffer by the process. Mr. Froude is able to print the indictment actually found against Anne Boleyn by a grand jury, which charges her with incest with her brother, and adultery with four different persons, and all within the space of little more than two years. He also prints the names of the grand jurors, because, he says, "if the indictment was unjust, it stamps their memory with eternal infamy." But if he cannot see the extravagant and unnatural absurdity of this indictment, he wants the faculty of common sense. He would, we suppose, admit that during the earlier part of Anne's married life her husband was fond of her. She had a daughter born alive and a son born dead whom the King acknowledged, and this jury are assumed by Mr. Froude to have been capable of believing that she favoured five lovers besides her husband. The subject will not bear dwelling on, and a sufficient answer to all that Mr. Froude suggests as to the Queen's trial is supplied by what he says in reference to Sir Thomas More:—"The pageant was over, for such a trial was little more."

Mr. Tom Taylor is certainly chargeable with putting into Anne's mouth pretty much as a mere caricature for Queen Catharine which how much his satires on society owe when an author has written as a sword, yet [illegible] touches of compassion [illegible] th at which we do not believe she spoke. But [illegible] endled sig such words as

The hear[illegible] [illegible]
The guest for whom 't was ki[illegible]'s no more, [illegible]he The [illegible]fe and

it seems a pity that they should not find a place in his play. The scene in which Anne finally accepts the King is well written discreetly acted. Such lines as

Take me, my Lord, do with me as you will,
But love me ever as you love me now

may easily provoke ridicule; and the scolding-match between Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour is even nearer to the confine of absurdity, which is quite reached when that sly young person offers some remarks on beards, founded, as she is careful to mention, on experiments made with her father and brothers only. The King of course acts on this broad hint, and it is difficult to preserve royal dignity while snatching a kiss. Mr. Harcourt seems to think that he ought to look as if he liked the fun, and very likely he is right. Miss Neilson is always equal to the occasion, and the fifth act, as it was performed on the first night, would have been laughed at if she had not kept firm hold of the sympathy of the house. She has lately played Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and although she does not come up to one of the standards of altitude therein proposed, she is undeniably "just as high as the hearts" of her audience. Mr. Tom Taylor has created or contrived a part in which she will make a deep impression. Such a play as this needs to be acted for a week or two before [illegible]

There is a funny headsman in the fifth act who protests against foreign fashions in axes, and might himself be usefully subjected to the pruning-knife. Poor Anne! she learned to dance and to dress hair in France, and there also a man was trained to cut off her head. It is probably by way of penance for a long course of burlesque that the British public is now going in generally for a scaffold hung with black for the last scene of a play. To prevent disappointment we must mention that the scaffold is not seen at the Haymarket, but only talked about. But at the St. James's Theatre there is a visible scaffold and headsman, and at the Duke's Theatre, in a new piece called *Too True*, the fire is actually lighted for burning a young woman, who is however taken off before she has even begun to simmer. The fire serves the amiable purpose of throwing a pink light upon the final and happy tableau of this piece, in which Mr. Craven, although he writes well and acts well, has not equalled his earlier work.

It is a dreadful difficulty to see how all these theatres are to be kept going, and perhaps the public would take no harm if some of them were closed. Still, when we get a play as good as this by Mr. Tom Taylor, we should be thankful. Miss Neilson cannot be always acting Juliet and Rosalind, and here is a new part in which she is well worth seeing. Thus much may be safely said. We ought to notice the "ronde" danced in Act I, and Wyatt's song "Forget not yet," as adding much to the brightness of the play.

REVIEWS.

GROTE'S FRAGMENTS ON ETHICAL SUBJECTS.*

THE name of "Fragments," as given to the work of men of letters and science, is one of ambiguous meaning. Sometimes the thing signified is that the writer is too idle, or too busy, or too disorderly in his habits, to put his work into proper shape before publishing it. Sometimes it is the very opposite of this—namely, that the writer was so highly scrupulous in his duty towards the public, so jealous for the honour of his craft, that he would not put forth as complete, or would not put forth in his lifetime at all, anything that did not bear with it the fullest judgment of his mind and the perfect workmanship of his hand. The "Fragments" now selected from Grote's papers belong to the latter class; much of the contents will bear comparison even in style and finish with other recent discussions of the same topics. The editor, who appears only by initials, but whom we need have no hesitation in recognizing as Mr. Bain, introduces these essays in a preface of almost exceeding modesty. They do not profess, it is true, to make any manifest addition of positive doctrine to the storehouse of utilitarian ethics; nor can it be said perhaps that they contain any distinctly new arguments. But that which ethical philosophy wants at present is not new matter or new arguments. There is matter enough in all the history of mankind, and there are arguments enough in all the books from Aristotle downwards. Not these, but method and grasp are the things needful; the skill that gathers scattered strength upon the right spots, the wisdom that looks through and around many sundered things till it build them into one, working *ἐς συναγυρμὸν φρονήσεως*, as Plato somewhere has it, are the gifts that will earn the best thanks in this field. Now Grote was better fitted than most men of his kind to fill such a want. With clearness of sight and strength of judgment, he had the true instinct of scientific procedure which, after all that can be said and done about inductive logic, we must take leave for the present to call incommunicable. His temper was critical without being apologetic or polemic. If time had allowed him, as we must ever regret that it did not, to pursue this quest more fully, he would have set out well armed and well warned, and would doubtless have escaped the snares into which his forerunners have more than once fallen. As it is, the beginnings he has now left us are of more worth than ordinary men's endings, and of even greater worth than we had looked for. They do much for the clearing up of thought and the fixing of directions for inquiry, which in such matters is almost half the battle; and, if the building is mostly left to be done by others, yet the ground is made ready and the lines are marked out for it. To justify this opinion fully would require comment and explanation to an extent beyond our present means; and for this very reason it seems well to say thus much before giving such account of [illegible] contents as we can give in this place.

The [illegible]tion of the first paper, which seems to have been intended for an introduction or excursus, to be used in some part of the work on Aristotle, is to answer the standing question, What is ethical sentiment? Grote justly promises that no answer can be accepted which fails to account for the divergence as well as for the agreement of the moral sentiments of mankind, such as, in fact, they are or have been at different times and places. He goes on to treat ethical sentiment as a complex product of several [illegible]ings and elements, the several existence of those elements in our feelings and motives being assumed as a plain matter of experience. The conjunction of "the benevolent and sympathetic affections" with "the self-regarding affections" makes us "capable of conceiving intense attachment to a common good—that is, to the idea of the safety and happiness of others in conjunction with our own." Moreover, every member of a society must both act, with consequences to other men, and feel the consequences of other men's actions. Thus he forms the habit of putting himself in another man's place, of saying, If I were as he how should I have acted? or, Were I a looker-on what should I think of this action of mine? This notion of the judgment of others is the base of the true ethical sentiment, into which at last it enters in more

* *Fragments on Ethical Subjects.* By the late George Grote, F.R.S. Being a Selection from his Posthumous Papers. London: Murray. 1876.

developed and complex forms, which are, first, an actual forecast, then a practical estimate, and lastly, an ideal estimate of the social judgment which will, might, or should be passed on a particular action. The sentiment accordingly is essentially social. And we arrive at a statement of the general *form* of ethical sentiment, as Grote names it:—

> All ethical sentiment, of what kind soever it be, whether perfect or imperfect, well or ill directed, uniformly contains these three ingredients:—1. The idea of a certain conduct or disposition on the part of each individual agent. 2. The idea of a certain disposition or conduct on the part of other persons towards such agent, determined by his conduct and disposition as it may have been manifested, or as there may be reason to understand it. These two ideas, intimately combined and blended together by association, conceived (3), as bound together by a common sanction, and as reciprocating one with the other, seem to constitute all that is universal, essential, and indispensable to ethical sentiment, taken as it exists in its lowest and most perverted, as well as in its purest and most correct, varieties.

This form is constant. But the matter—the kinds of conduct, namely, which in such a people at such a time are encouraged or discouraged by the social judgment—may and does vary almost indefinitely. As to resemblance, it can only be said that we generally find, in some way and to some extent, individual malevolence and cupidity restrained, and benevolence and self-command encouraged. The differences are vast, but intelligible; for in filling up the matter of ethical sentiment every people has made its own discoveries and its own mistakes; under like conditions, the discoveries and the mistakes may be and have been generically or specifically alike, and in some few capital points they have been closely alike over large tracts of time and space; the variable conditions, on the other hand, give room for endless varieties, especially in the mistakes, since there are often many ways of going wrong for one of going right. But how are we enabled to say of a people as a whole that it is *right* or *wrong* in filling up the ethical "form" in one manner rather than another? This is marked off as a separate question, and we shall come back to it afterwards. Grote then points out the philosophical error of those who consider the "matter" of ethical sentiment as prior to the "form," instead of treating them independently. It may be thought, perhaps, that these observations are commonplace; if Grote's way of approaching the question has made them seem so, that is not the least of his merits.

The leading distinctions thus indicated are more or less worked out in the second and fourth essays. It is shown that *right* has two meanings which must be kept apart. As between the individual and society, right is in the first instance that course of conduct which is enforced by the sanction of the social judgment. Positive morality, like positive law, may be analysed into right, duty or obligation, and sanction. The value of this analysis, one may remark, is in the main independent of Bentham's and Austin's use of the term *command* in their formal definition of law, which is, in truth, the definition not of an actual or possible state of things, but of an ideal limit. Nor is the line between positive law and positive morality very easy to draw, though in a civilized country they are easily distinguished in practice; Grote touches on this only too shortly. The sanction, then, is to the individual an external force overriding his own discretion. It is not the business of positive morality to show cause why this should be so; that question may well be discussed, but by some philosophy which is not properly ethical, just as the fundamental notions about space are assumed, not established, by plane geometry, and the controversy about their nature and the extent of their validity is not part of geometry. Yet we may take a step further and find the social sanction itself to be not without appeal. For it is not indifferent to us what kind of things the sanction upholds or puts down; we say that the moral precepts of such and such a people are right in sanctioning this, or wrong in sanctioning that. Here is a second order of right, as we may call it, and a class of questions which must be determined by some test of a new kind. Now, as a matter of fact, the ethical sanction and the standard of conduct set up by it are not unwavering in any man's experience. Almost or quite as soon as the child can use his reason, he learns that all men do not always deem the same things right. There are conflicts of ethical opinion in which he must needs take a side. Thus the man acquires, as a rule unconsciously, the higher notion of an ideal ethical standard on which the actual sanction would be framed if men were wise and well informed enough. He learns to conceive of morality as something which can be marred or mended on the social as well as the individual scale. Again, looking at the thing from outside and generally, we see that the social judgment and sanction is not there merely for its own sake. It has a function working to a certain end, and, according as it answers that end or not, we shall say that it works well or ill. And this end must have to do with the society as a whole, not with an individual or number of individuals; it is no other than the happiness, or rather welfare, of the society. Grote always speaks of the *society*, not the *greatest number*. It would seem, then, that the true rule of right depends in the last resort on truly knowing what are the conditions of the common weal; and thus we are brought round, in a certain sense, to the Socratic equation of virtue and knowledge. In this bare sketch we have had to leave out much even of Grote's outlines; and we must leave it to the reader to follow up the many tracks of thought into which one is led—as, for instance, to consider how near Grote comes to making a bridge between the older utilitarianism and the theory of moral sentiments put forward in Mr. Darwin's *Descent of Man*.

We must now turn very briefly to the latter part of the volume. It consists of unfinished comments and criticisms on the "Ethics" and the seventh book of the "Politics" of Aristotle. The exposition, little of it as there is, is strong and clear, like everything else that came from Grote's hand, and will no doubt be prized as a help by many students of Aristotle, whose works, and especially the "Ethics" and "Politics," have gained rather than lost in importance in the present stage of speculation. The criticisms are acute and instructive, but have the same shortcoming which is often found in the book on Plato. In dealing with ancient philosophy Grote was learned, patient, and fair-minded; but he had not the delicate sympathy which alone can do full justice to thought cast in an alien form. It is hardly worth while to judge Aristotle in the same terms as one would a modern writer for not always using a word with the same meaning, though for the student's sake it is a thing to be pointed out; and the more mechanical difficulty of making cross references when books were not printed should count for something. Again, Grote sees no foundation for Aristotle's distinction of the pleasurable sense of self-esteem that accompanies happiness from happiness itself. But this is surely to bring in the modern notion of happiness, which is not Aristotle's. For Aristotle, as for us, the pleasure of self-esteem is in consciousness, and the judgment of the conscious subject as to its existence is final; whereas in his way of speaking, though commonly not in ours, happiness is something out of consciousness, a result of definite conditions which are capable of objective estimation. To a man who perversely says, "But the things you call unpleasant please me," there is no direct answer; to him who says, "But I tell you I am happy, though you say I ought not to be," Aristotle would make answer thus:—"Nay, that you cannot tell me; your own feeling about it is only one of the facts which are to be left to the proper judge of the whole matter," this judge being the ideal reasonable observer called by Aristotle *ὁ φρόνιμος* or *σπουδαῖος*. In the essay on the "Politics," of which we must forbear to say more, the reader will find some of Aristotle's doctrines well applied to the rebuke of political commonplaces of latter days.

GENERAL ORDERS OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.*

MR. CAMPBELL-MACLACHLAN, whose previous effort as an editor and author appears to have been in part devoted to the vindication of the memory of a distinguished ancestor, has in his present compilation undertaken a more arduous and, one cannot help thinking, a less grateful, task. It was suggested to him by the circumstance that "three quaintly-bound MS. volumes" have descended to him from his maternal great-grandfather, Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Archibald Campbell, containing the Duke of Cumberland's General Orders from April 23, 1745, to December 6, 1746, and again from April to near the end of June 1747. Of these historical documents it occurred to their possessor to make a selection which, together with notes, comments, and illustrations derived from other sources, he has printed in a volume bound, if not quaintly, at all events queerly. The noble art of bookbinding seems at the present day to be agitated by an ambition which occasionally overleaps itself; with regard to the sample before us, we sincerely hope to be pardoned for our ignorance as to whether it is intended to symbolize the uniform of a field-marshal or the livery of the humbler members of the Royal household.

A similar feeling of uncertainty, we must confess, remains with us after a perusal of the pages within this gorgeous cover. It must be a delightful thing to be the proprietor of a connected series of documents illustrating a period of history, and treating of a department of public affairs in which one takes an hereditary interest; and the desire to communicate the good things one possesses is at once a natural and a pleasing instinct. An industrious accumulation of notes adds value to the documents in the eyes of their possessor, and may promise to make them more interesting in the eyes of the public when admitted to an acquaintance with his treasures. Finally, it is impossible that he should fail to form an opinion of his own concerning the more general conclusions to be drawn from the data he has so long surveyed and re-surveyed, and it is quite intelligible that he should wish his opinions to go forth to the world together with the materials which have helped him to form them. But historical documents, however genuine, and personal opinions, however sincere, have only a relative value after all; and a faculty usually termed discrimination is needed to determine whether that value is such as to justify the publication of either.

Had Mr. Campbell-Maclachlan thought fit to publish the entire series of General Orders in his possession, to accompany them with such notes as his own industry could supply, and to prefix to the whole a preface or introduction indicating the bearing of his collection upon the historical questions connected with the Duke of Cumberland's military career during the period to which the Orders belong, he would have performed a service of no very great, but still of indisputable, value. Had he even pursued the same plan while limiting himself to a selection guided by certain principles definitely stated, his book would have filled its modest place. But he has taken a different course, which it is not very easy to describe clearly. The General Orders were the *raison d'être* of his book, and, as he candidly states, constitute its sub-

* *William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland; being a Sketch of his Military Life and Character, chiefly as exhibited in the General Orders of H.R.H., 1745-1747.* By Archibald Neil Campbell-Maclachlan, &c. &c. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

stance. But he seems at the same time to have conceived the ambition of presenting a "sketch of the military life and character" of the hero of Culloden, though the (doubtless unintentional) ambiguity of the phrase leaves it open to question whether it is the military life and military character or the military life and the character in general of the Duke of which he designed to attempt an outline. In either case the result, as we will immediately show, has fallen short of what could be called success. On the other hand, he has sought to indicate certain conclusions as to the accusations under which the Duke of Cumberland's name suffers to this day. He has here in one respect adduced evidence worthy of attentive consideration, but he has abstained from any endeavour to treat the subject with anything like completeness, and has therefore left the question in no essentially different position from that in which it has hitherto stood.

We regret to speak in such terms of a book which shows so much industry on the author's part, so much love of his subject, and so much honourable feeling, worthy at once of his clerical profession and of his descent from a line of gallant ancestors. These features entitle his book to decent burial at the hands of the general reader, while the student of military affairs may find in it some details of interest, though unlikely to prove of high value to the Intelligence Department of the British army. Unfortunately, there is no index to render access to these details more easy. Mr. Campbell-Maclachlan has accumulated numerous biographical data concerning the members of the Duke's staff, personal, cavalry, and infantry, but he has not facilitated reference to these in a way which would have cost little additional trouble. And yet he is a reader of Mr. Carlyle, whose love of a good index alone should commend him as an example to every author of biography. In lieu of so indispensable an adjunct, Mr. Campbell-Maclachlan is profuse in that more or less obsolete species of ornament—quotations at the head of a chapter. Chapter I. has merely a passage from Wordsworth prefixed to it, and Chapter II. Mr. Carlyle's label of the "Martial Boy"; but when we come to Chapter III. and Fontenoy, an array of quotations in prose and verse stops us on the threshold, including the following singularly suggestive passage from *The Antiquary*:—

> D'ye no mind Fontenoy?

But the climax is reached with Culloden, for whose "woeful day" (of which Mr. Campbell-Maclachlan himself modestly professes to give no descriptive account whatever except such as is furnished by a plan of the Highland line of battle copied from a page of his MS.) we are prepared by extracts from a Jacobite song, Burns, Collins, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Campbell, Aytoun, and (*fatidis descensus*) John Adams, author of the Newdigate of 1847. The editor is too manifestly one of those victims of what the Germans call *Citirsucht*, who in the hour of composition are unable to sacrifice a single item of their *collectanea*; for even in the body of his work he is always quoting, and quoting at length, from history and fiction, and from the most accessible as well as from more recondite sources, till one begins to wonder whether his book might not be said to have been quilted rather than composed. Worse than this is his habit of going backwards and forwards, fighting his battles over and over again, and doing his best to confound the best-intentioned attempt to maintain a view of the chronological sequence of the events with which he has to deal.

The Duke of Cumberland, we are reminded by a quotation—this time from a Budget speech by Mr. Lowe—"always said that he had been most unjustly praised for his victory at Culloden, and most unjustly depreciated for his capitulation at Closterseven, so that upon the whole he considered justice had been done to him." Neither side of the balance, however, is examined in the volume before us; for of the battle of Culloden the editor, as we have said, declines to give an account, and his collection of General Orders comes to an end before the defeat of Lauffeld, the last battle in which the Duke commanded a British army. What the collection illustrates is the system of discipline and military administration pursued by the Duke of Cumberland during a period which includes Fontenoy and Culloden, and takes in the earlier part of the Dutch campaign of 1747. The preliminary account of the battle of Fontenoy contains nothing new, Mr. Hayward having sufficiently exposed the time-honoured myth about the reciprocal courtesies of the English and the French Guards, and M. Alphonse Karr's *jeu d'esprit* on the want of chivalry in modern warfare not constituting a novelty of much significance. From the first series of General Orders we glean a few facts, while we are treated to a few notes into the bargain, such as a perfunctory passage from Murray's *Handbook* concerning the citadel of Ghent, and the observation that it is interesting to note in one of the Orders, as "marks of authenticity and proofs of accuracy," the use of two real Flemish words. The note on the "Blew-Guard" reminds us of the fact that the "Oxford Blues," as the Royal Horse Guards were originally called, derived their name from the Earl of Oxford, who raised them in 1661, and whose colours they accordingly wore, and perhaps suggested in later times to champions of the University. A series of Orders on the duties of regimental chaplains, which duties seem to have been at times neglected, suggests to Mr. Campbell-Maclachlan the reflection that the author of the *Night Thoughts*, who served as an army chaplain in Flanders under the Duke, "must have done something to raise the tone of his brethren." An anecdote and appropriate quotation follow, and after some more not inapposite talk about chaplains and Methodists, and about swearing in Flanders and at home, the General Orders are resumed. A series of notes concerning the original meaning of the term "grenadiers" may interest those who are unacquainted with this tolerably trite subject of military archæology; but in this section of the General Orders themselves there is nothing that strikes us as worthy of notice, except it be the paroles. They seem invariably to have consisted of the name of a saint and of some place under his or her more immediate patronage, combined thus; "St. Anne et Bruges," "St. Jaques et Compostolle," "St. Gudule et Bruxelles"; and we confess that we should have been glad of a note as to the origin and use of this particular class of watchword. Thus we are brought up to Fontenoy once more, and pause with the author to peruse such data as he has succeeded in collecting with regard to the members of the Duke's staff. Horace Walpole supplies most of them, as is not surprising when we have to do with such names as Captain (afterwards General) Conway and General Ligonier, whose later personal relations with the Duke of Cumberland were so far from pleasant. Another personage of interest is General St. Clair, afterwards the friend and chief of Hume, and unceremoniously described by Horace Walpole as "Scotchissimè in all the latitude of the word, and not very able."

The chapter headed "Results of the Battle of Fontenoy" gives a further series of extracts from the General Orders, and contains several details worth noticing. Among them is the passage instructing "all the officers to provide themselves with spontoons"—an arm which was about this time substituted for the half-pike. In the next page are two Orders illustrating, in the editor's opinion, the nice sense of honour which "has ever been a distinguishing characteristic of the English gentleman and officer." We quote them at length:—

> Camp of Lessines, May 20th.
>
> The present Genl Court Martial to continue sitting to examine Lt Collis and Lt Sampson of Br Johnson's Regt (3rd) at their own desire on a report spread by Mr. Crosley, Surgeon's Mate to the said Corps, to their disadvantage. The 2 Genll and the said Mr. Crosley to attend ye Court Martial to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock at ye Head Quarts wh their witnesses.
>
> And then, May 26th, we have the result of the inquiry:—
>
> Jedh Crosley Surgn's mate to Brigr Johnson's Regt to be cashiered, and turned out of both Camps of the British Army, wh a Halter about his neck, and not return upon pain, either in Camp or Garrison, on pain of severe punishment, for having unjustly and ignominiously aspers'd ye character of Lieut. Sampson and Lieut. Collis.

The strictest discipline appears to have been applied to that most wretched class of human beings, female camp-followers—a circumstance which it is necessary to bear in mind for a more critical point in the volume. Gaming too, *among the men*, was sternly prohibited. But the severest vigilance was necessary against the worst of all military crimes—desertion—to which, as Mr. Campbell-Maclachlan points out, the presence of so many Irish regiments in the French ranks lent peculiar facilities. It subsequently appears that desertion was likewise rife during the northern campaigns of the Duke of Cumberland.

Mutatis mutandis, there is nothing in these General Orders to distinguish them from those which are issued by every commander of a force in a foreign country. They show, however, that the Duke was a strict disciplinarian, and make it *à priori* unlikely that the rules of discipline should have been relaxed by him further than was inevitable, even after the important victory which he achieved in the second of his campaigns, the last which is at any length illustrated by the documents cited in this book. The capture of a town may render it temporarily impossible for even a Duke of Wellington to keep control over his soldiery, but such was not the situation after Culloden. Yet it has been asserted that in the proceedings which followed upon that victory, and which earned for the Duke of Cumberland the horrible *sobriquet* which the popular voice has substituted for the frigid allegory on the Culloden medal, he allowed the evil passions of his troops their own course; and we find a temperate writer like Lord Stanhope stating that "every kind of havoc and outrage was not only permitted, but, I fear we must add, encouraged. Military license usurped the place of law, and a fierce and exasperated soldiery were at once judge, jury, executioner." Lord Stanhope allows for the probability of exaggeration on the part of the Jacobites, but thinks the specific cases of barbarous cruelty established on incontestable proof.

It would have been no pleasant task, but it might not have been a useless one, to inquire once more into the whole matter of the acts of the troops after Culloden, and of the extent of the responsibility attaching to their commander, especially since the time has passed when it was necessary to imitate the *Quarterly* Reviewer of the *Culloden Papers* in 1816, and draw a veil over the conduct of the Duke of Cumberland, "out of no respect or tenderness to the memory of that Prince, but in justice to the far different sentiments of many members of his illustrious family." Mr. Campbell-Maclachlan, however, has abstained from any systematic research of the kind. He quotes the rhetorical assertions of Chambers that "Duke William and his myrmidons spent their time in a round of festivities," and that "their camp exhibited all the coarse and obstreperous revelries of an English fair," and makes special reference to one particular story, a thousand times repeated, but too loathsome to repeat once more. The fidelity to truth of the more general assertions may, he thinks, be tested by the General Orders issued from day to day and cited by him. These Orders certainly show that stringent measures were taken to preserve discipline among the troops themselves, to prevent "plundering on any account except by Order and in Presence of an officer," and to stop gaming among the men.

But we fail to see that this, though it proves something, proves much; and in particular, we cannot understand how the prohibition of gaming, and the denial to the men of taking and using horses for themselves, place out of question the truth of the story about the horse-races to which Mr. Campbell Maclachlan more than once refers. On the head of cruelty he has no desire to make a defence for the Duke. The Order dated "Inverness, April 17th," expressly bids the "officer and men" who are instructed to search the neighbourhood of the battle-field for rebels, to "take notice that the publick orders of the Rebels yesterday were to give us no quarter." The moral is sufficiently obvious. The Order dated "Fort Augustus, July 8th," which prohibits the sale or gift of meal "to any Highlander or any person of the country," under penalty of whipping and arrest of a stringent character, and the Order issued three days afterwards, for driving south all the cattle not taken for the use of the army, he stigmatizes with the remark:—

> There is a savour of hard-heartedness in the following "Orders," it must be allowed, justifying some of the worst charges brought against the Duke, in waging war not alone against men in open fight, but their helpless families also.

He has, however, clearly proved that serious and repeated attempts, at all events, were made to prevent all marauding and illicit plundering, for which, as he truly observes, there was the less excuse "when such liberal gifts were constantly being distributed among" the soldiers. We are therefore of opinion that a closer examination of the evidence would probably lead to a fairer judgment of the conduct of the Duke from this particular point of view; and, having said so much, we honestly believe we have summed up the service which has been rendered to his memory by the editor of his "General Orders." The concluding chapter of the work, on the Campaign in Holland of 1747, contains nothing of interest. Why, by the by, does Mr. Campbell-Maclachlan, in an earlier chapter, follow the historian of the Black Watch in calling Waldeck—or De Waldeck, as he is here named—a "Dutch Prince." It is not everybody who would gather from this that the person referred to was a German and a prince of the Empire, which he served as Field-Marshal-General.

HAYDON'S CORRESPONDENCE AND TABLE-TALK.*

"MORE than twenty years," says Mr. F. W. Haydon in his preface, "have been allowed to elapse since the publication of the fragment of unrevised and carelessly written autobiography Haydon left behind him. The time appears to have come for a further selection from his Journals and Correspondence." This is a statement which is open to question. However carelessly written Haydon's *Autobiography* may have been, it was far from carelessly edited by Mr. Tom Taylor. It is natural enough that Mr. F. W. Haydon should have thought it desirable to give to the world further information about Haydon's doings and sufferings; and it is perhaps also natural that his discretion should not be equal to that of Haydon's former biographer. The task of curtailing and selecting must of necessity be exceptionally difficult to a son dealing with his father's memoirs; and one could readily forgive some superfluity of matter for the sake of gaining fresh information about a man who did much for the interests of art in England. But the truth is that there is not much to be learned from the two volumes now published which Mr. Tom Taylor had not told before. Most of the good things in the Table-Talk had been already selected by him, as had the most valuable letter—that from Keats containing two sets of verses—in the Correspondence. A habit has of late years grown up of collecting and publishing every scrap, valuable or valueless, connected with the lives of men of mark. Such a practice is more likely to injure than glorify the memory of the men to whom it is applied; and, though there is nothing in the volumes under consideration which can hurt Haydon's reputation, yet there is very much that is tiresome, and not a little that a more careful discretion would have caused to be omitted. Again, though Mr. F. W. Haydon has in his preface given excuses for the faults in his performance of which he is conscious, and though he is careful to state that he is "neither a 'Painter' nor a 'Literary' man," yet we cannot but think he might have paid more attention to the grammatical construction of his sentences. His carelessness is the stranger as there is evidence in the book that its author's reading has been tolerably wide.

"The position Haydon took up in art" (we are quoting from his present biographer's preface) "from his entrance into London society in 1804 down to his death in 1846, has not been sufficiently understood. It was peculiar and original. It was in defence of the capacity of the English people for Fine Art." At the beginning of this century it was generally supposed among Englishmen of education that their country was incapable of producing imaginative artists. This mistaken belief Haydon combated with never-failing vigour and perseverance; and furthermore, as Mr. Tom Taylor has said, "he was the first artist who got a hearing in his insisting to the Government and public of England that art is a matter of national concern. Before his time no one had urged this truth except the passionate and cynical Barry." That Haydon was the first man who started the movement which is now going on in favour of art education should always be remembered; but there is perhaps more danger of this being forgotten than the fact that, by his determined and courageous opposition to a clique whose influence was unfortunately out of all proportion to its taste, he secured the possession of the Elgin Marbles to his country. After Payne Knight had, with shallow assurance, settled that the marbles were not Greek at all, but Roman of the time of Hadrian, a Government Committee was appointed "to inquire," and decide upon the purchase or rejection of the marbles. West, Lawrence, Nollekens, Flaxman, and Westmacott spoke in different terms of praise of the marbles. Lawrence said he considered them "examples of the highest style of art, of essential importance to art, and particularly to historical painting." Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, and others spoke in a contrary sense; Payne Knight asserted that Lord Lansdowne's Venus and Mercury were either of them worth any two of the articles in Lord Elgin's collection, that the Theseus was spurious and the rest very poor. When it came to the time for Haydon, who was Lord Elgin's professional witness, to be examined, the Committee put him off on various excuses for three days. At last Mr. Bankes informed Lord Elgin that "Mr. Haydon would not be examined, out of delicacy to Mr. Payne Knight," whom he had before this attacked. Thereupon Haydon said that he would make Knight remember the Elgin Marbles as long as he lived, and composed the article for the *Examiner* and the *Champion*, which, as we learn from his *Autobiography*, was written in his painting-room with his picture of Jerusalem before him, entitled, "On the Judgment of Connoisseurs being preferre to that of Professional Men—the Elgin Marbles," &c. This letter was the best thing that Haydon ever did with his pen; it carried conviction with it. It is not a little disappointing to find only the heading of the letter given in Mr. F. W. Haydon's volumes, and this is the more singular as it is quoted at length by Mr. Tom Taylor in his Life of Haydon. The letter had the effect which from its truth and force it could hardly fail to have. Lawrence said of it, "It has saved the Marbles, but it will ruin Haydon." And his perception was but too accurate. The letter found its way into France, Italy, and Germany. Goethe and Bunsen spoke of it with delight. What impression it made upon men who were wise in the ways of the world here may be judged from this passage in Mr. Tom Taylor's edition of the *Autobiography*:—

> Lord Mulgrave, always regarding me, had at the very moment the letter appeared laid a plan before the directors of the institution to send me out to Italy. It would have been done, but the moment the letter appeared he sent for a friend. "What the devil is Haydon about?" "Upon my soul I don't know, my lord." "Here have I been planning to get him a handsome income for three years, and send him to Italy, and out comes this indiscreet, abominable letter."

Although it is by no means impossible nowadays for one man without any knowledge or taste in art to exercise a considerable jurisdiction in artistic matters, still the ultimate result to himself of Haydon's letter might, we may hope, in our time have been different from what it then was. The fact of his publishing it and so incurring what he must have known to be a great chance of disfavour in quarters where advancement was necessary to him, is in itself answer enough to the assertion, of which Mr. F. W. Haydon speaks with just indignation, that he followed art for his own personal gratification and advancement. The immediate effect of the letter as far as regarded himself was that he became a hon. He was called upon by the great, and beset with all kinds of applications from the little. The art students idolized him. His private friends addressed him in extravagant verse. "Wordsworth and Keats," says Mr. F. W. Haydon, "were the only two who kept their judgment and wrote something sensible." And he makes a good remark upon the adulation of the zealous friends who surround the idol of a minute:—"They always are so ardent, kind, and enthusiastic about their hero; they are very likely with the best intentions to prove his worst enemies. But they get some little fame themselves by admiring what they cannot do."

This victory, won single-handed in the cause of art against great odds, was perhaps the most important deed of Haydon's life. And in it comes out most strongly the real love for art that first induced him, in the face of many difficulties, to become a painter. The account of his genealogy, given in Mr. F. W. Haydon's Memoir, is hopelessly confusing; but it appears that from his mother, whose maiden name was Cobley, and who was well connected in various ways, amongst others with the Mordwinoff family in Russia, Haydon inherited his quick perception and temper. As a boy he took to drawing, and it is recorded that in one of his early attempts, at a portrait of an officer, he put his subject's eyes into his forehead, and joined his legs on to his neck. While at the Plymouth Grammar School, however, he began to draw correctly, and under the guidance of a Neapolitan named Fenzi, employed in his father's business, he first got the notion, which he afterwards clung to pertinaciously, that the great thing to be cultivated was drawing the human figure. As he began to grow up it was fully intended by his father that Haydon should succeed to the family business; and it was fully intended by Haydon that, instead of doing so, he should become a painter. There was a disturbance in the family, during which the boy fell ill. "When he rallied he had greatly lost his natural sight, and was ever afterwards compelled to wear spectacles. Some of the family regarded this as a judgment of Providence for his ingratitude."

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* *Benjamin Robert Haydon: Correspondence and Table-Talk* With a Memoir by his Son, Frederick Wordsworth Haydon. With Facsimile Illustrations from his Journals. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

Undaunted, however, by the affection of his sight and the opposition of his family Haydon remained fixed in his intention, and in May, 1804, began to carry it out by going up to London. Here he called upon painters to whom he had introductions, among others Northcote and Opie, who gave him exactly opposite advice, and ultimately he became a student at the Academy. A year after his arrival in town things so fell out that he was started definitively to make his own way as best he could in the career he had chosen. He found in the next few years patrons in Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, and friends in Wilkie, Leigh Hunt, and his brother. His first important picture, "Joseph and Mary," was hung on the line of the Academy Exhibition in 1807 by Fuseli's orders. "Dentatus," painted on commission for Lord Mulgrave, and sent in the next year, was also in the first instance hung on the line. But during Fuseli's absence from town it was taken down and hung in the octagon room, which was practically a dark corner. In 1809, Wilkie and a painter named Dawe were elected Associates of the Academy, while Haydon was rejected. A year or two later, in consequence, Mr. F. W. Haydon says, of the Bird and Wilkie case, Haydon resolved to have no official connexion with the Academy. Into the merits of the differences between Haydon and the Academicians we need not here enter, but the letters which Haydon published in the *Examiner*, in the early part of 1812, signed "An English Student," put an end to any chance of a reconciliation between him and the Academy. Not only this, but, as Mr. F. W. Haydon writes, "he awoke one morning to find himself a man forbid, and all his reputation gone." There came upon him difficulties with regard to the large picture of "Macbeth" ordered by Sir George Beaumont, and the "Judgment of Solomon," which, disregarding Wilkie's advice to send it to the Royal Academy as a kind of peace offering, Haydon sent to the Water Colour Society. On the private day, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, accompanied by Payne Knight, looked at the picture. Payne Knight dismissed it as "distorted stuff," and the Princess, observing to the Directors "I am very sorry to see such a picture here," walked away. The public, however, thought differently; and one result of the exhibition was that overtures were made by the Academy to Haydon, who, with the want of wisdom which ran through his life, rejected them. Between this date and the exhibition of his next large picture came the Elgin Marbles controversy; and in 1816 the successful exhibition of his pupils' copies from the Raffaelle Cartoons seemed to establish Haydon's position. But endless difficulties—many, it must be admitted, of his own making—were in his way. In the next year he had a fresh disagreement with the Academy; he was constantly hampered with debt; and in whatever estimation the public might hold his ambitious pictures, he could never persuade those in authority to give him the employment he sought as a painter of historical subjects for the nation. It was in 1816 that he received a letter from his uncle, Count Mordwinoff, containing some excellent advice, written in less excellent French, which we cannot but wish he had followed:—

> Votre fortune est toute dans votre pinceau, et vous devez la faire encore. Votre "Solomon" ne vous a pas rendu riche; il vous a procuré de la célébrité, et vous a bien servi pour vous mettre dans la voie de la richesse, qui est toujours bonne, même pour un homme de talent. Je vous aurais conseillé de faire à présent des tableaux de deux à trois figures, comme mon "Adam et Eve," et plus de la grandeur de ceux qu'on place dans les cabinets. Si Raphaël et Buonarotti ne faisaient que la "Transfiguration" et le "Dernier Jugement," ils seraient moins célèbres et moins connus. Mais leurs noms et leurs mérites sont connus dans toute l'Europe, parce qu'ils firent des tableaux portables d'un pays à l'autre, et que chaque pays les possède à présent.

But on a man so infatuated with huge canvases as Haydon such advice was thrown away. In 1820 he began the "Raising of Lazarus," which in 1823 was exhibited. In April of that year an execution was put in, the "Lazarus" was seized, and Haydon was taken to the King's Bench. In July of the same year, when he was discharged by the Commissioners, there being no opposition, what Mr. F. W. Haydon takes as the second period of his career came to a close.

The third period is the most cheerless, and it seems the less necessary to go into any detailed account of it, as its latest history adds little to what was known of it before Mr. F. W. Haydon's volumes appeared. It is the history of a man with undoubtedly great views, which he attempted to reach by the most mistaken methods; who went through vast miseries—due in great measure to his blind striving towards a phantom goal—which culminated in mental disturbance and suicide. When one reads of Haydon's sufferings it is perhaps not difficult to understand the vehemence into which his later biographer is betrayed; but at the same time it must be said that Mr. F. W. Haydon does not always fulfil the promise of impartiality, as far as may be, which he gives in his preface. When Haydon was in great distress, having lost a large sum by the exhibition of pictures which aimed at high art, and which the public neglected for the more popular attraction of a fashionable dwarf, he wrote to Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, for assistance. Sir Robert, says Mr. F. W. Haydon, "in the midst of all his Corn Law debates, replies promptly, though in a formal letter, enclosing an official order for 50*l.* on a fund over which, as Prime Minister, he had official control." Mr. F. W. Haydon goes on to find fault with this gift, in a lengthy paragraph, on the ground that it was to a man in Haydon's situation "the merest illusion in the world," and was public instead of private money. Haydon himself, however, in his diary, as given at p. 317 of Mr. Tom Taylor's third volume, writes, after copying Sir Robert Peel's letter, "And this Peel is the man who has no heart." As Mr. F. W. Haydon has taken occasion more than once to speak with little liking of Sir Robert Peel's dealings with Haydon, it seems worth while to quote another passage from the painter's journal found in the same volume of the *Autobiography*:—"They may say what they like of Peel; he has a good, a tender, and a feeling heart."

It has been already said that the mass of matter in the "Correspondence and Table Talk" is out of proportion to the interest found in it. The work is further overburdened by editorial footnotes which might have been omitted with advantage. Some of the facsimile sketches introduced are valuable; but the arrangement is for the most part chaotic. Mr. F. W. Haydon's volumes cannot be considered a desirable addition to literature.

DAVIES'S BIBLE ENGLISH.*

THIS is really a very good and sensible little book. It makes no very great professions; but it fully carries out what it does profess. It is hardly philological; but it was hardly called on to be philological. And, amid the frightful temptations to preaching which must have beset Mr. Davies in treating such a subject, it is wonderful how very little he preaches. He certainly does not preach so much as Archbishop Trench in a case which was somewhat similar, though the Archbishop's subject came nearer to philology proper than that which is taken in hand by Mr. Davies. In short, when we see the history of Mr. Davies's book, how it grew out of a paper read at a "clerical meeting" and went through the intermediate stage of articles in a "Parish Magazine," our ideas of clerical meetings and parish magazines are distinctly raised. Mr. Davies has worked really well at his subject, and has put his matter together in a shape both useful and pleasant. His plan of classing words together, so as to make something which can be read, and not merely referred to, is decidedly better than the alphabetical arrangement which he speaks of as followed in another work on the same subject. Mr. Davies's practical object in the clerical meeting and the parish magazine was doubtless to help to the better understanding of the English Bible and Prayer-book. His labours, in their present shape, amount to a chapter in the history of the English language—namely, the changes in the use of words which have happened since the sixteenth century. He takes such words as are used in the Bible and Prayer-book, but which are now gone out of use or used in a different meaning; he compares their use in writers contemporary with the Bible and Prayer-book, and marks the differences of usage in modern times. This has of course involved a good deal of reading among the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but it does not necessarily involve any work among earlier times. Mr. Davies takes the use of each word in the sixteenth century as his starting-point. He has sometimes incidentally to speak of the earlier use of a word or of its actual philological origin; but this is only incidentally; such inquiries do not form part of his immediate subject. When he does make such incidental references, they are commonly to the point, though once or twice he seems to put more faith than enough in Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood. If there is any point on which we could have wished Mr. Davies to be a little fuller, it would be in the later history of the words which he deals with; for that is clearly part of his subject. Sometimes he takes a leap from the former half of the seventeenth century to the latter half of the nineteenth, when a sketch of the history of the word during the intermediate stages would often have been instructive.

Mr. Davies, we are glad to see, thoroughly understands the merits of the authorized version of the Bible as a piece of English, and the care which must be taken in any revision not to do any harm to it in that character. Certainly in no case is there more need to work warily. The version as a whole is such an admirable specimen of our language, it is so good in itself, it is so endeared by associations, it so exactly hits the right mean—archaic enough to be venerable, but not archaic enough to be unintelligible—that no one word should be touched without some very weighty reason. It must be a really important departure from the meaning of the original—of which beyond doubt there are some cases—which alone can justify any change. Every one knows that the newer translation of the Psalms in our Bibles is a far better representation of the Hebrew than the earlier translation in our Prayer-books; several passages which are near upon nonsense in the one become perfectly clear in the other. Still few, we should think, would wish to bring the later translation into use in divine service. For the object of a psalm is to be sung, and the earlier version is made to be sung, and the later is not. So in the whole work it would be better to put up with a mistranslation here and there, provided the reader is not likely to be greatly led astray, than at all to injure the general run of the English style of the English Bible. And it is worth notice that, in many of the cases where the meaning is most commonly misunderstood, the fault in no way lies with the translators. Thus, to take two instances which we remember having spoken of ourselves, it is in no way owing to the translation that people will misunderstand the story of Gallio, and will preach at the unlucky deputy—Mr. Davies takes care to call to mind the dignity of his office and the dignity of his title when our version was made—on

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* *Bible English. Chapters on Old and Disused Expressions in the Authorized Version of the Scriptures and the Book of Common Prayer.* By the Rev. T. Lewis O. Davies, M.A. London: Bell & Sons. 1875.

grounds which neither he nor the Evangelist would have understood. So the popular misunderstanding about Pharaoh is in a certain sense due to the translators, but only to our translators in common with all other translators from the Septuagint onwards. That is, it is owing to the universal feeling against the employment, except on very rare occasions, of the proper name of Deity. So again, if people will fancy that the same Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea, which is certainly nowhere said in the narrative in Exodus, that too is no fault of the translators. Or, to take another cant phrase of sermons about "the one thing needful," the meaning of the original is so far from being perfectly clear that the translators were perhaps right in not making their translation over-clear either. To go down to a lower depth, no care of translators, revisers, or commentators can grapple with the state of mind which confounds Pharisees and fairies. But when we find *τοὺς σωζομένους* turned into "such as should be saved," then we must for once give our translators up.

While on the question of style, we may mention, not a beacon, but a warning, to which Mr. Davies calls our notice more than once. This is the way in which changes have been made in the American Prayer-book, sometimes plainly from a kind of false delicacy, sometimes, it would seem, from a real dislike to trifling archaisms which could not possibly perplex anybody. It does seem amazing that any Synod or Convention should have taken the trouble to sit down and change "them" into "those" in the General Confession. Such a change can really serve no purpose, except to bring a fine piece of good old alliterative English one degree nearer to the language of a New York paper. And, as any one who has compared the two Prayer-books knows, the American book is full of small changes of this kind, which, if they do nothing else, commonly destroy some little bit of well-constructed rhythm. Any revisers, either of Bible or Prayer-book, should keep this kind of thing before them, as a specimen of the way in which they should not go.

In going through Mr. Davies's chapters, it sometimes strikes us that he has marked phrases as obsolete or unfamiliar which seem to us to come quite naturally to the mouth or the pen. But Mr. Davies, rightly enough, is prepared for this kind of criticism, and remarks "that there are many words which occupy debatable ground, so that what one person may consider to be tinged with archaism, another, living perhaps in a different part of England, will regard as perfectly plain and common." Living in different parts of England may perhaps have something to do with it; but we suspect that difference of taste and habit has a good deal more. One man is well pleased to make his language as archaic as he can without becoming unintelligible; another flies off by choice to the newest thing in the *Daily Telegraph*. But it is better, with Mr. Davies, to mark all things which anybody can possibly look on as archaic, rather than to leave out any of whose archaism there can be no doubt. We could wish however that he had somewhere found a corner to brand the modern fashion by which the good word "jeopard," which will be found in the song of Deborah, has been changed into the barbarous, ugly, and utterly needless "jeopardize." Printers, in their zeal for improvement, will, if any one so far jeopards himself as to use the real word, go and turn it into the sham.

In Mr. Davies's classification, besides peculiarities of form and peculiarities of construction and words relating to armour and dress, which get chapters to themselves, he divides the words of which he speaks into words which have lost some of their powers, words whose sense has risen or fallen, has become wider or narrower, and words which have become wholly obsolete. Yet many of these last are used by Shakspeare, Spenser, and Bacon. Mr. Davies takes a good deal of pains very profitably to compare the language of the translation with the language of those writers and of others of their time, and he examines a remark of Hallam that the English of the Bible "may in the eyes of many be a better English, but it is not the English of Daniel, Raleigh, or Bacon." Of the fact there is no doubt: Mr. Davies goes a little further into the causes of the fact. He reminds us that King James's translation was not an absolutely new translation; the translators were bidden to take the older Bishops' Bible as the groundwork, and not to depart from it without some clear reason. This alone would make the language of the translation somewhat different from the contemporary language of books. Mr. Davies also suggests the feeling, which probably would have some weight, that such a work as the translation of the Bible should purposely have something of an archaic character. But besides this, we must remember that the translators were not literary men in the same sense as Raleigh and Bacon. They were scholars and divines of no mean order, but perhaps none of them was likely to leave behind him writings which would have been preserved for their form only. And if we turn to such a book as Bishop Godwin's Catalogue of Bishops, we shall see that there were writers whose style was far more unlike that of the contemporary masters of literature than the style of the translators of the Bible. Mr. Davies has something to say of the tricks which printers have played with the text of the Bible. Some of these are well known, but perhaps the most grotesque is where the Moabite town of Madmen was addressed as "thee"; so the printers changed it into "Maiden," thinking that *madmen* must needs be plural. Mr. Davies has also something to say about the number of words, some of which seem to be vulgar, some to be inaccurate, and some to be actually modern slang, which can quote good authority in the translation of the Bible, and in other good writings of the same date or earlier. But he perhaps goes too far when, in p. 50, he puts together a long sentence made out of such words, because, though any one of them might be found by itself, they are not likely to be found all together. But he starts one question, whether the not uncommon use of "catechize" for "punish" is really a confusion with "chastise," or whether it is not the word "catechize" itself, used in the same way as when Gideon "taught" the men of Succoth with thorns, or when *παιδεύειν* is used in the Gospel to express scourging. In short, we might turn over nearly every page of this little book, and find something to talk about as we go on. We can heartily recommend it as very carefully and sensibly put together, and as fully carrying out the promises of its title-page.

GROHMAN'S TYROL AND THE TYROLESE.*

SINCE Mr. Bonar wrote on chamois-hunting in the Bavarian Highlands, we have read nothing of the kind that has struck us so much as this book of Mr. Grohman's on Tyrol and the Tyrolese. He is at least as familiar as Mr. Bonar was with the picturesque country he describes, and to the full as enthusiastic over the wild sports to be enjoyed there. Mr. Grohman, indeed, expresses himself somewhat contemptuously as to the chamois-shooting in these Bavarian preserves. The game is actually too plentiful, the mountain scenery is comparatively tame, and so is the strategy chiefly in favour there, of driving the chamois in place of stalking them. Of course there are preserves in Austria as well, and we presume that some of the shooting grounds of the Emperor and Prince Fürstenberg may compare favourably with those of the Bavarian King. But Mr. Grohman for the most part took his shooting in the rough, seeking his game in those solitudes unprotected by keepers, which are the property of village communes, and free in the season to the peasants. Occasionally in some of the best of these tolerably heavy bags are to be made; but, as a rule, the chance of a shot at a chamois necessarily involves much time and patience. Nor need any one attempt an expedition among the peaks and precipices which are the animal's favourite haunts, unless he can rely absolutely on his nerves and head, and has a constitution besides that sets cold and hunger at defiance. As for Mr. Grohman, he dispensed generally with attendance or companionship, acting in all respects like the hardy natives. He would start for a two or three days' expedition, carrying in his ample *Rücksack* his coarse provisions and a cooking utensil. He sought his night quarters in some deserted hut on the snow-border, where he left his belongings while away for the day. He dressed precisely like the Tyrolese foresters—in a short frieze coat cut by a village tailor, and leather breeches that left the knees exposed. He had crampons of iron to fit to his feet on the ice-slopes, an alpenstock in his hand, and his rifle slung to his back. When he did come across any of the people of the country, he was "hail fellow, well met" with them at once, speaking their patois, as he tells us, sufficiently to pass for one of themselves, and being able to mask any peculiarities of manner that might have betrayed the foreigner and the gentleman.

It may be imagined then that his book must make lively reading, especially as he has a bright, easy style; and indeed most of his adventures are so extraordinary as almost to verge on the brink of the incredible. The excitement of the chamois chase, which is doubtless intense, betrayed him into situations that were something worse than embarrassing. Once towards the end of October, he started imprudently for a stalk late in the afternoon from the hut he had selected as his resting-place. He came on his game more quickly than might have been expected; and, after a final creep along a ledge five hundred yards long by two or two and a half feet wide, knocked over a venerable buck, who rose again and vanished. But the daylight was also disappearing so fast as to make it impossible to retrace his dangerous steps, far less to follow up the trail of the wounded animal. There was nothing for it but to pass the night where he was; an icy wind was blowing from the neighbouring snow-fields; he had stripped off his coat before beginning the ascent; and the most comfortable place he could find for his perch was in a shallow recess under a shelving cliff, with a precipice going down sheer in front of him. His sole consolation was the pipe, which he kept in pretty steady blast; but it says much for his strength and spirits that he was little the worse for twelve hours' exposure under circumstances so excessively trying. Far more critical was the situation he was landed in another time, when engaged on a similar adventure. Balancing himself on "a band of rock not more than twenty-eight or thirty inches broad, running horizontally across the face of a precipice four or five church steeples high,' he had gained a pinnacle above by means of a rope with a running noose. Once there, the rope slipped, and he saw nothing more of it. His only means of escape was by a drop back to the ledge he had started from, and the ledge was at a distance of twelve feet below him. The attempt appeared so desperate that he remained where he was for a couple of nights and the intervening day. On the second morning the pangs of hunger became excruciating, and he had to nerve himself to try the sole alternative that could save him from a lingering death. Happily, he literally lighted on his feet, and without a tremor to disturb his balance; although, having removed his boots as a precautionary measure, he was cut so as to be crippled for weeks.

* *Tyrol and the Tyrolese; the People and the Land in their Social, Sporting, and Mountaineering Aspects.* By W. A. Baillie Grohman. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

Even more thrilling than this adventure was the part he played in robbing the eyrie of a pair of golden eagles. On a rough estimate, he believes that there are not more than some ten pairs of these noble birds left in all Tyrol and as they build in the most unfrequented recesses of the mountains, it is not often that they are traced to their breeding places. It was the more gratifying accordingly when a keeper and personal friend, whom he stumbled on at the Kufstein station, informed Mr. Grohman that a nest had been discovered. Forthwith he decided to make one of the party that proposed to visit it, and to devote, if necessary, days to the expedition. The expeditionary force consisted of himself, a couple of keepers, and half a dozen wood-cutters. The "Horst" or eyrie was in a cavity in the face of a mountain precipice, impossible of access from below, and protected above by a similar cornice nearly ninety feet below the brow of the cliff. On this cornice they had to lower themselves, leaving on the brow their companions behind to send them down their long fifty-fathom rope. On the cornice they improvised a wooden block to save the rope from fraying on the rock-edge; and it is much to the credit of Mr. Grohman's powers as a craftsman that he was singled out for the forlorn hope. Seated on a wooden bar, with a long iron-shod pole in his hand, he was launched out into space. After a slow descent of twelve or fifteen minutes he succeeded in gaining a footing in the nest, and gagged and bound the eagles he found therein. But then the old proverb of "Die Eier," &c., had a fresh illustration. The men hauled too quickly, and his pole escaped from his hands. He swung to and fro like a pendulum and must have been shattered at first on the rock had he not by good fortune landed off the shock with his iron-clamped boot-soles. Then the hauling ceased altogether, and for four mortal hours he swung in vacancy and uncertainty, during which he experienced the violence of a mountain thunderstorm. Considering that he momentarily expected the return of the parent birds, and that by their swoop on a man "his skull is cleft or fractured," or his body "ripped open from his chest to his hip," it may be imagined that these hours of suspense were agitating. It was only when he at last arrived at the top that he learned the various causes of the delay. The block they had made up had slipped from the ledge, and the man they had left above, having gone to cut a substitute, had been struck senseless by the lightning. Had he been killed, in place of being simply stunned, the rest of the party could scarcely have escaped starvation. Nor are we sure that even this most exciting episode is the climax of Mr. Grohman's mountaineering experiences, for we have a severe night skirmish with poachers as well, to say nothing of a winter ascent of the formidable Gross Glockner. And, if his memory has not played him false in estimating heights, and angles, and details in general, it is plain that one need not go many hours' march from the Tyrolese railway stations to have sport seasoned with any amount of danger, and with any quantity of hardships thrown into the bargain.

Mr. Grohmen is a great admirer of the Tyrolese, and he must know much more of them than most visitors to their mountains. But what he tells us scarcely confirms our previous prepossessions in their favour. They are brave and hardy no doubt, but truculent and quarrelsome. Like the blackcocks whose plumage they prize so greatly for hat feathers, they are always offering provocation to their rivals either in love or sport. To be the inhabitants of villages in valleys divided by a mountain is sufficient reason for a standing feud; nor is it unusual to make up parties for the express purpose of enlivening some neighbouring merrymaking with bloodshed. The social songs, or *Schnaddahüpfler*, that are most in favour are metrical taunts improvised for the irritation of some gentleman in the company; and the singer congratulates himself on a lyric success when he provokes their object to fly at his throat. The principal figures in the dances are rough horseplay, and the stalwart maidens swing up their partners by the arms, holding them suspended in the air, while the feet beat time on the ceiling. And when they do fight, even when they do not fall back on rifles and knives, they fight in a most barbarous, rough-and-tumble fashion. It is nothing unusual, as Mr. Grohman tells us, to gouge an eye, and he says that he has seen the sufferer thrust the eyeball back into the socket, and reseat himself at table with the boon companion who inflicted the injury. If their habits at this day remind us of the Northumbrian dalesmen before Bernard Gilpin began to civilize them, it is not surprising that they took to wild ways of getting a living early in the century, when they had been unsettled by the wars with the French and Bavarians. Then smuggling was so common that, as we are told, forty or fifty smugglers and revenue officers were annually killed in affairs on the frontiers. Now the free trade is nearly extinct, although every year there are still on an average four or five fatal casualties. But the passion for wild sports being innate in the Tyrolese heart, poaching is perhaps as prevalent as ever, and what can only be characterized as murders in cold blood are still of very frequent occurrence. Our readers may remember Mr. Bonar's accounts of the rancour existing between keepers and poachers, and Mr. Grohman more than confirms his statements. A single death leads to an interminable vendetta, and international animosities come in to embitter matters. The Tyrolese woodman, a skilled rifle shot, and a sportsman by instinct, has his hut close to an imaginary boundary line dividing his forests from well-stocked preserves. On Saturday evenings, when the week's work is done, the temptation is irresistible to make a raid over the frontier; and the keepers, who know their neighbours' ways, are about in force and on the outlook. [illegible] poachers elude observation at first, the report of the rifle gives the alarm, and then, should a keeper fall to a shot from an ambush, the law absolves the man who kills him. Mr. Grohman describes an affair at which he assisted as spectator, when a party of keepers carried a hut defended by four notorious poachers; and the fighting was as fierce, and the results as sanguinary, as if it had been a blockhouse in the Herzegovina stormed by Turkish soldiers. We cannot follow him into his career descriptions of Tyrolese life in villages and lonely *Senn*[illegible] vivid and interesting as they generally are. But we can recommend the book as singularly readable from the first chapter to the last, although the author might have shown more consideration for his readers' nerves had he toned down some of the most thrilling details in his series of hair-breadth escapes.

THE VALLANCEY SCHOOL OF PHILOLOGY.*

SINCE Vallancey gave to the world, in the year 1782, his *Essay on the Celtic Language, showing the Importance of the Hiberno-Celtic or Irish Dialect to Students in History, Antiquity, and the Greek and Roman Classics*, Ireland has experienced no lack of enthusiasts who delight in solving, as they in the plenitude of their innocence think, all the problems of ancient history and philology by means of Irish. This seems to offer a convenient seat to their national vanity, and, viewed in that light, it is perhaps to be encouraged rather than not. We had, however, been simple enough to expect that a growing familiarity with the science of language would have the effect of thinning their ranks. But we are doomed to be grievously disappointed; not only do they show no signs of falling off in point of numbers, but their activity is just now redoubling itself. For they have very cleverly changed their front and adopted the plan of making themselves acquainted with the works of some of the leading writers of the school of Bopp; they patronize it, and quietly borrow from it bright patches wherewith to embellish their own wild speculations.

This remark applies, without any alleviating circumstances, to the authors whose productions are now before us. The one who applies to call himself "Celtophile" owes his inspiration to a sense of the duty incumbent on him to come to the rescue of revelation. For, besides the danger to philology arising from hasty generalizations and dogmatic assertion, "there is," he tells us in the preface, "another danger, of more pernicious tendency, which seems strangely to beset students both of Geology and Philology—and that is, of connecting their pursuits on principles which seem to ignore the truths of Revelation." But it is far from evident that "Celtophile's" way of dealing with Scripture would be much more readily condoned by the Church than that which he ascribes to philologists who are too conscientious to attempt to force science and the Bible into mutual accommodation and an outward show of harmony. However, our readers will perhaps feel curious to know how a writer acquainted with the results of comparative philology can have the audacity to write on "Hebraeo-Celtic affinities." The way in which he manages to bring Hebrew and the Celtic languages together is rather interesting, as one of the few instances of sophistry in the book, the rest of it being the incoherent ravings of a hopeless Celtomaniac. In the opening paragraph of the first chapter we read as follows:—

> The Germanic and the Indian tongues have been united under a generic name; analogies have been pointed out between Sanskrit and the Celtic dialects; and the name *Aryan* has been selected to designate a very large linguistic family, with numerous and widely scattered offshoots.

After this subdued attempt to introduce us to a sort of a semi-detached Celtic sister, he proceeds thus:—

> The Semitic languages, however, have for a long period been considered as distinct from all the members of the Aryan family; in fact, to be dissimilar alike in roots and stems, and inflexional formatives; whilst any coincidences that may have been observed have usually been regarded as merely fortuitous and accidental. Of late years, however, some doubt has been cast upon this theory of Semitic isolation, and so many analogies of composition and formation have been pointed out as can scarcely be reconciled with the supposition of mere casual coincidence; nor does it appear too bold a presumption to look forward to a day not far distant when the great family relationship shall be clearly established.

To overpower the reader who may still feel a little sceptical as to the truth of this prophecy, "Celtophile" refers him in a footnote to Delitzsch's attempt to prove a relationship of roots between the Semitic and the Aryan families of language. But had he seen the work itself, and not merely its title, he would probably have abstained from mentioning it. For he would have found that Delitzsch's method is not his, nor does he arbitrarily pick out one Aryan language for comparison with a Semitic one chosen

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* *Eremia; or, an Investigation of the Etymons of Words and Names, Classical and Scriptural, through the Medium of Celtic: together with some Remarks on Hebraeo-Celtic Affinities.* By a "Celtophile." London: Williams & Norgate. 1875.

The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language. Showing the Present and Past Literary Position of Irish Gaelic; its Phonesis, the Fountain of Classic Pronunciation; its Laws Accord with Grimm's Laws; its Rarific Beauties the Source of Rhyme; the Civilization of Pagan Ireland; Early Knowledge of Letters; the Art of Illuminating, Ancient Architecture. The Round Towers. The Brehon Law. Truth of the Pentateuch. Knowledge in Pagan Times Retrogressive, not Progressive; the Inductive Sciences; Philology and Ethnology confirm the Truth of Irish History; Gaelic Names of Persons and Places Full of Historic Suggestiveness; in this Respect and in Poetic Power Irish Gaelic Superior to Sanskrit. One Thousand Unpublished Irish Manuscripts. By the Very Rev. U. J. Bourke, M.R.I.A., Canon of Tuam Cathedral, and President of St. Jarlath's College; Author of the "College Irish Grammar," "Easy Lessons in Irish," &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

in the same arbitrary way, but would be content to have shown that the primeval language from which all the Aryan languages of historical times are descended was related to a similarly situated Semitic parent-speech. Even this, it is hardly necessary to state, the philological world, with the exception of Von Raumer, is at present inclined to regard as a hopeless task, and were our "Celtophile" right, Delitzsch and Von Raumer would find themselves without an inch of ground to stand upon. For the "many analogies of composition and formation" he talks about have enabled him to discover traces of the Celts—mostly Irish it would seem—from Kamtschatka to Peru, from the Ganges to the Tiber, and from Numidia to the Cape of Good Hope, to demonstrate in a single chapter the Celtic origin of half the vocabulary of Latin, and all the names of the heroes and gods of ancient Greece, and to devote the rest of his book to a similar treatment of Hebrew. To give our readers an adequate idea of his success in this direction would be more than we could undertake; suffice it to say that, among the Biblical names, Hebrew or other, which he explains with the greatest ease by means of Celtic, are the following:—Agag, Ajalon, Arad, Beersheba, Chedorlaomer, Gilgal, Horeb, Israel, Levi, Naphthali, Nebo, Og, Sehon, Sinai, and the like. Considering the author's skill and the formidable nature of the machinery at his command, the fact of his not as yet having deprived all other nations, the Chinese and Esquimaux not excepted, of every rag of a vocabulary, must be attributed to feelings of tenderness or lassitude on his part.

The title-page to "Celtophile's" book is certainly out of the common run of title-pages, but it is not to be compared with that of the President of St. Jarlath's College. This latter is a study in itself, but by no means the fruit of a solitary effort; for the headings to the sixteen chapters making up the book are all equally racy and redolent of the soil. Mr. Bourke is, we need not say, a true patriot, and his book is the height of some language intoirely. It does, however, testify to one trifling instance of the triumph of common sense; the author now no longer makes it a rule to call the modern patois of Irish peasants "Old Keltic," but is content mostly to speak of them as Irish Gaelic or Irish, although his work shows but little acquaintance with old Irish, or even with the printed specimens of the later and Augustan age of Irish literature. From the days of Moore to the present it has been the reproach of Irish scholars that they have, with a few brilliant exceptions, been too apathetic or too much afraid of work to make themselves acquainted with the annals of their country and the thoughts of their ancestors. So they readily contract a habit of flatulent expatiation on the glories and greatness of the ancient Irish and the endless excellences of their language, on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Mr. Bourke is one of those who revel in this kind of talk, or what seems to us to be such. We make this reserve advisedly; for, before we had done with him, we discovered to our confusion that he had all along been addressing himself to "the learned reader," and not to commonplace folks like ourselves. Now we happen to have a horror of the mysterious being known as "the learned reader," which recalls to our mind the almost superstitious awe with which we used in our college days to regard his prototype in Aristotle's Ethics. Besides, we have no idea as to how this "learned" referee looks at things, but we guess that certain touches in the work before us can only have been meant to call forth his approval. This, for instance, seems to be the case with the freshness imparted to the names mentioned in it, as when the greatest of living Celtists, Whitley Stokes, becomes "Whitley Stokes, M.D.," or Giraldus Cambrensis the very reverend historian Giraldus de Barry. It is quite refreshing also to those who happen to have a lively recollection of the portrait of old Dolly of Pentreath to find her transfigured into "Mrs. Dorothy Pentreath." But what "the learned reader" would say as to the author's treating the Ogham as a kind of shorthand, or calling Russian a "Finnish-Tartarian language," we do not know, though we cannot be mistaken as to what an outsider would say.

Here, as in the former case, we find that Mr. Bourke also is aware that there is a science of language; nay, he has read books on it, and his work teems with lengthy quotations from them. On the whole, his favourites are Professor Blackie, Professor Max Muller, and Professor Geddes, for each of whom he has many kind words and many a pat on the back. Professor Blackie he finds, naturally enough, a man after his own heart, and to Professor Max Müller he is indebted for his knowledge of the Sanskrit rules of *shandi*, as he is pleased to call them; so the following valuable, but characteristically diffident, account of them comes in most tastefully:—

> John Stuart Blackie is Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, and the best linguist in Scotland. In his critical knowledge of languages he is not inferior to Frederick Max Müller, Taylorian Professor at Oxford, who at present is deemed by Englishmen to be the greatest linguist of the day. He has published a translation in verse of Goethe's *Faust* and an edition of Plato, &c.

The praise of such an authority is commendation indeed, and we make no doubt it is duly appreciated by the recipients. Professor Geddes, too, comes in for a spirt of this Hibernian *sódos*; but whether he will relish the kindness of his brother Gael of Tuam in holding up to admiration the following bit of random talk of his depends on the progress he may have latterly made in Celtic phonology:—

> How interesting it is to know that the leader under whom the Gauls poured down upon Rome in 390 B.C., bore among the Romans the name *Brennus*, and that this is still the Gaelic name for *judge*, and *judgment Breitheanas*, proving that the Gauls were under a social organisation at the time when the office of a king was not so much to lead in war as to dispense judgment and administer justice.

Were we not told otherwise, we should certainly have taken this to be the product of Mr. Bourke's own cogitations on the subject. But the fact cannot be concealed that the Vallancey school is nearly as flourishing in Scotland as it is in Ireland.

As Mr. Bourke's book discusses everything from the Round Towers to the "truth of the Pentateuch," we could not review it as a whole, seeing that it does not form a whole, but a queer farrago, in which harmless, probably unconscious rodomontade predominates; neither could we hope to pick the plums in it. For far from being

> rari nantes in gurgite vasto,

they meet us at every turn in great plenty. No scholar nowadays doubts the Aryan origin of the Gaelic language; but should more books like the one now before us be written on it, this could hardly be expected to hold true in time to come.

BOGUSLAWSKI'S DEVELOPMENT OF MODERN TACTICS.*

NO work written on the Franco-German War has attracted more attention than the modest volume of Major (then Captain) Boguslawski, published soon after its close, which we reviewed on its appearance; and this attention is fully deserved, for the book has not yet been rivalled as a scientific review of the new phase of tactics which improved firearms have introduced. The "Deductions," in fact, did for the events of 1870-71 much the same work, though in a very different manner, that the sparkling essay of the lamented May did for those of 1866, introducing the reader into the secrets of that marvellous success in training and discipline which had given the Prussians as complete a mastery over their foes as Napoleon's Grand Army had in its day over those whom it routed.

We may say here that it is idle for those who would seek the springs of the events that led the Second Empire to its rapid and ignominious defeat, to look only on the defects of organization and the numerical weakness laid bare by the *Commission d'Enquête*, the results of which a recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* has skilfully used. Omitting, for argument's sake, Woerth, Gravelotte, and Sedan, as cases in which the French were fatally outnumbered, there still remain the crucial instances of Spicheren, Borny, Mars-la-Tour, and Noisseville—actions in each of which they were as strong or stronger on the ground than the Germans—to prove that there were other and distinct causes for their constant failure besides the mere weight of their enemies. And, allowing something for bolder or more skilful leadership, there is yet a difference discernible that cannot be thus accounted for. That the result was not due to superior courage is clearly shown by the conduct of poor Abel Douay's overmatched division at Weissenburg in the first action of the war. It could be nothing but superior tactical handling of the artillery, or infantry, or both, that gave the strong heights held by Frossard to his assailants on the 6th of August, and enabled Manteuffel a week later to throw a larger force of French than his own back ignominiously on the works of Metz in the battle of the 14th of August. It certainly was nothing but a better and more spirited use of cavalry which paved the way to the constant German successes throughout their advance from the Saar to the Meuse. A writer, therefore, who did such a service as Boguslawski four years since in dissecting the exact causes of this professional superiority, adds to our scientific knowledge of the war, viewed even strictly in its historical light, and deserves some gratitude outside his profession.

He was happy in the choice of a task, and in the time for undertaking it whilst the ground was yet clear, and hardly less so in the manner of its execution; but, more than all, perhaps, in the absence of any dangerous rival. This cannot be said of the earlier and less known work of his of which a new edition is now before us, which reviews "the development of tactics from 1793 up to the present time," that time being the interval between the Prusso-Austrian War, and that yet greater war which, as his preface seems to imply, broke out almost before this volume had worked its way into popular favour. Any unknown Prussian writer then coming into the field of tactical literature had to contend against the disadvantage of finding it occupied by the controversy that arose around the *Tactical Retrospect*, bringing up discussions which were deemed so important to the future of the service that the greatest military authorities were not above taking part in them, under shelter of the names of their subordinates. Of this literature Boguslawski in the preface to his original edition speaks rather slightingly, little foreseeing how soon his own pen would give the world another work which critics would cite as containing as strong proofs as could be desired of the exact fulfilment of May's prophecies in the "Retrospect." But, if thus not wholly justified by what followed, Boguslawski is specially honest as against himself in his manner of reproducing his former work, now made sure of a welcome by the success of his later one. The new edition of the "Development of Tactics" is really, as the preface declares, a faithful transcript of the old one, the author availing himself only of notes when necessary for the purpose of introducing such comments on his own former reflections as naturally follow from recent experience. He has confined his actual alterations to correcting the strictly historical portions, those relating to 1866 especially, by the light of newer and more complete information.

* *Die Entwickelung der Taktik von 1793 bis zur Gegenwart.* Von A. v. Boguslawski, Major, &c. 2te Auflage. Mittler: Berlin.

He tells us especially that these portions are not to be viewed as a complete history of the events recorded, being introduced solely as the groundwork of the real purpose of the book—the working out of practical tactics. We may therefore well omit them from our notice, and confine ourselves to examining what the writer has to say of the alterations that preceded the latest development of the use of the breechloader. And here three several periods of change are necessarily brought home to a Prussian writer; the conflict between the effete system of Frederick in 1806 and the more mobile practice arising out of the revolutionary war; next that between France and Austria in 1859, when Prussia made up her mind to take the field, but came to the resolve so late that Solferino was won and a truce signed before her forces were mobilized; and, finally, the great campaign of 1866 in Bohemia, Major Boguslawski expressly excepting from his review of the war which cast Austria out of Germany the minor events on the Main. Each of these three is admirably treated, the author showing that clearness of style and mastery of detail which were noticed in his better known and later work.

Thus, taking the first section, we have nowhere seen so good an account as this volume presents of the great improvements introduced by Napoleon into the staff of the French army, of which the author truly says:—

> The staff became in fact the assistants, no longer the mere instruments, of the commander. The whole of the modern machinery of field forces, though modified in manifold ways in other armies and by the influence of time, was first constructed by Napoleon, and is still maintained in all its chief features what he made it. And it is characterized by the principle he adopted, the bringing into united action the forces evoked in the Revolution by allowing the utmost limits of freedom and independent action to the separate portions of the army.

Of course he here refers to Napoleon's special reform as regards the creation, or at least the thoroughly working out, of the institution of separate army corps, distinctly led but under one commander-in-chief, who was freed by this new agency from petty routine cares. And with similar precision and insight he explains what was the ordinary fighting order of the Napoleon infantry division, as dated from the Camp of Boulogne, and the special means which this afforded to its general to bring his command up rapidly, and yet force it forward into action in close order, covered usually only by its light companies as skirmishers. A study of this part of the volume will richly repay those who have in vain tried to get at the root of the tactical problems of the many great actions which range from Austerlitz to Waterloo. Napoleon's tactics, as the author shows, were as closely copied in other armies as those of Frederick had been before. But there is one exception of importance to ourselves, and no apology is needed for our giving at full length the extract which explains how our national peculiarities of system arose, and why they are maintained:—

> The English must be excepted. For these had in Spain, where they were aided by the insurrection of a whole nation, by iron discipline and a prudent waiting for the enemy's attack in order to reap the fullest advantages of the line-formation, maintained them happily against the tactics of columns and skirmishers. The more moderate scale on which the war was there carried on, and the lesser strength of the armies employed, contributed further to keep the English stationary; and thus their army in its adherence to line-tactics, in which it, with but slight modifications, fought even in the Crimean war, is to be regarded as the exception to the rule. No proof should be drawn from it of the applicability of these tactics either to the wars just spoken of or those of the present age.

This is a conclusion which no doubt many Englishmen will be ready to controvert, but which will nevertheless approve itself to every reader who has learnt to look on modern war as an art to be conducted on ascertained principles, and not left to chance teaching or treated as if made up of exceptions.

In half a page the author passes on from Waterloo to the campaign of Solferino. He bestows great pains on his study of the latter as marking one of the true tactical eras, introduced of course by the Minié and rifled cannon, though he does not forget to point out that the Prussian infantry had then already taken a long step in advance of others, the whole of the Line of his own country having already the needle-gun in their hands in 1858. Pélissier, when watching their mobilization from Nancy in the following year, whilst his master, conscious of political dangers before him if he pressed the Austrians too hard, hurried on the Treaty of Villafranca, little knew how fearful the odds would have been against him had the task really devolved on his corps of facing the 150,000 Germans who were ready just too late to cross the Rhine. As the author has here to notice the success of the French, he does not omit in his review to examine the weak points which the new and freer tactics just developed in Italy showed in their hands. These were prominent above all in the undisciplined "swarms of skirmishers, capable of only being very loosely handled, and the dissolution of all tactical order, evils which constantly made themselves felt, and foreshadowed the possibility of defeat after each advantage obtained." They had, in fact, acquired the freedom, but lacked entirely the intelligent training and clear subdivision of authority, which have made the Prussian skirmishing line so formidable a machine that it has almost absorbed as it were into itself the other main elements of infantry combat. For the "open-order firing-line" of the present day, however disguised, is but a denser and more orderly use of skirmishers pressed on to real attack, instead of being used only to cover it.

Passing over the third era treated of, the appearance of the breechloader in the fields of Bohemia, we must cast though it be but a brief glance at an interesting final chapter in which Major Boguslawski reviews the French tactics from the Prussian standpoint before the war. And we confess here to a feeling of surprise that so clear an exposition as the first edition of this work gave of the then existing differences between the two armies, which the writer, as he tells us, little thought were so soon to test their respective systems against each other, should have been in print, and yet should have been so little known. Just like the Prussians, the French before 1870 aimed in the theory of their instructions for the infantry at three vital points—(1) the discovery of new principles for the attack which might make it good in face of the breechloader; (2) the thorough instruction of the troops in the use of their new weapon; and (3) the invention of suitable formations for the novel description of fighting which must inevitably come into existence. Like the Prussians at the first until corrected by the events of 1866, they assumed a largely increased superiority for the defensive. Like them, they sought to gain the flank of the enemy as the hopeful point of assault. Like them, again, they saw that it was needful to extend largely the use of skirmishers. Into the particular measures taken for these ends we have not space to follow our author. Suffice it here to say that he points out with his usual justice and clearness the essential difference which underlay the two systems; the French regarding the second line as that to be used for the assault, the Germans the front line, which with them, therefore, was always ready to make it, and actually made it in many instances with speedy and decisive effect. It may be added that the French before the war evidently largely overcalculated the destructive power of the new arms, and so kept the bulk of their battalion at twice or even thrice the distance from its own skirmishing line in front that the Germans kept the company columns, which with them formed the real body of the first line throughout the earlier actions of the war. In short, the Germans were as much bolder as they were freer in their application of the new tactics, and reaped advantage from audacity as well as from lightness.

The French, however, to do them justice, may be fairly credited, on the testimony of Major Boguslawski, with carrying out into practice in the field what had been laid down for their infantry before the war in the regulations practised at Châlons. But it reads like a bitter satire nowadays to find that a Prussian writer had at that time ascertained, as he believed, that they contemplated using their cavalry after the fashion taught by Stuart in America, and carrying raiding expeditions far round the flanks of the enemy, and deep into the heart of his country. No doubt they thought and talked of some such ideal use of that arm, little dreaming how soon the test of war with its sharp exigencies was to be upon them, when their unpractised squadrons and mole-eyed staff would allow the Uhlan to wreak his will inside their own lines without the faintest attempt at check or requital. Verily there is a moral in such reading for every nation that sees the necessity of army reform clearly and yet refuses to accept it.

We part from this work regretfully. There are indeed blemishes in it. When Major Boguslawski crosses the Atlantic for an illustration, as when, in double error, he ascribes "the greater activity of cavalry in the American campaign" to the "inferior quality of American infantry," he blunders so widely, and so unlike himself, as to confirm the report that officers of his cloth purposely refrain from studying the great Civil War. But whether this republication be regarded purely for its theoretical teaching, or in its other light as a review of the tactical changes which preceded those wrought out by the breechloader, it is full of judicious instruction given in a pleasant style. And the military world is doubly fortunate in the success of the author's more recent "Deductions," which has caused the reappearance of his former volume, and ensures for it a large circle of readers.

TWO SHORT STORIES.*

We are glad to be able to congratulate "Holme Lee" on the production of a story which is fit to rank with the best bit of work that she has ever turned out. She has given us a charming picture, full of delicate touches and marks of close observation, and she has not weakened her theme by undue prolongation, spreading out the stuff of one volume into the space of three. *Ben Milner's Wooing* is a careful, compact, highly-finished novelette; sufficiently elaborated to give us distinct characters and varied circumstances, while keeping the plot together and the attention concentrated. Indeed the characters of this pleasant little book are as clear and lifelike as if they had been drawn double their size; and we have all the effect of a full-blown novel with none of the fatigue almost inseparable from the regulation nine hundred pages.

The most charming person in the gallery is, as it should be, the heroine, pretty Pattie Gardner; and the author has managed to portray her transition from childhood to womanhood, and from childish confidence to maidenly love, with great grace and skill. Though the heroine of a novel and the object of two love affairs at once, the one with the wrong man and the other with the right, she is thoroughly healthy and natural, is laudably free from hysterics, false sentiment, or exaggerated romance, has no nonsense about her from first to last, and as little moral distortion; but

* *Ben Milner's Wooing.* By Holme Lee, Author of "Sylvan Holt's Daughter," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1876.

Merrer's Gardens. By the Author of "Four Messengers," "Echoes," &c. London: Bell & Sons. 1876.

goes through her trials with the grief and the rebound, the despair and the resolution, the little fits of ill temper and the habitual loving submission to her father and trust in her lover, just as a good girl of her stamp would have done in real life. Hence she is one of the most satisfactory of those odd young women who, as heroines of novels, do duty as representatives of ordinary English girlhood, that it has been our fortune to meet with for a long time; and we are grateful to the author for such a charming miniature. Ben Milner himself, too, is a fine fellow enough, but a difficult character to draw. The cool-blooded English lover who makes love as much by teasing as by more generally received methods of wooing, and who accepts check and disappointment with an equanimity that neither lessens his enjoyment in the theatre nor disturbs his rest or health, is very likely a fine and gallant man in real life, a sensible fellow, and none the less loving because manly and self-controlled; but he reads oddly in a novel, where we have long been accustomed to such exaggerations of sentiment as would make life impossible were they real. It takes a little time to reflect that the love which is only part of a man's life is a truer and even nobler kind of thing than that which so invades his manhood as to leave him a mere battered wreck when things go wrong—as they will do sometimes. We think, however, that the writer has made her hero at times unnecessarily, not exactly boorish, but unconventional, as when he receives Pattie as his guest without getting up from his chair, and asks her for a kiss, as if she were a little girl of seven instead of a maiden of seventeen. Seeing that he is consciously in love with her, and that he has had her invited to London by his sister to win her if he can, we might have expected a little more of the unconscious guile of love-making; but the picture is very pretty as it stands, and, if open to question, is realistic enough. We must give the sketch of Pattie as the author has drawn it, for we think it a favourable specimen of her own style and her heroine's personality:—

> Miss Phœbe chose to follow them downstairs, and nothing escaped her. She saw the gay assurance with which Ben looked down on his companion, and the frank simplicity with which she looked up again at him. Pattie's dress was primrose-colour—a light striped fabric of silk and gauze, that was soft, and shone, and fell in broad folds to the ground. At her throat and wrists were very close quilled ruffles of tulle, and on one side of her hair was a bow of primrose-ribbon and black velvet. She was rather above the middle height, and of a rounded, supple, slender form. No picture could be prettier than her face, but as Ben had told Phibs, it was indescribable. The cool lustre of modest girlhood and the grace of tender expression were there, and spirit and sense. All who knew Pattie were very fond of her, and called her lovely. Ben Milner this evening dubbed her divine.
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> "I don't see that, nor do I suppose Pattie aspires to it yet," said Miss Phœbe, dryly.

This Miss Phœbe—"Phibs" to her brother Ben—is the oldest sister of the Milner family, and more of a mother than a sister to Ben. She has already prevented his marrying a certain Mary Halsted, "one of those womanly sweet women, whom good men rest in, and grow to love the more the longer they live together"; and she holds herself justified for her past cruelty, seeing that Ben was then only two-and-twenty and Mary was portionless. That this last married Mr. Lowther, a young surgeon, six months after her affair with Ben Milner was interrupted, somewhat justified Miss Phœbe's jealous taunt, as well as her prevision; but now when pretty Pattie Gardner comes on the scene the old maid's trials have to be renewed, and this time she must stand by quietly, and even help her brother to give himself over to another. The mixture of selfishness and love, old maiden primness and womanly tenderness, in "Phibs," deserves a passing note of approbation for the skill with which it is presented; and we feel sure that in the long run the nobler part of her will conquer the more ignoble, and that the woman's heart will carry it over the natural jealousy of the ancient sister disturbed in her long reign by the young bride, and that Ben Milner's marriage will be as prosperous as was his wooing. On the whole, we like this short novel better than any of the author's later writings. It is brighter, pleasanter, with more heartiness, and a truer ring altogether than much that she has done, and perhaps marks the beginning of a second and better manner.

If *Ben Milner's Wooing* attracts us by its lifelikeness and common sense, which must not be confounded with commonplace, *Mercer's Gardens* at the first arrests our attention in quite another way, by its ludicrous exaggerations and impossibilities. The first scene strikes the keynote. A young girl of uncertain age, young enough to be treated as a child, old enough to dream of love, to write romantic ballads, and translate Latin serious verse into half-comic English rhyme, is overheard spouting her translation of "Hanc tuæ (*sic*) Penelope lento tibi, mittet (*sic*) Ulysse," in Mercer's Gardens, by the young heir and owner of Mercer's Court, one Sir Redmond Hale. We do not pretend to have an exhaustive acquaintance with young baronets, heirs to large estates, but we should have imagined that very few among them would have behaved to even a shabbily dressed little girl as Sir Redmond behaved to Grace Arden. We have always fancied that gentle breeding carried with it good manners all through, as much for self-respect as for mere conventional propriety; but we suppose we must acknowledge ourselves mistaken, and accept the ways and words of young Sir Redmond to his strange little trespasser as a new reading in the laws of deportment—a reading, however, which blurs all the lines of demarcation between a gentleman and a cad. Also, we must accept Miss Agatha Arden, the aunt of the young poetess, as a possible portrait, and not wince when Grace goes up to her father and says, "I am so sorry to disappoint you, my own old man." This is an expression used, not for fun, nor yet for rudeness, seeing that she "stroked the white, silky hair, and kissed the worn sleeve, and whispered fondness." It is only her manner, just as Sir Redmond's impertinence, which would have justified a brother with a horsewhip, was only his. The result of the chance meeting in Mercer's Gardens is an invitation to Grace to go to Mercer's Court and see Christina, Sir Redmond's sister. This young lady comprises in the inventory of her various charms a "proudly-curved scarlet mouth," which must have been rather startling; and she has "sunny hair brushed behind delicate ears, free from the barbarous glitter of earrings." The butler of these young aristocrats is as odd as the rest of the people in this wholly unnatural gallery of caricatures. Here is his portrait:—

> Parsons was the aged guardian of Mercer's, the silver-haired, bent, and shrewd retainer, in whose care the place had been left during the long time that the orphan brother and sister were abroad. Old servitude, and stubborn self-esteem consequent on the importance attaching to the fact that he was sole representative of Sir Redmond Hale's greatness, had received every stimulant of loneliness and undisputed authority. Chronic crossness, and the despotism that had revelled for such a period in absolute, uncontradicted sway, combined in Parsons to form a not uncommon specimen of an indulged servant and an amusing obstinate old man.
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> Despising modern innovations of livery, and disliking a plain suit, he had brushed and polished himself into a medley of Chelsea pensioner and London beadle and coachman on a drawing-room day, the last skilful touch being given by the splendidly gay nosegay at his waistcoat, designed after his own taste of dahlias, nasturtiums, a hollyock (*sic*), and poppies.

When Grace, whom Sir Redmond immediately calls "Gay," comes to see Miss Christina, this young lady of course feels an intense interest in her, and offers to help her in her education. Whereon Grace answers, "in the extremity of shyness, and feeling the acute contempt of her deficiencies mirrored in the spaniel's critical blinking eyes"—"I can only play by ear, and I cannot spell;" a statement that is almost as startling as the scarlet mouth, when we remember the poem with which the story opens, and the tongue on which it is founded. Further on, we come to a scene between a certain deaf old lady, Miss Courtenaye and Grace, wherein the girl, made hysterical by Sir Redmond's "satiric eyes" fixed on her face, laughs down the trumpet which the old lady holds up for her to speak into; and when asked her name, prompted by the baronet answers, "I am Miss Hale's confidante, Grace Arden." As this explanation is not quite satisfactory to Miss Courtenaye, she adds, always prompted by the baronet, "Sir Redmond says I am the Poet of Craye." Later, when Miss Courtenaye speaks of having a little neuralgia, this classic scholar and idiotic ignoramus asks, "What is *neu*ralgia, please? . . . A little neuralgia; what can it be? is it dangerous or only playful, like Miss Hale's spaniel?" At another time, Grace, going to see an old cottage woman, proposes to read her something, and forthwith plunges into Keats's *Pot of Basil*, ending her interview by promising the old woman a dinner of salmon, and a canary bird, the one being four shillings a pound, the other half a sovereign to buy, and she without sixpence. The whole story continues in the same absurdly forced and unnatural strain; and when we came to a confession of ignorance made by Grace at seventeen—

> "I did not know life was so hard," she murmured. "Sir Redmond and Miss Hale go away just as I begin to love them; and Mr. Harley, who was so kind and good, dies—yes, even dies," she went on excitedly, as if it was hardly credible that one whom she cared for could be called from her for ever. "And if this is life, all partings and dreadful separations, I do not want to live—

we confess to so much repugnance to a further waste of valuable time that we shut up *Mercer's Gardens* with the rest of the leaves uncut. The language is as strained and distorted as the characters. "Rather disconcerted by twiggy bedposts," is an expression used for birds sleeping on boughs; "quaint is the portrait of the slim figure in sandals" (query, sandalled shoes) "and curls crowded over the innocent forehead in a wiggy peculiarity of the age," expresses the image of Grace Arden's mother, Dulciana; and everywhere we fall on examples of feeble grammar and faulty composition from which the author's familiarity with Ovid and "Hanc tuæ Penelope" should have saved her. For one thing only can we commend the writer of *Mercer's Gardens*—the compression of all this nonsense into a single volume. Unfortunately, truth compels us to add that it is a thick volume, and rather closely printed.

MINOR NOTICES.

CONTRIBUTIONS to periodical literature are, as a rule, hardly worth reprinting, but an exception may fairly be made in favour of such papers as these which Mr. Skelton has just collected in a volume.* These essays are remarkable, not only for a certain eloquence and incisiveness of style, but especially for the temper and bias of mind which they display. The motto on the title-page is "In Defence!" and the writer in his dedication describes his work as "a volume of apologies." This gives us the key to Mr. Skelton's mission. He is the eager champion of ill-used reputations; and, whatever one may think of the pleas advanced, the chivalrous spirit of the writer must at least command sympathy and respect. It is a good quality in criticism to be anxious to discover the most favourable aspects of a subject, and it is one perhaps which is imperfectly cultivated at the present day. The longest and most important paper in this volume is that devoted

* *The Impeachment of Mary Stuart; and other Papers, Historical and Biographical.* By John Skelton. W. Blackwood & Sons.

to the story of Mary Queen of Scots. It originally appeared in a less developed form as an article in *Fraser's Magazine*, which was then edited by Mr. Froude, and, to avoid seeming to attack his friend's history, Mr. Skelton put his reply into the mouth of the counsel supposed to be retained in defence of the memory of the Queen, "who could attack his learned brother with the chartered freedom of the Bar." The device is ingenious, but it may be doubted whether the pleading would not have been more convincing if it had not appeared to come from one who was bound to a foregone conclusion. It should be said, however, that the writer himself is not a blind partisan of Queen Mary. In his eyes, she was neither a transcendent sinner nor a conspicuous saint, but "simply a brave, brilliant, high-spirited woman, who had a haughty scorn for meanness and cowardice, a hearty capacity for enjoyment, and who could hate her enemies with all the keenness of a quiet, sensitive, and somewhat pagan temper." In short, Mr. Skelton holds that Mary's "masculine, unsentimental career" has been misconstrued as an effeminate love-story. "If her lovers," he says, "went mad about her, she did not go mad about her lovers"; "no woman ever lived to whom love was less a necessity," and this was at once the strength of her character as a queen and her defect as a woman. It was her common sense, her wish to make the best of a bad business, which reconciled her to marriage with Bothwell. This is certainly an original view of Mary's character, and, though it seems to us unduly strained, there is perhaps some degree of truth in it. It is needless to say that Mr. Skelton does not believe in the Casket Letters. Another of the essays is a warm and generous vindication of Dryden from the aspersions of Macaulay. Dryden, it is admitted, was not a man of high principle or strong sense of duty, nor had he any very lofty conception of his literary vocation; but his pliability was due, not to meanness or baseness, but simply to his easy nature. The apology for Bolingbroke which follows deserves to be read, though it fails to convince. Indeed, the excuses which have to be made rather ratify the general condemnation. Other papers treat of Charles Napier and Dr. Robert Lee, the latter especially being an admirable sketch, not only of a strong and noble character, but of Church questions in Scotland.

Mr. Loftie has given us a very pleasant and interesting book about London*, and some notable places within easy reach of it. There is nothing perhaps which to an intelligent mind imparts so much relish to a ramble as the old memories and associations which are started in the course of it; yet it is wonderful how little, as a rule, Londoners know about their own streets in this way. The form of Mr. Loftie's book, which is one of a popular series issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, necessarily limits its scope, and suggests a wish that the subject might be treated by so capable a writer in a more comprehensive, as well as more detailed, manner. Some day this may perhaps be done; and in the meantime we may be thankful for the present manual, which is excellent as far as it goes. Mr. Loftie first takes his readers for a peripatetic lesson in London geography, and it will possibly be a revelation to many of its inhabitants to learn that it stands on a series of low hills rising from the sloping bank of the river; that these hills are, or at least were, divided by brooks or bournes; and that, while north of Hyde Park the ground in some places rises to a hundred feet above the sea, at Millbank it is only twelve feet above the river. The highest ground in the City is not in Paryer Alley, but in Cannon Street, where it reaches sixty feet. Mr. Loftie of course does not profess to have made any new discoveries, but he presents a distinct and striking picture of the former aspects of London which will, we dare say, be new to some of its citizens. We cannot follow him through the details of "London four centuries ago," or again of "London a century back"; but we should think that any one who was wearied by the monotony of his walks in town would find them suddenly assuming a fresh interest, and raising constant curiosity and speculation in his mind after reading Mr. Loftie's descriptions of how the town looked in other days, before the old landmarks were swamped by bricks and mortar. Of the detached chapters of this work, one is given to St. Olave's Church in the City, which Pepys used to attend, and where he and his wife are buried—the register, by the way, spells the name Peyps. Another deals with Great St. Helen's, which, even in its present condition, well deserves a visit. In another sketch we are reminded of Fuller's connexion with the Savoy Chapel, where, as we learn from an advertisement, marriages were celebrated "with privacy, secrecy, and regularity. N.B. Five private ways by land, and two by water." Now that Northumberland House has disappeared, the account of it which is here given has a special historical value. Holland House has often been described, but Mr. Loftie connects it with the perhaps less known romantic story of Lady Sarah Lennox, who used at times to be making hay in the meadow facing the road when young George III. rode past. Mr. Loftie also serves as guide on one or two easy excursions from town—to Knole; Ingatestone, an old hall of the Petres in Essex, which, we fancy, is little known, standing in a pleasant green country; Berkhampstead, where two fragments of the masonry of the old castle of the Earls and Dukes of Cornwall may still be seen; St. Albans; and the Surrey Hills, in a secluded nook of which is old Chaldon Church, partly Early English, but mostly Perpendicular, with examples also of Norman, Decorated, Elizabethan, and so on, and a curious mural painting in tempera of the "Ladder of the Salvation of the Human Soul and the Road to Heaven," dating, it is supposed, from about the end of the twelfth century. Altogether, there are few books which contain so much interesting matter packed into such a modest space as "The Half-Holidays of a Town Clerk"; and many town clerks of another kind may be glad to have it as an agreeable companion for an afternoon ramble.

Mr. Swinburne lately proclaimed, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, his discovery of what he took to be a previously unknown genius "in that second golden age of English poetry which was comprised within the first quarter of the nineteenth century." This genius was Mr. Charles Wells, author of *Joseph and his Brethren* *, of which some extracts have been published; and the complete work is now offered to a generation which is supposed to be more appreciative than the author's contemporaries. Those who read Mr. Swinburne's "Prefatory Note" will certainly form a very high expectation of what is to come. This forgotten poet, we are assured, is "only lesser than the greatest of his time in some of the greatest qualities of his art"; and Mr. Swinburne is aghast at the "scandal of the fact that to this day this great dramatic poem remains known perhaps on the whole to about half-a-dozen students of English art." There are passages in it, we are assured, which might belong to Shakspeare, and we are repeatedly called upon to listen to "a grand Elizabethan echo." There is perhaps nothing more seductive than the enthusiasm of a discoverer; and it is easy to understand how the generous heat of Mr. Swinburne's poetic imagination has shed a lustre on his *protégé* which does not naturally belong to him. If we might on so grave a subject be allowed to use a familiar metaphor, we should be tempted to say that Mr. Swinburne's illumination of Mr. Wells rather suggests the glare of the policeman's bull's-eye, which invests the urchin in the doorway with a sudden glory. There can be no doubt that *Joseph and his Brethren* contains some very good versification. We agree with Mr. Swinburne that it has, at least in some passages, "ease and stateliness of manner," and "a sweet tenuity in the continuous melody of the verse," though we do not adopt the tautology of the latter expression. But these qualities are certainly not maintained throughout; nor do they compensate for the wearisome diffuseness of the language, the prosy clumsiness of many of the metaphors, and the general level of commonplace which marks the standard of the writer's ideas. No one who looks at the poem impartially can be surprised that at the period when it first appeared—that second golden age of English poetry, as Mr. Swinburne calls it—such a comparatively heavy and mechanical production should have little chance among so many brilliant and really inspired competitors. What Mr. Wells's poem wants is soaring power. He has facile movement, but his pinions do not carry him to the clouds. As a rustic idyl, the picture of Jacob and his sons is marked by sympathetic feeling, and there are also passages of narrative which are strong in their simplicity and straightforwardness; but there are, as far as we can see, no traces of that lifting up of spirit and wide outlook which is the sign of a great poet. The Scriptural story of Joseph is in itself very beautiful, and we do not find that Mr. Wells adds any touches to its beauty or meaning by his amplification. His attempt to develop the scenes between Joseph and Phraxanor is a conspicuous failure. Phraxanor is a coarse scold, and Joseph a prig of the first water, who prides himself on his power of moral argument. In the original, the more natural Joseph slips off in silent terror, and it may be thought that this is both much more true and touching than entering upon a wordy controversy. It seems, indeed, as if Mr. Wells's Joseph was quite ready to spend the day in discussing the question, for he waits till Potiphar arrives. A flesh-and-blood Joseph would perhaps be less confident either as to the force of his logic or his own power of resistance. Mr. Swinburne has in a high degree the sympathy which is necessary in a critic, but his imagination, when excited, is sometimes apt to obscure his judgment. In this case he is disposed to put Phraxanor alongside of Shakspeare's Cleopatra, but it is impossible to imagine a stronger contrast between clay and spirit than between the lecherous virago of Mr. Wells and Shakspeare's "serpent of old Nile." Let any one turn to Shakspeare and read a page, and then to Mr. Wells, and the difference will be felt at once. Even Mr. Swinburne himself seems to be not altogether blind to the weaknesses of the work which he lauds so highly. He acknowledges that the writer shows "an evident disposition to rest too easily contented with the first forms that offer themselves to clothe the first fancies," "an ignorance when to stop and when to breathe," and "a facile indulgence in superfluity of speech." He admits also that there is an "almost ludicrous or repellent side" to the interview between Joseph and Phraxanor, though he thinks it is overshadowed by the rest of the scene, and that there is a "continuous effusion of verbal luxury." Taken altogether, this poem may perhaps have been worth reprinting for the sake of some of its merits; but we can hardly say that the previous generation lost much by not knowing it, and it seems to us idle to speculate whether, if the author had received any encouragement, he might not have produced something better. As for Mr. Swinburne's wildly extravagant praise, it may be taken as an example of that creative criticism in which a critic sees what exists only in his own fervid imagination, just as even a dull person can, if he has a mind to it, discern wonderful things in the fire.

A new edition, revised and enlarged, of Mr. Matthew Arnold's

* *In and Out of London; or, the Half-Holidays of a Town Clerk.* By W. J. Loftie. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

* *Joseph and his Brethren: a Dramatic Poem.* By Charles Wells. With an Introduction by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Chatto & Windus.

*Essays in Criticism** has just been published. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Arnold's views as to the regenerative power of criticism, every one must allow the subtle delicacy and discrimination which characterize his studies of Joubert, Heine, the De Guerins, Spinoza, Marcus Aurelius, &c.; and the volume which contains them will always be cherished by all true lovers of literary art. The "Persian Passion Play" is the new part of the volume.

Here is at last a really poetical valentine—the *Quiver of Love*†—which even a poet need not be ashamed to offer to his sweetheart. Nothing can be more depressing than the ordinary doggrel of the valentines of commerce, though there has certainly been some improvement of late years both in the verses and the illustrations. A sheep's heart stuck through with a skewer is the appropriate emblem of the common missive of love; and we are glad to see that arrows of a more delicate kind are now directed against hearts which are not supposed to be cut off from all connexion with intellect. Among the poets who are laid under contribution for the *Quiver of Love* are some of the most eminent in English literature, and the moderns who compete with them have at least a graceful facility of style, if less depth of sentiment. Perhaps there are no pieces in the collection which strike the right key of a valentine, just between hopeless dejection and undue confidence, better than Herrick's; and we are afraid that Shelley's "desire of the moth for the star" is a little too abject and remote from passionate desire to be very impressive. There are some valentines, however, from Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Coleridge, and others, which are in the highest strain, and yet much to the point, while Burns's are almost ardent enough to char the paper. There is a very pretty valentine from Chatterton to a "Miss C———, of Bristol." But Marlowe's "Come live with me" is the sweetest and most perfect valentine of all. The illustrations to this volume are of a very picturesque and graceful kind, and printed in brilliant colours. Messrs. Ward and Co. also issue in a detached form a great variety of valentines, showing much taste and fancy.

Mr. Tennyson's play has given a keen interest to the character of Queen Mary, as is shown by the republication of a couple of old plays‡, one, *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat*, by Decker and Webster, and the other, *The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth*, by Heywood; and by the appearance of a new edition of Sir Aubrey de Vere's *Mary Tudor*. The two former plays are interesting chiefly on account of the popular impressions prevailing at the period when they were written which they convey or suggest, for their literary qualities are of a very moderate kind. In Heywood's *Queen Elizabeth* we note the little incident of the Princess overhearing a milkmaid singing, and wishing she herself were one, which Mr. Tennyson has adopted. Sir Aubrey de Vere's work is of a poetical and impassioned character, and presents a vivid picture of the period, though its effect is somewhat marred by the diffuseness of its style. Mr. Tennyson has undoubtedly a firmer grasp of the subject and more robust concentration; while Sir Aubrey's full tide of words sometimes runs away with him. *Mary Tudor* was written in the last year of his life, 1845-6, and was published in the next without the benefit of a final revision; and it seems never to have taken public attention. Whether it is likely to do so now is perhaps doubtful; but it must in justice be said that it contains much melodious verse and graceful imagination. Sir Aubrey takes, on the whole, rather a favourable view of Mary's nature; he does not attempt to smooth over the cruelties for which she was responsible, but throws the chief guilt on Gardiner:—

> A worthy Queen she had been, if as little
> Of cruelty had been done under her
> As by her. . . . In fine, she was
> In all things excellent while she pursued
> Her own free inclination without fear!

Pole comes out very nobly in this drama. The volume also contains some sonnets by Sir Aubrey which are graceful in style, but without much in them.

The annual summaries from 1851 to 1875, which have been reprinted from the *Times*§, are useful not merely in refreshing the memory as to particular events, but in presenting a continuous and comprehensive survey of the history of the last quarter of a century. There is perhaps no period with regard to which most people have such vague and hazy ideas as with regard to that which lies between the floating news of the day and the systematic records of historians; yet there is nothing more necessary than a correct appreciation of the connexion and order of contemporary events. This digest from the *Times* is therefore, in spite of the modesty of its appearance, an important and valuable contribution to modern history, and even the best-informed readers may profit by the study of it.

The growing popularity of Lamb's writings‖ may be measured by the number of editions of them which are published from time to time. Messrs. Routledge issue, in a cheap form, what they call a "Popular Centenary Edition," with a judicious memoir by Mr. Charles Kent. In the course of his notice Mr. Kent quotes a letter by Miss Kelly, dated September last, giving the true story of "Barbara S——," Lamb having founded his version on an incident which happened to Miss Kelly, whom, however, he was at great pains not to identify. The type of this edition is rather small and close, but we suppose that must be expected in such a case. At the same time Messrs. Moxon and Co. publish the first volume of a new edition of Lamb's letters, essays, poems, and plays, accompanied by Talfourd's Life, the two parts of which are now combined together, with notes by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald. There is perhaps nothing more tiresome to a reader than having continually to shift his eye from the body of the page to the notes at the bottom, and this annoyance is intensified in the present case by some of the notes extending over several pages, so that the reader who follows them has to turn back afterwards to find his place in the text. It would surely have been better for Mr. Fitzgerald to write a new biography. This reprint of Lamb is to be in six volumes, and will make of course a more handsome edition than when the whole works are packed in a single volume.

Mr. Gibbs, the author of *Arlon Grange*, now comes out in competition with the Laureate in a legendary poem called *The Battle of the Standard*.* The author, if he never rises to any great elevation of thought or language, at least writes in a clear, manly, straightforward way, and his narrative is picturesque and animated.

White and Riddle's Latin Dictionary†, although based on the German work of Freund, has become, by repeated revision and amplification, a work of an original and independent character; and a fifth edition, in a single volume of 2,103 pages, which has just been issued, gives the results of the latest study of the language in a clear and systematic form. The test of such a work is to be applied not by merely glancing over its pages, but by its practical use, and the experience both of teachers and students has fully justified the confidence reposed in it. A special feature of value in this work is that it takes in the Latinity of every age, giving not only the old classical, but the patristic, forms.

Mr. Prichard, in editing a new edition of Bishop Percy's *Reliques*‡, has endeavoured rather to secure the correctness of the text, which he has collated with the folio manuscript and the first four editions, than to display his critical ingenuity. Dr. Percy had to take many of the pieces from defective copies, or from the imperfect recitations of illiterate singers, and he was perhaps a little too free in some of his emendations and additions. Still it is better to have an accurate version of the original than a speculative reconstruction by another hand. Mr. Prichard's edition may be recommended for its convenient size and clear type.

Mr. Markby, Judge of the High Court of Judicature at Calcutta, has added three chapters on the Transfer of Ownership, Security, and Succession to his work on the *Elements of Law*, and these have been issued in a separate form§ for the convenience of those who possess the former edition. In treating of Security Mr. Markby has followed Professor Kuntze's treatise, holding that reliance should not be placed exclusively on the views of French lawyers.

Mr. Maclean, of the *Bombay Gazette*, has succeeded in putting a very complete and useful account of the capital and chief seaport of Western India into a handy little volume‖, which also contains an official and mercantile directory. Besides the usual geographical details, he gives some interesting sketches of the history of "the island," the motley character of the population, and native festivals and customs. The writer admits that at all times, including the cold season, the climate of Bombay is rather relaxing than invigorating; but, on the other hand, even in the hottest months, May and October, the heat is tempered by the sea breeze. It is in the cold season that the weather is at its best, and society practically deserts the city except during these four months. We gather, however, that even in the height of festivities Bombay is not particularly lively. There is a theatre, but it is seldom open; there are occasional concerts and dancing-parties; but, as a rule, "formal dinner-parties are the only kind of gaiety that Bombay goes steadily in for." The enjoyment of these banquets is perhaps scarcely enhanced by the extreme touchiness which prevails in regard to precedence, so that a guest is advised to ascertain beforehand what he is himself entitled to or what he owes to others, or he may find himself at war with half the company before the evening is over. Club life seems to furnish some compensation for the stiffness of formal society.

When Mr. Tegg says he has "collated" the wills in his book¶, we fancy he must mean collected; for they are, for the most part, only brief summaries of wills, taken out of books or newspapers. A work of this kind, however, even when slight and scrappy, is sure to contain some curious and amusing matter. We have, for instance, many examples of the foolish and shabby vanity of testators,

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* *Essays in Criticism.* By Matthew Arnold. Third Edition. Macmillan & Co.

† *The Quiver of Love: a Collection of Valentines, Ancient and Modern.* With Illustrations, in Colour, by Walter Crane and K. Greenaway. Marcus Ward & Co.

‡ *Queen Mary.* Two Old Plays by Decker and Webster and Thomas Heywood. Edited by W. J. Blew. Pickering.

Mary Tudor: an Historical Drama. By Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart. Pickering.

§ *A Reprint from the "Times." The Annual Summaries for a Quarter of a Century.* "Times" Office.

‖ *The Works of Charles Lamb.* Edited by Charles Kent. Routledge & Sons.

The Life, Letters, and Writings of Charles Lamb. Edited by Percy Fitzgerald. Vol. I. E. Moxon & Co.

* *The Battle of the Standard.* By W. A. Gibbs. Provost & Co.

† *A Latin-English Dictionary.* By the Rev. J. T. White, D.D., and Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A. Fifth Edition. Longmans, Green, & Co.

‡ *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.* By Bishop Percy. Edited by J. V. Prichard. 2 vols. G. Bell & Sons.

§ *Supplement to the Elements of Law.* By William Markby. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

‖ *Maclean's Guide to Bombay.* "Bombay Gazette" Office.

¶ *Wills of their Own; Curious, Eccentric, and Benevolent.* Collated and arranged by William Tegg. W. Tegg & Co.

as when one Greene directs four green waistcoats to be given to four poor women every year, while Thomas Gray commemorates himself by an annual distribution of six waistcoats of grey cloth. Husbands seem to be fond of taking in their wills a weak revenge on their wives. One left his wife a shilling "for picking his pocket of sixty guineas"; another left 50*l.* to "Elizabeth, whom, through my foolish fondness, I made my wife, without regard to family, fame, or fortune; and who in return has not spared, most unjustly, to accuse me of every crime regarding human nature, save highway robbery." One man put a ban on his widow wearing caps, another on his son growing moustaches. The late Lord Lytton's will, it is stated, contained special directions as to the examination of his body in order to provide against the possibility of his being buried in a trance. The story of Lord St. Leonards's missing will is told with the appropriate quotation from his book, "It is quite shocking to reflect upon the litigation which has been occasioned by men making their own wills."

Captain Kennedy, well-known as a chessplayer, has published in an enlarged form a second edition of some light, gossipy papers* about his favourite game. He is very indignant at the "silly prejudice" that chess is a mere recreation, and claims for it the dignity of a science; though, from the number of virtues which are said to be indispensable to a chessplayer, we should almost think it was rather a course of sublime moral discipline. One chapter is devoted to an account of Mr. Buckle's chessplaying, who seems to have been a consummate master of the art. His combinations were marked by exactitude of calculation and brilliant device, and he especially excelled in pawn play. He gave large odds, such as rook and knight, with wonderful skill and success, and appeared to have a sort of intuitive knowledge of a strange opponent's idiosyncrasies. Among other curiosities, Captain Kennedy gives a game between the Emperor Napoleon and Bertrand at St. Helena, which seems to show that, towards the end of the game, Bertrand, with a courtier-like instinct, gave up a strong position to allow the Emperor an opening which enabled him to win.

Dod's Peerage†, which includes baronets and knights, and courtesy titles, is now in its thirty-sixth year, and gives the usual complete and compact information. The same may be said of the well-known *Parliamentary Companion*.

Mr. Hutchinson has taken up seriously Mr. Stanley's *ad captandum* proposal for converting the natives of Central Africa by the combined efforts of missionaries and pedlars ‡, and thinks it was foreshadowed in "the prophetic language of the Seventy-second Psalm."

Mr. John Furley §, who had a good deal of experience as one of the Red Cross Volunteers during the Franco-German war, lately went to the North of Spain to see if he could be of any use in the struggle between the Carlists and Republicans. He found the ground jealously occupied by a Spanish Society, and his proffered services do not seem to have been very highly appreciated. He got some glimpses of the campaign, however, and the notes which he has now put together help to give one an idea of the loose, fitful, free and easy way in which the civil war in Spain is being carried on.

Captain Oliver, R.A., has been in the habit of making topographical and historical notes about places where he has been quartered on duty at home and abroad, and from his stores gathered in this way he now gives us an account of two Cornish castles ‖—Pendennis and St. Mawes—which affords interesting glimpses of what may be called byway history.

Colonel Fishwick has compiled a useful bibliographical catalogue of works relating to the topography and local history of Lancashire ¶, with notes on the books and authors.

Mr. Jones** is very angry with the "half-informed persons" who propagate the doctrine of evolution, and especially the "weak-minded class" who "commit the absurdity of trying to reconcile the doctrine with belief in a Personal First Cause." He holds that the theory of evolution is "from beginning to end an unverified and unvariable hypothesis," and denies that it has any scientific foundation. The irate tone, however, in which Mr. Jones himself argues seems hardly scientific.

Mr. Houghton, who has already produced several pleasant little works on natural history, now gives us some sketches of British insects †† as an introduction to the study of entomology in a scientific form. It is written in a plain and interesting way, and illustrated with some excellent coloured plates.

The Dwellers in Our Gardens ‡‡, by Miss Wood, is also intended to awaken an interest in natural history in its familiar aspects. It gives a simple account of the birds, beasts, and insects to be found in English gardens.

A series of admirable photographic views of Chiswick House and Grounds* has been taken for the Prince of Wales, who is in the habit of giving garden-parties there, by Mr. William Bedford, and are now published by permission. There are ten views in all, and they make a handsome and interesting drawing-room book. As studies of foliage, the work has a special value.

The late Mr. David Leslie's *Among the Zulus*†, though called a second edition, is really, as far as the public is concerned, a first edition, for in a collected form it has already only had a private circulation. Mr. Leslie was a young Scotchman who went out to Natal while a boy, and, having become proficient in the Zulu language, was at the age of fourteen appointed interpreter to the courts of law in Natal. Subsequently he rose to be one of the principal merchants there, but, having suffered from a bad commercial crisis some ten years ago, he abandoned his former pursuits for trading and hunting in the interior, where he lived on intimate terms with the natives, and had the best opportunities of studying them thoroughly. On recovering from an attack of fever, he returned to Glasgow in 1873, and some months after died there from disease of the lungs. Various scattered articles from his pen in the *Times* and other journals, English and colonial, are now republished, and furnish a valuable and interesting handbook to the country of the Zulus and Amatongos.

The Autobiography of Anne Lady Halkett‡, which in a fragmentary form has just been published by the Camden Society, affords some interesting glimpses of the society of the period. Lady Halkett was the daughter of Thomas Murray, tutor and afterwards secretary to Prince Charles (Charles I.), and is known as the author of various devotional meditations. Her life was passed partly in England and partly in Scotland, and she gives a very *naïve* account of her family relations, and the competition of her different suitors, of whom Sir James Halkett was finally successful.

Mr. Jarvis, on a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, discovered, among other curiosities, a so-called "Phusee-Glyptic Museum," § kept by Henry Jones, an old shoemaker, in a shed at the "Bull Inn." Mr. Jones explains the meaning of the title which he has bestowed on his exhibition by saying that it is "three parts natur' and one part art," and it appears that its contents consist of figures of men and animals formed out of roots of trees, gnarled wood, or oddly shaped stones, carved or otherwise touched up to suit the purpose. Mr. Jones is a self-taught artist, and shows some quaint humour in his works, judging from the specimens here pictured. He is also a poet, but of the Close type. The "Phusee-Glyptic Museum" may possibly be worth a visit if only for the sake of seeing its eccentric owner; but Mr. Jarvis's book is, both in its style and its subject, decidedly absurd.

Glengarriff, at the upper end of Bantry Bay, was, it seems, discovered some thirty years ago by Thackeray, who celebrated its beauty in his *Irish Sketch Book*; and, if the pictures in the handbook‖ now before us are to be trusted, his enthusiasm was justified. We are not sure, however, that Thackeray, who was charmed with the "pretty inn" at Glengarriff, would approve the proposed "central hotel," where grim waiters in white ties will, we fear, supplant the Peggy of other days.

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* *Waifs and Strays, chiefly from the Chess-board.* By Captain Hugh A. Kennedy. Second Edition, enlarged. W. Morgan, Barbican.

† *Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, &c., for* 1876. *Dod's Parliamentary Companion.* 1870.

‡ *The Victoria Nyanza; a Field for Missionary Enterprise.* By E. Hutchinson. John Murray.

§ *Among the Carlists.* By John Furley. S. Tinsley.

‖ *Pendennis and St. Mawes.* By S. Pasfield Oliver, R.A. Truro: W. Lake. London: Simpkin & Co.

¶ *The Lancashire Library.* By Lieut.-Colonel Henry Fishwick. Warrington: Pearse. London: Routledge & Sons.

** *Evolution of the Human Race from Apes, and of Apes from Lower Animals.* By J. Wharton Jones, F.R.C.S.. Smith, Elder, & Co.

†† *Sketches of British Insects.* By Rev. W. Houghton. Groombridge & Sons.

‡‡ *The Dwellers in Our Gardens.* By Sara Wood. Groombridge.

‡ *The Autobiography of Anne Lady Halkett.* Edited by J. Gough Nichols. Printed for the Camden Society.

§ *The Glyptic; or, Musee Phusee-Glyptic: a Scrap-Book of Jottings from Stratford-on-Avon, and elsewhere.* By J. W. Jarvis. J. Russell Smith.

‖ *Remarks on the Advantages of Glengarriff as a Winter Health Resort and Sanitorium.* By R. J. Bush.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE ROYAL TITLE.

IN accordance with the precedent established at the time of the Union Mr. DISRAELI has brought in a Bill to enable the QUEEN, not to take a specified title with regard to India, but to take such title as she may think fit. On the present occasion this method of procedure has a great advantage. It enables Parliament to discuss the merits or demerits of the different titles which suggest themselves, without seeming to refuse or question a particular title which it might be supposed the QUEEN was desirous to obtain. Those who object to the QUEEN calling herself an Empress can do so frankly and without the painful hesitation which would have been necessarily caused by the knowledge that to be an Empress was what the QUEEN especially wished. Every one is sure that the QUEEN only wishes to do what is right. It is not at all in her manner to desire to be a little grander by putting herself on an equality with the NAPOLEONS. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that the QUEEN will be at all hurt or offended at the meaning of the word Empress being freely discussed. In any case the discussion must do good, as, if the title she assumes is that of Empress, the discussion will help to fix the sense in which she will be called Empress. In one sense the Crown of England has long been an Imperial Crown —that is, the monarch would not allow the supremacy of any other potentate, civil or ecclesiastical. The King entirely denied that the Roman Empire or the Roman See had any jurisdiction over him or his country. The epithet Imperial was thus in some measure relative, and implied independence of others. In this century Emperor has become a word with a new signification. It now merely means a very grand sovereign. Some of these very grand sovereigns have had other sovereigns under them. NAPOLEON not only had other sovereigns under him, but himself nominated most of his dependent monarchs. The present German EMPEROR has the several sovereigns of the German States under him. But it cannot be said that this is an essential part of the meaning of the word. The Second NAPOLEON had no kings under him, neither have the Emperors of RUSSIA and AUSTRIA. Some, again, of these very grand sovereigns have been despots. NAPOLEON was not only a despot, but one of the most wantonly tyrannical despots that ever lived. The Imperial Government of Russia is at this moment despotic. But the Emperors of GERMANY and AUSTRIA are constitutional monarchs. The QUEEN is a very great sovereign, and in the eyes of Englishmen, and perhaps in the eyes of a not inconsiderable portion of mankind, she is the greatest of all sovereigns. According to modern usage she might properly be called an Empress, even if she were not supposed to have subject princes under her, and although she is the most constitutional of constitutional monarchs. But in England we should excessively dislike her to be called Empress. In the first place, we are accustomed to think that her grandeur is above being augmented by the mere assumption of a grand name. She is the descendant of a long line of kings, and to be King of England is to be as high as earthly grandeur can go. She would be going down instead of going up to call herself Empress here. In the next place, the name of Emperor has an unpleasant sound to us. It has a bad air about it. It has been vulgarized by the rococo splendour of the Second French Empire. It associates itself with the ignoble tyranny of the First Napoleon. About the title of Queen we feel that there is nothing of the sham-splendid sort. It expresses in a thousand ways the relation which we wish the monarch to bear to her people.

Whether there should be some addition to the Royal title can hardly be said to be in dispute. India is so very important a part of the QUEEN'S dominions that it seems as if it ought to be recognized in her titles. At least four-fifths of the QUEEN'S subjects live there, and if she is Queen of anywhere she must be Queen of the place where four-fifths of her subjects live. When the Crown took over the direct government of India it was discussed whether there should not be an addition made to the Royal title which should mark what had happened. But the transfer took place immediately after the Mutiny, and was immediately due to the Mutiny, and the Ministry of the day rightly judged that it was inexpedient to connect the Royal title too intimately with the memory of a bloody and painful passage in our history. Things are changed now. The rule of England in India is firmly established, and accepted with patient, if not cheerful, acquiescence. It has become securely, and, so far as men can speak of permanence, permanently, a part of the possessions of the Crown. The native princes have cordially acknowledged the PRINCE OF WALES as the son and immediate representative of their Sovereign. England has gradually learnt what the possession of India means. We have interests in it which must preserve, we have duties towards it which we must discharge. Mr. LOWE has the great merit of daring to say unpopular things, and he ventures to bring forward an argument which must have occurred to many minds, but which no one else perhaps would have had the boldness to use. He urged that we might one day lose India, and that, if this happened, the Sovereign, with a part of his title taken from India, would be in an absurd position, either having to submit to the humiliation of docking his title, or to retain an illusory title like the old misnomer of King of France. The answer to this argument is that the only way to keep India is to proclaim to the world, and still more to take it as agreed between ourselves, that we mean to keep it. The addition to the Royal title at the present moment is therefore justified both by the consideration that it expresses the existing relation of the Crown to the princes and peoples of India, and that it brings home to Englishmen the intimacy of the connection between England and India. Both these objects have also been served by the very successful visit of the PRINCE to India; and the occasion of his visit has therefore been chosen as also the occasion of an addition to the Royal title.

These considerations only show that there should be an addition to the Royal title, and not what this title should be. This is purely a matter of sentiment; and the only question is, what weight should be given to conflicting sentiments. Is the QUEEN to be termed Queen or Empress of India? and is the addition to the title to regard India only, or the Colonies as well as India? It is said that for India Empress is a better word than Queen, because Empress is a grander word, and also because there are subject princes in India, and Empress means, in an especial way, the Queen of Kings. This raises the question, what are we to think of these princes? Are they really like sovereigns? Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL says positively that they are nothing of the sort. They are, in his view, at the utmost on a level with the Duke of ARGYLL, chiefs of great clans. Mr. DISRAELI urges, on the other hand, that some of them are the descendants of ancestors who were

independent princes when Britain was a Roman province. To call the QUEEN Empress is therefore a tribute to the importance of the native princes. Other speakers added that, if Emperor implies conquest—which it is difficult to see why it should be thought to do, except that the memory of NAPOLEON is always running in British minds—the truth is that India is a conquered country, and that it is a good thing to express true things. It was also suggested that the natives like personal government, and understand nothing else, and that there is a greater ring of personal government about an Empress than about a Queen. This is an argument from precisely the opposite point of view. There will not be, and cannot be, anything in the least like personal government in India, whatever the title of the Sovereign may be; so that in this way the advantage of the title of Empress would be that it would suggest to the untutored native mind something that was not true. With regard to the Colonies, it was asked by Mr. LOWE and Mr. FORSTER whether, if an addition to the Royal title was to be made because India was important, the Colonies were not also important, and did not deserve to have their importance marked in the addition? Mr. DISRAELI replied that their importance was already marked in a far more significant manner; for, as was expressly decided at the time of the union with Ireland, they are to be regarded as parts of Great Britain and Ireland. An Australian is an Englishman who happens to be in New South Wales, and *not* in Sussex; and to imply that he was anything else would be to insult him. If this is so, it is obvious that, by an addition to the Royal title referring only to India, a distinction would be set up between the QUEEN'S subjects unfavourable to India. At the present moment the QUEEN'S subjects in India must be taken to be included among those persons over whom she rules as Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. To take the Indians out of this class would be, according to Mr. DISRAELI, to put them in a separate and lower class. It is quite true that we, in point of fact, do look on the natives of India as a lower class than colonists of English descent, and it is now proposed to record this prepossession. The preference for the title of Empress over that of Queen is quite in accordance with this view. We should think it going down, not going up, if our QUEEN called herself an Empress. But Empress is thought just good enough for India. It conveys with it a sort of contempt disguised under the show of a compliment. It is supposed to be likely to flatter the vanity of native princes, and it is thought to be calculated to inspire a delusive but pleasing belief in the personal power of the Sovereign, while at the same time it records the fact that India is a conquered country. Empress is in every way a lower title than Queen when applied to India, for it is a word despised by the governing race, and thought specially suited to the governed. When an occasion presents itself for marking the intimate connexion of all the QUEEN'S subjects with each other, it seems scarcely worth while to stamp upon a portion of them this mark of inferiority.

THE SUEZ CANAL DEBATE.

MR. DISRAELI, though he at first hesitated to adjourn the Suez Canal debate, has no reason to regret his subsequent deference to the wishes of the leaders of the Opposition. Lord HARTINGTON would perhaps not have cared for a postponement if he had not been urged on by the characteristic impetuosity of his former chief. Mr. GLADSTONE'S determination to decline immediate discussion was evidently not caused by any uncertainty as to the merits of the question. His argument may perhaps be more copious when he has had full time to study the published papers, but the indignation which will prompt his eloquence needs no additional fuel. His patriotic anger found its first vent in a complaint that Mr. DISRAELI had intimated his habitual willingness to consult the inclination of the House. The Minister might, said Mr. GLADSTONE, have waited for somebody else to pay him a compliment. When Mr. GLADSTONE was in office he might have waited long before he was congratulated on the habitual courtesy and good humour of his demeanour. Having censured Mr. DISRAELI, Mr. GLADSTONE next fell foul of the metropolitan press, which had, as he said, given an inflammatory support to the Suez Canal purchase. Several years have passed since Mr. GLADSTONE proclaimed the superiority of provincial to metropolitan journals. Writers living in the centre of politics and society were too critical, too prone to judge of every question on its merits, and generally too independent. The country papers, on the other hand, were devoted to their party, and above all to its leader. It was remarked at the time by journalists who admitted the justice of the charge against themselves, that Mr. GLADSTONE displayed ingratitude to some devoted partisans in the London press. He has now the excuse of finding himself unsupported in his opposition to the Government measure by the enthusiastic *Telegraph* and the affectionate *Spectator*. The *Economist*, which disapproves of the purchase, is generally thought to possess weight and authority; but one or two exceptions to the inflammatory conduct of the London press were insufficient to avert Mr. GLADSTONE'S wrath. It is not stated who were inflamed, or what was the nature and tendency of the inflammation.

The points on which Mr. GLADSTONE professedly requires information are perhaps those which he most fully understands, and on which he hopes to found the strongest arguments against the Government. He is certainly not ignorant that, by the constitution of the Canal Company, disputes among shareholders are subject to the jurisdiction of French Courts, and that no shareholder can exercise more than ten votes. It is equally notorious that the Company is, in its territorial capacity, Egyptian or Turkish, and that any litigation with strangers, other than French subjects, belongs to Egyptian tribunals. Less zealous critics might perhaps consider that, as the purchase will undoubtedly be sanctioned by Parliament, it may not be for the public interest to define prematurely the method by which the inevitable influence of England over the policy of the Company may be most conveniently asserted; but Mr. GLADSTONE'S indignant reprobation of the purchase is not to be hampered by vulgar reasons of national expediency. The present Government has, in his judgment, committed several errors in one transaction. The purchase involves the immediate outlay and the uncertain repayment of a considerable sum; it has been regarded by inflammatory writers as an act of bold and seasonable policy; and, above all, it is a departure from the principles and practice of Mr. GLADSTONE. Deviation from the doctrines of an infallible statesman has on one or more previous occasions been imputed to his successors as a crime. In 1853 Mr. GLADSTONE announced that the Income-tax would expire in 1860; but the Crimean War intervened, and before the appointed time the Government of the day found it necessary to increase the percentage instead of reducing it. Mr. GLADSTONE consequently attacked Sir G. LEWIS, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, with unprecedented violence, on the absurd charge of a breach of faith. When the Russian Government in 1870 repudiated a main article of the Treaty of Paris, Mr. GLADSTONE, as Prime Minister, vindicated the breach of engagement on the ground that he had himself during his bitter opposition to Lord PALMERSTON in 1856 objected to stipulations which he thought unfavourable to Russia. In the present instance also Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY are liable to the charge of heretical perversity. If it is true that an overture made to Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government for the purchase of the KHEDIVE'S shares was summarily rejected, the measure adopted by the present Ministers may seem to imply the incredible proposition that Mr. GLADSTONE was once in the wrong. As ST. LOUIS said of certain sceptics who had questioned the divinity of the chief of Catholic Saints, the only way of dealing with such miscreants is to draw the sword and run them through. Even if the late Government had no opportunity of considering the purchase, the measure is not the less a denial of Mr. GLADSTONE'S political creed. To spend money or to incur risk for national objects is a damnable error.

For party purposes Lord HARTINGTON has made a mistake in giving members time to make themselves acquainted with the recent history of the Suez Canal. The correspondence which has been published, while it illustrates Lord DERBY'S vigilance and firmness, shows the extreme difficulty of dealing with M. DE LESSEPS as the representative of a Company of French shareholders. It was time to effect some change in the relations between maritime States and a Company which, through its President, defied all external authority. It may be true that the acquisition of the KHEDIVE'S shares will not immediately correct all abuses; but a State which furnishes half the share capital of the Canal, in addition to seven-tenths of the tonnage which pays the revenue, will find that its just

reclamations cannot be treated with indifference. Other European Powers, only excepting France and Russia, have tacitly allowed the English Government to represent their interests; and they naturally approve of a transaction which will probably preclude the necessity of future remonstrances. The contempt with which M. DE LESSEPS has treated the recommendations of the International Commission and the decree of the Porte may be in a great degree attributed to the slackness of the Turkish Ministers, which may perhaps have been prompted by Russia. There is some advantage in a visible proof that the English Government is thoroughly in earnest.

The correspondence on the Suez Canal takes up the story nearly at the point at which it was left by the French despatches which had been previously published. The Report of the International Commission which sat at Constantinople had received the formal sanction of the Porte; and M. DE LESSEPS, finding that he would not be supported by the French Government, had abandoned his intention of resisting the final decision by force. Nevertheless, he addressed to the Porte a monthly protest in which he reserved the pretended right of recovering at a future time the difference between the tariff which had been rejected by the Commission and the dues actually levied "in violation of the Act of Concession." It was only on Lord DERBY'S remonstrance that the Turkish Ministers at last declined to receive protests which were at the same time a menace and an affront to the Government. M. DE LESSEPS in a published letter spoke of "an "astonishing claim" of the English Admiralty, which he further described as an act of "international brigandage." In defiance of the decree of the Porte, the Company habitually measured the tonnage of ships, instead of adopting the official certificate of the Board of Trade, and, in obedience to the orders of the President, his agents uniformly declined the legitimate jurisdiction of the Egyptian Courts. At a later period M. CHARLES DE LESSEPS, representing his father, proposed to discontinue the contumacious proceedings which had perhaps been adopted for the special purpose, on condition that the English Government should assent to a continuance of the temporary percentage added to the tolls by the Commission as a security for additional capital to be expended on the improvement of the Canal. The Duke DECAZES, in a Note to Lord LYONS, supported M. DE LESSEPS'S proposal that the increase of capital and the submission of the Company to the authority of the Porte should be simultaneously arranged; but after full consideration Lord DERBY adhered to his determination that in the first instance the Porte should enforce obedience to the recommendations of the Constantinople Commission. M. DE LESSEPS, having probably ascertained the intentions of the English Government, withdrew his demand for a prolongation of the increased tariff, and at the same time formally renewed his protest against the validity of the authorized tariff. The Turkish Government at last, on the urgent demand of the English Ambassador, informed the Company that all protests and reservations were groundless, null, and void. There can be no doubt that the controversy with the Canal Company impressed on Lord DERBY the inexpediency of allowing the whole property to be transferred to French owners. It is true that, if the undertaking is managed on purely commercial principles, the interests of the shareholders and of shipowners and freighters may be substantially the same; but there is no security against the intervention of political motives; and it is even possible that in certain contingencies one or more Governments might guarantee the Company against loss arising from impediments to navigation. The instructions to Mr. CAVE and the correspondence relating to his mission have no bearing on the purchase; and Mr. GLADSTONE will scarcely induce the House of Commons to postpone the vote until Colonel STOKES has reported on the position of the Government in respect of its shares. The case of the Ministers is greatly strengthened by the publication of the correspondence of 1874 and 1875.

PRINCE BISMARCK AND THE PRESS.

PRINCE BISMARCK has taken an opportunity afforded by the discussion of a Bill for altering the law as to the press to offer to the German Parliament one of those extraordinary harangues in which from time to time he tells curious pieces of secret history, propounds theories of statesmanship in which he appears to have an intense belief, and scatters almost at hazard aphorisms or epigrams which have generally the merit of originality. On this occasion Prince BISMARCK gave the secret history of the famous scare of last spring. It was remarked at the time that the part played by him at that period was one very difficult to understand. If he really meant to get up a new war, he showed very little of his usual ability in the mode in which he set to work, and very little of his usual firmness in the diplomatic complications that ensued. If he had nothing to do with the scare, why did he allow papers generally regarded as semi-official to stimulate the panic? Prince BISMARCK'S explanation will be perfectly satisfactory to all who will accept his statements upon his sole authority. He had nothing whatever to do with the scare. He had not the slightest wish for a new war, and has none now. His maxim is that Germany, being safe within its borders, should be content with what it has, and should remain strictly and entirely on the defensive. Even if he had been foolish and wicked enough to desire a new war last year, he might have been sure that the German Parliament would not have voted the necessary funds. Nor is it he that can make war. It is the EMPEROR who must in the last resort accept the responsibility; and how can it be believed, Prince BISMARCK asked, that the EMPEROR should lightly and wantonly make war, being, as he is, an old man, who knows well all the miseries that war entails, and who has had successes in war enough to satiate the most adventurous ambition? We must own that, if the German Parliament accepted these arguments as having all the force which Prince BISMARCK attributed to them, it is not easy to foreigners to follow their example. If Prince BISMARCK had chosen to say that Germany was in danger and war was necessary, we cannot feel at all sure that the German Parliament would have refused funds, or the EMPEROR his consent. But the main thing is not what arguments Prince BISMARCK added to his explanation, but the nature of this explanation itself. What he says, in as distinct language as a man can use, is that he personally never dreamt of war with France last spring, and had nothing whatever to do with those schemes or threats or appeals to public timidity by which the scare of last year was brought into existence. It is not that Prince BISMARCK did not go so far as some other people, or that he wished to produce a result, though not the result produced. He declares in effect that he had absolutely no more to do with the threats of war last spring than Mr. BRIGHT had to do with the Crimean war. It was a movement from which he not only stood aloof, but of which he heartily disapproved.

If this was so, how then did it happen that the semi-official press sounded the note of alarm which threw Europe for some dreary anxious days off its balance? Prince BISMARCK tells us exactly how this happened, so far as he can do so without mentioning names. He says that writers in the semi-official papers got hints as to what to say from certain foreign diplomatists who wished alarming articles to be written. The language of Prince BISMARCK leaves it doubtful whether he means that these foreign diplomatists actually paid to get the articles written, or whether the writers, having a particularly valuable article to sell, in the shape of what seemed to be official news, got a proportionate remuneration for their writings. But what Prince BISMARCK stated was that certain writers, to whom their communication with foreign diplomatists was a source of pecuniary gain, received hints or instructions from these diplomatists to write alarming articles. But then, as Prince BISMARCK acknowledges, these diplomatists had something to go upon. They were not spinning evil suggestions out of their own malicious bosoms. They had been deceived by Germans in a very high position, although not properly authorized to speak for Germany or to direct the politics of Germany. This, it will be remembered, exactly accords with the language of Lord DERBY, who said that the scare was not a mere piece of nonsense, that there had been real danger, and that the danger proceeded from persons in a very high position entertaining the view that the interests of Germany demanded a new war. Neither Lord DERBY nor Prince BISMARCK has informed us who these persons were, but Prince BISMARCK has now informed us that he was not one of them. And the incident has had one important result. It has opened the eyes of Prince BISMARCK to the danger and absurdity of the system of semi-official papers. He frankly owns that he used to think it convenient to have channels at his command by which he could let his countrymen know what he wished them to understand or

believe, without coming forward directly as the author of what was said. Generally some subordinate official wrote the article, and he merely corrected it; but occasionally he has written whole articles himself, and he added, with pardonable confidence in the trenchancy of his style, that he did not think that when he wrote many people could mistake the author. But then the journals used for this purpose were not bound to insert no other inspired articles than those which owed their inspiration to him. There were, more especially, those cunning and perhaps too liberal foreign diplomatists always lying in wait for an opportunity of inserting the dangerous compositions which they patronized in the midst of his wholesome and instructive matter. This is a mischief which he is determined shall not recur. He therefore informed the German Parliament that he had once for all severed the connexion of the Foreign Office with all journals except the two official ones. He is not going to inspire any one any more, and therefore, as he put it in his usual decisive manner, anybody who henceforth says that an article in a non-official journal has been inspired by the Foreign Office will know that he is telling a lie.

As Prince BISMARCK has determined to abstain for the future from the luxury of giving news in an indirect way, he views with great jealousy those who do not shrink from doing what he has decided not to do. The clause in the Press Bill with reference to which he spoke was one by which the purveyors of false news were subjected to serious penalties. On two previous occasions the Parliament had refused to pass the clause, and Prince BISMARCK stated that he was perfectly aware that his third and final attempt must fail. In point of fact, the clause was rejected soon after he sat down without discussion or division. But Prince BISMARCK stated that, in his view, it was one of the advantages of a Constitutional Monarchy as contrasted with a Republic that a Minister could, under the former system of Government, bring forward measures without the slightest prospect of passing them. He regarded the clause under consideration not as a piece of possible law, but as a text on which he could deliver a discourse which he had it much at heart to deliver. Besides giving the secret history of the scare, and tracing the history of his connexion with the semi-official press, Prince BISMARCK had another object in view. He wished to warn his countrymen against the very great evil of the modern system of telegraphing news from all parts of the world. In Germany he thought that he could see that the mania for looking for little scraps of information from all corners of the globe diverted the minds of men from a due consideration of homely practical questions of very much greater real importance to them. Everywhere, too, as he justly said, this unending flux of telegraphic communication keeps alive constant gambling and stock-jobbing. The news is very seldom true; and Prince BISMARCK stated, as the result of his experience, that he had found that political news was generally transmitted from places where it was perfectly impossible that any real acquaintance with the true state of facts could be procured. We in England can echo much of what Prince BISMARCK said. Nothing can be more dreary and futile for readers than to have to wade daily through column after column of telegrams, the greater part of which are wholly unimportant, and as to a very large part of which it is impossible to tell whether there is a word of truth in what is said or not. Telegrams sent to journals of the first class by correspondents on whose trustworthiness and sagacity there is good reason to rely are no doubt as likely to be true as any pieces of information hurriedly acquired and promptly sent off can be. But telegrams of this sort are only a small portion of the whole. If, again, Berlin suffers from telegraphic stock-jobbing, so, much more, do we. It has been stated, we do not know how far accurately, that during the excitement consequent on the Suez shares purchase—an excitement maintained and prolonged by incessant telegrams purporting to come from persons with special knowledge of what was going on in Egypt—Egyptian stock was bought and sold in London to the amount of three hundred millions sterling. That the fomentation of gambling by telegrams which are either altogether untrue or misrepresentations of a part of the truth is a great evil no one can deny. But in England we may hope that the evil will in some degree work its own cure. When we have learnt a proper distrust of telegrams they will not do us much harm. Already we have got so far in advance of Germany that foreign telegrams do not divert us from attending to our small domestic matters. Some day, perhaps, we shall learn in reading our papers to skip the telegrams unless they come in a way that gives them an especial title to confidence; and some day, too, we shall perhaps recognize that stock-jobbing in the midst of endless "wiring" is a game in which good simple people cannot hope to win.

THE NEW COURT OF FINAL APPEAL.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR had no difficulty in vindicating his own consistency in the matter of a Court of Final Appeal during the vacillation of the House of Lords and of the legal profession. As a passenger in an up-train at a station fancies that he is in motion because the parallel down-train has started, Lord CAIRNS seemed, not indeed to himself, but to others, responsible for the indifference of the Peers to their privileges in 1873, as contrasted with their sudden tenacity in 1875. His own opinion only ranged from acquiescence in the easy surrender of the jurisdiction to a conviction that it was neither desirable nor practicable to overcome the final resistance of the House of Lords, of the Bench, and the Bar. The Court which is now to be constituted will come gradually into complete existence as vacancies occur among the paid Judges of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. As the LORD CHANCELLOR truly said, there is no immediate hurry, for the Law Lords in the House are capable and comparatively numerous, and the Judicial Committee disposes of its business to general satisfaction. When the system is at a future time in full operation, the whole number of judges of all ranks will be the same which was originally fixed by the Judicature Act. It is inexpedient to multiply judges, except under pressure of necessity; not for the reason alleged by Mr. GLADSTONE, that it is of primary importance to save judicial salaries, but because the Bar can only supply a limited number of candidates of the highest qualifications. The arrangements which have been in operation since last November have resulted in an economical distribution of judicial force; and it is only during the Circuits that any inconvenient pressure is to be apprehended. The LORD CHANCELLOR took occasion, with some humour, to establish a precedent for the limitation of the number of judges in England by announcing the decision of the Government to abstain from filling up the vacancy in the Irish Common Pleas. Imperial tyranny may perhaps be deemed more tolerable by Irish patriots when it is simultaneously or prospectively exercised at home. The proportion of judges of appeal to judges of first instance may be open to question; and the constitution of the Court of Intermediate Appeal under the Act of last Session has not in all cases been found satisfactory.

In accepting the Ministerial project, the House of Lords will have secured its nominal jurisdiction by the partial sacrifice of the hereditary character to which it has, with a sound instinct, earnestly and obstinately clung. It is true that the successful resistance of the House to the admission of Lord WENSLEYDALE as a life peer was justified by constitutional reasons which will be displaced by Lord CAIRNS's Bill. Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CRANWORTH attempted, in defiance of a fundamental principle of the Constitution, to revive, without reference to Parliament, a prerogative of the Crown which had become obsolete by disuse for a period of four hundred years. The danger of a similar anachronism had been illustrated during the Reform Bill agitation by proposals that the KING should correct the anomalies of the representative system by issuing and withholding writs in accordance with precedents not more antiquated than the creation of life peers. The Opposition would have performed a public duty in defeating Lord CRANWORTH's experiment, even if the introduction of life peers into the House of Lords had been approved by universal consent as intrinsically expedient. The majority which followed Lord LYNDHURST perhaps distinguished less accurately between the substance and the form of the Ministerial proceeding. A Chamber which has always been, except as to one of the Estates, strictly hereditary, may not unreasonably regard with suspicion and dislike the introduction into the system of a novel and alien element. The creation of an elderly and childless peer of ample fortune, without the customary remainder to his male issue, plainly and ostentatiously raised the issue of the future constitution of the House of Lords. Lord WENSLEYDALE would have been charged with no special duties which might have accounted

for his inferior tenure; and, if he had been admitted to take his seat in the House, no objection could afterwards have been consistently urged against the creation of an indefinite number of nominees of the Government of the day, who would probably have been inferior in fortune and social position to their hereditary colleagues. The Lords of Appeal, who will be something less than Peers for life, are limited in number; they have special functions to discharge; and they receive pay for their services. It has often been suggested that the great dignitaries of the law should, in virtue of their offices, sit by right in the House of Lords. Under Lord CAIRNS'S Bill the privilege will be conferred on the Lords of Appeal. As with the bishops, succession will, in the case of the new judges, be substituted for inheritance. A bishop forfeits his seat in the House of Lords when he resigns his see, and for many years past the junior bishop has had to wait for a vacancy before he can enjoy the full privilege of his rank. The compromise which the LORD CHANCELLOR proposes is probably the most favourable to the House of Lords which it would have been possible to effect. The dilution of the hereditary element is minute, and it is definite in quantity.

The Court of Final Appeal has many advantages over Lord SELBORNE'S scheme. The maintenance of the old jurisdiction meets all the technical and sentimental objections which were, with more or less sincerity, urged on behalf of Scotland, Ireland, the Colonies, and India. No part of the empire will be compelled to resort to a tribunal less august than that to which it has been accustomed. In the Judicial Committee, and, according to the LORD CHANCELLOR, in the House of Lords, the injured subject will receive redress immediately from the Sovereign. Some surprise has been caused by Lord CAIRNS'S digression into the original theory of the jurisdiction of the House of Lords; and the Peers will scarcely appreciate the solicitude with which he is careful to record in the form of petition the subordination of the authority of the House to the prerogative of the Crown. Lord HALE supported the same proposition on the ground that an independent jurisdiction inherent in the House of Lords would have been too aristocratical. The same reason will render the formal affirmation of the superiority of the Crown distasteful to the House of Lords. A love of fictions, which are often the best historical records, well becomes a great lawyer; but between two competing fictions it was unnecessary to express a preference. In the present day it is not disputed that the public interest is to be exclusively considered in the administration of justice. Lord CAIRNS may be justified in regarding the QUEEN as the fittest type of national right and duty, but the controversy might have been more conveniently avoided. If antiquarian research were to condemn Lord CAIRNS'S constitutional theory, it might nevertheless be highly desirable to appoint two or four Lords of Appeal, and to make the sittings of the House continuous during the judicial year. The provisions of the Bill are evidently the result of mature consideration, though it is possible that some amendments may be suggested in the course of Parliamentary discussion. Experience must show whether, as in the case of the Judicial Committee, the introduction of paid members who will attend regularly will render the Law Lords indifferent to the duties which have hitherto been performed with commendable assiduity.

It is a part of the LORD CHANCELLOR'S plan eventually to absorb into the House of Lords the greater portion or the whole of the functions of the Judicial Committee. Under the Acts which are now in force, the appointments of the paid members of the Privy Council are not to be renewed as vacancies occur, except by authority of Parliament. The LORD CHANCELLOR proposes that four Lords of Appeal shall ultimately take the place of the paid members of the Judicial Committee. He judiciously postpones any scheme for the complete consolidation of the two Courts of Final Appeal, but there can be no doubt that he contemplates the final establishment of a single tribunal. The exact number of judges and the manner in which their proceedings are to be arranged may properly be reserved for future settlement. It will perhaps be found that appeals from India and the Colonies are not altogether analogous to appeals from English or Irish courts. On the other hand, it is not impossible that, following the example of Canada, some of the Colonies may be eager to sever another strand in the thin bond of dependency which still connects them with the mother country. A generation hence the legislators of the day will be able to form a more confident estimate of the judicial wants of the empire. In the meantime a tolerably symmetrical system will have been established, without too wide or too sudden a divergence from ancient theory and practice. A Court of Final Appeal, though it discharges the important function of finally determining the law, has less to do with the practical administration of justice than the Court of Intermediate Appeal, and much less than the Divisions of the High Court which exercise original jurisdiction. The problem which was complicated by the claims and historical rights of the House of Lords seems to have been, on the whole, ingeniously and prudently solved.

FRANCE.

A LIVELY contest is going on in Corsica between M. ROUHER as the authorized representative of the Imperialists, and Prince NAPOLEON JEROME, who appears principally to represent himself. Probably if NAPOLEON III. were still living, his cousin would have proved less irrepressible than he now shows himself. At all events, both combatants seem prepared to rest their claims on the estimate which the late EMPEROR had formed of Prince NAPOLEON JEROME. Upon this point it is hard to say which has had the advantage. M. ROUHER has published a letter written by the EMPEROR to Prince NAPOLEON JEROME, which contains a decidedly unpleasant sketch of his character and career. But then this letter was written as long ago as March 1863, and Prince NAPOLEON JEROME holds that it was cancelled by a letter written shortly before the EMPEROR'S death, in which he speaks with kindness and confidence of the man whom ten years earlier he had charged with offering a consistent opposition to his policy. On the other hand it may be contended that, for the purposes of the Imperial party at all events, the EMPEROR'S heir must be accepted as the authorized exponent of what would have been the EMPEROR'S views, and there can be no question at all as to the attitude in which Prince NAPOLEON stands towards Prince NAPOLEON JEROME. I am forced, says the young PRINCE, to treat my cousin as an enemy, not only because he is opposing my most trusted adherent, but also because he is offering himself as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. The first condition of the BONAPARTE family dwelling together in unity is that no member of it should voluntarily place himself in a position where, in presence of unforeseen events, he may be obliged to act decisively without previous communication with the head of his House. If Prince NAPOLEON JEROME sits in the French Legislature he may at any moment have to vote upon some important motion in ignorance of, and possibly in opposition to, the view taken at Chiselhurst. It is the duty of a well-behaved cousin not to take this responsibility upon himself. The Imperialist tactics have often to be left undetermined up to the last moment, and M. NAPOLEON JEROME might easily find himself opposing a decision taken at Chiselhurst, not so much because he differs from it as because he is ignorant that it has been arrived at. It may be objected that M. ROUHER labours under this same disqualification, since, if he is to be of any service in the Chamber of Deputies, he must be living in Paris or Versailles, and while there will have only the same means of communicating with Chiselhurst as Prince NAPOLEON JEROME himself. But the independence of Prince NAPOLEON JEROME'S mind, or whatever less complimentary name may be given to those features of his character which lead him to oppose M. ROUHER, cannot be trusted to make him properly submissive to suggestions from head-quarters, even when there has been time to bring them to his notice. Prince NAPOLEON has good reason, therefore, to think that the presence of his cousin in the French Legislature might give to the Bonapartists an appearance of being divided among themselves, which would be highly detrimental to their prospects.

Prince NAPOLEON JEROME'S account of the question at issue is naturally quite different. He says rather cleverly that the name of NAPOLEON should be used as a resource in difficulty, not as a means of increasing the dissensions of Frenchmen. He does not come forward, that is to say, as an adversary of the Republic; on the contrary, he accepts it frankly, and is prepared to pay it all the respect due to an established Government, on condition that it gives the country what it wants—peace, order, and liberty. M. ROUHER'S words are not very different from Prince NAPOLEON JEROME'S, but there is an immense difference between the meanings which they are re-

spectively intended to convey. M. ROUHER awaits without impatience the results of the trial which the Republican Constitution is undergoing, but he awaits them with a settled conviction that the trial can have but one issue. These results, he says, will be identical with those that history has already recorded; and, further, they will be such as will enlighten the consciences of the most incredulous. It is not at all the same thing to say, If the Republic fails the Empire will be restored, and to say When the Republic fails the Empire will be restored. The change of the conjunction alters the whole meaning of the sentence. It is possible that at bottom Prince NAPOLEON JEROME is as hostile to the Republic as M. ROUHER himself; but this can at most be only an inference from his supposed character or his known antecedents. He does not avow himself an enemy of the Republic; on the contrary, he professes himself its humble servant. M. ROUHER in effect tells the electors whom he is canvassing that, if Frenchmen choose to be such fools as to give the Republic another trial, there is nothing for it but to wait until the Republic has given them another revolution, and then to proclaim the Empire. Prince NAPOLEON JEROME does not presume to find fault with his countrymen for giving the Republic another trial. He contents himself with defining what is required to make the trial a success, and merely drops a hint in passing that, in the event of its unhappily proving a failure, the name of NAPOLEON is a resource. It is more probable, however, that, in speaking of the Republic in this way, Prince NAPOLEON JEROME is really saying what he means. There would not be much scope for his ambition in a restored Empire. If the restoration came while the young PRINCE is morally, though not technically, under tutors and governors, it is quite certain that their influence would be altogether hostile to Prince NAPOLEON JEROME. He has nothing to hope from the EMPRESS, and not much from M. ROUHER. The divergence between his policy and theirs is sufficiently decided to make it difficult for him to play an important part under a Government of which they were the guiding influence. Prince NAPOLEON JEROME'S career has been conspicuously and consistently anti-clerical; and though he has found a Corsican priest to give him absolution even for the celebrated Good Friday banquet, apparently on the score that he is not so much addicted to swearing as some of his opponents in the island, there is no ground to suppose that a Government which wished to have the Church on its side would care to show him any special favour. If the restoration is delayed until NAPOLEON IV. has framed a policy of his own, the relations between his Government and Prince NAPOLEON JEROME are still more a matter of chance; and an ambitious man of fifty-four will not, if he can help it, leave his fortunes dependent on the good will of a boy of twenty. Prince NAPOLEON JEROME has another road open to him, and it is one which he may very well prefer to the regular path in which he cannot count upon doing anything more than following in the train of his cousin. If the Republic endures, a succession of Presidents will have to be found for it; and it is probable that the moderate Republicans will wish to maintain the distinction between the permanent and the Parliamentary Executive, and to make the leading politician for the time being the Minister of the President rather than the President himself. In that case any Princes of the dethroned families who have heartily accepted the Republic will have a strong claim upon the country. Their rank, which is a positive disadvantage in an ordinary political career, becomes a positive merit in a Chief of the Executive, inasmuch as it lifts him above the level of Parliamentary contests. Recent speculations have familiarized us with the idea of the Duke of AUMALE as Marshal MACMAHON'S successor, and it is quite possible that Prince NAPOLEON JEROME looks forward to playing a part in the plans of the advanced Republicans similar to that which has been assigned to the Duke of AUMALE in the plans of the moderate Republicans.

M. GAMBETTA has received a singular tribute from the Paris Radicals. After all that has been said by M. LOUIS BLANC and M. NAQUET in condemnation of the policy of compromise, the Irreconcilables have not thought it safe to oppose the leader of the Left, and it is far from improbable that their own special candidates will really owe their election to M. GAMBETTA'S support. Even a year ago he would have been thought a very rash prophet who had ventured to predict that M. GAMBETTA would bring Paris over to his views. It seemed far more likely that the general election would be seized upon as an occasion for proving to him that, however far he might have wandered from the true fold, Paris at least was true to her convictions. Those who hold this view will read with a feeling midway between astonishment and amusement the address of the Belleville Republicans to M. GAMBETTA. It would be too much to say that it expresses the genuine opinions of those who have signed it, for the doctrines, and even the phrases, are imported wholesale from M. GAMBETTA'S own speeches, and, even if we credit Belleville with the most devoted spirit of discipleship, there has hardly been time for it to assimilate a line of reasoning so entirely foreign to its character and history. But it really matters little whether the address does or does not express the genuine opinion of the Paris Radicals. What is important, and what is undoubted, is that in the most Radical quarter of Paris these opinions are accepted as the only opinions that have a chance of winning. Belleville has not usually been considered a nursery of practical politicians; but M. GAMBETTA'S constituents have clearly shown that, whatever license they may give to their wishes, they are prepared to restrict their hopes within reasonable limits. The only consolation which the extreme Radicals have thought it prudent to allow themselves is to recommend abstention in the Ninth arrondissement, where M. THIERS is opposed by a Conservative. There are reasons why M. THIERS should not be popular in Paris; and the wonder perhaps is rather that he should be unopposed in the Radical interest than that he should be unable to count upon the Radical vote.

LORD CARNARVON ON WEST AFRICA.

ONE of Lord GRANVILLE'S friendly criticisms on Lord CARNARVON'S West African speech was well founded. It would have been better to bring in a Bill for the exchange than to make a statement which could have no immediate result. The arguments in favour of the measure were strong enough to secure the assent of Parliament to immediate legislation; and the members of the House of Lords who have a special knowledge of colonial affairs, notwithstanding Lord KIMBERLEY'S reserves, virtually agreed with Lord CARNARVON. Lord BLACHFORD, who, as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, had formerly official knowledge of the affairs of West Africa, expressed a strong opinion in favour of the proposed consolidation of English territory. Lord CARNARVON himself confessed that the case which he laid before the House of Lords was so strong as almost to suggest a suspicion that there must be another side to the question. It may be hoped that his disparaging account of the Gambia will not induce the French Government to retract its proposal. In the main object of the exchange both countries have a common interest. The French will have no civilized rival between the tenth degree of North latitude and the frontier of Morocco, and England will be supreme from the Pongah to beyond the mouths of the Niger. It may be true that the navigation of the river Gambia is better than that of other rivers on the coast; but the upper waters approach the present French territory, and they have been little used for purposes of commerce. Lord CARNARVON did not state whether the Gaboon, which lies beyond the English settlements on the Gold Coast, is to be included in the French cession; but, even if the Gaboon is retained by France, an uninterrupted coast-line of 700 miles will be secured at the cost of a sacrifice which scarcely involves a loss. It may be hoped that the relations between England and France will long remain friendly; but in native wars and feuds it is possible that local officers might take different sides; and the competition between traders of the two countries is always liable to produce irritation. It is a purely verbal question whether the operation of ceding one territory for another is properly called a cession. One of the speakers, with equal truth and irrelevance, distinguished Lord CARNARVON'S project from the similar transaction by which the Dutch retired three or four years ago from their settlements on the Gold Coast. The cession of territory was in that case made exclusively by the Netherlands, while the English Government only released the Dutch from certain covenants affecting their frontier in Sumatra. It may be remembered that before the last general election Mr. DISRAELI was seized with a fit of transient indignation and alarm because one side of the Straits of Malacca had passed into foreign possession. The predominance of the French in North-Western Africa is perhaps equally calculated to arouse patriotic jealousy.

The opponents of the transfer are not without plausible arguments which of course require due consideration. Lord CARNARVON denies that the Gambia has been an English possession since the time of JAMES I., though a settlement was then made in the neighbourhood for the convenience of the slave trade. Whether the colonial history of the Gambia dates from the seventeenth or the nineteenth century, its historical associations appeal but faintly to the imagination. If the colony is two hundred and fifty years old, it was during the greater part of the time used for purposes which have since become unpopular; and the settlement which was either founded or restored in 1821 has not had a brilliant or prosperous career. The material part of the allegations made by Lord CARNARVON'S opponents is more to the purpose than the history of the colony. There is now a certain amount of legitimate trade in ivory, hides, bees'-wax, and principally in ground-nuts. The promoters of the exchange assert that the chief market for ground-nuts is in France; and, on the other hand, it is replied that the business is conducted by English merchants. The imports are chiefly of English goods, which will be discouraged if the colony passes under French administration. The traders of the neighbouring port of Senegal lately proposed in a memorial to their Government the imposition of prohibitory duties on English manufactures, and of a differential duty on English shipping. As they candidly stated, it was impossible for them to maintain competition on equal terms. There is no doubt that French traders will desire similar advantages on the Gambia; and it is possible that their applications may be received with favour. The opponents of the measure remind the Government that, when Senegal and Goree were restored to France after the war, English settlers found it impossible to carry on their trade, and that some of them transferred their establishments to the Gambia. In France, as in other countries, there has been some progress in liberality during sixty years, but, on the whole, English merchants trading with the Gambia are undoubtedly to some extent justified in their apprehensions. It is also probable that the civil and religious privileges of native English subjects will not be scrupulously respected by French administrators. An official Frenchman, though his own religious enthusiasm may not be excessive, instinctively dislikes Protestants of the English type.

The objections to Lord CARNARVON'S policy would be more conclusive if he proposed to abandon Gambia to the French without receiving an equivalent. It is easy to show that any purchase or sale is disadvantageous by examining only one side of the bargain. It is not a conclusive argument against selling a horse that he is quiet to ride and drive, and sound in wind and limb; nor, on the other side, is the price proved to be extravagant because the purchase-money might be usefully spent in other ways. Lord CARNARVON has satisfied himself that the exclusive possession of the coast-line for many miles in the neighbourhood of the other English settlements is more valuable than the retention of the Gambia; nor is he prepared to admit, without deduction, the arguments of the colonists and their supporters. It is true that the colony involves no charge on the English revenue; but, while it is self-supporting, in the sense of not receiving external support, its resources are insufficient for its wants. There are no funds applicable to the removal of the town to a more healthy situation; and a correspondence extending over some years has not yet resulted in the drainage of a pestiferous marsh. The French, who are in some respects less scrupulously economical, will probably at first be less unwilling to incur outlay for the benefit of the colonies; and they have more soldiers to dispose of in the probable event of a native war. The Marabouts, a fierce and proselytizing tribe or sect of Mahometans, have lately extended their conquests to the neighbourhood of the Gambia; and although they have hitherto professed a desire to maintain peace with the English, they have already come into collision with the French on the Senegal. The indigenous tribes also are frequently at war among themselves; and it is only by a judicious mixture of prudence and firmness that it has been found possible to keep clear of their quarrels.

It is not certain whether any of the places from which the French will retire are properly colonial possessions. At some points trading posts have been at different times used and abandoned; but there can be no doubt that, in default of an agreement, the French might resume their occupation of any place where they had at any time settled. It unluckily happens that an American firm of traders has acquired possession of an island at the mouth of the Mellicourie, which is included in the proposed English Protectorate. It is not known whether the American Government, which has at present no colonial possessions, will assert a claim of sovereignty which it would probably be necessary to admit. On the coast in general it is desirable to encourage legitimate commerce, and it is more urgently necessary to acquire a control over the trade in arms. The Ashantees and other tribes in the interior have lately imported rifles, and even breechloaders, through French ports. When English influence is predominant it will be possible to prohibit or discourage a dangerous practice. It is true that arms may possibly be still obtained at more distant markets; but the difficulties caused by want of roads, and by hostile relations with neighbouring tribes, would be considerable. It is probable that Parliament, having no strong opinion on South African questions, will be guided by the advice of the Colonial Minister, who is supported by the best authorities. The prejudice against removing inward the bounds of the Empire is wholesome and just; but the surrender to the mercies of a civilized Government of a dozen English traders and a few hundreds of natives is not calculated to disturb the susceptibilities of the country.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL.

THE new Merchant Shipping Bill has at all events the merit of being a surprise. Indeed it may be not unfairly intituled an Act to make perpetual the temporary Act of 1875. This is certainly not at all a slavish copy of the usual practice of Governments. When a Bill has been withdrawn in one Session they may or may not reintroduce it in the following Session, but they are not accustomed to say that a temporary machinery which was created to fill the gap caused by the withdrawal has answered so well that they have determined to make it a permanent machinery. This, however, is what the Board of Trade has done as regards the Merchant Shipping Bill. In 1875 the course of legislation ran in this way:—A Bill was introduced making very stringent regulations for the maintenance of discipline on board ship; laying down certain provisions, the observance of which would, it was supposed, tend to ensure the safety of sea-going ships and to provide evidence of the condition in which they are sent to sea; and defining the liability of ship-owners in cases where loss of life or personal injury is caused by the unseaworthiness of the vessel. At the very end of the Session this Bill was withdrawn, and to quiet the popular indignation which this event caused the Government devised the plan of arming the Board of Trade with temporary powers of so exceptional and sweeping a character as to make it a matter of little moment whether any specific regulations tending to insure the safety of ships were laid down or not. We said at the time that Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY had really put himself into the position of offering that, if sufficient powers were given him, no ship should for a year's time be sent to sea which was not fit to go, and that he was, in fact, invested with a dictatorship on the condition that he guaranteed the lives of seamen against risk. After six months of reflection and inquiry he now comes forward with the proposal that his dictatorship shall be made permanent. Under the powers you gave me, he tells the House of Commons, I have taken care that no unseaworthy ship has gone to sea. Make these powers part of the ordinary machinery of my department, and I will take equal care for the future. Consequently, the new Bill omits the clauses relative to the discipline of the crew, reproduces the clauses which last year were considered sufficient of themselves to guard sailors against avoidable danger, and then on the top of these piles up the clauses which were originally enacted as a temporary substitute for them.

The Bill begins by making the sending of an unseaworthy ship to sea a misdemeanour on the part of the owner, unless he can prove that he used all reasonable means to ensure her being sent to sea in a seaworthy state, "or that her going to sea in such unseaworthy state was "under the circumstances reasonable and justifiable." Considering that unseaworthiness has been before defined as a state which is likely to cause danger to the lives of the crew, it would be well to introduce into the Bill some inti-

mation as to what Parliament intends by "reasonable and "justifiable." Supposing that a ship which her owner knows to be rotten goes to sea and is lost, what must he prove in order to take himself out of this clause? May he plead that the ship was seaworthy in fine weather, and that the circumstance that she started on her voyage in summer, with no appearance of storm in the sky and no indication of it in the barometer, made her going reasonable and justifiable? Or may he plead that he had no seaworthy ship that he could send, and that if he had waited to get one he would have lost a valuable contract, or have inflicted loss on others by failing to fulfil his contract? Certainly, the reasons which make it "reasonable and justi- "fiable" to risk the lives of a crew ought to be defined as precisely as possible; and if Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY cannot arrive at any conclusion upon this point in time to insert it in the Bill, it might be well to submit a special case to the Judges as soon as the Bill has become an Act. The next clause in the Bill makes it impossible for a shipowner to contract himself out of the obligation to use all reasonable means to insure the seaworthiness of a ship. Certain other clauses, to be found at the end of the Bill, define the mode in which grain cargoes shall be stowed, provide that the space occupied by deck cargoes shall, with certain exceptions, be subject to tonnage dues, and direct the marking on the ship's side of a disc indicating the maximum load-line to which the owner intends to load the ship during that voyage. Whether these provisions are good or bad in themselves, they are not of the essence of the Bill. They are mere survivals from a pre-existent phase of legislation, when the idea of making the shipowner primarily responsible for the condition and fate of his ship had not been abandoned. The really important clauses of the Bill are framed on a wholly different conception of a shipowner's position. They throw the responsibility of allowing a ship to go to sea, not on the owner, but on the Board of Trade. If that Board have reason to believe, on complaint or otherwise, that a ship is unsafe, they may order her detention. After they have detained a ship they may appoint some competent person to survey her. On receiving the report of this competent person they may order the ship to be released or detained as they shall see fit. The owner or master of a ship detained, either provisionally or finally, may, if he chooses, appeal to a court of survey, consisting of a judge and two assessors, to be appointed under rules made by the LORD CHANCELLOR. It will be idle when such clauses as these are in force to talk of the responsibility of shipowners. The responsibility of sending a ship to sea will rest, not with the man who sends it, but with the men who might have stopped it, and did not. It will naturally be presumed that a ship which escaped a supervision so keen and practised as that created by the Bill can have had no conspicuous faults either in relation to its repairs or its loading. The condition of his ship will be merely a secondary question with a shipowner; the point he will really have to consider is his chance of evading the officers of the Board of Trade.

There are two aspects under which this Bill may be regarded. We may suppose that the officials of the Board of Trade will be both active and ubiquitous; or that after a time the detention of suspected ships will die down into a mere idle form. In the former case the whole shipping trade of the country will be placed under surveillance. It may be that this is a necessary measure, that the difficulties attending upon any alternative proposal are insurmountable, and that nothing but a vast machinery of detective officers can prevent unseaworthy ships from being sent to sea. In that case Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY is perhaps right in determining that such a machinery shall be created. But it is astonishing that he should represent his proposals as less sweeping and involving less interference with trade than Mr. PLIMSOLL'S proposals. The Government Bill may be a much better Bill than any which Mr. PLIMSOLL has suggested, but if it is really meant to answer its end it will subject shipowners to a chastisement of scorpions in place of whips. No precaution that a shipowner can take will exempt him from the risk of a provisional order for the detention of his ships. The Board of Trade has power to issue such an order "on complaint or otherwise," and considering that this provision is the backbone of the whole system by which it is now proposed to protect the lives of seamen, the Board of Trade may be expected in every doubtful case to take this precautionary measure. If, on the other hand, the Board of Trade takes things easily, discourages complaints, alleges that it is afraid of having to pay costs and damages, and generally acts as though it wished to leave shipowners alone, what becomes of the protection which the Bill is designed to afford to sailors? They will have to fall back upon the alleged deterrent effect of the section by which the sending of a ship to sea "in such unseaworthy state "that the life of any person is likely to be thereby "endangered" is made a misdemeanour. But here there is a weak point to which attention has been called. Prosecutions under this section can only be instituted "by or "with the consent of the Board of Trade." No doubt when it is desired to state some supposed principle of law in a more than ordinarily pompous way, it is sometimes convenient to do so by authorizing prosecutions for the breach of it, and then guarding against the natural consequences of this provision by enacting that no proceedings shall be taken without the consent of the Government. The Ecclesiastical Titles Act, while it remained on the Statute-book, was a conspicuous example of this process. It was a foolish Act, passed by a weak Government, in deference to a foolish panic, but the sting was entirely taken out of it by the judicious interposition of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S consent as a necessary preliminary to prosecution. If the Board of Trade is not in earnest in the matter, the third clause of the Merchant Shipping Act, supposing it is to be passed in its present shape, will speedily be reduced to the level of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. How far this state of things will be likely to satisfy any really general feeling in favour of sailors may be guessed, if we try to imagine how such a restriction would have been received if it had been proposed to introduce it into the Public Worship Act. Shipowners who send rotten ships to sea stand almost as much in need of correction as clergymen who stand with their faces to the east instead of to the south, and it is difficult to see why the consent of the Government should be made indispensable to a prosecution of the former, when no such consent is required for a prosecution of the latter.

THE INCREASE OF THE EPISCOPATE.

ALTHOUGH Mr. BERESFORD HOPE'S Bill for an increase of the Episcopate has not obtained the formal acceptance which is implied in a second reading, it has served an important purpose in bringing out in an unmistakable manner the hearty and unanimous disposition of the House of Commons to do justice to the Church, and in not only clearing the way for the Government to take up the subject, but eliciting a distinct pledge that it will not evade that responsibility. Mr. CROSS accurately summed up the debate of Wednesday when he said that it showed an evident desire in almost all quarters to deal with the question in a fair and dispassionate manner. The objections to the Bill were almost exclusively directed to points of detail which would more fitly have been considered in Committee, while its general aim was warmly approved. As the debate went on it became more obvious that only minor differences held apart the supporters of the Bill and its friendly critics, and in the end they met in pleasant accord in the same lobby. It is of course impossible on such a question to expect to conciliate such irreconcilables as Mr. DILLWYN and Mr. REED, who are committed to a blind and fanatical antagonism, and are naturally eager to promote everything that is calculated to hamper and weaken an institution which they wish to destroy. Mr. DILLWYN, following in the wake of Mr. DALE, as he appeared at the Liberation meeting on the preceding evening, somewhat indiscreetly revealed the tactics of his party. In objecting to the setting up of a high class of officials who, in the event of a disestablishment of the Church, would have claims for compensation for the loss of their salaries, he apparently disregarded to fact that the new incomes would be provided either by voluntary effort or a redistribution of existing endowments; but it is perhaps as well to be warned of the scope which reckless iconoclasts of this type are ready to give to their dreams of confiscation. The statistics which have just been issued showing that, leaving out of account some important dioceses, and minor subscriptions, not less that twenty-six millions of money have within the last thirty-five years been expended by private liberality in building or restoring churches, at a cost exceeding in each

case 500*l.*, may be supposed to be a conclusive proof of the prevailing tendency of opinion with regard to the Church; but there is reason to fear that the exhibition of this possible spoil may whet the cupidity of its assailants. In any case, it is obvious that, whatever view may be taken of the question of Disestablishment, it is only fair that, while the Establishment exists, it ought not to be crippled in its means of efficient administration. The fact that, while the population of England has increased fivefold since the reign of HENRY VIII., not a single Bishop has during the succeeding generations been added to the Episcopate, speaks for itself; for though the bishoprics of Ripon and Manchester have been created, those of Bristol and Westminster have disappeared. No one who has any acquaintance with the matter can fail to see that in all directions the work of the Bishops has grown, not only through increase of population, but by multiplication of duties, far beyond the powers of the present limited staff, strained and busy as they are, and that, if the Bishops are to do their work in an adequate manner, they must have assistance. It has been suggested that some relief might perhaps be obtained by the Bishops making a stand against various petty encroachments on their time and attention, which are said to have been gradually extending in consequence of their timidity and fear of giving offence. But, even making every allowance on this account, there is a large accumulation of useful and important duties which has gradually settled on the Bishops, and which cannot be adequately fulfilled unless the number of Bishops is brought into some reasonable correspondence with the increasing multitude of clergymen and congregations over which they are expected to exercise a constant and watchful supervision.

While there is a general agreement as to the necessity of placing the Episcopate on a proper footing, it is only natural to find some differences of opinion as to the best method of carrying out this object. One of the chief objections to Mr. BERESFORD HOPE'S Bill, which is in fact Lord LYTTELTON'S Bill as it came down from the House of Lords, has been that the subject was one which could only be dealt with satisfactorily by the Government of the day; but this, although it expressed a reasonable opinion, was obviously an idle argument against a measure which existed expressly as a protest against the inaction of the Government. Everybody knows that a Government has it in its power not only to secure a more favourable reception for a Bill, but to press it through its various stages much more steadily and vigorously than a private member; and the supporters of the Episcopate Bill would certainly have been very glad if the Ministry had arrived at an earlier appreciation of its duty, and proposed a scheme of its own. Another criticism on the Bill was that it was vague and indefinite in some of its provisions; but those who know anything of the working of such measures must be aware of the necessity for some degree of elasticity as to arrangements of the future; and the satisfactory experience of the Church Building Acts, which are equally open to the same objection, and which have had the effect of bringing out immense sums of money for the increase of church accommodation, shows that these apprehensions are groundless. There are no doubt some points which will require careful consideration in any plan which may be proposed, and the present Bill is of course open to improvement. Indeed this was fully admitted by the mover, who offered to insert a proviso in Committee that no bishopric should be created under the Bill with a less area than an entire county, or some portion of a county with not less than a fixed minimum population, it being stipulated at the same time that the residuary bishopric out of which the new one was formed should fulfil the same conditions. This would operate as a check on the indiscriminate creation of sees from motives of personal or local vanity or caprice, of which some alarm has been expressed, and would, as Mr. BERESFORD HOPE pointed out, render it impossible for any person, however lavish with his money, to indulge in the luxury of a sort of grand private chaplain by setting up a new diocese for a very small or thinly-peopled district. What, however, is above all important in framing any plan is that it shall not be a mere driblet of relief, like a drop in the ocean, but a broad and systematic attempt to meet the necessities of the case, and to provide not merely for casual or isolated cases, but for the general efficiency of [illegible]opal administration over the whole country. If [illegible] is left to be done by fits and starts, according to the fluctuating moods or convenience of the Government, the process of revision and adaptation is certain to be carried out in an imperfect and accidental sort of way; while, on the other hand, there will be a needless provocation of irritating discussions. What is wanted is to put things into a groove in which they will move in a regular and steady way. The Government approaches its task under the most favourable circumstances, and there is no reason why it should find it a very difficult one. The promised establishment of a bishopric in Cornwall as soon as the necessary funds are provided is a natural sequel to the course taken in regard to St. Albans; and the Government will be free to deal with other cases in a similar way. At the same time, this ought not to stand in the way of a broad and well-devised machinery for utilizing private munificence.

THE SPIRIT OF BARGAINING.

EVERY pursuit has some pleasure distinct from its special and immediate object, as is conspicuously the case, for example, with the making of collections. In most instances the pleasures incidental to collecting go equal shares with pleasure in the things collected; the collector rarely dissociating the two. Now money and well-bestowed skill and pains furnish the auxiliary gratifications in this case. The rich collector finds pleasure in having given large sums for some unique specimen; a fellow-enthusiast finds still greater pleasure in having got his a bargain; his is the keener joy of feeling that intellect and sharpness have stood him instead of an overflowing purse. Anybody can collect treasures who can pay for them; but there is sport in "higgling upon a halfpenny," lest by a too ready acquiescence in the dealer's first price he should be led to suspect the real value of the article. What must have been "Snuffy" Davies's feelings when his unrivalled skill and research secured for the easy equivalent of twopence sterling that precious tract *The Game of Chess*, which he lived to see bought by Royalty for a hundred and seventy guineas? But, much as we may sympathize with such feats, if we attempt to rival them in our own time we feel to be treading on tender ground. When barter is a recognized mode of purchase people are justified in thinking mainly of their own interest, and when the collector deals with the broker he may fairly set his knowledge against the other's ignorance, for every man ought to know his own business. But when the rage for old china, for example, leads the modern collector to search in obscure haunts for specimens, and when he detects in cottage or farmhouse some treasure on which the whim of the day sets an extravagant value of which the owner knows nothing, then conscience is exercised, and should have a word to say. Is it fair to offer five shillings when five pounds is the market value? A good deal may, no doubt, be said on the purchaser's side. The market value is an ephemeral value. When the fancy for old Bristol or old Chelsea is over—and it is but a fancy—the specimen will relapse into its present use, and will figure as before among broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show, from whence never again will virtuoso seek to withdraw it. The collector may argue (and we do not contradict him) that he has a right to make the most of knowledge which has cost him something to acquire in time, or money, or the neglect of more important things, or bitter experience in cases where he has been the dupe. And he may justify himself by precedents innumerable. Who ever scrupled at the arts by which an old woman was wheedled out of a bundle of priceless ballads dearer to her than her psalm-book for a pound of snuff and a copy of the *Complete Siren*? Still a certain uneasiness is apt to be felt where all the knowledge is on one side, and it is essential to the success of the bargain that the knowledge should remain one-sided. Certainly the triumph in such dealings is enhanced by the *soupçon* of circumventing with which it is flavoured. Else where would be the cleverness? Most people settle the matter with themselves, and reconcile their dignity or their conscience by a middle course. They give a sum which would be liberal, or even profuse, supposing the article in question to be worth no more than the owner supposes it. After all, he is not likely to do better if the thing were left on his hands.

We have touched on the ethics of collecting, as being with many people the natural field for the indulgence of that spirit of barter inherent in humanity, which, if it does not find a vent, will force one for itself. Money confers on its possessor two distinct gratifications, so distinct indeed as at first sight to appear incompatible with each other. There is pleasure in spending, and there is pleasure in saving, but these seem to imply two opposite mental conditions. Yet in one class of transactions the joys meet. The keen negotiator of bargains contrives to experience the two sensations simultaneously. There are people who would never willingly spend without saving at the same time, and who enjoy spending if it opens a way to the exercise of their talents in this direction; and this irrespectively of the value of the thing thus secured. We are not speaking of that weak craving for possession which is tempted by everything that comes with the recommendation of cheapness, not of the lover of bargains that are obtruded upon his notice, but of the promoter and driver of bargains. To the miser spending is an unmixed evil, a grudged and odious necessity. Others are born with as keen an appreciation of the delights of property who yet willingly spend their money so

long as they have reason to believe themselves the only gainers by the transaction. Money is with them not merely a medium of exchange, it is a mental stimulant. When the Duke of Marlborough took out of his secretaire a purse of broad pieces, and, after viewing them with visible satisfaction, bid his friend "Observe these pieces well! they deserve to be observed; there are just forty of them; 'tis the very first *sum* I ever got in my life, and I have kept it always unbroken from that time to this day," he was illustrating the miser's temper. Quite different from this is the instinct of barter which leads the boy who for the first time finds himself the owner of a shilling to recognize money as a whetstone to his sharpness, the weapon wherewith he is to get the better of his fellows and win the battle of life. He does not lay by his shilling, but plans with it how it may fructify, get more than its worth, and become the mother of many shillings.

Now, of course, barter is of the essence of trade. Buying and selling are acts necessary to success in trade, but they may be carried on in their proper sphere without telling upon either temper or conduct beyond that sphere. Observation and experience show that nobody is so open-handed as the successful merchant. It is not trade that makes the higgler, but something much deeper and forming part of the man's nature. Nor does the necessity for bargaining make him. In some countries every purchase is a hand-to-hand encounter of wits. It is an understood thing that the seller asks more than he expects to get, and that it would be a mere extravagance to yield to a first demand. There are obscure trades where barter is still the rule with us. In fairs and markets there is legitimate room for it; we may see in our streets invitations to the unwary couched in the announcement that no reasonable offer will be refused; the pedlar chaffers with his customers on equal terms. It is only where the temper shows itself out of bounds that it may be noted as a feature of character. The tendency of civilization is to keep the active spirit of barter out of sight. In our ordinary retail dealings fixed prices are the rule. If grocers are exorbitant, we do not beat them down, but join a Civil Service Store. Careful wives show their good management otherwise than by offering their draper less than his demand. Fine ladies do not complacently let out the fact to their friends, as does Mrs. Delany in her first widowhood, that they got their court dress "a great pennyworth." Cheapening does not with us gain respect as a test of good housewifery, as we find it in foreign novels of domestic life. Nobody, in fact, bargains now except for the love of bargaining. And, except where the impulse is ungovernable, breaking through all laws of custom, ordinary buying and selling affords no room for its indulgence—in educated and polite circles, that is. It is a pleasure relegated to unlettered mediocrity.

Yet the love of a bargain lies too deep in human nature to be suppressed for want of a field. If there were no obvious vent for it, we might be sure beforehand that ingenuity would find one. Without entering here into the question how far the discontinuance of chaffering and higgling over the counter drives persons of this temper into that trick of overreaching on a large scale which is the theme of so many a City article in our day, we may all have observed the craving which sometimes seizes people to get more than money's worth for their money in scenes less congenial to its indulgence than shop or market, and precisely where a little offhand generosity belongs to the occasion. Wealthy men promoted to high place and conspicuous in general observation will stickle for petty savings and minute economies, will forget dignity and let credit go to the wall, in a determination to do things cheaply which the world expects them to do well. Women, important in their own eyes, and well to do, will find their amusement in small parsimonies on the same scene where their poorer neighbours play at lavish expense; a few shillings or sixpences being sometimes the test and exponent of either temper. For bargaining, being in its own way an intellectual pursuit, is independent of the amount and quality of the gain. It is a passion that may be indulged for its own sake; a game to be played for threepenny points, an exercise of skill so absorbing for the moment that lookers-on are forgotten. We cannot have everything in this world, and the most successful woman at a bargain cannot enjoy her triumph and keep her dignity at the same time. We may hold our state without spending our money, so long as we betray no hankering longings; but neither state nor magnanimity is compatible with certain modes of spending. This was felt by the grandees of old Spain to a quixotic extent, with which, indeed, we can feel no sympathy. When they made a purchase they threw down their gold and left the shop, not condescending to receive change, lest in this semblance of negotiation they should level themselves with their tradesman by trivial money dealings. Pride so ill becomes man, and comes to such a bad end, that, of the two, we prefer the equality that accompanies higgling and chaffering rather than the slack-handed dealing which argues contempt for one's fellow-creatures. Only it should be understood that the higgling is an equalizing process—a fact keenly realized on the socially inferior side, as the anecdotage and literature of the subject clearly shows, whether in the language of compliment or plain-speaking; whether it is Bob Jakin presuming to tell Mrs. Glegg that he always know'd she was a pleasant lady, or Luckie Mucklebackit reminding Monkbarns of his "nearness," or Miss Grisel and the fish-wife wrangling together in one tone and key like seagulls screaming and sputtering in a gale of wind. Wherever money dealings are discussed with an undisguised view to self-interest, and purchase becomes a conflict, there the distinctions of rank and station are for the time laid aside. Not that we would regard this as a serious objection to traffic for "pennyworths" in any field. We simply note it as a fact.

There are few people who have not felt the pleasure of a good bargain. Once in a way it is a useful experience; but it should have a sense of adventure and rarity in it to be harmless. Some men are as utterly without the spirit of barter as M. Huc describes the Tartars to be, and, for the want of this sharpening influence, they are as easy dupes as he pictures them to their keen rapacious Chinese neighbours. Yet his own dealings with this simple people furnish so apt a contrast to the grasping temper that we cannot do better than conclude with an example of their method of transacting business. The missionary having offered a Tartar Lama his scales to weigh the silver tendered in payment of a sheep, the Tartar stepped backwards and throwing up his hands cried out, "Above there is a heaven; below there is an earth, and Buddha is the master of all things. He desires all men to treat each other as brothers. You are of the West, I am of the East. Is that any reason why our dealing should not be frank and true? You have not cheapened my mutton, I take your silver unweighed."

RAGUSA.

THE voyage onward from Spalato, the voyage among the greater Dalmatian islands, leads, as its next natural stopping-place, to Ragusa. But he who would really take in the peculiar position of Ragusa will do well to pass it by on his outward voyage, to go on to Cattaro, and to take Ragusa on the way back. The wisdom of so doing springs directly out of the history of the city. The haven which is said—and we have no better derivation to suggest—to have given its name to *argosies* could certainly not give shelter to a modern argosy. Nothing but craft of the smallest kind now make their way to Ragusa herself; the steamers and everything else stop at the port of Gravosa, a mile or more off. He therefore who visits Ragusa on his outward voyage has to land at Gravosa and to make his way to Ragusa by land. He thus loses the first sight of the city from the sea which he has had at Zara and Spalato, and which at Ragusa is, setting special associations aside, even more striking than at Zara and Spalato. Before he sees Ragusa from the water, as Ragusa was made to be seen, he has already made acquaintance with the city in a more prosaic fashion. He will not indeed have had his temper soured by the inconveniences which Sir Gardner Wilkinson had to put up with eight-and-twenty years ago. There is no more delay at the gate of Ragusa, there is no more difficulty in finding a carriage to take the traveller from Gravosa to Ragusa, than there is in the most frequented regions of the West. Still, in such a case, the traveller sees Ragusa for the first time from the land, and Ragusa of all places ought to be seen for the first time from the sea. Seen in this way, the general effect of Ragusa is certainly more striking than that of any other Dalmatian city; and it is so in some measure because the effect of Ragusa, whether looked at with the bodily eye or seen in the pages of its history, is above all things a general effect. There is not, as there is at Zara and at Spalato, any particular moment in the history of the city, any particular object in the city itself, which stands out prominently above all others. We draw near to Zara, and say, "There is the city that was stormed by the Crusaders," and, though we find much at Zara to awaken interest on other grounds, the crusading siege still remains the first thing. We draw near to Spalato; we see the palace and the campanile, and round the palace and the campanile everything gathers. We draw near to Ragusa; the eye is struck by no such prominent object; the memory seizes on no such prominent fact. But there is Ragusa; there is the one spot along that whole coast from the Croatian border to Cape Tainaros itself, which never came under the dominion either of the Venetian or of the Turk. Ragusa will be found at different times standing in a tributary or dependent relation to both those powers, but it never was actually incorporated with the dominions of either. In this Ragusa stands alone among the cities of the whole coast, Dalmatian, Albanian, and Greek. Among all the endless confusions and fluctuations of power in those regions, Ragusa stands alone as having kept its place, always as a separate, commonly as an independent, commonwealth, from the break-up of the Byzantine power on those coasts till the day when the elder Buonaparte, in the mere caprice of tyranny, without provocation of any kind, declared one day that the Republic of Ragusa had ceased to exist. This is the history of Ragusa, a history whose general effect is as striking as any history can be. It is a history too, which, if we dig into its minute details, is full of exciting incident, but not of incident which, like the one incident in the history of Zara, stands out in the general history of Europe. There is, to be sure, one incident in Ragusan history which may claim some attention at the hands of Englishmen, and ought to claim more at the hands of Poitevins. Count Richard of Poitou, who was also by a kind of accident King of England, and who in the course of his reign paid England two very short visits, paid also a visit to Ragusa which was perhaps still shorter. But this again is an incident of mere curiosity; it had no general effect on the affairs of the world, though, if we accept the tradition that Richard rebuilt the cathedral, it certainly had an effect on the local affairs of Ragusa. Ragusan history then may either be taken in at a glance, and a most striking glance it is; or else it may be studied with the minute zeal of a native topo-

grapher. There is no intermediate point from which it can be looked at. In the general history of Europe Ragusa stands out, as the city itself stands out to the eye of the traveller, as the one city of the Dalmatian coast where the Lion of St. Mark is not to

As is the history, so is the general effect. As we sail past Ragusa, as we look at it from any of the several points which the voyage opens to us, we say at once, Here is one of the most striking sights of our whole voyage; but we cannot at once point our finger to any one specially striking object. There are campaniles, but there is nothing special about them; there are castles and towers in abundance, but each by itself on any other site would be passed by without any special remark. What does call for special remark and special admiration is the city itself, at once rising from the sea and fenced in from the sea by its lofty walls. It is the shore, with its rocks and its small inlets, each rock seized on as the site of a fortress. It is the background of hills, forming themselves a natural rampart, but with the artificial defences carried up and along them to their very crest. Here we are not tempted, as we are tempted at some points of our voyage, to forget that our voyage is one by sea, and to fancy that we are floating gently on some Swiss or Italian lake. Ragusa does not stand on a deep inlet like Cattaro, on a bay like Spalato, on a peninsula like Zara, fenced in by islands on one side and by the opposite shore of its haven on the other. Ragusa does indeed stand on a peninsula, but it is a peninsula of quite another kind; a peninsula of hills and rocks and inlets, offering a bold front to the full force of the open sea. One island indeed, La Croma, lies like a guard-ship anchored in front of the city, but we feel that La Croma is strictly an island of the sea. The islands off the more northern coast form as it were a wall to shelter the coast itself. La Croma fills no such function. The city of argosies boldly fronts the sea on which her argosies were to sail, and fiercely do the waves of that sea sometimes dash upon her rocks. Ragusa seems the type of a city which has to struggle with the element on which her life is cast, while Venice is the type of a city which has, in the sense of her own yearly ceremony, brought that element wholly under her dominion. As we look up from the sea to the mountains, we think how purely Ragusa was a city of the sea. Venice was an inland power on that Italian land off which she herself lay anchored. She might pass for an inland power even on the Ragusan side of the Hadriatic. The Dalmatian territory of Venice looks on the map like a narrow strip; but, compared with the Ragusan coast, the Venetian coast has a wide Venetian mainland to the back of it. But Ragusa lies at the foot of the mountains, and the crest of the mountains was her boundary. She has always sat on a little ledge of civilization, for five centuries past on a little ledge of Christendom with a measureless background of barbarism behind her. Those hills, the slopes of which begin in the streets of the city, once fenced in a ledge of Hellenic land from the native barbarians of Illyricum. Then they fenced in a ledge of Roman land from the Slavonic invader. Lastly, they still fence in a ledge of Christian land from the dominion of the Infidel. This has been no mean calling for the heights which look down upon Ragusa. It is well to climb those heights, best of all along the road which leads from civilization to barbarism, from Christendom to Islam, and to look down on the city nestling between the sea and the mountains. The view is essentially the same as the view of the city from the sea. Rocks, inlets, walls, and towers come out in new and varied groupings, but there is still no one prominent object. La Croma indeed, with its fortress, its fallen monastery, its old tradition of the wandering crusader, its new memory of the Archduke who was cajoled into becoming a Mexican party leader, now comes in as a prominent object. But it shows by its very prominence the difference between this point of the Dalmatian coast, with its one island, all but invisible on the map, lying close to the shore, and the two archipelagos, one of small and obscure, one of great and historic islands, which the voyager has already passed by. It would be well if we could look on Ragusa both from the sea and from the mountains before we approach the city by the one possible way to reach it, by the road which leads from its port of Gravosa. This last is a picturesque haven of thoroughly Dalmatian character, lying on a smooth inlet with the fringe of a small fertile plain between the water and the mountains. The road leads along among villas, which gradually grow into a suburb, till we reach the gate. But before we reach the gate we see, what there was not in the time of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, carriages standing for hire, carriages no very long drive in which will take us over the borders of Christendom. In that suburb too the traveller will most likely take up his quarters—quarters, if he has any good luck, looking down straight on the rocks and waves. And there, in war time at least, he will be sure to hear both the latest truths and the latest fables. But he is still outside the city. No city brings more home to us than Ragusa the Eastern hyperbole of cities great and fenced up to heaven. We must leave the military architect to discuss their military merits or demerits. To the non-professional observer they seem to belong to that type of fortification, between mediæval and modern, which in these lands we naturally call Venetian, inapplicable as that name is at Ragusa. But they have clearly been strengthened and extended in more modern times. The city lies in a kind of hollow between the lower slopes of the mountain on one side, and a ridge which lies between the mountain and the sea, and which thus adds greatly to the appearance of the fortifications as seen from the sea. The one main street of Ragusa thus lies in a valley with narrow streets running down towards it on both sides. The two ends lead towards the two gates, still strong and still guarded, reminding us that we are in what is really a border city. Within the walls the general aspect of the city is comparatively modern. Most of the buildings, the metropolitan church among them, were rebuilt after a great earthquake in 1667. Such remains however of old Ragusa as are still left are of such surpassing interest in the history of architecture that we must keep them for a more special examination.

The history of Ragusa, as we have already said, is of a kind which must either be taken in at a glance or else dealt with in the minutest detail. All Dalmatian history for a good many centuries wants a more thorough sifting than has ever been brought to bear upon it. It wants it all the more because it is so closely connected with early Venetian history, than which none is more utterly untrustworthy. But at Ragusa, and indeed before we reach Ragusa, while we are still among the islands, there is one point which distinguishes this part of the voyage from its earlier stages at Zara and Spalato. As soon as we pass Spalato, as soon as we pass the greatest monument of the dominion at Rome, we find ourselves in a manner within the borders of Hellas. The endless islands along the northern part of the Dalmatian shore are many of them bare and uninhabited rocks; none of them have any history. Some of the Croatian islands indeed have somewhat of a history, but with these we are not now dealing; the barren archipelago of Zara never could have had any. Things change in this respect when we pass Spalato and find ourselves among the greater islands, several of which have a history. We are now within the range of Greek colonization, though of Greek colonization only in its last stage. Issa now Lissa, Pharos now Lesina, Black Korkyra now Curzola, among the islands, and Epidauros on the mainland, were all of them undoubted Greek settlements, though Issa and Pharos, the only ones to which we can fix a positive date, were colonized only in the first half of the fourth century, and Dionysios of Syracuse had a hand in their colonization. Still they were Greek cities. Meleda, the long island with hills rising like a comb, can have its claims to be acknowledged to be the true place of St. Paul's shipwreck admitted only on the condition of being shut out from the Hellenic fellowship, even though its barbarians were of a mood which led them to show no little kindness to strangers. In the history of Polybios, Pharos and its Dêmêtrios play a considerable part. These islands form one of the highways by which Rome advanced to the possession of Illyricum, Macedonia, and Greece. Pharos was a Parian colony; the name of Epidauros at once proclaims its metropolis, and the worship of the healing god extended to the colony. Epidauros is now *Ragusa-Vecchia*. The old Epidaurian colony fell, like Salona, before the barbarians. Its inhabitants had no ready-made city to flee to, but they founded a city on the rocks which became Raousion or Ragusa. Here, as usual, our Imperial guide helps us to one of his strange etymologies. With him Epidauros has sunk into Πίτυρα, and the city on the rocks which its exiles founded was first called from its site Λαύσιον, which by vulgar use (ἡ κοινὴ συνήθεια, ἡ πολλάκις μεταφθείρουσα τὰ ὀνόματα τῇ ἐναλλαγῇ τῶν γραμμάτων) became Ῥαούσιον. He tells us that, ἐπεὶ ἐπάνω τῶν κρημνῶν ἵσταται, λέγεται δὲ Ῥωμαϊστὶ ὁ κρημνὸς λαῦ, ἐκλήθησαν ἐκ τούτου Λαυσαῖοι, ἤγουν οἱ καθεζόμενοι εἰς τὸν κρημνόν. What tongue is meant by Ῥωμαϊστί? It is only because the strange form λαῦ seems to come one degree nearer to λᾶας ἀναβὰς than to anything in Latin, that it dawns on us that it means Greek. But, under whatever name, the city on the rocks, small at first, strengthened by refugees from Salona, grew and prospered, and remained one of the outlying Roman or Greek posts which in the days of Constantine, as now, fringed the already barbarian land.

For some centuries after the time of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, the history of Ragusa defies abridgment. It is one web of intricate complications between the Emperors of the East and the West, the Republic of Venice, the Kings of Hungary, Dalmatia, and Bosnia. Somewhat later the story begins to be more intelligible when the actors get pretty well reduced to Venice, the Turks, and the Empire in a new form, that of Charles the Fifth. The Republic contrived, which must surely have needed a good deal of skill, to keep on good terms at once with Charles and his son Philip and with their Turkish enemies. We believe we are right in saying that Ragusa, though never incorporated by anything earlier than the dominion of Buonaparte, was at one time in a kind of dependent relation both to Venice and the Turks. At an earlier time the commonwealth for a short time received a Venetian Count. He was doubtless only meant to be like a foreign *podestà*, but Venice was a very dangerous place for Ragusa to bring a *podestà* from. In her later days Ragusa must be looked on as being under the protection of the Porte, but it was a protection which in no way interfered with her full internal freedom—such freedom at least as is consistent with the rule of an oligarchy. The geography of Dalmatia keeps to this day a curious memorial of the feeling which made Ragusa dread the Turk less than she dreaded Venice. To this day the Dalmatian kingdom does not extend continuously along the Dalmatian coast. At two points territory which is nominally Turkish comes down to the sea—at Klek, at the bottom of the gulf formed by the long Ragusan peninsula of Sabioncello, and at Sutorina on the Bocche di Cattaro. These two points mark the two ends of the narrow strip of coast which forms the territory of Ragusa. Rather than have a common frontier with Venice at either end, Ragusa willingly allowed the dominions of the Infidel to come down to her own sea on either side of her.

As for King Richard, the Ragusan story is that he built the cathedral which was destroyed in 1667. From Roger of Howden it is not at all clear that he was at Ragusa at all, though he clearly meant to go thither, having hired a ship at Corfu expressly to carry him to Ragusa. But he actually landed "prope Gazere apud Raguse," whatever may be meant by that, whether Zara or any other place. But the different accounts of Richard's Hadriatic adventures are told with so much confusion and contradiction that they seem to have puzzled Professor Stubbs himself. We will therefore not commit ourselves to any view till the whole chaos of early Dalmatian history shall have been put into order either by Professor Stubbs himself, or by somebody else of a like critical gift.

THE PROGRESS OF PUFFERY

IT must be presumed from the vast number of puffing circulars which are daily scattered broadcast among certain classes of society that this method of cultivating customers is found to answer its purpose. The expenditure which is thus incurred for paper, printing, and the means of distribution must be enormous, and it is impossible to conceive of any sane man of business making such an investment unless it yielded him a satisfactory return. On the other hand, the fact that the public allows itself to be influenced in this manner would appear to indicate a lamentable degree of weak-mindedness and gullibility on the part even of comparatively educated and intelligent people. At the present moment the system is carried out with great energy and assiduity, and the intensity of the competition seems to be putting a severe strain on those who are engaged in it. Language, after all, has its limits, and when one tradesman has used up every term of wild panegyric he can think of in the description of the unapproachable perfection of his goods, it is difficult for others to get ahead of him. In this way the force of language is continually exhausted, since the value of a phrase depends upon its originality, and, as soon as it becomes the common jargon of the trade, it is comparatively useless. A great deal of ingenuity has consequently to be exercised in devising new methods of making an impression on the public. If familiar phrases and forms of address have lost their virtue, other forms and phrases must be provided. Every dealer is of course entitled to suppose, and to say, that his goods are immensely superior to those of other people, but this assertion has in the course of generations got rather the worse for wear. It is necessary therefore to give the ancient commonplaces a new zest by some peculiarity of style, and the constant demand for novelty must certainly be very exhausting to the brain, which perhaps accounts for some of the eccentricities of modern advertisements. The whole stock of superlatives is gradually worked out, and new ones have to be found. There are some persons who seem to think that the choice of a lucky adjective ought to be protected by law as a sort of trade-mark; but in these days of spelling-bees it can hardly be contended that the English dictionary is not free to everybody. There was not long ago a question as to whether a particular stout was "Nourishing," in a sense different from that in which the word could be applied to any other kind of stout; and it appeared that this particular stout was, except for the label, only some of the ordinary stout made at a brewery which supplied hundreds of public-houses, and the liberty of the subject was vindicated by a decision giving the right to bestow the term "Nourishing" on any article of food or drink that was not proved to be absolutely poisonous. It is on this side that puffery is weakest; for the adjectives of a country are the common property of its inhabitants, and even of those of other countries if they care to adopt them. If the favourite phrases of the art could only be patented, it might be a fine thing for the patentees; but the value of extravagant laudation is apt to be impaired by the universal use of the terms employed.

There could hardly be a more striking illustration of a revolution in popular opinion than the curious reversal which is now so flagrantly exhibited of the familiar proverb that "good wine needs no bush." At the present time it would seem as if the wine-merchants who especially pride themselves on the super-excellence of their stocks had lost all faith in this very sensible maxim. There are still, we suppose, wine-merchants who do not think it necessary to placard the walls and swamp the breakfast-tables with puffs of their stock-in-trade; and we imagine that, if they really sell that rare article, honest wine, they do not suffer from want of good customers, who judge of a wine by what it is, and not what it is said to be by an interested vendor. Every householder in certain parts of London now receives about a hundredweight of wine-merchants' circulars in the course of the year, and if he is of a thrifty turn of mind he may get a Christmas-box for himself out of the waste-paper. All, however, that such a circular tells us is that the man who has wine on sale is of opinion that it is the most wholesome, delicious, and cheapest wine in the world; and yet it would seem that there are many people silly enough to accept such an assurance with implicit faith. A very large number of persons have no doubt lately received a pamphlet headed "Important Correspondence," which curiosity may have induced them not immediately to throw away, especially as a "N.B." further announces, in a somewhat comprehensive way, that "This pamphlet supersedes all previous pamphlets." It turns out that this "Important Correspondence" is a letter from a reverend baronet in Norfolk, who states that he "is very particular as to the wine he drinks," that he finds the advertiser's sherry suits his taste, and has had a favourable account of it from an analyst. In the first instance, however, the reverend gentleman was disposed, he tells us, to regard the advertisement as "a most egregious piece of humbug," and we must confess that we should probably have regarded it in the same way. We have nothing to say of this particular wine, because we know nothing; but it is difficult to understand why, on such evidence, anybody should believe the assertion that it is the only sherry fit to drink. Some certificates are also appended from various chemists and doctors; but we were not previously aware that the highest class in either profession allow their names to be used for advertising purposes. Nor does such a phrase as "the attributes of perfection" strike us as having the ring of scientific precision. Then it is announced, on the authority of the dealer, that this sherry enjoys "unbounded popularity," which, if true, would seem to show that all this advertising is a waste of money. It is further stated to be "the wine long looked for by the public press, experts, connoisseurs, invalids, the nobility, the clergy, the gentry, clubs, messes, and by probably twenty thousand of the public in the United Kingdom." If the superior excellence of this wine is so widely appreciated, it may be asked why does the dealer go to so much expense to demonstrate the virtues of his liquor. We must confess, however, that some of the testimonials which follow this announcement go far to prove that this sherry must be in some ways really a very remarkable wine. Among other certificates which are quoted are those of the *Rock* and of the *Church Review*, and we imagine that there is no previous case in which these highly differentiated journals have ever before been found in accord. Like the conspirators in the play, however, when they do agree, their agreement is wonderful. The *Church Review* finds it quite consistent with Anglican principles to warrant the perfect orthodoxy of the liquor recommended; and the *Rock* is, from the Low Church point of view, equally enthusiastic as to the soundness of the article. It is stated in the prospectus that the best judges of the wine are those who have gouty or uric acid tendencies, but unfortunately there is no information as to the relative development of these uncomfortable tendencies on the part of our theological contemporaries. We should hardly have suspected the *Rock* of the gout, but it may have some other acid tendency which makes it an authority. We should certainly say from its tone that, if it really drinks this sherry, the beverage does not improve its temper.

One of the most brilliant examples of recent advertising literature is supplied by a firm of grocers who not only take the public fully into their confidence as to the real qualities of their teas, but also pathetically appeal to its sympathy for themselves as self-sacrificing philanthropists. These high-minded purveyors take their stand upon their extreme and disinterested frankness in dealing with their customers. They have no secrets from the world, and are prepared to avow the defects as well as the perfections of their wares. Some of their teas are "the finest the world produces," and all their teas are of course in their way the very best that can be procured. Still they are too scrupulous to pretend that every description of tea in their stock will satisfy everybody. For instance, there is the Kyshow Congou, "a brisk, rich Pekoe-flavoured tea, perfect in strength and quality, beautifully manipulated, full of flavour, and possessing a pungent, nutty flavour, which is exceedingly grateful to the palate." This is indeed "a prince among teas." Or there is for more delicate palates the Moning sort, "soft, silky, exquisitely delicate in flavour, and drinks full and round." These intelligent tradesmen, however, while happy to place "the finest tea in the world" at the disposal of those who can appreciate it, are also aware that there are people who are content with tea which falls something short of this ineffable perfection, and for these they cater too. The Assam Congou is "very strong and drinks full in the mouth," but the firm feels bound to acknowledge that it is "a little coarse," and, being "rather peculiar, is not appreciated by all." Indeed, it insists upon warning any intending purchaser that "it requires an acquired taste." Then again, though there can be no harm in mentioning that the Scented Pekoe has "peculiar piquancy and sharpness of flavour," honesty requires that it should also be stated that it is, after all, a "fancy tea," and "more frequently used as a curiosity and experiment than by the tea-drinking public." Another scented tea is, it seems, "less grateful to the palate than to the other senses"; and there is also a further variety which is "rather plebeian," though no doubt it will be readily understood that the most plebeian tea sold by this establishment is infinitely superior to that of any other shop. It would be invidious not to accept the candid admission of defects in some teas as a conclusive proof of the rigid impartiality of the vendors in describing those other teas which are "the finest in the world." But this is not the only ground on which they appeal for support. It appears that the testing of tea "is no light work, but, on the contrary, a matter of continual application, month by month, week by week, and day by day"; and that it also involves "a great strain on the physical powers." "Indeed," they add, "it is not too much to say that an equal amount of study is required to select a supply of tea of uniform quality for a large trade as is needed to paint a picture or to write a book"; and we can well believe that the concoction of eloquent advertisements is even more wearing. It must not be supposed, however, that the dealers "arrogate to themselves an exceptional genius"; they confine themselves to the modest assertion of the simple fact that they sell "the best

and purest teas," and that all other tea-dealers are nowhere by the side of them. This ingenuous candour must necessarily command confidence and sympathy.

As one other example of the absurd puffing which is thought necessary for every speculation in these days, we may take the prospectus of a new skating-rink which has just been circulated. The introductory paragraph setting forth that the object of the Company is to provide "within easy reach of the Clubs and Parks, and residential quarters of the West-End, a Skating Rink, with such accessories from time to time as may render the establishment an attractive and agreeable place of resort and recreation," is no doubt comparatively modest, though the literary style is high. But, as we go on, we are assured that "the advantages of the site cannot be surpassed"; that the skate which is to be used in this rink possesses "advantages and improvements over any of the numerous skates already patented"; that the club-house will be of a "distinctive and unique character," and "will provide all the accommodation and conveniences usually afforded by a club of the highest class," with, in addition, "the agreeable feature of communicating with a large building devoted to the purpose of healthy exercise and entertainment." It may occur to some sceptical minds that possibly the agreeableness of this feature may depend on whether a man happens to want comfort and repose at a club or something else, and also on the character of the exercises and entertainments to be provided in the large building. It is quite possible that a taste for select society and quiet might not be fully gratified by the proximity of what to persons of other tastes may seem a bower of bliss. "Special attention" will also, we are told, "be devoted to the question of music." The orchestra will, of course, be of "the highest character," and it is perhaps needless to add that "from time to time selections of music of the highest class will be performed." The phrase "from time to time" possibly implies that at other times the selections of music may not be of the highest class, and it may be conceived that it will be difficult to sustain the very highest standard on all occasions. There will also be at intervals during the season "fancy dress fêtes, illuminated skating entertainments, bazaars, conversaziones, and other artistic *réunions*, under the auspices of the Club, acting in concert with the Council of the Rink." This Council, by the way, is another great feature of the enterprise. It appears to consist chiefly of captains and country gentlemen; and, as there are about a hundred of them on the Council, it will be understood that this is a conclusive guarantee of the unimpeachable respectability of the "ladies and gentlemen" who will be elected by that body. All this leads up to the conclusion that "under these circumstances, it may reasonably be anticipated that the ——— Skating Rink will become one of the most attractive and enjoyable lounges and resorts of the metropolis; and, looking at its unique character and situation, it cannot fail to prove not only successful from an artistic and popular point of view, but highly remunerative as a commercial enterprise." This is no doubt in the highest style of that shopkeeping eloquence for which Regent Street is famed; but it may be remarked that one or two instances have recently been before the public in which the promises of high-flown prospectuses have not exactly been fulfilled. The Royal Aquarium, for instance, has not been lacking in literary power, though it is unfortunately obliged to postpone *sine die* the opening of its tanks.

PROPOSED CANONIZATION OF JOAN OF ARC.

THE proposal to canonize the Maid of Orleans is not simply, as the *Times* and its Correspondents seem to imagine, a bid for French enthusiasm against the usurpations and encroachments of the great Protestant Empire which has humiliated France and the Church. This may no doubt be one reason for reviving the project at this moment. But the canonization of both Joan of Arc and Columbus was under discussion more than two years before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, as was at the time noticed in our own columns (February 29, 1868). In the May of 1868 the Archbishops of Rouen and Bordeaux and the Bishop of Orleans celebrated with much solemnity the anniversary of the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, and representations were made at Rome both as to her claims and those of the discoverer of the New World for a niche in the great temple of Catholic hagiology. The special ground reported to be urged by Cardinal Donnet in the case of Columbus was certainly rather a strange one. It was explained that sailors, not being Italians, had long been in want of a heavenly patron; St. Andrew, who is supposed to fill that office, being apparently disposed from his close connexion with St. Peter to confine his attention too exclusively to the countrymen of the Holy Father. There are other and more plausible considerations, however, which might very conceivably weigh with the Roman authorities in both cases, and especially as regards the fair claimant with whom we are just now immediately concerned. The alarm which appears, if we may judge from the *Voce della Verità*, to have come over ecclesiastical authorities, both French and Roman, lest English susceptibilities should be roused by investing the brows of *la Pucelle* with the aureole of martyrdom, may at all events be safely dismissed from their minds. "France and England," as that journal observes, with a caution and moderation not always equally conspicuous in its utterances, "have forgotten their rivalry of centuries, and *perhaps* the time has come for taking a step forward, without giving umbrage to England, by initiating the canonization of Joan of Arc, if she was really a saint." We are happy to be able to reassure our contemporary on this point. England will not take umbrage, and has the less need to do so inasmuch as, if truth must be spoken, France had a good deal more than ourselves to do with burning the young enthusiast; but of that we shall speak presently. There are, indeed, some daring sceptics who maintain that she was never burnt at all, some nameless victim being adroitly substituted in her place; and the *advocatus diaboli* may be expected, when his time for speaking comes, to make what capital he can out of this Straussian version of her history. But Rome will know how to deal with such audacious rationalism as it deserves. As to her spiritual claims to a place in the Calendar, which have been discussed—and, we regret to add, dismissed—by the *Times* with the gravity befitting so high and experienced an authority on the science of the Saints, we shall not presume to say a word, for in such sacred matters we make no pretension to the superior wisdom which inspires the infallible oracle of Printing-House Square. The *Voce della Verità* informs us that the Maid heard mass daily with great devotion, fasted three times a week, prayed constantly, and was fervent in approaching the Sacraments. It seems rather hard, therefore, that the *Times* should so peremptorily overrule her claims with the magisterial assertion that she "was not in any intelligible sense of the word a saint." However, with these high matters we do not meddle here.

The history of Joan of Arc may be told in a very few words. Born, according to Lingard, about 1410, at Domremy, she began while still a girl to hear heavenly voices, believed to proceed from St. Margaret and St. Catherine, and exhorting her to deliver her country from the yoke of the foreigner. At the age of twenty she presented herself before the young King, and assured him of her Divine commission to raise the siege of Orleans and to see him crowned at Rheims. Charles hesitated, but eventually accepted her services, after a theological Commission had examined and approved her supernatural pretensions. She put herself at the head of the troops and achieved all that she had promised. The besieging army retired from Orleans, and the King was solemnly anointed and crowned at Rheims, while she stood with her sacred banner beside the throne. She then declared that her mission was accomplished, and requested permission to return home. But Charles, who probably had little faith in her mission, thought her assistance too valuable to be dispensed with, and refused to let her depart. She remained therefore with the army, but disclaimed any further inspiration. And the event proved that her good genius had forsaken her. Soon afterwards she fell into the hands of the Burgundians, who sold her to the English, and so the tragical end came about. In that age there was nothing unusual, or considered at all discreditable, in the execution of prisoners of war, and Joan only a few days before she was herself captured had ordered the instant execution of a French general who fell into her hands. However in this case there was evidently felt to be a difficulty. The English generals were probably, as Lingard suggests, afraid of the influence exercised by her preternatural character and achievements on the superstition of their own followers, and she was handed over to an ecclesiastical tribunal. The Bishop of Beauvais was a devoted adherent of their cause, but he appears really to have considered the unfortunate maiden, as Rymer records his words, "a disciple and lyme of the fiende, that used false enchantments and sorcerie." He condemned her accordingly, and the University of Paris had the incredible baseness to confirm the sentence. Still, there was considerable hesitation about proceeding to extremities, for nearly a twelvemonth was allowed to pass before her public burning in the market-place at Rouen, May 30, 1431. Twenty-five years later, at her mother's request, Pope Calixtus III. appointed the Archbishop of Rheims and Bishop of Paris to re-examine the question, when the previous judgment was reversed and her memory cleared from all stigma of heresy and witchcraft. It may perhaps be thought strange that during the next two centuries, and while France was the leading nation of Catholic Europe, and was studiously courted at Rome as the eldest daughter of the Church, nothing more was done for her honour. That on Roman Catholic principles she must have been the special emissary either of Heaven or hell can hardly admit of question; and the latter view, which is preserved in Shakspeare, was probably the current one in this country at the time and for long afterwards. Meanwhile, to doubt the perfect sincerity of her own belief in her miraculous powers would be the shallowest of scepticisms. And we may well say of her mysterious "voices" what so sturdy a Protestant as the late Sir James Stephen did not scruple to say of the very similar visitations recorded in the Life of St. Francis Xavier:—"Whatever may be thought of these voices from within, it is at least clear that nothing magnanimous or divine has yet proceeded from those who have listened only to the voices from without."

But, putting aside the purely religious aspects of the question, it is of some interest to inquire what motives other than of a purely political or national kind may have prompted the selection of Joan of Arc, and, if he is to be included, of Columbus, for insertion in the bead-roll of the Saints. One thing is obvious on the surface. Both these candidates for celestial honours represent lay and not clerical society, and not only so, but represent also the active, as distinct from the passive and contemplative, virtues of the Christian character. Now it is a fact, of which any one who will take the trouble to turn over a Breviary Calendar, or to examine such a work as Butler's or Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints*, may easily

convince himself, that the immense majority of the canonized Saints are either priests, or monks, or nuns. And of canonized laymen a large moiety are either kings or persons of high rank, who had powerful advocates to press their posthumous claims on the attention of the Roman Court. It is only the natural sequel of this that the virtues thus singled out for public recognition and commended to the reverence and imitation of the faithful should be chiefly of the ascetic and clerical, or, as it is sometimes objected, feminine, type. We do not say this in disparagement of them. No doubt, as we had occasion to observe the other day in a different connexion, very lofty excellences have been exhibited in the priesthood and the cloister. But there is another class of virtues, of which St. Louis may be taken as a type among the canonized, which find their natural home elsewhere, and have not been so readily, or certainly not so largely, rewarded with the honours accorded by the Church, whether to the living or the dead. They are the virtues, as theologians would say, of the natural, rather than the supernatural, order; not the peculiarly "Evangelical" virtues—for they were not first learnt from the Gospel—but such as must always find a place in any ethical code which aspires to completeness, and which the Gospel cannot fairly be said to discountenance, because it had no special occasion to inculcate afresh what was already in danger of being exaggerated rather than ignored. Conspicuous in this catalogue stand courage, patriotism, and a generous spirit of enterprise; the sort of qualities, in fact, to which the ancients paid homage in the fabled exploits of Hercules, and which a modern authoress has undertaken to illustrate in a revised version of the story of Jack the Giant-killer. Such energies may obviously be devoted to the highest purposes of Christianity, and therefore to the highest interests of the Church. It is significant that the *Voce della Verità*, which represents the Vatican, "sees in this sublime figure (of Joan of Arc) not a French heroine, but a heroine of the Church *and of humanity*." There is certainly something heroic about the Maid of Orleans, and we fail to perceive why the fact of her heroism being displayed for national rather than strictly religious objects should disqualify her, as the *Times* insists, for a place among the Saints. But it is true that it is not the kind of heroism which the Church has chiefly delighted to honour. It was the self-sacrificing heroism of an Epaminondas or a Regulus, but it drew its inspiration from the most profoundly Christian source. "Candour," it has been remarked by a high Ultramontane authority in this country, "is neither universally nor distinctively characteristic of the Saints," and we presume he would say the same of other "natural virtues." But it was precisely in the natural and masculine virtues of courage, self-sacrifice, and patriotism that the warrior Saint of France excelled, though she constantly traced them to a supernatural motive. And the same remark applies *à fortiori* to Columbus, in whom the mystic element was far less prominent. Both of them were unquestionably devout, and their devotion was of the most approved and orthodox kind. Columbus, like Ignatius Loyola, had originally desired to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but the one exchanged his scheme for the discovery of a new continent, the other for the foundation of a new Order, with the express aim in either case of propagating or of defending the faith. Still it remains true that the canonization of Joan of Arc or of Columbus would mark something of a novelty in the attitude of the Church towards the world. The Pope, we know, sternly refuses to come to terms with modern civilization, but he would by this act have shown himself better able than many of his predecessors to appreciate the temper and standard of modern society. Patriotism does not hold a high place in the ethical code of Ultramontanes, but they can hardly venture henceforth to speak lightly of it if Frenchmen are bidden by infallible authority to invoke the Maid of Orleans.

SOME WEST LONDON MANORS.

THE suburbs of London fared better in the original Domesday survey than they have done in the modern imitation. The new book takes no notice of them, unless it be a notice to call them "the metropolis." But the old surveyors devote a little space to the hundred of "Osulvestane," in which are most of the districts that go to make up the so-called "metropolis." To distinguish the suburban portion from the City seems to be the intention of those who thus steal away Canterbury's good name. Certainly even the misuse of the word is less confusing than any attempt would be to separate the elemental villages of which London now consists. If we confine our attention to the west only, we find such old places as Holborn, St. Giles's, Marylebone, Kensington, and Charing, not to speak of the City of Westminster; and, besides these, some new places, like Hanover Square, Piccadilly, South Kensington, and Westbourne, where no ancient foundations existed to be built upon. Merely taking the manors which go to compose this vast region, it is not a very easy task to find the real owners, and though a few broad features may be made out, the details of such a survey must remain obscure. Take, for example, the manor of which Marylebone Park was the chief feature. When the Regent's Park was formed the Crown was found to be the owner of nine undivided shares of the twenty-four into which the original manor had been portioned. The influence of the Crown, therefore, in reforming the district must have resembled that which England will now exert upon the affairs of the Suez Canal.

There was a beautiful simplicity in the early manorial subdivision of the hundred of Osulston which, unfortunately for the purposes of modern inquiry, has been wholly lost at the present day. There were twenty manors; the King had none; eight were held by laymen, and the rest belonged either to St. Paul's, London, St. Peter's, Westminster, or some other religious foundation. The King was returned as the owner of twelve acres and a half of "nanesmanesland," of the value of five shillings yearly, and as receiving the rents of thirty-two "cotars," besides six shillings a year from one William the Chamberlain for his vineyard. The manors on which the wealthiest districts now stand belonged from very early times to Westminster Abbey; not only "villa ubi sedet ecclesia S. Petri," and the distant Hampstead, with Belsize, probably a sub-manor, but Paddington also, and Hyde, afterwards divided into the three manors of Hyde, Neate or Neyte, and Ebury or Eybury; but all we learn in Domesday itself is that the Abbey had thirteen hides and a half in Westminster. Tyburn belonged, in part at least, to the Abbey of Barking; Kensington was given by one of the Veres to the Abbey of Abingdon; but before the suppression of the monasteries there was little land left between London and Westminster which did not acknowledge the Abbot of Westminster as its lord. The Savoy manor stretched from Temple Bar to Charing Cross, on one side of the way, but the Abbey estates began with Covent Garden, and included all that we know as Long Acre, Paddington, Hyde Park, Chelsea, Earl's Court, Pimlico, Belgravia, Grosvenor Square, and Knightsbridge. It would hardly be possible to form too extravagant an estimate of the present annual value of these Abbey lands. The great wealth of the three wealthiest English Dukes is chiefly derived from the possession of small portions of them—portions so small, indeed, that of one of them, the farm which was the centre of the manor of Ebury, we know that it was let after the suppression for twenty guineas a year. How it came to Mr. Davies no one seems to have recorded; but when his daughter, Mary Davies, married Sir Thomas Grosvenor, just two hundred years ago, it would have been impossible to foretell what an inheritance it has since become. Davies Street runs from Oxford Street to Berkeley Square, and preserves the name, having probably been so called first in 1725, when Sir Richard Grosvenor, a great builder in his generation, laid all the district under brick and mortar between "Tyburn Lane," now Park Lane, and Bond Street. In the July of that year Sir Richard called together his friends and neighbours, including those who had built and those who had taken his houses, and after a sumptuous entertainment he proceeded to give names to the streets and the squares which up to that time had been known as Grosvenor's Buildings. In the same year Sir Richard, who was uncle to the first Earl Grosvenor, obtained leave to open a gate from his new town into Hyde Park. He did so where the Artillery Barracks stood, and near the Chelsea Water Company's circular reservoir (not so long since abolished), the site of which is still marked by the sunk garden with a marble fountain. His selection of names for his new streets was not quite what might have been expected. Except in "Grosvenor Square" and the two "Grosvenor Streets," we have little reference to the titles or estates of the owner. Brook Street was called, like Conduit Street, from the circumstances of the site. At Mount Street there was a mount which may yet be traced; and Green Street, like Park Street, may be taken as a reference to the recent character of the place. Duke Street and Audley Street owe their names to the quarters outside the manor from which they led, and were probably named by a different authority; but the invention of Sir Richard seems to have failed when he was reduced to add another to the many Chapel Streets already in existence, and in North Row and South Street to indicate the geographical limits of his new suburb. When, in the days of the late Lord Westminster, the second great portion of the manor of Ebury was covered with houses, an abundant supply of names was afforded by the titles of the Marquess and those of all his relatives, by their Christian and surnames, by their country seats, and even by the real or supposed names of their remote ancestors. Thus we have Hugh Street and Lupus Street and Chester Square, for the great Earl Hugh was reputed the uncle of the first "Gros Veneur." Halkin Street and Motcomb Street, like Eaton Place and Wilton Square, are called after castles and halls in distant counties, while various alliances of the family are commemorated in the use of such names as Moreton, Churton, and Stanley; and sub-lessees have given theirs to other places.

The second division of the Abbey manor of "Eia," or Hyde, was turned by Henry VIII. into Hyde Park. He had obtained it by exchange from the Abbot, together with Ebury and Neate, for the site of Hurley Priory in Berkshire, one of the smaller houses first dissolved. We may be certain the Abbot did not make by the transaction, but it must also be remembered that the manors bore much the same relation to the London of that day that Richmond or Chingford bears now. What we call the Park was in all probability half heath and half marsh, traversed by at least two brooks, and but imperfectly divided from the barren, uncultivated moor on the north through which ran the roads to Reading and Edgeware. When Henry came to live at St. James's he had from the gate an uninterrupted view towards the north and the north-west, and may have been able to distinguish frequent processions along the ridge of the hill, and subsequent indications that his officers did not spare faggots and gibbets in endeavouring to obtain that uniformity of religious belief which the King was supposed to desire. But Hyde Park did not long remain desolate. Early in the last century an avenue of walnut-

trees of great size showed that some attention must have been paid to the plantation, and a wall separated the Park itself from the neighbouring manor of Paddington. In the picture of the execution of the Idle Apprentice Hogarth has given us one of the few extant views of the Tyburn corner, and the wall is well lined with spectators. Within it was a spot reserved for the military discipline of the *fusillade*; and where the Marble Arch now stands many a recalcitrant soldier has shed his blood for the good of an ungrateful country. Though Hyde Park has always, except for a short interval during the Commonwealth, been the property of the Crown, the people have constantly exercised their voice in its management, and have not hesitated to grumble loudly, and it must be confessed effectually, when any proposal has been made to build on it, or to curtail the liberty of assembly within its boundaries; but, in speaking, as some do, of its enormous value for building purposes, it is only right to remember that the open space gives their value to the neighbouring districts, and that to turn Hyde Park into squares and streets would be to ruin the surrounding manors, and possibly not to draw fashion to the new suburb.

The third portion of the great manor of "Eia" was early separated, under the name of Neate or Neyte. The exact meaning of the word is uncertain, but it cannot be doubted that some reference, more or less distinct, is made in it to the name of the original manor. At its north-eastern side it was divided from Ebury by the Bayswater or Westbourne, now merged in the Serpentine, and, if it is ever safe to guess, we may put aside all the modern derivations of "Knight's Bridge," including the battles, duels, and captures of highwaymen invented to account for it, in favour of the probable Neyte-bridge which there crossed the brook. To the Neate Manor House the abbots retired for country air in the intervals of business, and there the great Nicholas Litlington breathed his last, the first of a long list of eminent men whose names are connected with a district which we know best as Chelsea. The same house, or others on its site, was tenanted successively by Sir Reginald Bray, the architect of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and Sir Anthony Browne, one of the executors of Henry VIII. Queen Katharine Parr had it as part of her dowry, and it was afterwards granted for life to her sister-in-law by a double connexion, the widow of the Protector Somerset. She was a Stanhope, the daughter of a Bourchier, and a descendant of Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest of the sons of Edward III.; and it was in favour of her children, to the exclusion of the children of his first wife, that the Protector, in the first instance, limited the dukedom he may be said to have conferred upon himself. Thus it came to pass that, on the landing of the Prince of Orange, Sir Edward Seymour could speak of the Duke as "of his family," when the Prince asked if he belonged to the Duke's. The manor was in the hands of the Crown in the reign of Charles I., and was granted by him to that Duke of Hamilton, or Duke Hamilton, as his contemporaries usually call him, who, shortly after the death of Charles, was beheaded on the same spot, in Old Palace Yard, where the blood of Raleigh had been shed thirty years before. Chelsea remained in his family till Lord Newhaven bought it in 1657, and in the now classic ground of Cheyne Walk we recognize a memory of the new owner's family name. But the Cheynes did not keep it long, and Sir Hans Sloane was the next possessor. His co-heiress married a brother of the famous General Cadogan, the companion of Marlborough, himself a colonel of Horse Guards, and the manor is vested in his descendants still. The name of Neate has perished, but Sloane Street and Cadogan Place help to commemorate the names of the successive lords of the manor, and Earl Cadogan's eldest son usually bears the courtesy title of Viscount Chelsea.

Of their estates in the west, Paddington and Westbourne remained to the abbots until the Dissolution, and both are still in a sense ecclesiastical property. Westbourne forms perhaps the most important portion of the temporalities of the abbots' successors, the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and it is to a tenant under them that we owe the handsome "boulevard" of Westbourne Terrace. Paddington, too, although it is now separated from the Abbey, was not suddenly wrenched away; for it was at first part of the endowment of the short-lived diocese of Westminster, and was next appropriated to the bishopric of London—a circumstance marked in Bishop's Road, Blomfield Street, Howley Place, and various other names derived from the occupants of the see. The revenues were somewhat differently employed six hundred years ago; for Abbot Walter assigned them to provide for the expenses of his anniversary, when, as we are told, the almoner was enjoined to purchase, in addition to various kinds of beer and wine, a dessert for the monks and their guests, to consist of manchets, cakes, crumpets, cracknels, and wafers.

THE EUPION GAS COMPANY.

THE most remarkable and significant feature of the curious trial in regard to the getting-up of the Eupion Gas Company, which has just resulted in the conviction of four of the defendants on one of the charges of fraudulent conspiracy, is the line of argument which was adopted by the counsel for the defence. The charges of the prosecution were that the defendants had engaged in a conspiracy to cheat, defraud, and deceive various persons by starting a Company by means of pretended allotments of shares and pretended payments on them; that they had thereby imposed upon the Stock Exchange, and obtained an official certificate under false pretences; and that they had further got up a fraudulent traffic in fictitious shares in order to defraud the brokers. In meeting this indictment, Mr. Pope, who appeared for Mr. Aspinall and led the defence, frankly admitted that "some ugly matters had been unearthed and exposed, and, if fraud was to be presumed or assumed, many of the circumstances would seem to point to such a conclusion." He then explained that he was not there to discuss a question of morality, but merely a question of legal criminality; and that, in dealing with this question, he must necessarily appear to speak in terms of tolerance of some acts and transactions which he could not but reprobate. He admitted that, when an act was in itself criminal, its being usual was immaterial; but he contended that, when immorality was to be inferred from facts, the fact that the transactions were usual was very material. "The robust plant of commercial morality"—we fancy this must have been a slip for the weak plant of commercial morality—"did not thrive in an atmosphere of unhealthy speculation; and, no doubt, if Diogenes were in search of honest men on the Stock Exchange, he might be able to find them, but many a man's eyes there would blink in the light of his lantern." The question, therefore, he said, was "not whether on a balance of evidence there had been fraud," but whether it was a sort of fraud which went beyond the ordinary practices of the Stock Exchange. The other counsel in the case all praised Mr. Pope's speech, and adopted the theory on which it was based; and it is necessary therefore to observe what was the position thus taken up. The meaning would seem to be that, as there is one kind of flesh of fishes and another of beasts, so there are various kinds of honesty and morality. There is the natural morality of ordinary men, and there is the artificial morality of the Stock Exchange. Tried by the ordinary standards of morality, it could not be denied that the defendants had sadly broken down; but then it was pleaded on their behalf that they were overpowered by the noxious atmosphere in which they found themselves, and that it could not be expected that people who had anything to do with speculations on the Stock Exchange should be as honest and respectable as other people. According to this theory, there is to be one rule of honesty for transactions on the Stock Exchange, and another for the ordinary business of the world; and it must be admitted that the Stock Exchange itself has spared no pains to encourage this idea. In the present instance it was the brokers who were victimized, and of course the profession was exceedingly indignant at such an outrage. If, however, it had been only the outside public who had suffered, the Committee of the Stock Exchange would no doubt have taken care to keep their eyes shut. It was clearly demonstrated by the evidence taken before last year's Committee on Foreign Loans that the one great object of the members of the Stock Exchange is to bring in business from which its members may derive a commission; and that, though they would no doubt prefer honest business, if there were only enough of it, they are quite ready to wink at dubious and fraudulent transactions as long as they are not too openly scandalous. The interests of the body depend on the amount of business which goes through its hands, and it takes very good care to avoid making any inquiry or enforcing any standard of honesty which would limit the range of its customers. The professional respectability of the brokers is virtually offered for hire as a cover under which rogues of discretion, who know how to keep within moderate bounds and to avoid compromising their friends too seriously, can have ample opportunity for every kind of fraud which does not present itself in too flagrantly naked a form. It may be thought, therefore, that the plea of the defence in this case, that two blacks make a white, would not be without some force if it were a question only between the brokers and such people as those connected with the Eupion Company. It is necessary to remember, however, that there is another side of the subject in which the public has an interest. It is obviously dangerous that any special area of trade should be marked off in which an exceptionally low standard of morality is to be recognized as a genuine currency. Nor is there any reason why on the Stock Exchange speculators should not be bound by the same rules of honour and honesty as other people. One of the jurors, whose simple mind seems to have been much impressed by the ingenious pleadings in favour of free competition in roguery, asked whether the defendants would be guilty if they thought there was no harm in what they did; but the Chief Justice very justly remarked that too much stress must not be laid on the view that the commonness of an offence makes it lawful.

Although there was a difficulty in determining the precise degree of personal responsibility attaching to the defendants in this case, the general character of the operations in which they were engaged is plain enough. The prospectus of the Company stated that the Company was to work patents for making gas, that the capital was to be 50,000*l.* in 1*l.* shares (half to be paid on application and half on allotment), and that 40,000*l.* was to be paid to the patentees, 25,000*l.* in cash and 15,000*l.* in shares fully paid up; and it was represented to the Stock Exchange that all the capital was fully paid up, and on this assurance a quotation was granted. Now how far do these statements correspond with the facts? The Solicitor-General, we think, went too far in declaring that the gas business which the Company was to work was a mere sham. It existed, indeed, only in an experimental form, and it is doubtful whether the gas could have been produced at a price which would have been remunerative. Moreover, it would appear that some of the patents of which a parade was made were either extinct or on the point of becoming

so, and that the remaining patent had to be surrendered on account of the want of money to pay for it. Still there was an idea at the bottom of the scheme, and it had probably as much reality and substance as many other schemes which are brought out. If capital could have been found for carrying it on, it might have been got into at least a marketable shape; and if it had eventually collapsed, it could only have been said that the projectors were too sanguine. The rotten part of the scheme was the counterfeit capital. There was, in fact, no real capital at all. No shares were allotted to the persons who applied for them, nor were any payments made either by these persons or by those to whom the allotments were supposed to be transferred. It is quite clear that the applicants gave the use of their names merely to oblige the promoters, and that it was distinctly arranged that they should pay nothing, and should incur no responsibility. Indeed, at the same time that they signed their applications they also signed blank transfers which were given to the Company; and it afterwards turned out that, of the whole shares dealt in, all except 3 were found to be in the possession, or under the control, of Mr. Aspinall. It is true that a certain appearance of payment for shares was made by the Company, but this was altogether delusive. It is, we believe, a familiar expedient in theatrical management to make the supernumeraries who figure in a procession run round behind the scenes, and again march across in front, so as to give an imposing idea of their numbers. The promoters of the Eupion Company resorted to a similar trick. They obtained a loan of 3,000*l.* from the Midland Bank, which was soon afterwards returned to it. In the meantime, however, this sum had been made to do duty by being passed repeatedly through the London and Provincial Bank under the name of payments on shares to the amount of 17,180*l.* As soon as the money was paid in it was drawn out, and then paid in again, and this process was repeated until the entries made up the required amount of subscriptions. The loan was sent back to the Midland Bank, and the Company was left without a sixpence. It is quite clear that this was a purely fictitious and delusive transaction, since only 3,000*l.*, and not 17,180*l.*, really passed through the bank, and that this 3,000*l.* did not really belong to the Company; and it follows therefore that the declaration made to the Stock Exchange Committee that the capital had been fully paid up was, as the Chief Justice remarked, "a completely false document." When it is said that so many shares have been paid up, it must surely mean that the money so paid exists as an asset of the Company, and available for any calls which may be made on it. But in this case there was absolutely no money at all except the borrowed money; and a loan from a bank is of course something very different from a deposit by investors. It is true that the money for preliminary subscriptions is often provided by a syndicate, the members of which trust to repay themselves out of future profits; but in that case the shares taken up have to be paid for, though, it may be, at a reduced price; and consequently the Company has a certain amount of capital at its back. In the case of the Eupion Gas Company, however, the capital was altogether mythical; and the statement that the shares represented so much cash in hand was therefore a fraud. On this point the evidence was so clear that the jury had no difficulty in making up their minds, and they therefore found Aspinall, Whyte, Muir, and Charles Knocker guilty of conspiracy to deceive the Stock Exchange by false and fraudulent means. The Chief Justice, however, has reserved the question whether this part of the indictment is maintainable at law. This question will in due time be decided by a competent authority, and it is unnecessary for us to offer an opinion. But there can be no harm in saying that, if this sort of roguery is not at present within the reach of the criminal law, it is high time that it should be made so.

As to what has been called the "second part of the drama"—that is, the manœuvres by which the brokers are said to have been inveigled—it must be admitted that it is surrounded with a cloud of mystery which it is difficult to penetrate. There seems, however, to be no doubt that, while Aspinall, who had got all the shares, or, we should perhaps say, all the pretended allotments, under his own control, and who knew perfectly well that there were none, and could be none, in the market, used his influence to get various persons to buy shares, Muir, who had no shares whatever, was similarly instigating orders for the sale of them. This was represented by the counsel for the defence as only the ordinary bulling and bearing of the market, except that the mistake was made of putting on the screw too tightly. There was no direct evidence to show that Muir and Aspinall were playing into each other's hands; but when people sell what they have not got and buy what they know is not to be had, they can hardly be supposed to be acting honestly; and of course, if the object was to get up a delusive traffic in shares, the wires would have to be pulled on each side. The critical point of the case was, as the Chief Justice remarked, whether the transactions were real or sham; and the jury felt bound to give the defendants the benefit of any doubt. There is certainly nothing very new in the revelations which have come out in this case, but it is another melancholy and impressive proof of the facilities for fraudulent transactions which the Stock Exchange systematically offers, and of the general corruption which is fostered by its lax morality. In this instance the Stock Exchange people were caught in their own trap; but that is only one of the risks of keeping bad company.

VILLAGE MUSEUMS.

It is always refreshing to take up White's *Selborne*, to enjoy through his eyes the "innocent brightness of a new-born day," to let him discourse to us about the pansy at our feet, and teach us to sympathize with each common sight. Three generations have now delighted in his pleasant gossip, yet the book is as fresh as ever. One edition after another replaces the well-thumbed copies in country libraries; only this year, in fact, a really beautiful illustrated one has been brought out. It can never become obsolete any more than Pepys's *Diary*. Gilbert White in his country retirement, and Samuel Pepys immersed in all the bustle of London business and frivolity, alike kept a diary; and although the one may chronicle the doings of a Court, and the other the variations of the weather, each book is valuable for the same quality. Both these men were keen observers of what was going on around them, both tell us with simple accuracy of what they saw. The courtier collected materials which have become history, the parson made observations which have materially assisted the study of natural history. White's *Selborne* is valuable, partly because it is not written to support any theories, and there is no attempt to twist facts so as to make them dovetail into some pet hypothesis. No doubt a few assumptions made by the author have not been borne out when further light was thrown on the subject, but he never fell into the same sort of mistakes as Audubon. His vanity never carried him away, and there is no straining after fine writing. The most apparently trivial circumstances are introduced in so charmingly simple a manner that we cannot wish the least of them omitted. Why is it that nowadays we find so few observers of this simple but reflective sort? It would now certainly be impossible to find a man of education who, like Gilbert White, had never seen a modern map of Scotland, and who hoped when he did that he might find Lord Breadalbane's seat and "beautiful policy" recognized by the map-maker as "too curious and extraordinary to be omitted." But the higher education of to-day keeps the brain so busy that it has no time to use its eyes. Many a brilliant and cultivated man is full of astonishment when, as he sits on the bank of a quiet stream, ruralizing for a day's holiday, a scientific friend points out to him all the wonders that are to be seen within the space of a few square inches; dozens of different water plants, all with their distinct classes and habits; hundreds of living organisms dancing along the stream; mosses in endless variety clothing the banks, pebbles showing the geological formation of the district. He is delighted, and gets twice the pleasure out of everything from knowing a little of what it all means.

It is strange that, in country parishes at any rate, naturalists of the type of the Vicar of Selborne are not oftener met with. A clergyman's duties oblige him to spend so large a portion of his time in the open air that with a little trouble he can soon learn a great deal. When going his round of visits from hamlet to farm through the squire's park and along the quiet hedgerows, he has abundant opportunity for studying his furred and feathered parishioners, as well as those whom he has to supply with blankets and flannel petticoats. A knowledge of grasses and the soils suitable to them does not injure him in the opinion of the farmers, however bovine they may be. Old Betty will be much more likely to listen to his exhortations if he can tell her all about her favourite herbs and where they grow. She makes wonderful decoctions, to the wrath of the dispensary doctor and the delight of her patients, who invariably form their opinion of the merits of a medicine in proportion to the vileness of its taste. Her respect for the parson becomes worship if he will partake of some of her simples and say they have done him good. Then, too, the choir would not sing worse because they were taught to distinguish the different keys in which owls hoot, or to observe how painfully discordant it is to hear two cuckoos discoursing, one in D and the other in D sharp, while perhaps a rival suitor proposes from a neighbouring wood in C natural. Above all, by interesting the children of the parish in the marvellous mechanism of all living organizations, he might do much to check that cruelty to animals which arises more from ignorance and thoughtlessness than from an actual desire to inflict pain. A child could scarcely wish to kill a fly after having seen its feet magnified, or to put out the eyes of a bird when it understood the beauty of their formation. The parson can often, like Waterton, clear the character of some of the animals which are destroyed unconvicted of the crimes of which ignorance accuses them. He may show that nature can so beautifully balance things that she may sometimes be left to select for herself what is to live and what to die, that to destroy little birds is to encourage the ravages of insects, that crows amply pay for all the corn they eat, and that barn-door owls do not suck pigeons' eggs, but help the cats to protect the stack-yard from the attacks of field-mice. There is scarcely anything which arouses a more healthy curiosity in children, or cultivates their intelligence in a better way, than teaching them to examine into the out-of-door things which they generally pass without notice. A late famous naturalist, on going to a new parish, found the school in a deplorable state. The pupils seemed so dull and stolid that it was impossible to teach them anything. He made all sorts of plans for their improvement, but the bright idea struck him one day that he would take them out botanizing on their Saturday half-holidays. The results of the experiment were miraculous, and from learning to take an interest in the number of petals appertain-

ing to each flower, they soon began to understand their multiplication table, and reading came of itself after they had been taught to use their eyes. Pious people would no doubt be shocked if their pastor neglected Balaam's ass or Elisha's bears, and told the children of the Sunday School something about the robin redbreast that hopped round the door. The destruction of the Philistines' corn by Samson may be more improving, but the little ones, we fear, would prefer to hear how the oak grows from the acorn, or what gives its colour to the violet. It is sad to think that an acquaintance with the anatomy of a pigeon's wing is not religious knowledge, although sound views about the plagues of Egypt are essential to orthodoxy.

There are few things which would be found more civilizing and attractive to the young men of a country parish than a local museum. It is surprising how easily it can be formed, and in how short a time it becomes, if well managed, a source of pride to the villagers. It may, of course, contain any antiquities that have been found in the neighbourhood, or the carvings which have been removed from the church during its restoration, or any brasses for which room could not be discovered except in the vicarage lumber-room. The principal things, however, to bring together are those objects which belong to every-day life. The school children might by degrees form a complete collection of the wild flowers, ferns, and grasses. Some good-natured young lady would paint for them pictures of any remarkable fungi they found, and it is easy to get for a very small sum drawings of all common birds with which to compare any specimens brought for inspection. Some of the boys will probably have already made a fair collection of birds' eggs, which they can present; and during haytime and harvest curious nests will be found in the standing grass and corn, which can be preserved instead of being destroyed. The village mason may contribute fossils, and even the poor old man who breaks stones on the road will become almost animated when he thinks he has found an ammonite worth presenting to "our museum." The collection, whatever it is, must belong as much to the smallest ragged urchin in the parish as to the largest contributor, and in this way it would be truly prized and kept up. A village genius is pretty sure to arise who, with the assistance of Waterton's complete and minute directions, will soon acquire sufficient dexterity to stuff birds better than many a professional. An old gamekeeper learns to preserve the fish of the locality, and is able to give much curious and interesting information about the different flies which frequent different pools, and record the observations of many hours spent in waiting for a bite. There should be specimens shown of every sort of seed sown in the parish, and records kept of the biggest turnip, the longest carrot, the heaviest potato, the monster gooseberry, the most prolific ear of wheat. Everything, however commonplace it may seem to outsiders, is interesting to the little community who know each other; and much knowledge upon farming, gardening, and poultry-keeping will be acquired. There should be a large map of the parish hung up in the museum, and on it every change should be marked, as when two fields are thrown into one, when the mill-race is altered, a new house built, or an old one pulled down, a field drained, or the course of a river turned. A record should be kept of the large trees taken down, their age, the state of their timber, how much wood or bark was sold. When a new plantation is made it should be chronicled, and what sort of trees it is composed of mentioned, so that information may be gathered as to what plants thrive under certain conditions. It would soon become a source of pride to see how many different species of forest-trees could be cultivated successfully, and a new beauty would be added to the landscape.

A loan collection must not be omitted, for that is often the most interesting part of such an institution. It is astonishing how many queer things come to light when such an exhibition is started. There is some rare old book which proves to be almost unique. A choice bit of Bristol china belongs to one of the poor women in the almshouse, who has seen better days. The carpenter has bought a piece of finely-carved old oak for a few pence at an auction. One of the farmers finds in the hay-loft a pair of fire-dogs which are of a design so beautiful that they are sent to Birmingham to be copied for the squire's new fireplace. A beautiful processional cross turns up in the budget of a tinker, who sells it for sixpence. Quaint old samplers will be lent from the walls of farmhouse parlours, and perhaps the brocaded wedding-gown of a long-mouldering ancestor. The soldier home on furlough, the sailor returned from the North Pole, is sure to have something to show; and the successful gold-digger, or the young fellow who tried his luck in the diamond-fields, may contribute his quota towards the miscellaneous display of curiosities. There should also be a corner kept for specimens of the industries of the parish, whether lace-making, straw-plaiting, or embroidery. The best-knitted pair of stockings; the prize work from the girls' school; the piece of carving done in winter evenings by one of the boys; the hammered hinge which the blacksmith made after his own design—all these are sure to bring visitors who will be interested in them; and in later days young men will be found to date the time when they began to take a pride in their work from the day they contributed something to the village museum.

THE GÖRRES CENTENARY.

IN many cities of Germany the Ultramontanes have just been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Joseph Görres. Certainly they have taken no other prize in this century so remarkable as this "second Leibnitz" (second indeed in quality as well as in time), who was so amazingly catholic in the primary sense of that word before he became a Catholic in the technical sense. Many hundreds of Englishmen have stayed, without knowing it, in the house in which Görres was born, on the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, in the year 1776. It is that famous hotel on the Rhine opposite the Coblenz steamboat-pier, the huge white edifice upon whose front one reads the inscription in three languages —"Gasthof zum Riesen," "Giant Hotel," "Hôtel du Géant." His father was a Coblenz merchant. Joseph was the third of seven children; none of the rest became distinguished. A certain fitness may be fancifully traced in the day of his birth, for his life, like St. Paul's, was remarkable for its "wonderful conversion" from extreme to extreme, and for the impassioned activity with which he laboured to build up what he had once laboured to destroy. When his Gymnasium course at Coblenz was finished, he was prevented from going to any university by the political troubles of the time. He showed while at school the signs of that thirst for universal knowledge, and that longing to take part in practical affairs, which characterized him throughout life; he tried to learn everything, but he was not content with the pedantic and theorizing courses of logic, physics, anatomy, botany, or other sciences along which his teachers would guide him. The German choice between knowledge and deed, says Theodore Mundt, was never present in him; he would not rest until he had turned theory into fact. He drew his own maps; he made his own experiments in chemistry; he botanized; he even dissected. He scoffed at the fashions of his teachers; he questioned every authority in the school or the State which was merely hereditary and conventional. Such a young man in such a period was certain to be fascinated by the wonderful movement of the age. He saw in the French Revolution the gospel for Germany and for all nations. France was the Holy Land; Paris was the New Jerusalem, the centre of light and justice for all peoples; the Rhine was the Jordan; the Rhineland a Philistia or an Edom. The French soldiery were welcomed into the Rhineland by the young Görres and his fellow-believers as the armed apostles of eternal right; trees of liberty were planted in Coblenz; revolutionary clubs were set up in the old Electorate of Trier upon the Parisian model; an altar to the Goddess of Reason was even erected in the Schloss-Capelle, though indeed Gorres himself is said to have taken no part in that senseless worship. He was, however, in 1794, at the age of eighteen, the leading orator in the clubs, and he founded a revolutionary newspaper under the significant title *Das Rothe Blatt*, "the Red Journal," in which he attacked the German nobles, clergy, and officials with fierce iconoclastic passion. Even the French authorities felt bound to suppress it; but Görres reissued it under the title of *Rübezahl im blauen Gewande*. When he protested against the exactions of the French rulers in the name of liberty and equality, he was thrown for a time into prison. He dreamed that a kind of Platonic Universal Republic could be set up. His first work, *The Universal Peace*, was the literary result of his dream. In 1799 he put himself at the head of a deputation of his fellow-citizens and visited Paris, in order to persuade the First Consul to allow the Rhine provinces lost by Germany to be treated as allies of France, and to be incorporated into the Republic, instead of being occupied as a conquered country. His first great "conversion," which the Ultramontanes have just been celebrating, probably began with his first actual sight of Holy Paris, just as Luther's began in a measure with his first sight of Holy Rome. He passed through one of those painful processes of disillusion which are so often conversions in the germ. "Paris," he said, "is a mud swamp covered over with flowers." What he saw of Napoleon was the cause of his uttering to his fellow-citizens the truly prophetic saying, "Begin to study Suetonius; the new Augustus is ready." He published his experiences in a pamphlet, *Results of My Mission to Paris, Brumaire, Year VIII.* The first period of his life closed with this visit. He retreated in disgust from political life, and devoted himself to science. During this time of studious retreat he poured out a series of works which at least indicate the encyclopædic ambition of the man. In 1802 he published his *Aphorisms on Art;* in 1803 his *Aphorisms on Organonomy.* Full of zeal for the natural sciences, he issued, in 1805, his *Exposition of Physiology* and *Aphorisms on Organology.* In 1806 a new change of standpoint was manifest—he published his *Faith and Science.* His main friends were at this time the Romanticists, especially Clemens Brentano, his fellow-townsman. He now looked back rather than forward; the middle ages began to receive that glow and glory which had once hung over the year One of the Revolution, or over the unarrived age of the Universal Peace. The intensely mediæval *Einsiedler-Zeitung* was the work of Görres, Brentano, and Arnim. He was now greatly fascinated by the Old German literature; and, in 1807, with the purpose of awakening a genuine German feeling, he put forth his *German Folk-books*, and commended the Edda, the Nibelungen, and the legends of the St. Graal to modern readers. He turned to the study of Persian literature, and issued his *History of the Myths of the Asiatic World.*

But the energetic and practical mind of Görres could find no rest in that kind of work with which the typical German was,

until lately, supposed to be always satisfied. He burned for action. Knowledge was of no good, in his view, until it was producing its right effects upon society. A second time he became a journalist: but he wrote now for the German nation, not for the Universal Republic. His *Rhenish Mercury*, started in 1814, had quickly an amazing success. German readers had never seen such articles in a newspaper. They were aptly compared to the roarings of a lion who wakes up his young ones to the combat. Napoleon called it "la cinquième puissance," the Fifth Power confederated against himself. The house of its editor in Coblenz became a kind of pilgrimage-place for all the great statesmen and warriors who were eager for the deliverance of Germany [illegible] on the French for. Stein, Gneisenau, Blucher, Scharnhorst, [illegible] soon were gathered around this mighty penman, this German [illegible] the Germans. He served the German language as faithfully [illegible] he served the cause of German liberation: his style had [illegible] boldness and flexibility rare indeed among his fellow-countrymen. Lindemann calls it "a mountain-brook," it was so pure and strong. As soon as his articles appeared they were rendered into English and French, and were read throughout Europe. When the great foe of Germany and of Görres was finally defeated, and the long-deferred reign of hope seemed to be near, Görres was [illegible] and [illegible] that Prussian reaction, and turned his fiery pen [illegible] all scorn upon the absolutism of Berlin and the Congress. View His *Mercury*, which had become such a [illegible] was suppressed: he was deprived of his office [illegible] tor of Educational Institutes, and fined 1,200 guilders. [illegible] less to give a hint [illegible] would [illegible] ed Ger gave vent to his deep [illegible] ressed [illegible] Kings and princes [illegible] as little [illegible] he trust His second "conversion" was [illegible] vault. H all persons, as they can [illegible] ble deliver the nations. King Ludwig I. Bavaria ship in the new University Munich. found [illegible] real rest: the most restless of G [illegible] a sec the most practical, sharing by exception [illegible] study the mystics. His *Christ der Mystik* disturbances between the Archbishop of C [illegible] King Prussia in the next year brought the old lion again [illegible] upon his fee His famous *Athanasius* was almost his last work [illegible] his reply to L and Marheineke, in his *Pilgrimage to Trier*, was said to be the very last. There is something sad in the [illegible] tion with began with such boundless hope in the future [illegible] Mainz has work with the defence of the promoters of the adoration of the "Holy Coat of Jesus," under the plea of defending the faith against Rationalism. His singularly prophetic faculty was not quite extinct; it kindled again as he lay sick in the year 1847; he foresaw what a few months must bring, and declared with [illegible] that the Revolution was even at the door. He died on the [illegible] of January, 1848.

The fame of Görres in Europe was so widespread that a letter from America, addressed simply "Professor Görres, Europa," found its way at once to him. Was this singular man pre-eminently a statesman, a poet, a theologian, an historian, a man of science, or a journalist? No one can say that he was either distinctively and exclusively; he was all in one; he was indeed, as Lindemann calls him, a *Socialer-Mensch*, a man of the age, in whom all the elements of his own epoch were present, and were struggling. Whether so defiant and freethinking a genius could have felt long at ease in the new chains forged by the Vatican Council is a question which we cannot answer; it seems to us that the materials for two contradictory answers may readily be found in the study of his strange life and his writings. Indeed the German newspapers have been producing some telling extracts from the latter, which can scarcely be read by his Ultramontane admirers without a wince. It was not faith, but despair, which led him to Rome. He travelled thither by that pathway which has led so many astray—passionate irritation at the political present. After all, impossible as it may now seem, Görres was a German first and an Ultramontane afterwards. He fled to the Pope for the sake of the nation. He wanted a strong national Germany, one and indivisible. It was a strange irony that he should set his hope upon that Power whose main misery it now is that Germany is as strong and united as Görres longed to see it. In becoming an Ultramontane, he really went back to another form of that ideological Universalism which he had already rejected in its form of Republican pantisocracy; but he did not see that it was equally impossible under its Roman as under its French form, because it can only secure its end by the destruction of the noblest elements of a solid unity—the freedom and self-development of each nation.

CROSSED CHEQUES.

THE controversy on crossed cheques will certainly be interminable unless the disputants can agree to use words in the same sense. Mr. Hubbard said in his recent speech in the House of Commons that, as regards such cheques, "negotiability is a perfect figment." But the law says that a cheque is a bill of exchange, and a bill of exchange is a negotiable instrument—that is, an instrument the right of action upon which was by exception from the rule of the common law freely assignable from one person to another. Negotiability, says Mr. Hubbard, involves the existence of a market, and in the case of bills of exchange there is a market, and the price to be given for them becomes matter of negotiation. But there are vast numbers of bills of exchange which never are negotiated in this sense, and the legal sense of the word is that which it bears in the statute which imposes a stamp duty on bills drawn out of the United Kingdom and "paid, indorsed, transferred, or otherwise negotiated" within the United Kingdom. Mr. Hubbard says further that cheques are not negotiable in the same sense as bank-notes, by which he appears to mean that they are not negotiable to the same extent or with the same freedom, and this of course is true; but still they are negotiable in the same legal sense. A bank-note is a promissory note payable to bearer on demand, and a cheque is a bill of exchange payable to bearer or order on demand. Mr. Hubbard should remember that all mankind do not keep accounts with bankers, and among those who do not some may happen to have cheques sent to them. One expedient adopted by such persons is to get their grocer or butcher to cash a cheque, and this is negotiating the instrument. This may be done whether the cheque be payable to order or to bearer, and whether it be uncrossed or crossed generally, that is with the words "& Co." or transverse lines. Or it be crossed specially, that is with a particular banker's name, the only thing to be done is to find somebody who keeps an account with that bank and get him to cash the cheque. Mr. Hubbard [illegible] up and not [illegible] honestly done, but the law says it can. The assumption made in the case of Smith v. the Union Bank of London, that "C." was a *bonâ fide* holder of the cheque, and he relies on a statement made to him by plaintiff's solicitor, that neither he nor his counsel admitted the *bona fides* ownership of "C." But has turns out to mean only that we contended that a man who took [illegible] rally received cheque could be a *bona fide* holder, whereas [illegible] law says he can. The fact of the case states that the cheque was crossed for full value to "C." and the Court assumed on the argument that he took it *bona fide*. Mr. Justice Blackburn says that must be assumed from his having given full value for it, "unless the crossing prevents him from taking it *bona fide*," and to hold that would be to restrain the negotiability of cheques. Mr. Hubbard represents that learned judge as speaking [illegible] to the expediency" of restraining the negotiability of the instrument, but this is a mistake. Judges have more than once said that a cheque is a negotiable instrument, and it cannot be both this and non-negotiable at the same time. The existing Act provides that the banker on whom a specially crossed cheque is drawn shall not pay [illegible] any other than the holder with [illegible] ance [illegible] shall be to pay [illegible] The Union [illegible] paid crossed cheq [illegible] who name it was [illegible] ; but, after the war that [illegible] ade neither they nor her bank will [illegible] mit similar mistake. However, Mr. Hubbard wishes to [illegible] the statute in some way more stringent, and he might, if he thought fit, provide that should not bar a payment made in breach of the statute against his customer. Probably this is what he does mean to provide; but, however that may be, he will not by this means alone prevent that happening again which happened in Smith's case, except that he will compel "C." to present the cheque for payment through the banker whose name is crossed upon it. Mr. Hubbard has overlooked the fact that the authors of the existing Act contemplated the negotiability of the cheque, as appears from their providing that any "lawful holder" might write a banker's name across it. But Mr. Hubbard further proposes something which in the report of his speech is hardly intelligible. His remedy is represented to be that "he who should steal, or whose confederate should steal, a crossed cheque, should not by that theft acquire title" in it; and this probably means that the thief should not only not acquire, but be unable to confer, title. The effect of this would be that crossed cheques would be separated from ordinary cheques and from bank-notes, and placed in a class by themselves; and this, if thought worth while, might probably be done. But Mr. Hubbard should remember that a cheque may be lost under strong suspicion of theft, but no possibility of proof.

In the case which has occasioned all this discussion a simple precaution might have been taken. Mills & Co. drew a cheque on the Union Bank of London payable to the order of Smith, who endorsed the cheque and crossed it with the name of his own bankers, and gave it to his clerk, from whom it was stolen. It would have been equally easy for Smith, instead of writing his banker's name on the face and his own name on the back of the cheque, to have written both names on the back, and the cheque would thus have been specially endorsed, and would have been comparatively safe. Mr. Hubbard contends that cheques either are not or ought not to be negotiable, and his view appears to be that they should be merely a means of payment, and should only be transferred to the extent necessary to facilitate that object. Mills & Co. wished to pay Smith a debt, and Smith wished to place the cheque which he received in payment from them to his own account at his banker's. This was the purpose for which the cheque was drawn and endorsed, and there seems no necessity to do more than was requisite to effect this purpose. But Smith first puts a general endorsement on the cheque by which he makes it payable to bearer, and then he crosses the cheque with his banker's name, and thereby restricts or qualifies that generality. Mr. Hubbard is at issue with the lawyers as to what is or ought to be the precise nature or extent of this restriction or qualification. But we may ask whether the question that he raises might not be avoided. Whatever clause he induces Parliament to pass, the Courts will have

to interpret it, and this they are hardly likely to do to Mr. Hubbard's satisfaction. His well-meant effort will probably make the law more complicated than it is already. The root of the mischief is, as has been often said, that an attempt has been made to do two inconsistent things at the same time. Under the old law, when cheques were free from stamp duty, they could only be drawn payable to bearer on demand, and the ground of their exemption from duty was that "they were powerful instruments for economizing the currency both metallic and paper." But in that simple form, if they were lost or stolen they might easily get into the hands of a person whom the law would call a *bonâ fide* holder for value, and he could enforce payment. To diminish the risk thus arising the practice grew up of crossing these cheques either specially or generally, the effect of which was said to be that it was notice to the drawee only to pay the cheque to some banker, or at least that he must be cautious in paying it to anybody else. But when the stamp duty of *1d.* on all cheques was imposed, it became legal, and was thought convenient, to draw cheques payable to order on demand. If a cheque be thus drawn by a debtor in favour of his creditor, it is a tolerably safe mode of remittance, because, if it be lost or stolen, the person into whose hands it comes can only make it available by forging the name of the payee. But, if that name be forged, and the drawee pays the cheque, he is protected from liability by statute: whereas, if the drawer's name were forged, he would not be protected. This enactment was founded on the principle that, although a banker may be expected to know the signatures of his own customers, he cannot be expected to distinguish at his peril between the genuine and forged signatures of all the world. Hitherto the banker had had only his customer's signature to deal with, whereas on the new form of cheques there would be at least two signatures. Further security was gained for the cheque payable to order by crossing it either specially or generally, because a thief or finder must not only forge the endorsement, but also induce a particular banker, or at least some banker, to present the cheque for payment. If, living in the country, you want to pay a bill in London, your safest course will be to draw a cheque payable to the order of your creditor, and to cross it with the name of your creditor's banker if you know it, or, if not, to cross it generally. Your creditor, on receiving the cheque, may, if he intends, as he probably would, to pay it to his account at his banker's, endorse it specially to them, and also convert the crossing of it, if general, into a special crossing with their names. The cheque would then be absolutely safe, and it is little more trouble to write a name twice than to write it once. But suppose for a moment that the cheque reached the creditor's hand uncrossed, as in Smith's case, and he, instead of crossing it, endorsed it specially to his banker, and sent it by his clerk to the bank, and it was lost or stolen on the road. Any person into whose hands it got must forge that banker's name, and, having done so, he must either himself present the cheque for payment, or find a friend rash enough to do so for him. The banker, of course, would know that he or his friend was not a banker's clerk, and he would also know or vehemently suspect that the endorsement was forged. It seems, therefore, that such a document would be quite safe against dishonesty, and it would exactly answer the purpose of paying a debt, and preserving a record of the payment, which Mr. Hubbard thinks desirable. But Smith introduced complication by doing that which he had a perfect right to do—namely, by endorsing the cheque generally, or, in other words, making the cheque payable to bearer. The combined effect of this and of the crossing as expounded in two courts of law affects Mr. Hubbard and others with surprise, dismay, and regret. The Attorney-General courteously assumes that the Bill which Mr. Hubbard, under the influence of these feelings, desires to introduce will be a beneficial measure, and until we have seen its clauses we shall not assume the contrary. But we would urge simplicity in any enactment that is to affect the general monetary dealings of the country, and we certainly do not think that the legislation on crossed cheques as it now stands is simple, but very much the contrary. If a special crossing is intended to have the effect of a special endorsement, it would save trouble to endorse specially.

OTHELLO AT THE LYCEUM.

THE production of *Othello* at the Lyceum is decidedly successful, although not exactly in the manner which seems to have been anticipated. The warmest admirers of Mr. Irving will probably confess that the largest share of the applause gained by this representation does not belong to his individual acting: but, as the play was produced in order that he might act in it, to him is due the credit of having brought about a satisfactory Shakspearian revival. The defects of his performance are the same as those which he exhibited in Macbeth, although they are more prominent in Othello. His awkward gait and unpleasant voice necessarily detract from the impressiveness of his first entrance; and when he speaks before the Senators, and the Duke says, "I think this tale would win my daughter too," we can only say that we do not think so. Genius, however, can overcome natural defects, and it is only just to say that in the last scene we almost forget Mr. Irving in Othello. His failure in other scenes is to be ascribed to vicious habit, which has been confirmed by success and popularity. An intelligent and educated man, if he could forget what he has done before, and what the public or the critics expect him to do again, would surely not suppose that the tones and gestures of an Ojibbeway were proper for Othello. At the close of the long scene in which he is roused to jealousy by Iago, his appearance and manner are those of a sham Indian about to perform his war dance in a booth at a country fair. It is a pity that this scene should be thus spoilt, because he is much helped in it by Iago, and he might have attained in a better way conspicuous success. He is not the valiant Othello whose occupation we all feel is gone, but we rather share the sentiment of the British sailor when he was told that the snivelling nigger in the picture was his brother. As was said in reference to Macbeth, Mr. Irving wants robustness in this part. It may be true that other actors have done the same things that he does; but all depends on the mode of doing them. He seizes Iago by the throat and drags him to the ground, and thus far all is well, and he is at least thoroughly within precedent, although we may doubt whether a little less pulling and hauling would not be more dignified. But next he throws himself full length on a couch with his face concealed and the soles of his shoes emphatically conspicuous. It is perhaps the fault of an ill-stored memory that at such a moment we can think only of the opening scene of *L'Oncle Sam*, where several pairs of boots appear to hold discourse, although on less exciting topics than marital jealousy. Again, when Mr. Irving says, "I'll tear her all to pieces," he probably feels called upon to emulate the traditional intensity of Kean, and accordingly his fingers not only perform with the perfection of a machine the comminuting process, but also appear as if they were distributing the fragments among the audience. It is instructive to observe the effect of this scene upon persons having the dress and speech of gentlemen who have never read through the play, nor heard a word about Kean's or Macready's acting. Such persons are not uncommon occupants of stalls, and if you listen to them you will perceive that they are not much impressed with Mr. Irving in this scene, while they applaud Mr. Forrester in Iago. All that clutching the throat, rumpling the hair, and twirling the fingers is wasted upon ignorant people who do not know that it is the approved method of expressing tragic passion on the stage. Mr. Irving, however, begins this scene well, and almost every word he speaks in the first part of it may be listened to with pleasure. He answers Iago at first carelessly, and then with a gradual awakening of suspicion. All this is very good on both hands, although even here Iago has rather the best of it. His delivery of the familiar lines, "Who steals my purse steals trash," &c., calls forth deserved applause, which is almost the only interruption of that silence which is, after all, the greatest compliment; and when he says, "Wear your eye thus—not jealous nor secure," &c., he avoids the common error of endeavouring to look as if he could see preternaturally far into a milestone. Happily there are no traditions of strong effects in the part of Iago, nor is there, as far as we are aware, any speech where it would be considered necessary, even on the Far-Eastern or transpontine stage, to draw too breath with a gasp or sob as seems to be thought proper in Othello. Mr. Irving has always shown an intelligent disregard for stage traditions; but unhappily he has created for himself, or critics have created for him, a standard of intensity which is almost equally pernicious. One is reminded of Mr. Carlyle's modern author saying to himself, "Come, let us make a description," when we see these elaborate efforts to get a tremendous effect out of a particular line. Suppose that an actor of good person and voice, well trained in stage business and thoroughly studied in his part, could forget the precise moment at which he ought to beat his breast, tear his hair, or wring his hands, and simply let feeling take its course, and voice and action follow it, he could not help moving his audience in this part more deeply than they are moved by Mr. Irving. In the speech beginning "Oh! now for ever farewell," &c., it is not only that he does not look as if he belonged to the calling which he is giving up, but the feeling which ought to underlie the words seems to be beyond his range. For the same reason, in the scene with Desdemona in the fourth act he excites little of the sympathy due to the beautiful lines he speaks; but of course he is, to use a vulgarism, "all there" when he wants to emphasize "foul toads" or "the gate of hell." In the last scene he succeeds better perhaps because he attempts less; and when he speaks the words "Nay, had she been true," &c., he seems to have found, although too late, the way to his hearers' hearts. Our strongest impression as the curtain falls is wonder that an actor of so much ability and diligence should have so far spoiled a magnificent opportunity.

This production of *Othello* is in various ways remarkable, though not for the success of Mr. Irving. The scenery, dresses, and other appurtenances of the play are excellent, and at the same time no pretence is made at substituting this kind of merit for good acting. Miss Bateman's Emilia deserves hearty commendation. Mr. Forrester's Iago gains the chief honour of the night; and here we find, almost with surprise, an actor capable of disregarding the absurd conventionalities of the part. Most of us remember how the words "Oh, you are well tuned now," &c., are usually spoken by an actor whose anxiety appears to be to concentrate in two lines the quintessence of the rascality of the world. This pronounced scoundrelism of Iago is as much a tradition of the stage as the violent passion of Othello; and it is too commonly forgotten that no gentleman, to say nothing of ladies, could have allowed himself to appear in company with such a miscreant. But Mr. Forrester has the look, carriage, and manner of a gentleman, and he makes it appear credible that Othello should

listen to his suggestions. Mr. Brooke is the best Cassio that has been lately seen. His drunken scene is excellent, and his penitence afterwards evokes applause which ought to console Sir Wilfrid Lawson for whatever fate may be in store for his Permissive Bill. "I will ask him for my place again: he shall tell me I am a drunkard. Had I as many months as Hydra such an answer would stop them all." There is more strength in these simple words than in any quantity of long-winded resolutions of the Alliance, and it may be doubted whether the argument for total abstinence has ever been put so forcibly as in Cassio's example. He feels that his only safety is not to drink at all, but he drinks a little, then loses self-command, and becomes a very Dr. Jekyll into which Iago pours liquor. No one can help sympathizing with Cassio's misfortune when the part is played as Mr. Brooke plays it, and the marvel is that Othello, whose misfortune is so much greater, is so played by Mr. Irving as hardly to take hold of the feeling of the house at all. Mr. Mead in Roderigo seemed at first rather too lively alive to the fact that he has only to appear in one act; but, after a little experience, he slightly mitigated this vehemence, and now performs the part quite satisfactorily. The manager is not open to the charge of selfishness, namely on Mr. Irving's behalf, and it is well that a genuine effort has been made to deserve the popularity which this theatre has attained. The choice made among Shakespeare's plays has not been judicious. Instead of Macbeth or Othello it might have been well for Mr. Irving to turn his attention to King John or Wolsey, and thus opportunity would be given to Miss Bateman to try the part of Constance or Queen Catharine. It must, however, be acknowledged by Mr. Irving that very few persons in a theatre know a play of Shakespeare even the principal scenes of it by rote, and the first requisite towards getting himself understood is to make himself distinctly audible. "But yet the pity of it, Iago," says Mr. Irving, and if the words were not so well known we should hardly guess what he is talking about. The character of Othello is comparatively simple, and it will be difficult to start any controversy as to Mr. Irving's conception of it, as might be done in reference to Macbeth or Hamlet. There may perhaps be persons ready not only of admiring his new part, but of giving a reason for their admiration, but we doubt whether they will carry the public along with them. Although, on the whole, we did not like his Macbeth, yet there were many passages which he so delivered as to be well worth listening to. But really as regards elocution he does not seem to gain back more than time. Except in the last scene, his delivery of his speech that we could wish to hear again, and even in the first speech of all there is an outbreak of the old propensity to over-action. When Othello took the actual Turk by the throat he was probably very angry and showed it. But whether Othello, when he recalls this incident, should accompany it with comparable anger against an imaginary Turk is, we think, doubtful. He has said just before that his eyes drop tears, and many actors, even those who are not reputed heads of the profession, have dashed tears on such occasions. Mr. Irving, we believe, neither does nor could, and unless he can himself feel, he is unlikely to excite feeling. It is perhaps accidental that he does not quite calculate his distance before falling, and so has to drag himself awkwardly along the ground to reach Desdemona. In other respects the last act is well managed, and we are glad to find that the lady remains quietly in bed, instead of running about the stage as the manner is when Signor Salvini operates. But we must say again that it is astonishing how bad the whole performance of Othello is. "The pity of it" is just that which we nowhere feel.

REVIEWS.

THIELMANN'S JOURNEY IN THE CAUCASUS.*

WE are paying a sincere compliment to Baron von Thielmann when we say that his two volumes might have been written by an Englishman. There is nothing in any of the pedantry which is too often associated with the literary performances of an erudite and erratic Teuton. The style is lively, scholarly, and at times picturesque; the topics are diversified, and the views sound; the author has, *more Germanico*, carefully studied the works of previous travellers in the Caucasus and Persia; and there are no ponderous disquisitions on the arrow-headed character or the causes of the ancient populousness of Mesopotamia, to warn off men who really want to know what is worth seeing in parts of the dominions ruled by the Czar, the Sultan, and the Shah. The author is a man of education, experience, and position. He fought at Sedan, as we gather from one passage. He has held an important diplomatic appointment at St. Petersburg, and he is evidently a keen sportsman as well as a hardy traveller. We could perhaps wish that, in addition to some acquaintance with the Russian language, he had acquired a little mastery over Persian or Turkish, or both. But he knew nothing of the former, and very little of the latter, while he could just manage to muster a few Arabic phrases by the help of a pocket dictionary. But he has contrived to give us two very good volumes, in which there is no straining after effect, and, as far as we can discover, no exaggeration, and but few errors. We may say, on the whole, that Baron Thielmann has been fortunate in his translator, because the English version is neither stiff nor awkward. One test of a good translation is that we are deluded by it into thinking that we read not merely the author's own thoughts, but his very words. And, if tried by this criterion only, Mr. Heneage's production is a success. But Mr. Douglas Freshfield, than whom probably few men are more competent, has pointed out, in the columns of a weekly contemporary, several "serious blunders" into which the translator has fallen. In one or two instances the point of the original has been missed. In others it has been added to, metamorphosed, or misinterpreted altogether. But these deductions are not sufficient to spoil the enjoyment of the book. We shall ourselves hereafter indicate other instances in which the translator seems to us in fault, and where his version is calculated to mislead the reader, or, what is perhaps worse, to leave a vague impression on the mind. Neither are we sure that the particular topics selected for praise in the translator's preface are precisely those most likely to prove attractive to the general reader; but there is no want of variety and incident, while there is a great deal which, if not entirely new, is very well put together, and is calculated, in the Baron's own language, to guide a fellow-way any one who wishes to visit the least fair and distant lands." With great judgment, too, the author has compressed into a supplementary chapter some useful advice to the tourist as to his equipment for such a trip. We are told what hardships and inconveniences we have to meet; how we must dress, to defy the changes of the climate; what we ought to eat, drink, and avoid; what sort of luggage is best fitted for the rough hands of an *Hussuk*, or the inaccommodating hump of a camel; to what standard authors, whether of books or maps, we shall be most indebted; what the journey will cost; how we must higgle with shopkeepers in purchasing shawls and jewelry, and how preserved meats and rolls of German sausages can produce contentment even in the dirt and discomfort of a wretched *dukan* or *serai*.

We make out that the tour occupied about five months. It began at Odessa and ended at Beyrout. But in this space, and before he left the latter port on his return voyage, Baron Thielmann visited Poti, Tiflis, Kutais, Erivan, and other well-known places in the Caucasus. He then went across Daghestan, or the country of Shamyl, to Petrovsk, on the Caspian Sea. Thence it was an easy trip by steamer to Baku and Lenkoran, and so by land to Tabreez. We regret that he does not seem to have had time or inclination to extend his travels in Persia further east and south, in the direction of Teheran, Ispahan, and Shiraz. But, for some reason, he went to Mosul, and so down the Tigris to Bagdad. From this latter place he visited the ruins of Ctesiphon or Medain, then proceeded further south to Hillah and Babylon, and finally accomplished a laborious march right across the desert, nearly due west, to Palmyra, Damascus, and Beyrout. A man must be a genuine explorer as well as a skilled writer who, in the same space of time, could contrive to see so much and to describe so well what he had seen. Though we have lately noticed Mr. Grove's mountain tour in Caucasus, we have read Baron Thielmann's work with no sense of iteration or weariness. Mr. Grove looked at the country with the practised eye of a mountaineer. A sportsman and diplomatist like the present author naturally turned his attention more to towns and villages, dress and languages, social and political customs, than to Kazbek, Ararat, and Elburz. Perhaps the difference between two men, very intelligent in their several ways, may be best illustrated by the degree of attention which they have respectively bestowed on Tiflis, the capital of Georgia. Mr. Grove treats it briefly, with the remark that it was worth seeing, but not worth going to see. Baron Thielmann gives us a short history of its origin and changes; illustrates his narrative by an excellent photograph; divides the city into the Oriental and the Russian quarters; describes graphically the dresses, features, and bearing of the different tribes that frequent its bazaars, Armenians, Tartars, Lesghies, Russians, and Persians; and has a word for an ancient Grusinian church and a very modern museum. Some of the disclosures of life and manners in the Caucasus are irresistibly suggestive of our own British rule in India. A local functionary, who came from the Baltic originally, but now occupied a post paid with what the Baron evidently considers the munificent salary of 2,000 roubles a year, was exercising criminal and civil jurisdiction in a district on the river Rion, and, owing to distance and difficulty of communication, was practically above appeal. This official in one year decided 1,200 civil and 200 criminal cases. This disproportion between offences against life and property and squabbles as to whom property belonged leads us to conjecture, either that the distinction between civil and criminal trials is not very well defined, or that the population must be more addicted to litigation than to crimes of violence, or else that there may have been a misconception or error in the numbers. In similarly wild parts of India the excess of the one branch over the other would just have changed places. On more than one occasion the author and his companions had to put up at what he and the translator terms a "duchan." This is nothing else than the Persian word *dukan*, literally shop, and is very well explained by the comment that it is not exactly an inn, for it has no special accommodation, and hardly a shop, in that it only does a retail business in salt, meat, occasionally wine, and rarely bread. In fact, the head shopkeeper of the village finds it pay to take in "casuals" for the night, and in many provinces of India, natives and natives only, going from one province to another on leave, furlough, or business, are thankful for the shelter given by the *dukandar* or shopkeeper. Sudden attacks of fever or dysentery appear to be as common in the Caucasus as in an Indian province; and the latter yielded to a

* *Journey in the Caucasus, Persia, and Turkey in Asia.* By Lieutenant Baron Max von Thielmann. Translated by Charles Heneage, F.R.G.S. 2 vols. With Maps and Woodcuts. London: John Murray. 1875.

prescription which is very minutely and carefully described, and reads like an extract from the memoranda of an Indian M.D. For fever, on another occasion, accompanied with violent pains and faintness, the best remedy was immediate change of air. But these expedients seem better calculated to restore health than indigestion, which some one had recommended to the Baron in order that he might get rid of dysentery, unless we may conclude that this recommendation pointed the moral of getting out of a bad district as fast as possible. Scarcity of wood sounds oddly for a country abounding in jungle and vegetation, but in the Southern Caucasus the inhabitants collect manure, press it in the form of cakes, dry the cakes in the sun, and cook their meals with this fuel. The same process may be observed daily in hundreds and thousands of villages in India. Baron Thielmann devotes a considerable space to the rise, character, and actions of Shamyl, to whom he attributes all the good and bad qualities of an Oriental despot. We must leave readers to decide for themselves on the truthfulness of the author's picture of this independent chief, and on his treatment of the Russian family of Tchawtchiwadze, merely remarking that he must be a bold person who would brand a gentleman of this name, as well as that of a landed proprietor previously Tcholochy, with the Teutonic termination of which nothing particularly Caucasian seems to attach, as a robber and murderer. From Baku the author took the land route and here he begins to find pleasure in travelling. We are passing rapidly through a foreign country with its own customs, and his judgment as to the administration of [illegible] But there are no pretensions to write what is [illegible] spot mentioned the wreck of [illegible] [illegible] only to be at fault. The old bridges on one way built by [illegible] Abbass, but now broken down, or [illegible] beyond streams which they were intended to [illegible] the ruins of clay which, at a distance, could [illegible] from the soil itself, the sacred edifices consecrated to the worship of which the ancient seem to have had the most important [illegible], the temples of the [illegible] unpaid and old in the cast-off uniform of [illegible] for which the Persian chiefs pay [illegible] to, the foreign amount dwindling [illegible] expenditure would [illegible] only to the point to [illegible] the low standard of morality which governs the conduct of public functionaries of all grades—all this fully [illegible] the comments of the author and the sentiments to which we have more than once given expression in these pages. What the translation from the plague, or curse of the land, as we should have put it, is to Government, the curse of the Government is to the people, and the curse of the people is an unproductive soil. 'From this vicious circle there is no escape.' Baron Thielmann devotes ample justice to the picturesque life and animation of crowded bazaars, to the spasmodic exhibitions of vigour and ingenuity now and then displayed by local governors, handicraftsmen, and skilled artisans, to the richness and beauty of vegetable life shown in well-tilled fields and orchards heavy with luscious fruits, wherever a supply of water comes to the aid of the agriculturist; and to the ease and polish with which hospitality is dispensed by the Amir and the peasant. But he deservedly censures the want of knowledge of the real state of the country which so many European journalists showed when anticipating the regeneration of the Persian people by the Reuter Convention. The plan of taking a lease on farm of a whole country could have but one termination. If unsuccessful, it would have ruined its projectors, and if successful, which from the first was impossible, it must have ruined the Shah.

The descriptions of places which bring up whole vistas of ancient history before us will be read with pleasure. They are graphic, and not overlaid with borrowed erudition. We shall leave our readers to go with Baron Thielmann to the three ruined cities which represent ancient Nineveh in the neighbourhood of Mosul, to the stony heaps, which for miles line the bank of the Tigris above Bagdad, to the base of Babylon; and to the Tak-i-Kesra of the Sassanian kings at Ctesiphon. The author laments the loss of a drawing of this magnificent façade, which is but a fourth of the original building, and the impossibility of obtaining any photographs of it at Bagdad. An illustration of this edifice will be found, Mr Heneage tells us, in Fergusson's *Handbook of Architecture*, and we may state that a very good oil painting of it is now in the possession of Sir Henry Rawlinson. Some readers may perhaps look with most interest to the Baron's account of his journey across the desert from Hillah to Boyrout. The worst part of this trip took up thirteen days. The road lay by no means over a level tract of land. There was now and then a plateau which it took a day to cross. And this was varied by low hills, deep ravines, and the beds of torrents. The nights and mornings were bitterly cold, and though the party had to ride early to avoid the heat of the day, the tents after all were not pitched until 4 P.M. Game was plentiful, but shy, and the travellers lived on dates, bread baked weeks before and soup made up of the unfailing German sausage, with rice and potatoes, followed by a glass of Cape wine. We have said that the author is evidently a thorough sportsman. He never loses an opportunity of telling us what game he saw and what he might have killed had he thought it worth while to linger. In the east as he was present at one of the Grand Duke's battues, but was not lucky enough to get a shot. He saw, however, on other occasions, in the same country, pheasants, red-legged partridges, quails, hawks, and eagles, and he has a good deal about woodcocks and snipe. We could have wished that Mr Heneage had himself been a bit of a sportsman or naturalist, like his author, for we are fairly puzzled at some of his interpretations of sport. He makes the Baron say that he saw "desert hens in the wilderness." Doubtless the original German word is "Huhn" of some sort, and possibly "Wildhuhn." This could not, of course, be the prairie hen of Canada or North America, and "Wildhuhn" is, we find, the German for ptarmigan. Looking at the Baron's description of this desert bird as one of a sandy yellowish colour, we have little doubt that the sand grouse is meant, which, though very different in its habits, is of the ptarmigan or grouse kind. Wildfowl of all sorts, waders and divers were so abundant in the shallow lakes and swamps, that the noise of their wings was like distant thunder. Some four-footed beasts are as much as "desert hens." What are "red cynocephalus, with which the plains round Nineveh were swarming?" Are they gazelles or antelopes? They cannot surely be the *Sha'lan* of Scripture, the Arabic *Webi*, which is wrongly translated in the coney in our ordinary version. The *Ibabi* is, we believe, grey or brown on the back, and not red. Can the original word be *Ledhase*, or the Jerboa? This animal, however, lives in the sand, and is not the Shaphan of Scripture. Again, what sort of articles are "woollen buckles?" We must take the liberty of doubting, too, whether the author came upon what is called as a "deserted churchyard," in the valley of the Rewendiz, between Tabriz and Bagdad. We suspect that what the author saw was an old and abandoned Mahommedan burial-ground, the graves of "the faithful" may very easily be mistaken for those of Christians. What are we to understand was the business of a Parsee commissioned by the Russian Government to collect "law antiquities" amongst the different tribes? We apprehend that the authorities wished to know about the prevalence of quaint old customs in the different tribes of Caucasia, with the view of improving justice by giving formal sanction to particular ways of settling disputes. But it is quite impossible to be sure of these mummies, and it was the obvious duty of the translator to clear them up. The presence of a priest at Baku who was ignorant of Zend and Sanskrit seems to have surprised the Baron. But it would have been far more surprising if a fire-worshipper on the shores of the Caspian had known anything of the sacred language of Irania. And as for the language of the Zend-Avesta, modern Parsees are no more obliged to study it than ordinary Jews in the Ghetto are expected to know Hebrew. By the cry "Jallah" we take Ya Illah! (O God!) to be meant. But there is always a difficulty in dealing with a foreigner's account of Oriental ways, names, and places, and the German spelling is favourable to additional disguise and mystification. We do not make these remarks in order to disparage the book or to detract from its value. In spite of blemishes and uncertainties, it possesses solid merits, and we should have much regretted if such a record of intelligent adventure, excellently told, had remained hidden from most readers for want of a skilful interpreter.

PAUL'S LIFE OF GODWIN*

"THE name of Godwin has of late been too much forgotten. Most people, it is true, have heard of *Caleb Williams*, and perhaps remembered who was its author, but such a work as that which Mr Paul has well done was needed to bring to recollection the influence which Godwin had upon his times. 'Though the present generation,' says Mr Paul, "has read his works but little, this age owes more to him than it recognizes, many opinions now clothed in household words were first formulated by him, and the publication of his *Political Justice* in 1793 marked a distinct epoch in the growth of liberal thought. During a large part of his life younger men looked on him as a kind of prophet-seer, and he exercised a remarkable influence over all with whom he came in contact."

Godwin, the seventh child of thirteen, was born on March 3rd, 1756, at Wisbeach, where his father was a Dissenting minister. His early education had a strong Calvinistic tinge, and the chief characteristics of his mind "were rebellion and love of distinction." At eight years old he had resolved to be a minister, and used to preach sermons in the kitchen every Sunday. "One Sunday, as I walked in the garden, I happened to take the cat in my arms. My father saw me, and seriously reproved my levity, remarking that on the Lord's Day he was ashamed to observe me demeaning

* *William Godwin: his Friends and Contemporaries.* By C. Kegan Paul. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

myself with such profaneness." At the age of eleven, having left a small school at Hilderson, he became the only pupil of one Samuel Newton, an Independent minister at Norwich, whose creed was that of Sandeman. He gives a curious and probably accurate portrait of himself at this time. He had an intense love of reading, a strong curiosity, with "a trembling sensibility, and an insatiable ambition. . . . The love of approbation and esteem, indeed, that pervaded my mind was a nice and delicate feeling, that found no gratification in coarse applause, and that proudly enveloped itself in the consciousness of its worth, when treated with injustice."

It is interesting to note the development of these qualities in Godwin's later life. That it was not strictly true that, then at least, he "found no gratification in coarse applause" is evident from the beginning of his intimacy with Mrs. Clairmont, who became his second wife. When Godwin was living at the Polygon in Somers Town in 1811, she occupied the next house, and their balconies were close together; one evening she addressed him with, "Is it possible that I behold the immortal Godwin?" Mr. Paul remarks upon this, "To swallow flattery, however coarsely served, was always one of his weaknesses." One of his peculiarities was that he had a passion, if we may employ a contradiction in terms, for suppressing every sign of emotion; and thus in his carefully-kept Commonplace Book at this time no stronger expression than the words "*Mrs. Clairmont*," which he underlined, are to be found with reference to her. The habit of outward coldness which is noted throughout his diaries suggests curious speculations as to his character. There are many men who appear most collected when they are most deeply moved; and this is chiefly the case with those who, like Godwin, have a great self-esteem, which leads them to mark their superiority by a refusal to betray, at least to appear, disturbed by the emotions which shake ordinary mankind. This induces us to doubt whether Godwin had in reality the calm temperament which in one passage his biographer assigns to him. The faculty of his mind which he noted at an early age for "proudly enveloping itself in the consciousness of its worth when treated with injustice" did him good service many times; but it was sometimes led to mistake reasonable censure for injustice; as on the occasion of his tragedy *Antonio* being damned in 1800. Some correspondence, very characteristic on both sides, passed between the author and Kemble before its production. Godwin's letters, from which extracts are given, were written at great length, and charged with ingenious eloquence to combat the objections to his play, while Kemble's answers were cool and business-like. The author was extremely timid about his name appearing, lest the personal prejudice concerning himself at that time should affect the fate of his play, and he seems to have thought of somewhat doubtful means for preventing this, as in one of Kemble's letters occur these words:—"I really don't know how to set about such an affair as sending word to any newspaper that Mr. Tobin is the Authour of Antonio while I know the contrary, but it will glide into a Paragraph, of course, as other undesigned mistakes do, after he has been seen at a Rehearsal or two, that you may be sure of." In spite of all precautions the play failed hopelessly, a circumstance which apparently affected Godwin far less than his devoted friend Marshal who went with him to see it.

This Marshal first appears in the period between 1785 and 1788, when Godwin had abandoned his profession as a Dissenting minister and had started as a literary man. He had already published some now-forgotten novels, upon which his mother, in writing to him, observed:—"Since I received yours am told you have commenced Novel writer, own it gives me some concern that you that are so capable of turning your thoughts to some thing that would have been for the good of mankind should take that turn." There is an undated letter of this time in answer to one from his mother, which contains an exposition of the belief for which he had exchanged his former creed:—

I am exceedingly sorry that you should suffer yourself to form so unfavourable an opinion of my sentiments and character as you express in your last letter. Not that I am anxious so far as relates to myself what opinion may be formed of me by any human being: I am answerable only to God and conscience. But I am sorry, even without deserving it, to occasion you with [*sic*] the smallest uneasiness.

* * * * * *

With respect to my religious sentiments I have the firmest assurance and tranquillity. I have faithfully endeavoured to improve the faculties and opportunities God has given me, and I am perfectly easy about the consequences. No man can be sure that he is not mistaken, but I am sure that if I am so, the best of beings will forgive my error. If I could ever hope for his approbation, I have now more reason to hope for it than ever. . . . The only object I pursue is to increase, so far as lies in my power, the quantity of their knowledge and goodness and happiness. And as I desire everything from God, I hope the situation in which I am now placed is that in which I am most likely to be useful. Always anxious to resemble the great Creator, can I be afraid of his displeasure? If he has resolved to punish in another world those who are most sincerely desirous to act properly and uprightly in this, what must we think of his goodness or his mercy?

It was at this period that he formed a friendship with Holcroft, who is now best known as the author of the *Road to Ruin*. All through life, as is often observed in men who have a fixed habit of introspection, he was disposed to take offence where there was none in his friends' dealings with him, and to exaggerate the most trifling inattentions into deliberate insults. Under some such impression he must have said or written to Holcroft what called forth this letter:—

Sir,—I write to inform you that instead of seeing you at dinner to-morrow I desire never to see you more, being determined never to have *any* further intercourse with you of *any* kind.

Feb. 21, 1785. T. Holcroft.

I shall behave as becomes an honest and honourable man who remembers not only what is due to others, but himself. There are indelible irrevocable injuries that will not endure to be mentioned. Such is the one you have committed on the man who would have *died* to serve you.

The estrangement, we are happy to learn, did not last long. It was at this time also that Godwin had as pupils Willis Webb, who afterwards went to St. John's College, Cambridge, whence he wrote grateful and priggish letters to his former tutor, and Thomas Cooper, whose later experiences as a strolling player are preserved in a series of most amusing letters. The correspondence of both these pupils gives evidence of the confidence which through all his life Godwin inspired in the young. For them, indeed, he who to many appeared a cold unimpassioned philosopher was accustomed to abandon his reserve and give out a quick and eager sympathy. On one occasion Cooper, whose sensitive nature had been irritated by some severe remarks of Godwin's, left in his tutor's way a paper on which he had noted them down with remarks of his own. Godwin's answer, which will be found in p. 39 of Mr. Paul's first volume, may explain the influence which he had over those with whom he came in contact.

On the year 1789 Godwin made this note:—

This was the year of the French Revolution. My heart beat high with all its ardours for the enjoyment of liberty. I had been . . . three years upon earth a Republican . . . . Yet I was far from approving all that I saw even in the commencement of the Revolution. . . . . I never for a moment ceased to disapprove of mob government and violence, and the impediments which I found to be thrown in the way of the progress of truth and reason. I desired to behold a change only as should flow purely from the clear light of the understanding and the erect and generous feelings of the heart.

His dream was of a time when all men should find sufficient good government in reason, and vice should in consequence disappear altogether: this view, together with much that was unpractical, he put forward in the *Political Justice*, published in 1793, of which one result was that, as Mr. Paul says, "he who was to the one party all but an inspired teacher, though the nature of the inspiration would have been hard to define, was to the other party a revolutionary Atheist, who went in danger of a prosecution for treason." The work was begun in 1791, of which year Godwin wrote, "This year was the main crisis of my life." He then first gave up writing the historical part of the *New Annual Register*, which he had done for seven years. How thoroughly he had performed this task is shown by the extracts given in Mr. Paul's 9th chapter. In 1792 Godwin's intimacy with Mr. Inchbald began. Her first letters are full of interest, and are what one would expect from the writer of *A Simple Story*; her behaviour at a later time, dating from Godwin's marriage with Mary Wollstonecraft, was, to say the least, ignoble. It would be impossible in a brief space to give a better notion of the aim and scope of the *Political Justice* than in the words of Godwin's biographer:—

These writings were, however, one and all, provisional and preparatory. The [illegible] forgotten; the fate, with the rarest exceptions, of anonymous writing. But the publication of "Political Justice" was an epoch in English thought. It was coincident with the rise of a school of philosophic radicals, and in large measure placed in clear words the views of that school, on many, though perhaps not all, of the subjects treated. There were, however, very few who carried out logical conclusions so consistently and unshrinkingly as Godwin. He alone formulated, among his political judgments, the extreme severity of social principles, the denial of all play to feeling and affection, which Fawcett and Holcroft had more loosely held as matters for informal discussion.

By the words "Political Justice," the author meant "the adoption of any principle of morality and truth into the practice of a community," Vol. I. p. 19, and the book was therefore an enquiry into the principles of society, of government, and of morals. The first volume deals with principles only; the second with the mode in which those principles would exhibit themselves in politics and in society.

In 1793 *Caleb Williams* was begun, and the next year it was published. When it was about three-fourths finished Marshal obtained the reading of it, and wrote to Godwin that, if he had any regard for his own reputation, he would put it in the fire. That the story has survived, and, as Mr. Paul says, "probably been read by very many persons who, but for it, have never heard of Godwin," is proof that Marshal's judgment was mistaken. The dramatic version of it by Colman, under the title of *The Iron Chest*, in which Kean played Mortimer (Godwin's Falkland) is perhaps even better known.

Late in 1793 took place the trial in Scotland for treason of Muir and Palmer, upon whose treatment after conviction on very insufficient grounds, Godwin wrote a strong and bold letter—how bold it is difficult now to realize—to the *Morning Chronicle*. In the next year followed the trial in London on a like charge of Joseph Gerrald, who was sent to New South Wales, and died there; and not much later, that of Holcroft, Horne Tooke, and ten others. On this occasion, after the charge of Chief Justice Eyre, Godwin, burning with indignation, wrote, or rather, to ensure speed, dictated, an answer to the charge:—"He looked on this crisis as one of awful moment to all Englishmen." His answer produced the desired effect; he exposed with keen logic and in eloquent words the bewildering subtleties by which Eyre had striven to stretch the law far beyond its definition in the statute; and by his efforts, the people who had believed in the discovery by the Ministry of a dark conspiracy learned that, merely to overawe the country, it had been attempted to dress out what was nothing but a reasonable dissatis-

faction in the scarlet robes of rebellion. Some time later Horne Tooke asked Godwin if he were the author of this answer; on learning that he was, he begged to shake him by the hand, and then bent down and kissed it as the hand which had saved his life.

During this time an intimacy was gradually being formed between Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, author of the *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*. We have not space here to dwell upon her story; much light is thrown on her character by the letters collected in the volumes before us. The marriage between her and Godwin took place on March 29th, 1797. Godwin takes no notice of the event in his diary. That his love of abstraction, of being above the usual cares of the world, added some merit to her extreme devotion to him may be seen from these letters, the first written before, the second after, the marriage:—

Jan. 27, 1797.

I am not well this morning. It is very tormenting to be thus, neither sick nor well, especially as you scarcely imagine me indisposed.

Women are certainly great fools, but nature made them so. I have not time or paper, else I could draw an inference, not very illustrative of your chance-medley system, that I escape the moth-like opinion; that is room enough in the world, &c.

April 11th, 1797.

I wish you would desire Mr. Marshal to call on me. Mr. Johnson or somebody has always taken the disagreeable business of settling with trade people off my hands. I can perhaps as well as yourself to do it, and my time appears to me as valuable as that of other persons who attend to employ themselves. Things of this kind are easily settled with money, I know; but I am tormented by the want of money, and feel, to say the truth, as if I was not treated with respect, owing to your not having mentioned it.

We must pass from this to the date of Mary Godwin's death, after her confinement, on the 10th of September, 1797. Godwin's diary for that day contains only the words "20 minutes to 8"—the time of her death. On the same day he wrote to Holcroft and to Mrs. Inchbald, who sent a marvellously heartless reply.

It is curious, perhaps more curious than pleasant, to find Godwin, only a year after his wife's death, attempting to prove again that he was not bound by his theoretical objections to marriage by proposing to a Miss Lee, who refused him, and making some keen comments on the margin of one of his letters. In the next year *St. Leon* was published, and in 1800 Godwin went on a visit to Curran at Dublin, of which a record is given in letters to Marshal. In 1800 came the tragedy of *Antonio* already referred to, and in 1801 he was married for the second time to Mrs. Clairmont. The correspondence in the second volume, which opens with these two events, has a wider interest than that in the first, containing, as it does, letters from Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Bulwer, very few of which have before appeared. Shelley's first letter was written from Keswick in the earlier days of his marriage with Harriet Westbrook. We give part of it here:—

You will be surprised at hearing from a stranger. No introduction has, nor in all probability ever will, authorize that which common thinkers would call a liberty. It is, however, a liberty which, although not sanctioned by custom, is so far from being reprobated by reason, that the dearest interests of mankind imperiously demand that a certain etiquette of fashion should no longer keep "man at a distance from man," and impose its flimsy barriers between the free communication of intellect. The name of Godwin has been accustomed to excite in me feelings of reverence and admiration. . . . I had enrolled your name on the list of the honourable dead. I had felt regret that the glory of your being had passed from this earth of ours. It is not so. You still live, and I firmly believe are still planning the welfare of human kind. I have but just entered on the scene of human operations, yet my feelings and my reasonings correspond with what yours were. My course has been short, but eventful. I have seen much of human prejudice, suffered much from human persecution, yet I see no reason hence inferable which should alter my wishes for their renovation.

Want of space compels us to leave untold the story of Shelley's elopement and subsequent marriage with Mary Godwin; and forbids us also to touch upon the later years, which were not the brightest, of Godwin's life. This is of the less consequence, as it would be hard to tell these things better or more concisely than Mr. Paul has done. It is not too much to say that not one of his pages is without interest; and to this we may add that he has shown a rare skill and discretion in dealing with his materials.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S IRISH ARCHITECTURE.*

THIS splendid volume is a real labour of love on the part of both author and editor. The present Earl of Dunraven has given, by way of preface, a slight sketch of his father's life, or rather of his character and pursuits, from which many will learn for the first time how many various subjects had at different times occupied his mind. "Being a man possessed of quick perceptions rather than of a powerful grasp of mind, of untiring industry, and endowed with an energy and zeal for learning that never flagged, he succeeded in acquiring much more than a mere superficial knowledge of these various sciences." Of the subject to which the studies of Lord Dunraven's later years were almost wholly devoted, the subject of Irish antiquities, he had certainly very much more than a superficial knowledge. Here he was indeed at home, as one of the most diligent of the rational school of Irish antiquaries. To enter into the real difficulties and the real merits of that most praiseworthy class of inquirers, a man must either be an Irishman himself or else he must be the opposite to an Irishman; he must be a man who takes so wide a grasp of things and can compare so many countries that he can afford to let Ireland come in in its right place and take its fair share. The mere English, even the mere English and Continental inquirer, who has no sound grasp of history, can never understand the peculiar position of Ireland. That position is easily summed up in the fact that Ireland not only never formed a part of the Roman Empire, but that it got its Christianity, doubtless from some source within the Empire, but not from Rome in the same sense in which England, and afterwards Scandinavia, got theirs. This at once distinguishes Ireland from all other Western countries, and makes great caution needful in applying to Ireland many rules which are sound enough when applied to other Western countries. In short, Ireland is yet more truly "alter orbis" than Britain itself. Therefore in no country were native forms of art so likely to develop themselves as in Ireland. There were no Roman models, and there was plenty of stone. Arguments about "timbrian," absurd enough in England, would be yet more absurd in Ireland. It was only in the natural course of things that there should be in Ireland a class of buildings which, for antiquity and material, have no parallel in England. The Irish antiquary is under a special temptation to give his buildings too early a date. Dr. Petrie, in his later years, allowed that he had himself done so in many cases. On the other hand, the English antiquary often fails to understand the position of his Irish brother. He is apt to be hard on him if he puts a thing, say in 500 B.C., which he should be inclined to put in 1000 B.C., forgetful that the Irish antiquary is fighting against enemies who would place it in 1000, or perhaps a long way before 1000 B.C. We have often said that, considering how little Dr. Petrie knew of any country but Ireland, the general accuracy, the invariably rational character, of his conclusions is somewhat wonderful. Lord Dunraven started from the starting-point of Dr. Petrie's discoveries, adding a large stock of knowledge of other countries which Dr. Petrie did not possess. He had those special advantages for the work which he undertook—namely, a systematic treatise on Irish architecture from the earliest times. This work he left unfinished. If, in the case of one who is gone, we may bring in somewhat more of personal memory than is commonly becoming in a critical notice, some readers may like to know that the researches on Ravenna and other Italian cities of which they saw the results some years back had, for one among several objects, that of helping Lord Dunraven's Irish researches by the analogies, or lack of analogies, between the towers of Ireland and of Italy. Lord Dunraven died just too soon to know the result of those researches. In his present volume he does not come to the round towers, and we know not whether he left any actual materials for the discussion of them. The present volume deals only with the Pagan and the earlier Christian buildings.

The work which Lord Dunraven has left behind him has found a worthy editor in Miss Stokes. That lady, as is known to many, is herself an accomplished Irish antiquary, and no one could have been found better fitted to be entrusted with the care of Lord Dunraven's materials. The book of which the first volume is before us is a large and sumptuous one, richly illustrated both with elaborate photographs and with ground-plans of the places described. It takes in only the earliest classes of Irish remains, the Pagan forts, the primitive Christian cells, and the earliest churches. These all hang together. Ireland, like Rome, but unlike the rest of Western Europe, really has a native Christian style of architecture—we know not how else to put it, though the words "style of architecture" hardly apply to buildings so utterly rude—growing out of a native Pagan style. There are remains in Britain which answer more or less exactly to the forts and the cells of Ireland; but they are few in number and confined to particular districts; they have no influence on later buildings, and no one supposes them to be the work of English hands. In Britain there is a wide gap—the gap caused by Roman and English conquests—between the primæval remains and the very earliest churches. In Ireland, where there was no Roman conquest, no English conquest in the sense which those words bear in Britain, there is an unbroken chain of remains from the Pagan forts up to Cormac's chapel and the neighbouring round tower. It is this which makes Irish antiquities so unique in their character, a character which is the result of the history of the country, combined with the abundance of stone. This unbroken continuity is well brought out in the series of examples given in Lord Dunraven's book. He begins with the forts on the Isle of Aran, including the magnificent defensive work on the middle island of Aran known as Dún Conchobhair. Within the range of its primæval walls are still some remains of *clochauns* or beehive-shaped cells. But here again the continuity of style comes in in the most striking way. For the primitive fashion of building goes on in Aran to this day, though we gather that they have lost the ingenious fashion by which roofs were constructed in primitive times, much as an ordinary English mason sometimes seems to have very little idea of turning an arch. Several other forts follow, and then comes the section on early Christian monuments, which begins with the remains on the greater Skellig Island, off the coast of Kerry—a third St. Michael's Mount to be set against those of Normandy and Cornwall. One most striking photograph brings out most strongly the scenery of the island, while others set before us the wonderful path up to the

* *Notes on Irish Architecture.* By Edwin, Third Earl of Dunraven. Edited by Margaret Stokes. Vol. I. London: Bell & Sons. 1875.

monastery called the Way of the Cross. The remains of the monastery consist of several beehive-shaped cells, with lintel doorways, and of a small and rude church, which is however a reconstruction of later times. One cannot doubt that such an establishment as this dates from the earliest times of Christianity; but Lord Dunraven was not able to find any direct notice of the place earlier than 823, and in the true critical spirit he points out the rashness of earlier writers who have spoken positively of earlier dates without any authority to go by. Lord Dunraven goes on with a crowd of examples of the primitive cells in churches, one of the most famous of which is that of Gallarus. This is a perfect study of this primitive style of building, common indeed to Ireland with many other parts of the world, but common, we believe, neither from direct transmission nor from common origin, but because in all times and places like causes produce like effects, and the arch, like many other things, has been invented over and over again. Here we see the strivings after the arch which are found in so many distant countries, and we see also, what so many examples teach us, and what is so important and seemingly so difficult to be understood, that the mere form of the pointed arch is at least as old as the mere form of the round. At Leabmoluga, in the county of Cork, there is a most striking doorway, two huge stones standing as jambs, supporting the lintel. Both jamb and lintel show the slightest beginnings of strictly architectural ornament in the square-edged line which may be traced in various forms through a good deal of Roman and primitive Romanesque work.

Thus far we have been dealing with buildings of the very rudest kind, without cement, mere dry walls. The next part of the book comes to the early churches where cement is used, beginning with those churches which were, according to the earlier arrangement, without chancels. The arch gradually comes in, the form of the arch before its construction; for the Irish builders seem to have begun very early to make narrow, round-headed windows, where the head is merely cut out of one stone. Still it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that there really was a native Irish style which worked out for itself distinct forms of the entablature construction. Anywhere else we should say that the great stones of which many of them are built, and the square-headed doorways sometimes displaying a considerable amount of ornament, as at Temple Martin, in p. 105, and still more at Maghera, in p. 115, came from a Roman source; and it is of course possible that pilgrims and other travellers may have brought home some notions of Roman buildings. Still the case of Ireland is quite different from the case of those countries where there were actual Roman remains to influence the local style. Even if some general hints came from a Roman source, the spirit of the style, and the way in which it is worked out, are wholly native. The use of sloping sides which goes on with the buildings which use the arch is a most marked feature; it came naturally in the early constructions, and is carried on in later buildings which approach more nearly to the ordinary models of the rest of Europe. Towards the end of the volume some examples come in which belong to this later style, chiefly because many of the earlier buildings have been altered or added to. Thus at Tuaim Gréine, corruptedly Tomgraney, in the county of Clare, there is a church of the earlier date, built of massive polygonal masonry with large stones closely fitting, while the chancel is of the local Irish Romanesque. Now there seems distinct evidence that a church, by no means the first church on the spot, was built here in the year 964. Which of these two parts was built then? It is hard to conceive that work so much like our familiar Norman can be so early as 964. Yet it is almost as strange if "the great church of Tuaim Gréine" was nothing more than the little primitive structure. But we will not rush hastily to any judgment till we have seen those parts of Lord Dunraven's book in which he deals with the later and more enriched buildings. We hope that there is something to come in the shape of dissertation, giving the general results of Lord Dunraven's researches. At present, besides the introduction by Miss Stokes, we have only notes and illustrations of particular buildings. As Lord Dunraven, though a follower of Dr. Petrie, allowed, with Dr. Petrie himself, that several of the buildings had been dated too early, we should be well pleased to see Lord Dunraven's last views on the matter more at length.

LAMAN BLANCHARD.[a]

LAMAN BLANCHARD, who was born in 1804 and died in 1845, reckoned among his most intimate friends the late Lord Lytton, Thackeray, Mr. Browning, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Dickens. These, and others like them, made up that genial and brilliant brotherhood, united by common tastes and common struggles, which Thackeray himself has so often and so graphically drawn, and which formed the training school of many who have since attained high rank among the literary men of this century. On the principle "noscitur a sociis," one might naturally expect to find the work of a man who lived in this atmosphere of genius bearing marks of the inspiration of such association, and of ability fitting him for it. Other causes, too, inclined us to hope that we should discover in these poems much to enjoy and praise, and little to blame. The character of Blanchard, as drawn (and we have no reason to believe otherwise than faithfully) in the memoir prefacing this book, is so charming and loveable, and his early struggles, early marriage, and early death by his own hand in a fit of morbid melancholy induced by the loss of his wife, are so pathetic, as to render adverse criticism, should it appear inevitable, a painful and ungrateful task. Moreover, the opinions of men such as Mr. Browning, the late Lord Lytton, and Charles Lamb, who all spoke in unqualified praise of many of the poems before us, seemed to justify our sanguine expectation. But, after reading the book, we are driven to the conclusion that the very qualities which prepossessed us in Blanchard's favour must have operated still more strongly to influence the judgment of those who were in daily intercourse with him; and it is therefore more conducive to fair criticism to dissociate the book from the author, and take both as we find them.

The poems are divided into "Poems of Sentiment" and "Poems of Humour," and are prefaced with a memoir of the poet from the pen of his godson and son-in-law, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, who has, we presume, also edited the book. And here we must express our regret that both memoir and editing show traces of surprising slovenliness and want of care. For instance, the Memoir states (p. 2) that Blanchard, the son of a freeman of Great Yarmouth, was in 1830, when only twenty-six years old, "presented with the freedom" of that "city." Now not only is there no mention of this occurrence in the notice of Blanchard given in Mr. Palmer's recently published and exhaustive *Perlustration of Great Yarmouth*, but we learn from the same work (Vol. I. p. 65) that the sons of freemen of the borough were themselves, by right and inheritance, freemen. In all probability the true state of the case is that Blanchard, on the occasion referred to, took up his freedom, as it is technically called, which is a very different thing from having it presented to him. Again, at p. 36 of the Memoir, we find the author of *Ion* spoken of as "Sir Serjeant Talfourd," a blunder which would be more accountable had it come from the other side of the English Channel. For the rest, the Memoir is fairly written, though we fail to see the utility of inserting a long memorandum, covering twelve pages, from the late Lord Lytton, relating to a book on the boyhood of great men which Blanchard contemplated, but never accomplished.

But in the editing of the poems the carelessness we have complained of crops up everywhere. Such slips as "I" for "It" (p. 107), "there" for "their" (p. 119), "though" for "thou" (p. 129), "in" for "is" (p. 147), "drinks" for "drink" (p. 175), "till" for "twill" (p. 183), "musical natural" for — we hardly know what (p. 139), and many other such, with errors in punctuation innumerable, and lines whose lack of metre and sense shows that a word or two has been left out or put in, are discreditable to the editor, and, like Mr. Parker in Sir George Rose's famous epigram, "make that darker which was dark enough without." For one of the chief faults we have to find with Mr. Blanchard's serious poems is their intense obscurity, or, in many cases, absolute incomprehensibility. Ever since David expressed his intention of opening his dark saying upon the harp, it has been the acknowledged privilege of poets to deal largely in the mystical. Mr. Browning's fame does not rest on the simplicity of his style or the perspicuity of his thought, and even of Mr. Tennyson we might sometimes say what he says of an angel in *In Memoriam*, that "his words were hard to understand." But Mr. Blanchard is occasionally far more inscrutable than either of these; and with this difference, that it is difficult to resist the suspicion that, if some being more intellectual than ourselves were to succeed in finding out what he does mean, the kernel would hardly repay the labour expended in cracking so hard a shell. To take the very first page of the book, the opening lines of the poem intituled "The Poet's Bride"; we should be glad to see what sort of paraphrase the average reader could produce of the following:—

> She stood beside the ruin of a wall
> Painted and carved; where unplucked flowers and moss
> O'ergrew the beauty of the ruling Cross:
> And sainted foreheads, which in other time
> Had bowed their earth in heaven's cloud-columned hall,
> Were queenly wreathed in mockery of age.
> And here a bank its purple shadow kept
> Above a lake, where Hope perchance had wept,
> Ere yet a tear was made the mirror of a crime.
> And here a monument whose ice-like page
> Dropt as the day perused it—though a bard
> Had found therein the coldness of reward.

To justify still further the charge of obscurity against Mr. Blanchard we append the following specimens, taken pretty well at random from the poems:—

> And blood of lambs not destined for the knife
> Of luxury or of sacrifice, atoning
> For man's proud evil with their harmless life,
> Ran pure as mountain water, calmly clear:
> And fed with freedom hearts unworn with moaning.—P. 98.

> Not a leaf but whose light curl can tell
> Of waters playing on their coral flutes.—P. 99.

> The natural smoke from the morning's lamp
> Hath a sound as it walks, though you hear no tramp.—P. 103.

We ought, perhaps, in fairness to mention that this passage occurs in juxtaposition with some remarks about morning mist, which may or may not tend to elucidate the meaning.

> Wit took shame
> To twine a wreath for Wisdom's naked name.—P. 132.

[a] *The Poetical Works of Laman Blanchard.* With a Memoir by Blanchard Jerrold. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

This we are reluctantly compelled to leave for the ingenuity of posterity.

> Observe the vow
> Of princes unfulfilled, and the slow plough
> Crushing the peasant's hopes.—P. 142.

The first part may be a prophetic allusion to the repudiation of his financial obligations by the Sultan; but, with regard to the second, we would suggest that, in modern agriculture at least, the peasant, however sanguine, does not usually indulge in hope for much until he has not only ploughed but sown.

From the narrow field in which we have culled these flowers of poesy, it may be inferred that such abound throughout the book, and the inference would be a true one. But there is another source of obscurity in Mr. Blanchard's poems which occasionally becomes most bewildering. He has a way of making his *dramatis personæ* physical and spiritual, material and immaterial, in the same breath, and predicating of them attributes human and ethereal, with an indifference most confusing. For example, speaking of the poet and his bride, he says (p. 91):—

> Now they were
> Throned on the bosom of their love, uniting
> In one small circle all that least can err,
> Sting and deceive, with all that most can bless,
> Support and shield in virtue's pathlessness.

Without pausing to inquire what "virtue's pathlessness" may signify, we would remark that all this, allowing for the license of poetry, is strictly consistent with their being mortals, as indeed we gather from other parts of the poem the author intended them to be. But he goes on to say:—

> They winged them o'er the fields of air, alighting
> In some lone spot to talk on fairy themes;
> Or twined within the hollow of a shell
> Whose sea-voice sang to them, steered their true dreams.

Many instances of such confusion are to be found, notably the verses addressed by the poet to his pen.

The sonnets, which form a considerable part of the volume, are of the usual type, and neither above nor below the average. Then we have one or two poems in the style of Shelley, and one or two in that of Wordsworth; in either case, we regret to say, falling lamentably short of the model. Another imitation, "A Ballad à la Moore," has, however, caught some of the spirit of its original.

Mr. Blanchard deals largely in extravagant and somewhat meaningless similes:—

> She lived as lives the moon, for her dark lord,
> Or rainbow, scabbard of the tempest's sword.—P. 95.

It is with far more poetry and fitness that, a little later, he speaks of the rainbow as "heaven's lyre."

> A pine-tree soared
> Sun-bronzed, like Triumph on a pedestal.—P. 99.
>
> The spell may be surest when feelings come forth,
> Like a lily resisting the winds of the north.—P. 152.

In fact, the poems are overloaded with similes and metaphors, most of them inappropriate. But, as a set-off to this high-flown language, the poet occasionally adopts a simplicity of language which verges on puerility. At p. 116 he says that the water in a lady's bath

> Will rise to meet her on her *cool career*.

At p. 119, describing a village congregation going to church, he mentions that

> Virgins, with flushed but placid face,
> Their grandsires led along.

If this means anything, it records the homely fact that the young women were warm with walking and the exertion of getting their grandfathers to church.

We are glad to say, however, that there are some passages in Mr. Blanchard's verse of which we can speak more favourably. The following description of evening at p. 138 is pretty, though, as usual, too redundant in simile:—

> Already hath the day grown grey with age;
> And in the west, like to a conqueror crowned,
> Is faint with too much glory. On the ground
> He flings his dazzling arms; and, as a sage,
> Prepares him for a cloud-hung hermitage.

And here is another fancy of the same kind, a description of an after glow, though it is open to the same accusation of being too crammed with similes; and we must also take exception to the unpoetical word "heaves," which Mr. Blanchard here and elsewhere, possibly owing to the exigencies of rhyme, employs as a synonym for "stirs":—

> Nothing heaves
> As Time looks back upon the path he leaves.
> A scarce felt flush is seen to live and die,
> As if the Sun re-oped his heavy eye,
> Then by some tending cloud was fanned to sleep,
> And bathed his burning forehead in the deep.
> Lo! ere he drops, how fast the vapours ride
> To dip their feathers in his wealthy tide;
> While some to hover round his head repair,
> And wind their pallid fingers through his hair;
> Some flap their wings of snow amid his breath,
> And on his bosom drink a golden death.—P. 175.

Of the humorous poems we have left ourselves but little space to speak. Some emulate the style of Hood in making each stanza end with a joke, after the fashion of the immortal "Ben Battle" and "Mary's Ghost." Perhaps the best is one on "The Art of Book-keeping," in which the author bewails the loss of books lent to friends and not returned. We may quote the following:—

> New tales and novels you may shut
> From view—'tis all in vain;
> They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut"
> They never "come again."
>
> A circulating library
> Is mine—my birds are flown;
> There's one odd volume left, to be
> Like all the rest, a-lone.

Still this sort of thing becomes a little wearisome when carried over five pages. But the most serious disadvantage of these poems is that their political and social allusions are now entirely out of date. Nearly fifty years have rendered the public somewhat indifferent to an "Epitaph of 1830"; imaginary Parliamentary debates lose their flavour when foot-notes have to be appended to explain who were the members represented as speaking; the political interest is gone which might otherwise have rendered a supposed dream of Sir R. Peel, when out of office, amusing; we imagine that M. Simpson, M.C. at Vauxhall, and his eccentricities are unknown to the present generation; photography is no longer a new invention, as it was in 1842, and so a long poem on its rise into popular favour, and early shortcomings, falls rather flat now; and we no longer sympathize with the description of the terror excited by the approach of a comet in 1834. But Shakspeare is never out of date, and the sketches of Shakspearian characters contained in a poem written by Blanchard on the first page of a book called *Mulberry Leaves*, compiled by a Shakspeare Club called the Mulberries (though why Mulberries we entirely fail to see), are graceful, and as easily appreciable now as then.

On the whole, this book will certainly be a disappointment to those who, never having previously read Mr. Blanchard's works, had a vague impression that he was one of a knot of wits and poets. It was in the "Keepsake" and "Album" period that he flourished; and his vagueness of thought and language, and sentimental vapouring, are very characteristic of the sort of poetry which then passed current. It is from this point of view alone that the volume is worth notice. Any attempt to revive Laman Blanchard as a poet on his own account is hopeless.

ERSILIA.*

THE author of *My Little Lady* has not improved on her former work, and we are sorry to have to say that *Ersilia* is a decided falling off from a story which seemed to promise a new writer of considerable ability and charming qualities. The present book is slender in construction and lumbering in treatment. It leaves on the reader the impression of a monologue rather than of a drama—graceful but feeble, and, such as it is, the tenderness sickly rather than pathetic. It is not exciting, nor even interesting, in plot; for the catastrophe is told in the "prologue," and the conditions are so transparent that as the story proceeds there is no room left for doubt or mystery. It is all plain sailing from first to last—from the predestined love affair between Ersilia and Mr. Fleming to the identity of M. Roussel with Prince Zaraikine; from Humphrey's misplaced attachment to the hapless fate of the two lovers. A novel must be a very powerful bit of character-painting indeed which can safely venture thus to dispense with intricacy and uncertainty alike, and we do not find this power in *Ersilia*. On the contrary, those of the personages who stand out from the rest at all stand out as figures in a picture, not as creations of literature, and are not characters so much as portraits. The heroine herself is precisely one of the "Lady" women with whom the præ-Raffaellite school has made us familiar; tall, slender, melancholy, mediæval; fond of half-tints and straight-cut, flowing garments; much given to gathering flowers, and sure to possess a necklace of amber beads, good for composition; a very fair and stately person, but not comfortable, and giving one an unpleasant impression of posing and self-consciousness. The scenes, too, are scenes that would paint better than act; and, indeed, the characteristic defect of the book is that it is painting, not narrative—a series of pen-and-ink sketches rather than a continuously developed story brightened by powerful and dramatic scenes. For, just as painting may be too statuesque, so may literature be too picturesque, using the word in its true, not arbitrary, meaning; and *Ersilia* is a striking example of this. The author succeeds best with certain of her characters of the second degree; and chiefly those whom she does not like; such as Mrs. Grey, vulgar, shallow, pretentious, worldly; her good, uninteresting, formal little daughter Rose; poor troubled and untidy Charlotte, with less brains than feelings; the "far-away uncle," prompt, cold, and businesslike; and the miserly old grandfathor, who makes every one unhappy by his fierceness and ill-temper. In these she shows a sense of humour which helps to enliven the somewhat oppressive lugubriousness of the story—a lugubriousness that is greatly enhanced by its monotony of style, and by the adoption of that dangerous method of autobiography which ought to be employed only by the first masters in the craft, and by them with caution and sparingly.

The story is exceedingly simple. It sets forth the boyish love of the narrator, Humphrey Randolph, for his cousin Ersilia; a

* *Ersilia*. By the Author of "My Little Lady." 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1876.

love that began in childhood when he was a little fellow of nine and she was "a slim little maiden of twelve years in a dim sea-blue frock and amber necklace, with loose brown hair falling upon her neck and shoulders, and in her skirt, which she held gathered up in front, a great heap of wet apple-blossoms." Humphrey has been transferred from his mother's home to the house of his far-away uncle, who lives in Kensington, and is going to send him to school; and he is moping in the parlour when Ersilia comes in from the garden, with her wet apple blossoms and her sweet instinctive womanliness, to do her best to comfort him. "The two children were friends directly. She was three years older than Humphrey, but scarcely less of a child, I fancy, than he was," says the author, who is himself Humphrey; and who a little further on adds, "I think she saw Humphrey's tears, though the boy tried hard to hide them"; this being the curious mixture of the biographical with the autobiographical manner of narration that helps to make *Ersilia* vague and watery. The real story opens with the companionship of Humphrey and Ersilia, when he was a young artist of rising merit, and she the reputed widow of Prince Zarnikine, an unredeemed scamp who had deserted her after having married her for her money, being at the time "madly in love with a Polish Countess who was already provided with a husband." Ersilia and her chaperon, Aunt Mathilde, or Mlle. de Brissac, are at Eaux-Bonnes, where Humphrey stumbles on them by chance, and forthwith loses his heart to the beautiful woman as he had formerly lost it to the pretty child. Her husband had been reported dead for nearly a year, and she is beginning to enjoy life in the melancholy manner of her kind. She embroiders, as befits her type; and she is laudably fond of walking. Sometimes she goes too far, and then has to jolt home in rough country carts with Humphrey or, shipping in this wise:—

> She smiled as she spoke, to reassure him, and in the dim light he seemed to see all the mystery of those far-shining heavens reflected in her eyes, and was satisfied. As for him—that fair presence was near him, that sweetest influence was upon him; I think that at that moment he would have asked nothing better of life than to go on thus for ever through that clear darkness, beneath those stars, in that immense harmony of earth and heaven. Long afterwards—in truth, it was but a few months, but there are times when life is not counted by the calendar—long afterwards then, I say, Humphrey, making another star-lit journey with this same companion under other skies, looked back with a sort of wondering doubt on the unexpectant tranquillity, the accepted peace of this summer night—as one who, waking in the frozen darkness of a winter morning, doubts of the golden light, the birds and flowers of the summer that has been.

But all this sentimental joy is soon broken up, for there comes on the scene Arthur Fleming, Humphrey's master in art, and the evidently predestined lover of the fair Ersilia. Perhaps the vaguest personage in the whole gallery is this Arthur Fleming, whose influence is so important. We are told that he is pure and noble, high-minded and a good artist; that he is not strong, and that he is not young; but these are mere words, and give no distinct image of the man as he lives and moves through the pages. We cannot for the life of us understand why Ersilia falls in love with him so quickly and so devotedly; for the only thing that he really does is to get ill, and be somewhat too impatient in his convalescence for either a strong man or a sweet soul. It seems to us that the character has been drawn from life, and drawn too close at hand to be artistically correct. It wants the clearness of those ideas which, however they may have been suggested, are in a certain sense an author's own creation by thought and meditation. Here the lines are as indistinct as a badly focussed photograph; while the whole treatment evidently suggests perfect acquaintance with the original. And, from the very fact of that perfect acquaintance on the part of the author, explanatory details and graphic touches are left out for the sake of a more intimate description of thoughts and mental conditions which do not give us character or personality. As we have said, the *raison d'être* of the master is visible from the first, and there is never any doubt about the part which is to be assigned to him. He and Ersilia fall in love with each other, picturesquely not dramatically, as in the following scene:—

> Humphrey, held captive at the card-table by Mademoiselle Mathilde, looked more than once across the room to where, round Mr. Fleming and Ersilia, two wax candles made a circle of light. They shone on the polished floor, on the open music-book resting against the faded red silk back of the piano, and on the subtle harmonies of colour where the tender whiteness of Ersilia's hand met the yellowing ivory of the keys, the yellow whiteness of the lace ruffles round her slender wrist.

Just as evident is the part to be played by M. Roussel, whom Humphrey is the proximate means of bringing into the group. Notwithstanding all the quiet assertions of this rheumatic and mysterious man that he had seen Prince Zarnikine drowned, the experienced reader knows that he is telling a falsehood for the occasion, and that he is no other than that personage himself. But the author has, we fancy, to use one of her own favourite expressions, drawn here as much too liberally on her imagination as she has trusted too literally to fact for her Mr. Fleming. The Prince is no doubt a scoundrel, but he is not a fool, and it is to be supposed that he has some kind of meaning running through his life and informing his actions. Not caring for his wife more than for the first passer-by in the street, but terribly hard up for money, we cannot understand why, in the first place, he left her so long without applying to her; or why, in the second, he took such grave exception to her having a lover as to make him fight a duel which was substantially assassination. It was nothing to him whether his wife loved Mr. Fleming or not; his "honour" was not implicated—how could it be when he had deserted her, and "made himself dead" for so long?—and his affection was as non-existent as his honour. Why, then, he should run such risk as must needs attend a duel is a mystery of folly which is not explained by anything that the author says; and his brutality in the interview with his wife is against the natural instinct of such a man as he is depicted. The working of the character altogether is a muddle, and evidently beyond the writer's power; the commingling of brutality with chicanery, of the ruffian with the *escroc*, being as untrue to nature as it is false in art. But the whole episode of Mr. Fleming's death, with all the attending circumstances, reads to us forced and unlikely—something unreal and distorted, and ludicrous rather than touching. It is half the battle of success for a writer to know his own powers, and to be able to measure exactly the tether of his capabilities. Soft and gentle natures suit best the powers of our present author; old-fashioned moralities, and, if she likes, new-fashioned sentimentalities; but the dark and tortuous ways of crime make a road so utterly unfamiliar to her that she lands herself at last in the nonsense of such a character as Prince Zarnikine, which is of the kind known familiarly as neither flesh nor fowl.

We are sorry not to be able to speak with more praise of this book. We thought, as we have said, that *My Little Lady* had introduced us to a writer of sterling merit, and that our literature would be enriched by future contributions of equal value; but *Ersilia* is a decided falling off in literary power, though it is prettily written and delicately portrayed. It is not a novel of character, nor of dramatic situation, nor yet of artistic plot; and we got tired of a succession of mere pictures like the one we have extracted, which are good only as instructions to the so-called "illustrators." We hope that the next novel from the pen of this author will be more perfect in the essentials of a well-developed work of fiction; and that before she writes and publishes again, she will have determined accurately what she can do and what she cannot, what she knows in human life and what she only dreams and imagines.

THE REUNION CONFERENCE AT BONN.*

THIS volume appears at an opportune moment; for the propositions agreed upon at Bonn last autumn are just now under the consideration of the Convocation of Canterbury, and Dr. Pusey's repudiation of them, now so happily withdrawn, had naturally disquieted many minds. It is well, therefore, that members of Convocation should have the whole question before them, and should thus have the means of testing the soundness and relevancy of the various criticisms. Nor, indeed, is the question one which concerns English Churchmen alone, whether in Convocation or elsewhere. The religious and ecclesiastical side of the question is of course the one which is most apparent. But it has other sides to it also which the politician and philosopher may study with interest and advantage. The religious feuds of Christendom have certainly played as important a part in its political as in its ecclesiastical history; and it is probable that they will do so again. Not to go further back, the Crimean war owed its origin to a religious quarrel; yet, how momentous have been its political consequences! It has, in fact, altered the map and reversed the political tendencies of Continental Europe. The collapse of Russia broke the back of absolutism throughout the civilized world, and forced its representatives one by one to govern on constitutional principles, or to make way for those who would. The last to succumb was the Pope, and he has endeavoured to indemnify himself in the spiritual sphere for the loss which he has sustained in the temporal. The Eastern question is coming to the front again; and, however long the skill of diplomatists or statesmen may be able to shelve its solution, it is certain that when the day of reckoning comes the religious element will exercise a powerful influence on the negotiations. We cannot agree, therefore, with those who would dismiss with supercilious gibes such efforts towards Christian reunion as those which have lately been made at Bonn. One of the characteristic traits of British philistinism which excites the derision of foreign publicists is the shallow and ignorant criticism which the English press, for the most part, bestows upon religious questions. The political press of France, of Italy, and of Germany may possibly be more hostile to some of the received principles of Christianity than our own; but at all events foreign writers know what they are about, and understand what they attack. They do not think it beneath them to master the history of Churches and dogmas, even if they should happen to despise them. But, to judge from the usual discussion of religious topics in the English press, one might suppose that some editors are in the habit of considering the qualification of a writer to be in an inverse ratio to his knowledge of the subject. We have frequently had occasion to expose the fresh and ingenuous ignorance which the *Times* always brings to bear on the discussion of theological questions. The public will not soon forget its marvellous articles on the Bonn Conference of last August, and it is probably a wholesome remembrance of the castigation which its ignorance drew down upon it from various quarters on that occasion that has induced it to steer clear of the Bonn Conference in the interval. A speech of the

* *Report of the Proceedings at the Reunion Conference held at Bonn between the 10th and 16th of August, 1875.* Translated from the German of Professor Reusch. With a Preface by H. P. Liddon, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's. London: Pickering. 1876.

Primate's in Convocation this week, however, offered too tempting a bait to be resisted, and the *Times* has availed itself of it to shoot a Parthian arrow at the Bonn Conference. "It is high time," we are told, "the Bishops left off trifling with such matters as the Bonn Conference." The oracle does not tell us when the "high time" struck, or why the Bonn Conference belongs to the category of "trifling matters." Is it still in "an Oriental haze," and troubled with a vision of "Archimandrids"? Anyhow, it has learnt one maxim at least of worldly prudence—namely, that when ignorance wields the pen, it is safer to deal in assertions than to venture on reasons.

It is not worth while, however, to argue seriously against writers who are above the vulgar prejudice which prompts ordinary mortals to avoid the discussion of questions which they consider it beneath them to understand. But crudities which are only amusing in the columns of the *Times* become mischievous when propagated under the ægis of the primatial see of Canterbury. Last Tuesday the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered a speech in Convocation which was, we confess, too mysterious for our comprehension. The subject under discussion was the propositions agreed upon at the last Bonn Conference. The Archbishop "felt unable to sign" them because he thought them "abstruse and difficult." This was natural enough, and, had the Primate left the matter there, we should not feel called upon to do more than admire his caution. Unfortunately, however, he went on to pour a stream of cold water, not only on the Bonn Conferences, but on all attempts at reunion on the constitutional basis of the Church over which he presides. "He felt more in regard to those difficulties which separated the Church from those who were near in language, in sympathy, in regard to the same love of the Bible, and from being fellow-Christians in this country, than he did in regard to those divisions which existed in respect to people who were a great distance from us locally." Does his Grace mean that we are to make no effort to reunite with Christians abroad till we have made up our differences with all our fellow-Christians at home? If so, then *à fortiori* it is a still greater folly to waste our energies and substance in endeavouring to convert the heathen, since they are at a greater distance from us even than Eastern Christians "in sympathy" and in "love to the Bible," and in the fact of their not "being fellow-Christians in this country" or elsewhere. But the Archbishop did not mean this. He says, indeed, that he "should like to begin with those who are about our doors"; but his vision soon expanded, till it rapidly embraced "the Swedish Church," and "the Danish Church," and "the great Church of Luther"; and then, "gazing across the Atlantic," "he could not shut his eyes to the fact that there were some thirty million persons, speaking too the English tongue, and who were Christians, but not members of any Episcopal Church, with whom union might be sought."

All this is no doubt very magnificent; but we do not gather from the Report before us that the English Churchmen who attended the Reunion Conferences at Bonn permitted themselves to indulge in the unprofitable day-dreams on which the Archbishop of Canterbury pathetically declines to "shut his eyes." Their views were not visionary, but practical; and the task at which they laboured, though humble enough in comparison with the soaring heights at which the Archbishop aims, was at all events within their reach. "It seems to be forgotten," as Dr. Liddon reminds us in his valuable Introduction to the English translation of the Bonn Conference Report, "that, while duties are for man, opportunities are from God. Man cannot command opportunities for service; but he should ever be ready to make the most of them. And God guides man into the paths of duty by the opportunities which He offers in the course of His Providence. The Old Catholic movement, as far as English Churchmen are concerned, is an instance of such a guidance." The Archbishop appears to take a different view. Very good. But he is bound to suggest an alternative. Bishop Butler rebuked and exposed long ago the folly of supposing that "to draw pictures of virtue" was the same thing as being virtuous. It is pleasant to sit at home at ease and discourse on the beauty of Christian unity from the vantage ground of Lambeth; but the unity of Christendom will never be restored in this way. A practical beginning must be made somewhere; and, if the Archbishop of Canterbury disapproves of the beginning which has been made at Bonn, it is not unreasonable to ask him to suggest a better. It is all very well to say that "union might be sought," not only with the various Protestant communities at home, but also with "the Swedish Church," "the Danish Church," "the great Church of Luther," and the thirty millions of Mormons, Shakers, and other sects which are as numerous "across the Atlantic" as gnats in autumn. But how is the union to be sought? Will his Grace suggest a basis? Will he draw out the outlines of a concordat? When he has done so we will discuss it with the same candour with which we have discussed the propositions adopted by the Bonn Conference. Of those propositions this at least can be said, that they are on the old lines of English Churchmanship. Is it on these lines that the Archbishop of Canterbury thinks that "union might be sought" with the thirty million nondescripts "across the Atlantic," or with the attenuated Christianity without Christ which now represents, for the most part, "the great Church of Luther"? Unless he has a practical answer to give to these questions, it would surely be better to let others endeavour to earn the beatitude of the peacemakers under the only conditions which at present appear legitimate and feasible. The sneers of the *Times* they can afford to despise; but they have surely a right to expect from the occupant of the see of Canterbury something more substantial and tangible than a solemn discourse on the duty of achieving the impossible, which might be taken as almost a censure on those who were working up to the possible.

These remarks are not misplaced, for the first half of Dr. Liddon's preface to the volume under review is devoted to a refutation of objections against the Bonn Conference, and he exposes, among the rest, the fallacy and the shallowness of such criticism as that to which the Archbishop of Canterbury has given the sanction of his official position. The latter half of Dr. Liddon's preface consists of an elaborate defence of the Bonn propositions against the strictures of Dr. Pusey. For ourselves, we had no doubt from the beginning that Dr. Pusey was under a strange misapprehension; and we have now his own assurance that the fact was so. If Dr. Pusey had read the full Report before he criticized the propositions which were finally adopted, we feel confident that he would never have criticized them at all. Altogether the Report is singularly interesting. Dr. Döllinger's remarkable speeches occupy the greater part of it, and the Report is well worth preserving for their sake alone. We may add that the volume is very cheap for its size and matter.

L'ART.[*]

L'ART, an illustrated review published weekly in Paris, has at least the merit of being very large both in size and conception. The dimension of the page is no less than seventeen inches by twelve; each number contains twenty-four pages; the illustrations every week consist of one, sometimes of two, large etchings; also there are occasional lithographs, likewise reproductions from *croquis* or sketches—somewhat scratchy, it must be admitted—besides woodcuts, which have the merit, with the attendant demerit, of being unlike our English methods. It might have been feared that an enterprise so gigantic—the largest by far now afloat—would have tired out projectors, subscribers, and readers alike. Yet we are glad to say that these three volumes, with a fourth auspiciously begun, show improvement; the latest numbers are an advance on the earliest. The material bulk, however, is a misfortune; *L'Art* can only be carried about in a wheelbarrow.

The preface, which we do not much admire, is in true French fashion; Prometheus, almost as a matter of course, takes part in it. The entire universe would seem to be too small for *L'Art*. Moreover, it appears that "the union of new forces with the intellectual power of humanity" has hitherto been much neglected, and that there is "need of a revival which may stimulate the soul." Then follow platitudes which take a more practical turn. The connexion between art and industry is spoken of as if it were a new discovery. Nothing is to escape notice. "All the art manifestations of humanity in the past and in the present" will be thoroughly studied. Furthermore, "the end is to make war against the theoretic indifferentism which is dominant among artists—an enervate and sterile eclecticism, not less fatal to progress in art than to advancement in politics, philosophy, and morals." This is indeed something like an art journal!

Yet we are bound to acknowledge that much good work has been done during the first year, and the second year, as we have said, bids fair to be better than the first. Turning to the illustrations, we find that they afford some tolerable examples of the various processes of reproduction now in vogue. And we are rather glad to find that no space is given to chromo-lithographs—an art of late made common, and only to be tolerated when at its best. Among the least fortunate of the reproductions are the so-called facsimiles from original drawings or sketches—a class of work which, if turned out of hand well, has much value and attractiveness. Equally unsatisfactory are many of the reprints from old engravings; the lines which ought to be continuous are broken, the chiaroscuro is crudely black and white, and the whole plate tends to rottenness. In certain of these processes photography comes in as an intermediate agent; even in the admirable woodcuts from statues in the Museum of Naples, it is evident that photographs must have aided the draughtsman in his outlines and articulations. The permanence of all the illustrations seems tolerably well assured by the ink used in the printing. The boasted permanence of some processes has proved painfully illusive; take, as an example, that of Poitevin's litho-photography, unfortunately employed in the magnificent albums of illustrations to M. Labarte's *Histoire des Arts industriels au moyen-âge et à l'époque de la renaissance*. These reproductions, first-class of their kind, were published in 1864, and among them we find an imposing ivory triptych and a Byzantine bas-relief in metal, severally "le résultat d'un transport sur pierre, sans retouches, d'un cliché photographique pris par M. Berthier sur le monument." We have watched these "permanent" impressions year by year; at first they had a force, relief, and detail little short of the originals; now, after persistent fadings, they are reduced almost to shadows. We think, therefore, that *L'Art* is wise not to seek support from broken reeds. Besides, photography is not an art, neither are these processes of reproduction more than delicate mechanical operations. The journal before us aims at something

[*] *L'Art; revue hebdomadaire illustrée.* Librairie de l'Art, Hippolyte Heymann, Editeur, 1875.

more; the actual hand of the artist is present, so that some few of these copies, being the product of the free spirit of art, may fairly take rank as originals.

The consummate art of the best French etchers has of late years been made familiar to England by the plates published in *The Portfolio*. Indeed, *L'Art* borrows, with the consent of Mr. Hamerton, the editor of that journal, a "Cour de maison hollandaise," etched by M. Rajon from a choice example of De Hooghe in our National Gallery. For tone, for suggestion of colour, for shadow without blackness, and light without crudity, as well as for a realism which represents illusively the substance and the surface of stone, bricks, and mortar, this plate is almost beyond the reach of criticism. Here is an instance in which a copy takes independent rank as an original. It used to be said that Coleridge in his translation of *Wallenstein* improved upon Schiller; it is almost a truism that a translator of poetry must be himself a poet, and he often shows his divine gift by throwing himself into the real meaning and living spirit of the author with an ardour which carries him a little over the bounds and impels him into the license which is the poet's privilege. In some such way these French etchings are to be read; they are seldom closely literal; they are often to be received as free translations or even paraphrases. One or two other plates deserve examination. M. Jacquemart, known in England among the foremost of French etchers, has found a congenial theme from Capella, a rare artist, resembling Cuyp, of whom we have lately seen two examples among "the Old Masters" at Burlington House. Usually he dwells lovingly among tranquil seas under serene skies; but here, in "L'approche de l'orage," black masses of cumuli charged with thunder not only serve as an element of grandeur, but are skilfully used as a background to a sea horizon flashed with a gleam of light, and to white sails which float peacefully upon the waters unsuspicious of the coming storm. This plate may be quoted as a poetic rendering of a poetic picture. Moreover, its technique shows knowledge and command of the means which may best conduce to the desired ends. Not a single line is lost in blackness, and each in its movement and vital force gains intention and conduces to unity. The chiaroscuro ranges from points of utmost light to masses of deepest shadow, the two extremes being brought together by delicately graduated intermediate passages. From the multitude of etchings in these volumes we select, partly for the sake of contrast, a plate remarkable chiefly for its audacity. "Le vase de Chine," etched by M. Waltner, hardly exaggerates the bravoura of Fortuny. To that singular genius *L'Art* naturally gives many pages. We are glad to add that our English art is not neglected. In recent numbers are seen to great advantage an etching by M. Rajon of a portrait of Mrs. Baldwin by Reynolds, also a companion plate by M. Waltner of a picture of Mrs. Fitzherbert by Romney. Likewise, in a different line of subject, appears "The Environs of Norwich," after Crome. We are informed that one object which *L'Art* has in view is to make our English school in all its branches better known upon the Continent.

French criticisms on contemporary English art are often amusing, though seldom flattering. The expert employed on the Royal Academy of last year, who signs his name as a pledge that he is prepared to take all consequences, treads on such tender ground that we will not attempt a translation, but give in the original the following morceaux:—

M. J. C. Horsley cultive le genre troubadour de pendule. MM. C. W. Cope, A. Elmore, W. E. Frost, ont beau faire appel aux romanciers, aux poètes, aux dramaturges, ils n'en existent pas davantage; les inspirations que demande M. W. C. T. Dobson au foyer domestique ne sont pas plus heureuses; *Troy Weight*, de M. S. A. Hart, n'a d'autre résultat que de rendre incomprehensible son élection académique.

La part des *Associés* n'est pas beaucoup plus brillante que celle des Académiciens mêmes. M. Henry Stacy Marks est boursoufflé, ses prétentions s'accordent fort mal avec ses résultats. M. H. O'Neil s'est permis une *Ophelia* qui passe tout ce qu'on peut imaginer; c'est d'un mauvais invraisemblable; M. E. J. Poynter a de hautes visées, mais, que Rhodope, helas! les justifie peu! M. D. F. Yeames manufacture du papier peint, et quel papier peint! M. J. E. Hodgson est d'un vulgaire désolant.

Wood engravings, some occupying the whole page, others small enough to be worked into the letterpress, naturally play a conspicuous part. The art as practised in France differs considerably from the form it assumes in England. There can be no doubt that the mistaken teaching in our schools of art, a teaching which requires manual finish rather than intellectual grasp of the subject in hand, has tended to reduce engraving, in common with other arts, to monotonous mechanism. This is made manifest on comparison of the *Graphic*, to take one of the best examples in our current literature, with *L'Art*. More nearly approaching, however, to the swing of hand and the dexterous play of line so triumphant among the French were the drawings on wood by Sir John Gilbert published in the earlier volumes of the *Illustrated London News*. Yet *L'Art* adorns its pages with a pretty and highly finished English woodcut by Mr. J. Whymper, after a drawing of animals with landscape surroundings by Mr. Joseph Wolf. This elaborated print, made dressy as for the drawing-room, and not unworthy of comparison with the famous tail-pieces to Bewick's *Birds*, contrasts strangely with the sketchy and pen-like drawings of donkeys, elephants, and camels, by M. Lançon. We understand that the English school of wood-engraving will shortly appear in this French journal in unaccustomed force, a commission having been given to reproduce on a large scale the two pictures by Claude, and the two by Turner, which hang together in the National Gallery. We are told that a couple are finished, and prove wonderful specimens of English manipulation. These will doubtless be printed each on a separate page, the paper good, and with no letterpress at the back; this obvious provision has been made in recent numbers with advantage. The conclusion we come to—a sort of conclusion to which comparisons often lead—is that the French and English modes of wood-engraving have severally distinctive merits and demerits. We are disappointed not to find architectural plates after the style adopted by M. Viollet le Duc, especially as only in France can this excellence be reached. In turning over the ponderous pages of *L'Art*, some woodcuts we meet with are too black; they remind us of certain of M. Gustave Doré's illustrations to the Bible, which might apparently have been executed before the day when God created light. Speaking generally, we would say in favour of the French, on the evidence here and elsewhere before us, that in their engravings, as in their pictures, they desire tone and unity, and detest distraction; that, moreover, they rejoice in suggestive sketchiness with a light and playful hand, knowing by happy instinct just where to leave off. It must also be admitted that, with considerable realism, they unite the higher faculty of dramatic representation of character. This intuition of the indwelling spirit of a subject, this power of accentuating salient points, extends even to landscape, as will be seen in some sympathetic studies from the breezy trees, dewy meadows, and aerial skies of M. Corot. As a favourable example of the criticisms which throughout these volumes accompany the illustrations, we quote the following:—

Quand le paysagiste classique d'avant 1830 prend pour sujet un *Saint-Jérôme* ou un *Silène* il encadre sa figure dans un paysage assorti et fabriqué de toutes pièces, avec des ciels empruntés au Poussin, des rochers pris à Salvator Rosa, des palmiers tirés de Raphaël, des temples grecs copiés d'un bas-relief quelconque.

Chez Corot, c'est le procédé inverse. Il est trop amoureux de la nature pour ne pas l'accepter telle qu'elle est et la respecter; mais, suivant le caractère des sites qu'il rencontre, suivant leur tristesse ou leur sérénité, leur grandeur ou leur grâce, son imagination y évoque naturellement telle vision riante ou sévère de l'histoire profane ou sacrée. La nature, dans les toiles de Corot, reste donc réelle et ressemblante. Et le personnage qu'il y ajoute ne fait, au lieu de l'altérer, qu'en accentuer le caractère.

The letter-press, which sometimes plays only second to the illustrations, is varied so as to meet all tastes. Music and the drama are not excluded, yet articles of this sort avoid the flashiness of those in the older journal called *L'Artiste*. Cookery is not yet included among the "Fine Arts," an omission which would indicate that in Paris they have not heard of the fine things which Sir Henry Cole K.C.B. has been doing among saucepans and gridirons in London and the country. The articles naturally differ in length as in subject; some, such as the illustrated biographies of M. Gavarni, M. Corot, and M. Fortuny, are long and elaborate; others, like the account of Russian art, are short and inefficient. Evidently one purpose in these many-sided views has been to make the journal cosmopolitan; this, indeed, is essential to its existence. A circulation in France alone could not possibly cover the heavy outlay. With this "international" aim, agents, we are told, have been appointed all over the world; eleven are apportioned to London, four to Vienna, three to Naples, and such places as Bucharest are not forgotten. This does, indeed, look like business. With a like cosmopolitan motive, art news is collected even from regions where art scarcely exists. Some of the writers are also foreign to France; thus Mr. Hamerton, who apologizes needlessly for his French, furnishes two papers on "La nationalité dans l'art." As for the general style of criticism in these volumes, it is that which is known as "smart" journalism. It partakes of the off-hand manner of M. About rather than of the student-like mode of M. Gustave Planche, yet it is seldom so brilliant as the writing of that blatant critic M. Théophile Gautier. Within the range of English criticism Hazlitt and Allan Cunningham most nearly approach these French journalists of art. The weakness of the majority of such writers in all countries is that, being Jacks of all trades, discoursing with equal gusto on Paris sewage and the poetry of Parnassus, they have no profound knowledge of or veneration for art. Like Mr. Ruskin, they find it favourable for what Bacon calls "victory of wit and contradiction"; they use it as "a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down, with a fair prospect."

MORICE'S PINDAR.*

IT is no light task to attempt a translation of Pindar. The experienced poetess who gave the budding ode-writer a sound hint "to sow with the hand, not with the whole sack," did not accomplish all the good results of her excellent advice. In many of his odes there is such a crowding together of myth, gnome, simile, and metaphor into half a dozen consecutive sentences, that to unravel the tangle in English, without losing the thread of connexion by breaking out into lengthy parentheses, or otherwise departing from the original, is a problem costing as much pains as any that can fall to the lot of a classical translator. Some have tried to solve it by rendering Pindar into blank verse; but there is too much truth in Mr. Morice's remark in his preface, that such a version must needs "bear to its original much such a relation as a ship's mast to a fir-tree, or a trim-

* *The Olympian and Pythian Odes of Pindar.* Translated into English Verse, by the Rev. Francis David Morice, M.A., Fellow of Queen's Coll., Oxford, and Assistant Master at Rugby School. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

clipped hedge to a wild hawthorn; the change in form amounts to a change in essence.' Others, like Mr. Myers, with deliberate purpose, and no doubt with a somewhat justifiable "bibliolatry," resort to a prose version after the manner of our Authorized Version of the prophetic books of the Old Testament. Here, however, the danger is lest the excess of words in the English beyond those of the Greek should be in the ratio of three to one. An example occurs to us in the description of Apollo's rescue of Asclepius from his mother Coronis's funeral pyre, and the words *καιομένα δ'αὐτῷ διέφανε πυρά*, in translating which Mr. Myers has "And the blaze of the burning fiery pile was cloven before him asunder in the midst," whilst Mr. Morice goes to the opposite extreme in his too brief rendering, "The flames around him break." The original means, of course, that the burning pile clave asunder for the god to see and carry off his son; but the pregnant sentence is, we must confess, very hard to handle. If, however, this is constantly the case, it is in some measure a recommendation of Mr. Morice's choice of metre for translating Pindar—that is, an approximation to the original in syllabic agreement of corresponding stanzas, as well as in length of lines in strophe and antistrophe, while for a metrical basis resort is had to English metres with considerable license of combinations and equivalents. The result is certainly effective on the whole, and may claim to be fairly Pindaric; whilst it is no discredit to it that it has a seeming smack of Gray, and flows with a roll which may or may not have been caught from that modern ode-writer. It is impossible to reperuse Pindar—and, to understand his drift, he must be reperused, observantly and studiously—without a sense of wonder at the riches of his treasure-house of poetic expression, and without becoming alive to the curious gnomic element which is continually cropping up amid long and digressive narratives, and which, quaint as it is in its position, is introduced in all earnestness by the poet. Mr. Morice says in his preface that he has endeavoured to sustain Pindar's dignity and elevation in representing these peculiarities through the medium of a translation; and it is impossible to deny that in many passages a sound insight and intention have been rewarded by adequate success. We seem to gain a fair idea of the very exceptional style and manner of the laureate of royal and noble victors, who mingled compliments with admonitions, and was never so dazzled by the sunny fortunes of the hero he panegyrized as to forget or withhold the lessons of desert and destiny, but instilled a cautious dread of Nemesis in the same strain in which he had just extolled the favourite of fortune. Thus, in the second Olympian Ode, amid the praise of Theron of Acragas, a descendant of Polynices and a victor in the chariot race, who was as much indebted to great wealth as to the prestige of family renown and distinction in the games, Pindar cannot refrain from the hint that virtue and moderation must blend with these advantages, if they are to be enduring. The passage to which we refer will give, as rendered by Mr. Morice, a good notion of the moral tone of the great poet he translates, and of the mode in which he contrives in his teaching to attach a sense of responsibility to the possession of wealth and external advantages (Ol. ii. 53-74):—

> What cannot wealth in radiant virtues drest,
> That thrills with eager zeal the inmost breast?
> Like some bright star its glorious beams it throws;
> And blest therewith (none better) Thero knows
> How swiftest vengeance waits the guilty dead,
> And for the sins men sin in realms of day
> 'Neath earth a stern judge speaks the sentence dread
> Of fate's resistless sway.
>
> But by day alike and night
> Upon the righteous rises ever light.
> They dwell in a life unvext of toil. Nor need to task the weary soil,
> Nor waters of the main
> For scant subsistence. Fearless days they gain
> With those Heaven-honoured ones in Truth that joy,
> While sinners cower 'neath weight of dire annoy.
>
> Happiest they that thrice endure
> Through life and death, and still from sin are pure.
> For such Zeus leads to Cronus' tower, where round about the island bower
> Of blessed spirits strays
> Breath of sea airs, and golden flowerets blaze,
> Some on fair trees, some of the waters bred;
> Wherewith themselves they garland hands and head.

Hard as it is to represent Pindar's sense and elevation of sentiment without perceptible abatement in the process, a comparison of the Greek here would justify the impression that the passage is finely and faithfully rendered, and that the translator has caught the tone and spirit of the poet's view of the state of man after death—a view, as K. O. Müller noted in his History of Greek Literature, markedly in advance of that of Homer in his Odyssey.

Amidst the choice of passages of beauty offered in the Olympian and Pythian Odes one may well be puzzled to make an election. The account of the finding of the babe Iamus, child of Evadne and Phœbus, where his mother had hidden him in a brake, all bathed with golden and deep purple gleams of pansy-flowers (perhaps "Viola lutea" and "Viola cornuta," but never surely *wall-flowers*, as Donaldson would have us think), is a very pretty description (Ol. vi. 52-7); and the legend of the discovery of Rhodes, while yet below the sea-surface, by the Sun-god who had been overlooked in the allotment system of Zeus, and of its

> Rising from the hoary deep
> Rich in sustenance for man and plenteous pasturage for sheep

(Ol. vii. p. 30)

is a charming myth, to which our translator has done justice in his version. The description of Ætna and its eruptions in Pyth. i. 21-8 (*τᾶς ἐρεύγονται μὲν—ποτικεκλιμένον κεντεῖ*), recounting the attendant phenomena by day and by night, given truly by Mr. Morice, although not with such literality as to impart stiffness to his version, may serve for a sufficient sample:—

> Gushing thence with purest flow from the secret cavern stream
> Deadly fires. By day in torrents of lurid smoke they sweep,
> But nightly forth, with blood-red gleam,
> Curling flames hurl rocks in thunder adown the level deep.
> And fiercest the fire-jets upward sent
> By the monster engaoled, the gazer's dread, the listener's wonderment.
>
> Bound he lies 'neath Ætna's floor, 'neath its summits dark with trees;
> Stones for coverlet scar all his back as he cowers o'erthrown.

The lava-stream and the imprisoned Typhon's writhings are vividly presented, and we fail to find any word of the original which is not taken account of directly or indirectly in the translation. We must return to the Sixth Olympian Ode to quote Mr. Morice's rendering of its often admired opening. The poet claims that his exordium must be particularly splendid, and, with a reference to the science of architecture, commences the building of his lofty strain:—

> *χρυσέας ὑποστάσαντες εὐτυχεῖ προθύρῳ θαλάμου*
> *κίονας, ὡς ὄτε θαητὸν μέλλομεν ἄρχεσθαι μέγαρον*
> *πάξομεν· ἀρχομένου δ' ἔργου πρόσωπον*
> *χρὴ θέμεν τηλαυγές.*
>
> As who would frame some gorgeous hall, Uprears its porch with shapely wall
> On golden pillars hung:
> Our song's proud front must glitter from afar.

Here the dignity and grandeur of the conception are fitly preserved without recourse to technical terms which import into prose versions and commentaries something foreign and alien to the nature of the Greek.

But the translator of Pindar needs the gift of gnomic sententiousness as much as that of weaving line upon line in what his model calls *κλυταῖσιν ὕμνων πτυχαῖς* ("in song's bright coil," Morice; "in the sounding labyrinth of song," Myers). Two or three specimens of translated apophthegms from the Olympian and Pythian Odes, compared with their originals, will show what Mr. Morice has achieved in this respect. In Ol. ii. 51-2 the poet sings:—

> *τὸ δὲ τυχεῖν*
> *πειρώμενον ἀγωνίας παραλύει δυσφρόνων.*
>
> Victory setteth free the essayer from the struggle's griefs.—Myers.

And Mr. Morice renders—

> Thus to gain
> The prize we toil for breaks the bonds of pain.

Akin to this, in Ol. xi. 22, Pindar has it that

> *ἄπονον δ' ἔλαβον χάρμα παῦροί τινες.*
>
> To success without pain May but few attain.—Morice.

But the vein is one of higher character and morality where he sets forth in a single verse that

> *ἔβαλεν καὶ χάρματ' ἀνθρώποισι Προμαθέος Αἰδώς.*—Ol. vii. 44.
>
> Prescient Reverence to mortals bringeth ever joy and might;

whilst the converse is stated in the sentiment of the Ninth Ode:—

> *καὶ τὸ καύκασθαι παρὰ καιρὸν*
> *μανίαισιν ὑποκρίκει* (38-9).
>
> And misplaced vaunts
> Are songs for a madman's string.

Sometimes a Pindaric saw finds curter measure in the copy than in the original, as where the simile employed in Pyth. iii. 36-7 for the consequences of sin involving those who are near to or connected with the sinner—

> *πολλὰν δ' ὄρει πῦρ ἐξ ἑνὸς*
> *σπέρματος εὐθορὸν ἀΐστωσεν ὕλαν*

is rendered thus succinctly by Mr. Morice:—

> Thus one quick spark fires all the dell.

And sometimes in the translation before us we are surprised to find that a rendering which at first sight we suspect as an anachronistic importation of new ideas into an ancient sentiment is warranted by the inner meaning of the Greek when duly pondered over. Here is an instance. In the same ode from which we have last quoted the poet says to Hiero, in excuse for his mixture of ill health with the gifts of high fortune,

> *ἐν παρ' ἐσλὸν πήματα σύνδυο δαίονται βροτοῖς*
> *ἀθάνατοι. τὰ μὲν ὧν οὐ δύνανται νήπιοι κόσμῳ φέρειν,*
> *ἀλλ' ἀγαθοί, τὰ καλὰ τρέψαντες ἔξω.*—Vv. 81-4.

And in the translation Hiero is reminded

> How for each blessing gods bestow They add a double share of woe;
> Fools may not brook its weight, but wise men find
> *The threatening cloud is silver-lined.*

Is there any warranty for the metaphor in the last of these lines? There is at least thus much, that, as Donaldson shows, it is a proverbial expression for "putting the brighter or fairer side outward," borrowed from *turning old clothes*. Therefore, putting the bright lining outside and dismissing from sight its dusky obverse may fairly be admitted as within the scope of the passage.

[illegible] of proverbial expressions, it is quite natural that we [illegible] and many such in [illegible] of them more or less akin

to modern adages, others illustrative of widespread Hellenic proverbs which have come down to us. In the Sixth Olympian Ode the victor, Agesias, son of Sostratus, is congratulated on his luck in the race of mule-cars on this wise:—

> ἵστω γὰρ ἐν τούτῳ πεδίλῳ δαιμόνιον πόδ' ἔχων
> Σωστράτου υἱός.
>
> Sostratus's son, thy feet around Such sandal fair hath fortune bound; (Morice)

or, as Mr. Myers renders it, "Let the son of Sostratus know that he has his lucky foot in this sandal." The Greek expression, *περὶ πόδα ἐστί*, as Donaldson showed, is equivalent to our saying "The cap fits"; but we also seem to detect in it the possible source of the common, and perhaps slang, expression, "You have put your foot in it," though it is used by us "in malam," not, as here, "in bonam partem." In the same ode, later on (89-90), Pindar adjures Æneas, the bearer of his ode to the Stymphalian chorus, to which he would have to explain and teach it, to make sure of escape from the "ancient reproach that spake truly of *Bœotian swine*" (*ἀρχαῖον ὄνειδος—Βοιωτίαν ὗν*). It has been said that this stigma took its shape from the resemblance of Bœotian wits to the dampness and thickness of their atmosphere; but one of our later historians of Greece refers it (as this passage renders it reasonable) to a constitutional sluggishness induced by the fertility of the country, which bred luxury.

One or two minor slips we should like to see amended in this translation. In Ol. iii. 1-2, *Τυνδαρίδαις—εὔχομαι*, it is not a wish, or prayer, or invocation, which the poet makes, but a confident assertion, as is clear if we consult Donaldson and Myers. In Ol. v. 3 we should be glad to see some readjustment of the verses—

> Deign a welcome to the gift
> Hither that the victor Psaumis sends thee for his mule-car swift-

which would bring out the curious feature in the original of the *car* being set before its *master* as the giver of the gift. In Ol. viii. 23 we can find no Greek to correspond with the somewhat obscure English, "So o'er no folk she reigns." But, as a set-off against these small fault-findings, we could string together, had we space, numberless felicitous renderings of Pindaric expressions which indicate Mr. Morice's possession of at least that boldness of fancy and poetic sense which are essential to the translation of so soaring a bard.

HUGH CRICHTON'S ROMANCE.*

WE have read more thrilling romances than Hugh Crichton's. Yet it must have come in as an exciting episode in the humdrum existence of an English banker who is a model of unattractive respectability. Not that the novel is by any means a dull one as novels go. Perhaps we need hardly say that it would have been all the more readable for being curtailed by a third, for that is the inevitable criticism on nineteen-twentieths of the fictions that drag their tedious length through the reviewer's hands. Yet its merits are something more than negative. It is perfectly pure and ladylike throughout; the grammar is unexceptionable, the style simple, and there is nothing in the way of expression or coarse sensationalism that could shock the most refined sensibility. Besides, it sets out a considerable variety of character, and shows an appreciative knowledge of picturesque foreign life. The chief defects, besides a certain prolixity, are a looseness of plot which causes people to turn up promiscuously, vanishing as suddenly as they appeared, before we have had time to discern their purpose or distinguish their features; and a violation of probabilities in straining the incidents which are to become the pivots of the action. And, on second thoughts, when we said there was no sensationalism in the book, we are reminded that we should have made a single exception. The happiness of a couple of lives is nearly wrecked permanently by the sacrifice of a third in most unnatural circumstances. There is a nice, taking little girl, Mysie Crofton by name, who has glided into an engagement with a cousin with whom she has been brought up. Their course of true love seems likely to carry them very comfortably into the tranquil haven of early matrimony. But it becomes indispensable that poor Mysie should be brought to an untimely end. So she is inexorably condemned, and the question is how to dispose of her so that the shadow of her death may fall upon Hugh Crichton as well as her betrothed. The author manages it in this wise. She sends Hugh and Arthur out rabbit-shooting in company. Hugh is out of temper for various reasons. After a succession of misses, he sees another rabbit before him and throws up his gun. Quicker even than the movement—and snap rabbit-shooting is quick work—Arthur shouts to him not to fire, lest he should frighten Mysie, for Mysie has been visible at some considerable distance standing on the bank of a canal by the brink of a lock. It must have been a prophetic inspiration of evil on the part of the lover, for nothing could have been more unlikely than the impending catastrophe. So the prosaic Hugh does just what most people would have done in the circumstances; he ejaculates "Nonsense," and knocks the rabbit over. But immediately on the sharp report—she seems to have paid no attention to the previous firing—Mysie drops with the rabbit, and falls headlong into the canal. The gentlemen of course are on the spot as fast as their legs can carry them there, and the remorseful Hugh is making plunges like an otter. He might have made sure of coming straight on the unhappy girl in the still water, but it is ordered otherwise. Somehow he ingeniously manages to miss her; there is nothing to be done but let the water drain off, and then, when at last she is landed on the bank, it is found that she has been spared the slow pain of drowning. She had been the unfortunate victim of a coincidence of fatalities; and how she should have struck her head on the stones, considering that she tumbled into deep water past the sheer sides of the lock, we confess ourselves utterly incapable of conceiving.

As for looseness of plot, the author is utterly indifferent to those unities of place to which the purists of an earlier age insisted on attending so rigidly. The story opens in Italy; in consequence of a lovers' misunderstanding, the hero, Hugh, returns to England, carrying with him and leaving behind him a bitter disappointment and melancholy heartaches. But the severed lives, with the attraction and repulsion of injured feelings, are never brought together again till very near the close of the volumes. For a time the little Italian household is almost suffered to slip from our recollection, and we are distracted in the meanwhile from the main excitement by subordinate interests which engross our attention, although it is only fair to say that these last are not without their bearings on the former. But the result is a gratuitous diffusion of our sympathies where it would need all the mechanical art of the writer to make us concentrate them on any one of her characters. We may add that she has either written her book in some ignorance of the weaknesses of society, or, as we think more probable, has chosen deliberately to try to elevate the tone of society by ostentatiously affecting to ignore its prejudices. Many schoolmistresses and governesses no doubt are ladies of better education, accomplishments, birth, and breeding than those who make use of their services. No doubt, in virtue of the responsibilities of their important charge, they ought to be treated with the utmost deference and consideration. Unfortunately, however, they seldom are so treated, and most people will confess to a faint sense of respectful repulsion towards ladies whose business it is to discipline a schoolful of buoyant girls by affecting the virtues of austerity, till these almost become a second nature to them. At all events we should regard it as something of a social phenomenon were we to light upon three maiden sisters, schoolmistresses, who mixed on the easiest terms with the golden youth of the best county society, and whose Christian names were familiarly taken in vain by eligible young gentlemen, the beaux of the neighbourhood. The author, however, tacitly assumes this to be the normal state of things; nor does she hint at worldly-wise parents deeming it anything of a *mésalliance* were flirtation to end in something more serious. In like manner the family of a well-to-do solicitor, who have a pseudo-fashionable set of acquaintances in South Kensington, are delighted to encourage the foreign cousins that they welcome in looking out for pupils or seeking situations as governesses; nor do they make any display of foolish prejudices as to the elder of the sisters trying her fortunes on the stage. We grant that it would have been snobbish had they behaved differently, and that the kindest thing they could do was to help a couple of penniless girls to get their living in a respectable way. But, as things are, and considering their circumstances on the borders of the gay world, it was sufficiently to their credit to act as they did for the author to have called her readers' attention to it.

These two Italian girls, English by the mother's side, are drawn with no little art and spirit. Both are fascinating in their different ways, but the characters are made to contrast with each other charmingly. Violante, the younger, is blessed with a voice that might be a gold mine, and has beauty and sweet manners to back it up with. Her father, a professional musician, has always destined her for triumphs in the opera; but his cherished ambition is doomed to disappointment. Violante's shrinking shyness mars everything; her nature is prosaic, and not at all dramatic, and even in rehearsing at home she acts execrably. Rosa, on the other hand, with a voice harsh as a peacock's, is a born actress, and so throws herself into her parts in trying to animate her sister that, were there only spectators, she would bring down the house. The scene between the two is very prettily given where Rosa is acting the impetuous Don Giovanni to Violante's awkward and embarrassed Zerlina:—

> It was a pretty scene in the hot, shady room; Rosa in her fantastic dress, her eyes bright, her face full of ardour, acting the part with a force and fervour that seemed marvellous to Violante; and the slender, delicate, white-robed girl, with her birdlike voice and natural grace that yet lent itself so imperfectly to the gestures and smiles she was trying to copy, so little inspired by the fictitious character and feeling that Don Giovanni's vehement and characteristic loving made her hang her head and blush, forgetful of the coquettish response intended.

We are sorry that the author should not have carried more of this graceful vigour of description into her scenes of English life. When we leave Italy and Violante's stage experiences for the quiet English town of Oxley, we decidedly lose by the change. Perhaps the home pictures are only too realistic; for though the people are good-looking, healthy, and cheery, with the exception of the gentlemen whose lives were blighted on the canal bank, they are on the whole insipid and very commonplace. Of course it is Violante who is at the bottom of Hugh Crichton's romance. It would sound like a shock and a scandal to the whole neighbourhood that a staid banker, the very incarnation of business qualities and tame

* *Hugh Crichton's Romance.* By the Author of "Lady Betty," &c. Macmillan & Co. 1875.

propriety, should bring this impulsive young opera singer home to his hearth at the Bank House. Yet it is clear from the first that his romance must have a happy ending somehow, and that the game of cross purposes which parts the lovers for so long can only come to one inevitable conclusion. In the meantime, and as the story draws leisurely towards its end, the introduction of the sweet but fantastic young Italian as pupil-teacher throws some picturesque light into the dull interior of the Miss Vennings' seminary. But in making one of her leading couples happy the author seems to think she has done enough. The survivor of the parallel love affair which ended so prematurely in the canal never attains to the fruition of the consolation which we are all along led to believe is in store for him. He is a good-natured fellow, though somewhat mawkish; just the sort of man to piece up his broken life if some congenial and sympathetic heart were brought in contact with his own. And one of the fair spinsters of the school is only too willing to play the part of ministering angel. Her frank manners betray what we can scarcely call her secret; her fine blue eyes fill with tears as Arthur breathes into her sympathetic ears half-resigned lamentations over his melancholy lot. Schoolmistress as she is, and although somewhat muscularly made, Florry Venning is a captivating girl; and if the aunt of the lorn lover, who has stood in the place of a mother to him, offers apparently no objection to this union, we should be only too glad to see the young lady made happy, as she longs to be. But the author at the last moment decides otherwise, and, after leading us fully to expect a final proposal, she closes her tale with startling abruptness, and sentences Arthur Crichton to solitary transportation in India. That we felt the decision to be a disappointment and a mistake is a proof that our imagination had been wrought upon by successful treatment; and indeed we have read the story with more than average interest, although here and there the attention would flag notwithstanding our conscientious efforts to steady it.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

PHŒNICIA * differs from most regions of special archæological interest in the comparative penury of its relics of the remote past and in the compensating richness of more recent periods, and the general vitality of its actual existence. While Tyre and Sidon have vanished far more completely than Memphis and Nineveh, while even the later Roman period has left few traces of itself, on the other hand the recollections of the Crusading and Venetian epochs are comparatively fresh, the slopes of the Lebanon are a scene of busy industry, and Beyrout, the heir of the old Phœnician marts, is passing through one of the most prosperous phases of its chequered history. It follows that any comprehensive account of Phœnicia on a large scale is likely to be a medley; the writer cannot omit the specifically Phœnician part of his subject; but, from sheer poverty of material, is compelled to eke it out with a variety of extraneous matter. Dr. Prutz's work is not wholly exempt from the suspicion of book-making, and hardly corresponds to the expectations aroused by the title; yet we can scarcely quarrel with him for giving us more than we anticipated instead of less. The value of his work as a contribution to Phœnician archæology is almost wholly comprised in the chapter on ancient Tyre, and even this is little more than a compilation from the researches of others. The most important part of it is a dissertation on the geological changes which, by affecting the sea-level, and aided by the mole constructed by Alexander the Great, have gradually submerged a portion of the ancient city, filled the original harbours, and converted the two islands into one. It is illustrated by plans indicating the theories which have been broached upon the subject. Dr. Prutz seems not to possess the specially Semitic erudition necessary to constitute him an authority on the life and polity of Phœnician Tyre; and, in fact, little can be added to the researches of Mövers and Kenrick until the great enterprise here suggested shall be carried out, the mole restored, the sea drained away from the submerged city, and the recovered site carefully excavated. Dr. Prutz's description of Baalbec is exceedingly enthusiastic. The city, he thinks, is adapted by nature to be the capital of Syria, and would become so under a judicious administration. A chapter on Beyrout describes the present condition of this chief port of Syria as extremely flourishing, and as the seat of a highly important European community, the German element in which is becoming considerable. The most original of Dr. Prutz's contributions to our knowledge are perhaps his chapters on the history of Tyre under the Crusaders, and on the Venetian community established there. The latter contains much curious antiquarian information, as does a disquisition on the Venetian church of St. Mark in the city.

The veteran Von Ranke has judiciously abstained from entitling his work on the Seven Years' War † a history of the eventful conflict. It is properly described by him as a contribution to the history of the period—an historical essay, in fact, occupied with the causes and consequences of the struggle rather than with its actual incidents, and based to a considerable extent upon recent researches in the Austrian archives. The effect of these may not have been materially to modify accepted views respecting the rights and wrongs of the war; but they tend to bring into clearer light its influence on the European political system—the approximation of ancient rivals, the formation of new ties, the introduction of fresh members into the international concert; above all, the preparation for American independence by the destruction of the French colonial power against which the English colonists had hitherto needed protection. Perhaps the most generally interesting part of the book is a memoir by Chancellor Fürst, Prussian agent at the Court of Vienna immediately before the outbreak of the war, in which the characters of Maria Theresa and her Ministers, and of the Austrian administration in general, are sketched in a very lively style.

Francisca von Hohenheim * was for many years the mistress, and eventually the duchess, of Carl Duke of Wurtemberg, celebrated in connexion with Schiller. She appears to have been an amiable and, notwithstanding her ambiguous situation, pious woman, whose beneficial influence on her partner probably contributed to that reformation of conduct which regained for him the affections of his subjects. These particulars are set forth at great, and indeed tedious, length by her admiring biographer, who takes care to represent her original and forsaken husband in the most unfavourable light. He may have deserved all the harm said of him; but it is no especial breach of charity to surmise that, had he been an angel, things would nevertheless have taken much the same course. Duke Charles was certainly much above the average level of the German princes of his day. Some remarks of his on the state of France, written in 1788 after a visit to the country, show remarkable sagacity. "France," he says, "is at the last gasp, and the most drastic remedies seem entirely in vain. The King is more than weak; the Queen addicted to every kind of dissipation, and justly odious to the people; commerce, agriculture, credit, all are prostrate. The States-General are to be convoked; but to what end where there is no fidelity or confidence, and none are really in earnest? Instructor Time, what art thou about to reveal?"

Colonel Leer's treatise on strategy, † translated from the Russian, appears to be precise and lucid. It is divided into two sections, treating respectively of offensive and defensive war, and both illustrated by examples from the most celebrated campaigns. It is prefaced by a review of previous strategical literature since the appearance of General Lloyd's critical history of the Seven Years' War.

The second volume of Radenhausen's *Osiris* ‡ may, like the first, be described as a physical history of the universe, with few pretensions on the score of originality, but admirable as a lucid and pregnant condensation of the most generally accepted results of scientific inquiry. This character applies more particularly to the first volume, which treats of inorganic nature; the problems of biological development, discussed in the second, affording more scope for controversy. In general, however, Herr Radenhausen's representation of the cosmical process may be accepted as fairly corresponding to the present condition of knowledge, even by those most disposed to regard his materialism as merely the groundwork of fact from which it yet remains to educe a truly philological cosmogony.

Dr. Volkelt §, known as the critic of Hartmann and Schopenhauer, has published an interesting monograph on dreams, partly founded on Schemer's work on this subject. In Scherner's view the visions beheld in dreams are chiefly repetitions of the dreamer's contemporaneous physical sensations in an idealized shape. Of this he gives numerous instances, to which Dr. Volkelt adds sundry others from his own experience. He pleads guilty, for example, to having on one occasion exceeded in beer, and shows how the resulting physical sensation was translated in sleep into a number of symbols devoid of all apparent connexion with the cause of the indisposition, but all capable of being resolved into the feeling of listless drowsiness. Such observations open up an interesting and obscure chapter in psychology. Dr. Volkelt's own theory is that of Hegel, who terms every dream a microcosm, and regards the production of a rudimentary degree of consciousness out of a state of slumber as an image in miniature of the passage of Not Being into Being, so much insisted on in his philosophy.

Herr Byk ‖ has written a very interesting volume on the pre-Socratic philosophy of Greece. The first volume treats of the philosophers upon whom he bestows the appellation of Dualists, including all the most eminent names except Democritus, Heraclitus, and the Eleatic school. The fitness of the designation is scarcely apparent, as by Herr Byk's own definition these thinkers were all engaged in the quest of an absolute unity, and it is only

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* *Aus Phönizien. Geographische Skizzen und historische Studien.* Von Hans Prutz. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

† *Zur Geschichte von Oesterreich und Preussen zwischen den Friedensschlüssen zu Aachen und Hubertusburg.* Von Leopold von Ranke. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Asher & Co.

* *Herzog Karl von Würtemberg und Franziska von Hohenheim.* Biographisch dargestellt von L. Vely. Stuttgart: Simon. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Strategische Aufsätze.* Von Leer. Aus dem Russischen. Gera: Reisewitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Osiris. Weltgesetze in der Erdgeschichte.* Von C. Radenhausen. Bd. 2. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

§ *Die Traum-Phantasie.* Von Dr. Johannes Volkelt. Stuttgart: Meyer & Zeller. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Die vorsokratische Philosophie der Griechen in ihrer organischen Gliederung dargestellt.* Von S. A. Byk. Th. 1. Die Dualisten. Leipzig: Schaefer. London: Asher & Co.

in virtue of their efforts in this direction that they are entitled to rank as philosophers at all. With him, as with most others, Thales ranks as the founder of Hellenic philosophy, the first who attempted to reduce the multitude of natural phenomena, and of their personifications in the popular mythology, to substantial unity as manifestations of a single principle. He admits having frequently taken considerable liberties with the philosophers whose opinions he describes, and having availed himself of the dangerous privilege of reconstruction by divination to a degree only justifiable by the fragmentary condition of the primitive texts. On the other hand, his quotations are exceedingly numerous, although the majority are necessarily derived from late and second-hand authorities, such as Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius. It may further be pleaded in his excuse that the object of his work is not so much to state the opinions of individuals as to exhibit the progress of philosophic thought as a consecutive movement.

Paul Scheffer-Boichorst returns to the charge against the authenticity of the chronicle of Dino Compagni *, and, after a full examination of the grounds alleged in its defence by Professor Hegel, reiterates his conviction of its being a forgery.

F. Becker, in an ingenious essay on the supposed caricature of the Crucifixion † discovered among the ruins of an Imperial palace at Rome, ascribes the sketch to the age of Septimius Severus, and contests Garrucci's opinion that the idea of it was derived from an actual crucifix. He seems unacquainted with the opinion of Mr. King and other English archæologists that the caricature has no reference to the Crucifixion.

Herman Grimm's ‡ fifteen essays on literary and artistic subjects are for the most part but slight affairs, and scarcely worth the trouble of collecting, though all are distinguished by the writer's characteristic elegance of treatment. In one or two instances the interest of the subject redeems the slightness of the execution, especially in the case of the essay devoted to the powerful and eccentric Belgian painter, Antoine Wiertz, a man of truly original genius, who presented himself to the world as the rival or successor of Rubens, but will probably be ranked by posterity as intermediate between Kaulbach and Fuseli. Herr Grimm is too much under the influence of academical convention to be altogether just to so daring, and in some respects grotesque, an innovator in all things conventional and academical. The most elaborate of the literary essays is an analysis of the character of Hamlet, arriving at the conclusion that it is "an incarnate contradiction," and must consequently always remain more or less enigmatical. A review of the life and works of Cornelius, which concludes the volume, is of more compass and authority than anything else in it, and might have been advantageously published as a separate work. It includes several interesting notes of interviews with Cornelius, mostly with a bearing upon the mortifications he underwent in his latter years.

Eleven enormous volumes have at last brought Herr Klein's general history of the drama to the history of the drama of England§, which, if continued upon the scale of the first volume devoted to it, may probably be completed in about eleven more. Herr Klein has not yet got beyond the early miracle plays, to which about a hundred and twenty pages are devoted out of a volume of 750. The remainder are occupied with the ancient Celts, the Roman and Saxon conquests of Britain, the lays of the Welsh bards, Ossian, Chaucer, Robin Hood, anything and everything except the English drama; the whole intermixed with grotesque sallies against Immanuel Kant and other persons and things equally germane to the matter. It would be hard to find a more signal instance of the misapplication of industry, erudition, and literary ardour.

A little volume of musical criticisms, published under the name of La Mara ‖, will be found useful as a compendious sketch of the most popular representatives, Wagner excepted, of the prevalent schools of German music. Rubinstein, Franz, and Brahms may especially be cited as composers who have attained such a position as to have created a genuine demand for accurate information respecting their principal pieces. This the writer supplies with evident fairness and painstaking, and his criticism, though technical, is in no respect abstruse. The value of the book is greatly enhanced by the catalogues it contains of the composers' principal works.

The name of C. F. Pohl ¶ is a guarantee for good work in the department of musical criticism. His carefully written biography of Haydn, however, has not as yet advanced beyond the composer's reception into the family of Prince Esterhazy, at which period he had indeed acquired a reputation, but his great works were yet to come. Haydn's life is at best uneventful, and the general placidity of the narrative is enhanced by the minute investigation which his biographer has bestowed upon points in themselves of no great moment, but which could not be neglected without destruction to the entire texture of the narrative which they collectively constitute. A work written on this plan must, indeed, be unattractive to general readers, but finds its justification in the needs of the exclusively musical public, whose interest in Haydn requires more substantial satisfaction than the knowledge that he was a singularly amiable man of retiring habits, with the kindest of patrons and the unkindest of wives.

Anton Springer's investigation of the circumstances attending Michel Angelo's residence in Rome from 1508 to 1512 * is mainly based upon the information recently brought to light by the edition of the artist's letters by Milanesi and his Life by Gotti. It is a clear and interesting monograph.

Herr Karl Fulda † can of course tell us little of novelty respecting Shakspeare's life, but his notices of the degree in which subsequent poets and artists have been indebted to the great dramatist, if not precisely new, are yet acceptable from the clearness and neatness with which they are grouped together.

A tragedy on the history of Savonarola ‡, by Ernst Koppel, shows good intentions, but the writer's powers are not yet adequate to the subject. It is indeed questionable whether the story of Savonarola is as well adapted for dramatic treatment as Lenau has shown it to be for epical. Herr Koppel, at all events, has not succeeded in breathing life into his personages; their declamation is irreproachable, but they are almost as entirely representatives of conventional types as are the heroes of the quaint puppet-plays edited by C. Engel. § The fourth part of this series contains "Geneviève," "Jack Pudding as Exorcist," and "Almanda."

The January number of the *Rundschau* ‖ has a pretty novelette by E. Wichert; the conclusion of Herr Raaslöff's paper on the constitutional crisis in Denmark, which seems likely to terminate in a *coup d'état*; a long and laboured apology for Goethe's bigamous Stella, with some interesting references to its possible connexion with the family circumstances of Jacobi; and a valuable communication from the naturalist Anton Dohrn, respecting the aquarium established by him for scientific purposes at Naples.

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* *Die Chronik des Dino Compagni.* Von Paul Scheffer-Boichorst. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

† *Der Spott-Crucifix der römischen Kaiserpaläste.* Von F. Becker. Gera: Reisewitz. London: Nutt.

‡ *Fünfzehn Essays.* Von Herman Grimm. Neue Folge. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Geschichte des Englischen Drama's.* Von J. L. Klein. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Musikalische Studienköpfe aus der Jungsterzeitgenossenheit und Gegenwart.* Von La Mara. Leipzig: Schmidt & Günther. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Joseph Haydn.* Von C. F. Pohl. Bd. 1. Abth. 1. Berlin: Sacco. London: Williams & Norgate.

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* *Michel Angelo in Rom, 1508–1512.* Von Anton Springer. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Nutt.

† *William Shakespeare. Eine neue Studie über sein Leben und sein Dichten.* Von Karl Fulda. Marburg: Ehrhardt. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Savonarola.* Trauerspiel von E. Koppel. Bernburg: Schmelzer. London: Trübner.

§ *Deutsche Puppenkomödien.* Herausgegeben von C. Engel. Th. iv. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Trübner.

‖ *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 2, Hft. 4. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

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THE SLAVE CIRCULAR DEBATE.

THE debate on the Slave Circular or Circulars has had the advantage of clearing up many points as to which it was desirable that public opinion should be enlightened. It was, in the first place, calculated to put in a clear way the distinction between the question how slaves taken on board vessels seized for carrying on the slave-trade are to be treated, and the question how slaves escaping from a country where slavery is legal are to be treated. The distinction seems obvious; but it was one that had evidently failed to catch the attention of many members of the House of Commons, who, in discussing Mr. WHITBREAD'S motion, persisted in referring to the Act of 1873. This Act had nothing to do with the treatment of fugitive slaves, but dealt only with slaves found on board vessels seized for carrying on the slave-trade. In the next place, the discussion showed what had been the mainspring of the difficulties that had practically arisen. The general belief of commanders of men-of-war has been that fugitive slaves coming on board their vessels, wherever those vessels might be, gained a status of liberty by the mere fact of their being there, and that it was the business of naval commanders to see that the fugitives did not lose the advantage they thus obtained. The general doctrine of the Foreign Office has been, on the other hand, that slaves escaping to British men-of-war lying in foreign ports ought to be given back to their owners. There can be no question that this was the doctrine of the Foreign Office which Lord DERBY found to be established when he was asked to give instructions. Lord CLARENDON had laid down this doctrine in the clearest language, had censured a naval commander for not having acted on it, and had actually apologized to a slave-holding Power for an infraction of the rule. Lord GRANVILLE had sent out instructions to commanders on the East Indies station that slaves escaping to British men-of-war within territorial limits should be returned to their owners. It is clear to every one not bewildered by party spirit that if, when asked for new instructions, Lord DERBY had simply said that he had nothing to add to the doctrines of Lord CLARENDON and Lord GRANVILLE, by which he felt himself bound, we should either have heard nothing of the new-born British disgust at this doctrine, or the disgust must have taken the form of a vehement disapproval of the pernicious doctrines of Liberal Foreign Secretaries, and an appeal to Lord DERBY to take courage and wash his hands clean of the Liberal pitch by which they had been defiled. Unfortunately for himself and his party, Lord DERBY, instead of doing this, issued the First Circular, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in the course of the debate explained how it happened that the First Circular assumed its very peculiar shape, and what were the doctrines on which it was based.

The view of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was that fugitive slaves were breakers of the law of their country, and that it was the duty of England to help foreign authorities to see their laws upheld. He recognized no right in England to question the validity of local laws. It was enough that the law existed. In pursuance of this doctrine, he saw no difference as to the place where the fugitive might happen to be received. The English man-of-war might be in a foreign harbour or on the open sea; it was equally the duty of England to treat a law-breaker as a criminal and to help foreign law to take effect. So far as fugitive slaves were concerned, the question of the extra-territorial character of men-of-war did not in the eyes of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL arise at all. Whatever might be the abstract rights of the English commander, his duty was to further the course of foreign law. This doctrine may now be said to be exploded. No one except the ATTORNEY-GENERAL maintained it in debate. It was abandoned under the advice of the CHANCELLOR in the Second Circular, and it was a new doctrine not sanctioned by the precedents of former Governments. The main question was left—whether the standing doctrine of the Foreign Office, that fugitive slaves received within territorial limits are to be given up, is to be upheld? This, again, resolves itself into two questions:—Are we bound to surrender slaves received on board our men-of-war under such circumstances? and, Is it practically wise to surrender them even if we are not bound? The debate has made it clear that we are not bound to surrender the slaves. The Second Circular was framed by Lord CAIRNS in accordance with this view. It expressly directs commanders not to entertain any demand for surrender. But even members of the Cabinet were not clear on the point, and had not realized to themselves what is meant by the extra-territorial character of a man-of-war. They were puzzled by a man-of-war having to submit to Customs and Quarantine regulations. The distinction, however, is simple enough when pointed out. The man-of-war must abide by the rules of the port, regulating how it shall come in, where it shall lie, how it shall communicate with the shore, and so forth; but as to all that happens within its own limits, it is out of the foreign jurisdiction altogether. If a political refugee, or a murderer, or a fugitive slave, gets on board, it is entirely a matter for the commander to decide whether he will give his unwelcome guest up or not. Most persons would say that he ought not to give up a political refugee, and that he ought to give up a murderer; while as to fugitive slaves, commanders fancied they ought not to give them up, and the Foreign Office, although with some wavering of opinion, has still, on the whole, and especially in recent years, thought they ought to give them up.

The arguments for giving the slave up, and for not giving him up, are both drawn from the consideration of what is best for slaves generally. On the one hand, it is said that it is best to give him up because we can only attack slavery effectually with the good will of the countries where it exists, or by getting them to concur with us in the measures which we think for the time the most necessary and indispensable. Speaking broadly, it may be said that we have thrown all our energies into suppressing the slave-trade, and have left domestic slavery undisturbed. We could not attack domestic slavery if we wished to induce or press foreign nations into allowing us to put down the slave-trade. As we obtained the treaties by which the slave-trade was suppressed on the faith of our declaration that we would not interfere with domestic slavery, we ought, it is said, to abide by our word. On the other hand, it is urged that the time for a new departure is now come. We have put down, or nearly put down, the slave-trade, and it is time to mark our abhorrence of domestic slavery. This we may do if we keep on board our vessels fugitives who have broken laws, who have broken laws which we proclaim are wicked and ought not to exist anywhere. This was the line of the Liberal speakers in the debate. As they could not deny that the old policy of Liberal Foreign Secretaries was just as bad as that of Lord DERBY, they proposed that there should be something new done for the slave. The difficulty

in which Conservatives were placed was that the Cabinet could not make up its mind whether it should sanction this new departure or not. The Second Circular was studiously framed so as to avoid the question. The captain is, under its provisions, not to give the slave up, but he is not to permit him to remain on board. The slave is to be put on shore, but only as a superfluous passenger, not as a slave. This is a most curious direction to give to a captain when the Government pleads that it must give definite instructions or it would not be doing its duty. England is not to give the slave back to the owner, but is to put him where the owner can conveniently catch him. As more than one Liberal speaker truly prophesied, the debate must kill the Second Circular. The real question, having been raised, must be settled. Is the standing policy of the Foreign Office to be maintained, or shall there be a new policy? The Ministry plainly replies that it cannot say; but it hopes that seven or eight clever people may tell them. A more utter abdication of responsibility could not be conceived. As Mr. DISRAELI admitted, the Commissioners have nothing but a great question of State policy to take under their consideration. There is no law, there are no treaties to be examined. The question is whether England, having suppressed the slave-trade, shall now take up a position towards domestic slavery different from that which it has hitherto assumed, in the hope of affecting the opinion of the world, and with the risk of complications which may lead to bitter differences and possibly to war. The answer of the Cabinet to the question is that they have not the remotest notion themselves what way to answer it, but that they think they know some gentlemen, with more or less of legal minds, who could answer it for them. It is perhaps the poorest answer a Cabinet ever gave.

SPAIN.

WHEN the young King of SPAIN formally assumed command of the army, it was reasonably inferred that his advisers were confident of early and immediate success. It seems that all the generals in command have both acted loyally together in the accomplishment of a general design and shown praiseworthy vigour in their separate operations. The movement by which MARTINEZ CAMPOS cut off the enemy's communications with the frontier would perhaps not have been practicable if the French Government had, as in former times, favoured the Carlist cause. For some time past Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers have given every facility to the Alfonsists, although supplies seem to have been drawn by both parties from France. The checks which were incurred by MORIONES and LOMA had no permanent effect on the fortunes of the campaign; but complete success was not assured until PRIMO DE RIVERA, after occupying the neighbouring heights, at last took the central stronghold of Estella. The KING, accompanied by General QUESADA, has since entered Tolosa, which was the capital, as Estella may be considered the citadel, of the territory of Don CARLOS. The Carlists have in the final struggle retained the credit which belongs to obstinate courage in encountering superior forces; but they were surrounded on all sides by the Alfonsist armies, and probably they had been compelled to weaken the garrison of Estella. Even the supporters of the defeated cause may now be reasonably anxious that further resistance should cease. When all hope is over, it is a crime as well as a folly to cause further bloodshed. The rumour that Don CARLOS has been advised by the Vatican to retire from the struggle is not incredible. A year ago his pretensions enabled the NUNCIO to demand from the Ministers at Madrid large concessions in exchange for Papal recognition. For some time past no hopes of direct advantage could be founded on the prospects of the Pretender; and now he has become unserviceable even for purposes of menace. The opinions and character of Don CARLOS would have insured the confidence of the Holy See if his chances of success had at any time been considerable. Almost alone among princes and pretenders, he openly avowed unlimited devotion to the Church and uncompromising hostility to modern constitutional doctrines. Nevertheless he became by a strange accident the champion of ancient franchises which were threatened by tendencies of centralization.

No sufficient account has been made public of the resources by which war has been maintained for two years. The hardy provinces of the North have supplied soldiers of the best quality in Spain; and the natural strength of the country has enabled smaller numbers to maintain a defensive attitude with success. Don CARLOS has a large fortune, and he is supposed to have received pecuniary aid from the late Duke of MODENA; but war is too costly an undertaking to be in ordinary cases maintained out of private means. A small revenue was raised by Customs duties on the part of the frontier which was in possession of the Carlists, and the provinces made occasional contributions of money as well as of men. The time of the original rising was well chosen, when successive revolutions, which soon afterwards resulted in the establishment of an anarchical Republic, had reduced Spain to the lowest point of degradation. The spirited Italian prince who occupied the throne at the beginning of the civil war was unpopular as a foreigner; and it seemed possible that a legitimate Spanish Pretender might be preferred by the nation at large. The abdication of AMADEO was immediately followed by the rebellion of Carthagena, which for some months furnished occupation for the remnant of the Spanish army. It was only after the partial restoration of order under SERRANO that the Central Government was at leisure to attend to the Carlist rebellion. The success of SERRANO and CONCHA at Somorrostro was immediately followed by the ruinous disaster of Estella, and by the death of the only general who at that time commanded the confidence of the army; yet in the lowest ebb of the national fortunes it became evident that the Carlists must ultimately fail. The Pretender, while he was for the time secure in his mountain fastnesses, found no adherents in any other part of the country; nor, when the Government of Madrid was weakest, did his generals venture to operate in the low country or to march on Madrid. As in the similar case of the American Civil War, greater numbers and larger material resources were certain to prevail in the end. The insurrection itself condemned the theories of the demagogues who had almost destroyed the army; and the Governments of SERRANO and of King ALFONSO steadily devoted themselves to the task of recruiting and of restoring discipline. When there was again a Spanish army of 200,000 men, the days of the rebellion were numbered.

In consequence of the smallness of the area of the struggle, the war has not, except through the demand for recruits, interfered with prosperity in the greater part of Spain. It has also allowed the restored dynasty a breathing time, while party conflicts and military conspiracies were suspended. The chief practical inconvenience which has been felt consists in the diversion which has been effected in favour of the insurgents in Cuba, and in the consequent risk of aggression on the part of the United States. The termination of the war in the North will leave a large force available for colonial service; and it may probably not be inconvenient to provide occupation for some of the generals who have by their recent services established claims to occupation and reward. The Government must be prepared for the early revival of political agitation. Although a dictatorship exercised in the name of the KING might be tolerated during the continuance of the war, it is not to be supposed that parties which have been not long since powerful or supreme will acquiesce in permanent exclusion from all share in public affairs. The unmanageable character of universal suffrage may perhaps render a certain interference with elections necessary in Spain. The uniform practice of all parties, as they have successively occupied office, seems to prove that it is impossible to rely on a perverse constitutional system; yet it is difficult to believe that it can be prudent to return Ministerial majorities which are absurdly and scandalously unanimous. There are either three or four political parties in Spain, as the Liberal Unionists are considered a part of the same body with the Progressists or are regarded as a distinct combination. The two sections include nearly all the intelligence and political experience of the country. At one extreme are the Moderates, including the friends of absolutism and Ultramontanism; and the Republicans, who three years ago themselves excluded all other parties from the Cortes, cannot have become wholly extinct. The followers of SAGASTA were not long since regarded as a reactionary party, while ZORRILLA and his adherents were the more Liberal supporters of constitutional monarchy. By a curious change of circumstances, SAGASTA, though he is not known to have changed his opinions, is now the leader of the most advanced section of the Opposition.

The present Cortes has been too ostentatiously packed. The only Republican admitted is CASTELAR, whose eloquence is probably regarded as innocuous while he stands absolutely alone. Thirty-five supporters of SAGASTA will represent the Liberal opinion of Spain in the absence of ZORRILLA and of the entire Progressist party. It is perhaps immaterial that the Senate, which exercises little political power, is almost entirely composed of Moderates inclined to extreme courses on ecclesiastical and civil affairs. The same party is strong in the Congress or Lower House, and it probably includes many members of the body which professes uncompromising devotion to the Ministers. The less illiberal section of the Government retired when JOVELLAR was removed from the management of affairs to the command in Cuba. The chief Minister has not hitherto been regarded as a bigot in religion or politics; but it is not forgotten that a year ago he assented to the revival of an extravagant Concordat; and his management of the elections indicates a disposition to rely on the support of the Moderates. He may probably find himself embarrassed by the readiness of the Cortes to concede ecclesiastical claims which are profoundly distasteful to the community. King ALFONSO will have at the best many difficulties to encounter; but the greatest dangers which he could incur would result from his allying himself with the restless portion of the priesthood. The reported determination of Queen ISABELLA to return to Spain as soon as the civil war is ended bodes ill for the fortunes of her son. Her personal conduct when she was on the throne might possibly have been overlooked or condoned if she had not become the instrument of the zealous partisans of Rome. She would probably not return to Spain unless she believed herself to possess great influence over her son; and a general conviction that the KING was guided by her counsels would be fatal to his reputation and authority. Political discontent in Spain is the more formidable because every party which may be out of power can command the services of some discontented military chief. The two generals who restored the Monarchy have since done good service in the field, and they and their rivals will not fail to prefer claims which it may be difficult for the Government to satisfy. The report that MARTINEZ CAMPOS has zealously supported the QUEEN'S return indicates, if it be true, the existence of a dangerous military element in Spanish politics.

THE SUEZ CANAL DEBATE.

MR. LOWE had some reason for saying that Messrs. ROTHSCHILD incurred little risk when they advanced a large sum on the promise of the Government to recommend to the House of Commons the repayment of the amount. He might have followed up the same line of thought by admitting that the leaders of Opposition were much at their ease in minutely criticizing the proceedings of the Ministry without venturing to propose an adverse vote. It is true that a division could not be conveniently taken on any amendment which would have tended to defeat the Resolution moved by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; but, if Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE could have reckoned on the support of their own party, they might have first assented to the vote and then moved a Resolution of censure on the policy of the Government. The prudence of the course which they adopted was sufficiently proved by the speech of the official head of the party. Lord HARTINGTON, with a statesmanlike perception of the real point at issue, plainly indicated his approval of the purchase, although he repeated the expression of his opinion that the shares might have been bought cheaper. The speeches of Mr. LOWE and Mr. GLADSTONE would perhaps have been more effective if they had been separated in the debate by a wider interval. Mr. DISRAELI might be charged with a want of tactical skill in allowing a private member of Parliament to answer Mr. LOWE, and immediately to precede Mr. GLADSTONE. Sir H. WOLFF'S undoubted ability and his general knowledge of the subject scarcely compensated for his necessarily imperfect acquaintance with the objects and motives of the Government. He professed his inability to answer Mr. LOWE'S remarks on the arrangement made with Messrs. ROTHSCHILD, and he inaccurately assumed that the PRIME MINISTER or the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was practically responsible for the statements and arguments of the newspaper press. It seems to have been settled that no Minister, except the two who were immediately responsible, should take part in the debate; and Sir S. NORTHCOTE naturally reserved himself for the opportunity of answering Mr. GLADSTONE. As it happened, the case of the Government was strengthened by the full and early development of the plan of attack. The House was satisfied, before the Ministerial explanations began, that the opponents of the purchase had exhausted their grounds of objection while they had barely touched the fringe and outline of the case. Those who may perhaps have thought that the commission paid to Messrs. ROTHSCHILD was too high nevertheless retained the conviction that it was for the interest of England to hold a large share of the property of the Canal. Mr. DISRAELI expressed the feeling of the House when he said that the most obvious conclusion from the arguments of the ex-Ministers was that, if Mr. GLADSTONE had been in office, the purchase would never have been made. The further inference that a timid policy would have been a mistake was tacitly drawn on both sides of the House.

Mr. LOWE, not for the first time in the present Session, failed to apprehend the feeling of his audience; and Mr. GLADSTONE, by dwelling on the same points of secondary importance, confirmed the unfavourable impression which had been produced by his colleague. Mr. DISRAELI and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE showed that it would have been impracticable to rely in the first instance on the aid of the Bank of England, although perhaps a part of the purchase money might have been obtained on easier terms after the secret had been disclosed. The terms of the advance were not disadvantageous to the lenders; but the number of capitalists who can produce 4,000,000*l.* at short notice must be limited, and the absence of competition tends to raise the price of all commodities, including money. Mr. LOWE was not happy in his reference to the *Alabama* payment, which he effected by an arrangement with the Bank of England. The debt, and the necessity for raising the money, had been approved by Parliament; and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was consequently, to the knowledge of the Bank, discharging an official duty, and not engaging in an unusual and unauthorized enterprise. It was highly characteristic of Mr. LOWE to contrast the most painful and mortifying of modern transactions with the popular measure which he undertook to depreciate. Mr. GLADSTONE made a serious imputation on the character of Messrs. ROTHSCHILD in his unfounded suggestion that their clerks had committed a breach of trust for stock-jobbing purposes. The principles of a great firm, when they engage in a confidential transaction of the highest importance, are responsible not only for themselves, but for all persons in their employment who may be in the secret of the business. There is no reason to suppose that Messrs. ROTHSCHILD admitted any clerk into their confidence; and they would scarcely maintain their commercial and financial position if their agents were in the habit of betraying any information which they may receive. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER afterwards stated that the bargain was made public at Cairo, and that the news was, as might be expected, immediately transmitted by telegraph to London.

Mr. LOWE'S tedious and paradoxical demonstration of the ignorance of the Ministers as to the condition of the Canal Company was perhaps ironical. He can scarcely have intended seriously to dispute Sir S. NORTHCOTE'S assertion that he knew all the details of the subject, and that he had communicated the material points to the Cabinet. Both Mr. LOWE and Mr. GLADSTONE contended that Lord DERBY must have reckoned on the possession of more than ten votes when, in a conversation with the French Ambassador, he disclaimed any desire to exercise a preponderating influence in the management of the Canal. There is not much use in an ingenious argument which proves that a cautious and intelligent Minister has, with a full sense of responsibility, talked nonsense on a serious question. Mr. LOWE had probably no doubt that Lord DERBY knew all about the ten votes, and that he nevertheless bought the KHEDIVE'S shares for the purpose of acquiring influence. Lord DERBY himself declared that the denial of the obvious consequences was as absurd as a doubt whether two and two make four. It has not been sufficiently noticed either by the supporters or by the opponents of the purchase that the whole controversy on the right of voting turns on an immaterial issue. The votes are given at general meetings of the shareholders, while the administration is vested nominally

in a Council of Administration, and practically in a small Managing Committee, or rather in the President. The only real power of the shareholders consists in their right to elect at intervals of eight years the members of the Council of Administration. The Managing Committee is "specially appointed," probably by M. DE LESSEPS in the name of the Administrative Council. When the President a year or two ago threatened to close the Canal, he probably consulted neither the Administrative Council nor the Managing Committee; and he would have been neither entitled nor inclined to lay the matter before a general meeting of shareholders. It therefore matters little whether the English Government will have ten votes; nor is there any ground for Mr. GLADSTONE's anxiety about the jurisdiction of French tribunals. It will not be worth while to contest the point if M. DE LESSEPS should unwisely attempt to interfere with the legitimate influence of England. Mr. GLADSTONE's objections to Mr. CAVE's mission were still more irrelevant than his disquisition on the right of voting; and his case against the Government was not strengthened by a proof that he is an irreconcilable opponent. It is easy to say that the KHEDIVE's request for financial assistance ought to have been answered by a mission of two young clerks. If the course which Mr. GLADSTONE recommends had been adopted, he would have reproached the Ministers with equal vigour for not sending some agent such as Mr. CAVE to ascertain what the KHEDIVE really wanted. In trifling details it is idle to question the discretion of the Government, which must decide with the knowledge that any possible decision is open to hostile criticism.

The rumour that Mr. CAVE and M. DE LESSEPS have come to an understanding about tolls requires explanation. The English Government could not, without special authority from all the maritime States, agree to an increase of the charges on shipping. The assent, indeed, of Russia and France might be taken for granted; but Austria, Italy, Holland, Denmark, and other nations have strenuously supported English resistance to M. DE LESSEPS's audacious exactions. Mr. LOWE took no notice of the tedious and dangerous disputes which are recorded in the published French and English Correspondence. For four years past M. DE LESSEPS has furnished the French and English Governments with a subject of discussion which, in the days of the Empire, or in the time of M. THIERS, might easily have expanded into a serious quarrel. Mr. GLADSTONE, though he has probably read the Correspondence, carelessly asserts, both in his speech and in the paper of queries which he has since forwarded to the newspapers, that the result is highly satisfactory, although the French Government, aided by Russia, has steadily supported all the demands of M. DE LESSEPS. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, all maritime States allowed themselves to be represented by England, and they will withdraw their confidence when they find that the Government is interested in the capital of the Canal as well as in its trade. Unluckily for his argument, Germany, Italy, and other principal States have already expressed their cordial approval of the purchase. Lord PALMERSTON's objections to the project of the Canal were not conclusive; but they are improperly described by Mr. ROEBUCK as a craze. He has thus far been justified by the result in the calculation that the undertaking would be commercially unprofitable, for he could not foresee that the KHEDIVE would be induced by cajolery or force to provide more than one-half of the cost, while all the profits accrued to the shareholders. Whether, in case of war, the Canal would give an advantage to France over England is a question not yet tested by experience, and Mr. DISRAELI wisely declines a challenge to discuss it. In time of peace the controversy on the tolls has brought France and England into antagonism; and the purchase of shares will materially affect the merits of the dispute if it is hereafter revived. French Ministers and Ambassadors have avowed themselves the champions of shareholders against shipowners; and the English Government will in future negotiations [illegible] both capacities. The arguments of the two chief opponents of the Government were based on demurrer. Even if Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE had proved all the propositions which they enunciated, acquiescence in their reasoning would be perfectly consistent with approval of the purchase as a patriotic and prudent transaction.

M. BUFFET'S COLLAPSE.

WHEN the relative merits of the *scrutin de liste* and the *scrutin d'arrondissement* were under discussion in the French Assembly M. GAMBETTA hazarded what at the time appeared to many people a very rash prediction. He told the advocates of the *scrutin d'arrondissement* that though, as a matter of principle, he was opposed to them, he had no fear that their success would do the Republican cause any harm. The verdict of the arrondissements would be the same as the verdict of the departments, or, if there were any difference, it would be that the absence of those opportunities of compromise which are afforded by large constituencies, each returning many candidates, would give the more advanced Republicans a decided advantage over the moderate. M. GAMBETTA's apparent bravado has turned out to be the simple truth. The elections of Sunday have returned a large Republican majority, and it is supposed, though as yet probably upon very insufficient grounds, that in this majority the Republicans of the Left are more numerous than the Republicans of the Centre. The Conservative party, as we pointed out at the time, ran a tremendous risk in insisting upon the choice of weapons in the electoral duel. Even if the *scrutin d'arrondissement* had yielded the precise results they expected, their adversaries would have been able to taunt them with being afraid to appeal to the country without first redistributing the constituencies; and now that the constituencies have been redistributed without success, they are left with no sort of explanation to offer, except that their policy is discredited and they themselves disliked. They relied upon their local influence to counteract the unpopularity of their administration: but the result has shown that there is a degree of unpopularity which no amount of local influence can get over. They have fared as ill in the arrondissements where they are known as they could have fared in the departments in which they are unknown. As though to show that they meant to leave undone nothing that could by possibility accentuate their defeat, M. BUFFET made a parade of his determination to remain in office during the elections, and to make full use of such administrative pressure as he could bring to bear upon the electors in order to secure their going in the right way. He nearly broke with M. LÉON SAY and M. DUFAURE because they directed their subordinates not to employ the influence of the Government either in bribing or in intimidating voters. The tradition which used to be so powerful in France was once more to be put to the trial, and it was to be ascertained by actual experiment whether the rurals could bring themselves to vote in contradiction to what they heard from mayors and prefects was the wish of the Government. In this respect also the Conservatives have had their way, and their way has turned out to be their folly. All that M. BUFFET succeeded in achieving was the reputation of being anxious to stifle the voice of the constituencies. What number of votes he lost by this means it is impossible to say. Judging by the result of the elections, he can scarcely have gained any.

Certainly, if the responsibility of making the elections what they are rests mainly with M. BUFFET, fortune has for once been fair in her dealings. His is the punishment as well. No other Minister has been equally on his trial before the country, and none has failed like him to get a seat in either Chamber. It seems hardly credible that the PRIME MINISTER of France, the responsible chief of what is supposed to be the strongest Executive in Europe, should have offered himself to four constituencies and have been rejected in all of them. It must be supposed that M. BUFFET did not pick out his constituencies at random, that he took anxious counsel with the prefects in order to ascertain the temper of the electors, and that he thought he was making everything safe by presenting himself at the same time before the four constituencies in which his repute was greatest. This is what M. BUFFET has reaped from his resolute dissociation of himself from the Republican party. He has posed in the presence of all France as the Arch-Conservative, and now there is not a constituency in the country which will consent to be represented by him. M. BUFFET has not attempted to disregard or explain away the vote of Sunday. He has resigned, and, what is more to the purpose, he has probably advised Marshal MACMAHON to accept his resignation. That he has done the best thing that was open to him to do under the circumstances is plain. If he had remained in office until the Chambers met, he might have involved his colleagues in

his fall. As it is, the deputies will be propitiated by this prompt acceptance of the decision of the constituencies, and the reconstructed Ministry may be able to postpone any important debate until there has been time to take the measure of the new members.

M. GAMBETTA's prominence in the country is as marked in the elections to the Chamber of Deputies as in the earlier elections to the Senate. He has beaten M. NAQUET, whom chance or ambition had marked out as the Irreconcilable most bent upon rejecting M. GAMBETTA's leadership, and in Paris the Radical candidates returned all found it necessary, or, if not necessary, at least very much to their advantage, to make their peace with M. GAMBETTA before the day of voting. When this fact is borne in mind, the significance of the Paris elections will be seen to have been exaggerated. It is very unfortunate, no doubt, that Paris should cherish an ineradicable passion for extreme Radicals, but it is a misfortune to which the world has by this time grown pretty well accustomed. Under all circumstances Paris will return the strongest Radicals that will serve her purpose; the really important consideration both in the elections of Sunday and in the elections to the Senate is what her precise purpose was. Upon this point at least there is no room for uncertainty. The campaign of the Irreconcilables in the autumn had stated the issue between them and M. GAMBETTA in unmistakable terms. M. GAMBETTA accepts the Constitution of February; M. LOUIS BLANC and M. NAQUET reject it. M. GAMBETTA sees nothing incompatible with Republican Government in a Second Chamber, or in a President capable of being re-elected and possessing the right of dissolving the Legislature; M. LOUIS BLANC and M. NAQUET hold that a Constitution invested with these characteristics is nothing better than a Monarchy in disguise. M. GAMBETTA regards the existing Republic as a reality, which admits, no doubt, of being improved, but which has in the first instance to be preserved; M. LOUIS BLANC and M. NAQUET regard the existing Republic as a changeling which must be utterly got rid of before the true Republic can be created. Here is a perfectly intelligible series of distinctions—distinctions which go well to the root of the matter, and involve the gravest practical consequences. The really critical fact in the Paris elections is that, when this issue was presented to the electors, they made it clear that, for a Radical to serve their purpose, he must serve M. GAMBETTA's purpose also. It may be objected that M. LOUIS BLANC himself is among the deputies returned for Paris, and that, if the Paris elections are judged by the standard just suggested, M. LOUIS BLANC's opinions are more popular than M. GAMBETTA's. The answer is that M. LOUIS BLANC has obtained success by first laying down his arms. He did not present himself as an opponent of M. GAMBETTA; on the contrary, he submitted to have his name inserted in the list of candidates recommended by M. GAMBETTA. In point of fact, the chief of the Irreconcilables sought to be readmitted to the fold as the indispensable condition of getting returned. This is not the attitude M. LOUIS BLANC would have taken if he had felt that Paris was as irreconcilable as himself. Instead of allowing the distinction between himself and M. GAMBETTA to drop into the background, he would rather have dragged it into prominence. Instead of accepting M. GAMBETTA's patronage, he would have defied his opposition. What is true of Paris is true of the other great cities. In every one of them there has been ample opportunity for the Irreconcilables to take up M. GAMBETTA's glove, and in every one they have either exercised a prudent discretion by accommodating their professions to their fortunes, or have declined to come forward at all, or have come forward only to invite defeat.

As regards the political complexion of the Republicans who have been returned to the new Chamber it is impossible to form any positive opinion. They have mostly been represented as belonging to the more advanced section of the party. But this estimate comes from Conservative sources, and allowance must be made for a natural disposition to represent their own defeat as being at the same time a defeat of moderate men of all parties. A great number of the deputies are untried men, whose place in the Chamber cannot be exactly assigned. Unless the temper of the country has been strangely misread, the violent doctrines attributed to them will prove to be summed up in a violent dislike of the late Prime Minister, a sentiment which is not of necessity either revolutionary or immoral. The strength of the Bonapartists in the new Chamber is less than we should have been inclined to predict. It does not exceed, even if it does not fall short of, the hundred seats which M. GAMBETTA long ago estimated that they would secure; and considering how favourable the policy of the Government during the last two years has been to the Bonapartist cause, to have been stationary is almost equivalent to losing ground.

RECENT ELECTIONS.

SINCE the introduction of the Ballot no Government, however large a majority it commands, can afford to be lulled into security. The sudden and complete reaction which drove Mr. GLADSTONE from office is likely to become a precedent. It may perhaps be desirable that the Ministry for the time being should be stimulated to vigilance by conscious insecurity of tenure; but constituencies are influenced by many considerations which have little to do with the policy or merits of a Government. During the last Session it was often said that the anarchy of the Liberal party and the personal rivalries of its leading members rendered it impossible for the Opposition to succeed to office. Since that time the discipline of the party has been in some degree re-established; and the habit of united action will gradually tend to create a common purpose; but the dangers which the present Government has reason to apprehend are neither immediate nor dependent on the disposition of the House of Commons. If the next general election results in the return of a Liberal majority, the difficulties of detail which may be found in the formation of a new Government will assuredly be overcome. About fifty elections which have occurred since the opening of the present Parliament have not materially altered the balance of parties; but of late the Government has not been uniformly lucky. Within the month of February three Liberals of extreme opinions have been elected, and two of them have succeeded to Conservative members. At Burnley the numbers of the minority had increased since 1874. Perhaps electors of moderate opinions were induced to join the Conservative party by the selection of Mr. RYLANDS as a candidate, and by the certificates of his merits which were furnished by Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT. If merited personal retribution furnishes any compensation for political defeat, the better class of Manchester Conservatives may perhaps be consoled for the failure of Mr. POWELL. As a believer in newfangled theories and an enemy of established institutions, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT may perhaps sincerely think that Irish Home Rule may properly be regarded as an open question. Mr. POWELL's professed readiness to accept the pledge which was tendered to the candidates by Mr. BUTT and Mr. MITCHELL HENRY suggests reflections of a different kind. A professed willingness to inquire into the merits of Home Rule was an acceptance of Mr. BUTT's principle. A Conservatism which does not include the conservation of the United Kingdom is unintelligible except as a party badge. If Mr. POWELL had no scruples as to the dismemberment of the Empire, he might still have calculated more accurately the gain or loss which might result from tampering with sedition. The Irish agitators are the natural allies of the Liberal section to which Mr. JACOB BRIGHT belongs, and they have reason to hope for his support. As soon as they had induced Mr. POWELL to renounce the principles which he might have been expected to maintain, their influence with the Irish portion of the constituency was placed at the disposal of Mr. BRIGHT. On the other hand, Mr. POWELL probably alienated some of the most respectable members of his party, though it is impossible to ascertain whether his conditional adherence to Home Rule was the cause of his defeat. A fourth part of the constituency abstained from voting; some of them perhaps because they were indifferent between two adherents of Mr. BUTT. Another [illegible] of seceders have less excuse for their conduct. It is said that a certain section of the clergy of Manchester voted for Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, the professed irreconcilable adversary of the Church, for the purpose of expressing disapprobation of the Government. It matters little whether their complaints of Mr. DISRAELI were well founded. Their own proceeding was inconsistent with any public principle, although it is explained by one of the most notorious weaknesses of human nature. The vulgar fallacy that an open enemy should be preferred to an unaccommodating friend ought not to impose on any reasonable mind. The

ecclesiastics who followed Mr. BRIGHT have placed themselves on a level with mutinous Liberals who vote against their own convictions because their party declines to advocate contagious diseases or compulsory abstinence.

In the much less important borough of Leominster the Conservatives have suffered a serious discomfiture. It was supposed that the late member retired for the purpose of accommodating the Government by providing a safe seat for the SOLICITOR-GENERAL; but a local magnate who had not been consulted thought fit to display his resentment by starting as a candidate a member of his own family who had at one time represented the borough. The vacancy had been awkwardly created two months before a new writ could be issued; and a provincial agitator profited by the interval to prosecute a canvass which has proved unexpectedly successful. For twenty years Leominster had been uninterruptedly Conservative, and under a system of open voting it would have remained Conservative for twenty years longer. Mr. BLAKE'S election is probably as distasteful to the moderate Liberals of the borough and of the neighbourhood as to the party which has been actually defeated. The ultra-Radicals, when they welcome their recruit, will perhaps perceive that they have been hasty in denouncing the existence of small rural boroughs, which have passed under new conditions since the introduction of the Ballot. Some little time was required to accustom voters to the abolition of the influence of property and station. The cheap pleasure of thwarting with entire impunity landlords, customers, and employers is more keenly felt in obscure places such as Leominster than in great constituencies which have been accustomed to political contests.

Even the county constituencies, though they are still faithful to the party which they have long supported, furnish causes of anxiety to Conservative leaders and managers of elections. The tenant-farmers begin to waver in their allegiance to the great landowners who have hitherto nominated candidates. In Shropshire, in Dorsetshire, and in East Suffolk, the only significance of the recent contests has been that they more or less represented the antagonism of classes previously united. Mr. EASTON, indeed, who was defeated a few months ago in another division of the same county, is a Liberal; and East Anglian farmers perhaps associate his political principles with the demand of agricultural labourers for the franchise. The member for North Shropshire is, like his opponent, a Conservative and a landed proprietor; but he was not generally supported by his own class, and he probably received aid from the Liberals. The farmers who returned Mr. LEIGHTON were perhaps chiefly bent on asserting their own independence; but, when questions affecting the tenure of land are raised, the newly-awakened political ambition of the tenantry will be directed to definite objects. Mr. FOWLER, who was defeated by a considerable majority in Dorsetshire, is himself a tenant-farmer. Although it may be desirable that occupiers of land should not be considered as ineligible for county seats, the character of the representation would not be improved if it were transferred from the class to which it has hitherto been confined. It may be admitted that the farmers themselves acquiesce for the most part in the preference accorded to landowners. The contest in Berkshire was analogous to that in North Shropshire, although the result was different. It seems that a section of the farmers resented the nomination of the candidate who has been returned, on the not unreasonable ground that they had not been consulted. Those who desire to control county elections will show little political tact if they fail to recognize the power which is now exercised by the tenant-farmers. It would be suicidal to alienate allies who may be retained and conciliated by prudent deference to their legitimate susceptibility. The class which can at its pleasure decide an election may well insist on being at least nominally consulted in the choice of a candidate.

Whigs and old-fashioned Liberals probably regard successive borough elections with uneasiness and dissatisfaction. The latest additions to their own party will scarcely have been welcome. The gradually decreasing influence of the managers of parties over the selection of members is a change, and perhaps not an improvement, in the Constitution. Local capitalists and employers of labour, who add solidity to a party, incline more and more to Conservative opinions; and local agitators of extreme opinions are troublesome adherents. Neither party finds it easy to provide seats for some of its most useful members. Lord HARTINGTON himself represents a remote Welsh borough with which he has no permanent connexion. The Government, on the other hand, has for three months been in search of a constituency for the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and he is at last compelled to resort to Horsham, where there was a vacancy immediately after his appointment. It is difficult in the absence of minute local knowledge to judge of the probable result of the contest; but in one recent election the votes were equally divided; and the present vacancy is caused by the exclusion of a Liberal member on petition. Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD may perhaps be well advised in descending in his addresses to the level of the humblest Conservative voter, but it is not altogether edifying to learn the grounds on which a law officer of the Government asks for the suffrages of the Horsham electors. Gratitude to Mr. DISRAELI for the franchise which he is said to have bestowed on the householders may be abated by the reflection that Mr. GLADSTONE swept away numerous limitations on the suffrage which were originally proposed by Conservative Governments. If commonplaces and innocent fallacies tend to promote his immediate object, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL is perhaps not to be blamed for condescending to the meanest capacities. If he is returned for Horsham he will of course vote with his party and his colleagues, and his readiness and spirit will be useful in debate. A defeat at Horsham, which is not improbable, would greatly embarrass the Government. It is easy to buy out a sitting member with a baronetcy, but no Government can give titles to the electors who must be consulted.

COUNT ARNIM.

IT is reported by a telegram which, like other telegrams, may possibly have a shadow of truth in it, that Count ARNIM is to be prosecuted once more, and this time his offence is designated as high treason. It is by the publication of the pamphlet entitled *Pro Nihilo* that he is supposed to have laid himself open to so severe a charge. Of high treason in the English sense of the word it is ridiculous to imagine that Count ARNIM has been guilty; but it appears from the pages of the pamphlet itself that Germans use the phrase in a sense of their own. Count ARNIM is constantly defending himself in its pages against the imputation that he has done something treasonable; and it would appear that by treasonable he means something improper in an official. It may be conjectured that, if the telegram is true at all, and Count ARNIM is to be further prosecuted, what is really meant is that he will be arraigned on the charge of having violated the article of the Code by which it is made a penal offence to publish official documents or betray State secrets to the detriment of the State. Whether the German Government would act wisely in prosecuting Count ARNIM on such a charge is a matter on which opinions may differ. *Pro Nihilo* is a most foolish composition, and shows Count ARNIM to be one of the silliest of men. To despise it, and leave it to be quietly forgotten, would therefore seem to be the course which a prudent Government would follow. The punishment already inflicted on Count ARNIM has also been very severe, for he has been disgraced, banished, and, worst of all, shown to the world at his real value. The last pitiful cry of a ruined exile might therefore be allowed to expend itself in the silence of space. But, on the other hand, it must be owned that the German Government may very justifiably think that some very strong mark of reprobation ought to be set on the conduct of a person who uses his former position as Ambassador to publish such a composition as *Pro Nihilo*. The author himself admits that the publication of the documents given to the world in *Pro Nihilo* is "contrary to every fair tra-"dition in the annals of diplomacy." That an ex-Ambassador should publish official documents without the permission of his Government, and for the express purpose of injuring and exposing the head of the Government, is certainly opposed to fair traditions. Count ARNIM exculpates himself on the ground that the documents published in *Pro Nihilo* were all communicated by the Government to the tribunal on the occasion of the late trial, and that the Public Prosecutor asked that all but one of them should be read in open Court. This may make a legal difference, and it perhaps reduces the extent of Count ARNIM'S violation of fair traditions. However, as Count ARNIM acknowledges that he has violated these traditions, and does what he owns to be wrong in him as an

Ambassador, in order that he may right himself with the public in his contest with Prince BISMARCK, there is little more to be said on the point. But it must be observed that other things are revealed in *Pro Nihilo* than despatches between Paris and Berlin. Count ARNIM has thought fit to give the substance of his conversation with the EMPEROR, and to record the precise terms in which, as he alleges, the EMPEROR himself complained to him of the arrogance and jealous domineering spirit of Prince BISMARCK. It is difficult to find terms of condemnation too severe for an Ambassador who lays before the public expressions used in the strictest confidence to him by the Sovereign. Loyalty and honour would be at an end if men entrusted with high office were not accustomed to think that such mischievous indiscretion as this is one of which they could no more be guilty than of picking a pocket.

Count ARNIM undoubtedly shows in his pamphlet that Prince BISMARCK is by no means a pleasant person to have to deal with when he is offended. He is by no means scrupulous as to the means he employs or the persons whom he sets to work. He does not play fair; he makes and takes all the advantages he can. He and Count ARNIM quarrelled, and there can be no question that Prince BISMARCK determined that Count ARNIM should get the worst in the quarrel. The real, if not the sole, origin of the quarrel was that Count ARNIM determined to be Prince BISMARCK'S successor. In the language of *Pro Nihilo*, the belief that he was indispensable gave Prince BISMARCK despotic power. "Suddenly a man arose who threatened to rob him of his "charm of infallibility, and whom the public pointed to as "his successor." It is one of the peculiarities of *Pro Nihilo* that it is written throughout as if Count ARNIM had nothing to do with it, and as if he were one of the heroes of ancient history, whose career it is interesting to study on account of his gigantic merits. However, as the pamphlet puts it, "suddenly a man arose." This man happened at the time to be Ambassador at Paris, and therefore occupied what was then a post of very great importance. The relations of Germany and France were very strained for some time after the war, and Prince BISMARCK was of opinion that it was he, and not this suddenly arising man, who ought to decide what the relations of the two countries should be. The difficulty was that Prince BISMARCK could not recall Count ARNIM as an English Foreign Secretary would recall an Ambassador of whose official conduct he disapproved, since no one but the EMPEROR could do that, and the EMPEROR had a tenderness for Count ARNIM, which this man of gigantic merit has now repaid by betraying the EMPEROR'S private conversations. On the other hand, Count ARNIM would not resign. He was treated, in his opinion, as no Ambassador ought to be treated; he was humiliated and insulted. But the more he thought Prince BISMARCK wanted to get rid of him, the more tightly he resolved to stick to his post. Whatever he did, Prince BISMARCK found fault with him; and, if the statements of the pamphlet are correct, he sometimes found fault where Count ARNIM had not deserved blame. To defend Prince BISMARCK is no part of the business of an English writer, and he is supremely indifferent to being defended by any one. But it must be remembered that, although there was a personal quarrel between the two men, in which Prince BISMARCK, partly through his unscrupulous way of doing business, and partly through the amazing indiscretion of Count ARNIM, was ultimately triumphant, there was also a real divergence of policy. Prince BISMARCK was not fighting about a matter to which the interests of Germany were alien. He had much larger, bolder, and more statesmanlike views than Count ARNIM, understood Germany and France far better, and was honestly bent on getting what was best carried out. Had the man who suddenly arose really succeeded at that time in robbing Prince BISMARCK of his charm, Germany would have suffered as much as the infallible CHANCELLOR.

Throughout the two combatants were in a wrong position. As Count ARNIM says, he could not make up his mind whether Prince BISMARCK was his official superior or not. The head of the Foreign Office seems to have a claim to the obedience of Ambassadors; but then, as Count ARNIM kept saying to himself, he was the Ambassador, not of the CHANCELLOR, but of the EMPEROR. Prince BISMARCK complained that the picture of the state of things in France given by Count ARNIM was quite out of keeping with that which he, Prince BISMARCK, was in the habit of presenting to the mind of his Sovereign. Count ARNIM replied that it was his business to enlighten the mind of his master. Prince BISMARCK on one occasion intimated that it would be as well if Count ARNIM coloured his reports so as to be in keeping with Prince BISMARCK'S views, and the obvious retort was that this was not the way to let the EMPEROR see two sides of a question. Count ARNIM was fully possessed with the notion that he was a man who had suddenly arisen, that the EMPEROR ought to profit by his virtue, wisdom, and experience, and that the destined succession to which the voice of the public called him might as well come soon as late. Prince BISMARCK was equally determined that he would not be replaced, and he was anxious to show that his destined successor was not at all fit to replace him. The EMPEROR also seems to have been quite at a loss to know what was the true position of Count ARNIM, and was as much bewildered as Count ARNIM himself. The theory that the Ambassador was a servant exclusively of the EMPEROR broke down in practice. The EMPEROR would not order Count ARNIM to leave Paris, and kept up a sort of kindliness towards him, but he could not prevent Prince BISMARCK treating Count ARNIM in a very high-handed way. All he could do was to pour into Count ARNIM'S faithless bosom confidential laments over the imperiousness of his CHANCELLOR. In theory, he ought to have either condemned and removed his servant at Paris or to have retained and upheld him. In practice, he kept him on and let him be bullied. This is not to the discredit of the EMPEROR. He was merely undergoing the sufferings of a person living in a moment of transition. The old traditions of the small Prussian Court had died out; the constitutional traditions of Germany had not yet been formed. In such a state of things, when differences arise, the strongest will and the boldest mind generally wins its way. Prince BISMARCK has won, and he has won so completely that it might be thought he would do much better not to seem to have any wish to trample on a fallen foe.

THE INDIAN LEGISLATION BILL.

WHILE some members of the House of Commons were silently wondering whether the head of the great Scotch house of CAMPBELL was really a bigger man than the Maharaja of JEYPORE or the Subahdar of the DECCAN, and while Mr. LOWE was calmly demolishing our Indian Empire as he has demolished classics, a Bill was slipping through an important stage of existence to which we think it imperative that public attention should be drawn. It concerns not so much the QUEEN as her representative; it has to do with the dignity and the efficiency of the Government of India, not with Imperial titles and high-sounding names. It seems that for some time past difficulties have been felt, or rather imagined to have been felt, with regard to the legislative powers of the Governor-General of India. They were uncertain. They were liable to be called in question. They were possibly "unconstitutional," though Mr. ROEBUCK has just told us that this term may often be used with very little meaning. Accordingly, last Session a Bill was brought in to set these doubts and difficulties at rest; and, if we recollect rightly, it provided that, in case the High Court thought any legislative enactment of the Viceroy to be at variance with any Act of Parliament, it was to resort to the following process. The Judges were to certify their opinion to the Viceroy, who was to certify to the Secretary of State, who was to take the advice of the Privy Council. This circuitous process having been abandoned, a new Bill has now been introduced which is to attain the same object, but by a different route. We may remark that the most sagacious observer could not have divined from the report of the debate on the second reading, as it appeared in the *Times*, that the present Bill was not of the most uninteresting, trivial, or trumpery character. A debate on the election of a night nurse in a county infirmary would have received more space and attention in a local journal. It is only from the *Morning Post* that we can discover how important are the consequences of the proposed legislation to the good and effective government of the dependency which is henceforth to be prominently associated with HER MAJESTY'S name. While we have been called apparently to exalt the dignity of the Viceroy in one direction, we are practically invited to degrade it in another; and Mr. FAWCETT was not in

the least overstepping the line of the strictest truth when he denounced this Bill as injurious to the power and position of the Governor-General. There is a good deal in the measure which repeats or consolidates previous Acts, or which is at least inoffensive and unobjectionable. That the Viceroy in his own Council should have power to legislate for all persons, all Courts, and all things whatsoever in our own territories; for all native Indian subjects beyond those territories; for Englishmen in native States, and for all persons on the high seas within certain limits; that local Councils at Madras and Bombay should not be permitted to handle certain vital or delicate subjects, such as the public debt, the currency, the post-office, religion, the army, our foreign relations, and the penal code; and that the Secretary of State shall have power to disallow any law or regulation passed either by the local or by the Supreme Council, is perfectly just, politic, and proper. But the Bill goes on to introduce two provisions for which no exigency has been pleaded, for which no justification has been put forth, which are likely to lead to most unseemly complications, and which are altogether inconsistent with the arduous task now imposed on a Viceroy round whom difficulties thicken and trials increase. It recites that, if a division of any High Court, in its appellate or extraordinary original jurisdiction, shall deem any law passed by the Viceroy, and not disallowed by the Secretary of State, to be repugnant to an Act of Parliament, the Judges may decide that such law, or part of it, is invalid. Then a copy of the judgment is to be sent to the Viceroy, who is either to repeal the Act or to refer it home, whereupon the Secretary of State is allowed to appeal to the Privy Council. And it is also provided that any Court-martial which may think like the High Court is to look to the Act of Parliament and completely throw overboard the Indian legislation.

These provisions, though professedly intended to restrict the power of the lower judicial Courts to arraign the legislative acts of the Indian Government, start altogether from an unsound principle, and may lead to amazing results. They seem akin to the sort of statesmanship which last year gratified disloyal natives and dismayed Anglo-Indians by the blunders of the Baroda case. By one class in India the proposal will be received with indignation; by another with incredulity; by some with pert approval; and by not a few with the malicious glee which is shown by a mischievous schoolboy when there is a prospect of the head-master and the usher coming to loggerheads. Nothing more delights certain sections of the native community than the excitement of an unseemly contest between two great powers in the State. There are always in India rich people with money to spend in gratifying their whims or airing their grievances, and there are fluent advocates who like to show that such or such an act is quite beyond the power of the State. The Zemindars of Bengal are invariably ready to cry out that some law taxing them or compelling them not to neglect their duty nullifies the Perpetual Settlement. Bigoted Brahmans would have retained Suttee in old days, and more recently would have deprived converts of the rights of inheritance and marriage. Wahabis are ready to arraign every act of the State and its officers with an acrimony compounded of sectarian zeal and political rancour. A score of things may happen at any moment to arouse these selfish and disloyal feelings, which will survive half-a-dozen Royal visits. The High Court may any day, when any law is found inconvenient, be turned into an arena for seditious and inflammatory political harangues. The Judges of the High Court are usually men of high character and independence, but they may be compelled to listen for hours to arguments which they cannot endorse, and may not like to check ardent and impulsive barristers bent on convincing their clients that the independent Englishman is not so easily put down. No matter if the case is visibly hopeless from the first. The High Court may ultimately decide that there is no repugnancy, but the object will have been gained. A rich and influential party will grudge no expense in feeding fat its hatred against law and authority; the tale will be diffused by the thousand channels of a seditious press into every bazaar of the province; and the half-educated and wholly credulous natives will have learnt with joy that there is a power somewhere which can safely insult the Viceroy and defy his officers. This is no imaginary picture. In a political trial held a very few years ago, a barrister, now deceased, delivered an harangue in favour of his clients which very nearly brought himself within the grasp of the penal code; and all readers must recollect passages in Indian history, from the time of IMPEY and HASTINGS down to recent days, in which, if statesmen were not lawyers, Judges showed plainly that they could be active politicians.

The true remedy for any possible abuse of power by the Viceroy is to be sought for elsewhere, and it is not far off. His laws are now passed after long deliberation, with full publicity, with ample time for petitioning, and under unrestricted comment. They are subjected to the revision of experienced colleagues whose careers have been spent in testing, applying, and suggesting all sorts of laws. His Council contains invariably one Englishman, previously unconnected with India, of the legal profession, who is always a good lawyer and occasionally has been a profound jurist. The assistance of Law Officers outside the Council, corresponding to the Attorney- and Solicitor-General, can be called in at any moment. The Secretary of State can put his veto on any project of legislation in any stage of its progress, even when it has been threshed out in Council and published in the *Calcutta Gazette*. Lord SALISBURY has no want of able and experienced advisers around him, in Council and outside it, who can be relied on to detect the minutest invasion of Parliamentary privilege. The House of Commons, too, is not likely to overlook its own dignity and rights. It will doubtless be contended that, by subjecting the legislative action of the Viceroy to the dispassionate revision of a high judicial Court, we are teaching the natives to understand a Constitution and to respect the tribunals of the land. The reply to this is that, on the contrary, we shall be inviting them to find reasons for delaying obedience and defying authority. In short, the Bill is an attempt to evade responsibility and escape unpleasant discussion. We are given to understand that the project has not been formally laid before the Indian Council; and the time for these alterations strikes us as most inopportune. One Viceroy is coming home; and a successor cannot be expected to take in at a glance the awkward situation in which he may be placed by these timid concessions. Our first duty is to teach natives to obey those laws which several of their number have actually helped to pass. Giving "a Parliamentary title "to the legislative powers of the Governor-General," as urged by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, is all very well; but this can easily be done without inviting any knot of rich and discontented natives to challenge the highest authority of the Empire, and without turning a Court-house into a school for rabid declamation, under the mistaken notion that we are thereby establishing the "Reign of Law."

COMMONS INCLOSURE.

MR. CROSS'S new Commons Bill is designed to get the procedure in cases of inclosure out of the deadlock into which the change in public feeling on the subject has lately brought it. Inclosures in the way provided by Act of Parliament have been almost abandoned, because no owner of common land cared to risk the opposition which any proposal of the kind was almost sure to encounter in the House of Commons; and in their stead there has grown up a practice of inclosing with a high hand, in the hope that the fear of incurring expense may prevent those who have a right to object from doing so by process of law. It is certainly well that the uncertainty which has lately hung round the question should be removed. If an inclosure is not injurious to the public interest, and promotes the interest, or may be made to promote the interest, of the private owners, it is desirable that an owner should know the precise nature of the process he has to go through, and the nature also of the opposition which he has to expect. If, on the other hand, an inclosure is injurious to the public interest, it is clearly desirable that there should be some mode of applying for it unmistakably marked out, so that the objectors may at least know at what stage they must be prepared to offer resistance, and upon what body it is that they must endeavour to make their influence felt. Mr. CROSS proposes to attain these ends by making better provision for preliminary inquiries into the circumstances of each particular inclosure, and by leaving the responsibility of consenting to each inclosure entirely with Parliament. The first step towards an inclosure will be the publication, in manner prescribed by the Inclosure Commissioners, of the intention of the persons interested in a

certain common to apply to the Commissioners for a provisional order of inclosure. If the common is within six miles of a town of not less than five thousand inhabitants, notice must at the same time be given to the sanitary authority having jurisdiction in such town. The applicants are bound to furnish the Commissioners with particulars as to the population of the neighbourhood, the distance of the common from any towns or villages, and the provisions which it is proposed to make either for recreation grounds or for allotments in lieu of common rights. The Commissioners are specially instructed to require the applicants to state why they think it better that the common should be inclosed and not merely regulated, and why the inclosure is expedient when viewed in relation to the benefit of the neighbourhood. If this provision is properly carried out it will be one of the most valuable in the Bill. Nothing will more tend to discourage applications for inclosures than the necessity of showing cause why they will be a positive advantage, and not merely not a disadvantage, to the inhabitants of the district. The imposition of such an obligation on the applicants themselves makes the duty of the Commissioners in the matter absolutely unmistakable. If the plaintiff, so to speak, is ordered to show the Court that the granting of his prayer will be for the benefit of the defendant as well as for his own benefit, much more will it be the duty of the Court to see that this is thoroughly established. If the Commissioners are satisfied upon this information that a *primâ facie* case has been made out, their next step will be to order a local inquiry. For this purpose an Assistant-Commissioner will be directed to inspect the common, and to hold a public meeting at a time and place suitable for securing the attendance of the neighbouring inhabitants. Twenty-one days' notice is to be given of the meeting, and the notice is to state that the meeting is public, that it is held for the purpose of enabling the Assistant-Commissioner to hear all persons desirous of being heard on the subject, and that it is desirable that all such persons should make a point of attending the meeting. The proceedings at the meeting, together with all other results of his inquiries, are to be reported in writing to the Commissioners. If the Commissioners are now satisfied that, "having regard "to the benefit of the neighbourhood, as well as to private "interests, it is expedient to proceed further in the "matter," they are to frame a provisional order of inclosure, and submit it to the consideration of the parties interested in the common. When the necessary consents have been obtained, they are to submit all the facts to Parliament. The provisional order will not take effect unless it is confirmed by statute.

Mr. Fawcett has given notice of a motion declaring the provisions of the Bill inadequate for the due protection whether of commons generally or of the poor who are interested in particular commons. As regards the general drift of the measure, he inclines perhaps to lay too little stress on the necessity of Parliamentary consent to the validity of any order of the Commissioners, and on the obligation laid upon the Commissioners to put Parliament in possession of all the information they can get together about the commons it is proposed to inclose. It may be objected that the consent of Parliament has always been required for inclosures, and yet this has not prevented a very great deal of land being inclosed which would very much better have been left open. This was true, no doubt, until a very recent date, but it can hardly be said to be true now. The almost total cessation of inclosures during the last few years may be partly due to the uncertainty as to the course which legislation would take, and to the difficulty of getting Parliament to consent to any inclosure until that uncertainty was removed. But it was certainly also due to the growing conviction in the minds of those whose interest it was to inclose that the feeling of Parliament was setting more and more against them. If this conviction was well founded, is there any probability that Parliament will alter its mind on the question? We can see none. Mr. Cross's speech in introducing the Bill was an example of the change which has come over the Conservative party in regard to inclosures; and, with the working classes promising to be yearly a more important element in political calculations, it is highly improbable that either party will wish to be associated in their minds with a disregard either of the public interest or of the interest of the holders of rights of common. Even if Mr. Fawcett's estimate of the Commissioners is correct, and they will always lean to the side of inclosures, there is no reason to think that they will disobey the law as regards the nature or extent of the information which they are bidden to collect and lay before Parliament. When once Parliament is in possession of that information, the responsibility passes out of the Commissioners' hands. It is true that, if the opponents of inclosures have hoped that under the new legislation they would be able to leave off work, they have good cause to be disappointed. It will still be necessary to exercise unceasing vigilance in the House of Commons in order to ensure that no private interest is served at the expense of the public interest. But unless we are prepared to go the length of saying that no more inclosures shall be permitted, there is no means of dispensing with this necessity. So long as inclosures are allowed, on condition that they can be shown to be for the advantage of the community as well as for that of individuals, there will be a tendency on the part of the owners to try to present the facts in the best possible light for their own objects. No Commission, however carefully constituted, can be trusted to thwart these attempts so well as Parliament.

It does not follow, however, that because the general purpose of the Commons Bill is good, there is not great room for improvement in its details. Mr. Shaw Lefevre pointed out with much justice that, besides the inclosures effected through the agency of the Commissioners, there are others that are effected by the simpler process which had so nearly succeeded in the case of Epping Forest. To resist an inclosure is a costly business, and if the Corporation of London had not happened to possess rights of common in the Forest, it is probable that this great playground of Eastern London would have been lost. There is not, unfortunately, a wealthy Corporation always at hand to fight the battle, and if the Bill is to be the last word of the Legislature on the subject, it ought to provide some cheap and easy means of testing the legality of inclosures of reputed commons effected by the mere act of the owner without the intervention of the Commissioners. For example, it might be enacted that notice should be given to the Commissioners in every case of inclosure of waste lands, so as to enable them to make inquiry whether the Inclosure Acts applied to them. Or the Commissioners might be instructed, on receiving information of any attempted inclosure, to inquire into the owner's alleged right, and, in the event of this proving doubtful, to take legal proceedings to contest it. Without some provision of this kind a good deal of perfectly illegal inclosing may go on simply from the absence of any one rich enough to dispute the point. The true character and position of the Commissioners would be better understood if, instead of being called Inclosure Commissioners, they were called Commons' Protection Commissioners. The protection of commons is the function which under the new Bill they are mainly intended to discharge, and it would be well that this fact should appear in their title. The disposition of Inclosure Commissioners, as some one said in the House of Commons, will always be to inclose, and in like manner it might be hoped that the disposition of Protection Commissioners would more and more be to protect. A poor man who wanted to resist an inclosure in his own neighbourhood would be more inclined to go for help to a body whose official title showed that their work was to prevent commons from being illegally inclosed than to a body whose official title merely expresses that they are the authorized agents for inclosing commons. It is true, no doubt, that the Commissioners exist to give effect to private interests when they conflict with no public interest, as well as to defend the public interests against the attempted encroachments of private interests. But the latter is admitted to be the more important function of the two, and for that reason it is the one from which the Commission ought to take its name.

THE MEMORIAL TO KEATS.

A ROMANTIC fascination will always attach to the memory of those two "marvellous boys" whose names shine with a strange and almost unearthly lustre in the galaxy of English poets. But although the tragical element is most conspicuous in the desolate life and premature end of the author of the Rowley Poems—a boy still when he sought relief from starvation by suicide—a warmer human interest belongs to the brief career of the poet who was immortalized in the Elegy of Adonais. The anticipation of that immortality, which he dared not look for, would indeed have shed a brighter light over the almost solitary deathbed of Keats. English visitors to Rome will be familiar with that grassy slope amid the

ruins of the Honorian walls which forms the Protestant cemetery, and none of them can have turned unmoved from the humble tombstone, inscribed by the express desire of him who sleeps beneath with the mournful epitaph, "Here rests one whose name was writ in water." Experience has long since proved that the dying poet was unjust alike to himself and to the judgment of his countrymen. It did not need the exquisite tribute paid to his memory by a brother poet of still higher fame to rescue from oblivion that most musical "wail and remonstrance of a disinherited Paganism," which can only cease to be appreciated when the English language itself is forgotten. There was a fitness in the modest ceremony which took place last Monday in that quiet Roman burial-ground, where, more than fifty years after the stone with that sad inscription was placed over the remains of John Keats, a large assembly of English and Americans were collected round it to witness the unveiling of a medallion effigy erected in his honour on the pilaster of the neighbouring gateway. An address was delivered by Major-General Sir Vincent Eyre, who mentioned that the sculptor, Mr. Warrington Wood, had generously declined any payment for his work, and that the contributions would therefore form the nucleus of a larger fund for a bust proposed to be placed in Poets' Corner, if the requisite permission could be obtained. Of the requisite permission there can, we presume, be very little doubt under the present guardianship of the Abbey, though the honour has been considerably cheapened by the reckless facility, not to say indiscriminate eagerness, with which it has been hawked about of late years. It would be hardly possible for those who almost forcibly seized the body of Dickens to refuse admission to Keats. We have often expressed our opinion of the graceless Parliamentary Committee which has metamorphosed "the metropolitan abbey" into a sort of Pagan Walhalla for the worship—or rather the regulated inspection—of departed celebrity, that there is no need to recur to the subject now. It does not perhaps matter much whether one name more or less is placed on the miscellaneous bead-roll of the Westminster Abbey martyrology. But we shall not be misunderstood when we say that, if this sort of thing is to go on at all, few have a better claim to such posthumous recognition than the author of *Endymion*, whose body rests in a foreign grave beneath "the light of laughing flowers," which he told his friend Severn, just before the end came, had given him "the intensest pleasure he received during life, and which he already felt growing over him."

The brief career of Keats, with its bright promise so early nipped in the bud, was at best melancholy enough; but it is too much the fashion to make it out even more tragical than it actually was. The keynote of the popular view about him was struck by the brutal sneer of another poet, who was as fond of affecting a delicate sensibility as he was coarsely contemptuous of the reality. Byron, who tells us that he met the (certainly unjust) attack on his early poems by "drinking three bottles of claret and beginning to write" *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, could hardly be expected to appreciate the effect produced on such a mental organization as Keats's by the insolent and superficial abuse—for it cannot be called criticism—of *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly*. And he accordingly gave vent to his supercilious sense of superiority in the familiar couplet:—

> "'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
> Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

But he was mistaken. When Keats was bidden, in the choice phraseology of his accomplished censors, "to go back to his gallipots" and remember that "a starved apothecary was better than a starved poet," he did not indeed drink three bottles of claret or sit down to compose a rejoinder as unscrupulous as the censure which evoked it. He did what was better. The claret perhaps he might, in those days before Mr. Gladstone, have found some difficulty in procuring, for in their sneer at his poverty the refined taste of his critics had hit upon its solitary basis of fact. But he wrote to his publisher that his own estimate of his shortcomings gave him far deeper pain than *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly* could possibly inflict; and to his brother he observed on the same occasion, with a manly wisdom remarkable at his age—he was little over twenty—"The only thing that can ever affect me personally for more than one short passing day is my doubt about my powers for poetry; I seldom have any; and I look with hope to the nighing time when I shall have none." Yet his career, though not so dark as Chatterton's, was not a happy one. Born in 1795, he began very early to show signs of a highly imaginative and ardent temperament. As a schoolboy he was energetic, popular, and pugnacious, combining, as one of his schoolfellows expressed it, "a terrier-like resoluteness with a noble placability"—altogether a very lovable boy. Indeed, like most men of any real greatness, he retained through life a certain boyishness of character, in spite of some peculiarities of an apparently opposite kind. Thus on one occasion he distinguished himself by giving a severe drubbing to a butcher whom he caught beating a little boy, to the enthusiastic admiration of a group of bystanders. He left school early, and it is remarkable, considering the intensely classical tone of his mind and poetry, that he was not much of a Latin scholar, and never learnt Greek at all, and was dependent for his mythological knowledge on Lemprière's Dictionary. Perhaps, as Lord Houghton suggests, he would have lost in originality more than he gained in the avoidance of mannerism by the mental discipline of a more prolonged and regular education. When he came to London to walk the hospitals, though he was poor, he was not left like young Chatterton in ignoble isolation. Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Haydon, Godwin, and Basil Montagu were among his early friends, and he seems to have had the gift of inspiring in his friends a devoted attachment, which he no less warmly reciprocated. There was nothing about him of the calculating selfishness which so unpleasantly discredits the lofty professions of Byron. Women are more accurate observers than men, and the description of his personal appearance, when about twenty-two, given by a lady who used to meet him at Hazlitt's lectures, may still be read with interest:—"His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the middle, and it fell in rich masses on each side of his face; his mouth was full and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had the expression as if he had been looking at some glorious sight."

The two great sorrows of Keats's life came upon him close together. The first was the death of his brother Tom, to whom he was devotedly attached; the second, his passion for a lady, who appears to have fully returned it, but from whom he felt himself to be hopelessly separated by the want of means which made their marriage impossible. The treacherous constitution which he had inherited from his mother, who died of consumption, tended still further to depress him, though it did not break his spirit or interfere with his literary activity. But one night, two years before his death, on returning home in a state of great nervous excitability, he coughed on getting into bed and spat blood. He looked steadily at the stain on the pillow and then said quietly, "I know the colour of that blood; it is arterial blood; that drop is my death-warrant; I must die." Some years before Coleridge, after shaking hands with him, had observed to a friend, "There is death in that hand." However, he appeared to recover; but, in the following autumn, spitting of blood came on again, and he was ordered to spend the winter in Italy. Mr. Severn, a young artist who had just received the first gold medal of the Royal Academy which had been awarded for twelve years, abandoned his prospects in England to accompany him. They went first to Naples, and thence to Rome, where, on February 27, 1821, Keats expired so peacefully that his friend thought he was still sleeping. We have spoken already of the despairing epitaph he ordered to be inscribed on his tomb tone. Not many years later, another stone, with the inscription *Cor Cordium*, was erected near it to mark the resting-place of Shelley's heart. This is not the place for a literary criticism of Keats's poetry. That there is an immaturity alike about his genius and his character is true enough; but to speak of his work as promise only, and not performance, is a serious error. Had his training, his circumstances, and his physique, been other than they were, the result would no doubt have been more entirely satisfactory and complete. But, if "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," his poetry will live, and that quite independently of the "psychological wonder," as it has been justly termed, of such poems being produced by a young surgeon's apprentice, with the scanty culture and opportunities which alone had fallen to his lot, and who died in his twenty-sixth year. Indeed it may be said that its permanent hold on the public taste is by this time pretty well assured. It bears traces, no doubt, of the mental and physical sufferings which darkened his closing years, but not the less also of that sympathetic and genial temper which endeared him so much to his friends during life, and has ever since stirred the responsive sympathies of a widening circle of readers, old as well as young, who know him only by his works. The requiem uttered over Byron's grave by another poet prematurely snatched away before the promise of his youth had been realized may be far more justly applied to Keats, except that it sounds too deep an under-note of implied blame:—

> Let feeble hands iniquitously just
> Rake up the relics of the sinful dust;
> Let ignorance scorn the pangs it cannot feel,
> And malice brand what mercy would conceal.

There is little or nothing, indeed, in the moral character of the author or his poetry which requires to be concealed. To compare "the Keats of 1818 with the Mr. Algernon Swinburne of 1866" betrays a curious infelicity of judgment which could only be exhibited, we need hardly say, in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*. Admission into Poets' Corner could never certainly be refused to him on the grounds which barred the entrance of Byron into those sacred precincts, if sacred they are still to be accounted in presence of the motley crowd of recent applicants for such questionable apotheosis. That he left his work unfinished was no fault of his, nor did he follow the lamentable example of Chatterton in deliberately cutting it short by a crime disguised under the sonorous misnomer of "a noble insanity of the soul." English poetry has no cause to be ashamed of the name of Keats, though there is much room for regret that he did not live long enough to vindicate his title to a yet higher eminence in the Temple of Fame.

RAGUSAN ARCHITECTURE.

WE have spoken in a former article of the general aspect and the historical position of the city and commonwealth of Ragusa, her hills, her walls, her ports, her combination of freedom from the lion of St. Mark with half dependence on the crescent of Mahomet. But this ancient and isolated city has yet something more to tell of. There are one or two of the municipal buildings of the fallen republic, buildings which, as far as we know, have never been studied or illustrated in detail in any English work, and

of which no worthy representation can be found on the spot. In the work of Eitelberger all that can be wanted will be found; but for the ordinary English student there is no help at all. Yet these buildings may really claim for Ragusa a place among those cities which stand foremost in the history of architectural progress. And this fact is the more remarkable, and the more to be insisted on, because of the general belief that there is little or nothing to see at Ragusa in the way of architecture. But the truth is that far more of the old city escaped the earthquake of 1667 than would be thought at first sight. Because the cathedral is later, because the general aspect of the main street is later, the idea is suggested that nothing is left but the municipal palace. That alone would be an important exception, but it is by no means the only one. If the traveller leaves the main street and turns up the narrow alleys which run from it up the hills on either side, alleys many of them which, at present at least, lead to nothing, he will find many scraps of domestic architecture which surely belong to times earlier than the great blow of the seventeenth century. Signs of that blow are seen in many places in the form of scraps of detail of various kinds irregularly built up in the wall; but there are a great number of pointed doorways still in their places which no man can think are later than 1667. There is also a not unpleasing type of Renaissance doorway, a lintel resting on two pilasters with floriated capitals, which one can hardly believe are due to a time so late as the days after the earthquake. In the churches too there is more left than the mere scraps which are built up again. Parts at least of the tall towers—neither of them detached—of the Franciscan and Dominican churches, the former in the main street, the latter near the eastern gate, are also earlier. In the former the line of junction between the older tower and the ugly church which has been built up against it is clearly to be seen. The upper stage of this tower and the small cupola which crowns it *may* be later than the earthquake; but, if so, they have caught the spirit of earlier work in an unusual degree, and all the lower part is in a form of Italian Gothic less unpleasing than usual. Both this tower and that of the Dominican church show how long the general type of the earliest Romanesque campaniles went on. Save the small cupola at the top, this tower has the perfect air, and almost the details, of a tower of the eleventh century; three ranges of windows with mid-wall shafts rise over one another; only they are grouped under containing arches in what in England we should call a Norman fashion. But, as this tower forms part of a Dominican monastery, it cannot be earlier than the thirteenth century, and its smaller details also cannot belong to any earlier date. Yet the general effect of this tower, even more than of the other, is that of a tower of the Primitive type. The Dominican church also keeps some parts in Italian Gothic which must be older than the earthquake, and the cloister is one of the best specimens of that style. Its groupings of tracery under round arches, the poverty of design in the tracery itself, strike us as weak, if our thoughts go back to Salisbury or Zürich; but the general effect is good, and the cloister—as distinguished from the buildings above it—may almost be called beautiful.

But the architectural glory of Ragusa is certainly not to be looked for among its churches. Two civic buildings of the highest interest escaped the common overthrow. They both—like other things in Ragusa—show the Italian Gothic in a form which is certainly less unpleasing than usual; but they also show something else which is of far higher value. They show that peculiar form of Italian Renaissance which can hardly be called Renaissance in any bad sense, which is in truth a last outburst of Romanesque, a living child of classical forms, not a dead imitation of them. Examples of this kind often meet us in Italy; we see something of it in the north side of the great Piazza at Venice as compared with the southern side; but the Ragusan examples go beyond anything that we know of elsewhere. Give the miscalled "Ducal Palace" of Ragusa—for Ragusa had no Doge, but a Rector—the same size, the same position, as the building which answers to it at Venice, and we should soon say that the city which so long held her own against Venice in other ways could hold her own in art also. The Venetian arcade cannot for a moment be compared to the Ragusan; the main front of the Ragusan building has escaped the addition of the ugly upper story which disfigures the Venetian. As wholes, of course no one can compare the two in general effect. St. Blaise must yield to St. Mark. But set St. Blaise's Palace on St. Mark's site; carry out his arcade to the same boundless extent, and there is little doubt which would be the grander. The Venetian building overwhelms by its general effect; the Ragusan building will bear the test of minute study.

The Palace of the Ragusan commonwealth was begun in 1388, and finished in 1435, in the reign, as an inscription takes care to announce, of the Emperor Siegmund. What name shall we give to the style of this most remarkable building, at all events to the style of its admirable arcade? Here are six arches—why did not the architect carry on the design through the whole length of the building?—which show what, as late as the fifteenth century, Italian art could still do, when it followed its natural promptings, instead of either binding itself by slavish precedents or striving after a helpless imitation of foreign forms. Never mind the date; here is Italian Romanesque in all its truth and beauty; here, in the land which gave Rome so many of her greatest Cæsars, the arcade of Ragusa may worthily end the series which began with the arcades of Spalato. Siegmund, the last but one to wear the crown of Diocletian in the Eternal City, has his name not quite unworthily engraved on a building less removed than a distance of more than eleven centuries would have led us to expect from the everlasting house of Jovius. Does some pedantic Vitruvian brand the columns as too short? The architect had grasped the truth that, as the arch takes the place of the entablature, the height of the arch may fairly be taken out of the height of the column. Does he blame the massive abaci? They are wrought to bear the greater immediate weight which the arch brings upon the capital, and they avoid such shifts as the Ravenna stilt and the Byzantine double capital. Does he blame the capitals, which certainly do not follow the exact rules of any Vitruvian order? Let us answer boldly, Why should art be put in fetters? A Corinthian capital is a beautiful form; but why should the hand of man be kept back from devising other beautiful forms? The Ragusan architect has ventured to cover some of his capitals with foliage which does not obey any pedantic rule; in others he has ventured—like the artists of the noble capitals which lie unheeded in the Capitol and in Caracalla's Baths—to bring in the forms of animal and of human, as well as of vegetable, life. In one point his taste seems slightly to have failed him; on some of the capitals the winged figures with which they are wrought savour a little of the vulgar Renaissance. But who shall blame the alchemist capital, engraved and commented on by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the capital in which Ragusan patriotism has blindly seen Asklêpios himself brought from his old home at Epidauros? And the capitals bear arches worthy of them, round arches with mouldings and ornaments fitting their form. Altogether this arcade only makes us wish for more, for a longer range from the same hand. Compare it with the vulgar Italian work of the two neighbouring churches. Pisa and Durham might have stretched out the right hand of fellowship to Romanesque Ragusa before the earthquake; they would have held it back from Jesuited Ragusa after it.

The rest of the front cannot be called worthy of this admirable arcade. The windows behind the arcade are of the worse, those above it are of the better, kind of Italian Gothic; still they are Italian Gothic, and at Ragusa we should not welcome the loveliest form of tracery that Carlisle or Selby could give us. A Pisan arcade, pierced for light wherever light was wanted, would have been the right thing for the columns and arches below to bear aloft. He who duly admires the arcade will do well to shut his eyes as he turns round the corner by the west front of the cathedral; but let him go inside, and the court, if not altogether worthy of the arcade itself, is no contemptible specimen of the same style. It contains one or two monuments of Ragusan worthies as well as a fallen figure of Orlando; it is entered by a side door with two ancient knockers, one of them a worthy fellow of the great one at Durham; but its chief interest comes from its strictly architectural forms, and from the comparison of them with those made use of on the outside. The court is very small, and is surrounded on all sides, save that which is filled by the grand staircase, by an arcade of two, supporting an upper one. The composition is thus better than that of the front itself, as there are two harmonious stages in the same style, without any intrusion of foreign elements, like the pointed windows in the front; but the arcades themselves, though very good and simple, do not carry out the wonderful boldness and originality of the outer range. Columns with flowered capitals, with a remembrance, but not a servile remembrance, of Corinthian models, support round arches. Over these is the upper range of two round arches over each one below, resting on coupled shafts, the arrangement which, from the so-called tomb of St. Constantia, has spread to so many Romanesque cloisters and to so many works of the Saracen. Were this range open, instead of being foolishly glazed, this design of two stages of a true Romanesque, simpler, but perhaps more classical, than the arcade, would form a design thoroughly harmonious and satisfactory.

To our mind this palace, to which Sir Gardner Wilkinson hardly does justice, and of which Mr. Neale takes no notice at all, really deserves no small place in the history of Romanesque art. It shows how late the genuine tradition lingered on, and what vigorous offshoots the old Italian style could throw off even when it might be thought to be dead. One or two capitals show that the Ragusan architect knew of the actual Renaissance. But it was only in that one detail that he went astray. In everything else he started from sound principles, and from them vigorously developed for himself.

But the Palace must not be spoken of as if it stood absolutely alone among the buildings of the city. There is another civic building, which we must also hail as a true fruit, in some sort a more remarkable fruit, of the same spirit which called its greater neighbour into being. This is the former *Dogana*, its purpose as such being made clear by the word being wrought in nails on the great door. This building stands just where the main street and the *piazza* join, close by the arch leading to the town-gate. Here we have an arcade of five, the columns of which are crowned with capitals, Composite in their general shape, but not slavishly following technical precedents, with a heavy abacus, which, as well as the soffit of the round arch, is enriched with flowered work. One or two of them are none the better for a modern rechiselling. Here is something which is quite unlike Northern Romanesque, but which still is absolutely identical with it in principle; the column and the round arch are there in their purity, and the enrichment is of a kind which we instinctively feel is in place at Ragusa, though it would be out of place at Caen or Mainz or Durham. Whatever the date may be, the thing is thoroughly good, incomparably better than either the Italian Gothic or the cosmopolite Jesuit style.

Above the arcade are windows with the usual Venetian attempt at tracery, a large square window between two with ogee arches; above is a common Renaissance stage, which we may hope is a later addition. The merits of the three stages lessen as they get higher. Yet from the date, when we come to find it out, it seems not impossible that the arcade and both the stages above it may really be of the same date. This beautiful piece of Romanesque work—we give it that name in defiance of dates—was finished in 1520, when the world on the southern side of the Alps was, for the most part, running after the dreariest forms of the mere Renaissance. All the more honour to the architect who designed such a work at such a time; but it is thus rendered more likely that he built his arcade according to the promptings of his own genius, and added the two ranges of windows in deference to the two rival fashions of his time. Still the arcade, taken alone, is the last link in a chain which shows that the preservation of good architectural ideas at so late a time is no mere accident. The Dogana leads us back to the Palace; the Palace leads us back to the essentially Romanesque forms in the Franciscan church. All these point to the existence of a Ragusan style, an unbroken Romanesque tradition, which could not wholly withstand the inroads of the pseudo-Gothic of Italy, but which could at least keep its place alongside of the intruder. Such buildings as these, now so few, make us sigh over the effects of the great earthquake, and over the treasures of art which it must have swallowed up. If Ragusa, in her earlier day, contained a series of churches to match her civic arcades, she might claim, in strictly artistic interest, to stand alongside of Rome, Ravenna, Pisa, and Lucca. Her churches of the fifteenth century must have been worthy to rank with anything from the fourth century to the twelfth. One longs to be able to study the Ragusan style in more than one, or at most two, examples. In any case the Dalmatian coast may hold its head high among the artistic regions of the world. It is no small matter that the harmonious and consistent use of the arch and column should have begun at Spalato, and that identically the same constructive form should still be found, eleven ages later, putting forth fresh and genuine shapes of beauty at Ragusa.

L'ÉTRANGÈRE.

A PLAY of M. Alexandre Dumas fils involves at all times difficult and delicate questions for the English critic; but in the present instance we may congratulate ourselves that, writing for the Comédie Française, M. Dumas has confined himself within a world which is not that of the *Dame aux Camélias*, nor, indeed, of the *Demi-monde*, though with ramifications in the latter which are, however, rather kept in the background. We are in Parisian society, such as it is outside its most exclusive *salons*, pending the advent of a reformer. The passions whose play forms the main incidents of the plot are passions the consequences of which are worked out in society, and among persons socially recognized; and so far the critic's difficulty is lessened. One thing, it seems to us, which should be borne in mind when M. Dumas's writing is in question is that, though his plays may not be fit subjects for exhibition before a public that tolerates the *Timbale d'Argent* on the London stage, this does not mean that they necessarily corrupt the audiences for which he writes. His countrymen do not run the risk of making new acquaintances; they only see themselves on the stage somewhat uglier than they imagined. There he is a satirist and professedly a flagellator of vice; here he would be appealing only to a morbid taste for nasty subjects.

The subject of the play now in question is difficult to condense, chiefly on account of its length, and partly owing to its somewhat loose and disproportionate construction. Mlle. Catherine Mauriceau, the only child of a rich and besotted tradesman, was brought up in her father's house (he being a widower) by the best substitute that could be found for a mother, an excellent widow, whose son Gérard was the friend of Catherine's childhood, and became her lover before either of them knew what love was. Gérard is a model of all the manly as Catherine is of all the womanly virtues and graces; and when they came of marriageable age, they were to be united. But M. Mauriceau had judged otherwise in the profundity of his political mind. Gérard was only an honest man, and a good engineer: he loved the daughter and was loved by her, but he was not the son-in-law for a retired tradesman of the Faubourg St. Denis with twenty millions of francs in quest of social investment. This was intimated to him with the usual professions of esteem, and he, being a proper young man, withdrew, and endeavoured to solace his grief by zealous application to his professional duties. The mother understood her position, and followed her son into retirement. M. Mauriceau then invested his millions in a duke. The duke he found had been long—too long indeed for his honour—in the market, and [illegible] bill-broker might have informed M. Mauriceau of the value of [illegible]ture son-in-law's signature, had that worthy tradesman and at [illegible]ttom well-meaning father cared to know. "But that is just [illegible] a son-in-law I wanted," says Mauriceau, and Maximin de Septmonts took care to gratify him in the wish. The situation reminds one a little too much of the *Gendre de M. Poirier*, but, instead of the sprightly and amiable Gaston de Presles, whom M. Delaunay has clothed with a new interest by his recent personation, we have the hard, broken-down, cynical, ruffianly Septmonts, whose courage consists in ten years' training in a fencing-room, whose honour lies in the general recognition of that fact amongst the persons of his acquaintance, and who has just reached that stage in profligacy where he would be an adventurer if he were not a duke of legitimate descent. A duke, even in the present democratic state of French society, remains a duke. The coin, however clipped and sweated, is still currency, with an allowance for loss of weight. Mauriceau is rich enough to make the allowance and recoin Septmonts into a son-in-law for himself. The marriage takes place under the auspices of an enigmatic Mrs. Clarkson, of whom nothing is known with certainty, save that she is an American, has a legal husband in the Far West, two millions at her banker's, and has seen all the capitals of Europe. She is courted by the best male Parisian society. It was at her house that M. Mauriceau's millions and M. de Septmonts' debts made acquaintance, and by her agency they were finally linked in hymeneal bonds. The lady who supplied the link, and who is generally believed to be the Duke's mistress, received a pearl necklace worth 10,000*l.* from the father, and the son-in-law, out of his bride's dowry, repaid her a loan of 150,000 francs which she had generously advanced to pay his losses at *baccarat*.

The scene opens after eighteen months of matrimony at the Duke's hotel, where a garden-party is being given for the benefit of the poor. Amongst the crowd of paying visitors Mauriceau has found the doctor under whose auspices Mlle. Catherine made her first appearance in the world. Dr. Remonin is an Academician known to the world of science by his researches on Infusoria, particularly of the genus "Vibrion." He is also an old college chum of Mauriceau's, but this friendship has been somewhat forgotten by the latter, and their meeting on this occasion is due to chance and to the prosperous *parvenu's* want of a listener. From him Remonin learns what we have already sketched, and he gives him in turn some information about Gérard, who has considerably increased his titles to Mauriceau's esteem by enriching himself in his profession. He has hitherto kept aloof from the Mauriceaus, but on that very day he was seen by the Duchess walking in the gardens with the identical Mrs. Clarkson who had tied the knot of her fatal marriage. The lover of her maiden days has returned, the old love is quickened into action by the pang of jealousy, and the spectator can already foresee that the result will be an explanation, with its unavoidable consequence—a *rapprochement* between the lovers, a collision between two rival women, and a rupture in prospect between husband and wife. Hostilities at once begin with a *coup de théâtre*, which is very striking in its effect. The "Étrangère," who is interested in Gérard and acquainted with his previous history, loses sight of him as the Duchess with her party retires into the private apartments, and in her jealousy she imagines that he has joined them. Then she, the adventuress who has never crossed the threshold of any lady's house, the woman notorious for the men she has ruined and the suicides which she has caused—she, the reputed mistress of the Duchess's husband, demands, and in spite of the Duchess obtains, an entrance into the private drawing-room. Her introducer, none of the gentlemen consenting when challenged to serve as such, is the husband, Maximin de Septmonts. The whole scene is intense in dramatic power, and brings the exposition in the first act to a crisis.

The question naturally arises, How to separate creditably a husband and a wife between whom there is no union or possibility of keeping up appearances after the scandal of a public outrage, and how to bring together two lovers who respect each other in a manner worthy of their love? It is clear that the husband is very much in the way, and, further, that he intends to be so as long as possible, and to make the most disagreeable use of his power; he now insists that the Duchess shall return Mrs. Clarkson's visit, as that adventuress requires. The law of divorce does not exist in France; the naturalization of the parties in a land where divorce is permitted is a *dénouement* recently supplied by a case of real life, but more likely to occur to the ingenuity of the victim than to the dramatist who is free to choose his own means. M. Dumas does not as yet take us into his confidence, but he propounds, through the medium of Gérard's friend the Doctor, a comforting theory founded on the analogies of the animalcular world of "Vibrions." The Doctor explains to the Marchioness de Rumières, a cousin of the Duke's, who shares the general sympathy for the wife and detestation for the husband, that the latter must be got rid of physiologically. The dialogue between the Academician (M. Got) and the Marquise (Mme. Madeleine Brohan) is so peculiarly characteristic of both personages and of the play itself that we cannot refrain from quoting it at some length:—

Mme. de Rumières. Eh bien! et le mari—le duc—mon cousin. Mon cousin! Qu'est-ce que vous en faites dans tout ça?

Remonin. Je ne m'en occupe pas. Il disparaîtra au moment nécessaire. Les dieux interviendront.

Mme. de Rumières. Comme dans les tragédies antiques.

Remonin. C'est vous qui l'avez dit. Et les anciens avaient raison. Ils savaient aussi bien que nous, mieux peut-être, que le monde moral est régi par les mêmes lois que le monde physique, qu'il y a la même harmonie dans l'un que dans l'autre, et l'intervention des dieux n'était que la conséquence logique, la fatalité inévitable, résultant des actes humains.

Mme. de Rumières. Mais comment disparaîtra-t-il, mon cousin, car il est vivant et bien vivant?

Remonin. Il en a l'air parce qu'il mange, parce qu'il boit, parce qu'il s'agite, parce qu'il a la forme humaine; mais ce n'est qu'une apparence. Ce n'est pas un homme.

Mme. de Rumières. Qu'est-ce que c'est donc?

Remonin. C'est un vibrion.

Mme. de Rumières. Vous dites?

Remonin. Je dis: un vibrion.

Mme. de Rumières. Qu'est ce que c'est que ça?

Remonin.—Comment! Et vous dites que vous lisez mes articles et vous

ne connaissez pas les vibrions! Je vous en ferai voir. C'est charmant. Ce sont des végétaux nés de la corruption partielle des corps qu'on a pris longtemps pour des animaux à cause d'un petit mouvement ondulatoire qui leur est propre, qu'on ne peut distinguer qu'au microscope, et qui sont chargés de corrompre, dissoudre et détruire les parties restées saines du corps en question.

Ce sont les ouvriers de la mort. Eh bien, les sociétés sont des corps comme les autres, qui se décomposent en de certaines parties, à de certains moments, et qui produisent des vibrions à forme humaine, qu'on prend pour des hommes véritables, mais qui n'en sont pas et qui font inconsciemment tout ce qu'ils peuvent pour corrompre, dissoudre et détruire le reste du corps social.

Heureusement la nature ne veut pas la mort, mais la vie. La mort n'est qu'un de ses moyens, la vie est son but. Elle fait donc résistance à ces agents de la destruction et elle retourne contre eux les principes morbides qu'ils contiennent. C'est alors qu'on voit le vibrion humain, un jour qu'il a trop bu, prendre sa fenêtre pour sa porte et se casser ce qui lui servait de tête sur le pavé de la rue; ou si le jeu le ruine ou que sa vibrionne le trompe, se tirer un coup de pistolet dans ce qu'il croit être son cœur; ou venir se heurter contre un vibrion plus gros et plus fort que lui, qui l'arrête et le supprime. On entend alors un tout petit bruit. Quelque chose qui fait hu-u-u-u. (*Il souffle un peu d'air entre ses lèvres.*) C'est ce qu'on avait pris pour l'âme du vibrion qui s'envole dans l'air, pas très haut. M. le duc se meurt! M. le duc est mort. Allons, adieu.

With this comforting final assurance the author leaves us. Meanwhile the lovers' situation is, to say the least, embarrassing, and one is surprised to see such a judge of human nature as the Doctor expose two such young people to its dangers by facilitating an interview. On seeing her lover Catherine (Mlle. Croisette) throws herself into his arms. Fortunately Gérard is worthy of all the praise which has been lavished on him; he will be to her that *rara avis* of lovers, a brother and a comforter, and he begins by advising her to return Mrs. Clarkson's visit as the Duke requires. This she agrees to do after he has quieted her jealousy by explaining how he became acquainted with Mrs. Clarkson, whom he promises never to see again. The *tête-à-tête* is interrupted by the entry of the Duke; and the appearance of the young man, who is introduced by the Duchess as "the friend of her youth," coupled with her sudden acquiescence in her husband's will, generates the first suspicion in the latter's mind. It is confirmed by the suggestions of the "Étrangère" when the Duchess refuses to give up Gérard, and lastly by a letter from Catherine to the lover, which the husband intercepts.

Following the time-honoured precept *Festinat ad eventum* — somewhat forgotten in the third act, where M. Dumas takes advantage of Catherine's presence in the "Étrangère's" house to expound to us, in a tirade of unprecedented length, all the past history of that enigmatic heroine, who is evidently as perplexing to the author as she is to the critic—we shall hold to the main point and not allow ourselves to be dragged into episodical digressions. Of all Mrs. Clarkson's sins her greatest one is certainly against dramatic unity. That she was born of a planter and a coloured woman, was sold into bondage separately from her mother, from whom she inherited a mission of vengeance against the man who sold them and against the male sex in general, which mission she has done her best to fulfil by means of robbery and indirect assassination—all this long tirade which the author has inflicted on Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, as if to strain that great tragedian's powers to the utmost pitch of endurance, is more strictly descriptive than dramatic. She is indeed the shade of the picture, but a clog on the action. The question before us is how the husband is to be disposed of and the lovers creditably united, and dramatically Mrs. Clarkson is only necessary so far as she contributes to this result. But for her designs on Gérard we should never have seen her in the Duchess's drawing-room nor the Duchess in hers, and the "Étrangère" would have disappeared from the play that bears her name. She has tied the nuptial knot which has to be untied, she has accelerated the rupture between husband and wife; but she does nothing more. She declares war against the Duchess, but she makes no attempt to injure her with Gérard or to recover the young man for herself. She looms as a stage-enemy behind the scenes; but she has a husband—a sort of rough shaggy "Far-Wester," somewhat too ready with his six-shooter—who has crossed the ocean to confer with Gérard upon a new method for the extraction of gold, and who may be useful.

We return to the main action, which culminates in the fourth act. The Duke has intercepted a letter from his wife to Gérard, and when he comes to seek an explanation he finds her in conference with the lover, whom he dismisses, taunting him with the lowliness of his mother's position. Then begins between the husband and the wife the most dramatic scene of the whole play, into which M. Dumas has thrown all his strength, and Mlle. Croisette all her vehemence. Convinced of the platonic nature of Catherine's affection for Gérard by the terms of the letter itself, and secretly chuckling over her innocence, he approaches his wife as a rake who has found a new interest in her. The love, which he never cared to win, has now the fascination of adultery; he asks for it in exchange for the criminating letter, which he offers to return. "Keep it, sir," she exclaims, in a fury of indignation, and she repels with horror and disgust the miserable wretch whose treatment of her as a bride has filled her heart with shame and anguish. At this moment the father enters, and characteristically, to avoid a public exposure, asks his son-in-law to name his price for the letter. One feels that only intense fury prevents the Duke from closing with the offer; he is bent on a separation that will dishonour his wife and on a duel in which he will kill the lover. Gérard offers a convenient opportunity by returning to ask satisfaction for the insulting remarks about his mother. The Duke prolongs the discussion with irritating blandness, so as to place himself in the position of the offended party, and secure the choice of weapons. He is a master of fence, and the rapier is the weapon he chooses. Nothing more is wanted but an unscrupulous second. Clarkson, with his expeditious Transatlantic methods, is, he thinks, the man, and he summons him to his assistance; while Maurice, to vindicate his daughter's honour, offers himself as the second of his son-in-law's adversary. The situation seems indeed desperate. The Vibrion Duke, whose death was promised at the outset by the Doctor, will live to kill the lover, dishonour the wife, and remain in sole possession of the stage. Even in the improbable contingency of his being killed, his widow can never become Gérard's wife, and he is determined to secure the ruin of the Duchess in the event of his death by placing the criminating letter in Clarkson's hands for production at the trial. But salvation comes from an unexpected quarter. Clarkson's heart is honest, though his hand is quick; the Duke did not see the difference when he chose him for an accommodating second. The Yankee will shoot a man without the ceremonial of the Paris Jockey Club; but he must have some reason for doing so, and the reasons the Duke gives are unintelligible to his mind. The Duke takes him for a fool, and explains: Clarkson sees he is a scoundrel, and tells him so. "No man ever said that to me," shrieks the Duke. "That's just what I wonder at," replies Clarkson. In a moment the parts are changed; the second—a by no means unusual occurrence—becomes a principal in the quarrel, but the Duke decides to take Gérard first. "Do you think," says Clarkson, "I am going to let you kill a man who is worth to me 25 per cent. in the working of my gold mines?" and he insists that they shall settle their business at once in the garden behind the house. They quit the stage, and in five minutes the Duchess is a widow, to the joy of all her friends. The Commissary of Police arrests Clarkson for the murder. "Queer people these," says the Yankee; but his wife comes to his help, and reveals herself at last in her real character as a secret agent of police. Her part is finished; her occupation gone; she will return to her husband and live with him under a more congenial sky. The Commissary calls on the Doctor to certify the death. "With pleasure," replies Remonin, who had foreseen it from the first.

The action, once clenched in the fourth act, is hurried on from scene to scene till the end with a rapidity and progressive intensity of interest which would prove Alexandre Dumas the greatest French dramatist of the age if he knew how to carry a plot through its intermediate stages as well as how to solve it. But in the first three acts he seems like a man entangled in the luxuriance of his incidents; then, with a few lightning-strokes, he cuts a path through his own jungle. The effect at the time is all the more startling, but on reflection one ceases to perceive the necessity for a jungle. This is not a method of composition to which the first stage in France has accustomed us, and we doubt whatever its immediate success whether the *Étrangère* will take a definitive place in a repertory of works constructed according to the permanent laws of dramatic art. The dialogue is sparkling with wit; it is nervous, concise, and always keeps the spectator's mind engaged even when the action lags behind. The character of Septmonts is thoroughly sustained by the author and the actor; it is the most original creation of the play, and every trait of this aristocratic ruffian is brought out, without excessive repulsiveness, by M. Coquelin's admirable discrimination. The Duchess is well drawn and well opposed to the Duke. Mlle. Croisette shows great progress in the part; she still wants ease in silence, continuity in action, and more flexibility of voice and manner, but her passion and vehemence in the fourth act were sustained with extraordinary power. The father is an amusing picture of a vain, foolish, self-conceited, and pleasure-seeking *bourgeois*, utterly blind in his paternal wisdom to the consequences of his acts, yet capable of exc
fortune. M. Thiron almost drew tears in the pa
the greatest difficulty of the play, and that is why he is left so long behind the scenes. The part was for some time rehearsed by M. Delaunay, but his recent illness entitled him to be excused from appearing in it. M. Mounet Sully does what it allows, but in a manner that shows that he would have done better to remain in his tragic robes, where his brilliant qualities are seen at their best. The "Étrangère" herself really contributes very little to the action; she delays it in the third act, and vanishes from it afterwards. Her character is a compound of negatives; born of the degradation of race and sex, she is a creature irreducible to any category of impropriety; ideally, a Nemesis of love; in reality, a Parisian antithesis half-dramatized out of a couple of sensational novels. Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt succeeds, however, in working this abortive creation into a dramatic picture that rivets the attention of the spectator from the moment she enters the stage till she quits it; but we hope that this mistress of her art will not be called upon to repeat the dangerous experiment of doing for an author what he should have done for him[illegible]. Her graces of diction, manner, attitude, and motion, h[illegible]orce, her power of impassiveness and repose, are unsurpas[illegible]e is the Cleopatra of the Comédie Française—

> Whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh,
> To weep; whose every passion fully strives
> To make itself in *her* fair and admired.

M. Febvre gave us the best American that we have yet seen on the French stage. M. Got and Mme. Madeleine Brohan illustrated by their acting the paradox that none but the best actors can be safely entrusted with secondary parts; every scene in which they appeared gained unity, proportion, and symmetry from their cool

judgment and exquisite dramatic tact. To say that the minor actors did their work well sounds almost like an impertinence, for we are speaking of the only stage in Europe on which the dramatic art is understood as a whole.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY MOB.

TRAVEL, according to Bacon, is a part of experience; and it could be wished that the experience gained from it nowadays were turned to better use. For years past a store of experience concerning the dangers of railway travelling has been accumulated, and as yet it cannot be said that safety has been gained by knowledge of peril. At a lecture given a short while ago at the Royal Institution it was shown that the danger of railway travelling was in proportion less, if anything, than that of staying at home; but this does not appear a sufficient reason for neglecting any possible precaution for the lives and limbs of those who do not stay at home. A man sitting by his own fireside may be attacked by fever, but that reflection will not induce him to mount a dangerous horse without bit and bridle. The unhappy events which have occurred lately on railways have directed unusual attention to their management or mismanagement; but it is to be observed that such events are in a greater or lesser degree constantly occurring. For one accident serious enough to be widely known there are probably many which by a lucky chance stop short of fatal or dangerous injury, and hardly reach beyond the knowledge of those immediately concerned, and for one of these, again, there must be many hairbreadth 'scapes of accident. It has been said that in the old coaching days there were as many mischances as there are now; and it is possible that there were in proportion as many overturns of coaches as there are collisions of trains; but in those times only a limited number of lives and limbs could be imperilled at once. The power of dealing danger and destruction wholesale belongs to modern travel as to modern warfare.

Although it is our present purpose to speak of the lesser rather than the greater terrors of railway travelling, we have said thus much of these because both have their origin in the same cause. The English public is proverbially patient and good-humoured, and on these qualities those who provide for its convenience and amusement are accustomed to rely. They know that gross inconvenience will be endured with the help of grumbling until the day when inconvenience is developed into something worse, and they trust that day may never come. But by the indolent habit which prevents them from detecting warning amid grumbling they do their best to hasten its coming. As to the public patience and good humour, which cannot but encourage this habit, and which is generally spoken of as a merit, it is possible that selfishness has a good deal to do with it. Few men are likely to attach as much importance to their neighbours' troubles as to their own, and all men are apt to underrate the extent of misfortunes which do not reach themselves. If you have been at some hotel where you have struggled with every kind of neglect and inattention and, meeting another who has been there just before or just after you and found things in a better condition, you detail your grievances to him, the strongest feeling you arouse in him will probably be one of self-congratulation. He will tell you, with pride in himself and contempt for you, that "he can only say he was not so particularly uncomfortable." There are men who carry this principle so far that they will convey a reproach to you for having missed the view from a mountain top by reason of a fog. "Ah! you should have gone up when we did," they will say, leaving you to conclude that to their convenience all the changes of nature are subservient. When a misfortune of travel attacks one of these people—when, for instance, his portmanteau is opened and its contents taken away during a journey—his indignation will be as great as his indifference was before; but he will find that it does not much affect other people. Thus, as long as individuals only are injured by mismanagement of matters which affect the public, one need not look very confidently for improvements. It is also to be observed that individual miseries are frequently put up with because the time and trouble spent in attempting to obtain redress would be a worse loss than the original one.

If these things were not so, probably some common protest would have been made long since against one piece of railway mismanagement which we have frequently noticed. Whenever an unusually large concourse of people is collected at a railway-station by some attraction that is to be reached by means of a train, there ensues what is called "a scene of indescribable confusion." An ever-gathering crowd presses round the trapdoor of the ticket-clerk, who may perhaps be excused if his temper falls short of the demands made upon it. The freedom which is dear to every Briton becomes a tyranny of elbows and heavy boots. The barbaric rush which assails the ticket-office spreads out on to the platform, where the carriage doors are besieged as if they were "claims" in a gold-field and the passengers were diggers. It has not unfrequently happened that a carriage has had to be defended by main force against an attack of roughs. This condition of things a paternal government in France has avoided by means which would probably be unacceptable here. Most of us, when pent up in a cage with glass doors at a foreign station waiting wearily for the unloosening of bars, have longed for the liberty of an English railway. And some of us, when struggling in the tumult of an English station, have remembered with regret the restraint we despised abroad. It is not beyond human powers, nor even beyond those of a Railway Company, to find something between the two extremes. The "queue," for instance, which plays a part in so many affairs of French life might with advantage be adopted, or rather enforced, at the ticket-office. Adopted in a sense it is; but the mystic words "In" and "Out," and the fact that the space between the clerk's trapdoor and the barrier opposite will only hold a certain number of persons, do not seem to appeal with any great force to the travelling public. Again, it might be not impracticable to issue for every train a number of tickets no greater than the number of passengers that the train will carry.

As nothing upon earth can be perfect, it would be unreasonable to look for perfection beneath the earth. It is not unreasonable, however, to expect some better attempt towards perfection than is found in the arrangements of the Underground Railway. Upon this railway there have been comparatively few accidents, and many of these have arisen from the folly of passengers, who, in getting out of a train, have not taken into account the ordinary laws of opposing forces. But of inconvenience, which may easily result in serious danger, there is here plenty to be found. From five o'clock onwards every evening the Underground Railway is greatly in request by men of business and labour in every class of life returning from their work. The result of this is that very much such an indiscriminate rush as takes place on rare occasions above ground is here repeated every day. Any one who has observed a train passing at this time of day must have noted that in many of the carriages every available space, both for sitting and standing, is occupied. And it is only natural that those who are anxious to secure these places should run at them with an utter disregard of what may happen to any one in their way. On week days this state of things is bad enough; but there is at least a chance of finding a carriage with a corner unoccupied. On Sunday nights it becomes intolerable. As a rule, every carriage in every train after it has passed a certain number of stations is as full as it will hold of people sitting in the seats, on the arms of the seats, and standing up, holding on to whatever they can find, like voyagers in a storm clutching at the rigging. One cannot but admire the irony which retains the placard "This carriage is constructed to hold so-many persons" when each carriage contains at least twice as many. The state of those passengers who hope to catch the last train is perhaps the most pitiable; for the chances are enormous against their finding a place, and the practice which obtains at theatres of returning money at the doors if there is no room has not, we believe, reached to the Underground Railway. Certain things may be easily said by the managers of the railway in defence of this gross abuse. It may be contended that they have a right to make as much profit out of their line as they can, and that no one is obliged to travel by it. But it may be questioned whether any one has a right to trade on the long-suffering of his fellow-creatures, and if no one is obliged to travel by this line, many people are induced to do so by the hope held out to them of finding reasonable accommodation on it. The placards of which we have spoken encourage this delusion; and we would suggest that after the word "passengers" should be added the words "and as many more as can be crammed into it." Again, it may be said that for the great convenience of reaching distant places given by this railway one can afford to put up with a little inconvenience. But the inconvenience of overcrowding is far from little, and there is assuredly no convenience in paying and waiting for a place in a conveyance which, when it reaches one, is choke-full. Perhaps when some serious mischance has come of the confusion and suffocation which may be seen any day at the times we have noted on this railway, its managers may attempt to remedy these abuses by increasing their staff and number of carriages, or by regulating the amount of traffic on it, or by some means which their superior wisdom will no doubt find ready. To interfere with a passenger's right to fight and struggle for a place would of course be infringing the liberty of the subject. But the liberty of the subject ought not to include the liberty to expose his fellow-subjects to unmerited dangers and sufferings.

MODERN GARDENS.

A TOLERABLY successful rebellion has been organized by people of educated taste against English upholstery and French fashions. A few courageous persons have actually presumed to furnish and decorate their houses according to their own wayward fancies, instead of on the principles approved by Messrs. Scroll and Gilder. Friends and acquaintances pay them visits in order to criticize and wonder, but, strange to say, are generally so struck with the charm that individuality gives to any room, and so much emboldened by the results of audacity, that they determine on the first opportunity to go and do likewise. Consequently a large demand has lately arisen for artistic wall papers, harmoniously coloured carpets, and picturesque fireplaces. In self-defence the large shops are obliged to try to meet the requirements even of those benighted beings who cannot fall down and worship the last new thing with the reverence usually accorded to it by the British public. It is easy to sneer at the present mania for bric-à-brac, but it is better than gambling and horse-racing. It is a question whether a costermonger who enjoyed having a painted flower on his tea-cup would be likely to kick his wife to death. However, owing to this revolt against ostentatious ugliness, good patterns and delicate com-

binations of colour may now be seen where formerly the goods exhibited for sale ought to have made an intending purchaser shudder and turn away empty-handed. Architects, too, have been obliged to realize the importance of domestic architecture, and many of the craft are able to build houses which, instead of being an eyesore to passers-by, are pleasant to look upon, and do not quite spoil the effect of a picturesque landscape. The apostles of art in the household, having now managed to persuade fashion to follow in their train for at least a time, will have leisure to turn their attention elsewhere. It would be well if they could be induced to step outside the well-cared-for dwelling-house and engage in a crusade against the modern gardener, a tyrannical and prosaic creature who holds the same position amongst the flower-pots that the upholsterer does amongst chairs and tables. Our gardens have degenerated for precisely the same reason that our mason-work is commonplace and our woodwork either distorted by objectless turning or painted in imitation of what it is not. Ignorance and want of taste in those who have money to spend must always have a fatal effect upon everything produced. Rich people buy stucco palaces because they have not learnt anything about architecture, and could not appreciate the difference between stone and plaster if they tried. They give orders for costly furniture; but as they have only a feeble idea of what they want, and scarcely the foggiest notion of what they admire, they leave these knotty points to be solved by some firm in whom a titled acquaintance has recommended them to have complete confidence. They value their house and its contents in exact proportion to what they have been made to pay for them. It is precisely the same with their garden. They know nothing about flowers, and can only judge of the merits of their pleasure-ground by the length of the bills and the number of men they keep employed. It never occurs to them that, just as a drawing-room, however expensively furnished, loses its fascination and air of comfort if let entirely to the care of the housemaid, so no garden can be at all satisfactory without the nameless charm that only can be given by the superintendence of a person of taste and cultivation. Little touches of refinement and subtlety are always required which even the best servants, except perhaps "lady-helps," can scarcely be expected to supply.

It is to be regretted that a larger proportion of those who live at their country places at least nine months of the year, and have nothing particular to do during those nine months, should not take up the pleasant pursuit of artistic gardening, and give to their own family and their friends the pleasure of seeing nature at its best. Of course we are not now speaking of show places, where a competent director like Sir Joseph Paxton takes complete charge, nor yet of those establishments where there is so large an area under glass that the great object of the unhappy proprietor is to get an experienced man who will be able to sell a sufficient quantity of forced fruit to lessen expenses. There are many imposing gardens of this description where the family find it almost impossible to have the commonest things in profusion, or even a sufficient crop of currants to make the jelly required. Scarcity and ostentation go hand in hand. It would seem, however, that in a small establishment there ought to be some one who looked after the garden. At first sight one might suppose that a young lady would feel as much interest in the roses that grow in the borders as in the artificial ones she places in her bonnet. But here certainly a difficulty does arise, owing to the intolerable position which the ignorance of employers has enabled our gardeners to assume—a position analogous to that taken by our cooks. The ordinary modern gardener, whose only knowledge of plants has been acquired by working in a nursery-ground, must appear to a real lover of flowers the most insufferable mixture of conceit and ignorance. He makes no attempt to learn how to keep the pleasure-grounds in beauty all the year round, and the kitchen-garden well stocked with necessary crops. On the contrary, his only ambition is to see his name appear on prize tickets at neighbouring flower-shows, and to sell in Covent Garden the fruit he cultivates at his master's expense. To gratify these noble aspirations he does not scruple to appropriate the hours which legally belong to his employers, nor will he hesitate to sacrifice all the flowers of a plant which should be covered with blossoms in order to perfect a single bloom for exhibition. He runs up long bills with his former master or at a neighbouring nursery-ground, and orders seeds from a London house which he has not always a definite intention of sowing, as well as bulbs which perhaps never appear except in the accounts. He tries to enforce the law that none of the family are to cut the flowers or touch the fruit; but if the lady's-maid happens to be pretty, she will find no difficulty in appropriating the earliest peach and the most cherished tea-rose. He cannot, however, bear to see anything given away by his master, and would rather let the plums spoil on the trees than pack them in a hamper to be sent as a present. It is impossible to induce him to sow a sufficient succession of crops of peas, spinach, and lettuce, so that, if some sowings fail, there will still be an abundant supply throughout the season. He prefers to spend all his energies on producing a few sticks of celery earlier than any one else, and a monster gourd which no one can use. It is rare to see a garden that is under the complete control of an ordinary gardener in which the supply of small fruit admits of the proprietor giving away generously to his poorer neighbours; yet no modern gardener would refuse to force pots of strawberries, so that he might send in a dozen tasteless specimens for a dinner-party. Amongst the flower-beds he is simply unendurable, as his theory of gardening consists in arranging everything in rows or patches, and on no account allowing any plant under his charge to display the cloven foot of natural habit. To him even a creeper growing at its own sweet will is an eyesore, and he has no opinion of such a rose as the cloth of gold, which refuses to thrive when pruned. A pyramidal azalea, the shape of a haystack, and so covered with bloom that not a single green leaf is visible to break the monotonous uniformity of its shape, is to him the perfection of art and beauty. In fact, no plant is worth much unless it requires to be kept in a hothouse all the year round. A flower that can grow without assistance is as little entitled to admiration or respect as a lady who does not require a maid to arrange her hair. He hates a primrose by the river's brim simply because it thrives without being transplanted every year, and, no matter how severe the season, bursts forth in bloom to be freely plucked by passers-by. The finest carpet of wild hyacinths or starry wind-flowers is to him mere trash; the tallest and most pearly-white foxglove only an awkward, lanky weed, to be pulled up and thrown on the rubbish-heap. He disclaims all acquaintance with our common perennial plants, on account of a vulgar way they have of growing anywhere, and a facility for reproduction quite contemptible. He digs up the monthly roses because they are not sufficiently double to please his artificial taste; he burns the wild honeysuckle, which crept through the hedge so prettily and dared to make acquaintance with aristocratic bedding-out plants. He invariably chooses the hottest part of the day for transplanting and watering, and gathers the fruit when it is raining. He takes possession of every green thing, and resents as an insult the slightest interference. When a suggestion is offered he perhaps replies that, if he is not supposed to know his own business, he had better go elsewhere. Unfortunately he is only too well aware how helpless his employer would feel if left with only a common labourer to whom he had to give directions; yet the amount of knowledge necessary to enable a lady or gentleman to train an intelligent working-man is easily acquired. It is possible to have a charming garden without a greenhouse, and plenty of wall-fruit with only the help of an experienced person to do the pruning. It is the attempt to have vegetables and fruit out of their season, and to cultivate plants which cannot be acclimatized, that makes our gardens troublesome, expensive, and unproductive.

It is curious to trace the results of this artificial method in a recent publication, *Floral Decorations for Dwelling-Houses* (Macmillan). Although Miss Hassard makes some valuable suggestions, the book has a false ring from the impossible bunch of flowers on the cover to the last page, in which the author recommends that in using ivy "the leaves should be brushed over with gum in a liquid state and then dusted with glass-dust from the glass-works, which can be obtained at a very small cost." The word "fashion" occurs in the very first page, a word which ought to have no connexion with any but artificial flowers. A plant may be scarce and costly, and therefore not common; but it is ridiculous to treasure a variegated geranium until it is to be seen in cottage gardens, and then throw it away and replace it by one not half so good but which costs twice as much. It is this vulgar habit of talking of things being fashionable, when "beautiful" is the word we ought to mean, that makes our houses, our parties, our pictures, our dress, so little worthy of an intelligent and cultivated nation. Miss Hassard's directions for making a bouquet consist in first telling her pupils to wire the flowers and then to determine the fashionable size "by taking a peep into some first-class florist's window." She is good enough to allow that "even common plants may be made to look effective in apartments" by taste and judgment; but all her directions savour of the modern gardener, and the ambition so to arrange real flowers that they may have all the appearance of being manufactured. Miss Hassard's crowning achievement is to cut a hole in the dining-table so as to enable her to conceal the central pot of her decorations, and make the plant seem to be growing out of the mahogany. This piece of taste will no doubt find immense favour with the public and be loudly applauded by the modern gardener. How different are the directions given by Japanese florists, whose great object seems to be by delicate devices to enable every spray to look at ease and in its right place! They will even leave a withered branch to give natural effect, or allow a few fallen leaves to remain round the pot. True floral decoration ought to be independent of all this wire and canvas, lace paper and glass dust, nor is it aided by small paltry make-believes, such as pretending that palms can grow out of table-cloths. It requires, to be successful, that the decorator should have a reverence for the natural forms of flowers and foliage, and a keen appreciation of harmony in colour. The true secret of gardening is to make the most artistic use of those plants which belong naturally to the climate and soil.

FIRES IN THEATRES.

CAPTAIN SHAW, the head of the London Fire Brigade, has rendered an important public service in again calling attention to the perils to which theatrical audiences are exposed from fire or panic. As far back as 1866 Captain Shaw gave evidence on this subject before the Committee of the House of Commons on theatrical licences and regulations, and urged the adoption of various precautions. The Lord Chamberlain's office has also from time to time given fitful attention to the question; but it would seem that the arrangements of many of the theatres are still seriously defective. It is well known that theatres are, from their peculiar construction and fittings, a class of buildings extremely liable to take fire, and

that in fact they are frequently burned down. Last year Edinburgh lost both its theatres by fire, and a theatre was also burned at Leeds. In 1869 the Prince of Wales's Theatre at Glasgow was destroyed by fire, and in the following year the Alexandra Theatre there shared the same fate. In 1867 Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket was burned down for the second time. Almost all the London theatres, in fact, have been burned once or twice, and Astley's five times; and similar disasters are continually happening throughout the country. It is significant, as Captain Shaw mentions, that of all the regular or provisional buildings in which the Paris opera has found a home there is not one which has escaped a conflagration, and it remains to be seen whether the present house will be more fortunate. All these fires, except perhaps that of the Commune, broke out at intervals between the performances from want of sufficient care, and spread in consequence of the bad style of construction. As a rule, there has been of late years in our own country a singular immunity from loss of life in connexion with the burning of theatres; but Captain Shaw justly remarks that this ought not to blind sensible people to "the extreme probability, if not absolute certainty, that under different circumstances many persons might have perished." Even when a theatre is empty, its being on fire is a danger to the neighbourhood, and the consequences are sometimes of a most calamitous kind. It should be borne in mind also that a panic arising from a false alarm may be quite as terrible as an actual conflagration, and that panics are apt to be produced by the knowledge that precautions necessary for the safety of audiences are frequently neglected. Captain Shaw anticipates the criticism that, in pointing out the dangers which threaten playgoers, he is himself helping to create a tendency to panic; but his justification is obvious and sufficient. If a great catastrophe were to occur, and any one in Captain Shaw's position were to point out how it had happened and how it might have been prevented, there would be a general cry that it is easy to be wise after the event, and that the warning ought to have been given at an earlier date.

Captain Shaw, in the pamphlet (Spon) which he has just published, indicates the principal points of safety and danger in such places as theatres. The external street approaches should invariably be kept free and unobstructed. Each outlet should be easy of access, well lighted, and free from obstructions. As the safety of a building is necessarily in some degree affected by its position with regard to other buildings, a theatre ought under no circumstances to be completely surrounded by other buildings. "The practice of entering and leaving such a place," says Captain Shaw, "by a passage or set of passages through other buildings, and not direct from the street, is one so obviously dangerous in the extreme that it must be a subject of wonder how it can ever have been permitted in any country making even the pretence of taking care of its inhabitants." Speaking generally, he lays down the rule, which indeed is obvious enough, that a theatre is safest when it stands completely isolated, that every house near it is an element of danger, and that the risk is greatest when it is entirely surrounded by other buildings. Again, the manager's rooms and offices, the dressing-rooms of the actors, the store-rooms, the passages and galleries in the audience part of the house, the refreshment-rooms, staircases, and entrance-halls ought to be constructed of solid, heat-proof materials, and to form an essential part of the building, instead of being, as sometimes happens, "a mere collection of apparently temporary fittings, just able to carry themselves and the persons using them, and of no service to the general structure, but, on the contrary, a source of danger to it on account of their great inflammability." It is further advisable to divide the building into as many distinct and separate risks as possible; and Captain Shaw suggests for this purpose a fire-wall between the stage and the auditorium, with wrought-iron doors at the sides, and of course the usual opening for the stage, which could be closed on an emergency by a metal curtain. Another important principle in regard to safety, on which Captain Shaw lays great stress, is that each class of seats should have a separate entrance, so that, in case of an alarm, there would be no obstruction at the immediate point of exit from the seats. He also suggests that every part of a theatre should be licensed and legibly marked for the number of persons for whom there is room, in the same way as steamships, omnibuses, railway carriages, &c.; and that "it should be a misdemeanour here, as it is on the other side of the Atlantic, to occupy the aisles or passage-ways between the seats with camp-stools or chairs, to allow persons to stand in the passage-way during the performance, or in any way to interfere with the free ingress or egress of the audience in the common aisles." It is stated that, in at least one country on the Continent, the rule is that two exits are required to be provided for three hundred persons, and three exits for five hundred; and we agree with Captain Shaw that this principle of making, not only the size, but the number, of exits bear some fixed proportion to the audience, might with great advantage be adopted here. As for the stage, it ought to be effectually cut off by fire-proof passages from the dressing-rooms and other offices, and should on no account be in direct communication with the workshops or the store-rooms, nor should the latter communicate directly with each other. It is also laid down that, for the safety of the audience, a theatre ought to be provided with at least two principal staircases, which should be as far as possible apart; so that, in the event of one becoming injured by fire or enveloped by smoke, the other might be available. Moreover, every part of a theatre should be under the absolute control of a responsible official armed with the necessary authority, and there should be a supply of water in constant readiness under a pressure capable of forcing it to every part of the building. We need not follow Captain Shaw through all the details of the regulations which he would wish to see in force; but there is one point to which he attaches much importance, and which certainly deserves consideration. That is the necessity for a staff, not of amateurs, but of real firemen, who have had proper training and experience in their work. In France a number of *sapeurs-pompiers* are stationed at every theatre by order of the Government, but Captain Shaw admits the difficulty of introducing this paternal system in England. At the same time it is for the interest of the managers themselves that they should have a really capable and trustworthy set of firemen, who would be ready for their special duty, but who might also make themselves useful in other ways.

Taking the conditions of safety as laid down by Captain Shaw, who must be regarded as a competent authority, it will, we imagine, be found that there are few, if any, theatres which at present fulfil them. Without attempting to penetrate into the inner recesses of a theatre, any visitor can judge for himself how far on the outer side of the curtain adequate arrangements are made for any commotion among the audience; and if he takes the trouble to consider the matter, he can hardly fail to come to the conclusion that this branch of a manager's duty is very much neglected. The older and larger theatres in London are, as a rule, the best in this respect. Drury Lane and Covent Garden are completely isolated from other buildings, and have entrances on more than one side, each division of the house having its separate means of access. The Adelphi and the Gaiety are also well constructed in this respect; but there are some other theatres in this neighbourhood of which as much certainly cannot be said. Take the Vaudeville, for example. It is wedged in between other buildings, and has only a single narrow entrance in the Strand for all parts of the house, with the exception of the gallery. The staircases and corridors are also very contracted, and there are illuminated drinking-bars in every spare corner. Again, only a narrow gangway is allowed in the balcony and balcony stalls for people to get to their places, and these are usually blocked up altogether in the course of the evening. It is obvious that, in such a case, if there were any panic, there would instantly be a deadlock among the audience; for it is physically impossible that they could escape in time through the narrow apertures provided for their exit. At the first rush there would be a hopeless block, and the rest of the people would be left to be roasted or squeezed to death as the case might be. The chief entrance to the Opera Comique is in the very objectionable form of an underground tunnel from the Strand, but there is also a door on the other side. The Alhambra is a very bad example of a theatre, with only one outside door for the majority of a large, mixed audience. Even on ordinary occasions there seems to be a dense crush when the people leave, and if there were any disturbance the consequences would be horrible. At nearly all the theatres, however, the arrangement of the stalls is very bad, so little room being left between the rows that it is only by desperately struggling and scraping along that people can get to their seats, and once there they are so tightly wedged in that movement is impossible. For ladies this is not only a physical cruelty but an outrage on decorum, and it is really amazing that in a civilized society such a disgraceful and indecent practice should be allowed to continue for the benefit of greedy managers. As the audience leaves, each row of stalls has to empty itself in turn, and it is impossible to get out of a row without going to one end or the other; this is of course a very slow and troublesome process, and in the event of any commotion the audience would be perfectly helpless. The Lord Chamberlain might be expected to protect the public from such abuses, and occasionally some mild remonstrance issues from his office; but it has usually very little effect, except for a night or two. Not long since there was a notice from the Lord Chamberlain that managers must not fill up the gangways which are intended to facilitate free movement with chairs which completely block the way; but by this time the objectionable practice is once more in force. It might be supposed that when such an august functionary gave an order there would be somebody to see that it was obeyed. Besides, the want of proper space for movement along the rows of stalls in itself constitutes quite as great a danger as that of blocking up the communications, and ought to receive official attention. It cannot be expected, of course, that the Lord Chamberlain or his deputy should take charge of all the minor fittings of a theatre, but there are certain broad rules in regard to what is due to the safety of the public which ought to be distinctly laid down and strictly enforced. The theatres ought to be bound to show that they each keep a qualified staff of firemen, that entrances and exits are provided in proportion to the number of the audience, and that a certain proportion of seat-room is marked off for every person. It may be said that, if Captain Shaw's suggestions were to be carried out, it would involve the reconstruction of some of the houses, and no doubt the managers would not like it. On the other hand, however, it is difficult to see what right managers have to carry on their business unless they take adequate precautions for public safety. There are several theatres in London in which, if any alarm, real or imaginary, should occur, a frightful catastrophe would inevitably follow, and when this happens it will no doubt be regretted that reasonable precautions were not insisted upon at an earlier period.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE taste of the American public may be inferred from the fact that the *New York Herald* never appears without half a column or so of what it calls "Personal Intelligence." Such an item as "Bass is better" may be accepted as a compliment to ourselves, nor need we quarrel with the statement that "Lady Thornton leads Washington fashion." Many of these items, indeed, are not "personal" in any sense in which we should use that word, and some of them contain allusions which are lost on us for want of local knowledge. But, if we may infer the guests' appetite from the bill of fare, it cannot be doubted that scandal is greatly relished in America. This appears from the selection of real or supposed news which correspondents telegraph from Europe. The sort of things that are said in a Club smoking-room in London are printed and published in New York, and thus we learn that the Prince of Wales's friends desire the Queen's abdication, and are favoured with an epitome of a publication intended, as we presume, for a satire on the Prince. With this taste existing for imported scandal, it may be supposed that any home growth of the same article is accepted eagerly, and it happens that twice lately elopements, real or imaginary, have occupied the gossips of New York. The *Herald*, with commendable frankness, assumes that all classes of both sexes will "devour" a genuine sensation derived from the elopement of the wife of a prominent shipowner and millionaire of Montreal with "a dashing young English blood," and it proceeds to satisfy as far as possible the curiosity which it thus excites. The lady is young, beautiful, comely of person, and wealthy, and belongs to the most aristocratic circle of Montreal. The gentleman is also young, wealthy, travelled, "and withal dashing." Coming from a good family in England, he gained access to Montreal's aristocratic coterie, and at once became a lion with the fair sex.

We are giving here a fair abridgment of the *Herald's* narrative in order to show the kind of thing that its readers like. The "dashing" gentleman was introduced into a particular family, and at once became enamoured of the manifold charms of the mistress of the house. His feeling was ardently reciprocated, and ere the flight of many weeks clandestine meetings between the two panting young hearts were of almost daily occurrence. It must be admitted that the *Daily Telegraph* never comes up to this, nor is anything like it to be found anywhere, so far as we know, in the London or country press. At last the guilty loves of the erring pair became so ardent that Montreal was too circumscribed for them; so, taking advantage of her husband's temporary absence, the lady packed up her luggage, and with her two youngest children joined "her festive Don Juan" in a trip to the States. They crossed the frontier, rested three days at St. Albans, and took the train thence to New York. Scarcely had they arrived and quartered themselves at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when the police, being put in motion by telegraph from Montreal, arrested the whole party, and conveyed them to the station, where comfortable quarters were provided for the lady and her children, but "the gay Lothario" was left to contemplate the inner decorations of a cell. We entirely approve the justice of this proceeding, although more than doubtful as to its legality. Next morning the prisoners, attended by counsel, appeared before a magistrate, who promptly discharged them. The lady was then escorted in the most gallant manner possible to a carriage by the gentleman; and, being entreated by her brother and brother-in-law, who had now arrived, to return to her heart-broken husband, she answered that "she would never leave her dear Frederick." Shortly afterwards the party took train for Philadelphia, and, as the gentleman lovingly handed his Venus and her little ones aboard a sleeping coach, he presented "a genuine fatherly appearance." It is, so far as we remember, a new feature in elopement to take the lady's children along with her, and the *Herald* seems to think it beautiful as well as new. The lady is a brunette, decidedly handsome and engaging in her appearance and manners, and bears every evidence of good breeding. She was very richly, but by no means gaudily, attired, wearing a long black silk cloak lined with ermine, a black velvet bonnet, and carried a sable muff. The gentleman has a very florid complexion, chestnut hair, and moustache and side whiskers of the blonde type. He evidently has plenty of nerve, and declares he will not give up his prize come what may. It would seem to be the opinion of the *Herald* that a more elegant elopement has never been performed. It is added that the gentleman was advised by counsel that in New York State he could be arrested for abduction, while in Pennsylvania he would be free from that annoyance.

This, we are bound to suppose, is substantially a true story. A reporter of the *Herald* had evidently seen the party off by train from Philadelphia, and it is the result of his own personal observation and judgment when he tells us that the lady was a lady and no mistake. He must have seen the children; and the arrivals of brother and brother-in-law, and afterwards of two detectives from Montreal, appear to have been actual occurrences. With us there is generally some sort of "royal" progress or visit going forward which happily supplies our newspapers with enough of "personal" details of a harmless kind. Pig-sticking by the Prince of Wales is at any rate a more wholesome topic than the elopement of Mrs. Smith, with or without children, and Mr. Brown. Besides, these stories are told abundantly in the Divorce Court, where, however, the reporters, having no eye for the picturesque, wholly neglect to inform us how the lady was dressed, or what colour was the gentleman's moustache. We do not doubt that the reporter of the *Herald* has described with sufficient accuracy the personal appearance of a lady and gentleman who came from Montreal to New York, and, let us say, eloped together. But in another such case the narrative published in the New York papers was equally circumstantial, and was correct in almost all particulars except that there had been no elopement.

In reference to this case the *New York Evening Sun* stated that "The daughter of one of the most celebrated physicians in Quebec has fled with an Irish nobleman, and sought concealment in this city." This is the mythical form under which the *Sun* presented the fact that Lord Dunraven had travelled from Quebec with the two daughters of Dr. Rowand. A supposed delinquent becomes charming even if she was not so before, and it is of course that a young lady who is believed to have eloped with an earl should be "said to possess the most attractive qualities." It is equally indispensable that something complimentary should be reported of the gentleman who has thus become distinguished, and accordingly his lordship, "who is said to have already made many conquests," is described as a bachelor and "a plain, unpretentious gentleman with a quiet reserve." It might have occurred to the editor of the *Sun* that, if all this were true, there was no need for either secrecy or flight, as the young lady might have married the nobleman either with or without her parents' consent. Although we are frequently awakened by the *Herald* of New York, we had not hitherto been enlightened by the *Sun*, and we do not accurately know for what sort of world that luminary shines. But, assuming that it has readers, what estimate must we form of their intelligence and refinement? We are told that the parties "travelled with the greatest secrecy"; but as they would probably come by rail, and were well known at Quebec, whence they started, this could be no more than one of those theatrical mysteries which fail to deceive the youngest playgoer. The *Herald*, whose business, to do it justice, is rather to embellish truth than to invent falsehood, took the most effectual means to contradict the *Sun* by sending a reporter to Lord Dunraven at the Brevoort House, and obtaining from him the statement that he is married and has a family, that he travelled from Quebec with the two daughters of Dr. Rowand, and had been confined to his room by indisposition. Thus far, as we understand, the *Herald* is stating facts learned from Lord Dunraven, but at this point inveterate habit carries it into inconsistent fiction. It goes on to state that the two young ladies are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Murray Nairne of New York, that Lord Dunraven had dined at Dr. Nairne's house, and had appeared with his party at the charity ball which the *Herald* in another column has described in its most brilliant style. If this sort of treatment of travellers is likely to become usual, English men and women of any distinction will think twice, or even thrice, before "concluding" to visit the Philadelphia Exhibition. We heard some time ago that journalism would be a "feature" of this Exhibition, and we think that examples ought to be shown of some of the biggest lies to which the newspaper press has given currency. A gentleman travelling to Quebec gives escort to two young ladies, and on this fact is founded the fiction that one of them had "fled" with him and "sought concealment" in New York. Then it is stated that "the facts of this startling elopement" had been known in the leading social circles of Canada for some days, but owing to the high position of the parties they had thus far been suppressed. We may be sure that, if any such facts did occur, the high position of the parties would excite in the press of New York intense competition for the possession of them. Indeed, in the case of the wife of the "millionaire of Montreal," where there would seem to have been facts, the *Herald* hastened to weave them into its usual ornamental style of narrative. It should be observed that in the case of Lord Dunraven the *Herald* of Thursday, 3rd February, stated, apparently as the result of inquiry by a reporter, that the Earl "had been confined to his room for some days," and added in the very next sentence that on Tuesday evening he dined with Dr. Nairne and went to the charity ball. Lord Dunraven on the 6th February addressed to the *New York World* a letter, in which, after noticing that, according to the pages of certain newspapers, he had since his arrival in New York eloped with a young lady, danced at a charity ball, dined out, been present at an evening reception, and lain concealed somewhere mysteriously for no good purpose, he states that at the same time he was, to the best of his own belief, lying ill in bed at the Brevoort House. Thus the *Herald* is contradicted as regards the dinner and ball by Lord Dunraven as well as by itself. At this season perhaps noblemen, English or Irish, are scarce articles in New York, and have got to be made the most of; and, as Lord Dunraven good-naturedly puts it, matters are becoming rather mixed with him, and he thinks of hiring a man to tell him who he is, what he is, and what commandment he is breaking. At Philadelphia in the summer there may be some safety in numbers; but, on the other hand, for every English lady or gentleman that is added to the list of visitors, an increased number of combinations with those already arrived becomes arithmetically possible. If only American editors could be content to write, and their subscribers to read, that Mrs Senator Tompkins wears blue velvet, their habits and tastes would not concern us. But it becomes alarming when a "plain, gentleman" is assumed to be a "gallant, gay Lothario" on no evidence at all, and apparently on the broad principle that those quiet ones are always the worst.

A BUSY BOARD.

IT is natural perhaps that the Metropolitan Board of Works, being a sort of local Parliament, should give itself Parliamentary airs. It makes a special ceremony of bringing in its Budget just as the other House does, and the member entrusted with the duty of course feels bound to vie with his Parliamentary prototype in the length and solemnity of his statement. Mr. Dresser Rogers, who had the other day to play this part at the Board, had, however, really something to say which deserves attention. The Metropolitan Board may not be altogether so ideally perfect as its members are in the habit of assuming, and Mr. Rogers was perhaps rather lavish with his superlatives, as, for instance, when he spoke of those "most gigantic paving operations, whole roads of miles in length covered with pavement of the most lasting character possible." A good pavement is very well in its way; but, after all, it is not such a very wonderful achievement of human ingenuity, and something ought also be expected to be done to prevent its being covered for days together with horrible mud. Again, when Mr. Rogers praises the City as being kept more tidily than any other place in the world, he suggests the question why the rest of London falls so far below this standard of cleanliness, and it may occur to some minds that the Common Council is not much given to long speeches. At the same time it must be admitted that the Board has a great deal to do, and that, up to a certain point, it does it very fairly; and it is only justice that the range of the duties thrown upon it, and the amount of work done, should be taken into account as a set-off against any shortcomings. It is now twenty years since the Board was first established, and it has not only, in consequence of the neglect and incapacity of the old Commissioners of Sewers, had a long leeway to make up, but has found its responsibilities continually growing. In those years the population within the metropolitan area has risen from 2,592,000 to 3,510,000; and the number of houses from 323,000 to 451,742. The area of taxation is 75,620 acres or 118 square miles; and the rateable value has risen from 11,283,000*l.* to 23,276,000*l.*, or more than double. In 1856, the first year of the Board, a penny rate realized 47,000*l.*, while now it is calculated to produce not far short of 100,000*l.* More than a million has been lent by the Board to the Vestries and District Boards for various improvements. The loans sanctioned under the Loans Act of 1875 to these bodies for the purpose of paving alone has amounted to 80,050*l.* The large main sewers are now to a great extent completed, but local branches have had to be, and still are being, made. During the past year the Board has further made various contributions to the local improvements of the metropolis, amounting to a total of nearly 50,000*l.* The embankment of the Thames has absorbed a large sum; the three branches of the work—the Victoria, Albert, and Chelsea Embankments—having cost altogether 2,403,269*l.* The charge of open places for the people, which has been entrusted to the Board, has also been expensive, as much as 343,000*l.* having been spent in buying up private rights. Mr. Rogers, after enumerating what had already been done, added that at the present time there were metropolitan improvements going on for which it was estimated that at least 783,000*l.* would be required. Notwithstanding its heavy expenditure, the Board has paid off all the debt left over by the former Commissioners of Sewers; but, on the other hand, it has incurred a total debt of its own to the amount of 11,823,000*l.*, which is reduced to a net sum of about nine millions by various recoupments, and the estimated value of surplus land. That the public, however, has confidence in the solvency of the Board is attested by the fact that the stock, which in 1870, when it first came into the market, ranged from 89 to 95½, last year never fell below 96¼, and went as high as 102¼.

It will be seen from these statements that the Metropolitan Board has a vast amount of business on its hands, and that, if it does not move quite so fast as some people would like, it is at least far from idle. It must also be remembered that improvements cost money, and that, though the Board finds no difficulty in raising funds at a moderate interest, the expenditure must sooner or later come out of the pockets of the public, and that there is a limit to the taxation which it is judicious at any moment to impose. Mr. Rogers notices the fact that the earlier improvements of the Board were almost entirely provided for out of the coal and wine dues; that is to say, the residents within an area of fifteen miles contributed to the cost of such works as the Thames Embankment and Queen Victoria Street. But at the present moment the greater part of the taxation required for public works has to be paid directly by the inhabitants of the metropolis proper, upon whom it falls very heavily. There is a large emigration from the rated area into the "outer ring," where population is every day increasing, and it is not unnatural that the Board should cast a longing eye after those who thus escape its powers of taxation, though they benefit to some extent by the costly improvements which are always going on. If, however, the outlay is large, there can be no doubt that there is a beneficial return for the money. Sewerage is not a very poetical subject, but we do not wonder at the enthusiasm with which Mr. Rogers described the thousand miles of sewers underground, "comprising 254 miles of main-drainage sewers built by the Board, sufficiently large for a man to walk upright in for their entire length," and the 776 miles of local sewers in connexion with the main system which the much-abused Vestries have constructed. From the language which Mr. Rogers used, one might imagine that he would regard it as a great treat for the public if the sewers could be thrown open for inspection at holiday times. People would then behold a sight which would no doubt astonish them, and would feel satisfied that they had got something for their money. These are undoubtedly works of which London may well be proud, and from which she cannot fail to derive substantial benefit in a more healthy atmosphere and soil. The death-rate of London has been much reduced from what it was in former days; and though it would be going too far to attribute this altogether to the operations of the Metropolitan Board, there can be no question that they have materially assisted in this direction. Admitting, however, the necessity and duty of pushing on with sanitary improvements, there is no getting rid of the fact that these are expensive luxuries, and that the large outlay in this respect is a serious question for the ratepayers. The total expenditure of the Board for 1876 is estimated at 848,000*l.*, with a set-off in the shape of contributions, rents, gas-meter fees, &c., of 168,937*l.*, so that 679,000*l.* remains to be raised by taxation. Of this latter sum, 34 per cent. will be obtained by indirect taxation, consisting of the coal and wine dues, and 66 per cent. by direct taxation by the Board's precept. This year, however, the net charge on the ratepayers will be about a penny less than last year, on account of the increased rateable value on which it is assessed.

One of the chief difficulties of the Metropolitan Board would seem to be the number of new duties which are continually being cast upon it. Formerly, for instance, the police used to look after dangerous structures, but this task has been transferred to the Board; and as it gives much annoyance and trouble, the demand that it should be made self-supporting seems not unreasonable. Then the Slaughter-houses Act came into operation last year, which has created more work than was expected, on account of the Board having been appointed as arbitrator with regard to the value of the cattle slaughtered. It is hoped, however, that in a few years this will not be an unprofitable part of the operations of the Board. Next, the Board has been saddled with the Explosive Substances Act and the Artisans' Dwellings Act. The Board is also responsible for the Fire Brigade, which, we have Mr. Rogers's assurance, is the finest in the world. The expense of the brigade is to some extent supplemented by the Insurance Offices, whose contribution this year will be nearly 10,000*l.*; but the Board thinks this ought to be largely increased. It will be seen, therefore, that the importance and responsibilities of the Board are continually expanding. It has the entire sanitary administration of a vast population, which is not only steadily growing in numbers but becoming more luxurious in its wants, and more fastidious as to the manner in which the streets and public places are kept; and, in addition to its natural functions, fresh duties are from time to time thrown on it by Parliament. The convenience of having such an organization always at hand for any piece of work which there is a difficulty in providing for offers a temptation which a Ministry finds it difficult to resist; but it may be doubted whether the camel, however strong and patient, will endure much further loading. On the whole, the impression we get of this Board is that it is a busy, active, and well-meaning body, just perhaps a little fussy and self-important, but doing good work in a steady way, though whether with a sufficient eye to economy is another question.

THE GASCON AT THE OLYMPIC.

THE success of an English version of *Le Gascon* is likely to be limited by the circumstance that there can be few or none of the hero's compatriots to applaud him. The excursions of French dramatists into Scotland have usually encouraging results in the theatres for which they write, but a bare translation of their compositions into English is generally the most effectual ridicule. In any language, however, snow is cold, and it is difficult to contemplate with gravity Mary Stuart sitting at night at an open window listening to an impassioned song which her lover breathes to her across the "frozen moat." If anything could excuse the conduct of the Scottish nobles to their Queen it would be the presence at her Court of such "followers" as Chastelard and the Gascon; and if, instead of attempting to murder the intrusive singer, they had marched him to the guard-house and put him in the stocks, our sympathy would have been apt to take their side. It is not so long ago that Englishmen regarded all foreigners as French, and therefore it is not wonderful that in Paris Scotchman is identified with Highlander. To our more instructed eyes it seems odd that the citizens of Edinburgh should wear kilts. But this is a mere detail. A more serious error is committed when four Scotchmen are shown to be such blunderers in homicide that they cannot effectually settle one Gascon. The house that bears the formidable motto "I make sicker" was not represented on this occasion, and so the Gascon, who had been left for dead in the snow, turns up as lively as ever in the Queen's chamber shortly afterwards. The Gascon lies and he dies, and we cannot be quite sure that in describing this play we might not misplace a letter. Chastelard, having sung his song, hides in the frozen moat while the guard makes its round, and then climbs to the window of the Queen's chamber and takes refuge there. Lord Maxwell and his friends knock and demand admission; the Queen and her lover suffer agonies of despair to appropriate music, until the Queen, kneeling and clasping in her hands a cross, causes by a sort of miracle a secret door to open, and there in a cupboard stands the irrepressible

Gascon, recovered at least temporarily from the bloody dirk which made not sure of murder's work, and ready for any service that love or loyalty can demand of him. Chastelard makes his exit by the way by which the Gascon enters, and then the door is opened and Lord Maxwell and friends march in and group themselves for the final tableau, which is to show us "how a Gascon dies," although at the last moment we are not sure that he does not mean to spell it with an "I." He is made a prince, and Mary Carmichael, the Queen's maid of honour, gives visible tokens of her love for him, and perhaps, under these encouraging circumstances, the fatal character of his wound may be mitigated. He has cheated so many enemies that it is difficult to believe that he will not in some way elude Death, and whether he live, or dies is to the British public unimportant, provided only that his adventures terminate in convenient time to catch the last train into the suburbs. The play has been elaborately got up, and Mrs. Rousby, who seems to be the accepted representative of Mary Stuart, has been engaged for the Queen's part, while Mr. W. H. Fisher, in a sleek comfortable way, enacts the romantic despairing Chastelard. To prevent disappointment, we may mention that the sorrows of this pair of lovers are not particularly affecting. The earlier scenes are laid in France, and here the ready audacity of the Gascon exhibits itself in amusing although scarcely novel circumstances. "Historical costumes of the period" do not save the *fete* in the Palace of Holyrood from dulness, and the play is so far true to history that Mary Stuart and her associates are unfortunate from the moment of setting foot on Scottish soil. As a play the *Gascon* is dreary, and as a spectacle it is not particularly brilliant. Like some other French products, it has suffered by change of climate.

This play is neither good history nor plausible fiction, and when we find the Gascon in Scotland we are moved to ask what business he has there? Both love and loyalty are equally outraged by the proceedings in which he abets Chastelard, and any rough Scotch noble who might knock the impulsive poet on the head would deserve his nation's thanks. Mary, we will assume, was not in this matter guilty, but only imprudent, although the author of the play or the actors of it make her more than sufficiently demonstrative in her affection. The address and boldness of the Gascon might excite more sympathy if they were employed in a more worthy cause. But the story comes to this, that one of the "Queen's Maries" promises him marriage if he will help the Queen in an intrigue. Scotchmen will perhaps not be highly gratified to see their Queen guarded on her road to Holyrood against her own subjects by two French adventurers. When the real Chastelard made the second of his mad attempts, the outcry raised brought the Queen's brother, afterwards the Regent Murray, to the spot, and he made short work of the audacious poet, as he would of the gasconading friend if he had laid hands on him. There used to be a French farce in which two sign-painters, who can get no work at home, go to Scotland, and succeed marvellously by ingenious impudence, very much as this Gascon does. But although to the French dramatist Scotland is a convenient *terra incognita*, it is not so to us. Such interest as this play has is derived, not from the absurd adventures of the Gascon, but from the character and position of the Queen, which form an unfailing stock-in-trade for dramatists. This character of the Gascon is doubtless convenient to French dramatists, as he might by the same method as is used here be insinuated into any other play. Scotchmen may see with impatience the gage which is thrown down by the Ambassador of England taken up by this impertinent intruder; for it is only justice to Scotchmen of the sixteenth century to say that they would sooner have fought for any of the factions into which their country was divided than not have fought at all. It may perhaps be correct to say that the Gascon serves to French dramatists the same purpose that the Irishman has done to our own novelists, and notably to Mr. Charles Lever, whose heroes gained, as we understand, several victories erroneously ascribed by history to the Duke of Wellington. Without entirely adopting the coarse expression which we find in the programme of this play, we may say that the Gascon shows considerable power of imagination, which quality is commonly ascribed to Irishmen. So many Scotchmen sought fortune in those days in France that it is perhaps fair to allow this one Gascon to exchange, if he thinks proper, his own sunny and fertile country for cold and barren Scotland. By way of foil to the Gascon and Chastelard, the author, with full warrant from history, has made Lord Darnley a poor little creature who has not even pluck enough to take up the Englishman's gage.

It is a comfort to think that when the dramatists have done with Chastelard (who, by the way, is not killed yet) an unlimited series of plays may still be made out of the history of Mary Stuart. There is her marriage with Darnley, the murder of Rizzio, the murder of Darnley and blowing up of the Kirk o' Field, the Queen's marriage to Bothwell, her imprisonment at Lochleven and her escape by the contrivance of George Douglas, and, lastly, her flight to England, imprisonment, and death upon the scaffold. Some enterprising manager should engage Mrs. Rousby to play Mary Stuart in Great Britain and the Colonies and America for the remainder of her professional career. Above all, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre should take in hand a subject so well suited to the capacity of his establishment. Let him read the following extract from Mr. Froude's History, Vol. VIII. p. 251, and calculate the pecuniary value of the suggestion contained in it:—"Darnley placed himself on the sofa at his wife's side. She asked him if he had supped. He muttered something, threw his arms round her waist, and kissed her. As she shrunk from him half surprised, the curtain was again lifted, and against the dark background, alone, his corslet glimmering through the folds of a crimson sash, a steel cap on his head, and his face pale as if he had risen from the grave, stood the figure of Ruthven." Answering Darnley's kiss with the one word "Judas," Mary confronts the awful apparition, and demands the meaning of the intrusion. Pointing to Rizzio, and with a voice sepulchral as his features, Ruthven answers:—

> Let your man come forth; he has been here over long.

After some inevitably effective "business," Rizzio is dragged off, and his screams are heard as he is murdered behind the stage. As nobody says much in this scene, there is no great demand for any qualifications in the acting beyond look and manner, and this consideration would be powerful with a modern manager, who might be trusted to perceive even more clearly the capability, pyrotechnic and otherwise, of the subsequent scene of Darnley's murder. Advancing further in the Queen's life, there might be a view of the lake and island which formed the scene of her imprisonment and escape, and here Scott's novel would become available for dialogue, which, however, would be prudently subordinated to spectacle. Not the least of Mary Stuart's recommendations as a heroine for Drury Lane would be that she was a well-practised horsewoman. Her ride through the night from Lochleven to Hamilton might be represented as completely as the resources of the theatre would permit, nor need the Queen be limited to the servant's dress in which she actually made that journey. One pony pony comes on at the Olympic drawing the cart in which the Gascon first appears; but at Drury Lane they could introduce, if need were, a dozen full-sized horses, and if it came to capability for spectacle this is something like the proportion between the two houses. As regards the Queen's character, it is enough to say that, while some of her subjects would have burned her as a murderess, others would have sacrificed their lives to win her smiles or spare her tears, and the dramatist may choose which of the two opposite views he pleases; nor will he need any hint as to which would be the more popular. In an age liberal of whitewash, Mary Stuart would be certain to receive as much as any incidents of her career may seem to require.

The character of the Gascon suits Mr. Henry Neville; but unfortunately it is on the English stage little better than an excrescence of a drama on the subject of Mary Stuart. It is scarcely likely, therefore, that this play will do much to confirm our notion that a mine of dramatic wealth exists in the history of the fair Queen of Scots. We believe, however, that the *Waverley Novels* for spectacle, and the works of Dickens for domestic drama, will long be profitable sources of inspiration. A play called *Jo*, derived from *Bleak House*, has just been produced at the Globe Theatre, and we infer from a photograph of Miss Jeanie Lee as Jo is, indeed, remarkable. Since this tale was written Potter's Burial Ground has been closed, and the proceedings of the Court of Chancery have been accelerated. But society is still desiring that the like of Jo would move on out of its sight.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF LORD SHELBURNE.—VOL. II.*

THE second volume of Lord Shelburne's Life deals with the ten years from 1766 to 1776; and opens with the state of affairs when Lord Shelburne, then twenty-nine years old, accepted the seals under Chatham. At this time there were two departments, Southern and Northern, in the Secretary of State's office; the former having "the management of Home and Irish affairs, and of the correspondence with the States of Western Europe, India, and the Colonies." Chatham, who thought ill of this divided administration of the Colonies, determined to put an end to it. Rockingham had thought of doing this by making a third Secretaryship of State, but Chatham adopted the course of reducing the Board of Trade to a "Board of Report upon reference to it for advice or information on the part of the Secretary of State"; which course Hillsborough, the President of the Board, was very ready to accede to. The attitude of Lord Shelburne, who was thus enabled to give full attention to his department, alarmed Choiseul and Grimaldi, who, says Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, "ever since the peace had been scheming how to win back what they had lost." Lord Shelburne, instructed by Chatham to demand settlement of England's outstanding claims against France and Spain, informed the Spanish ambassador Masserano that it was resolved to insist on the just claim to the ransom of Manilla, and that if the Spaniards chose to regard the American and Southern seas as their possessions, and to suspect a war from the English navigating there, "he had no hesitation to say that he would advise one, if they insisted on renewing such a vague and strange pretension long since worn out." The decisive action which Lord

* *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquess of Lansdowne; with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence.* By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Vol. II. 1766–1776. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

Shelburne contemplated was however unfortunately prevented by the divisions of the Cabinet on the affairs of India and America. "Nothing," wrote Lord Shelburne to Chatham, "can be so unsatisfactory as the state of the Indian business is become," and that this was by no means an exaggerated statement is proved by the facts recorded.

The heads of a plan of reform, which Lord Shelburne himself thought of, are found in the same chapter with the letter from which we have quoted, written in 1766. Early in the next year the proprietors resolved to treat; but in their report of the points on which they judged it necessary to make an agreement with the Administration, there was nothing said of the concessions to be made to the State in return for the privileges to be granted to them. They had secured a friend in Charles Townshend, "who, regardless alike of the opinions of Chatham on Indian government, and of Shelburne on American taxation, had determined to conciliate the powerful Indian connexion at home, and to obtain a revenue by once more attacking the distant American colonies, the opposition of which, unwarned by recent events, he ventured to despise." To America the Mutiny Bill had been extended in 1765, and it was to run for two years. The question of compensation to the sufferers by the riots of the preceding year had been indiscreetly urged by Bernard, Governor of Massachusetts, who chose to substitute the word *require* for *recommend*; and there was an indignation aroused which Lord Shelburne's wise and temperate attitude when he came into power went far to smooth. His biographer has detailed his views upon this and more important matters of American policy; to all of which Townshend was opposed. The strange illness of Chatham helped his schemes; Lord Shelburne's continuance in office was obnoxious alike to the Bedford party, to the followers of Rockingham, and to those of Grenville. "The King had only admitted him to his councils out of deference to Chatham, and now willingly joined Grafton and Northington in denouncing him as a 'secret enemy,' and suggesting his removal." It was his own wish to resign, but he felt it to be impracticable while Chatham held the Privy Seal, and regarded him as his representative. On the 4th of September, 1767, Charles Townshend died suddenly of a putrid fever. Shortly after this Northington and General Conway resigned. Grafton now had an opportunity which he might have used better than he did. Bedford made his support conditional on Lord Shelburne's resigning the management of colonial affairs; and Grafton made use of the old controversy about the division in the Secretary of State's office, with the result that in the following January Hillsborough took the administration of the American Colonies, Weymouth that of Home Affairs and the Northern Department, and Lord Shelburne the limited sphere of action which remained. Before leaving the first chapter of Lord Fitzmaurice's second volume, which treats at length of the affairs we have touched upon, it may be interesting to quote the conclusion of a memorandum drawn up for Lord Shelburne, of the course which he thought advisable regarding America:—

> It remains now to be considered what measures under these circumstances it is most wise and becoming in Great Britain to pursue. I consider the Mutiny Act, and the requisition for a compensation to sufferers, as of no other consequence than as the dignity of Great Britain seemed staked on their support. The laws of trade and navigation are essential, and must be supported at all risks, and with every exertion of power. The other points are doubtful in their principles, and may perhaps be among those rights—to use a language which I do not understand—that are never fit to be exercised, and yet this subtle distinction is the sole ground upon which the repeal of the Stamp Act can be defended, consistently with the Act which affirms the right. The enforcing of the Mutiny Act will I am afraid create a general dissatisfaction in America, and involve all the Province, in one common cause of resistance—an effect which may be attended with the most fearful consequences—and the dignity of Great Britain be lost for ever together with her power, and the ends of those factious persons, who have excited the indecent and petulant resolutions of the assemblies there, be fully accomplished; yet if Great Britain does not in some shape put forth her dignity on this occasion, she may end by losing all credit and reverence in America, and lose likewise her power there, which is and must be in a great measure founded on opinion.
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> Some measures therefore it seems ought to be taken of so bold and decisive a nature, as to convince the Americans that the long patience of Great Britain has been by no means owing to timidity, and yet the ends of those measures should be so manifestly just and important, as to leave no room for jealousies and fears in the minds of the sober and well-disposed, and thereby give no pretence for common measures of resistance, and it would be still more desirable if these measures could be directed against a particular Province.

From 1767 to 1768 Lord Shelburne was engaged upon the affairs of Ireland, and Choiseul meanwhile, convinced of the ascendency of the Bedford party, betook himself to his schemes of aggrandizement. Corsica had for long been in an unquiet state and the Genoese had often thought of selling the island to France; but in 1743 the English Government announced that they would not permit such a transaction, whereupon the Genoese Minister replied that there was no intention of attempting it. In 1767 France, being the creditor of the Genoese, made secret offers to Paoli, the Corsican, in consequence of which the Genoese again resolved to sell the island to France, with which purpose a treaty was signed on May 15th, 1768. Choiseul and Chatelet attempted to cover the matter with plausible assurance when the news reached England; but Lord Shelburne instructed Rochfort to demand a decided explanation, and at the same time despatched Mr. John Stewart as a secret emissary to report on the state both of France and Corsica. His letter giving an account of the island and its condition is vivid, and the description of Paoli is interesting. His conversation was "clear and intelligent," and discovered a knowledge of the various Courts of Europe. He was well acquainted with history, ancient and modern, and translated English correctly:—

> As to his management with the Corsicans, he seems to have them in a tolerable degree of subjection, merely by that ascendant which a man of parts and knowledge is sure to acquire over weak and uncultivated minds, and I find that like Numa and Mahomet he does not scruple to employ even visions, revelations, and dreams to strengthen his power. Religion seems to sit easy upon him, and notwithstanding what his historian Boswell relates, I take him to be very free in his notions that way. This I suspect both from the strain of his conversation, and from what I have learnt of his conduct towards the clergy and monks. If after all I may venture to pronounce wherein I think him deficient, I should say it is in personal courage. The manner in which he answered when I endeavoured to spur him on to some supported action, gave me first this idea, and then his complaints of sickness and feverishness as an excuse for his inactivity, seemed unsoldierlike and equivocal at best.

While Stewart was away, and French troops were landing in Corsica, Grafton had devised the singularly unwise scheme of sending assistance secretly to the Corsicans—a scheme which could only justify the hostility of the French without being of the least real service to the islanders. When Stewart's report and those of an emissary of Grafton's arrived, he lamented too late that he had been ignorant of the true state of affairs. The Corsicans were forced to submit, and Paoli fled to England. On October 19th Lord Shelburne, whose expulsion from the Cabinet Grafton, when the Corsican business was over, set himself to accomplish, gave in his resignation. On the day before this a squib appeared in the *Public Advertiser* which introduced him as a Jesuit; a year before a former one had spoken of him as Malagrida, and the nickname stuck to him afterwards in every squib of the time. Some time afterwards Goldsmith, sitting next to Lord Shelburne, said to him, with characteristic blundering in expression, "Do you know that I never could conceive the reason why they call you Malagrida, for Malagrida was a very good sort of man?" It is very curious to compare the characters of Lord Shelburne given by Walpole and by Jeremy Bentham. Walpole said of him:—

> He was so well known that he could only deceive by speaking the truth. His plausibility was less an artifice than a habit. . . . With an unbounded ambition of governing mankind, he had never studied them. . . . Thus a Catiline or a Borgia were his models in an age when half their wickedness would have suited him better—for when refinements have taken the place of horrid crimes, and the manners of men are rather corrupt than flagitious, excess of profligacy is more destructive to ambition than serviceable.

Bentham wrote of him that he was

> One of the pleasantest men to live with that ever God put breath into; his whole study seems to be to make everybody about him happy. . . . There was a prodigious deal of ambiguity in the general tenor of his language on party subjects, whether genuine or affected I cannot be certain. . . . His mind seemed always in a state of agitation with the passion of ambition and the desire of splendour. His head was not clear. . . . There was artifice in him, but also genuine good feeling.

Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice is of opinion that his reputation for duplicity was the result of "an overstrained affectation of extreme courtesy, and a habit of using unnecessary compliments in conversation."

After Lord Shelburne's resignation came troubles of various kinds. There were fresh riots in Boston; the English garrisons were expelled by the Spaniards from the Falkland Islands; France had hostile intentions; and at home the Middlesex election grievances were unredressed. Lord Shelburne, speaking in the House, said that abroad England had not, and could not get, an ally. After Chatham's motion (for an amendment to the Address "that the House would inquire into grievances, especially those of the Middlesex election"), which was lost, Rockingham gave notice that next day he would call attention to the state of the nation—when Grafton asked for a more distant day; "it was felt that the Chancellor's resignation was impending." Lord Shelburne cried that the seals were to go a-begging, but he hoped there would be nowhere found a wretch so base as to accept them under the inevitable conditions. Soon afterwards Grafton resigned, and North succeeded him, and found his advantage in the divisions of the Opposition. The terms in which the members of this spoke of each other on the occasion of the doubts as to some of Mansfield's legal decisions, and the steps to be taken with regard to them, are amusing. Disputes of all kinds went on, in the midst of which Lady Shelburne died, and Lord Shelburne resolved as soon as possible to leave England, which he did with Barré in May 1771. In Paris, among other distinguished men, he met with the Abbé Morellet, whom he afterwards entertained at Bowood, where were also Franklin, Garrick, Barré, and Priestley, who afterwards became Lord Shelburne's librarian. "Shelburne often confessed," says Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, "that his connexion with Morellet was the turning point of his own career." In his own words, "Morellet liberalized his ideas."

What part Lord Shelburne took in the questions as to religious toleration, and those which followed concerning the East India Company, and after that the Boston tea ships, we may leave readers to discover from Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's present volume. To the chapter on the last matter he has put the appropriate heading from Herodotus, Αὕτη δὲ αἱ νέες ἀρχὴ κακῶν ἐγένοντο. In the debate upon the Address to the King on the disturbances in North America a scene of singular violence occurred between him and Mansfield, his favourite antagonist, in which each accused the other of falsehood. At another time he was almost as violent against the Archbishop of York. But, as his biographer observes, the Duke of Grafton has noted in his memoirs that the debates at this time "were unusually frequent and warm," and Lord Shelburne's violence may have been in no way

exceptional. Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's second volume, which concludes with a collection of various memoranda of Lord Shelburne's on "Men and Things," is perhaps less interesting than his first; but it often happens that the middle of a journey is not so pleasant as either the beginning or the end.

ENGLAND FROM A GERMAN POINT OF VIEW.*

WE opened this book in the expectation of finding in it something like a Teutonic counterpart of M. Taine's *Notes sur l'Angleterre*. We hoped to be improved by the spectacle, not of *esprit* making mock at our national characteristics, but of *Geist* loftily patronizing them. We hoped to see our social institutions passed in review, and Shakspeare once more proved to be "the poet of the German race." Visions of Arminius von Thunderten-tronck arose before us, with his tiresome dusty hair, his insufferable spectacles, his clanking military gait, and his talent for disagreeable plain-speaking. Now, we thought, a genuine Arminius from the Teutoburger-Wald is about to show us our stupidity, our vulgarity, our affection for claptrap; and Herr Rodenberg, being a German, will not even allow us the consolation that M. Taine did when he explained away all our foibles as a deposit from our fogs. But a grave disappointment was in store for us. Instead of a "scientifically developed ground exposition," a careful analysis of English life and literature with invariable reference to first principles, we found that *England, Literary and Social, from a German Point of View*, simply meant a string of haphazard magazine articles written by a German upon Chaucer, Shakspeare, Johnson, the Jews, the Clubs, and the Lakes. With regard to a magazine article there are always two questions that may be asked—Was it worth writing? and is it worth reprinting? In the case of the writing of a foreigner, a third question comes in, Is it worth translating? Herr Rodenberg's essays were perhaps worth writing, and possibly, for a foreign public, worth reprinting. Any way, we have the authority of the *Times* for the statement, which the translator takes care to quote in his preface (we hope, however, that the wording belongs to the translator, and not to the *Times*), that this book is "one of many efforts of the author to endeavour to make his countrymen know and love England." All "efforts to endeavour" to do anything so desirable ought to be encouraged, and yet we fear that we cannot answer our third question in the affirmative. The book was not worth translating. There is no "German point of view" whatever in it, except in the preface, and that is a German view of Germany, not of England. What is old in the book is not better told than it has been told a dozen times before, and what is new is mostly wrong.

"Kent and the Canterbury Tales" is the title of the first essay, and the first part of it, the gossip about Kent, is pleasant enough. We meet with the proper amount of enthusiasm for the English country gentleman, the "real kernel of the English nation," with his "baronial hall surrounded by its park and timber, a hundred years old." Timber a hundred years old is not very striking to look at, but that is by the way. Then we are told, to point the contrast between the mushroom nobility of England and its primeval gentry, that "none of the Upper House can trace their descent beyond 1264"—as though the first Baron de Ros had never owned a father, but had been literally "created" out of the primitive clay. The description of Canterbury of course leads to a description of the murder of "Thomas à Becket," and to a description of the tomb of the Black Prince, who, equally of course, won his plume and his "Ich Dien" at Cressy. Perhaps it is the "German point of view" which suggests the following remarkable sentence:—

> The choir of the Cathedral has an imposing effect when one first sees its pillars, its arches, and, walking under its vaults, thinks he beholds above him the arches of an oak-wood turned into stone, from which the German spirit obtained its first architectural inspiration.

These, however, are trifles, and we hasten on to the gist of the essay, its treatment of Chaucer and his pilgrims. Now Herr Rodenberg is genuinely fond of Chaucer, and we feel a tenderness for him on that account. But in dealing with him he shows a mixture of conscientiousness and credulity which is truly exasperating. He has heard of Ten Brink, whose book the translator speaks of under the deliciously muddle-headed title of "Chaucer's Studies of the History of his Development"; but he has never heard of the Chaucer Society, nor, apparently, of Sir Harris Nicholas. He confuses Alexander the Great with Alexander the Coppersmith, by talking of "*John* Morley's *English Writers*." He ignores the *Trial-Forewords*, and falls back for his facts upon a piece of book-making like Matthew Browne's *Chaucer's England*. The result is what might have been expected. Chaucer was "born in London," without any shadow of a doubt. Almost as certainly he dwelt long at Woodstock, although the poem in which that *is* asserted, the so-called *Chaucer's Dreme*, Herr Rodenberg admits that Ten Brink has proved to be spurious. "This song," he says, in the very next sentence to that in which he had made the admission, "is the only one in which Chaucer apparently painted the landscape scenery of Woodstock, and immortalized his residence therein." This is indeed a new style of criticism—to admit the spuriousness of a document, and yet to build pages of hypothesis upon it. But worse is to follow. The author is so wedded to his belief that Chaucer, young or old, lived at Woodstock (otherwise how could Mark Akenside in the eighteenth century have said he did?) that he will have it that he wrote the *Assembly of Foules* there, in honour of John of Gaunt's marriage with Blaunch of Lancaster in 1358. Of course Herr Rodenberg is not the inventor of this absurd supposition; but a man who has read Ten Brink ought once for all to have cleared his mind of it. In 1358 Chaucer was eighteen years old. Does Dr. Rodenberg imagine that the *Assembly* is the work of a boy of eighteen? Moreover fifteen stanzas of it, essential to the harmony of the piece, are translated straight from Boccaccio's *Teseide*, and we have no evidence of Chaucer's having known the *Teseide* till after his visit to Italy in 1372. Again, with regard to that visit, Herr Rodenberg has no suspicion that the words of the Clerk of Oxenford about the meeting with Petrarch are not to be accepted as literally true of Chaucer himself. If he had read his Ten Brink carefully, or indeed any other book than *Chaucer's England*, he would have known that Petrarch did not translate Boccaccio's story of Griselda into Latin till after Chaucer had returned to England, so that the theory of a literal interpretation falls to the ground. But that matters nothing to Herr Rodenberg; he must make his Chaucer picturesque at any price—in his youth, a wanderer in the glades of Woodstock; in middle life, drinking in inspiration from the lips of Petrarch; in his old age, "struggling with debts and creditors." As to this last, it is not unlikely that Chaucer was poorly off in his later years, but Herr Rodenberg is talking without book when he says, "In the year 1391 we again find him without office and almost without means; and so he remained till the last year of the century and of his life." As a matter of fact he was pensioned again in 1394. But that would interfere with Dr. Rodenberg's conclusion, and still further disturb his metaphors:—

> But now his God-graced nature, sunny in its deepest depths, showed itself, which no earthly trouble could darken; for in these thirteen years, like the nightingale singing in the night, he produced his great poem, which, borne from century to century, belongs to the world's literature as it opens that of England.

Happy Chaucer, dowered with a true poet's versatility! In one and the same moment he is a valley illuminated by the sun and a nightingale that sings in the night. Polonius would have called that "good."

But we must leave Chaucer, and see what may be discovered of other English matters, literary and social, from this "German point of view." "Shakspeare's London" is the title of the next essay, and, while it keeps to London, it is not bad. Old St. Paul's is described with an eye to effect, to say the least of it, though we very much doubt whether the description would stand the test of truth. The author is properly enthusiastic about the "silver Thames" of Shakspeare's day, and about the gardens and houses of the great families; though it is a little hard upon the unimpeachable respectability of Norfolk Street and Essex Street to say that the place of those houses is now occupied by "the maze of dark courts and *ill-famed side streets* of the Strand." The Guildhall is not in Cheapside, nor is Bevis Marks in Aldersgate; nor, when speaking of the City, inside Temple Bar, is it quite accurate to talk of an emigration "westward towards Fleet Street." Cheapside Cross, we read, was "destroyed in 1643 by the Puritans, as was also Charing Cross, *which has, however, received the popular designation of Trafalgar Square*." The Cross was first destroyed, and afterwards called the Square! These, however, are but the peccadilloes of a foreigner; we can forgive them in the presence of such an appalling statement as this:—

> It is said that Shakspeare made the acquaintance of Sir John Oldcastle (for so the original of our admirable friend Sir John Falstaff was called) in a tavern in Eastcheap, the "Boar's Head."

What would Mr. Halliwell say to that? It is, in fact, a typical instance of the confusion of which the book is full. The author has heard somewhere that in the original draught of the play Falstaff was called Oldcastle, and that Oldcastle was an historical character. But he has not heard that the real Oldcastle was burnt for Lollardism in Henry IV.'s reign, and that his memory, distorted by the misrepresentations of churchmen, survived in the popular mind as that of one who was partly wizard, partly butt, and partly buffoon. Nothing was more natural than that Shakspeare should work up such a character in his play, and even, till "offence was worthily taken by certain persons descended from Oldcastle's title," that he should give it the name of Oldcastle; but it is giving a little too much credit to the wizardry of the great Lollard to assert that he appeared bodily to Shakspeare, in a tavern in Eastcheap, at the end of the sixteenth century.

We may leave unnoticed the not very original, but still readable, account of the Jews of London, and what the author has to say of Dr. Johnson and of the clubs where English people "dine off silver and Wedgwood." We may in like manner pass over the stories of English highwaymen, supported by appeals to *Henry* Taine's *History of English Literature*. The last of the essays is called "Autumn on the English Lakes," and for this, with all its blunders and all its sentimentalism, we will, as true lovers of the Lakes, give the author a word of thanks. It is indeed a little painful to the genuine Lakist to be told, in the middle of an account of Windermere, "Here by this lake and under these hills was Wordsworth born, here Southey settled and Coleridge sung." Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, and Southey settled at Keswick; but these are details which may fairly have been invisible from a "German point of view." A good pair of eyes, however, would have saved Herr Rodenberg from calling that highly respectable Georgian dwelling-house, Rydal Hall, "an old castle," or from talking of the waterfalls "running and roaring *from the granite*" of Kirkstone. In a chapter headed "The Lakes of Cum-

* *England, Literary and Social, from a German Point of View.* By Julius Rodenberg. London: Bentley.

berland" we expected to hear of a little more than Ullswater, half of which, by the way, is in Westmoreland. Readers of Wordsworth will hardly think it an adequate account of the islets in Windermere to call them "bouquets of flowers in porphyry vases." Even less will they be inclined to agree with the author when he tells them that the Lake poets not only freed English poetry from the formalism of Pope and Dryden, but "*prepared the way* for the great romancists Byron and Scott." But still he says the right thing about Wordsworth's grave, and our last extract from his book shall be one of which all who in London have remembered Westmoreland must feel the truth:—

> My heart is full of a sorrowful joy when I think of those days [illegible] and golden, so sunny and so quiet. Here and there, when I sat myself down by that English lake, on one of the mossy stones under the thick elm trees, in the balmy air of the morning, I had a reading; and it little had no perception to offer than such a measure of bliss and interrogation and absorption in nature. Then speaks the spirit in us with that spirit which blows in the bloom and whispers in the whisper of the wind.

CLOUGH'S EXISTENCE OF MIXED LANGUAGES.*

We dealt a few weeks back with a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, who veiled his fellowship under mysterious letters. Here is another member of the same body, who gives his description in full, and who is further "Member of the English Dialect Society; Assistant at Huddersfield College; Late Modern Master at Liverpool College." Our heart would indeed be thinly if we did not sincerely pity those among the youth of Huddersfield and Liverpool who have or have had to get their notions of some important matters from the present Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. We have no very clear idea as to the duties of a Modern Master"; but we guess that teaching at least the elements of English history may be part of them. Let us try Mr. Clough on that head. Here is a specimen:

> With the Conqueror's reception [illegible] to accept the entire and the Anglo-Saxon [illegible] and some property on the distinctive [illegible] of that nation [illegible] course. He issue forced a [illegible] as that:—
>
> 1. The [illegible] said employ no but are [illegible] French
> 2. No [illegible] the State or Church's [illegible] legal [illegible]
> 3. [illegible] should be the medium of communication at schools.
> 4. In [illegible] [illegible] would be [illegible] as the savior who pleaded in Anglo Saxon, as that [illegible] deathering and
> 5. All [illegible] documents in Anglo Saxon were declared invalid.

Now this is the kind of thing that takes away one's breath. It is hard to believe that [illegible] these, put forth with such daring assertion and drawn up as if they were extracts from a legal code, are pure fiction and nothing else. Yet so it is: we need not waste words on proving that so it is; everybody who has the faintest knowledge of English history in the eleventh century knows that every word of Mr. Clough's five elaborately drawn propositions is simply fabulous. Whether Mr. Clough devised them for himself or copied them from anybody else we neither know nor care. No doubt the false Ingulf is at the bottom of it all; but Mr. Clough's romance stands to the romance of the false Ingulf in much the same relation in which the romance of the false Ingulf stands to the true history. The Crowland forger, to do him justice, was not nearly so daring in his fictions as the Modern Master of Liverpool College. We do not remember to have ever seen five indefensible statements together in which it is so absolutely impossible to find even a kernel of truth. It is not mere blundering or confusion or misconception; the meaning of each of Mr. Clough's five articles is clear enough; only every one of them is, as we said, pure fiction. William never ordered any one of the five things which Mr. Clough says that he did order. He himself tried to learn English. English alternates with Latin as the language of his public documents; not one of them is in French. No one doubts that French did at that time largely displace English for many purposes; but, so far as it did so, it did so wholly by the natural working of the circumstances of the time, not at all by any legal enactment.

We might, after this, perhaps not unfairly dismiss Mr. Clough altogether, as one who, after such a display as this, is not entitled to a hearing on any matter. We might say, Go back to your Orderic, your Domesday, your Schmid or your Thorpe; turn over your Monasticon; go to the Guildhall of London city, and study the two precious documents of William's day that are there to be seen: and when, by the help of all this, you have learned the A B C of the matter in hand, we may listen to you again. But there are two reasons why we may fairly give Mr. Clough a little more space. First of all, his whole book is not on the same preternatural level of ignorance as this particular passage. Mr. Clough knows more of language itself than he knows of the history of language. His book contains a good many positive mistakes, even in dealing with language proper. We do not see that it contains any new thoughts or new facts. Mr. Clough has clearly not reached the stage which justifies him in acting as a teacher; but he plainly is, in a certain sense, a student. His book is evidently the result of a good deal of mere work, while his new "Leges Willelmi" can have been the result of nothing but an unlucky divination. Secondly, though his whole argument is throughout a fallacy and a misconception, though he clearly does not understand the meaning of the eminent scholars with whom he has so unwisely matched himself, yet the state of mind of a man who, with a certain knowledge of facts, is so wholly incapable of using his facts, is in itself a curious study. We know pretty well what to expect when people begin sneering at "the German school"; but to this favourite formula Mr. Clough adds "the modern school," which does not seem to be so acceptable as one might have expected to a modern master. The chief enemies for whose discomfiture Mr. Clough labours are Professor Müller and Dr. Morris. Their chief offence seems to be having denied the possibility of mixed languages. Mr. Clough is very certain that there are mixed languages; above all things is he certain that English is a mixed language. And he is specially angry with anybody who ventures to agree with King Alfred in thinking that the language which he spoke was English. Not at all: there was no English till the twelfth century, when that mixed language arose out of the mixture of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French. Now we are not aware that Professor Müller has said anything on this last head, though Dr. Morris has said a good deal. Professor Müller has indeed said that English, notwithstanding all foreign infusions, is still essentially Teutonic; but in no part of his writings that we remember has he gone into any controversies as to the nomenclature of the English language. As, therefore, Mr. Clough mentions those two writers, and as we think he does not mention any one else, we suppose that what he disputes against is a general principle laid down by Professor Müller and carried out in a particular application by Dr. Morris. We have all the old fallacies about the number of words in dictionaries, with a new fallacy of Mr. Clough's own:—

> To be perfectly fair in these statements no word ought to be counted twice over in the same passage. This would reduce the Teutonic element considerably; for the preponderance is often more apparent than real from the constant repetition of such words as *of, the, a, an, in, on, upon, and, if, but, to, this, that*, &c.

Does not Mr. Clough see that the fact that there are certain words which we cannot write or speak without using over and over again proves that those words are the real essence of the language? French, notwithstanding a large Teutonic infusion, is still Romance, because the words of absolute necessity are Romance. English, notwithstanding a still larger Romance infusion, is still Teutonic, because the words of absolute necessity are Teutonic.

Those who argue in this way are "Teutonists," a "German school," a "modern school." A more excellent way may be learned from Mr. Clough:—

> The indirect influence of Latin, in the form of Romance or Neo-Latin, on the language of our Teutonic forefathers has been immeasurable. Under it Anglo-Saxon became a dead language, or, to put it more correctly, the union of Anglo-Saxon with Norman French produced that Anglo-Romance language we call English; hence the propriety of reserving the term "Old English" to the oldest form of this mixture, instead of using it, with the German school, as synonymous with Anglo-Saxon. If it had not been for the Normans we should have remained Germans; if William the Conqueror could have had his way, we should have become Frenchmen; but, thanks to the Norman invasion on the one hand, and to our Teutonic stubbornness on the other, we are neither one nor the other, but English.

After all then we had Teutonic forefathers and Teutonic stubbornness, which is some comfort. But mark the confusion of the word "German." Till we get a definition of it, we cannot say that we are or ever were "Germans" or that we are not. In the sense which the word most commonly bears, we unhesitatingly say that we are not Germans and never were. But the notion that the Norman Conquest turned Germans into English would have seemed very strange to the men of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and to none stranger than to the great King who, instead of trying to turn us into Frenchmen, did what little he could, under his very unfavourable circumstances, to turn himself into an Englishman. Now, as for "Anglo-Saxon" becoming a "dead language," here again are misleading expressions. What is a "dead language?" Many people would call Greek a dead language. Yet no language is more truly living. It has changed very greatly, but there is no break between its oldest and its latest form. So it is with English; its oldest form, like the oldest form of every other existing language, is now unintelligible without special study. But there is no break between the oldest form and the latest. In the case both of Greek and of English the personal identity of the tongue has been kept on through all change. It has taken in a vast number of foreign words and even of foreign idioms; but that does not affect the unbroken existence of the language. To say that a new language called English was formed by the mixture of two others is simply historically false. The great period of change in the English language, the time when English was most affected by French, takes in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. But, at any moment within those centuries, there were two tongues side by side, English and French, known at any moment by those names. English was largely affected by French; French was in a less degree affected by English; English in the end displaced French. A distinct tongue with—so to speak—a personal being of its own displaced another tongue with another personal being of its own. But there was no time when a tongue called English displaced another tongue called Anglo-Saxon. Very great changes were made in an existing language; but there was no change from one language to another, no substitution of one language for another.

This is, we conceive, pretty much what Professor Müller and

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* *On the Existence of Mixed Languages; being an Examination of the Fundamental Axioms of the Foreign School of Modern Philology, more especially as applied to the English.* Prize Essay by James Cresswell Clough. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

Dr. Morris mean when they say that there is no such thing as a mixed language, and when they specially deny that English is a mixed language. They mean that those languages which have received the greatest infusion from foreign sources—modern English for instance, or modern Ottoman Turkish—were not formed as something new by mixing two or more equal elements, but that the foreign infusion came in bit by bit into a previously existing tongue, changing its character in many ways, but in no way changing its personality. Supposing that in the modern Turkish vocabulary the Arabic and Persian words outnumber the genuine Turkish words; supposing that, along with the Arabic and Persian words, many Arabic and Persian idioms have come in, still they have all come in; they have been received one by one; they have been adopted into an existing body; they have not joined with other elements to form a new body. There was no time when mixed Turkish was substituted for unmixed Turkish, any more than there was a time when "English" was substituted for "Anglo-Saxon." The case of Greek, to which we referred just now, is not quite parallel; that of the Romance languages is still less so. It would be easy to point out several important differences between their development and the development of modern English; but one is enough for our present purpose. Modern English never supplanted Old-English; French, though it grew out of Latin, did, for some purposes, actually supplant Latin. There was no time when what Mr. Clough calls "English" and what he calls "Anglo-Saxon" existed side by side in England as written or spoken languages; but from the tenth century Latin and French have existed side by side in France. To point out all the analogies and all the differences between the two cases would need a long essay; but here is one of the most important.

This, then, we take to be what the two writers whom Mr. Clough argues against mean when they say that there is no such thing as a mixed language. It is at any rate what we should mean by saying so. The process which formed modern English or modern Turkish is not the production of a third language by the mixture of two; it is simply the modification of one language by another, both continuing to exist, and no new language taking the place of either. Mr. Clough clearly does not understand the true nature of the points against which he is arguing, when he thinks that it proves anything against the points of Professor Muller and Dr. Morris to show how very large the foreign infusion is in certain cases. Mistaken as his argument is, he shows more knowledge of detail than could have been looked for in company with such an astounding exhibition as that with which we began. But there are some odd things too in the purely philological way. We will take two or three only. Every one knows that in Old-English there were many ways of forming the plural, of which that in *s*, one of the most usual, perhaps the most usual, has in modern English all but driven out the rest. This is in Mr. Clough's eyes a sign that our grammar is mixed. His saying on the matter is curious:—

> The Anglo-Saxon way of forming the plural has already been mentioned. The usual form was in *-a* or *-u*, as the *plural* is *represented by an irregular declension of but few words*. The Romance plural is as from the characteristic consonant in the Latin plural dative, accusative, and ablative, and *from the French has been adopted into English*. Thus every word of Saxon origin in our language may be regarded as a hybrid when changed into the plural in *s*, e.g. *lads, thanes, tubs*.

One of the surest signs that our grammar is not mixed is that, when we adopt a foreign verb, we still inflect it as if it were native. In this Mr. Clough strangely sees a sign of mixed grammar:—

> Verbs are usually the most conservative words of a language, and in English they present no exception to this general rule. Nevertheless Norman French influence can be traced even here. Thus every verb of foreign root is not only a hybrid, but also a mixture of grammar when added to a Teutonic inflection by way of conjugation; thus, *transcrib-est, transcrib-eth, transcrib-es, transcrib-ed, transcrib-edst, transcrib-ing*.

Lastly Mr. Clough tells us that "the double negative of the Londoners is also regarded as a French innovation." Now every one who has read the Chronicles must know that the double negative is as familiar in Old-English as it is in Greek, while in French there is, in grammatical strictness, no double negative at all.

Certainly neither Professor Muller nor Dr. Morris need fear the upsetting of his facts or his arguments by the late Modern Master of Liverpool College.

EMERSON'S LETTERS AND SOCIAL AIMS.*

THERE are people, we believe, who complain of Mr. Emerson's writing that it is fanciful and rambling, and does not teach one anything in particular. This comes of want of knowledge or want of understanding—of want of knowledge, inasmuch as such objectors must be ignorant of the true nature of the Essay, of the beginnings of essay-writing, and its proper place in literature; of want of understanding, inasmuch as they plainly cannot tell what is good for them. Historically speaking, such caprices as Mr. Emerson allows himself are more than abundantly justified by the example of the father of Essays, whom he has avowedly taken for one of his favourite authors. Many writers have rambled well or ill in the last three centuries, but none has ever come near to the rambling of Montaigne. Mr. Emerson's flights and digressions are nothing to it, though in the general shaping and conduct of an essay he is less remote from that first exemplar than most modern writers. As to the other point, one might ask those disappointed ones who profess to come away empty, what it really was that they went out to find? Do men expect to gather rules and propositions from the shining of the sun and the running of water, or to come home stored with axioms from a walk on the first fine day of spring? But instructive discourse, in the minds and mouths of not a few who might know better, stands not for that which makes a man wiser or happier, but for that which gives him certain words and sentences which he may conveniently repeat without understanding them, and thereby seem the wiser to others. And it must be confessed that in this last kind of instruction Mr. Emerson's writings are sadly poor, indeed merely bankrupt. The hucksters of moral commonplaces would vainly try to draw upon him for any of the cut-and-dry smatterings which are the capital of their trade. His work is not of the stuff that one can clip neat patches from. The matter and the form are inseparable, as one finds them in the best talk. One tries to write down afterwards the points and sayings of a brilliant converser, and finds them shrunk and brivelled in the process. There was something in the talk itself that would not be fixed, and the written note is only useful in the way of association, as a spur to memory and a token to call back the living charm. Those short words of Dr. Johnson's, "Sir, we had good talk," express a high form of happiness; yet how difficult it is to show the grounds of the assertion when it is met with the most natural question, as it seems, "And what did you talk about?" So it is when we read Mr. Emerson at his best. He produces the effect of conversation rather than of literature; his thoughts are spoken out for the stirring of kindred thought rather than written down for learning.

One could hardly expect, of course, to find in this volume the full vigour of Mr. Emerson's former work. It makes, however, a pleasant companion to that which he gave us a few years ago under the name of *Society and Solitude*, and stands pretty much on the same footing. The enthusiastic and almost mystical ardour of his earlier essays is softened into a more genial and equable mirth; but if he sometimes walks where he would once have soared, his path tells not to be illuminated by the same bright and far-reaching imagination as of old. More than once in this book he shows himself eminent in one branch of imaginative faculty which is much to be prized in these days and of whose rarity one hears or is disposed to utter complaints: the faculty, namely, of assimilating some way of the world which results from modern work in philosophy, science, and expounding it in a gnomic or poetical form which gives it the literary stamp, and lends it on as a possession for the world of letters and culture. This is a thing which men of science may do, and in fact often do very well: but they do it, not as belonging to their own work, but in so far as they are also men of letters and culture; and it is a task in which they may justly call on pure literature to meet them half way. Here is one example, a sentence short enough, and leaning towards paradox at first sight, but in truth the clarified and crystallized result of we know not how much discussion of the theory of perception, the formation of general ideas, the growth and uses of language, and the like:—"The world is thoroughly anthropomorphized, as if it had passed through the body and mind of man, and taken his mould and form." Where he found a number of conclusions and hypotheses belonging to more or less special branches of knowledge, and expressible in more or less technical terms, Mr. Emerson has left a universal and portable aphorism. The desire of putting things in a summary way is indeed not without its dangers. Few general propositions, at least in such matters as these essays deal with, can safely be taken without a grain of salt; but there are some here which would leave none to spare for their neighbours, and yet never be seasoned enough. "Observe that all poetry is written in the oldest and simplest English words," says Mr. Emerson, meaning to give a precept in itself thoroughly sound—namely, to use the old and simple words when there is no special reason for using others. But where shall we observe what he bids us? Not in Shakspeare and his fellows, revelling as they did in richness of word-store; certainly not in Milton, certainly not in most of our living poets, and not easily in those of the generations between. Chaucer and Wordsworth are the only two names of the first rank that give any solid support to Mr. Emerson's proposition, and even they not without drawbacks. Again, Mr. Emerson denies offhand that beasts or birds do anything ridiculous. We are loth to believe either that kittens and puppies never play in America, or that, if they do, it is thought unworthy of a wise man to laugh at them. And, besides these familiar instances, there are certain animals which have been not unaptly said to be made for fun—"cheerful queernesses," as George Eliot's poem calls them. A little further on Mr. Emerson excellently says that "the perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves"; and we do confess that we should somewhat mistrust, if we knew no more against him, the fellowship of a man who could stand wholly unmoved at the sight of the penguin or the armadillo. There is another curious assertion, though not a general one, about poets:—"Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, were very conscious of their responsibilities." As to Wordsworth this rests on ample proofs; as to Milton on proofs enough; but as to Shakspeare one might seek a long while. The fact is that in this passage Mr. Emerson almost lays down consciousness of a sort of prophetic gift as one of the things needful for a

* *Letters and Social Aims.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

great poet, and so he could not anyhow leave out Shakspeare. But, after all, no harm can be done by large statements thrown out in this manner, save to those who bring it on themselves by taking for dogmas what are given as hints. The end of writing of this kind is to make people look and think for themselves, and it is then not least successful when it excites a critical reaction in the reader's mind.

Another quality which plays a large part in the wholesome and stimulating effect of Mr. Emerson's discussions is his constant freshness—a word which we use rather than originality, not only because it is plainer and shorter, but because one of the essays in this very book expressly undertakes to show that originality, in any strict sense, does not exist, and would be a very poor thing if it did. The distinction between fancy and imagination had been wholly worked out, as one would think, in Wordsworth's well-known exposition; but we find here a couple of brilliant paragraphs which lose nothing by coming after Wordsworth. How threadbare, again, are the uses of friendship as a topic for essay-writers! yet even on this Mr. Emerson has a word to say that we are glad to hear. The true friend is "somebody who can make us do what we can." A like idea is developed in the essay on "Inspiration," where he justly speaks of conversation as the right metaphysical professor and the true school of philosophy. One often has occasion to notice how strong the historical sense is in cultivated Americans, how frankly they regret the want of monuments and antiquities. But it has been left for Mr. Emerson to strike out a delightfully novel consolation:—

We confess that in America everything looks new and recent. Our towns are still rude,—the make-shifts of emigrants,—and the whole architecture tent-like, when compared with the monumental solidity of mediæval and primeval remains in Europe and Asia. But geology has effaced these distinctions. Geology, a science of forty or fifty summers, has had the effect to throw an air of novelty and mushroom speed over entire history. The oldest empires, what we called venerable antiquity,—now that we have true measure of duration, show like creations of yesterday. 'T is yet quite too early to draw sound conclusions. The old six thousand years of chronology become a kitchen clock,—no more a measure of time than an hour-glass or an egg-glass,—since the duration of geologic periods has come into view.

In personal affairs it is indeed a commonplace of comfort that life is short at best; but the application of it on this grand scale almost an invention. That the writer himself fully shares the historic feeling and rejoices in the historical associations of civilization is shown by the language he holds elsewhere of the middle ages:—

In modern Europe, the Middle Ages were called the Dark Ages. Who dares to call them so now? They are seen to be the feet on which we walk, the eyes with which we see. 'T is one of our triumphs to have reinstated them. Their Dante and Alfred and Wicklif and Abelard and Bacon; their Magna Charta, decimal numbers, mariner's compass, gunpowder, glass, paper, and clocks; chemistry, algebra, astronomy; their Gothic architecture, their painting,—are the delight and tuition of ours.

Yet Mr. Emerson sometimes passes for a mere visionary with those who have never really read him, and who also call him sentimental. Those who still have to learn the difference between sentiment, the truth, and sentimentalism, the falsehood, will find it perfectly set forth in a passage near the end of the essay on "Social Aims." On our side of the Atlantic also we have too many talkers whom Mr. Emerson's words will fit:—"They adopt whatever merit is in good repute, and almost make it hateful with their praise. The warmer their expressions, the colder we feel; we shiver with cold."

We might go on collecting and commenting much longer, and we had noted various points of which we have said nothing. But we choose for further mention only one somewhat remarkable matter of opinion. It is commonly thought in this country that the increase of reading and writing and cheap newspapers has much abated the importance of public speaking; and it has been openly said that the only use of speeches in Parliament nowadays is to be reported for the satisfaction of the constituencies. Mr. Emerson takes an entirely different view:—"If there ever was a country where eloquence was a power," he says, "it is in the United States," where the case for writing as against speaking is even stronger than it is here. He defines eloquence, however, as "the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak," which, as making no provision for style, may be thought too wide.

To say anything of Mr. Emerson's own style is at this time needless. Like his thought, it is all his own, and suits him. But the use of one or two words calls for notice. We find "socialist," in a good or neutral sense, for one who studies the wants of society; this is better than the barbarous "sociologist," but why not keep "politics" and "politician" in their old extensive meaning? And to one phrase we must take distinct exception; "a great style of hero" is one of the bad sort of Americanisms against which we are bound to protest to the last, even when they come to us under cover of Mr. Emerson's authority.

CHESS.*

IT is a well-known remark that imaginative poetry is the expression, in a veiled and figurative manner, of those emotions which have been debarred by the force of circumstance from their natural and primary expression in the world of reality. In a similar manner it may be said of chess, that it is the mode in which the intellectual temperament of a military strategist expresses itself when debarred by circumstance from the opportunity of exercising itself in its primary manner of directing the movements of armies. A chessplayer is, if we may so put it, one-third of a general. A great general must have three qualities in strong development—bodily vigour, strength of nerve, and strength of intellect. A great chessplayer need not have bodily vigour at all; and though no man can quite get along without nervous power, this quality is much less needful, we should say, for a chessplayer than for a whist-player. For it is the unforeseen strokes of chance that try the nerves most keenly; and chance has a large field in whist, but a very small field in chess. But intellectual strength in its highest development can find ample room and scope for itself within the limits of the chessboard. Indeed, if we except the higher mathematics, we hardly know any form of human effort which equals chess as a test and measure of pure brain-power. It is one of the very few employments in which the human understanding is exercised in a simple unadulterated form, and physical and moral qualities sink into a subordinate position. It is of course apparent from this that serious labour is needed for a man to become a great chessplayer; and while the friends of chess have argued from this that it ought to be elevated to the rank of a science, its enemies have argued that at any rate it must be excluded from the sphere of amusements. But, to our mind, neither of these estimates is right. Chess is intrinsically an amusement, a relaxation; it is a diversion of the mind from the cares and troubles of life; it may sometimes happen, but it is an absolutely unnecessary consequence, that it should exhaust the mind which is exercised on it. The mental toil of a chessplayer, like the bodily toil of a cricket-player, is within due limits a source of refreshment and not of fatigue. The real value of chess, as of all amusements, lies in its supplying food for certain faculties which are capable of being exercised at times when the other faculties need repose. Moral tension is put off for a season and the brain is improved. On the other hand, to reckon chess among the sciences is to forget that every science is a link in the great chain of universal knowledge, and is connected by a thousand subtle ties with the other links of that chain. This is emphatically not true of chess; its value is simply in its reflex, not in its direct, results; an evident gap severs it from the world of reality.

We have before us a fascinating and beautiful treatise on this game, entitled *Chess: Theory and Practice*, by the late Mr. Howard Staunton, well known in his day as the first of English, and almost of European, players. Of such a work it is almost needless to say that it brings the student of chess up to the latest discoveries in the theory of the game, according to the estimate of the most competent judges. It is also noticeable for an historical account of the rise and development of chess, characterized by greater fulness than any similar account that we remember to have seen. Chess, according to Mr. Staunton, has been practised for a length of time, and over a portion of the earth's surface, quite without parallel in the case of any other game, and almost unrivalled in the case of any human art whatever. Dr. Forbes, we are told, "has discovered in Hindoo literature, dating three thousand years before the Christian epoch, the description of a game which manifestly represents, in a primitive form, the modern game of chess." It has been played from time immemorial, not only among the Hindoos, but among the Arabs, Persians, and Chinese. "Under the celebrated Caliphs of Bagdad"—our old favourite Haroun-al-Raschid among the rest—"the game flourished to a degree almost unexampled." Among great conquerors, Timur was an enthusiast for chess, and bestowed conspicuous honour on the players of it. The chessmen of Charlemagne are still preserved in the abbey of St. Denis. "Much that is interesting," remarks Mr. Staunton, "might be said if there were space in this sketch to say it, on the present condition of the game in Abyssinia, Syria, Arabia, Egypt, Persia, Hindostan, the islands of the Pacific, China, and other parts of Asia." It may be supposed that within these wide limits of space and time some variations have taken place in the manner of playing; these are duly noticed by Mr. Staunton, and problems illustrative of them are given from the Arabic and Persian authorities; but, on the whole, they are very slight. Let it be considered what vast differences have taken place in the development of almost every other pursuit or faculty of man during much smaller intervals—in language, music, architecture—and the phenomenon in question will appear a curious one. A story illustrative of one of the Persian problems (in which the Bishop can move only to the third square along the diagonal in any direction, but can spring over an intervening piece—a custom still preserved in Abyssinia) is quoted by Mr. Staunton, and is so pretty a one that we reproduce it here:—

Two Persian princes were playing at chess, and the one who had the White men offered his favourite wife, Dilaram, as his stake upon the game. The contest had nearly reached its end, when the player who had risked the lady on the issue was threatened with checkmate next move, unless he could find some remedy. As he hesitated in the agony of despair, Dilaram, who had eagerly watched the combat from behind the screen of gauze which separated male from female in Eastern households, cried out, "Sacrifice, O prince, your Rooks, and save Dilaram; forward with your Bishop and your Pawn, and with the Knight deal death!" The position which illustrates this favourite story is still known throughout the East as Dilaram's Mace.

The position in question is one of much ingenuity, though not

* *Chess: Theory and Practice; containing the Laws and History of the Game, together with an Analysis of the Openings, and a Treatise on End Games.* By the late Howard Staunton. Edited by Robert B. Wormald. London: Virtue & Co. 1876.

equal in difficulty to the generality of modern problems. It is observable that the military affinities of chess, on which we have commented, appear not only in the early legends as to the invention of the game (which represent it as invented to amuse the tedium of a besieged monarch, or of soldiers engaged in a difficult march), but in the names of the pieces. The King and the Knight speak for themselves; the Queen was originally the Farzin, the King's counsellor, and received her present appellation nearly eleven hundred years ago, from the Empress Irene; the Rook was the Roka or war ship of the Hindoos; the Pawn is connected with Podata, Pedes, a foot-soldier; the Bishop alone is of more uncertain derivation.

A comparison of the present volume of Mr. Staunton's with his *Chessplayer's Handbook*, originally published in 1847, will give a good idea of the progress of the theory of chess in the last thirty years. The most important novelties introduced during that time are three; first, the much greater development of the Evans Gambit; secondly, the defence, in the King's Bishop's Gambit, of the King's Knight being played to the Bishop's third square, by the second player, at his third move; and, lastly, the introduction of the "Vienna Opening," in which the first player moves the Queen's Knight out at his second move. Of these three changes the first-mentioned is by far the most important. The Evans Gambit is the most remarkable discovery made in chess during the present century; but, highly as it was esteemed in 1847, the brilliancy of this opening has received (through the labours of Messrs. Fraser and Mortimer and others) vast additional illustration since that time. In 1847 all that Staunton says of it is:—

> This ingenious and interesting variation . . . has deservedly attained a high degree of favour among players of all classes from the period of its introduction.

Far more glowing are the terms employed by him in the present volume:—

> Of all the openings of which chess is susceptible, the Evans Gambit is the most interesting. Its combinations are more varied and more beautiful, the opportunities it affords for brilliant attack and scientific defence are more abundant than in any other *début* yet invented.

Without questioning that Staunton is right here, we must confess that we regret to see that beautiful opening, the King's Bishop's Gambit, reckoned as inferior to any other mode of attack known in chess. And, in point of fact, when Staunton comes to deal with the King's Bishop's Gambit, he apparently considers it as even the most intricate of all chess combinations. For he says:—

> Upon no opening in the game of chess, not excepting even the famous Evans Gambit, have analysts lavished so much labour as upon the King's Bishop's Gambit. But as in commentaries upon some great classic the business of one annotator is to destroy the toil of his predecessor, so in ch openings every analyst endeavours to upset the conclusions arrived at before him. The result in the present instance is very perplexing. No one appears to have positively settled, even to his own satisfaction, whether this Gambit can be advantageously adopted by the first player. According to some authorities, the attack has the best of the fight; according to others, the superiority rests with the defence. The main cause of this uncertainty is the inconceivable variety of combinations to which the opening gives birth. A volume of considerable magnitude might be filled indeed with the variations springing from the first half-dozen moves.

But in point of fact the new defence of the King's Knight to the Bishop's third square in this Gambit has tended rather to obscure than to increase its lustre. The classical defence, or rather counter attack, in which the second player's Queen checked at the third move, was striking in the highest degree, because it presented the spectacle of a double attack of the sharpest kind going on, each side being more engaged in assaulting his adversary than in defending himself. Nor is it yet ascertained that this is not even now the best mode of defence in this Gambit. But the new defence is the "safer" line; less daring, less hazardous, and less beautiful. The "Vienna Opening," the third novelty in the theory of chess to which we have referred, is one of fair, but not of extraordinary, interest.

It is to our mind a surprising thing, considering the intellectual power that has been bestowed on the theory of chess, that what are termed the "irregular openings" should have been comparatively so little analysed. Indeed the term "irregular openings" may justly seem a misnomer; for why should the advance on both sides of the King's Pawn two squares at the first move be held to be so absolutely the rule as to make every other mode of beginning the game (with the exception of the Queen's Gambit) abnormal? And when it is considered that two of these "irregular openings"—namely, the Sicilian Game and the French Game—are by the best authorities held to be superior strategy on the part of the second player to the customary reply of King's Pawn two squares, the imperfect consideration that has been given to them seems more unaccountable than ever. There can, however, be no doubt that these openings are obtaining more and more notice; and they make it clear that chess theory has still a long era of expansion, before (if ever) it attains its final consummation. There seems really no reason for thinking that the Sicilian or the French opening will prove less fertile in interesting positions than what is held to be the regular game, numberless as the developments of this latter are.

Before taking leave of Mr. Staunton's book, we must call the attention of the editor, Mr. Wormald, to the only blot which impairs its merits; and that is, the extraordinary number of misprints to be found in its pages. It is to be hoped that these will be removed before another edition comes out. At present it looks as if the text had really not been corrected at all. As examples (though we have noted many more) we may instance the diagrams in pages 184 and 323, in the former of which the White Queen's Bishop's Pawn has no business to be on the board, in the latter the Black Queen's Knight is misplaced; the words "and Black resigned," in page 132, which clearly ought to be "and White resigned;" the similar words, "and Black wins," in page 136, which ought to be "and White wins;" and in page 134, at the 19th move of the White in Game VII., it is evidently the White Bishop, and not the White Pawn, that is intended to take the Black Bishop. This last is a misprint that might cause some perplexity; for it is not till the 28th move of the White that it can be conclusively shown to be a misprint. The game in question is one between De Labourdonnais and Macdonnell; and we have another reason for referring to it here, for the 23rd move in the game supplies, if we are not mistaken, an instance of an oversight rarely to be found in players of such distinction. The advance at that move of the White King's Bishop's Pawn gives Black an opportunity of forking the White Queen and Rook by planting his Knight at his King's sixth square. It is equally extraordinary that such an opportunity should have been given by Macdonnell, and that it should not have been taken by De Labourdonnais. After the best study we have been able to give to the position, we are unable to see how White could possibly have extricated himself after the loss of his Rook in exchange for the Knight, which would have been the inevitable consequence of the move that we have named. We commend the point to Mr. Wormald's attention. But, indeed, the whole game is somewhat carelessly played on both sides, and, except as an encouraging instance to tiros that even *bonus Homerus aliquando dormitat*, is hardly worthy of its position in the book. And, lastly, to give one more suggestion, if a few chess problems had been added at the end of the book, the bulk of it would not have been materially increased, while its interest would have been augmented. However, as it stands, the book is undeniably a very important addition to the literature of the game.

LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.*

NEARLY three years have elapsed since we directed the attention of our readers to the important documents analysed in the second part of this ponderous volume of State Papers, ranging over the seven years from 1524 to 1530 inclusive. (See *Saturday Review* for May 24 and June 21, 1873.) We then expected to have an earlier opportunity of recurring to the subject of the divorce of Catharine of Aragon, which occupies so conspicuous a place in the complications of the history of the period. The second part of the so-called fourth volume, itself consisting of 1,200 well-filled pages, reached only to the end of 1528, and we were wondering how the papers of the remaining two years, down to the conclusion of 1530, could be squeezed, together with the editor's preface and the usual index, into a volume of any ordinary dimensions. But Mr. Brewer has solved this difficulty for us by issuing his Introduction to the period in a separate volume by itself. Accordingly the volume which we proceed to notice contains no documents or other additions to the Introduction, with the exception of six pages of appendix, in which the reader will find printed at length two letters discovered by Mr. Stevenson in the Vatican Archives, which came to hand too late to be inserted in their proper chronological order in the forthcoming and concluding part of this fourth volume. They are written in Italian, and almost entirely in cipher; but though they have for the most part been deciphered by the ingenuity of Mr. Gairdner, who has rendered such important assistance in the whole course of the publication of these State Papers, parts of them remain still unintelligible, as the deciphered words required again a second process of decipherihg, which rests upon mere conjecture, and other symbols have been introduced which it seems must be assigned to the head of *nihil importantia*, and appear to have been inserted merely to mislead any who should attempt to interpret them.

The Introduction to this volume then differs in one respect from the brilliant pieces of historical writing which have been prefixed to the three previously published volumes. It has anticipated the forthcoming and concluding part of the volume, and so we are obliged to take upon trust all the remarks that refer to the last two years of the period which ends with the death of Wolsey, November 29, 1529. We probably shall not have to wait long for the publication of the vouchers for those two years; and certainly we cannot affect to regret their temporary absence on any other ground than that the references to State Papers not yet published excite our curiosity with regard to documents which are evidently of the highest importance, and as yet entirely unknown in the literary world. Mr. Brewer has not only anticipated his own concluding part, but also tantalizes us by several allusions to a forthcoming volume of Spanish papers which will contain very curious matter, and the sheets of which have, we suppose, been submitted to his inspection as they passed through the press.

There are many points of minor importance—nay, perhaps some

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII. preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England* Arranged and Catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M.A., under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. IV. Introduction and Appendix. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

which will be thought to rise above that level—which the editor has been obliged to leave unnoticed. On affairs strictly ecclesiastical—the progress of the Reformation, the dissemination of Tyndale's translation of the New Testament, and the influence exercised over English minds by Tyndale's Calvinistic opinions, if a term involving such an anachronism may be allowed—Mr. Brewer is almost silent. Such topics belong to a later period, and he has done little more than point out what is so much forgotten, the difference between the Protestantism of Henry VIII.'s reign and that of his daughter Elizabeth. Neither shall we say anything more about the tenets of the men of the new learning during this reign, with the exception of reminding our readers that the *Lutherianism* which statesmen and ecclesiastics so much dreaded was for the most part merely a form of Zuinglianism which Luther would have disowned with the same impetuosity with which, a few years before, he had attacked the indulgences offered for sale by the Dominican friar Tetzel.

The salient points of history discussed in this Introduction are of course the capture of Francis I., the sack of Rome, the divorce of Catharine of Aragon, and the fall of Wolsey. The first two of these subjects relate to the documents in the two previously published parts of the volume which we have already reviewed, and accordingly we pass on to the last two. As regards the former of these, we may observe that there is now before the world, or at least will be as soon as the next volume of the Spanish Calendar appears, and Mr. Brewer has completed the third part of his fourth volume, all that will ever be known of the commencement of the history of the divorce. On the precise date of the origin of the King's scruples about his marriage the editor wisely declines giving an opinion, confining himself to the observation that it could scarcely have been known to the King himself. The earliest allusion in point of fact made to it in any original document is the expression "istud beneficium divortium" in Clerk's letter to Wolsey from Paris, dated September 13, 1526. These words, which imply that negotiations of some kind had taken place in the matter, are sufficient in themselves to destroy the fiction which has so long passed current among historians of the period, that the idea of the illegitimacy of the Princess Mary was first put into the King's head by the Bishop of Tarbes, when projects for her marriage with Francis were being entertained. The date of this letter is several months prior to the arrival of the Bishop in England. So the King's scruples did not originate in this way. Neither is it in the least likely that any such objection was ever raised, as, if it had been, it would most certainly have been referred to in some of the documents in this volume. It seems to have been a pure invention devised by Wolsey and the King in order to give some colour to subsequent proceedings in the case of the divorce. It is, however, conceivable, though in the highest degree improbable, that the Bishop of Tarbes may have heard of the King's pretended scruples, which began about this time to be talked about; the chief difficulty in denying the truth of the whole story consisting in the improbability of the King and Wolsey inventing it and venturing to propagate it, supposing it to have no foundation whatever. The story of the suggestion coming first from Wolsey through Longland, the King's confessor, Mr. Brewer thinks is entitled to as little credit, though the denial of it by the King and the Cardinal in the legatine court is by no means conclusive of the point. Longland's denial of the accuracy of this statement is worth very little more, and, though stated by Harpsfield in his MS. treatise (Lyston Copy, Book ii., p. 94) it evidently was not deemed by him to be at all conclusive on the matter. Who originated it, it may not be easy to say, but it was industriously propagated by two of Wolsey's bitterest enemies, Tyndale and Polydore Vergil.

It is from this point that Mr. Brewer begins his masterly analysis of the infamous plot conducted by Henry and his cunning paramour, Anne Boleyn, assisted by all the diplomatic power of the Cardinal and the cringing assiduity of others whose interest it was to side with the King against a defenceless woman whose misfortune was that, of all the five children she had borne to the King, a daughter only survived to inherit his crown. Not that we hear much of the convenient plea of expediency that there was no male heir to the throne. This plea, indeed, appears in its proper place, as urged by the King and his counsellors as a reason why the Pope should annul the dispensation for the marriage of Henry with Catharine. But, unluckily for Mr. Froude and the theory of self-sacrifice for the good of the nation—unluckily, too, for the apology for the King in the misfortune of all his relations with women—the whole story of the infatuation for Anne Boleyn, with all the lying, the diplomacy, the chicanery, and effrontery which were brought to bear upon the case, is detailed in the clearest way, and the vouchers for the whole story are to be found by looking into the documents, from the facts of which there is no possible escape. It would have swelled the volume to an inordinate size if its editor had gone minutely into many of the circumstances which still further aggravate the case. He has wisely abstained from many particulars which would have strengthened an argument which is entirely complete without them. And so we have here no discussion of the subject of the virginity of Catharine when she married her second husband, and no defence of the genuineness of the breve which no one can any longer doubt was really issued by Pope Julius II., the allegation of which formed so important an element in the trial. And, again, the connexion of the King with Anne Boleyn's elder sister Mary is only cursorily referred to. In the mass of materials ready to his hand it must have been difficult for Mr. Brewer to make his selection, and so interesting is the whole story that we can only regret that he had to make a selection. For these and other points into which he was precluded from entering possess almost as much interest as those which he has dwelt upon in his endeavour to illustrate the characters of the chief actors in the drama. Of course the principal actor in all the transactions of the first twenty years of the reign was the great Cardinal of York, but of him we must take another opportunity of speaking. He is the real hero of the volume, if what is history, and not fiction, can be said to have a hero. And if Mr. Brewer's estimate of Wolsey is altogether different from those of previous historians, it is open to any one to criticize it with the help of the documents from the careful study of which he has drawn his picture.

As regards the King, he has drawn his portrait with considerable exactness, and undoubtedly he has not been tempted by the ridiculous and extravagant delineations of the character by Mr. Froude to go into the opposite extreme of undue disparagement. Indeed there is almost a parade of his better qualities, side by side with the dark traits which characterize nearly the whole of the period embraced in this volume. A Roman Catholic historian such as Dr. Lingard might well be excused for representing the deterioration of the character of the King as the consequence of the rupture with the Pope; but Mr. Brewer's volume has not reached that period yet, and there is enough of fraud and deceit and brutality detailed in this earlier part of the history to enable any one to judge how the passion for Anne Boleyn was gradually over-mastering all the better parts of his nature. To this change in the character of Henry we think Mr. Brewer has scarcely done justice in the remarks that he appends to the history of the appointment of the Abbess of Wilton in 1528, which had been made by Wolsey in opposition to Henry's declared wish. The very letter on the subject written by Henry to Anne Boleyn, alleging that he could not in conscience nominate a woman accused of ungodly demeanour, at the very time that he was contemplating, if not actually living in, an incestuous connexion with his mistress, shows with what hypocrisy he could express his abhorrence of wickedness; and it is no wonder, therefore, that he could put on the semblance of magnanimity in forgiving Wolsey for his transgressions, whilst the very same sentence is concluded with the words, "trusting hereafter you shall recompense that with a thing much more acceptable to me," *i.e.* the completion of the divorce from Catharine.

After quoting the material parts of both letters, Mr. Brewer continues:—

> It is strange that sentiments so generous, manly, and noble should have emanated from the same pen as the letters to Anne Boleyn. Stranger still is it, that side by side with convictions so admirable and so king-like of what was just, candid, and sincere, there should be found the most ignoble deceit, oppression, and falsehood wherever Katharine was concerned. Must we then think that the fountain sends forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? that, in mockery of our [illegible] notions of heroes and hero-worship, such is the frailty and inconsistency of human nature, such its defiance of all human rules and calculations?
>
> Chaos of thought and passion all confused,
> Still by itself abused or disabused!
>
> To none certainly were the poet's words more applicable than to Henry VIII. He was no saint, no hero; yet not without a manly sense of what was saintly and heroic, as his letter shows; and utterly free from the sickly religious sentiment and introspective Puritanism of later times.—P. cccxcii.

It is true that the sweating sickness was raging violently, and the King, who was daily making his confession, may by this time have half persuaded himself that he had right on his side; but it must have been a very seared conscience which allowed him to petition the Pope for a divorce from his brother's virgin widow in favour of the sister of a woman who had lived with him as his mistress. Yet *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, and he was still able to express himself in language which would better have become his younger years, when, whatever may have been his faults and excesses, he will at least bear favourable comparison with contemporary monarchs. Mr. Brewer is describing the King in his transition state. He has yet to chronicle the details of a life which, whatever other faults it may have been free from, was entirely under the dominion of cruelty, lust, and avarice.

The reader will perhaps expect something to be said of the Archbishop who completed this disgraceful transaction at the Court of Dunstable. But Mr. Brewer appears to treat Cranmer with the contempt which he deserves, scarcely noticing him except to excuse the nefarious proceedings of the Court which pronounced the final decision in the case, on the ground that the other judges of the day would have done the same. Perhaps so. But that will hardly satisfy the admirers of the memory of Thomas Cranmer, who has been so absurdly styled the "first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury."

(To be continued.)

MY YOUNG ALCIDES.*

MISS YONGE introduces her *Young Alcides* to the reader in a tone of deprecation and apology. "Ideas have a tyrannous power of insisting on being worked out." She could not help herself

* *My Young Alcides.* By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Macmillan. 1876.

in this case. We have no doubt that this describes truly the command which fancy, habitually obeyed, obtains over the pen of fluent writers of fiction—of those who sincerely love their work, who find it easy, and also find readers. All suggestions of the fancy or imagination bring a sense of inspiration with them. An idea must be worked out. The working out follows inevitably upon the conception. It is in vain that the critic interposes and enjoins waiting, refreshing the worn fancy by rest and suspension of labour. Such rest is not, it would seem, compatible with the faculty of story-telling. In vulgar terms, a novel-writer must have a novel always upon the stocks. But if the pen is thus the slave of fancy, fancy in its turn may become the slave of habit. Use makes that easy which was once an effort of the whole mind. More labour of thinking, we may observe, as well as keener flush of fancy, goes to the early productions of an imaginative writer. Later on the work may almost be said to do itself. The pen knows the road to its end.

We are bound to admit, then, the necessity which domineers over the novelist—that is, the successful novelist confident of readers. Probably many a tale is elaborated simply because it stops the way, and it is less trouble to follow it out than to turn it aside. But in the present case we cannot be sure what the ideas were which must be worked out. A mind so busy and ingenious as Miss Yonge's could not see a new vein struck out without sympathy, and that sympathy must needs take an active form. Miss Thackeray's fairy tales modernized were too successful an experiment not to stimulate a generous emulation. But the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe* has a mind romantic indeed, but essentially didactic. She instructs by pleasing. She would neither condescend blindly to imitate, nor would modern Cinderellas and Sleeping Beauties excite her invention. Such pretty inutilities, as she must think them, wake no response. In one case Miss Thackeray has set an example of turning this vein to didactic purposes. Jack the Giant Killer is modernized into a working curate, not, we consider, with the charm which hangs round the sister triflers. The truth is, Fancifulness, which may be regarded as the diminutive of Fancy, finds a useful purpose a heavy weight for airy wings. They flag under the burden. She can insinuate a moral of the commonplace order—Don't be vain because you are pretty; don't be envious; don't tell stories: be cheerful and make yourself pleasant whatever happens. But it is out of her way to say, Be laborious, be a teetotaller, keep regular accounts, clear drains, build churches. She entertains us in the recreation hour, and does not aim to amuse us with our work—the business of our lives.

Miss Yonge, in fearing that her idea may be leading her in a track already worthily pre-occupied, almost tells us that the thought of modernizing an ancient fable was put into her head. But, once there, it must follow her bent, and necessarily she sought for an instructive fable. The Labours of Hercules certainly fell in very well with this requirement, for his labours were undoubtedly useful, and some of them applicable to the needs of all time; else certain familiar illustrations have for some ages been misapplied. But, reduced from the magnificent vagueness of legend to line and rule, they inevitably lose their poetry, and with it their dignity. As the Augean Stables could not be cleaned out by the means with which we are familiar, we suppose some grand way of managing matters; but there is no mystery in carting off a farmer's dunghill, however indefatigable and up to his work he may show himself, and we feel our hero a little lowered in the process. He is distinctly described as without the sense of humour; but surely giants have humour, and we may at least indulge the fancy that Hercules found and made some fun out of his unsavoury task. It results, therefore, from the choice of subject, that the fancy expatiates more on minor points than on the larger task of making legend or fairyland and prosaic life meet half-way, giving to every-day existence a fairy glamour, and a touch of humanity, with its griefs and joys, to the illusive world of imagination. Considerable ingenuity is shown and evidently great amusement found in Englishing Greek names and places, and in discovering a certain punning rather than literal parallel for some of the hero's labours. In this light the thing is a puzzle to be worked out, a game to be played with cleverness and spirit; but, the nomenclature once established and the fable well in hand, we are on familiar ground, and know where we are too plainly. The amusement in all such transpositions must lie in adapting impossible circumstances to modern possibilities, and surprising the reader into acquiescence; making a whimsical rich old lady perform the feats of a fairy godmother, changing a good-natured beast into a clumsy, ugly, not unlovable young fellow; but here there is no meeting on neutral ground. We are amongst Miss Yonge's *dramatis personæ*, who, though their acts may be a little out of the common way, yet in their way of doing them and in their talk about them are faulty, or prejudiced, or foolish, or unbelieving, or religious, or keenly conscientious, or self-disparaging in the precise tone of her most realistic narratives. This is, of course, largely due to the fact of the machinery being impracticable for her natural method. Hercules is no doubt a very difficult personage to handle; and she undertakes to draw a character where, as a question of art, character-drawing should no more be attempted than in the *Arabian Nights*. There is no presumption, however, in the working out of the attempt. The author makes her hero taciturn and apt to break off in the middle or beginning of his sentences where the might of feeling is at work. "If I could only——" "If only," and there he stops, leaving all the depths to be inferred from the breaks and pauses so familiar to female pens a little afraid of getting beyond their depth if they finish their sentence. Once, however, when urged to an explanation, he despatches the question of his passion in summary terms. He had "just taken out his heart and crushed it." But who could set Hercules talking so as to satisfy our vague ideas? It is so much easier to guess what he would not say than what he would. One touch we quite agree with, and give the author credit for it. He is very apt to fall asleep when read to. That Hercules was a lady's man everybody knows, and in fact he could flirt. But this weakness does not fall in with the present conception, though Harold is absolutely under the influence of the narrator (his aunt in relationship though his junior in age), and the devoted lover of the Lady who represents the mythological wonder—the stag, or fawn, with golden horns.

The father and uncle of our hero Harold were sons of an English country gentleman who, falling under the influence of a turbulent Pole, Prometesky (Prometheus), during the excitement connected with the Reform Bill, turned democrats, married the daughters of a Radical farmer, stimulated the peasantry to riot and rebellion, and got transported for life along with Prometesky; who finds his Rock in Australia. The brothers whom he has misled die there, leaving the one a son (Harold or Hercules), the other a son and daughter—Eustace (that is, Eurystheus) and the child Dora, who we see from the first is in training for Dejanira. It is at the antipodes that Harold strangles the serpent, and grows up to man's estate, untaught, reckless, committing all the improprieties which unfit his prototype for an example; then in a fit of jealous fury he carries off his wife Meg Cree (Megara), and driving madly in the darkness upsets her and his two children down a precipice, and becomes a prey to despondency. At the news of the death of their grandfather the young people come to England, Eustace to succeed to his grandfather's estate; and the introduction to their youthful aunt takes place. Harold, of course, is of magnificent and gigantic proportions; at once he wins the aunt's regard and admiration, and the party agree to keep house together at the family mansion, Arghouse (Argos), near the town of Micening (Mycenæ), and here the Labours are carried out, of which the modern Eurystheus, an empty, vainglorious, tuft-hunting snob, takes the credit. Harold, in simplicity of heart, sets about reforming all abuses, regardless who has the praise. The first feat is a literal reproduction. There is a wild-beast show on Neme Heath (Nemæa); the lion escapes, to the terror of the multitude, and is mastered, and choked by Harold, with the aid of a carriage-rug; his skin figuring ever after in the narrative. The Lernean Hydra is typically represented by the "Dragon's Head" public, which, when put down and shut up on one side of the street, develops into several dragons—"Real," "Original" "Dragons' Heads"—on the other, until the Curate, Ben Yolland, whom we take to be Iolas, strikes at the root of the evil. The Club we assume to be verbally represented in the Workman's Club, established on temperance principles, at a pottery, set up as a Limited Liability Company. The swift Stag of the Golden Horns, who is to be caught alive, is Viola, of fawn-like grace, beauty, and pretty wilfulness, whom Harold, meeting on her pony, leads a willing captive to Aunt Lucy, from whom, by the will of wrathful Diana, her lady mother, she has been estranged. The capture of the Wild Boar in the snow is the rescue from a snowed-up train of the Earl of Erymanth (Erymanthus), a prosy nobleman, pronounced by his deliverer "a great bore." The Augean Stables are the miasma-breeding premises of a farmer who guides himself by the proverb that Muck is the farmer's nosegay.

The carnivorous birds of Lake Stymphalis are the scandal-mongers Avice Stympson and her sisters, whom the hero conquers by rescuing their dog from a mill-race. The prodigious wild bull which laid waste the country is Bullock, the bullying agent of the Arghouse property. The Mares of Diomed, which fed on human flesh, are the racers of Dermot, an Irish absentee, who for their sakes leaves his tenantry to starve. The girdle of the Amazons is the Champion Belt of the Archery Club, long held by the Amazon Hippolita Horsman, whose family (the Centaurs) have their further work to do in the story. The tenth labour is performed in Australia, where Harold encounters the sheep-stealer (Geryon) and wrestles with the giant, his double, and bearing his name, who seems to personate in the author's mind the Hercules of vulgar heathendom, whom she is anxious to dissociate from the hero who chose Virtue instead of Pleasure. The golden apples come from the same region. They are nuggets of gold committed under difficulties to his keeping in atonement for a fraud. The crowning labour, in which Cerberus figures, must be a hard nut for any invention to crack. He has to be reduced to one dog—Kerby; but then he is a mad one.

To produce a vigorous picture of a "great simple nature," intent on reforming the more patent and flagrant social miseries, has been the author's aim throughout, rather than any reproduction of the charm of classic legend. We have read lately that drains do not lend themselves readily to the comic muse, and social reforms of the material order are equally coy of putting themselves to school with the Graces. Yet sometimes Miss Yonge shows a gratuitous defiance of elegance in her determination to be real. The diminutives and *sobriquets* by which she dishes rishes her characters needlessly jar on our taste, though we recognise in them the hold she keeps on her idea. But the reader, too, has his work to do as well as the author. It is impossible to read the story without treating it as a puzzle to be found out, and, if no solution presents itself, a sense of incongruity remains. We do not, it is true, know a great deal about Eurystheus, but his representative in the modern version is irreconcilable with our notions. We

suppose that, as Shakespeare, wanting a Roman buffoon, went to the senate house, so here, wanting a snob as a foil for her simple noble-hearted hero, she made sure that legend, if only full enough, could furnish her with one; but his Government-house ball, his study of the Peerage, his appeals to Harold on the point of kid-gloves and gentility, seem to the reader to break too entirely loose from the analogy which the author undertakes to work out. This, however, may be hypercritical.

The work is a bold venture, and, if not wholly successful, is at least a proof of the author's powers. It is carried through with a spirit and evident enjoyment which excites the reader's sympathy when he perceives that what he at first looked for is not within the writer's scope or plan. But in one point the legend, both in itself and as she treats it, does fall in with a natural bent. We suppose that undisciplined strength—the gigantic mould of mind and body—must always be attractive to the physically weaker sex. Whether in imagination or reality it is a fascinating idea to subdue so much force to gentleness and practical good. And we observe here a greater tolerance for manly weaknesses than in the author's earlier works, and a greater trust in woman's beneficent influence. The youthful Aunt Lucy (placed in that relation as the only one which permitted her unchaperoned companionship) marries in the end the reformed spendthrift—a pickle in childhood, and sent home by many successive tutors as impracticable. Dejanira, after having done her work upon the hero by means of smallpox infection, marries the converted sceptic; and Harold himself, by the unanimous voice of all the survivors of the story, owes the subduing of his wild nature to Lucy's tender watchfulness and good counsels, who shows herself throughout her narrative his unconscious good genius.

CHINESE PROVERBS.*

THE East is the home of proverbs. If we seek for the causes which have produced this result, we find prominent among them the prevailing custom in Asia of imparting both instruction and amusement by word of mouth, and also the genius of most Oriental languages, which, from their conciseness, lend themselves easily and gracefully to the form of words known as proverbs. There is nothing more calculated to revive the flagging attention of an audience, or to add flavour to a discourse, than the judicious use of short, apt, and pithy sayings. Of this none are better aware than the wandering Arab story-teller whose bread depends on the interest he is able to excite among the wealthy frequenters of Eastern bazaars, or the Indian vagrant who, seated beneath some shady tree, seeks to enchain the attention of his village audience by tales of love and adventure; or, again, the Japanese priest, who makes pithy sayings and broad jokes his vehicle of instruction, and emphasizes his lessons in morality by homely and not always delicate illustrations. In China, however, the early introduction of cheap printing and the comparatively wide spread of education has in great measure substituted the story-book for the story-teller, and volumes of discourses for extempore sermons. From one fruitful provocative to proverb-making the Chinese are therefore cut off; but, on the other hand, their language, from its conciseness and its ideographic character, is pre-eminently fitted to express in terse and pictorial figures those results of observation and experience which are apt to form themselves into proverbs; and at the same time the literary habits of the people are just such as to encourage a taste for moulding these into polished and well-turned phrases. The result is that in no country in the world have proverbs a wider circulation than in China, and as a natural consequence they reflect with both truth and accuracy the national characteristics of the people.

Several European writers have preceded Mr. Scarborough in collecting Chinese proverbs. More than fifty years ago, Sir John Davis published his *Chinese Moral Maxims;* in 1869 M. Perny brought out a small volume of *Proverbes Chinois;* and Mr. Doolittle, in the second part of his *Handbook of the Chinese Language*, has given a long list of proverbial sayings. But these collections sink into insignificance in point of number when compared with that in the volume before us. Sir John Davis's book contained 200 proverbs, M. Perny's 441, Mr. Doolittle's several hundred, but Mr. Scarborough has furnished us with 2,720 examples. The native collections are neither numerous nor large. Mr. Scarborough enumerates eight works upon which he has drawn, but as he justly observes, "the bulk of the proverbs current in the land exist only in the memories and on the lips of the population," and it is from these sources that the present collection has principally been gathered.

As with the sayings of every land, Chinese proverbs assume various forms. The most esteemed are those known as *Tuy-tsze*, or "antithetical couplets." These are formed according to strictly technical rules. They must contain the same number of characters in each line, which must scan accurately as regards the tones or inflexions of the voice which are inherent in them, and in the verbal construction of the couplet there must be an antithesis between the parts of speech represented by the words composing each line; thus particles must be placed in antithesis to particles, nouns to nouns, verbs to verbs, and so on. Another kind are the *Leen-keu*, or "connected sentences." These are less formal than the *Tuy-tsé*, the only rule to be observed in their composition being that each line must contain the same number of characters, and there is generally, though not of necessity, a sharp antithesis between the first and second lines. As a specimen of this antithesis we may quote the translation of proverb No. 1674 in the work before us, "It is not hard to talk about good works, but to do them." Others take the form of a plain sentence, to which sometimes is given just enough rhythm to give it an easy and flowing utterance. So much for the styles in which they are composed in the original; but, before leaving this part of the subject, we will turn for a moment to the way in which Mr. Scarborough has rendered them into English. Their sense he has succeeded in imparting with great accuracy, and where he has been content to give us prose versions of their meaning, he has done so in terse English; but unfortunately he has in some instances attempted to reproduce the original in verse, and in a vast majority of these cases it would have been much better if he had refused to listen to the promptings of his poetic fancy. For example, it would not be difficult to imagine a prose version of proverb No. 1172 which would be preferable to the following:—

> Civil and martial mandarins must
> One to his seal, one to his flag, trust;

or one of No. 1169 to this:—

> One dash of a civil magistrate's pen
> Makes the martial magistrate jump again;

or one of No. 1133 to this:—

> Try you to defraud in customs and revenue;
> The mandarin soon will try to be having you.

But in saying this, we have pointed out the only fault we have to find with the book. The proverbs are well selected and arranged, and a copious index enables the reader to refer at once to such proverbs as bear on any particular subject or subjects.

One characteristic of the Chinese, as of all Oriental peoples, presents itself prominently in the proverbs before us, and that is the wide difference which exists between the high standard of morality in matters of government and conduct which they profess to strive to reach, and the corruption and dishonesty which pervade their practice in every condition of life; in other words, between their professions and their deeds. Nothing can be more sublime than the motives which it is said should actuate the conduct of man to his fellow-men, and yet often in the same page we meet with proverbs which throw an unerring light on the real springs of action which are uppermost in the minds of the people. What saying, for example, could be more suggestive of high-souled and pure-handed officials than the following:—"There are three rules for men in office: be upright, be cautious, be diligent." And yet how different is the picture, which evidently is the truest to nature, afforded by such as those which appear cheek-by-jowl with the above:—"Neither dogs nor mandarins injure those who give them anything," "Men's hearts are like iron, and the rule of mandarins like a furnace," "An officer's door is like a market-place," "Deceive, but don't insult, a mandarin." But this violent contrast meets one at every turn in China. The Emperors, many of whom have been as dissolute, selfish, and cruel as it is possible for men to be, have been accustomed to expatiate in the *Peking Gazette* on the ardent zeal with which they have attempted to follow the virtuous, patriotic, and merciful conduct of some idealized being of antiquity; no Minister of State, however itching may be his palm, writes of himself in any public document but as of one who passes sleepless nights and restless days in his endeavours to suppress all corruption in the administration of his department; and whole libraries of books are written on the virtues of honest and patriotic mandarins, who, if they ever existed, find but very few in modern China to follow in their train. Of course we do not mean to say that there are no honest and upright officials in China, but such are in an infinitesimal minority. But it should always be borne in mind, in palliation of the almost universal corruption, that their salaries are ludicrously small, often quite insufficient to pay the followers and servants necessary to the maintenance of their posts, and that they hold their appointments for three years only. The results of these causes are that each one is by force of circumstances compelled to prey upon the inhabitants of the districts under his control, and by a selfish instinct is tempted to squeeze as much out of the people during the tenure of his office as they will submit to part with without breaking out into open revolt. In this way it has come to pass that at the present day official virtue is but a relative term in China, and people speak with admiration and respect of a mandarin who supplements his income out of his subjects' pockets without oppressing them, and who tempers bribery with a show of justice. "Never believe a portionless magistrate when he says his rule is pure" is a saying which is plainly the result of popular experience.

The view suggested by a number of proverbs in the volume before us of the religious tendencies of the people is very interesting, and shows how infinitely deeper seated among them is the natural worship of heaven or the Supreme Being than are the imported sophistries and superstitions of Buddha and Laou-tsze. Heaven is never otherwise than respectfully referred to, while nothing can be more contemptuous than the way in which Buddhist and Taonist priests are often spoken of. We may quote the following proverbs as illustrative of these remarks:—"Man depends on heaven, as a ship on her pilot"; "Heaven responds to man as quickly as shadow to form, or echo to voice"; "There is nothing partial in the ways of heaven"; "Imperial heaven will never slight a man of sorrows." On the other hand, "Only

* *A Collection of Chinese Proverbs.* Translated and Arranged by William Scarborough. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

those become bonzes who can't make a living"; "The monastery faces the nunnery; there is nothing in that—yet there may be"; "For one son who becomes a priest nine generations get to heaven"; "A magistrate is never at leisure—a bonze always is," &c.

The popular views on the various relations of life are abundantly illustrated by numerous proverbs in Mr. Scarborough's collection. The necessity of showing filial piety to parents, the value set by parents upon sons, and the indifference shown as to the possession of daughters, are all plainly traced out; and though there is no direct reference to infanticide, there is an unpleasant sound in such sayings as, "When one family *rears* a daughter, a hundred families ask her in marriage"; "Those who *rear* daughters hope for great suitors." Judging from some of the proverbs relating to the marriage state, Chinese opinion seems to agree with the old English saying:—

> A spaniel, a wife, and a walnut-tree,
> The more they are beaten the better they be;

but there is abundant evidence that domestic happiness is common, and also that not unfrequently "the grey mare is the best horse" in China as elsewhere. Between many of the less obvious of these Chinese proverbs and those current among ourselves there is a striking resemblance; for instance, a half-witted person is described in our midland counties as being "ninepence in the shilling," and in China as being "the fourth of a thousand cash," or "two hundred and fifty." Throughout most of Mr. Scarborough's pages a very great deal of practical wisdom is to be found; and, in these days of superficial acquirements, many students might derive benefit from such saws on study as the following:—"Learning cannot be gulped down," "Every character must be chewed to get out its juice," "Good students are like workers in hard wood," "Most things are easy to learn, but hard to master."

It may be doubted whether some of the sayings quoted by Mr. Scarborough can rightly be described as proverbs; such, for example, as to wish "May fair winds attend you!" But, with few exceptions, his collection represents very perfectly the proverbial wisdom of China, and to all who are interested in such subjects we confidently recommend his volume.

YACHTING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.*

MR. LAMONT'S book is interesting, although in some sense it is a record of failures. He has a passion for Arctic voyages. A good many years ago he published an entertaining volume on *Seasons with the Sea-Horses;* and, after an interval devoted to public life and foreign travel, he has returned to his early love with as much ardour as ever. Sitting in solitary meditation on the bleak shores of Spitzbergen, among the icebergs, walruses, seals, and seafowl, he falls into a train of melancholy regrets over wasted years of his life, and money squandered on electioneering. Looking at things from his personal point of view, we cannot doubt that he is right. For he has most of the qualifications, natural and adventitious, for a successful Arctic explorer. He has time and money at his disposal; he has set his heart on contributing to Arctic discovery; and, as he delights in this sort of life in spite of its hardships, its dangers, and its occasional dreariness, he is content to resign himself to disappointments when he has done his utmost to command success. His days of involuntary waiting pass the more easily that he is an enthusiastic sportsman and a deadly shot. Most men would be disposed to doubt whether hunting the walrus is the most exciting sport in the world. But that is Mr. Lamont's opinion, and he has some right to speak, for he has followed the chase in the interior of Africa and Asia, not to speak of the highlands of his native Scotland. He and his people had their fair share of dangers in the voyage he is describing. Twice his steam yacht took the ground or the ice, in treacherous currents laden with icebergs and drifting fragments. In case of the worst, which seemed extremely likely to happen to them, they had to betake themselves to the boats with valuables and necessaries, and awaited in intense anxiety a result which they could do little to influence. Had their ship been lost, there would have been nothing left them but a winter passed in those inhospitable latitudes, or a row across the ocean to Norway in their open boats. Twice they were saved when they scarcely expected it, and returned to their comfortable vessel to find it little the worse. Accidents of the kind, as Mr. Micawber remarks, may be confidently expected, and, on the whole, the crew of the *Diana* had cause to congratulate themselves on their good fortune. But what most people would perhaps regard as the most serious drawback to such adventurous cruises are those summer gales of Novaya Zembla which, when they come thick with drifting snow, "are productive of the most abject state of despair." The eddying sleet drives every one below except the watch and the man at the wheel, who sits like a snow statue with his feet in a bag of hay. The look-out has a tremendous responsibility, as they go groping about the edge of the ice-pack or of some rock-bound coast with its jutting precipices. Their knowledge of the currents which may be carrying them along is mere guesswork, and they are always in expectation of a disagreeable surprise when the atmosphere thins and shows them their whereabouts. Everything on the deck is enveloped in ice, and each time the vessel goes about in a succession of cautious tacks, the silence is broken by the rattle of showers of icicles. "The angle at which the ship heels over to leeward renders ordinary occupations impossible; and rather than encounter the hazard of tumbling and rolling against each other in the narrow cabin, we sit in well-jammed positions and spend the time in desultory reading."

Mr. Lamont, however, is a living proof that a life of this kind has a charm for certain temperaments, and in the general election of 1868 he withdrew, as he tells us, from a contest for his county, that he might undertake another cruise to the North. He superintended the building of a screw steam yacht to suit his fancy, and the *Diana* of 251 tons was the result. Strong, rakish, and handy, she proved all that could be desired, though, when the screw was broken at a critical moment, it turned out that the blades had been made of soft iron instead of cast steel as per contract. In getting his crew together, Mr. Lamont had an eye to the double purpose with which he was sailing. It was his intention to force his way northward and eastward as far as he could, towards the mysterious territories of Gilles Land and Franz Joseph Land, or into those little-known seas which lie to the east of Novaya Zembla. But as success in these objects depended on the season, and as disappointments and delays were certain in any case, he made his arrangements to fall back on walrus-hunting and seal-shooting. It is an idea of his, and it seems a very rational one, that amateur enterprise would be greatly promoted were gentlemen to combine profit with discovery. By making use of one's idle time, one may not only get a great deal of exciting amusement, but fill the ship with a cargo that may actually cover its expenses. An average seal will yield 200 lbs. of blubber, a good-sized walrus about 500 lbs., and the latter animal, including the hide and the ivory, will give a value of about 12*l.* So the hold of the *Diana* was fitted with tanks for the reception of blubber, and as her stock of coals was consumed their place was to be filled up with cargo. Moreover, in addition to the experienced harpooners and others whom he shipped before sailing from Scotland, Mr. Lamont had bespoken the services of half a dozen Norsemen supposed to be specially at home in chasing these Arctic animals. It seems certain, from what he tells us, that making commercial adventure one of the objects of Arctic voyaging would rather stimulate adventurous research than retard it. For it is only by going a long way off and taking advantage of the superiority given by steam power that you can hope nowadays to make good bags of seals and walruses. The creeks and inlets in the more accessible waters swarm with sloops from the various Norwegian ports which are fitted out for hunting and nothing else. Their hardy mariners push on emulously among the dangerous ice floes that threaten to beset them and cut off their retreat; and their vessels, by the way, are as little fitted as may be for ice navigation, being generally old and most indifferently found. But the result is that game of all sorts, amphibious and terrestrial, grows annually scarcer. The walruses have either shifted their haunts altogether, or become extraordinarily shy and suspicious; while valleys in Spitzbergen that used to be pastured with great herds of reindeer may be drawn blank day after day by the most skilful and indefatigable stalker. So far, however, as the reindeer are concerned, much appears to depend on the season. Towards the end of the summer, and before starting on the homeward voyage, Mr. Lamont's hunts might almost be characterized as butchery were it not that he was in want of fresh provisions for his crew. On one occasion, almost incredible as it sounds, he bagged seven out of ten deer on a single drive and with a small muzzle-loading rifle. Another time, when we hear of seventeen being killed on the same stretch of ground, we are not surprised to learn that the poor animals were so tame that "we might have shot any number by simply standing in view till they came up to be shot." Nothing but frying and feasting was going forward on board; the yacht's rigging was festooned with haunches and fat forequarters; and, after ample provision had been made for the homeward voyage, several casks full of hams were salted down. By way of contrast to this tame slaughter of reindeer for the pot or spit, we have some thrilling incidents of the walrus-hunting which is Mr. Lamont's ideal of enjoyment. The animal may be either shot or harpooned. To shoot him he should be approached from behind, as the vulnerable spots are in the brain, and the brain is in the back of the unshapely head. There is a certain excitement in the stalk over the water, for when the walruses lie out in groups they always place a sentinel. The boat must steal upon them through the channels among the floes, and, according to Mr. Lamont, should its bows jar on the edge of the ice the vibrations may give the alarm to the game to a distance of a couple of miles or so. But in shooting, with the discharge of the shot all is over; either the animal is killed where he lies, or he rolls himself over the edge of the ice and disappears in the depths of the water. When he is harpooned, on the contrary, everybody must be on the alert; much more so should a couple of great bulls be harpooned at the same time, as not unfrequently happens. They go under with a rush, dragging the stem of the boat down after them; and should the man charged with the duty delay to cut clear at the critical moment, the wrecked crew may be floating in the icy water before they have had time to speculate on the probabilities of an accident; or the wounded monster may turn short on the line like a salmon, and, rising savagely below the boat, drive his tusks through the bottom. In a well-found boat every precaution is taken against such casualties. Nails and a hammer and

* *Yachting in the Arctic Seas; or, Notes of Five Voyages of Sport and Discovery in the Neighbourhood of Spitzbergen and Novaya Zembla.* By James Lamont, F.G.S., F.R.G.S. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

plates of metal sheathing are stowed away handy; and indeed all the hunting appointments are made as perfect as possible. Still fatal accidents are frequent. Many a boat that pulls away cheerily from the ship is never heard of again; and on one occasion the *Diana* picked up a stranded walrus boat, with broken lines, that had evidently been dragged under to the drowning of the crew.

We need not say much of Mr. Lamont's volume as a record of discovery, for the simple reason that, through no fault of his own, he discovered very little. His perseverance and enterprise deserved a better recompense; but luck is everything in Arctic navigation, and in the season of 1869 in particular the ice seems to have been set thick to the southward. Repeatedly he steamed up for those narrow waters which lead to the east of Novaya Zemblia, to the Kara Sea, or to the icy waters that lie towards Gilles Land on the north coast of Spitzbergen. Sometimes he was stopped on the threshold; sometimes he could thread their dangerous mazes up to a certain point, but had to return in the end without having achieved any tangible results. Nothing, we should imagine, can be more mortifying than the consciousness that the settled lie of the ice-pack, after an unusually inclement season, makes fresh exploration absolutely hopeless; and it would appear that the climate must have changed greatly in the last two or three centuries, or else that the earliest Arctic navigators, who sailed northwards in comparative cockle-shells, had the luck which their extraordinary daring deserved. Year after year you may be locked out by leagues of impenetrable ice-fields from land that was laid down on the charts one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago. In taking leave of Mr. Lamont we may add that he has turned the achievements of predecessors and contemporaries to good literary purpose, and that his book is interspersed with much useful geographical information, which makes it a valuable record of discovery from the earliest period to the present time.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

"A FARMER'S Vacation"* seems to have been spent as wisely, profitably, and pleasantly as vacations used to be spent by University men in the days when reading was a reality without being an intolerable burden, and unfashionable places were often selected as being precisely those where men might read without fear of disturbance all the morning, and find enjoyable walks and rides for the afternoon; as some very few men still spend a holiday when they neither intend to write a book nor to get up material for small talk during the coming season. The Channel Islands have been quite as much visited and described as they deserve; but that does not render them less interesting to a man who likes to see with his own eyes and choose for himself, not what he "ought to have seen," but what he really cares to see. Holland is a land of dull weather and wearisome sameness of scenery; but scenery is not the only thing worth seeing or travelling to see, and Holland has sights of its own to show that are quite as interesting in their way as the highest mountain that was ever climbed or the most remarkable of historical relics and ruins. Mr. Waring's professional interest in the peculiar agricultural system of the Channel Islands, and in the natural wealth and splendid cultivation of the lands which Holland and her sister provinces have reclaimed from the ocean, gave a special purpose to his journey, and lends a continuity and unity to his narrative which the travels and writings of holiday tourists rarely possess. A farmer fortunately can write as he can talk about his trade, without that fear of puzzling or wearying his audience which would hamper the merchant or manufacturer. The technical terms of his art are intelligible to all, and nearly all feel a respect for the oldest and most universal, and an interest in the simplest and least sophisticated, of human industries, which they entertain for no other. Consequently Mr. Waring's descriptions of the rich polders of the Netherlands, of the farm-buildings and houses whose size and comfort bear witness to the solid wealth of their owners, of the carefully kept dairies and the cheese factories, will be acceptable to a large circle of readers who have themselves little or nothing to do with farming, and know just enough of it to distinguish a shorthorn from an Alderney or a clover-field from pasture-land. But the most valuable and interesting part of his work is that which explains, with extreme care and clearness, and with the help of a few simple diagrams, maps, and illustrations, the process by which great areas of land—some of it the bed of lakes or inlets from time immemorial, some of it drowned by inundations of which history still preserves the record—have been reclaimed for habitation and cultivation; and of the methods by which the same or similar objects were achieved in olden days. The vast dykes that still protect great part of the Netherlands from the tides of the North Sea or the floods of the Rhine, and the soil they guard, lying many yards below high-water mark, remind the observer how very ancient is the system of reclamation which, in its latest feats, seems one of the marvellous tasks that have taxed to the uttermost the gigantic mechanical resources of the age; how nearly the windmill achieved all that steam-engines can do; how early the Dutch ventured upon what appears the most daring of human inventions, the creation of a land from the ocean bottom, not by raising the soil, but simply by excluding the water; and how completely they relied on their artificial coasts when they ventured to build villages, to scatter a large population, and even to found cities, at such a level that a single breach in the sea-wall might expose them all to be permanently covered. The saying that the country of the Netherlands "draws fifty feet of water" does not, of course, express a literal truth. Great part of it is above high-water mark, or no one would ever have settled there; great part of the rest was rather marsh and swamp than lake—that is, lay between high and low water mark—or its reclamation would hardly have entered into the minds of men. But there is a large area which lies so far below the sea-level that the canal-boats sail at a considerable elevation over the surrounding land, while the ships into which their loads are delivered have their keels on a level with the mast or cabin chimney-top of the canal-boats. Ships and farmhouses are not near enough for their respective heights to be compared; but if they were, it is strictly true that the roofs of the houses would be seen to be lower than the vessels' keels, and that the fishes swim above the topmost branches of the trees. As it is, the double series of canals by which the water is drained from the reclaimed lands, and the gradual ascent by which it is delivered into the distant ocean, present a much slighter contrast, and preclude the possibility of actually realizing by the eye the difference of the extreme levels—the polder in which the cattle feed, and the sea, forty feet higher, on which the vessels float that convey the dairy produce to England or America. These polders are the richest and most valuable soil in the Netherlands, and, great as is the cost of reclamation, the available land recovered sells at once at a rate which nearly covers the actual expense of the costliest work yet achieved, leaving the State which alone can undertake such enormous works—the clear gainer by the entire taxation which the land and the population it will support can bear. We should recommend to any one who has not time or desire to read through Mr. Waring's modest volume to study at least his lucid account of the draining of the Haarlem Lake, so as to understand the courage, skill, and perseverance which such works even now require, and to form some faint idea of the pains and determination by which the country was enlarged and preserved in the days when steam-power was yet unknown. Mr. Waring carefully explains the peculiar embarrassments arising from the intermittent working of the windmills, and the enormous addition to the necessary "basin" space—the canals built up for the reception of the drainage water—which that working required.

*A Summer in Norway** is a well-written, pleasant, but by no means striking description of scenery and people that have been described a hundred times before. Any one who has never seen the midnight sun, and has no idea what it is really like, may get a clear notion of the phenomenon from this volume. Any one who has never enjoyed Norwegian salmon-fishing, or heard other people talk about it, and the charms of the country to which it introduces them, will here find the best available substitute for direct knowledge of the subject. Any one who has never sat in a carriole or read of carriole-travelling will learn what a carriole is, and what are its pleasures and inconveniences; and any one who knows nothing about the hardy yeomanry of Norway, the stock from which have sprung so many nobilities, will get some slight notion of a people well worth understanding from these pages. But we fear that when this is said, there is not much more to say for a very readable book, and that the class to whose consideration we have commended it—educated English men and women who have neither visited Norway nor heard and read as much as they care to know about it—is not numerous enough to give it a remunerative circulation in England. Its prospects at home may be better. America is so far off that men cannot take a month's fishing in Norway by way of a yearly holiday; and the regular American travellers seldom venture into regions devoid of all the comforts of hotels, and by no means attractive to ladies; so that the author may hope to find plenty of his countrymen who neither know all that he can tell them nor are quite indifferent to it.

A Glimpse at the Art of Japan† is not a book to be skimmed, and the treatment is a little too deep and technical to attract the ordinary reader, or win from him that attentive study which is necessary to understand it. But to artists, to all concerned in designing and in art manufactures, to intelligent collectors and connoisseurs, it should be welcome, as affording a careful and well-considered view of the principles and character of Oriental art, and of its signal divergence from all that is called by the same name in Europe; of the mode in which, by foregoing the attempt to represent nature accurately, and subordinating literal truth to practical availability, the artists of Japan and China have succeeded in a class of designs and a kind of ornamentation hardly studied here, and of the exquisite taste in colour which has given so peculiar a value to their ware. The deficiency of the book is its poverty in illustrations. These are few, and those which are given are mere faint outlines of figures,

* *A Farmer's Vacation.* By George E. Waring, junior, of Ogden Farm. Reprinted, with Additions, from "Scribner's Monthly." Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

* *A Summer in Norway; with Notes on the Industries, Habits, Customs, and Peculiarities of the People, the History and Institutions of the Country its Climate, Topography, and Productions.* Also, an Account of the Red-Deer, Reindeer, and Elk. By John Dean Caton, LL.D., ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. Chicago: Jansen & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan.* By James Jackson Jarves, Author of "Art Studies," "Art Idea," &c. &c. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

presenting to the unprofessional reader no idea whatever, save that of imperfection, incompleteness, and illegibility. They have, of course, their use and meaning as explanatory of Japanese drawing, and its adaptation to curved surfaces; but to render the book fully serviceable to students much more should have been given. As it is, however, the volume is one which all interested in art wares, of whatever kind, should possess, and which they will be able to illustrate by comparing its descriptions and the principles it lays down with the numerous collections of Eastern art manufactures accessible to English students. It may give some little help, perhaps, to the development of a better and more eclectic school of design than we yet possess.

The record of a Quaker's experiences among the Indians * is not written with any party bias, and shows no disposition to criticize with severity the management of the Department, scandalous as most Americans believe it to be, nor yet to side with the Indians against the white men, to apologize for the cruelties of the savage, or exaggerate the treacherous crimes of a civilized soldiery. The author was a teacher under the patronage of the Government and on good terms with the Government agents, and therefore avoids any disclosures which might be offensive to his employers or injurious to his friends. Himself frequently exposed to danger, and living within sight of the most horrible scenes of the frightful border warfare that breaks out from time to time, he is under no temptation to palliate Indian atrocities; and, as a fervent votary of his own faith, he regards with especial horror the superstitious and idolatrous practices of the "savages," and the occasional captures of white women and children (generally Mexicans) by those whom he describes as heathens. Yet the general bearing of his testimony is favourable to the Indians, and most damaging to his countrymen. That the great majority even of such tribes as the Kiowas and Comanches wish to keep the peace even under severe provocation, and are seldom entangled in war except when made answerable for the action of young, impulsive, and unmanageable members of the tribe, or driven to madness by some of the treacherous surprises and atrocious massacres which the commanders of the American troops have repeatedly committed, and which the President has never punished—examples of which are incidentally given in the course of the Quaker's narrative—that they are not incapable of civilization were they put under tuitelage and protected from the white traders who make them mad with the vilest of intoxicating liquors, and encourage them to outrages by supplying them with rifles, revolvers, and ammunition—are the conclusions to which the author's intimate knowledge of a considerable portion of two of the least tameable tribes appears to have led him. To these conclusions the language and conduct of the elders and responsible chiefs, as related by nearly all trustworthy authorities—we do not count either borderers or soldiers among such—would seem distinctly to point. The Quakers have seldom failed to make and keep peace with the Indians if they are let alone. But the present system of tribute and robbery, exemption from law and liability to massacre, the practice of supplying the Indians with clothes and food (in payment of annuities promised when they were removed from their original homes), half of which are embezzled on the way, and the other half of such a quality as white paupers would reject with scorn, the encroachments of pioneers, the importation of whisky, the impunity of many leaders in the worst outrages, and the slaughter of any body of Indians—men, women, or children—that may come to hand, in retaliation for "Indian outrages," without any attempt to detect and hunt down the perpetrators—can only end in renewed "wars," and in the final extermination of the Red Man.

The story, not unduly prolonged, of *An American in Iceland*†, is open to the same remark that we have made on *A Summer in Norway*. Iceland, so far as English readers and English tourists are concerned, has been so thoroughly ransacked and explored, so frequently and fully described, that a new account of the country or the people, however well done, has the disadvantage of being obviously superfluous. The inherent interest of the island, its wild scenery, its strange history and literature, and the many relics of its ancient institutions which are still to be traced in its language and customs, are amply sufficient to ensure attention for one good book on the subject. But the field is necessarily limited, inasmuch as Iceland has but a small area, a monotonous character, and a very tame history; and, these once described, there is nothing more to say about it. If the many English and translated works on Icelandic subjects have not found their way to American readers, we do not doubt that their countryman's sketches, slight though they be, will excite some interest.

Of these Biographies of English Radical Leaders ‡ the principal, if not the sole, merit is that they are "brief." The men are ill selected, their history is badly told, their eulogies are ridiculously exaggerated, and the writer's notions of English politics and prospects are laughably absurd. He fancies that Sir Charles Dilke is one of the foremost men in Parliament, and not at all unlikely to have his choice, ere long, between the Premiership of a Monarchy and the Presidency of a Republic; that Mr. Peter Taylor is a popular idol; and that the principal leaders of opinion out of doors are Mr. Odger, Mr. Richards, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Professor Fawcett.

In undertaking *A Comparative History of Religions* * we certainly incline to think that Dr. Moffat has attempted a task far beyond his knowledge and his powers. In endeavouring to perform it within the limits of two small duodecimo volumes, he has assuredly condemned himself, not merely to complete, but to ludicrous, failure. Nor is the fault merely that of choosing an absurdly grand title for an insignificant work. The really historical information contained in the two "parts" now before us is very small, though they pretend to embrace a complete view of "sacred" books, from the date of Job, or the Zend-Avesta, to that of the Book of Mormon; and the light thrown on the actual relations of different "Scriptures" and creeds is even less valuable. On the whole, we can hardly understand why the book was written; and we cannot conceive why it should ever be read.

Two Lectures† on the relation of the Law to the Churches, by Mr. Justice Strong of the Supreme Court, are so very good that we only regret that they are not more complete and elaborate. For their own purpose—that of explaining to future ministers of religion that the Church as a human society, owning property, claiming rights, and capable of interfering with the rights of others, must be subject to the law of the land, and of explaining how far, in general, the laws of the States take cognizance of Church affairs, how far the Courts will interfere, and how far they consider themselves bound by the official action of the Church in its corporate character, or by its legitimately framed regulations—the Lectures are admirably framed. They go just so far as it was possible to go in laying down general principles, and pause just when any further inquiry would have led the author into the intricacies of technical detail and local differences of law. The result of the discourses may be summed up in this—that in the country where the idea of a "free Church in a free State" has been worked out most fully and consistently, a Church is a voluntary society, recognized by the State in that capacity alone, and dealt with in exactly the same way and on the same principles on which English law deals with an ordinary Club.

Mrs. or Miss Gail Hamilton undertakes to preach to the preachers a series of Sermons ‡ which certainly contain a good deal of sound and practical truth often overlooked by the clergy, and much oftener by laymen of an ecclesiastical or "evangelical" turn of mind. It is a little amusing to read in one place a sentence from which the "subjection of women" follows as a necessary and direct corollary; and it might be possible to find a few actual contradictions and palpable inconsistencies in this very volume. But in the main the doctrines inculcated in these sermons are sound, and, where they are unsound, they err precisely in the opposite direction to that in which ordinary preachers, lay or clerical, go astray. There is an aggressiveness in the title which but too truly reflects the tone of the book; and we cannot but think that, if it had been revised by a sensible man, sharing most of the writer's opinions but free from her feminine petulance and from that air of intellectual superiority which clever women are wont so absurdly to assume, the omission of passages amounting in all to some six pages would have doubled the circulation and quadrupled the influence of the work.

Our New Minister § is, we fancy, a first attempt in fiction; apparently a woman's. There is no power in it, and the ground is very ill chosen; constantly approaching topics so distinctly religious that they ought to be left wholly apart from the foolish flirtations which make up the substance of the story. It is possible that on another subject, and with the advantage of a plot, which is wanting to this tale, something better might be achieved. *Going West* ‖ is a good brisk boy's book; *Mice at Play* ¶ and the *Story-Book for the Children* ** are capital reading for winter evenings in a young family—the latter especially good. *Margery Keith* †† and *Faith and Patience* ‡‡ are of flimsy material, but not objectionable; and the "Young Defenders" §§ is a book which will delight boys between ten and fourteen.

* *The Life and Adventures of a Quaker among the Indians.* By Thomas C. Batley. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *An American in Iceland: an Account of its Scenery, People, and History; with a Description of its Millennial Celebration in August, 1874; with Notes on the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Islands, and the great Eruption of 1875.* By Samuel Kneeland, A.M., M.D., Secretary and Professor of Zoology and Physiology in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. With Map and Nineteen Illustrations. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *Brief Biographies; English Radical Leaders.* By R. J. Hinton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

* *A Comparative History of Religions.* By James C. Moffat, D.D., Professor in the Theological Seminary in Princeton. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *Two Lectures upon the Relations of Civil Law to Church Polity, Discipline, and Property.* By Hon. William Strong, LL.D., Justice of the Supreme Court, U.S. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Sermons to the Clergy.* By Gail Hamilton, Author of "Country Living and Country Thinking," &c. &c. Boston: William F. Gill & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§ *Our New Minister.* By E. G. Perryman. New York: T. Whittaker. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‖ *Going West; or, the Perils of a Poor Boy.* By Oliver Optic, Author of "Young America Abroad," &c. With Thirteen Illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

¶ *Mice at Play: a Story for the Whole Family.* By Neil Forest. With Eighteen Illustrations by Sol Eytinge. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

** *A Story-Book for the Children.* By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. Illustrated. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

†† *Margery Keith.* By Virginia F. Townsend. Boston: Loring. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡‡ *Faith and Patience; or, the Harrington Girls.* A Story. By Sophy Winthrop. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

§§ *The Forest Glen Series. Brought to the Front; or, the Young Defenders.* By Elijah Kellogg, Author of "Sowed by the Wind," &c. &c. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

A new edition of Poe's Poems *, with a strongly vindicative memoir; the *Myth of Stone Idol* †, a not very striking story in fluent feeble verse; and two collections of poems, named from the alliterative titles of their first pieces, *The Bird and the Bell* ‡, now and then lively and spirited, and the *Rose and Roof-Tree* §, sometimes musical, complete our list for the month.

* *Memorial Edition. Poems and Essays of Edgar Allan Poe.* Including Memoir by John H. Ingram; Tributes to his Memory by Professor Lowell and N. P. Willis; with the Letters, Addresses, and Poems of the Memorial Ceremonies at the Monumental Dedication. New York: N. J. Middleton. 1876.

† *The Myth of Stone Idol: a Love Legend of Dakota.* By William P. Jones, A.M., late President of the North-Western Female College, Evanston, Ill. Chicago: Griggs & Co. London, Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *The Bird and the Bell; with other Poems.* By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *Rose and Roof-Tree.* Poems by George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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END OF THE CARLIST WAR.

AFTER the loss of Estella and Tolosa, the cause of Don CARLOS had become visibly hopeless. The KING and his generals probably heard with satisfaction, and without surprise, that the Pretender had crossed the frontier and placed his person at the disposal of the French authorities. It was right that he should not be allowed to remain in France, though his presence even on the frontier would probably be no longer dangerous. His officers and troops have been faithful to the last; and the perfidy of MAROTO, who betrayed the cause of his grandfather forty years ago, has not been repeated. While the insurgents retire from the struggle without dishonour, the national Government is not hampered by the conditions of any convention. The victory has been complete; and, for the present at least, the Basque provinces will not be able to resist the partial or total abolition of their cherished privileges. Experience will show whether it is possible to administer permanently any other form of government than that to which the provinces have been accustomed. The greatest difficulty will arise when attempts are made to enforce the conscription, which is intolerable to the most warlike part of the Spanish population. The Northern provinces have during two years raised many more soldiers than would have formed their quota if the inhabitants had been content to serve in the Spanish army; but they are obstinately opposed to compulsory service, which is indeed more burdensome in Spain than in any other country. French and German conscripts are only required to serve at home in time of peace, and few of them are at any time employed beyond the limits of Europe. Spain has still large colonial possessions; and in Cuba a kind of civil war has been smouldering for seven or eight years. It will be difficult to raise a contingent in the Basque provinces for colonial service; and yet it is invidious to allow a special exemption to a disaffected part of the popula[illegible]. King ALFONSO'S Government in its present mood will perhaps find means of appeasing the religious susceptibilities of the Northern clergy and their adherents. The dominant party in the Ministry and in the Cortes favours the pretensions of the priesthood, although it has not been thought expedient to concede all the claims of Rome.

If any Carlist were acquainted with a well-known anecdote in English history, he might console himself by telling the victors, like the Cavalier after the battle of Worcester, that now they have done their work, and have leisure to fall out among themselves. The party struggles which may be expected to follow the termination of the war will be embittered by the return of Queen ISABELLA, whose friends and enemies will cause equal embarrassment to the Ministers. Her supporters, although they may not actively assert her pretensions to the Crown, must hold that her dethronement was wrongful as well as illegal. A much larger body will resent the repudiation by the Government of the results of the revolution of 1868. No Sovereign has at any time been driven from the throne more entirely on the ground of unfitness to reign. PRIM, SERRANO, and TOPETE would have been content to allow the QUEEN to retain the throne, if they had not found by experience that it was useless to effect mere changes of Ministers, as long as a corrupt and bigoted Court steadily maintained the same despotic and intolerant policy. It is not known whether the KING is likely hereafter to display ability or political independence. At present he is a boy, and his consent to the return of his mother renders it probable that he will fall under her baneful influence. She is herself not of a disposition to content herself with the ceremonial splendours of royalty. Through life she has shown, though generally in a wrong cause, determination and the kind of ability which is connected with obstinacy and cunning; and, even if she were herself disposed to keep aloof from affairs, it will be the interest of factions and of aspirants to power to court her alliance and to stimulate her interference. The extreme section of the clergy will not fail to remind her of the pious zeal which compensated, at the expense of her subjects, for her own personal eccentricities; and, if necessary, it will be easy to provide her with confessors and miracle-mongering nuns to direct her actions. It is also supposed that the most active and ambitious among the military chiefs has adopted the cause of the QUEEN.

The overwhelming majority which the Ministers have secured in the Cortes will be confirmed in its devotion to its patrons by the victory in the North. At present the Legislature is unanimous in recognizing the KING who had been tacitly accepted by the nation. CASTELAR himself took the oath of allegiance, though he at the same time objected to the imposition of political tests. In the present Cortes his eloquence will be ineffective; and it may be doubted whether he is still eager to establish a Republic. For the present there will be no disposition to discuss constitutional forms; yet it will be interesting to ascertain on some fit occasion which, of many impracticable Constitutions, is supposed to be in force. Universal suffrage may be endured in a country where every Government can with any kind of franchise return a Legislature consisting exclusively of its own partisans. If the Constitution of 1869, enacted after the expulsion of the QUEEN, is recognized as valid, all sects are entitled to freedom of religious worship, and the clergy are deprived of the exclusive control of education. No arrests or punishments are allowed except under due form of law; and by a clause in the Constitution it is expressly declared that it can never be suspended. In practice the Ministers have, after the example of all their predecessors, exercised an arbitrary power of arresting and banishing their opponents. Their own majority is expected to embarrass them by its support of the claims of the Cl[illegible]. The Universities are entirely under the control of the Church, and the Government is pledged to restore all ecclesiastical property which has not been already alienated. It is not known whether the Ministers have any definite financial policy. The unfortunate creditors, who have for some time past received no dividends may reasonably expect consideration after the restoration of peace. Political confusion, and civil war itself, have not prevented Spain from advancing in wealth and prosperity. The Government might largely increase its revenue by the adoption of a rational tariff, and it would at the same time discourage the contraband trade which will revive with the pacification of the frontier provinces; but sound views of political economy seem to be among the tardiest results of civilization.

The flourishes with which the partisans of Don C[illegible] affect to cover his final defeat are perfectly harmless. It is announced that the contest, which can scarcely be commenced under more favourable conditions, is abandoned but suspended. The unfortunate CHARLES surrendered, it is said, neither to his enemies nor to the French: but he voluntarily retired into foreign territory when the chances of war were for the time unfavourable. If he had wished to gratify a petty revenge he might have

caused his cousin some embarrassment by becoming a prisoner instead of a fugitive. Don CARLOS has come directly through France to England; but he will probably find a more congenial residence in Austria. It would have been inconvenient to pass through Germany, which has been justly offended by the outrages of his adherents, or to seek in Italy the protection of a heterodox KING whose son at one time wore the crown which Don CARLOS claimed as his own. It is not unlikely that he may be the last of the race of legitimist and absolutist Pretenders. The Count of CHAMBORD has almost ceased to maintain the fiction that he is hereafter to reign over regenerated and repentant France. The King of NAPLES and the banished Italian Dukes and their heirs are almost forgotten, although a Neapolitan Prince lately held without discredit a command in the insurrectionary Spanish army. Don CARLOS has not displayed either political or military ability; but he seems to have had the power of attaching to his person the population which associated his cause with the maintenance of ancient privileges. The promises which he from time to time addressed to the Spanish nation had the merit of candour. The representative of the male line of the Spanish BOURBONS never condescended to the profession of modern constitutional doctrines. On the contrary, he always announced the future restoration of the blessings which were enjoyed by Spain when despotism and religious intolerance had in the eighteenth century reduced the country to the lowest point of misery and degradation. The Spanish legend of a golden age of absolute royalty was even more baseless than the Jacobinical or the Napoleonist legend of France. In the midst of recurring civil wars, of national insolvency, and of chronic maladministration, Spain has made enormous progress since the days of CHARLES IV. If the nation had been reduced to its present state of uncertainty under a wise and vigorous Government, there would be little hope for the future; but almost any change will be an improvement. There is reason to hope that King ALFONSO may be better than his predecessors, and he cannot possibly be worse.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

IN the opinion of Mr. HARDY the army is in a satisfactory state; but to be in a really satisfactory state, it must be paid a good deal more than it has hitherto received. Mr. HARDY boldly takes issue with those who complain that most of our recruits are weak boys. He does not at all object to weak boys. He likes soldiers to join the army at seventeen and leave it at twenty-three, and he relies on the opinion of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY, who thinks that young soldiers are the best—the most obedient, and the most easily led. Our recruits are the youngest in the world; for in countries where conscription prevails, the authorities can choose at what age recruits shall begin their term of service; and France and Austria choose that twenty shall be the minimum age, while Germany is satisfied with nineteen. On the other hand, our recruits are, comparatively speaking, of a good size. The average height of the infantry of the Line is over five feet six, and this is a good height, and not below that of the best Continental armies. But we do not get enough recruits, and of those who join, too large a number will not stay. The higher the qualifications of each particular branch of the service, the more difficult is it found to get a class of men whom other employers of labour are specially anxious to get. The Guards are not up to their proper number, and desertions are very frequent in the Artillery, because the Guards and Artillerymen are required to be of more than ordinary height, and for such men there is a constant demand in civil life. The army is, in fact, not sufficiently attractive as a calling, and to make it more attractive Mr. HARDY proposes to spend money freely. There are, as he pointed out, two inducements to enlistment that may be held out. Those who are inclined to join may be made to feel that the army is a calling in which merit will command success, and that private soldiers who rise to be non-commissioned officers are rising to a really good thing. Here Mr. HARDY is wisely liberal. At present soldiers much dislike the road to promotion, as they have to pass through the lower stages, in which the duties are especially irksome, without any increase of pay. Henceforth every stage of promotion is to be accompanied with an increase of pay, and those in the highest stage will receive no less than sixpence a day extra. In the next place, the soldier may be made to feel that, even if he does not rise in the path of promotion at all, he is making a good investment by entering the army. Mr. HARDY offers him the prospect of laying by a handsome sum which will set him up when his six years of service are over. He is to have 3*l.* a year saved up for him; and so when he has finished his term of service he will have 18*l.* in hand, which will be paid to him with proper precautions, so that he may really have it in hand when he enters on civilian life, and may not have let it get into the hands of sharks at the moment of his discharge. The prospect of this considerable bonus at the end of his term of service will, it is thought, not only induce the soldier to enlist, but prevent him from deserting, as he will not like to forfeit what he has earned. The amelioration of the position of non-commissioned officers, and the creation of this tempting bonus at the expiration of six years' service, are the keys of Mr. HARDY's proposals. It is no doubt an expensive process, and there is an apparent inconsistency between the glowing picture which Mr. HARDY draws of the present state of the army and the request for large extra sums in order that the army may be made efficient. But if it is necessary to find the money, the nation will willingly find it, and will make proper allowances for the gentle officialism with which Mr. HARDY wishes to make an expensive change without giving offence to any one.

There are, however, many minor points in which Mr. HARDY carries out his principle of endeavouring to obtain increased efficiency by increase of pay. The Guards are to have an extra penny a day, which is also to accumulate for them. An increase is to be made in the sum applicable to the Yeomanry in order to render them serviceable light cavalry. A very considerable change is also to be made in the position of the medical department. At present it is found that good men will not become army surgeons. At a recent examination there were only fifteen candidates for forty-five vacancies, and the authorities had to take candidates who had been previously rejected. Mr. HARDY, as he himself says, now proposes most liberal terms. For ten years the surgeons are to have 250*l.* a year; and at the end of that time they are, if they choose to retire, to have a bonus of 1,000*l.* given them, with which it is calculated they may buy a private practice. If they stay on, their pay will gradually rise to 450*l.* a year, but at the age of sixty they are to be obliged to retire. For an active young man without capital, the career of an army surgeon will henceforth be by no means an unattractive one. Lastly, a considerable alteration is to be made in the treatment of the men who pass into the Reserve. The scheme of a Reserve consisting of men engaged in civil occupations, but with six years' training as soldiers, and who could be called out in case of an emergency, was an essential feature in the scheme of army reform introduced by Lord CARDWELL. But the conception was very imperfectly worked out. The men are paid in advance, and go wherever they please, under no real obligation to do anything for the money they receive, and without the authorities having any effectual means of getting at them. Mr. HARDY proposes to make the Reserve force much more of a reality. He wishes it to be clearly understood that the men of the Reserve are not civilians playing at being soldiers, but soldiers on furlough. If they are called they must come, and if they do not come they must be treated as deserters. They are not to be paid in advance, but are to be paid at the end of every two months, and are then to undergo a medical examination to test their fitness for service. Every autumn they are to be called out. As Mr. HARDY put it, he wanted to see them; and this seems a reasonable wish. In course of time it is calculated that the Reserve will contain upwards of 80,000 men; and if they can be really got at, this will be a most valuable addition to the strength of the army.

The English army costs a large amount of money, and the cost has lately increased rapidly, and will continue to increase. Three-quarters of a million are now to be spent on it more than was spent three years ago, and the burden of Mr. HARDY's proposals will not be felt at once, but will press with increasing severity as years go on. The cost of the Reserve, for example, is practically nothing at present, but will amount hereafter to a quarter of a million annually. But it is obviously much more economical to spend fourteen or even fifteen millions on a good army than thirteen millions on a bad army. What are really our prospects of having a good army, if we pay

all that Ministers like to ask? In point of numbers we shall have no shortcoming to complain of. The nominal strength of the army is now (counting the Militia and Volunteers) over 500,000 men; and with such a force Mr. HARDY calculates that we may expect to defend India and the Colonies, make an invasion very dangerous, if not hopeless, and have something like 50,000 men ready to send to any point where our military intervention in Continental affairs could be of use. It may be fairly admitted that, if these objects are attained, it is all that we can reasonably wish to attain. Mr. HARDY said that he was the most peaceful of War Ministers, and that all his schemes were passed for the sake of defence, and not of defiance. That the main object of the English army must be to defend what we have got is sufficiently obvious; and Mr. HARDY seemed perhaps unnecessarily anxious to remove any suspicion which foreign Powers may entertain, or affect to entertain, that the scheme of mobilization which was lately put forward showed a disposition on the part of England to become aggressive. It is not asking much when we entreat foreigners to believe that we are not planning anything very dreadful when we merely explain to the different sections of our army what they would have to do and where they would have to go if an invasion were threatened. As to the details of the scheme of mobilization Mr. HARDY spoke with becoming modesty. The scheme had been prepared after the most careful thought by the most competent advisers, and he had sanctioned it because it seemed to him a very good scheme, although he was quite willing to admit that experience would show that many improvements in it were possible. But, so far as its value depended on the Militia and Volunteers being ready and competent to play the parts assigned to them, Mr. HARDY spoke with the utmost confidence. Both these branches of the service have gone on getting steadily better, and Mr. HARDY is perfectly satisfied with them. Possibly he produced the impression of being a little too satisfied with everything; but he also produced the impression that it is reasonable to hope we may some day have an army up to our requirements, and that the administration of the army is in the hands of a Minister who is not afraid of spending money when it ought to be spent, who patiently and with impartiality listens to and tries to remove grievances, and who, though laborious in pursuing details, is not incapable of regarding the service as a whole.

IDLE FELLOWSHIPS.

LORD SALISBURY'S Bill for transferring a vast amount of property from the Colleges of Oxford to the University has attracted less attention than it deserves. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE was eager to extort a promise that a similar measure should be applied to Cambridge; and the number of persons who are interested in acquiring funds now belonging to others is so considerable, and the prejudices of the House of Lords are so exclusively enlisted on behalf of hereditary ownership, that the expropriation of a helpless and undefined class will perhaps be easily effected. The strangest eulogy on the Bill is the remark that it keeps clear of partition and spoliation. If partition means the division of property between its present owners and strangers, or if spoliation is the transfer of property from one set of owners to another, the Bill, or rather its purpose as explained by its author, includes both partition and spoliation. The Bill confers on a body of Commissioners, not yet named, an absolute power of applying the entire endowments of the Colleges to any purpose which they may deem beneficial either to the Colleges themselves or to the Universities. It may be confidently asserted that no legislative discretion of the kind has ever been entrusted by Parliament to any Board or Commission. The remark of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, that the operation of the Bill would depend on the choice of Commissioners, though it is true, may be readily answered. The Government will of course appoint Commissioners who will adopt its own views; and consequently the substance of the scheme is contained, not in the Bill, but in Lord SALISBURY'S speech. The unlimited powers of the Commissioners will be controlled and stimulated by their sympathy with the extreme sect of University reformers. No occupation can be more attractive than that of disposing of 100,000*l.* a year in the mode which may seem most beneficial, without respect to existing rights or titles. CYRUS in the story long since made a similar award in the matter of his schoolfellow's coat; but, as the result showed, he was not vested with the arbitrary power which is to be conferred on the Commission. The Government proposes to disendow fellowships by the abolition of their present character as sinecures. The sums which will be rendered disposable are to be applied in part to increase the incomes of resident members employed in tuition, or, in other words, freehold annuities are to be so far converted into salaries. Lord SALISBURY in the first instance appeared to have decided on the abolition of all the places which he somewhat invidiously described as idle fellowships; and it was with a slight intimation of contempt that he afterwards encouraged the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to hope that a few idle fellowships might for the present be maintained, if the Commissioners who are to legislate for the Universities approve in certain cases of a system which will have been denounced by the Bill as an anomaly. The fellowships which are held by residents are, as far as the holders are concerned, not less idle than the sinecures enjoyed for a time by young barristers or men of letters. The successful candidate for a fellowship selects his career in Oxford or in London as he may be influenced by his tastes, his capacities, and his prospects, without the smallest reference to the demands of the College or the Universities. If he engages in tuition he is paid for his services, though undoubtedly the College endowments tend indirectly to diminish the cost of education. As a general rule, it may be assumed that the absentees work in their several vocations at least as hard as the residents; and Lord SALISBURY himself explained that he did not mean that the occupiers of idle fellowships were habitually idle. It is not to be inferred, because they are charged with no University duties, that the prizes they have won have no effect in promoting University studies.

In the Colleges of Cambridge the whole number of fellowships amounts to about 350. For many years past the Colleges have, at a considerable sacrifice on the part of the Fellows for the time being, been engaged in running out the renewable leases on which their estates were held forty or fifty years ago. The value of the fellowships has consequently risen far above the level which was customary under the obsolete system of fines and quit rents. The average income of a Cambridge Fellow may perhaps have reached 250*l.*, and the whole revenue of College fellowships may be 90,000*l.* a year. The abolition of non-resident fellowships would produce perhaps 40,000*l.* a year, leaving, after a liberal provision of professorships, museums, and libraries, valuable pickings for the residents who would profit by the spoils of their neighbours. Lord SALISBURY, when he says that no opposition is to be apprehended from the Universities, probably refers to the resident members, who seem to have been alone consulted. If the resident Fellows exercise the voice allowed to the Colleges in the choice of Commissioners, there is no reason to fear that they will be backward in the cause of reform or of appropriation. Of course vested interests will meet with that habitual respect which greatly facilitates projects of corporate disendowment. A life tenant may be trusted as guardian of the remainder which is vested in his children; but the holder of an income which passes by succession and not by inheritance probably cares little for the incumbent who will succeed to his post. The Government Bill alienates the patrimony, if not of the poor, at least of the professional classes and of educated families of narrow income. The so-called idle fellowships had, by a happy accident, been reserved from the general monopoly enjoyed by the rich to be transmitted to their children. During a long series of generations many of the most promising and most industrious among the youth of the country have been educated, often at the cost of heavy struggles, in the hope that, with the aid of College endowments, they might enter the competition of the liberal professions on equal terms with more wealthy rivals. In modern times, since fellowships have been exclusively the reward of merit, their holders have formed in early life a kind of intellectual aristocracy. There was a time when nearly every Judge in Westminster Hall had taken high honours at Cambridge, and had been helped in his early arduous labours at the Bar by the possession of an idle fellowship. It is not to be supposed that the system of sinecure fellowships is recent, though it may not have been originally contemplated by mediæval founders. PRIOR, after holding high official and diplomatic employments, maintained himself after the fall of his party on his fellowship at St. John's College, Cambridge. One of the most

notorious among the despotic acts of JAMES II. and his Ministers was the removal of LOCKE from his idle studentship at Christ Church, on the pretext of non-residence. Probably all the peers who were present shared Lord SALISBURY's indignation at the paradoxical tenure of an income for which no equivalent services are rendered; yet there are nearly as many instances of the same anomaly on a larger scale as there are members of the House of Lords. Collectively they own some millions a year of absolutely idle incomes. It is true that, as Lord SALISBURY said of humbler sinecurists, many of the number are not idle, but undoubtedly the percentage of idle peers exceeds the percentage of idle Fellows of Colleges. If it is dangerous to pierce below the surface and to meddle with the mysteries of social and political institutions, the fault is not with critics who think that the House of Lords is ill advised in throwing down the outworks which, in the form of corporate or temporary ownership, tend to protect the principle of property. If it were a question not of existing rights, but of the best possible application of a certain income, there are Dukes who could buy up all the fellowships in Cambridge; and yet three or four hundred successful competitors in severe academic struggles are perhaps as useful to the world as one average Duke. An argument which it is more expedient to suggest than to develop will not be appreciated by those to whom it is respectfully addressed.

> Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
> Fortuna.

Community of feeling or sympathy with the class which is to be disinherited by the Government Bill can scarcely be expected from the House of Lords. The holders of idle fellowships have at least taken the trouble to pass some kind of examination; the legislators who are about to abolish Fellows for the future have taken the trouble to be born.

It will undoubtedly be possible to find professorships which may advantageously be endowed or augmented, and libraries and laboratories which may be usefully built; but the sixty fellowships of Trinity College, Cambridge, have directly and indirectly done more for science, learning, and education than all the professorships in the University. The holders perhaps divide among themselves 20,000*l.* a year, or the income of an average peer. It would be tedious, but not difficult, to extract from the record of their names since the beginning of the century a list of some of the greatest scholars and the greatest men of science who have been known in England. It must be confessed that their merely scholastic character has been adulterated by the admixture of writers like MACAULAY, and of Judges such as PARKE, POLLOCK, and MAULE. All these held idle Trinity fellowships which will be suppressed by the Government scheme. It may be doubted whether, after the Bill is passed, the quality as well as the number of their successors will not be reduced. The competition for fellowships will be confined to the students who are prepared to adopt an academic career. The more ambitious, and perhaps abler, majority will no longer have any interest in College endowments. An ulterior result will be the application by future Parliaments of a large portion of the College funds to purposes not even connected with the University. Lord SALISBURY calculates on obtaining 55,000*l.* a year from the suppression of fellowships at Oxford, in addition to a large sum to be derived from the prospective increase in the value of the property. The wants of the University are liberally estimated at 300,000*l.*, or about six years' purchase of the income to be obtained from the expropriation of Fellows. The large surplus will, as in the case of the Irish Church, hereafter form an attractive subject of dispute to Parliamentary theorists. Mr. GLADSTONE disendowed the Irish Establishment on grounds of general policy, contending that it was objectionable and mischievous. The present Government proposes to disendow and destroy one of the most characteristic, useful, and popular of English institutions, merely because its funds are supposed to be wanted for another purpose. Although fellowships were founded for the benefit of those who were to hold them, and not directly for the general use of the Universities, it is but reasonable that the Colleges should, if necessary, increase their contributions for University purposes. It may also be questioned whether the term for which fellowships are held might not in some cases be advantageously reduced. It is their misfortune to be selected as the victims of many different, and yet convergent, prejudices. The antipathies of great hereditary landowners to moderate incomes which follow another rule of succession will be seconded by the dislike of modern Liberals to old institutions and to endowments, while academic projectors will revel in devices for the new employment of funds which may be placed at their disposal. The extraordinary powers of legislation conferred by the Bill on a body of Commissioners would be unprecedented and revolutionary, even if the objects of the measure were as beneficial as the extinction of idle fellowships would be mischievous and impolitic.

THE BALTIC PROVINCES OF RUSSIA.

IT is very seldom that anything of what goes on in Russia becomes known in Europe. Its external history, its advances into new Asiatic districts, its alternations of menace and encouragement at Constantinople, may be followed by those who will take the pains to follow them. But of the internal history of Russia little is to be learned except that it is perpetually desirous to borrow money in Paris and London. The speech, therefore, of the CZAR to the representatives of the Baltic provinces has a special interest. It lifts the curtain for a moment, and allows us to see something of what is going on in the inner circles of Russian life. The Germans of the Baltic provinces have played a part in the government of Russia strangely disproportioned to their numbers. They have been the civilized few among the uncivilized many; the governors, with an inborn and carefully trained aptitude for governing, in the midst of a nation too backward to do much towards governing itself. They have supplied Russia with almost the whole of the machinery of its administration. And yet even now, when peace and prosperity might have been supposed to have greatly augmented their numbers, there are said to be only 300,000 of them altogether. Scattered German colonies bring the total of the German subjects of Russia to a million. Many of these Germans are fighting the struggle for existence in remote places, and must have too many cares and too little education to contribute any elements towards the governing classes. As Russia has advanced, Russians have been more freely employed in administrative posts; and among the Germans themselves with education and capacity sufficient to permit of their being usefully employed in the Government service, there are many who devote their lives to the management of their estates and local interests, or to commerce, or to teaching, and the ministrations of religion. It is therefore astonishing to find how very large a part of the highest official work is done by Germans; how many are the civil and military posts they hold, and how the number of Germans employed increases, the higher and more scientific is the work to be done. For example, both civil and military engineering appear to be almost completely in their hands. And as the Germans have done so much for Russia, it is natural that they should have established themselves in a position which, as contrasted with that of the other subjects of the CZAR, may be termed specially favourable. They are not like strangers in a foreign country in point of feeling or of language, for they are devoted to the Imperial family, whose Government has been in a great measure their creation, and they talk Russian as well as their mother tongue. But they have had their own customs, tenures, religion, teaching, and local administration left undisturbed. They have been a brilliant exception in the rude structure of Russian society, and they have been treated as a brilliant exception. While over the rest of the territories of the CZAR despotic force, making or trying to make all men of one faith and one creed, has spread like a sea, the Baltic provinces have been allowed to rear their head like an island which the waters spared. What touched or overwhelmed others did not touch persons so eminent, so loyal, so useful, and so able to take care of themselves as the Germans of the Baltic provinces.

Both their eminence and the distinctness of their position were symbolized in their eyes and in Russian eyes by the three provinces being placed under the government of a Governor-General. On the recent death of a Governor-General it was announced, to the horror and consternation of the Germans, that they were not to have a Governor-General any more. If this had been merely an administrative change, it would not have awakened any terrors in the German mind. A Governor-General for 300,000 souls certainly seems a grand, if not extravagant, arrangement. But the Germans knew that the abolition of this office was

the work of their enemies, and their enemies are the Russians. An intense jealousy of the Germans has long pervaded Russian society, and has increased every year with the advancing civilization of Russia. That such a small number of people should get hold of so many good things was mortifying to aspiring Russians directly they had passed the stage of utter and acquiescing ignorance. That the Germans were cleverer than themselves and more fit for office was a reflection which only added the hatred of superiority to the envy of prosperity. That the Germans were also more trustworthy was a thing to be felt, but not admitted. But this was not all. That there should be any exception to the prevalence of the new Russian system which aims at trampling out all differences of race and religion, and at making every subject of the CZAR a Russian, and nothing but a Russian, was in itself highly irritating. In the Baltic provinces themselves the Emperor NICHOLAS suddenly ordered all the Finns, who form the mass of the population, to be converted, and the edifying operation was carried out under the superintendence of an officer of hussars. Since the last Polish insurrection Poland has been gradually stamped out. It has been got rid of by the simple process of getting rid of the Poles. The Poles are made Russians from their cradles, and it is confidently hoped that in a very few generations even the memory of Poland will be obliterated. Why, ask the Russians, should not the Germans be treated like every one else in Russia? The waves must be made to sweep over their island. Their religion, their intellectual training, their local privileges, are, from the Russian point of view, an anachronism. They must have no more of the good things of office than they can claim in proportion to their scanty numbers. This feeling among Russians has grown so strong that the EMPEROR has thought it prudent to yield to it so far as to do away with the Governor-Generalship of the provinces, as being a symbol of superiority and independence. He has indeed softened the blow by addressing to the deputation from the provinces a speech of an unusually formal and solemn character, in which he assured his hearers that the abolition of the office meant nothing, and that the wishes of the Germans would be consulted henceforth as hitherto. But, immediately after his speech was delivered, Russian papers were permitted to say that the abolition of the office meant a great deal, and that the Russians fully intended to take care that the Germans shall know before long all that it means.

That the EMPEROR was perfectly sincere, and that he is not in the least anxious to alter for the worse the position of his very useful and very devoted German subjects, is in the highest degree probable. He cannot but know how great are the services which the Germans have rendered to his house, and for how many posts Germans are fit for which Russians are unfit. But on more than one occasion lately it has been evident that the EMPEROR cannot always stem or direct Russian opinion, and that he has to give way when he would like to be firm. The Russians will work silently, steadily, and perhaps surely, to abate the superiority of position which the Germans enjoy; and, in doing so, they have the advantage that they will be always appealing to two strong sentiments—the reluctance of the members of a rising race to own that others are more forward than themselves, and the feeling of equality which makes those who have come under a despotic system of administration wish to see others dragged under its influence. If, as is far from improbable, the Russians have their way, and a serious attempt is made to Russianize the Germans, more than one problem will be offered for the contemplation of Europe. In the first place, it will be seen whether the Russian system is really strong enough to grind down into a semi-barbarous uniformity, not an inferior or equal people like the Poles, but a superior people like the Germans. This might on other grounds seem improbable, but the scantiness of the German population must be taken into account. If the task the Russians are setting themselves were accomplished, and the Germans were reduced to the Russian level, then it would remain to be seen whether the Russians could go on without the Germans to lead them. The Russian system seems compact and strong, and the force of Russia, and its confidence in itself, are no doubt very great. But the Russians are a backward people, and have the enthusiasm and the arrogance of ignorance. The dissolvent elements of Russian society, the adventurous character of Russian policy, have hitherto been kept in check by a wise, patient, laborious administration. The hands have been the hands of the Muscovite, but the head has been the head of the German. It is not perhaps a very venturous guess to conjecture that Russia would lose many of its terrors for its neighbours, and much of its internal solidity, if the efforts of the present national party were crowned with success, and the Russians did everything for themselves.

MR. WARD HUNT'S DEFENCE.

MR. GOSCHEN'S motion on Monday with regard to the *Vanguard* was, it may be presumed, only a formal preliminary to more serious proceedings. During the recess the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY had steadily abstained from affording any indication of his line of defence, and it was therefore necessary to ask him pointedly how far he was prepared to justify what had been done, and what were his grounds of justification. The whole case is now complete. The Minister has been arraigned, and has made his defence; the issues are distinctly framed, and all that remains is for Parliament to deliver its verdict. The attitude which Mr. WARD HUNT has chosen to assume obviously renders it impossible that the question can be left where it is. The *Vanguard* Minute is important, not merely on account of its immediate consequences, but because it embodies principles which may possibly exercise an injurious influence on the general administration of the navy. Englishmen are the last people in the world to cry over spilt milk, but they are naturally anxious not to have a repetition of what has recently happened, and the confirmation of a series of grave blunders as precedents for future application would undoubtedly be a national misfortune. What is done is done; and if Mr. WARD HUNT had shown any symptoms of perceiving the false position in which he has placed himself, and had given promise of more discreet action in the future, there would no doubt have been a general disposition to forget the past. Mr. HUNT has, however, put out of the question any compromise of this kind. He takes his stand upon the Minute in the most absolute and uncompromising manner, justifies it to the fullest extent, and will not admit that it is open to objection in any particular. Under these circumstances it is evident that the feeling of the House of Commons must be tested by a distinct vote; and it is impossible to suppose that the Opposition will shrink from so obvious and imperative a duty. Indeed the debate of Monday demonstrated plainly enough that on this subject Mr. HUNT, though he may have personally the compassion, has not the support, of his own party. He was left quite alone, with the help of two subordinates, to defend his policy. No Minister had a word to say for him, and speaker after speaker rose from the Conservative, as well as from the Liberal, benches to condemn his course of action. It is evident that a distinct understanding must be come to as to the principles on which the navy is to be governed, and personal considerations cannot be allowed to stand in the way.

Nobody questions, or has questioned, Mr. HUNT'S personal honesty of purpose and good faith. He no doubt believes in all sincerity that he has been doing the best for the navy; but the fact that, after all that has passed, and with ample opportunity for leisurely reflection, he should be still wholly unable to conceive how he has erred, and why the country should be dissatisfied, is perhaps the most conclusive proof of his incapacity for the position he occupies. His only solution of the mystery is that there is a general conspiracy of wicked people against him. It may be thought that it is rather beneath the dignity of a First Lord, on a grave question of policy, to throw stones at the reporters. Amid the clatter of a Guildhall dinner it is not very easy for a speaker to make himself distinctly heard, and it is ridiculous to suppose that it was from "malevolence" that Mr. HUNT had imputed to him the phrase about "one or two "more blunders," which he says he never used. Even if he did not use this particular form of words, his whole speech conveyed the impression of imbecile self-complacency in the face of national disasters; and indeed he is still, to all appearance, in the same obtuse and impracticable frame of mind. The burden of his apologia is from beginning to end, "I satisfied myself." He "satisfied himself" that his conduct had been throughout "intelligent, honest, fearless, "and impartial," and that it would be "mean, cowardly, "and contemptible" for a First Lord to stoop to the assistance of a professional tribunal in making up his mind on any question. He "satisfied himself" that Admiral

Tarleton and Captain Hickley were "blameless for the "disaster," and that, as he was satisfied, no further court-martial was required or could be permitted. And he seems to think that, as long as he is himself satisfied, everybody else is bound to be satisfied too. This is, in fact, the source of the delusions in which he has entangled himself.

It should be observed that there are two issues involved in the *Vanguard* controversy, which are quite distinct, and one of which is much more important than the other. There is a question whether the views of the Admiralty on the points of seamanship raised by the disaster are sound; but the other question is much more serious, and is, in effect, whether courts-martial are henceforth to be abolished in the navy, and their duties transferred to a small departmental Committee at Whitehall, sitting with closed doors, and taking such evidence as it chooses, without the check of professional or public supervision. We have only to consider how a proposal to suppress juries in criminal trials, and to leave the judges to settle verdicts for themselves *in camerâ*, would be received by the general public, in order to understand the alarm and indignation with which Mr. Ward Hunt's blow at courts-martial has been received throughout the naval service. What trial by a jury of one's countrymen, chosen at random so as to secure an unprejudiced and independent verdict, is to ordinary British citizens, a court-martial is to the officers and men of the navy; and this is what Mr. Ward Hunt is apparently doing his best to get rid of. He holds that trial by court-martial is a mere formal proceeding, which the Admiralty can at pleasure either overrule or dispense with altogether; and that the First Lord and his colleagues are entitled to act entirely on their own inspirations, without troubling themselves about the rules of legal evidence or the findings of subordinate tribunals. The First Lord has only to dive into his own moral consciousness, and that is enough. Thus, Mr. Ward Hunt, having, as he tells us, "made up his mind that Admiral "Tarleton is not to blame, felt bound to assert that opinion." This opinion, however, was, after all, only the First Lord's own opinion, was based on imperfect and indirect evidence—by the way, Mr. Hunt ingenuously confesses that "he was convinced from the first, though he did not "know the facts"—and was opposed to the views of an authoritative tribunal which had, up to a certain point, investigated the subject. It is true that Mr. Hunt's naval colleagues at the Admiralty supported him in his conclusions; but here we have three naval officers who have not heard the case deciding offhand against a much larger number of at least equally experienced and competent officers who had heard it, and even going beyond the limits of the trial—which was a trial of the *Vanguard* only—in order to give judgment on questions which had only incidentally been gone into. It is easy to imagine what would be said if in any ordinary trial the Home Secretary were not only to overrule the verdict of a jury, but to assume that various witnesses in the case had been all the time unconsciously on trial, and might be judicially acquitted or condemned without any further procedure.

It was universally expected at the time that there would be more than one court-martial; and that this was the original intention of the Admiralty itself is proved by the fact that specific charges were laid only against the *Vanguard* people, and that Captain Dawkins had the right of professional assistance and of summing up his case. No doubt, in the end, it is for the Admiralty to determine how far the finding of a court-martial shall be adopted; but a final revision, when inquiry has been exhausted, is very different from refusing to go beyond the first stage of an inquiry, and giving an offhand decision on imperfect evidence. Mr. Ward Hunt's theory seems to be that the Admiralty cannot, or ought not, to order a court-martial unless it has first made up its mind as to the positive guilt of the accused. A more preposterous idea it is impossible to conceive. It is clearly the business of the Admiralty to see that the fullest inquiries are made, and to make up its mind only when it has all the evidence before it. It is well known that officers who are sensitive as to their reputation frequently ask for a court-martial in order to clear away suspicion; and it is surprising, as was remarked in the debate, that in the present instance it has not occurred to Admiral Tarleton and Captain Hickley to adopt this course. It will be seen, therefore, that the really important question here is rather as to the course of procedure adopted in this case than as to whether the Admiralty was right or wrong in the views of navigation taken in the Minute. The Board was at this time in a position to decide only with regard to the *Vanguard*, and ought to have deferred a decision on the other parts of the case until further inquiry had been made, especially as on various points it was acting in flagrant opposition to the views of a highly competent court-martial. The balance of professional authority would seem to be completely against the Board on the question of the danger of high speed in a fog; and it is admitted that the Admiral gave an order for a change of formation which made the movement more troublesome than it should have been, and compelled the *Vanguard* and *Iron Duke* to race into position, in a way that would naturally tend to produce confusion. It appears that the Captains of these vessels each went below about the same time, before they had reached their stations; yet one is punished and the other wholly acquitted. Again, the fact that the *Iron Duke's* steam whistle was never sounded before the collision was passed over both in the Minute and in the First Lord's speech.

There can be little room for doubt as to the motives which led the Admiralty to bring the inquiries into the movements of the Reserve Squadron to an abrupt conclusion. The disclosures which had already taken place had produced a very painful effect on the public mind, and, if the investigation had been carried out, other scandals might have come to light. It would seem that the cruise of the squadron, as far as real practice was concerned, was little better than a sham, and that the supposed evolutions at sea consisted mainly in a round of gaieties in harbour. Indeed, out of the month only four entire days were spent at sea, and three of these were spent between Portland and Berehaven. The ships were underofficered and undermanned, and were sent hither and thither merely to make a show and cultivate a convivial popularity; and it is easy to understand the looseness and disorganization which would be apt to ensue. Indeed, there were signs of muddle and confusion on every side. The Admiral went wrong both in his order for a change of formation and in his fog-signal, which was fired from a gun too small to be heard; and then he set off unconcernedly for Queenstown without troubling himself as to how the other ships might be getting on in the fog. We also find two huge ironclads at a critical moment, with their Captains below, and left in charge of a couple of inexperienced youngsters, one of whom had only a year's standing as lieutenant, while the other had been only three months in a sea-going ship. A man blind of one eye served the *Vanguard* as look-out, while an important signalman on the *Iron Duke* was deaf in one ear. Mr. Hunt had no doubt, therefore, good reason to fear that, in the agitated state of the public mind, any further revelations would bring things to a crisis. The first resort of a weak and incapable administrator in a case of disaster is to try to hide it as far as possible. And this is the course which Mr. Ward Hunt has systematically pursued since he came into office. Whenever anything has gone wrong he has imposed silence, and tried to look as if nothing had happened. He fears to admit it even to himself. It appears that the Admiralty has agreed to pay compensation for the consequences of the collision between the *Alberta* and *Mistletoe*; yet the officers of the Royal yacht have never been brought before a court-martial, nor has the Admiralty given any intimation as to whether the rule of the road at sea is still in force. Again, when the *Monarch* ran down a Norwegian barque, 400*l.* was privately paid in compensation, and a public inquiry avoided. The recent peril of the *Iron Duke*, when she filled with water because certain valves which were marked "shut" were open to the sea, and nobody for some time found it out, has also been hushed up in a similar way, and the public is expected to be satisfied with the audacious assertion that "there was no possible "danger." With such a policy in systematic operation, it is not difficult to understand the uneasiness with which the administration of the navy is regarded by competent authorities.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

ALL the English Railway Companies have declared their dividends, and nearly all have held their half-yearly meetings. In the majority of cases those shareholders who have not the opportunity of making independent calculations have probably been disappointed; but the

stagnant condition of trade necessarily affected the goods traffic; and the Southern lines, which depend chiefly on passengers, have been exceptionally prosperous. The extraordinarily high price of many railway stocks at the beginning of the year was not founded on reasonable estimates of profit. The discredit which had fallen during the summer and autumn on foreign loans operated strongly in favour of genuine investments; and the low rate of discount and of interest on bank deposits necessarily raised the value of railway shares. The heavy fall of prices which has occurred during the last month may be attributed partly to an additional demand for money in the general market, and probably in a larger proportion to dissatisfaction with the dividends which have been announced, and with the amount of new capital which is to be raised. The Midland Company alone proposes to issue 4,000,000*l.* in the current half-year, involving a perpetual charge of 180,000*l.* a year on revenue. A large part of the sum will be applied to the construction of new lines, which may be expected when they are completed to produce an equivalent income. The proposed outlay on additional rolling stock ought also to be remunerative; but it is not surprising that shareholders should regard with uneasiness so great an expenditure. The dividend of six per cent. is stationary, though the gross income represented by the weekly traffic returns has largely increased. It is now admitted that the experiment of abolishing second-class trains and first-class accommodation is at the most prospectively successful. The loss incurred by the Midland Company is less than that which it has inflicted on all the neighbouring Companies, because the first-class traffic has always been comparatively small. It may be conjectured that, if the immediate result had been foreseen, the change would never have been made. It is highly satisfactory to learn that railway passengers have not to apprehend a similar interference with their comfort on the part of any other railway. No other Company could have abolished the convenient distinction of classes with equal impunity. The Midland Company depends mainly on goods and mineral traffic; and when the line between Settle and Carlisle is in full work the Scotch traffic will add largely to the receipts, and eventually to the dividends.

The maintenance by the London and North-Western Company of its rate of dividend, notwithstanding the compulsory reduction of first-class fares to places in competition with the Midland, affords a remarkable proof of the soundness and of the great resources of the undertaking. The impending division of the West Coast Scotch traffic probably explains the fact that London and North-Western stock was lower in price at the end of 1875 than at the beginning. The speculators who control the share market are seldom accurate in their conjectures. As soon as commercial activity revives, the London and North-Western Company will probably find its revenue undiminished, notwithstanding the pressure of competition. It will also within a year or two acquire, in conjunction with the Great Northern Company, a share in the Derbyshire coal traffic, which has hitherto belonged exclusively to the Midland. The project of amalgamation with the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company has not been abandoned, though it has been judiciously postponed. The North-Eastern Company, which enjoys a monopoly from Doncaster to the Scottish Border, has not been able to pay its former rate of dividend. The depression of the coal and iron trades probably accounts for the result; and a dividend exceeding eight per cent. indicates reasonable prosperity. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company pays four per cent., which would, according to the statement of the Chairman, have been increased by one-half if rates, fares, and working expenses had been kept at the level of ten years ago. Like the London and North-Western and the Great Northern, the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company has been materially injured by the policy of the Midland. The most serious evil which affects railway property is the increase of working expenses. Although the cost of coal has during the last year been comparatively moderate, both the rate of wages and the number of men employed have been largely increased. In this, as in other kinds of business, higher pay generally produces a diminution of efficiency and a relaxation of discipline. There is no reason for expecting any future reduction of working expenses; and it is more likely that the burden will become gradually heavier.

The Great Western Company has been compelled to reduce its dividend from five to four and three-quarters per cent. The result is the more discouraging because the strike of the South Wales miners commenced during the corresponding period of the preceding year. The iron trade has not since revived, and in some of the South Wales works it will perhaps not be resumed. It is only because the ordinary stock bears a comparatively small proportion to the fixed charges that the Great Western can afford to pay a tolerably creditable dividend. For the same reason the increase of prosperity which may fairly be expected will largely increase the income of the shareholders. The Great Western Board has lately adopted an ambitious policy which may probably have been well considered. If their schemes of amalgamation are sanctioned, the mileage of the Great Western Company will be by far the largest in the kingdom. By union with the Monmouthshire Company, the Great Western will acquire exclusive possession of the important port of Newport, and it will largely control the mineral traffic of Monmouthshire. The Company is already working with its own staff the Bristol and Exeter and the South Devon lines, forming the most direct route to Western Devonshire and to Cornwall. Although the Bristol and Exeter line has lately been provided with a mixed gauge, it is announced that the Great Western Company will establish or maintain a system of fast broad gauge passenger trains between London and the West of England. The object of the arrangement is to compete with the narrow gauge line to Plymouth, which will shortly form an alternate route in connexion with the London and South-Western line. It is generally thought that the Bristol and Exeter Company has secured advantageous terms for the transfer of its property, but it is possible that the control of the entire traffic may furnish an equivalent for a pecuniary sacrifice. The acquisition by the Great Western of the Devonshire and Cornwall lines is an instance of the kind of amalgamations which have often been favoured by Parliament. There will have been no interference with any existing competition on the part of the amalgamated lines. It may be a question whether competition of independent Companies will not be impaired.

The proposed amalgamation of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company with the North Staffordshire on equal terms is less easily explained. The North Staffordshire Company, though it has always paid a small dividend, has from the first found itself unable to deal advantageously with its powerful neighbours, and consequently its property has long been in the market. Many attempts have been made to obtain favourable terms of purchase or amalgamation from the London and North-Western Company, but it has been found impossible to agree. The Sheffield Company, which now extends from sea to sea, might be thought large enough to stand alone; but it seems to be impatient of its present limits. The shareholders who have just received a dividend at the rate of four per cent. can scarcely have been gratified by learning that their future partners have only divided two and a half. On the other hand, the North Staffordshire dividends have, on an average of years, been higher than those of the Sheffield. The London and North-Western and Great Northern Companies, which are now constructing a line between Nottingham and the North Staffordshire district, will probably not approve of an arrangement which will give the Sheffield Company control of the North Staffordshire traffic. On the whole, the intended union seems more advantageous to the smaller and weaker partner; but the shareholders of the amalgamating Company not unreasonably rely on the sagacity and foresight of their experienced Chairman. It is not impossible that the acquisition of the North Staffordshire may be preparatory to a larger scheme of amalgamation. The Sheffield Company itself is perhaps not irrevocably determined to maintain its independence. The railway property of England now pays from four to five per cent. on the capital expended. The return is certainly not excessive; and there is no reason to suppose that it will be largely increased. The constant and inevitable increase of capital for the provision of stations, sidings, relief lines, and additional rolling-stock will generally keep pace with the elasticity of traffic. In the meantime the Companies are not unprovided with volunteer critics and advisers. Mr. Bass employs an agent of his own to write pamphlets against some of the principal Companies in succession. The latest attack is directed against the Great Eastern Company,

which certainly has not attained a high degree of prosperity. Mr. Bass's emissary recommends a reduction of rates, an increase of wages, and an accelerating of trains as the most obvious forms of frugal management. He has learnt by gossip with guards, porters, or clerks that they think their superiors not clever enough, and that their own cleverness is not sufficiently encouraged. Perhaps some humorous shareholder with money to spare will investigate the system of brewing beer at Burton.

THE MINISTERIAL INTERREGNUM IN FRANCE.

MARSHAL MACMAHON has shown since the elections a prudent reserve which promises well for his conduct of affairs when the new Legislature meets. The sudden fall of the French funds was probably due as much to doubt how the Marshal would take the unmistakable condemnation of M. Buffet by the constituencies as to any real alarm at the victory of the Republican party. The Marshal's position is in itself a strong one, and on the Bourse it is probably believed to be even stronger than it is. So long as he co-operates with the Legislature, he can do pretty much what he likes; but, supposing that he were to separate himself from the Chambers, and to rely entirely upon the army, it is not so clear that he would be able to maintain himself in power. Not much is known of the real views of the army, and it is at least possible that Republicanism has made as much way among the soldiers and inferior officers as among the civil population. In that case the Imperialist or Legitimist or MacMahonist tendencies of the superior officers would be of little importance. Where an army has to choose its side between two parties in the State, the opinions of the officers who come most in contact with the men are more significant, whether as an index or as an influence, than the opinions of those above them. There is no reason, however, to believe that this speculation is of any practical value. Marshal MacMahon is not in the least likely to take the only step which would give it interest. It is true that he is a soldier rather than a politician, but he is probably fully conscious that anything in the nature of a *coup d'état* would undo all that has been effected since the war, and convert a party which is gradually unlearning its radicalism into a dangerous and irreconcilable faction. He is almost equally unlikely to accept the consequence which the elections seem naturally to entail on him. If the contest had taken place in England, the only choice presented to the Sovereign would have been the choice between M. Thiers and M. Gambetta; and the solution adopted would probably have been to make M. Thiers Prime Minister, with a seat in the Upper House, and M. Gambetta his lieutenant, with a seat in the Lower House. It seems safe to say that no such arrangement has ever presented itself to the Marshal's mind. To accept M. Gambetta as a Minister would probably strike him as a surrender of the Conservative interests which he has expressly undertaken to defend. There is not much danger, however, that the new Chamber will call upon him to do anything of the kind. The victors will probably have the wisdom to see that the Republic is still in process of consolidation, and that, while this process is going on, it is best that the Government should be administered by the most moderate section of the Republican party. There is nothing in the overthrow of M. Buffet which is inconsistent with this anticipation. M. Buffet was not hated because he was a Conservative Republican, but because he was supposed not to be an honest Republican. So far as Liberalism is concerned, there is scarcely a pin to choose between M. Dufaure and M. Buffet; yet the two have never been classed together, except possibly in some outburst of irreconcilable oratory, and the chances are that a Dufaure Ministry will command the acquiescence, if not the confidence, of the very men who have just overthrown M. Buffet. What is the ground of this distinction? Simply, that whereas M. Buffet was ready in his hatred of Radicalism to ally himself with the bitterest enemies of the Republic, M. Dufaure can be trusted to do nothing of the kind. Conservative as his Republicanism is, it is Republican as well as Conservative; whereas M. Buffet's Republicanism was of that easygoing type which could be Imperialist, Legitimist, or Orleanist by turns, provided that the supposed interests of Conservatism pointed in one or the other direction. If M. Buffet could even have restricted his truant affections to the last two [illegible] might have gone better with him. But the fact that the Imperialists were the natural enemies, because the natural successors, of the Radical Republicans, made them in M. Buffet's eyes the natural friends of the Conservative Republicans. The tie of a common hatred was all that he demanded. How far he was really prepared to go with the Imperialists it is impossible to say. Perhaps when the critical moment came he would have disliked M. Rouher as much as M. Gambetta. But he had contrived to make the electors believe that he thought even an Imperialist good enough to beat a Radical with, and the least enlightened constituencies had wits enough to see that a politician who could make common cause with the Bonapartists was not a fit Minister for a struggling Republic.

Still, even if M. Dufaure succeeds in forming a Ministry, and the majority turns out to be either more moderate or more tolerant than was at first supposed likely, there are difficulties in store for the Republican party. Hitherto M. Gambetta has been singularly successful in keeping his followers quiet. But it is hard to say how far his success has been due to the certain defeat which awaited them in the Assembly if they were not quiet. M. Gambetta was always able to tell them that, if they broke loose from the Conservative section of the party, they would simply demonstrate their own impotence. The Conservative majority in the Assembly could not be trusted to hang together when the Left were behaving reasonably; but it was always ready to reconstitute itself if the Left seemed at all inclined to run wild. This must have been a very great help to M. Gambetta when he had to counsel moderation and self-effacement. It was not merely ultimate defeat in the elections that he could point to as the certain consequence of neglecting his advice, but immediate and crushing defeat in the Assembly itself. Now, supposing that M. Gambetta, instead of leading a Parliamentary minority as he has hitherto done, finds himself in the new Chamber at the head of a Parliamentary majority, he will no longer have this consequence to point to. His followers will be able to argue that, though reserve and moderation were very proper qualities when a hostile Ministry was sure to be strengthened every time that these virtues were departed from, they are not equally appropriate when the Left has only to hang together to gain a victory over the Right and the Centre. Readiness to compromise is all very well when the only alternative is speedy defeat, but what is the object of displaying it when the alternative is certain victory? M. Gambetta will have an excellent answer to this reasoning if only his followers are wise enough to accept it. He will be able to tell them that the victory on which they count would be the certain forerunner of reverses greater even than those which have hitherto overtaken them. If the growing reputation of the Republican party for political good sense should be once more destroyed, it is doubtful whether it would ever revive. At all events it would be long before an opportunity of regaining it was accorded to it, and when the opportunity came a longer apprenticeship would be needed to enable the party to profit by it. It may be that the good sense of M. Gambetta's followers is sufficiently developed to dispose them to listen to this warning when they constitute a majority of the Chamber of Deputies with the same meekness that they showed when they were only a small minority in the Assembly. Still, the possibility of their evincing a different temper must be included among the elements which have to be taken into account when drawing the Parliamentary horoscope. Perhaps a better security for the continued success of M. Gambetta's strategy is to be found in the large proportion of new names among the deputies. These men will for the most part have formed their political character under conditions among which the duty of submission to M. Gambetta has been a good deal more prominent than it could be expected to be in the minds of the older Radicals. The Republican deputies in the new Legislature will certainly be returned in many cases by a different class of electors from that which returned the Republican members of the Assembly; and it is, on the whole, to be expected that the colour of their Republicanism will display a corresponding change.

THE INDIAN TARIFF ACT.

THE Indian Tariff Act of last summer has brought deserved rebuke on its authors, but unfortunately the blame has not been dealt out with sufficient dis-

crimination. Lord NORTHBROOK and his Council committed two signal errors, and both have been properly rebuked by the SECRETARY of STATE. But, to all appearance, it was not the fact that they were wrong on two points that aroused Lord SALISBURY's displeasure, so much as their omission to commit a third blunder. If they had repealed the import duty on manufactured cottons, they might perhaps have compressed the work of legislation into a single day, and retained the import duty on raw cotton, and yet have escaped with, at all events, a very much milder censure than has now been administered. It must be conceded that the manner in which the Tariff Act was passed was utterly indefensible. The imposition of new duties and the reduction or abolition of old ones ought never to have been effected at Simla, where the Legislative Council was unable to ascertain the opinions of the native and commercial members on matters so nearly affecting the interests which they severally represent. Lord NORTHBROOK's defence of the introduction of the Bill without notice, and of the passing of it without even a night's reflection, is strangely inconclusive. Indeed he scarcely seems aware that either the haste which characterized the whole proceeding, or the absence of the members who may be presumed to be specially qualified to take part in the discussion, is a matter that calls for explanation. He is only concerned to show that the measure was sufficiently urgent to justify him in excepting it from the SECRETARY of STATE's direction that all Bills shall be sent home for consideration before being submitted to the Legislative Council. Inasmuch, however, as he makes out no proper case for his action in this respect, he had probably no better defence to offer on the points which he leaves unnoticed. Still, Lord SALISBURY's despatch of the 11th of November, 1875, would hardly have been so severe if the matter of the Tariff Act had not displeased him at least as much as the manner in which it was passed. The latter question is disposed of in a few sarcastic sentences; the argument of the despatch is reserved for the former. Lord SALISBURY's sarcasm is, we think, happier than his reasoning. The case for the retention of the import duty on manufactured cottons is not overthrown by objections which seem founded rather on the unpopularity of the duty in Lancashire than on its inexpediency in India. No one contends that an import duty on manufactured cottons is in itself a blessing; indeed, if Customs duties ever are blessings, they are remarkably well disguised. All that has been urged in defence of it is that, India being a very poor country, it is necessary, if any considerable part of its revenue is to be raised from Customs duties, to tax a large number of articles; that Customs duties cannot be limited to articles which are not produced in India, since every imported commodity, except wine and some kinds of spirits, could be grown if there were a sufficient inducement; and that in a Customs tariff which, for this reason, wears an unavoidable air of Protection, the duty on manufactured cottons has some special recommendations. These recommendations are, that it is very little felt; that it helps to foster the early stages of a manufacture for which parts of India are very well suited, and the establishment of which will do a real service to the Indian people; and that no one has been able to propose a less objectionable, or even an equally unobjectionable, tax in its place. The fact is, we believe, that the rise of this new industry was due in the first instance to the ill-regulated desire of certain Lancashire manufacturers to have a monopoly, not only of supplying India with cotton goods, but of supplying India with bad cotton goods. If the quality of the goods sent from Manchester had been maintained, it might never have occurred to native merchants that cotton grown in India might be turned into calico without being taken to England for that purpose. A new industry thus grew up which by and by suggested to Indian financiers a new mode of raising money; and the fact that a Customs duty on imported cotton goods might incidentally benefit the struggling Indian manufacturer was in their eyes not a disadvantage.

Lord SALISBURY does not deny that, in the present state of Indian finances, no material reduction of Indian taxation is possible; and, while condemning Lord NORTHBROOK's policy in relation to the duty on cotton goods, he concedes the paramount importance of guarding the Indian Treasury from financial embarrassment. But he leaves the VICEROY no option as to the mode in which the duty is ultimately to be dealt with. Its entire removal, he says, should "not "be adjourned for an indefinite period, but provision "should be made for it within a fixed term of years." A duty which must be removed by a given date is usually best removed as early as possible. The circumstances of India are not likely to change in such a way as to develop sources of revenue at present undreamed of. The materials out of which the Indian Finance Minister will have to form the Budget of 1880 are probably much the same as those out of which he formed the Budget of 1875. Consequently Lord SALISBURY's direction is virtually a decree that the duty on cotton goods shall be abolished. The reasons which he gives for this decision are mainly two—that the maintenance of any duty tending to operate as a protective duty in favour of a native manufacture is inconsistent with a policy which "it is not open to HER MAJESTY's Govern-"ment to allow to be set aside without special cause in any "part of the Empire under their direct control;" and that the duty on cotton goods in particular "offers a false en-"couragement to the Indian manufacturer, which tends to "divert him from the efforts by which his success can "alone permanently be secured, and places two manufac-"turing communities upon whose well-being the prosperity "of the Empire largely depends in a position not only "of competition, but of political hostility to one another." As regards the first of these arguments, Lord SALISBURY is forced to admit that financial exigency may be a just ground for maintaining even an incidentally protective duty; but he hints that Lord NORTHBROOK has precluded himself from using this argument by reducing the tariff on other imported articles from 7½ per cent. to 5 per cent. When the Indian Government were in possession of resources available for the reduction of import duties generally, the opportunity ought to have been used for reducing this particular import duty, with a view to its ultimate abolition. The motive which led the Indian Government to reduce the remaining import duties to the level at which the duties on manufactured cottons had previously stood, was probably the hope that the change might ultimately lead to increased consumption, and by that means to an increased revenue; and from the point of view of Indian finance this seems a better policy than effecting an exceptional reduction in a particular class of imports. If no complaints had been heard from Manchester, it would hardly have occurred to a Secretary of State to blame a Viceroy for not reducing the duty on cotton goods below 5 per cent., and keeping the duty on every other import above 5 per cent. As regards the second reason, the native manufacturer may surely be left to take care of himself. If he is so stupid as to think that the imposition of a 5 per cent. import duty is all that is needed to give him the command of the Indian market, he must take the consequences. It is not the Indian manufacturer, but the Indian treasury and the Indian taxpayer, that have the first claim on the Government. If a tax which brings in nearly a million a year, and is neither burdensome to the consumer nor costly in collection, is to be abandoned merely to promote the commercial education of a particular class, it is plain that we have not got out of the vicious circle of Protection. Though we no longer tax the community to fill the manufacturer's pocket, we go on taxing it to improve the manufacturer's intelligence. It is to be regretted that the SECRETARY of STATE should be even supposed to have had Lancashire rather than England in his mind when overruling the financial policy of the VICEROY, just at the time when he is insisting on having earlier and more detailed information as to the proposed course of Indian legislation. But a change in the relations between the two Governments is too important a question to be entered upon at the end of an article.

THE USES OF CONTROVERSY.

THE new number of the *Contemporary Review* contains a very able and interesting article by Mr. Mark Pattison on the "Religion of Positivism," which is in fact, if not in form, a reply to a paper on the same subject in an earlier number of that *Review* by Mr. Frederic Harrison. We have no intention of explaining here exactly how far we agree with Mr. Pattison's view of the matter; still less do we propose to discuss that strange creation of M. Comte's brain in his declining years—which has found an energetic and by no means dreamy apologist, or rather protagonist, in Mr. Harrison—the Positive Religion. For ourselves we confess, though it may be a very old-fashioned, if not obsolete,

superstition, that the idea of religion has always seemed to us, as it does to Mr. Pattison, to imply the idea of worship, and therefore of an object of worship; and that the founder of a new faith who, "though he rejects God, will not therefore reject religion," appears to be twisting ropes of sand. We are almost inclined to add, what will perhaps be thought the still more humiliating confession, that if "the sentiments, the worship, the ritual, the sanctities, even the sacraments, of the old religion are to be retained," we had rather have them still associated with the old creed of Christianity than with the new creed of M. Comte. However, that is not the question before us just now. Nor shall we stop to inquire whether the reviewer is right in supposing that Mr. Harrison's Positivist enthusiasm is inspired, not so much by genuine faith in his new religion, as by antipathy to Broad Church theology, or at least to Broad Church theologians; though it is impossible not to feel a passing surprise at his perplexing jeremiade over the extinction of that school of thought. One cannot help thinking that if, since "Maurice and Robertson and Kingsley are gone," the Broad Church party itself "has melted into vapour," it is strange that a party consisting in its palmiest days of three divines—differing, we should have imagined, pretty widely from each other—should have exercised the influence and roused the apprehensions so widely connected with the Broad Church name. But this by the way. It is not on the controversy between the rival disputants in the *Contemporary* that we propose to comment, nor on the relative merits of "theosophy" and Comtism. Mr. Pattison opens his attack by laying down a very broad principle quite independent of the particular discussion he has in hand, and which indeed, if it were heartily accepted, would go far to prove that this and all other discussions of the kind are mere waste of time and trouble. The writer admits as much himself; he takes pains to assure his readers that "it is with full conviction of the unprofitableness of his undertaking" that he has nevertheless commenced and carried it out. But few men, least of all men of mark, care to expend their time and labour on what they really believe to be at best a mere *tour de force*, and we may be pardoned for doubting whether Mr. Pattison has not been hurried by a feeling of impatience or disappointment or irony into saying more than he seriously means. His recent criticism, in another periodical, on the present condition of Oxford studies, though containing a great deal of unquestionable, however unpalatable, truth, seems to betray a certain want of moral perspective in his way of looking at things which keenly interest him. Be that as it may, *litera scripta manet*. His thesis is worth examining, whatever may be thought of his consistency in putting it forward.

"Of investments of time writing controversy," we are told, "is one of the most wasteful. Your antagonist is confirmed by what you say in his own opinion. The readers, *if readers there are*, carry away no conviction beyond that which *they had before reading*—namely, that there is much to be said on both sides. No man was ever written down but by himself. Like the soldier of a democratic army, a controversialist is *chiefly dangerous to his own side*. There is no more barren province in the realms of print than that of 'answers' and 'replies.'" We have ventured to italicize a few words here and there in the extract for reasons which will appear in the sequel. Now it is obvious at first sight that there is much in this statement of the case which cannot be disputed. There are many writers on all subjects, controversial or other, who find few readers or none; and there are many readers who go away after all with only a vague impression that the point at issue is a difficult one, and that there is about an equal chance of one side or the other being right. There are many controversialists who are chiefly dangerous to their own side, whence it has passed into a proverb, "Save me from my friends"; and it is oftener true than not that "your antagonist is confirmed in his own opinion by what you say." But, after admitting all this, the question still remains whether it is true on the whole, and putting aside accidental causes, such as violent or ignorant or feeble methods of argumentation, strong popular bias on a particular side, and the like, that controversy is mere idle expenditure of time, which can produce no result. It is hardly enough to reply that, if so, controversial writing would long since have become extinct; for, on the one hand, the old and dreary saying, *quantuli sapientiâ regitur mundus*, may be applied to the literary as well as to the political world; and, on the other, many persons feel a keen enjoyment in controversy for its own sake, and independently of the effect which their arguments may be expected to produce. Their main object is rather to strike or startle than to convince, and if they can extort admiration for their own ingenuity or learning, they are comparatively indifferent to the triumph of their cause. Still, after making all necessary deductions on these accounts, it seems hardly conceivable that so many writers, who are not pedants or egotists or fools or mere literary prizefighters, should continue to cultivate the field of controversial discussion in philosophy, theology, politics, and other subject-matters, if experience had been found to bear out Mr. Pattison's estimate of the practical value of their labours. But the fact is, that experience does not bear it out, in the sense and to the extent here assumed. Dean Milman, after commenting on the gigantic controversial achievements of the schoolmen, observes, with less than his usual discrimination, that, "of those vast monuments of theology which amaze and appal the mind, *the sole remnant to* posterity is that barren amazement." The statement at best requires a very great deal of qualification, as he might have learnt from so uncongenial a critic of the schoolmen as Mr. J. S. Mill; but, in so far as it holds good, it is not at all because theological controversy, as such, is barren and unproductive, but because the particular points selected for dispute between the rival doctors of scholastic theology are trivial or have ceased to interest us. Thus, again, Dr. Döllinger says somewhere that four-fifths of the religious controversies among Christians are pure logomachies. Of course, wherever this is the case, controversy must be little better than ingenious hair-splitting, which is most successful when it most adroitly keeps out of sight the true nature of the matter in dispute. But that also is because the wrong subjects have been brought into debate, not because polemical discussion is in itself unprofitable. We have spoken of theological controversy as being that which commands the most general interest, and still more as being evidently the special branch of discussion immediately present to Mr. Pattison's mind in what he has written, and we shall for the same reason proceed to illustrate our meaning from the same subject-matter. But it need hardly be pointed out that what is true of one particular department of controversy has a general application to controversial literature as a whole.

We have said that experience does not bear out Mr. Pattison's sweeping indictment, as he has framed it. But there is something like an *ignoratio elenchi* in his way of framing it. If the main object of a polemical argument is to convince the particular opponent to whom it is addressed, no doubt it is usually a failure. Athanasius did not convert Arius to orthodoxy, nor did Laud convince Fisher of the truth of Anglicanism; and most likely neither of them anticipated any such result. But it does not follow that their labour was thrown away. The polemical writings of Athanasius are read by theologians to this day, and, what is more important, they very materially contributed to the ultimate victory of the orthodox over the Arian conception of Christian doctrine in the Church. Bossuet's famous *Variations* may not have converted the French or German Protestants whom at the moment he had in his eye; but the work has probably done much since then towards winning or retaining the allegiance of members of his Church. We need not, however, appeal to history in evidence of the inadequacy of Mr. Pattison's estimate of the facts. The Oxford movement of our own day offers a sufficient refutation of his theory. And here we must observe, by the way, that if it is a mistake to suppose that the crucial test of controversial success is the conversion of "your antagonist," it is also a mistake, though a less fundamental one, to speak as if no result worth mentioning had been achieved, when readers are left under the impression that there is much to be said on both sides. This is by no means always, or generally, "the conviction they had before reading," as Mr. Pattison puts it. The chances are, on the contrary, that they had, if not a conviction properly so called, a very decided prejudice one way or the other; and the writer who has persuaded them that the side to which they were—perhaps violently—opposed has as much to say for itself as the other, has done a good deal towards the removal of their antagonism to what he regards as the true view. Forty years ago the immense majority of Englishmen who thought at all on such subjects—we might add, of those also who did not—detested Popery as a mischievous or effete superstition, and regarded everything at all going beyond the somewhat limited range of Protestant opinion familiar to them as Popish, and therefore odious or contemptible. Now whether the change is for the better or the worse may be disputed, but there can be no doubt that a considerable change has taken place in this matter during the last two or three decades, and that it is mainly owing to what, for want of a better name, may be called the Tractarian movement—or, to put a more definite issue, to the writings of such divines as Dr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, Mr. Keble, and their associates. It may be quite true that these eminent divines have failed to convert their "antagonists," that is, the particular Evangelical, or Broad Church, or other opponents with whom they have from time to time been engaged in controversy. But it is not the less true that they have converted a considerable number of their readers to substantial agreement with their own views, and have convinced many more, whose previous range of vision was strictly bounded by the horizon of the Evangelical Alliance or the *Record*, that at all events "there is much to be said on both sides." Whether this result is beneficial or otherwise we are not now arguing, but we insist that it is a fact. And the fact, which is not an isolated, but a typical one, is fatal to Mr. Pattison's theory of the unprofitableness of controversial writing.

Many reasons might be given why controversialists seldom convince their antagonists, but it may suffice to state one here. It has been said with much force that a man may readily change an opinion which he entertains in his own mind, but the change becomes more difficult if he has avowed it, while he will obstinately adhere to what he has maintained in writing; and if he has committed himself still further by publication, the case is almost hopeless. Viewed in this light, a literary duel is pretty sure to end in a drawn battle. But conquest of this sort is not the object of controversy among reasonable disputants, any more than a Prime Minister or leader of Opposition expects to bring over his rival, then and there, to his own views by the most brilliant and masterly exposition of them. Yet his speech is not wasted, for it is addressed, in fact, not to the individual opponent he is answering, nor even to the Opposition benches, but to the outside public, who are not too heavily handicapped, so to speak, to be able to weigh its force dispassionately. And in just the same way a Roman Catholic, or Protestant, or High Church, or Low Church, dissertation is not really intended to influence the rival divine at whose arguments it is ostensibly aimed, and who is most likely

what Archbishop Whately calls "proof-proof" on the points at issue, but is an appeal to the bystanders, that is, to the religious world generally, to judge between the rival systems. And, when so understood, a controversial discussion need by no means be barren of result, except through the fault or incompetence of the controversialist who conducts it. It follows, of course, that mere personal sparring is usually stale and unprofitable, because it turns, not on some question of common interest, but on the meaning or value of the respective arguments of A and B, which can hardly be of much interest to any one but the writers themselves and their personal friends or admirers. There are whole volumes *e.g.* of Warburton's works which very few readers, whether they happened to agree with him or not, would fail to put down in sheer weariness before they had got through half a dozen pages, and from which fewer still would carry away any new conviction, except of amazement that so able a man should have wasted his time in composing them. But then Warburton is for the most part occupied, not professedly, but really, far more in demonstrating his own superlative superiority to his opponents than in demonstrating any principle, true or false, which is worth the trouble of mastering, and his principal work, though it is spread over six volumes, leaves much the same sort of impression on one's mind as Whately's *Historic Doubts*. But Mr. Pattison is speaking of *bond fide* controversy on questions of genuine human interest, such as the contest between Christianity and Positivism. And of such disputation we cannot agree with him that "there is no more barren province in the realms of print." We are not indeed quite sure, if we may judge from his example as well as his words, whether he is even entitled to say with the Irishman that he "has his own consent."

VIVISECTION.

THE Report of the Royal Commission upon vivisection appears to have given more general satisfaction than is often produced by such documents. The practisers of vivisection say that it exonerates them from the imputation of wanton cruelty. The opponents of the practice are gratified by the proposal that it shall be subjected to legislative restrictions. The irreconcilables are of course not reconciled; but scientific persons will be glad to observe that Mr. Hutton has signed a Report admitting the occasional advantages of vivisection, and the non-scientific world will be glad to observe that Messrs. Huxley and Erichsen have admitted that vivisection should be strictly regulated. The Report, in fact, establishes beyond all reasonable doubt some important points. It is quite clear that the extension of physiology necessitates a certain number of experiments upon living animals, and that a knowledge of physiology has been of great service both to men and beasts. One of the greatest of blessings produced by the progress of medical science has undoubtedly been the discovery of anæsthetics, and that discovery, as the Commissioners remark, was due in great part to the practice in question. We may take it as admitted by reasonable men on all sides that vivisection should not be absolutely abolished, and the only question is to what, if any, legislative restrictions it should be subjected. The next point clearly established is that there is little ground for complaining of the present practice of public physiological laboratories in England. The evidence all goes to show that the experiments exhibited are, as a rule, neither numerous nor cruel. Operations of a painful kind are usually performed with the help of some anæsthetic, and proper care is taken that the animals may endure no lingering torture. If the investigation had ever been intended as a criminal process directed against the teachers in public institutions, they would have been entitled to an honourable acquittal. Some of the writers upon their side are apparently inclined to regard the whole question from this point of view. "You accused the operators," they say, "of hideous recklessness to animal suffering. The accusation has been completely repelled. Therefore your whole case falls to the ground, and your demand for legislation must fall with it." This little artifice is familiar in all such controversies. Once divert the dispute from a question of probable abuses to a question of the personal character of A, B, and C, and your triumph is secure. Nothing is easier than to prove that every letter in the alphabet is an honourable, humane, and judicious person, and to infer that any restrictions upon him would be an insult. We may remark, however, that we have not even yet done justice to the evidence in behalf of physiologists. It is plain that they are all men of the most unimpeachably humane sentiments. They denounce any kind of useless cruelty as vigorously as Miss Cobbe could desire. We do not for a moment doubt their sincerity. We believe Mr. Darwin to be as humane as any man in existence; and when he says that he should regard the infliction of any unnecessary torture "with detestation and abhorrence," he is evidently uttering his most genuine feeling. Mr. Lewes, again, who has done more work in physiological experiment than almost any other Englishman, tells us he could never bear to perform upon cats or dogs. Every witness examined, in fact, with perhaps one exception, admits that useless cruelty to animals should excite the warmest feeling of moral indignation. When, therefore, we add that such cruelty should be restrained, if it can be restrained without injury to science, we have the whole weight of scientific authority upon our side.

head of the Brown Institute—a foundation intended for the relief and cure of animal suffering. On being examined before the Commission, Dr. Klein gave his evidence with admirable frankness; with such frankness, indeed, that he afterwards thought it desirable to insert certain emendations in the printed Report. The Commission held that the alterations went beyond the fair limits allowed to a witness; and they have printed the evidence in both forms. Asked whether he had any regard to the sufferings of the animals upon whom he operates, Dr. Klein replied, "No regard at all"—to which he afterwards appended, "for such little suffering as is in my operations." In the next answer he said that the operator has no time for thinking what the animal will feel and suffer. The amended answer introduces a judicious reference to anæsthetics. Now, whatever may be Dr. Klein's final view, it is plain that he was frankly stating a possible view, and one which we have seen explicitly defended. That view is simply that animal suffering is not to be regarded at all. The lower creatures are so many zeros. In calculating the sum of good and evil, their feelings may be neglected altogether. If anæsthetics are used, it is simply to make them lie still, not to save them from pain. Though the point is warmly disputed, it is a general opinion that the poison called curari has the effect of making animals motionless whilst leaving them sensible to pain. It is frequently used in laboratories; and there is a ghastly account of a French operation in which a wretched dog was by this means subjected to prolonged torture for many hours, though unable to howl or struggle. The drug was in this case used simply for the convenience of the operator, without the least thought of the sufferings of his victim. Last year Dr. Schiff, in answer to some complaints, gave the fact that his neighbours had not been disturbed by the howling of dogs as a proof there were no dogs in pain in his laboratory; he had previously stated in some published lectures that he had performed an operation on dogs, rendering them incapable of barking, in order to prevent their cries from "discrediting physiological study amongst the inhabitants of the district." This gives a very different explanation of the silence maintained. It is clear, then, that the humane dispositions of English physiologists are not always shared by foreign physiologists. Dr. Klein, in his unamended evidence, expresses the very principle for which Mr. Darwin most properly declares detestation and abhorrence. No animal should suffer needlessly, say the English physiologists with one voice. The sufferings of an animal don't matter so long as he can't struggle, is the opinion occasionally avowed by some of their foreign brethren. We know, too, that the opinion has been acted upon. The intense disgust produced by the reckless cruelty of Magendie a good many years ago prevented Dr. Sharpey from following his lectures after one attendance. Dr. Sharpey, then a young student, had, that is, so much humane feeling as to abandon the principal object of his residence in Paris. We may safely assume, then, that vivisection has been associated with principles and practices calculated to excite the hearty disgust of right-minded men of science. The abuses to which it may lead are not mere vague potentialities suggested by sentimentalists, but have been illustrated by actual experience. Ought we to guard against them by legislation?

The cruelty, we may say, may be shown either in experiments exhibited to learners without proper precautions, or in experiments undertaken from mere curiosity by incompetent persons—as, for example, by medical students—or in experiments undertaken by real inquirers for purposes of original investigation without due consideration of the circumstances. In each case there is necessarily a possibility of abuse. The public experiments, as we have said, exhibited in laboratories do not seem to be, in fact, conducted with any want of caution. It is possible, indeed, as we are told by so great an authority as Sir W. Fergusson, that cruelties are occasionally perpetrated in lecture-rooms. The strong *esprit de corps* of a profession naturally makes it difficult to obtain conclusive evidence upon such matters. Still we have no right to assume what has not been proved, and we can only say that, in spite of the general humanity of students and professors, there is a possibility of such abuses. The case is stronger in regard to the practice of vivisection by unauthorized persons. We have direct statements from Edinburgh and Birmingham that young men occasionally carry on experiments involving much animal suffering, from mere curiosity. It is useless to say in answer to this that all medical students are humane. Medical men generally are human beings, constituted, so far as we know, like other human beings. As such, there are good, bad, and indifferent specimens. They are accustomed to witness suffering, and to overcome the instinctive horror which nearly all men feel at the first sight of suffering. A medical man who did not overcome this feeling would be unable to stand the wear and tear of practice. In the normal case, however, the mere instinct of disgust is replaced by the reasoned desire to relieve suffering. The surgeon looks at a ghastly wound without flinching, but he does his utmost to effect a cure. There must, however, be some cases in which the deadening of the instinctive repulsion is not replaced by such reasoning humanity. A man of coarse fibre becomes simply curious to trace the consequences of injury. A man who is a brute may even, as Dr. Rolleston tells us, come to feel actual pleasure in the sight of "a living, bleeding, and quivering organism." This taste, he thinks, is "the unworked-out beast which exists in man." Such cases, we doubt not, are very rare; but they exist, and there is no reason that we know of why a man of this brutal variety should not occasionally become a medical student. In any case it is

ment; but, as the law stands, it seems to be doubtful whether a man could be punished for cutting up a dog or cat, if he did it out of curiosity, or, as he would call it, for scientific purposes. It is certain that he could not be punished for cutting up a rat, or guinea-pig, or other animal not under the protection of Martin's Act. Finally, we have the case of really scientific experiment. Here it is enough to quote Mr. Lewes's statement that the increasing interest in physiology leads to the incessant repetition of useless and cruel experiments, which he would wish to see restrained if (which, however, he does not think possible) the practice could be legally restricted without injury to science. Mr. Lewes shows with great clearness that the extreme complexity of the organism, and the consequent difficulty of disentangling the causes of phenomena, render the application of experimental methods to physiology a matter of great delicacy. It requires skill, forethought, and definite purpose; and evidently the practice of simply cutting up an animal to see what will happen is as indefensible scientifically as it is morally. It implies mere ignorant curiosity, instead of a legitimate desire for knowledge. Vivisection, in short, can only be turned to account by men who are good physiologists and skilful operators.

The only question, then, which seems to present itself is whether any legal restraint can be devised which shall punish the abuses of the practice, whilst leaving sufficient liberty to scientific inquiry. The law as it stands is clearly inadequate to punish abuses, if they occur; and there is evidence that they do occur in England, that they occur more frequently on the Continent, and that the increasing interest in physiology is likely to spread Continental practices to England. Under these circumstances, the resolutions of the British Association seem to indicate the most obvious limits within which the practice should be restrained. No experiment should be performed without anæsthetics which can be performed with them. No painful experiment should be permitted to illustrate a law already established, or, in other words, for mere purposes of teaching. Nor, again, should painful experiments be permitted in order that the operator may acquire dexterity. Finally, no painful experiment, even for purposes of investigation, should be permitted without proper precautions against the waste of suffering—that is to say, no such experiment should be performed except by skilled persons in proper places and with proper appliances. These principles, which simply embody the undeniable truth that the infliction of useless suffering should be forbidden whenever it is possible, are recognized in the Bill proposed by the Commissioners. All experiments upon living animals are to be forbidden except in the case of persons licensed by the Secretary of State, and the licence is to be withdrawable in case of abuse. We need not discuss the details of the proposed measure, upon which its success will no doubt chiefly depend. In a general way, however, it seems to correspond with the conclusions fairly derivable from the evidence. There will be a power, which at present is not clearly in existence, of punishing wanton cruelty; whilst, on the other hand, properly qualified persons, acting under a due sense of responsibility, will be allowed to pursue a practice the utility of which in competent hands is beyond all reasonable doubt. Whilst no sensible person would wish to throw obstacles in the way of genuine scientific inquiry, the public conscience ought to demand some security that methods so difficult and so liable to abuse shall only be carried on by competent persons. Some such plan as that proposed by the Commission seems to be clearly desirable.

CATTARO.

THE end of a purely Dalmatian pilgrimage will be Cattaro. He who goes further along the coast will pass into lands that have a history, past and present, which is wholly distinct from that of the coast which he has hitherto traced from Zara—we might almost say, if not Trieste, yet from Capo d'Istria—onwards. We have not reached the end of the old Venetian dominion—for that we must carry on our voyage to Crete and Cyprus. But we have reached the end of the nearly continuous Venetian dominion—the end of the coast which, save at two small points, was either Venetian or Ragusan—the end of that territory of the two maritime commonwealths which now forms the Dalmatian kingdom. After Cattaro and the small district of Budua beyond it, the Venetian territory did indeed once go on continuously as far as Epidamnos, Dyrrhachion, or Durazzo. But, for a long time past, Venice had beyond Budua held only islands and outlying points, and nearly all of these, except the seven so-called Ionian Islands, had passed away from her before her fall. Cattaro is the last city of the present Austrian dominion; it is, till we reach the frontier of the modern Greek kingdom, the last city of Christendom. The next point at which the steamer stops will land the traveller on what is now Turkish ground. But the distinction is older than that; he will now change from a Slavonic mainland with the half-Italian fringe on its coast to an Albanian, that is an Old-Illyrian, land with a few points that were once Italian here and there. It is not an arbitrary point that the dominion in which the Apostolic King has succeeded the Serene Republic comes to an end. With Cattaro, then, the Dalmatian journey and the series of Dalmatian cities will naturally end.

Cattaro is commonly said to have been the Ascrivium or Askrourion of Pliny and Ptolemy, one of the Roman towns which Pliny places after Epidauros—the Epidauros which was the parent of Ragusa—towards the south-east. And, as it is placed between Rhizinion and Butua, which must be Risano and Budua, one can hardly doubt that the identification is right. But though Ascrivium is described as a town of Roman citizens, it has not, like some of its neighbours, any history in purely Roman times. It first comes into notice in the pages of Constantine Porphyrogenitus, and it will therefore give us for the last time the privilege of studying topography in company with an Emperor. In his pages the city bears a name which is evidently the same as the name which it bears still, but which the august geographer seizes on as the subject of one of his wonderful bits of etymology. Cattaro with him is Dekatera, and we read *ὅτι τὸ κάστρον τῶν Δεκατέρων ἑρμηνεύεται τῇ Ῥωμαίων διαλέκτῳ ἐστενωμένον καὶ πεπλιγμένον.* We are again driven to ask, Which is the dialect of the Romans? What word either of Greek or of Latin can the Emperor have got hold of? At the same time he had got a fair notion of the general position of Cattaro, though he runs off into bits of exaggeration which remind us of Giraldus's description of Llanthony. The city stands at the end of an inlet of the sea fifteen or twenty miles long, and it has mountains around it so high that it is only in fair summer weather that the sun can be seen; in winter Dekatera never enjoys its presence. There certainly is no place where it is harder to believe that the smooth waters of the narrow lake-like inlet, with mountains on each side which it seems as if one could put out one's hand and reach, are really part of the same sea which dashes against the rocks of Ragusa. The Dalmatian voyage is well ended by the sail along the *Bocche*, the loveliest piece of inland sea which can be conceived, and whose shores are as rich in curious bits of political history as they are in scenes of surpassing natural beauty. The general history of the district consists in the usual tossing to and fro between the various powers which have at different times been strong in the neighbourhood. Cattaro—*τὰ κάτω Δεκάτερα*—was in the reign of Basil the Macedonian besieged and taken by Saracens, who presently went on unsuccessfully to besiege Ragusa. And, as under Byzantine rule it was taken by Saracens, so under Venetian rule it was more than once besieged by Turks. In the intermediate stages we get the usual alternations of independence and of subjection to all the neighbouring powers in turn, till in 1419 Cattaro finally became Venetian. To this day the land keeps many signs of the endless changes which it has undergone. We enter the mouth of the gulf, where, eighty years ago, the land was Ragusan on the left hand and Venetian on the right, and where the smaller commonwealth, with her strong fortress of Castel Nuovo, seemed to assert a supremacy over the whole of the inland sea by far the greater part of whose shore belonged to her mightier rival. But Ragusa and Venice between them did not occupy the whole shore of the *Bocche*; neither at this day does the whole of it belong to that Dalmatian kingdom which has taken the place of both the old republics. A little way beyond Castel Nuovo we come to the further of the two points where Ragusan jealousy preferred an infidel to a Christian neighbour. At Sutorina the Turkish territory nominally comes down to the sea; nominally we say, for if the soil belongs to the Sultan, the road, the most important thing upon it, belongs to the Dalmatian King. And if the Turk comes down to the *Bocche* at this end, at the other end the Montenegrin, if he does not come down to the water, at least looks down upon it. In this furthest corner of Dalmatia then political elements, old and new, come in which do not show themselves at Zara and Spalato. In short, on the *Bocche* we have really got into another region, national and religious, from the nearer parts of the country. We have hitherto spoken of an Italian fringe on a Slavonic mainland, at all events of Italian cities with a surrounding Slavonic country. On the shores of the *Bocche* we may drop those forms of speech. We can hardly say that here there is so much as an Italian fringe, or that Cattaro is in any sense an Italian city. We feel at last we have reached the land which is thoroughly Slavonic. Italian is more spoken in Cattaro than French or German, and that is about all that we can say. The *Bocchesi* at once proclaim themselves as the near kinsmen of the unconquered race above them, from whom indeed they differ only in the accidents of their political history. For all purposes but those of war and government, Cattaro is more truly the capital of Montenegro than Cettinje. And, along with a distinct predominance of the Slavonic nationality, we come also, if not to the predominance, at all events to the greatly increased prominence, of that form of Christianity to which the Eastern Slave naturally tends. Elsewhere in Dalmatia, as we have on the Slavonic body a narrow fringe of Italian speech, art, and manners, so we have a narrow fringe of the religion of the Old Rome skirting a body belonging to the New. Here, along with the Slavonic nationality, the religion of Eastern Christendom makes itself distinctly seen. Both in the city and in the district of Cattaro the Orthodox Church is still in a minority, but it is a minority not far short of a majority. At particular points the Orthodox far outnumber the Catholics. In short, when we reach Cattaro, we have very little temptation to fancy ourselves in Italy or in any part of Western Christendom. We not only know, but feel, that we are on the Byzantine side of the Hadriatic, that we have, in fact, made our way into the East.

And East and West, Slave and Italian, New Rome and Old, might well struggle for the possession of the land and of the water through which we pass from Ragusa to our final goal at Cattaro. We pass by the strait of Castel Nuovo into a gulf; another narrow strait leads us into an inner gulf; and on an inlet again branching out of that inner gulf lies the furthest of Dalmatian cities. The lower city, Cattaro itself, *τὸ κάτω*

Δενάτερα, seems to lie so quietly, so peacefully, as if in a world of its own from which nothing beyond the shores of its own *Bocche* could enter, that we are tempted to forget, not only that the spot has been the scene of so many revolutions through so many ages, but that it is even now a border city, a city on the marchland of contending powers, creeds, and races. But, if we once look up to the mountains, we see signs both of the past and of the present, which may remind us of the true nature and history of the land in which we are. In some of the other smaller Dalmatian towns, and at other points along the coast, we see castles perched on mountain peaks or ledges at a height which seems almost frightful; but the castle of Cattaro and the walls leading up to it, walls which seem to leap from point to point of the almost perpendicular hill, make surely the most striking of all the mountain fortresses of the land. The castle is perhaps all the more striking, nestling as it does among the rocks, than if it actually stood, like some others, on a peak or crest of the mountain. One thinks of Alexander's Aornos, and indeed the name of Aornos might be given to any of these Dalmatian heights. The lack of birds, great and small, especially the lack of the eagles and vultures that one sees in other mountain lands, is a distinct feature in the aspect of the Dalmatian hills and of their immediate borders, Montenegrin and Turkish. But, while the castle stands as if no human power could reach it, much less fight against it, there are other signs of more modern date which remind us that there are points higher still where no one can complain that the art of fighting has been unknown in any age. Up the mountain, during part of its course skirting the castle walls, climbs the winding road—the staircase rather—which leads from Cattaro to Cettinje. On it climbs, up and up, till it is lost in the higher peaks; long before the traveller reaches the frontier line which divides Dalmatia and Montenegro, long before he reaches the ridge to which he looks up from Cattaro and its gulf, he has begun to look down, not only on the gulf and the city, but on the mountain castle itself, as something lying far below his feet. From below, Cattaro seems like the end of the world. As we climb the mountain paths, we soon find that it is but a border post on the frontier of a vast world beyond it, a world in whose past history Cattaro has had some share, a world whose history is not yet over.

The city of Cattaro itself is small, standing on a narrow ledge between the gulf and the base of the mountain. It carries the features of the Dalmatian cities to what any one who has not seen Traü will call their extreme point; but, though the streets of Cattaro are narrow, yet they are civilized and airy-looking compared with those of Traü, and the little paved squares, as so often along this coast, suggest the memory of the ruling city. The landing-place, the *marino*, the space between the coast and the Venetian wall, where we pass for the last time under the winged lion over the gate, has put on the air of a *boulevard*. But the forms and costume of *Bocchesi* and Montenegrins, the men of the gulf with their arms in their girdles, no less than the men of the Black Mountain, banish all thought that we are anywhere but where we really are, at one of the border points of Christian and civilized Europe. The same thought is brought home to us in another form. The antiquities of Cattaro are mainly ecclesiastical, and among them the Orthodox church, standing well in one of the open places, claims a rank second only to the *Duomo*. Here some may see for the first time the ecclesiastical arrangements of Eastern Christendom, and those who do not wish to see a church thrown wide open from end to end, those who would cleave alike to the rood-beam of Lübeck, the *jubé* of Albi, and the *cancelli* of St. Clement, to the old screen which once was at Wimborne and to the new screen which now is at Lichfield, may still be startled at the first sight of the Eastern *eikonostasis* blocking off apse and altar utterly from sight. The arrangements of the Eastern Church may indeed be seen in places much nearer than Cattaro, at Trieste, at Wiesbaden, in London itself, but in all these places the Eastern Church is an exotic standing as a stranger on Western ground. At Cattaro the Orthodox Church is on its own ground, standing side by side on equal terms with its Latin rival, pointing to lands where the *Filioque* is unknown and where the Bishop of the Old Rome has ever been deemed an intruder. The building itself is a small Byzantine church, less Byzantine in fact in its outline than the small churches of the Byzantine type at Zara, Spalato, and Traü. The single dome rises, not from the intersection of a Greek cross, but from the middle of a single body, and, resting as it does on pointed arches, it suggests the thought of Perigueux and Angoulême. But this arrangement, to which one of the Catholic churches also approximates, is well known throughout the East. The Latin *Duomo*, which has been minutely described by Mr. Neale, is of quite another type, and is by no means Dalmatian in its general look. A modern west front with two western towers does not go for much, but it reminds us that a design of the same kind was begun at Traü in better times, but the inside is quite unlike anything of later Italian work. It seems like a cross between a basilica and an Aquitanian church. It is small, but the inside is lofty and solemn. The body of the church, not counting the apses and the western portico, has seven narrow arches, the six eastern ones grouped in pairs forming, as in so many German examples, three bays only in the vaulting. The principal pillars are rectangular with flat pilasters; the intermediate piers are Corinthian columns with a heavy Lucchese abacus enriched with more mouldings than is usual at Lucca. As there is no triforium and only a blank clerestory, the whole effect comes from the tall columns and their narrow arches, the last offshoots of Spalato that we have to record. For the ecclesiologist proper there is a prodigious *baldacchino* with other ritual features, and a good deal, as Mr. Neale has shown, might be gleaned from the inscriptions and records. The traveller whose objects are of a more general kind turns away from this border church of Christendom as the last stage of a pilgrimage unsurpassed either for natural beauty or for historic interest; and, as he looks up at the mountain which rises almost close above the east end of the *Duomo* of Cattaro, and thinks of the land and the men to which the path over that mountain leads, he feels that, on this frontier at least, the spirit still lives which led English warriors to the side of Manuel Komnênos, and which steeled the heart of the last Constantine to die in the breach for the Roman name and the faith of Christendom.

MR. RUSKIN AND WAKEFIELD.

MR. RUSKIN is the Don Quixote of the nineteenth century, who makes war against chimneys and manufactories instead of windmills. In the *Fors Clavigera* of last September and in several succeeding numbers the town of Wakefield has been the subject of unfavourable comment, and a correspondent goes so far as to hint that an accession of trade has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. In looking back to the old accounts of the town—unless, indeed, we are to suppose that each historian merely copied the words of his predecessor—Wakefield seems to have given the impression that it was a pleasant place to live in. "There be few towns in the inward parts of Yorkshire that hath a fairer site or soil about it," says Leland, and he adds that a right honest man shall fare well there for twopence a meal. Two hundred years passed over it, and left it very much the same. There is an engraving of it in Thoresby's *Leeds*, about 1715, "as it appears from London road." The chief features are, in the foreground, the river Calder with its weir and rushing waters, the long line of arches supporting the well-known Memorial Chapel on the bridge, and in the background the parish church with its lofty spire, around which are grouped clusters of houses and cottages, which cover the sides of the hill down to the river banks. Commerce is unrepresented; no one seems in a hurry; wood-cutting is going on in one corner, sheep-washing in another; two magnificently dressed gentlemen in Cavalier hats with fowling-pieces, a spaniel, and game-bag, are standing in the middle of the road, while a fisherman is wading across the river just above the weir. This is the spot which Mr. Ruskin speaks of as being now one of the two most frightful things he has ever yet seen. In 1770 the chapel was used as a warehouse for goods, and its "beautiful carving much defaced." Arthur Young, who was in Wakefield about that time on his Northern tour, gives an encouraging account of the town from an æsthetic point of view. Mutton and beef were 3½*d.* per lb., wages from 6*s.* to 14*s.* a week, manufacturer's house-rent from 40*s.* to 50*s.*; the trade of the place was very dull, and had been so ever since the peace. In 1801, the population was about 8,000; in 1811, 8,593; in 1821, nearly 11,000; and in 1838, Dibdin became eloquent and prophetical on its future:—"It is the most opulent as well as trade-stirring town in the West Riding of York, and contains a population of upwards of 15,000 souls. By this time thirty years to come, it will have quadrupled the number." Thirty-eight years have gone by, and Wakefield has only doubled the number. The chimneys have, however, more than kept pace with the population, nor is Dibdin's account out of place now of the "curling columns of dense and slowly moving smoke which seem to involve everything within its immediate neighbourhood in impenetrable obscurity." Had Wakefield but increased in the same proportion as its neighbours, the loss of the advantages given to it by nature would have been less felt. In all the great West Riding towns, Leeds or Sheffield or Bradford, there is a certain sense of power, of concentrated energy, which, though the sky is darkened and the air poisoned, strikes and impresses the mind. The shops are large, the streets are thronged, and the traveller will feel himself as much a mere unit as if he were in London or Manchester. But Wakefield is neither a commercial centre nor is it the county town. It has an historic past, and once had buildings of architectural merit.' It possesses a lovely natural site, and broad streets, which the competition of its rivals would have made as grass-grown as those of Ferrara if grass were a possible product. This useful herb will soon be a luxury in many parts of the West Riding.

It is sad to watch a district as it becomes a seat of manufacture. The little villages on the hill-sides soon encroach on one another, year by year demanding from the State fresh machinery to supply their social wants. The face of the land is changed. Refuse from the mill or colliery is plastered up into great unsightly masses. There is neither earth, nor air, nor water. Chemical constituents and filth of every description take their place, and the train must be made use of to obtain an illustration from natural history. First the rivers, then the trees, are poisoned. Neither can be replaced. In twelve years a plantation will not have grown as many feet; everything is either dead or dying. Long lines of rotten hedges, mended with disused wire ropes from the nearest colliery, separate the fields, while here and there dead trees fling their black arms to the sky. It is not worth while to fell them, so there they stand giving evidence of the past existence of life in the district. If a Hercules is required to clean the rivers, the roads might tax the powers of General Wade. It is nearly as dangerous to venture out upon the highways as it was in 1685, or in the days when Mary Wollstonecraft was upset four times on her journey from Havre to Paris. The roads are

full of holes and pitfalls, caused partly by the heavy traffic, partly by the fact that they are never mended, as it is the business of no one to attend to them. It is a sad irony to read now of such or such a town or village being pleasantly situated on the banks of its river. It is hardly possible to walk along the side of the stream. The blue scum which floats sullenly by has killed everything with which it has come into contact. There is no boat on the river, only here and there barges sunk at the back-waters and in the creeks, with their lines just above the water, telling of work done and homes lived in, but now gradually rotting away in filth. Further on a drain or beck discharges its contents, steaming with vapour, but the river is too foul to be coloured by the accession of any tributary, however filthy. Here is the evidence of a witness in the employment of the Aire and Calder Company:—"He saw a quantity of water containing hair and other sediment flowing from some tanks in the defendant's works over a large sump, and thence into Sheopscar beck. The sump was almost filled with a pulpy sediment. In the vicinity of the point where this discharge entered the beck there were several cart-loads of sediment in the bed of the stream. The sediment looked like lime and hair mixed. The water in the beck was white as far down as he could see." Not a bird is to be heard or seen; not that this is a matter to regret, as an ill-looking lad sneaks by with a single-barrelled gun. No animal life cheers the naturalist. No hare or partridge ventures near a population which would sally forth with every known implement of warfare to destroy it. The attested neighbourhood of a rabbit would empty a colliery for a week. Everything in your walks in such a country calls up some unpleasant association. The landscape reminds you of the illustrations in Dickens's novels; the ponds are those in which Bill Sykes tried to drown his dog. It is neither town nor country. Miserable cottages are being built in rows, to arrive at which you must plunge through a slough of black mud. Damp, ill-built, and ill-drained, disease clings to them, and family after family is compelled to leave. It is impossible to build houses with profit, and the result is overcrowding. Sanitary inspection is in many places unknown or useless. The Inspector is appointed as a matter of form, but is not called upon to furnish the Board with a report. The *Barnsley Times* gives an account of the village of Ardsley which is probably true of many others. The cesspools overflow the highways; an open field is used as a slaughter-house; so many people live in the same building that they have to go to bed in turns; while in one case thirteen people slept in one great round bed with their feet to the centre. Water is a necessity of life, but it does not exist. The river we have already described is the substitute discovered for it by the nineteenth century. The inventor of the University of Lagado, when he represented one of its professors as endeavouring to produce food by a process which we had rather not specify, little thought that the day would come when his description would be far from a satire. The town of Wakefield has solved the problem, and derives much of its sustenance from the source referred to. Paracelsus is said to have invented a perfume of the same material, and, were not the West Riding already so well supplied, enterprising tradesmen might turn their attention to a new means of profit. The time will come when a water merchant's trade will be a very important one, and when the manufacturer will set before his guests as a princely treat a bottle of some celebrated year, ascertained by analysis to be free from organic matter.

No sense escapes in the new order of things, and the shrill scream of the "buzzer" can be heard at a distance of miles. Thicker and more deadly smoke is vomited forth each year, and no attempt is made to deal with the evil. Lord Winmarleigh presented a petition the other day for an amendment of the Acts relating to noxious vapours, and said that he knew a property which had been all but destroyed by them. "The trees in it were like a forest of masts even at midsummer, and whereas there were formerly on it oaks worth 100*l.*, it would be difficult now to find in or anywhere near it an oak or other tree worth a hundred shillings." The Duke of Richmond, in reply, assured their Lordships that the Government felt the importance of the subject. If Goodwood were only between Leeds and Bradford, the Duke's assurance would be far more valuable. In those parts of Lancashire which lie around Wigan and Bolton and southwards to Manchester, the country is permanently disfigured, and we cannot believe that the Inspectors of Nuisances have ever put into execution the powers they possess. In the West Riding towns something has been done, though to a very small extent. In Huddersfield orders to abate the nuisance in a few cases have been issued, but with little or no effect. In Barnsley some of the principal manufacturers and colliery owners have been compelled to erect new chimneys. In Bradford over seven hundred informations have been laid against offenders, and penalties were inflicted and orders to abate by the borough justices were made in all the cases, the number of chimneys coming under the Act being about four hundred and seventy-six. In Halifax, owing to the measures enforced, there is a great improvement in the consumption of smoke. In Leeds a local Act of Parliament has been enforced. In Wakefield Mr. Ruskin will be interested in hearing that nothing has been done, and it is said that a meeting which was held many years ago to protest against the non-consumption of smoke resulted in a vote of thanks to the manufacturers who made it and brought trade to the town. Charles Lamb was heard to declare that his love of natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass and the stunted trees that blacken in the old churchyard nooks which you may yet find bordering on Thames Street. Wakefield, though not entirely consisting of Charles Lambs, shares the same opinion.

It may be asked, What is to be the end of all this desolation and destruction of life? Those who can undoubtedly will migrate in search of pure air and water, and evidences of refinement will become gradually scarcer. Houses descend very fast in the social scale in the neighbourhood of towns. In the agricultural counties the downward progress of the old manor-house is often slow. It has probably but one tenant, and when his farm-servants are dining together at the long oaken table in the central hall he is conforming more nearly than he is aware to the habits of those who lived there three hundred years ago. Occasionally the landlord comes there for a week's shooting, and the best bedroom, with its wainscoted panels and carved cornice, its Jacobean chests and faded Turkey carpet, is preserved from being the apple or the onion chamber. In the garden the yew trees and the walnuts are in their full glory, and the red brick walls that enclose them have all the delightful depth of colour which belongs to their age. A colliery, however, is not a helpful neighbour to the gabled hall. The lane that leads to it is dirtier than the dirtiest of those that lead to the Porta Salara at Rome. The porch is blocked up with bricks, and an open drain trickles along the slope in front of the house. The wall has fallen down which once inclosed the neglected garden, and half buried in the soil lies the stone escutcheon which bears the arms of the family that owned the property in the seventeenth century. There is no particular road anywhere; paths lie in every direction, for the collier is the typical crow that flies straight from point to point. In Lord John Manners's well-known poem, "England's Trust," the claims of our "old nobility" are advocated in preference to those of wealth, commerce, learning, and laws. Had his sentiment been expended upon the Tudor and Elizabethan manor-houses of the country, we should have been more inclined to sympathize with him. There is very little old nobility, and that little it is not easy to discover. In Yorkshire, and especially in the manufacturing parts of the county, property has changed owners very often. Two hundred years ago hardly a country house was in the hands of the ancestors of those who now hold it. The ordinary Yorkshire family dates back about two centuries, at which time it struggled out of some town to invest a little capital in land. The West Riding is very deficient in great houses built before the beginning of the last century. Hardly a fragment is left of Howley, the old home of the Saviles; and Temple Newsam, the only Elizabethan palace in the West Riding, will soon become lost in the smoke that surrounds it. If Mr. Ruskin can save a single tree or stream, he will have done a great deal of good, and if he can purify and educate Wakefield, nothing need appear hopeless to him. It is not given to every town to have a lunatic asylum with 1,400 patients and a gaol with 1,300 criminals. Lunacy, as is well known, is spreading out of all proportion to the increase of population, and in the event of the establishment of electoral districts Wakefield might hope for a second member. What might not then be expected from a town whose political history for the last forty years has been so bright, and has justified so well the hopes of those who extended the franchise? We can conceive of a millennium of universal happiness, when no man's house shall be without a buzzer, beer shall be the only available drink, and twenty persons shall sleep in the same round bed.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

CERTAIN things, once the possession of humanity, have been lost to the world for ever—books, arts, and even lands; but we are in danger now of losing something more valuable than any of these—namely, the childhood of our children, the maidenliness of our maidens. Where are the children, as we knew them in days gone by, when simplicity and innocence were part of their charter, and to be a child meant to be fresh, unspoiled, and free from the taint of dangerous knowledge? Gone with the dream of the things that were and are not. They are not to be found in the precocious fledglings dragged about the Continent on autumn tours, or sitting at *tables-d'hote* with the governess at Nice while the father and mother are killing time and something more at Monaco. They are not among the miniature men and women who honour us with their presence when we give a juvenile entertainment, who come to criticize our Christmas-tree, which they seldom find good enough to praise, to pronounce our dance a bore, and our supper a sell; not among those unhappy little ones whom fond parents dress up in picturesque costumes for fancy balls, teaching them a self-complacency, a self-consideration far beyond their years, and only too easily learnt; and least of all are they among those still more unhappy little ones who act plays for the amusement of a grave and grown-up audience, and are stimulated by applause and excitement into a state of moral intoxication wherein all that makes youth lovely is lost for ever. For the cleverer they are for their years, the more disastrously their talent works on their natures; and one of the saddest sights known to us is that of a bright, pretty, vivacious little girl acting her saucy part with *aplomb* and assurance, failing in all that makes childhood most lovely just in proportion as she succeeds in her attempt to be some one else than herself.

By the very nature of things it is difficult for the children of the London fashionable world to preserve their innocence and childishness, victims as they are, now by association and now by exclusion, to the fast social life of their parents. From their

cradles they are subjected to the closest intercourse with nurses highly recommended by ladies anxious to get rid of them, and whose relations are to be found mainly in doubtful circumstances and shady quarters. Admitted to the questionable gossip of the monthly nurse when she enters the nursery circle on authorized occasions, and to the continued confidences of the resident nurses, who perhaps are gross through ignorance rather than through vice, the children are reared from the beginning under the shadow of the Tree of Knowledge, and are made free of the blossoms before their time comes to eat of the fruit. But if the nurses are not the wisest or best rearers of our children, fine lady mothers are not much better; and the dressed-up dolls whose velvet and point-lace are shown off to visitors in the drawing-room not unfrequently hear there more than is good for them of what, if they do not understand it to its fullest extent now, they think of hereafter and meditate on till they have found out the riddle. One kind of fine lady mother certainly leaves her children to be brought up by nurses without much assistance from her even for the show-hour in the drawing-room. They are circumstances of her existence which she takes care shall give her no trouble—conditions of her married life which represent a certain loss of time and so much personal annoyance, reduced by wise management to a minimum; and she has no desire to inflict on her friends a *corvée* repudiated by herself. So far her visiting world has cause for gratitude. But the mother whose maternal instinct is large and her reasoning faculties small, who prides herself on her love for her offspring, and insists that her acquaintances shall partake in her glory, adopts the foolish plan of having the children brought down to see all her visitors, and of converting her drawing-room into a small bear-garden, where every one is uncomfortable alike. The children are the axis on which all the conversation turns. You are expected to be interested when you are told of their gifts and graces—how Mary writes verses and Tommy makes music, and how sweetly Ellen and Harry repeat their poetry—just as you are expected to be polite when they pull your whiskers and fight for your watch, and to smile, as at a good acrobatic feat, when Jacky makes a flying leap into your hat, Harry scrambles on to your knee and informs the company that you wear a wig, and that he can see gold in your mouth. The natural sequel to such a course is that the position becomes untenable even for the most indulgent mother, and that the darlings are sent in the end to school, there to continue their education.

After the forcing-houses of the nursery and the drawing-room, their minds are now sufficiently matured to develop any seeds for evil and precocious knowledge that may drop into the untilled soil; and, on getting to their first school, it is generally enough for children to unite their experiences to get all the doubtful points cleared up which have exercised the youthful mind ever since the days of the first man. It is at this stage of their existence that we hear of mothers being shocked at the revelations made by their own children. Things which a generation ago were known only at the proper age, and when ignorance would have been folly, are whispered in corners among these callow investigators; and the one who has most to tell is the one who is king or queen of the rest. When the mother snatches her child from this unsatisfactory school, and that undesirable companion, she thinks perhaps that she has saved it; but the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge when eaten opens the eyes so that they can never close again, and what the mind has once received the memory can never reject. In the more advanced schools the dangers attached to unlimited confidences are so well understood that experienced matrons have recourse to various stratagems to prevent their possibility. Two girls will not be allowed to consort together for any length of time; and whispering and low voices are expressly forbidden. In walking out they must go in threes, or with a different companion for each day. Governesses have directions to watch all preferential couplings, and to break them up by adding a third to the party; not ostentatiously, so as to cause suspicion of motives, which would be as bad perhaps as the evil sought to be prevented, but with the craft of quietness, the hypocrisy of concealment—which we may cite as one instance of the lawfulness of doing good by underhand methods. Those schools are the best where the social feeling is most encouraged in contradistinction to the personal and individual; and in saying this we say all that need be told. Add to this, unresting occupation, whether it be learning or amusement, business or play—at all events, the disallowance of sloth and self-indulgence in every form—and the dangers of school life are reduced to their lowest possible sum, with so much good to come from wise guardianship and well-chosen employments as shall go far to neutralize what remains and keep the girls as fresh and pure as is possible in these odd days of ours.

Emerging then from a life of full occupation at school, girls are more to be pitied than envied on their first acknowledged entrance into society. They are scolded by captious fathers weary of milliners' bills and midnight revels; measured with a commercial eye by mercenary mothers, who regard them as so much stock for profitable sale and barter; snubbed by fastidious brothers, who sometimes find them in their way, and who generally are in the state to compare them unfavourably with some Cynthia of the minute in the ascendant. Competition with other girls, who have passed before them through the fire to Moloch, drives off the lingering shyness of the seminary, and the maiden blush vanishes with the appetite for bread and butter. Rinking on the one hand, and the shrieking sisternood on the other, divide the young womanhood of London between them, and the previous standards of right and wrong, once held so essential to the well-being of society, are completely overthrown on a little experience of the world and modern life. Idle gossip and questionable conversation are freely indulged in before them as a legitimate source of amusement by their mothers and their mothers' friends. The doubtful topics of the day are not only discussed in their presence, but discussed without reserve in a mixed assemblage of both sexes. The worst novels of the season lie on the drawing-room table, dogs'-eared at the strong passages; and the daily papers, whatever their contents, are passed freely from hand to hand. Women of advanced views make the drawing-room their forum, where they declaim with alarming minuteness of detail against the iniquities of men, and insist on the need there is of women meeting them on their own ground, with weapons sharpened at the same grindstone. Things which our grandmothers went down to the grave without knowing are discussed in the light of day, and in unmistakable terms, before our unmarried girls; and of all the feminine qualities, shame, delicacy, and reticence are the first to be discarded. The Tree of Knowledge—that upas tree of modern times—overshadows us all alike, and the sweetnesses of womanhood droop and die beneath its poisonous shade. Medical studies carried on in company with men; the country stumped in advocacy of woman's rights, which mean nothing more nor less than the revolution of society and violence done to nature; the country stumped too on questions which no woman who respected herself should touch with her little finger—what chance have our girls nowadays? Born, bred, and fostered in a vitiated atmosphere from first to last, can we wonder if men say sorrowfully that the English girl of tradition is a thing of the past, and if their apologists can find nothing better as an excuse than that they are like so many boys, with no harm in them, but no womanhood? For ourselves, we hold to the expediency of ignorance of some matters—ignorance of vice, of the darker facts of human history, of the filthy byways of life, of the seething under-current beneath the tranquil surface of society. We see no good to come of the early initiation of children into the knowledge that belongs properly to maturity, of the participation of women in that which belongs properly to men alone. We think that there is a charm in maiden innocence, in womanly ignorance, which no amount of bold trafficking in the secret verities of life can make up for, and we grieve to see the small account at which these old-fashioned qualities are reckoned. For eating of the Tree of Knowledge Adam and Eve were flung out of Paradise, and perhaps the analogy holds good for the children of men at the present day.

SOME NORTH LONDON MANORS

THERE have been many books made about separate London localities—books which may almost be considered provincial in their character, so little is there in them of enlarged views, thorough knowledge, or even ordinary research. They are usually mere compilations, and the comparative side of the history they tell is wholly neglected. To seek in such works for any account of the ownership of the ground, or any attempt to trace the descent of a manor, is but lost labour. If one looks for the word "manor" in the index, if there be any index, it probably does not occur. In one modern parochial history of this kind we found "Manners, Lord John, M.P.," but nothing nearer the object of our search. In truth, however, manorial history, difficult enough everywhere, is doubly difficult in the "metropolis," where manorial rights have been early abandoned, and where even greater obliterations may be noticed. For example, the great Hundred of Ossulston, which figures so largely in the Middlesex of Domesday, does not occur at all in the modern lists. It has not, so far as we have been able to ascertain, suffered formal abolition, but for all the purposes for which hundreds may be supposed to exist it has been blotted out. The hundred of *Gara* has become that of Gore. *Heletone* has been turned into Elthorne, and *Spelethorne* into Spelthorpe or Spelthorne. But *Ossulvestane* has disappeared, except from the Peerage, where it gives the Earl of Tankerville (a peerage of the seventeenth century) his second title. On the other hand, some modern hundreds are not mentioned in Domesday, and it may be supposed that, while the suburban portions have become the "metropolis," the more outlying parts have been absorbed into the newer hundreds of Kensington or Edmonton. More than forty distinct Middlesex manors—the majority of them in Ossulston—are mentioned in the Survey, and at least as many more sprang into existence in later years; but of several it may be said, as of the hundred in which they stand, that they are like a famous prebend of St. Paul's, the manor appropriate to which is written as *Consumpta per mare*; for Holborn is *consumpta per urbem*, and Portpool, once a canonical manor, is turned into Gray's Inn. Hoxton is overrun with houses, and so is the great prebendal manor of St. Pancras. The late Mr. Larking possessed a deed in which "Johannes Lestraunge dominus de Knockyn" gives his manor of "Holburne in suburbe Londonie" to his mother, Aline Lestraunge, and two other persons, apparently trustees, with remainder to the heirs of the said Aline; but who are the heirs of Aline now? There is something almost absurd in inquiring nowadays for a lord of the manor of Holborn. The governing body of Gray's Inn may perhaps be regarded as lords of Portpool—perhaps it is the prebendary; but in some cases a further element of confusion is to be found in the leasing of a manor, and especially

of a prebendal manor. Thus the Prebendary of Cantelowes is lord of the manor of that name, out of which he receives, or is supposed to receive, 20*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.*—all that his predecessors have left to him of an estate which now forms the principal possession of the infant Lord Camden. Kentish Town and Camden Town, and Lord Mansfield's beautiful seat at Caen (or Ken) Wood, are all upon the land of this magnificent prebend, to which a clergyman was very recently appointed. The manor of St. Pancras itself, in a like way, belongs in reality to Lord Somers; and here the hold of the prebendary is, we believe, quite honorary, and his lordship is as little acknowledged in Somers Town as that of his prebendal brother at Camden Town. The adjoining manor of Tottenham Court, or Totten Hall—in Domesday *Tothele*, where it is valued at 5*l.* a year—was kept in the prebendary's hands till the fourteenth century; but in 1343 John de Caleton was the lessee, and, after the lease had come to the Crown, it was granted in 1661 in satisfaction of a debt, and became the property, shortly after, of the ducal family of Fitzroy, one of whose scions, Lord Southampton, who is still more youthful than his neighbour, Lord Camden, is the present possessor. Ruggemere has disappeared bodily, unless it survives in the Bedford estate and is merged in Bloomsbury, though it is mentioned among the prebendal manors in the so-called "Domesday of St. Paul's" of 1251.

Whether the Convent Garden and the Long Acre, now parts of the city of Westminster, were originally included in the manor of Westminster, it would be hard to say. Geoffrey Mandeville had a manor of "Ea," which had been in the hands of Queen Emma, as guardian of a minor; but it was very small, and cannot be identified with the great threefold manor of the Abbey, now Hyde Park, Chelsea, and Ebury; but, if Covent Garden and Long Acre are eastern extensions of Westminster, it may be that "Ea" was a later addition to their western confines. Nor is the history of the Lacy estate quite clear; but, if the Earl of Lincoln's "Ian" was a manor-house, which is very possible, it formed the eastern boundary to the Abbey estate. We have already noticed that portion on which the "West-End" has been built; but long before Grosvenor Square was thought of, colonies of lords had settled in Drury Lane and Great Wild Street, and had extended themselves on the Abbey lands south towards the Strand, and north beyond the Oxford Road towards St. Pancras. Here lay the Royal manor of Lomesbury or Bloomsbury, granted to Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, about the same time that John Russell, the first Earl of Bedford, obtained from the dying Edward the lands lying on the north side of the Strand which had been intended by the Protector Somerset to form part of the grounds attached to his new riverside palace. By the death of Lady Russell in 1723 the adjacent estates of Bloomsbury and Covent Garden were united, her son, the second Duke of Bedford, having already inherited from his grandfather the Abbey estate of John Russell. As the devoted wife of William Russell she has gained a place for herself in our history, and as heiress of the Wriothesleys she forms a prominent figure in the Bedford pedigree. It was in her time that Southampton Square, on her own manor, and Southampton Street, on her sons estate, were built, and it was by her sale at the nominal price of 1,000*l.* of a certain messuage known as Plough Court, in her manor of Bloomsbury, that a site was obtained for the great church and pyramidal spire of St. George's in Hart Street. This is the church to which the well-known epigram refers:—

> When Henry the Eighth left the Pope in the lurch
> The Parliament made the King head of the Church:
> But in George the First's time our good Bloomsbury people,
> Instead of the church, made him head of the steeple.

The King's figure used to be supported by a lion and unicorn, apparently endeavouring to scale the pyramid. But a few years ago it was found that they were about to descend, having perhaps determined to give up the attempt after trying it in vain for a hundred and fifty years. So they were carefully helped down, and an unmeaning festoon now occupies their place. The old figures should have been set on the vacant pedestals in front of the adjacent Museum. But Southampton Square has lost its original name, and has adopted that of the manor; and the Board of Works propose, it is said, to rename Southampton Street, Strand, also. But the family is abundantly commemorated, though it has now no residence on either estate. Southampton House stood where Woburn Place is now, having been built when Bedford House in the Strand was pulled down—namely, in 1704. It did not stand a hundred years, and was dismantled and the contents sold in 1800. There is a certain confusion in the nomenclature of the two districts, but any attempt to remedy it will only lead to greater complications.

The manor of Tyburn deserves a notice to itself, for in few of the suburban districts is there more to study. Those who are curious in the gradual growth of London have an endless field open to them. If a man is thoroughly acquainted with the history of London, he knows so much English history that a very little more will be enough. But it would not be easy to find any one who does thoroughly know the history of London, and it is very disheartening to the student to see the abundance of trash shot into the literary market year by year on the subject. The late John Timbs had much to answer for in this way, but he is often unjustly blamed. He did a great deal to encourage the study of London antiquity by making it popular, even though he was himself profoundly ignorant of all but the anecdotal side. But it is to the ignorance and carelessness of writers who profess profundity that we are most indebted for erroneous views. When Miss Strickland took up the stale suggestion that Charing was a corruption of *Chère Reine*, we cannot be surprised that she is followed by the smaller fry of London archæologists; and people who are content to take their authorities at second hand must be willingly deceived. But it is worse when writers who profess to go to the original authorities suffer themselves to make bad mistakes. When a gentleman who read a paper on Domesday at one of the early meetings of the Middlesex Archæological Society talks of the "Abbot of Barking," he merely shows he has either not seen the original or is ignorant of the most common Latin forms. But when he goes on to tell us that "the manor of Tiburn belonged to the Abbot of the Holy Trinity at Rouen," we are startled, and turn to the book for ourselves. In the end, we have to thank Mr. Griffiths for unconsciously pointing out a curious little fact. An "abbey of the Holy Trinity" is a rarity, and that of Rouen is overshadowed by the fame of the greater abbey at Caen, one of the most conspicuous examples of this dedication. "Hermodesworde," or Harmondsworth, belongs, we read, to the abbey "S. Trinitatis de Monte Rotom." The modern archæologist is wrong in giving Tyburn for Harmondsworth, but most of his fellow-topographers have been equally wrong when they concluded that the great "S. Trin. de Cadomo," which owned no manors in Middlesex, rather than the older foundation of Abbot Gosselin on St. Catherine's Hill at Rouen, was the abbey here mentioned.

GOOD CHINA AND BAD PICTURES.

THE report of a recent trial at the Old Bailey may furnish useful matter to some novelists. An Austrian witness deposed that at his first interview with one of the prisoners (Phillips) at the bar, he really believed him to be the son of a lord, or at all events a person of position, from his mode of speaking; and this impression was confirmed by finding that he occupied a suite of rooms "furnished with simple elegance" in the Albany. There were also pictures in these rooms, and a large library. The witness had brought to England a valuable service of Sèvres china which he was commissioned to sell, and he parted with forty-four pieces out of a hundred and five which made up the service without receiving anything for them beyond a few pictures of small value. His evidence was directed to explain how he came to allow himself to be thus cheated. Phillips showed him a picture which he had previously spoken of, and informed him that a lord had offered 2,000*l.* for "the Poussin," but he, Phillips, wanted 3,000*l.* Phillips then explained to the witness his "project" for buying the service, which seems to have been rather a project to obtain from this confiding Austrian the service or part of it without payment. In the first place, Phillips spoke like the son of a lord; next, he was living in "simple elegance" in the Albany; and, further, he stated that a lord had offered him 2,000*l.* for "the Poussin." He also mentioned that his father was a man of fortune, a member of a yacht club, who intended to go up the Mediterranean in his own yacht, and would certainly lend his son 5,000*l.* or 6,000*l.* He added that his mother and sisters were coming to town from Ryde, and that this would be an excellent opportunity for showing them the china. The polite Austrian suggested that the ladies might come to his rooms, but he was told there would not be time for that before they returned to Ryde. Accordingly the Austrian went to the Albany, taking with him a box containing forty-four pieces of the china. The account he gives of what passed there is imperfect and disappointing. The ladies do not appear upon the scene, but there is further talk about the lord and the father who keeps a yacht and will lend money, and in the result the Austrian comes away leaving behind him the forty-four pieces of china, but carrying with him "the Poussin," and having given a receipt for it written on paper bearing a coat of arms and the motto "Vincit omnia veritas." It was perhaps from imperfect knowledge of English habits that the witness failed to explain whether the coat of arms with this beautiful motto belonged to the man who spoke like the son of a lord or whether the paper was merely part of the "simple elegance" of the chambers in the Albany. However, he had parted with the china, he had got "the Poussin," and a van followed him to his door bringing five other pictures. He understood that he had made a "provisional exchange" of china for pictures as a guarantee until Phillips should pay him. Next morning he went again to the Albany, but could not get in, and no nobleman came to buy "the Poussin." He received a letter stating that Phillips was at a hunting party at Beckenham, but he never saw him again until he appeared at the Bow Street Police Court. An expert stated that "the Poussin" was a copy, and not a good copy, just as we may suppose that Phillips was a copy, and not a good copy, of a nobleman. The "Galatea" was "a nice thing for a man who had no judgment to hang up." Taking the six pictures together, 190*l.* was about their value. The prisoner's father was called as a witness against his son, and was obliged to admit that he lived at Weymouth and was a general outfitter, that he never lived at Ryde, and never kept a yacht. He may perhaps have sold stores to those who did.

The principal witness admitted on cross-examination that he had pawned portions of the china to obtain money for the expenses of himself and family. One piece of the china was in Paris at the time of the trial. It was not sold or pawned, and when he liked to go to Paris with 60*l.*, he could have it back again.

He had deposited another piece with a dealer for 500 francs to enable him to return to London. Prince Repnine, to whom the china belongs, had taken this piece out of pawn. The witness admitted that there had been other pawning transactions of considerable amount. In the euphemistic language of the counsel for the prosecution, this witness had been unfortunate in boarding-school arrangements at Trieste in 1859, and in 1864, in consequence of that misfortune, he gave up a considerable sum to his creditors. Altogether he seems to have seen a good deal of life, and scarcely to have been the person to believe in lordly looks and talk of a wealthy father, and of "the Poussin," and the lord who would buy it. Nevertheless, it is not suggested that there was any collusion between him and Phillips, although it is believed that Phillips was the tool of others. To talk a child from his bread and butter would be nothing apparently to the task of persuading this Austrian to part with his employer's china without getting money for it. He might have pawned these pieces as he did others, and thus have got hard money instead of doubtful pictures. There must be something in the air of the Albany that promotes confidence between men.

The only person deserving of sympathy in this business is the landlady of the hotel where the Austrian agent of Prince Repnine resided. He owes her a bill of 200*l.*, and "the Poussin," together with the "Triumph of Galatea," the "Procession of Cupids," and "Galatea and the Satyrs," and another picture described as "Reine Elizabeth nominant son successeur, par Smirke," are, we believe, at this moment in the landlady's possession, and she, it may be conjectured, would be glad to know what to do with them. The only suggestion that occurs to us is that she should refer to the second volume of a recent novel called *Harp and Crown*, where she will find a particular account of the method of disposing of "Linnells" among millionaires of Manchester and New York. The authors might perhaps be induced to impart to this ill-used landlady the precise address of the German whose entire dealings are with "nice things for a man of no judgment to hang up." That dealer, we may be sure, would gladly purchase these five pictures for the amount of the landlady's bill; for, as Mr. Colnaghi said, in answer to Serjeant Ballantine, a man not a first-rate connoisseur may mistake copies for originals; and it might be added that a man who has a large house and a deep purse may be willing to adorn his walls with "the Poussin." The landlady may possibly be threatened with litigation by creditors of Phillips, if they think it worth their while; but that is a remote contingency. It might be contended that the "provisional exchange" of china for pictures having been avoided by the seizure of the china and its delivery by order of Court to the owner's agent, the pictures belong again to Phillips, and that as against him or his creditors the landlady could not detain them. Supposing this to be contended, a question would arise like that about the piano which Messrs. Broadwood lent to a professional musician who occupied rooms at an hotel and quitted them without paying his bill, leaving the piano there. The general rule is that an innkeeper has a lien only on those things which he is bound to take in, and he is bound to take in those things only with which a person ordinarily travels, and, said the Court in that case, "a man does not usually travel with a piano."

The persons who are supposed to have prompted Phillips to commit this fraud have been so lucky as to keep out of the law's grasp. Only Phillips and a porter named Cohen were put on trial, and as Cohen was acquitted, it followed that Phillips could not be convicted of the "conspiracy" charged against them, but no doubt he was also indicted for obtaining valuable property by false pretences. We need hardly remark that it is not a criminal offence to speak like the son of a lord, or to live in chambers furnished with "simple elegance," and of which the rent is paid with considerable irregularity, in the Albany. As regards statements that one has a mother and sisters living at Ryde, and a father who keeps a yacht, our opinion would be less confident; but any man, so far as we see, is entitled to believe, or to say that he believes, that a lord will call at his rooms next day, or that that lord will be fool enough to pay 2,000*l.* for "the Poussin." But whatever may be done in novels by German dealers, the business of selling or passing "copies" of Linnell or Poussin for originals is dangerous in real life. The artist, if he exists, who could paint a "Linnell" so that Linnell would say that he must have painted that himself, although he forgot when, receives, it may be feared, only a poor and precarious remuneration for the exercise of his talents. The millionaire who feels called upon to have a taste does not care to adorn his walls simply with pleasing pictures. He must have the prospect of being known during life and remembered after death as the possessor of unquestionably genuine works of particular masters. Homer makes Ulysses describe for the information of the shade of Achilles the funeral games which were celebrated in that hero's honour, and it would surely be interesting to the soul of a deceased connoisseur to be told the prices which his pictures realized at Christie's. An eminent man sometimes learns from premature publication of his "Life" what will be thought of him after death, but there are no means of knowing what value will be put upon his art collections. The prisoner properly received a severe sentence on the principle on which horse-stealing was formerly punished capitally. There are now many millionaires, and all desire to buy Linnells and Poussins, while only a few can tell a copy from an original. Horses must be turned out to grass, and in the night they may easily be mounted and ridden away. If the result of these proceedings be that the service of 105 pieces has been all recovered for the owner, that is matter of congratulation both to him and to all lovers of art. Perhaps the value of this china may be increased by the perils it has escaped; and certainly a high price will be required to pay for such an expensive agency.

A HOLE AND CORNER QUESTION.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, having discovered that the present time is hardly propitious for a general reconstruction of the Constitution under the guidance of himself and Mr. Odger, and being encouraged perhaps by a previous success in comic literature, on Tuesday treated the House of Commons to what might have been a very readable article in a magazine. It is often said that nothing gives so much zest to a holiday in the country as a taste for natural history; but Sir Charles, somewhat varying the prescription, seems to have diverted himself during a tour in the South of England by a study of the parasitical corporations which are still to be found in various out-of-the-way parts of England. There can be no doubt that his speech is very amusing to read, though it must have been rather tedious to listen to through several hours, and it may also be thought that it was rather too much in the nature of loose gossip to be worthy of the attention of the House of Commons. The stories which Sir Charles picked up in his rambles are obviously not the sort of evidence on which a serious legislative body can be expected to act; and though he wound up with a modest resolution to the effect that it was "desirable to forthwith abolish all criminal jurisdiction exercised by unreformed municipal corporations or their officers, with the exception of that of the City of London, for which due provision had been made by statute," he went far beyond this in his general statement. Apart from his own investigations, he appears to have trusted very much to "a vast number of letters from the respectable inhabitants" of the unreformed municipalities, and he mentioned as a singular fact that "in every one of these letters the inhabitant who writes it informed him that the unreformed corporation of this particular borough was undoubtedly the least efficient and most corrupt of all." Those, however, who have paid any attention to human nature in its general aspects must have observed that there is a common tendency to be dissatisfied with the local authority, whatever it may be. There are everywhere "respectable inhabitants" who are filled with the most intense distrust and hatred of those who manage their local affairs; and, if Sir C. Dilke had extended his inquiries to the reformed corporations, he would have discovered that there also are many people who think that their particular local authority is the least efficient and most corrupt of all. We do not of course mean to say that there may not be grounds for this belief in the case both of unreformed and reformed corporations; but only that it must be proved by evidence very different from the loose talk of the "man in the street" which Sir C. Dilke has collected, before it can be made the ground of legislative action. In a general way, indeed, we are rather tempted to believe much that is said of the rottenness of corporations which are under no supervision and render no accounts; but then we would give the devil his due, which is a fair trial. In these days, when the Government is so fond of Royal Commissions, the condition of the unreformed corporations may perhaps be an appropriate subject of inquiry, and Sir C. Dilke's speech, though not to be accepted as trustworthy evidence, at least furnishes some reasons for looking into the subject. Almost every part of England is now increasing so much in population and importance that the provision of proper municipal administration is a clear duty of the State; and though some of the tricks which are played may be very funny at a distance, they must be irritating to people on the spot.

Sir C. Dilke's first case is that of Fordwich, in Kent. We may set aside the opinion of an ex-mayor and the rector that the Corporation of Fordwich is the worst on the face of the earth; but it is also stated that it consists of a body of six self-elected persons, only one of whom is resident, and who have the right of adding as a seventh any person who will pay 10*l.* These persons are *ex officio* justices of the peace, and hold sessions at which they try criminal offences, and they also license public-houses. They publish no accounts, but they have lands, tolls, and a trading tax, and levy a rate. Their official meetings are held at a public-house, at which it is said "rowdies collect and drink at the expense of the corporation." The present Mayor has held office for twenty-eight years, and his predecessor ruled for forty-four. The latter is accused of having stolen corporate property, and, as there are no published accounts, any mayor who chooses may pocket what he pleases. In Pevensey there is an elected corporation which also holds lands, levies a rate, keeps no accounts, and dines periodically at the public expense. Again, at Seaford the corporation is alleged to have parted with a long lease for two or three hundred years of valuable property to one of their number for 500*l.*, which they then divided among themselves. There seems to be reason to believe that in many of these cases the proclaimed value of the property held by the corporations is far below the mark; and when any one has other people's property in his hands, and nobody to look after him, it may be safely assumed that, human nature being what it is, he is very likely to put it in his own pocket. Formerly the Corporation of Seaford gave 20*l.* a year for the National schools, but they have withdrawn this subscription, and nobody knows, though any one may guess, where the money now goes to. The

Corporation of Seaford has criminal jurisdiction, and we are told that one of its members has been thrice bankrupt under equivocal circumstances, and has also been fined for a street assault, while another has been seen drunk on the bench, and a case is said to be known which was squared in court for a quart of beer. Several of Sir C. Dilke's assertions in regard to Seaford have, however, been promptly contradicted, and it would be rash to accept his budget of gossip without inquiry. At Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, there is, according to the same authority, a large property which is mysteriously sucked up. The returns of property are ridiculously under the value, and the accounts of expenditure command very little confidence. The Corporation of Wareham is a licensing body, and includes three brewers, the result being that it has seven public-houses to every thousand inhabitants, or seven times as many as the ordinary average in England. Corfe Castle is a corporation consisting of a single member, who apparently elected himself—at least there is no trace of any other electors—and though there are, strictly speaking, no revenues, there are large charities and considerable jurisdiction. In this case there was once an application to the Court of Queen's Bench to call upon the Mayor to prove his title, but the Judges held that, as he actually existed, there was a presumption in favour of his right to exist. What will happen if the present Mayor disappears nobody can say. It is fortunate, perhaps, that the lord of the manor, who bears the title of Lord High Admiral of the Isle of Pur and the adjacent seas, and who has power to muster the whole population for military service, is an inoffensive clergyman. The Corporation of Plympton Earle, in Devonshire, some years back bagged a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted and presented by himself, and sold it for their own benefit. Saltash, near Plymouth, levies duties on all ships entering the Sound, and is ruled by a close body of self-elected irresponsible shopkeepers, who job the land among themselves, and lately sold the church font. Lostwithiel is also cited as one of the worst places in all England; but the details involve personal charges which it would perhaps be difficult to prove. It is said to be believed in Lostwithiel that the dominant persons let land to themselves at perpetual leases; and if half of what is said is true, the inhabitants are shamefully used. Sir C. Dilke also assailed the Corporation of Henley-upon-Thames, but he admitted that, "in the total absence of evidence, and complete concealment of accounts," it was impossible "to even pretend to say" what they had done with the public money. This indicates the difficulties which would attend any investigation into these matters.

The debate on this subject afforded another illustration of the deplorable weakness of the Government in regard to its legal advisers. Such a low level of professional capacity in this respect was probably never before reached, and the Government is constantly discredited by the scrapes into which it is plunged by the incapacity of its law officers. The exhibition which the Attorney-General made of himself in the Slave Circular debate must deepen the regret that Sir H. Giffard should have again failed to get a seat in Parliament. On Wednesday the Attorney-General once more distinguished himself by his ignorance and want of judgment, and had to be immediately put down by the Home Secretary, who repudiated his obsolete ideas of law, and took up quite the opposite position. It is clear that, whether in the old technical sense the corporations in question are trustees or not, they have no right to appropriate public money to their own uses, and that every town has a right at least to know, if not to control, the expenditure of its funds. We are certainly not of the school which thinks it either desirable or possible to establish an ideal symmetry in every little detail of local government; and, where old customs do no harm, we should gladly see them preserved, if only as historical curiosities. At the same time, the inhabitants of the places in question have a right to proper government, and the criminal jurisdiction of irresponsible and ignorant shopkeepers is clearly an indefensible abuse. We must also say that we cannot see that there is anything picturesque in the miserable jobbery and plunder which are practised by these obscure and useless corporations. What is wanted is not a sweeping removal of old customs, but a judicious amendment of real abuses; and of course it would be necessary in every case to test the truth of the stories which are told. The Home Secretary's promise to take in hand the criminal and licensing jurisdiction of the unreformed corporations is a step in the right direction, and a general Commission might usefully investigate the whole subject.

A LITTLE-KNOWN DUTCH PAINTER.

VISITORS to Burlington House during these last weeks have had their attention so unceasingly called to the glories of English art exhibited there, that many of them may have missed the few feet of wall where gleam, in happy contrast to the sombre magnificence of the great Melozzo da Forlì, a dozen little masterpieces of the colour and brilliancy of Holland. In æsthetic circles in England, at the present time, Dutch art is undoubtedly not in high favour. Dutch pictures, of course, fetch their price in the auction-room, as was proved last year at the sale of the Brolel collection; but that is probably in consequence of foreign competition, and of the love of rich collectors for time-honoured names. But the opinions of "æsthetic circles" are formed by the critics, the English critics of the present generation have been formed by Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Ruskin's opinions about "the Van-Somethings and the Back-Somethings" are well known. So that there is a real danger lest, in presence of the higher charms of Italian idealism, the charms of Dutch reality should be lost sight of, and *genre* should be voted commonplace, not because it is commonplace, but because it is *genre*. There is a picture among those lent by the Queen to the Royal Academy which in itself is enough to refute the overdone assertions of those who assert that all Dutch art, or all Dutch art except Rembrandt's, is prosaic and soulless. It is a subject that is not uncommon; a girl is playing on the harpsichord while a young man listens. The room is large and the sense of space is heightened by the scantiness of the beautiful furniture; there is little but the polished satin-wood of the instrument and the table with its rich covering. Through an open lattice the light pours in, and rests in bands upon the smooth floor and floods the pale grey wall. These are the elements of the picture, and it is easy to enumerate them; but words can give no notion of the mastery of its treatment, of that "sense of the delicacies of interior tone" which appears in it, as it appears in all the work of this painter and of his two great contemporaries, De Hooghe and Maas. Unfortunately enough, the frame of the picture is labelled with the name of Eglon van der *Neer*. But the preparers of the Academy Catalogue have shown that they knew better than the Directors of the Queen's Galleries, and have changed the name of that Netscher-like painter of satin draperies for that of the real painter of this picture, the rare and precious Jan van der *Meer* of Delft. Ten years ago it would probably have been impossible to make this change; but since then the enthusiastic labours of the Frenchman Thoré, who wrote under the name of Burger, have revealed this great artist to the world. Before that time, to use Burger's words, he had "disappeared behind De Hooghe, just as Hobbema had disappeared behind Ruysdael." Now, thanks to M. Burger, something like seventy of his pictures are known, of which nearly twenty are traceable to a sale at Amsterdam in 1696—the sale either of his own effects or of those of a contemporary admirer. Alas! none of the seventy hangs on the walls of our National Gallery. Sir Charles Eastlake once had the chance of securing one for a nominal price; but he missed it, and no one knows how long it will be before the chance occurs again.

Who was this Jan van der Meer of Delft? Not only is almost nothing known of him, but our ignorance darkens into confusion when we hear that at least three, probably four, other Jan van der Meers occur in the lists of Dutch painters of the seventeenth century. M. Burger, after years of search, ends by crying in despair that he sees a whole phalanx of Van der Meers appearing over the horizon. M. Van der Willigen, in his learned book on the artists of Haarlem, accounts for seven or eight; and with a pardonable excess of patriotism claims for one of his townsmen some of the best landscapes of "le Delftois." But, in spite of the uncertainty of the details, a few central facts are undisputed. It is established that Jan van der Meer, or Vermeer, as he often signed himself, was born at Delft in 1632; that he studied under Rembrandt's distinguished pupil, Carel Fabritius; that, after Fabritius was killed by the explosion of 1654, he almost certainly went to work in Rembrandt's studio at Amsterdam; and that he returned to paint at his native town, where his pictures had great vogue, and sold for extraordinary prices. A garrulous old diarist, one M. de Monconys, who travelled in Holland during the golden age of Dutch art, was surprised by nothing so much as by the prices paid for the work of native artists. "A fainting woman by Mirris (*sic*) for 1,200 livres! Preposterous," he notes in one place. "At *Delphes* I saw the painter Vermeer; and we found one of his pictures in the possession of a baker, who had paid 600 livres for it. It was only a single figure, and I should have thought six pistoles an ample price." Indeed, as Burger remarks, the records of the prices paid in Holland before the infamous invasion of Louis XIV. rival what Manchester pays for David Cox, and Paris for Meissonier, at the present day. It is satisfactory to those who see a difference between genius and mere cleverness, and who know how often the latter outweighs the former in popularity, to find that in their own day the genius of Van der Meer was as much in demand as the cleverness of "Mirris."

There is no better proof of the genuineness and spontaneity of Dutch art than the fact of the number of centres from which all at once it sprang. The schools of Ægina, of Thrace, of Athens; the schools of Siena, of Padua, of Florence, found their humbler Northern counterparts in the schools of Dordrecht, of Leyden, of Haarlem, of Delft, of Amsterdam. To visit the scenes where painters have worked makes one look upon their pictures with new eyes; and this is nowhere truer than with Holland and the Dutch painters. A few weeks spent among the dyke-bound pastures and in the watery cities give a new meaning and a new distinctiveness to the canvases which represent them. Rembrandt becomes intelligible as the painter of a Northern metropolis where wealth and science and serious political activity find their natural home; where Jews and burgomasters, beggars and physicians, goldweighers and triumphant bands of festive archer-guilds, are the common population of the place. Albert Cuyp's broad rivers and deep meadows and sleepy cattle are understood in a moment as one ascends the Maas from Rotterdam to Dort. And even at this distance of time, when Delft has lost all its importance, and even the brightness of its house-fronts; when the place of the great William's murder is shown by apathetic soldiers; when the pottery which has made the name of Delft a household word in Europe has been dispersed till not a crock remains in its native town—even now there is something in Delft which recalls Van der Meer. Its aspect is that of a rich provincial centre, full of a calm

and uneventful life, producing few types of character, and yet nursing a solid intelligence among its children. A superb picture in the Hague Gallery gives the best possible idea both of the town and of the painter. It is a view of Delft where the Rotterdam gate spans one of the smaller canals, while a larger canal flowing from left to right fills the foreground of the picture. Beyond are red houses and red roofs, cool trees and sunny water; the great spire of the new church behind; boats moored to the shore, and soberly-dressed figures near them. Nowhere is the spirit of Holland more fully shown; the exquisitely refined homeliness of Dutch life speaks from this view of a town exterior as plainly as it speaks from the interiors of Terburg, and Van der Meer adds a breadth, a modernness which Terburg never gave.

This "View of Delft," together with a "Street in Delft," in the Six collection in Amsterdam, and possibly one or two landscapes that belonged to M. Suermondt, are about the only specimens of outdoor views that remain to us from Van der Meer's hand. As a rule, he painted domestic scenes, and showed a fondness for single figures; such as the miraculous "Laitière" in the Six collection, the "Girl Reading a Letter"—a faint, almost Whistler-like study of blues and greens and greys—in the Hoop Gallery; here a bride fitting on her necklace; there a young geometer, his hand on his instruments and his eyes steadily fixed on visionary figures in the air. Or, again, he may choose his subjects as Terburg did, and paint a music lesson, as in the picture at Burlington House, or a soldier with a "dame qui rit." But his qualities are independent of his subjects, and are always the same. In technical points, while he never aims at the ivory finish of Terburg or Dow, he has as great a command over his resources as they. To their eye for detail he joins a sense of the mystery of shadow and of the magic of light which we may believe to have fallen like good seed upon his imagination from the teachings of his master Rembrandt. This is what gives to him, to Maas and to De Hooghe, a charm which those other more famous painters are without. So far as they go, no doubt they are absolutely perfect and wonderful; but our wonder at the artist is never in their case mingled with affection for the man. In the case of Van der Meer and De Hooghe, however, affection comes first; they can hardly have helped being men of pure and attractive lives, with their love for happy children and fair mothers, and cool interiors with soft effects of light. They have caught and perpetuated for us the best side of the life of Holland at her happiest moment. What Balzac has said of Flanders is still more true of Holland; her character is summed up in two words, patience and conscience—"patience, the necessary condition of art; conscience, that which alone makes the creations of art durable." "You might think," says Balzac, "that these qualities would exclude the rich *nuances* of poetry, and make the manners of this country as flat as her wide plains, as cold as her misty sky. Not so; civilization has come in to modify everything, even climate. The land which nature had seemed to condemn to dulness and uniformity found in her political relations with the South and East the means of throwing brilliant jets of light across her gloomy atmosphere. From Spain she caught and kept the taste for scarlet, for shining satins, for bold effects of coloured carpets, for feathers and mandolins, for the forms of courtesy. From Venice she took, in exchange for her linens and laces, that fantastic glass which gives to wine a new sparkle and a new flavour. From her commerce with the East she gained the grotesque inventions of China and the marvels of Japan." But, true as this is, it was only after a long and desperate struggle that Holland found herself thus able to absorb the riches of the world. Patience and conscience had brought her by slow and toilsome steps to where she was; had drained her fens, had beaten off her foes, and only then could look for their reward. One short century was allowed to Holland, the century bounded by Philip II. and Louis XIV., and that is the century of Dutch art and Dutch letters, as it is of Dutch prosperity and success. For a moment Holland possessed her soul in patience; she felt herself safe in the hands of Rembrandt's grave Syndics, and of Tromp and Ruyter; she had leisure to look round her and enjoy an exquisite material happiness. It is such a happiness that Van der Meer represents for us, and the very exquisiteness of his eye and touch lends a kind of ideality to it. "Cool places, quiet houses, subdued light, tranquillizing voices"—one is filled with a sense of these as one stands before a picture of his; of these, and with the thought of how lovable Holland must have been in those days, and how much her sons must have loved her.

THE AMERICAN PEDESTRIAN.

THE performances of Mr. Weston, the American pedestrian, have an interest for many persons beyond the ordinary readers of sporting newspapers, and we are glad to observe that the *Lancet* and other medical papers are turning attention to them. It may be useful to note what Mr. Weston has done since he came to London. He undertook to walk 115 miles in twenty-four consecutive hours, and he invited W. Perkins, the English champion at fast walking, to join the performance, with the understanding that the one who walked the greater number of miles in that time should receive a silver cup. Although Perkins had recently performed the remarkable exploit of walking 8 miles in 59 mins. 5 secs., his powers at a long journey had not been adequately tested; but nevertheless the challenge was accepted on his behalf. The Agricultural Hall, Islington, was chosen as the scene of operations, and the difficulty arising from the obligation to close the Hall at 12 P.M. was surmounted by application to the police, who gave leave to continue the match during the night in presence of officials and members of the press. It is not wonderful that the accounts published of Mr. Weston's performances by American newspapers have been received in this country with hesitation or even incredulity, because it is difficult to feel sure that times and distances have been accurately taken. But after what has been lately seen it may be readily believed that Mr. Weston walked in 1867 from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, a distance of 1,326 miles, in rather less than twenty-five days. The undertaking was to walk this distance within thirty consecutive days without walking on Sundays, and Mr. Weston not only rested on Sundays, but for an entire day besides. This performance made Mr. Weston famous as a pedestrian, and many others followed. One of his latest in America was a walk of 500 miles at Newark, N.J., in rather less than six days.

The match between Weston and Perkins took place on the 8th and 9th of February. The start was made at 9.25 P.M., and at 11.41 A.M. Perkins gave up, having walked rather more than 65 miles. It is only fair to quote his statement that he never attempted a long-distance match before, the furthest he ever walked being 8 miles. Weston, when Perkins retired, had nearly completed his 71st mile, and within twenty-four hours he walked 109½ miles. After he has actually done this under our view, the boast of the gentleman in search of employment, that he would walk from Chicago to St. Louis in some very short time, "if the track did not give out," ceases to appear extravagant. Except a trifling blister Weston's feet were uninjured, while "the swollen and bleeding condition" of Perkins's feet and his manifest nervous exhaustion were attested by a medical certificate. Another match was made between Weston and a man named Clark, who must have been almost unprepared, and the start for this match was made at 9.45 P.M. on 15th February. Both men walked on artificial tracks of loam and gravel laid down in the Agricultural Hall. In the former match Weston walked on a similar track, but Perkins walked on the boards. Clark resigned the contest at 9.35 A.M., having completed 55 miles. Weston went on alone, did 100 miles and a fraction in twenty-four hours, played "God save the Queen" on a cornet when he had done 126 miles, and, having completed 180 miles in forty-eight hours, stopped. It is said that Clark's feet were blistered, not badly enough to prevent him from walking, but certainly to prevent him from winning. Last week Weston made another match, the time being increased to seventy-five hours, and his opponent, Rowell of Cambridge, having 50 miles start. The result of this match was that Weston walked 275 miles within the appointed time, and Rowell 175 miles, so that the latter did not nearly win even with the start he had. "The American addressed the audience at the termination" after the manner of his countrymen. The only difficulty about making any more matches seems to be that there can be no opponents except time, who is but dull company. A band of music did its best to keep up Weston's spirits, and the spectators, we may be sure, made all the noise they could.

There are not, so far as we know, any special reasons for expecting this kind of endurance in an American. Formerly settlers in what were then the Western States were necessarily great pedestrians, as is shown by the current saying that if you had time for your journey you might ride your horse, but if you were in a hurry you had better walk. But in America, as with us, the necessity for long walks has almost disappeared. The brigade of Guards made formerly countless marches between London and Portsmouth, but now they would go by rail. Sir George L'Estrange, in his *Recollections*, published not long since, gives a portrait of himself as an ensign of the 31st Regiment, playing the flute on horseback, to coax a lot of wild Irish recruits along the road from Portsmouth to Ashford. Formerly a sailor, shipped perhaps at Sunderland, might be wrecked, or otherwise get ashore at Falmouth, and there would be nothing for it but to walk home, begging as he went. Under these circumstances a man had every inducement to keep going, and distances have been done in times that would now be thought remarkable. A more celebrated instance is that of the Dutch Admiral, De Ruyter, who, as a boy, was shipwrecked on the coast of Spain, and walked back to Holland. Forty or more years ago, Mr. Cochrane started from Paris, intending to walk to Siberia, and we believe he got as far as Moscow, and perhaps he went further. There must have been many soldiers of Marlborough's time who had walked every step of the way from Ostend to Blenheim on the Danube and back, and if we may suppose that shoes were not then so good as they have since become, it follows that feet must have been far better. Jeanie Deans's walk from Edinburgh to London, with the various lifts she got on the way, is one of those passages of fiction that are much like truth, and she, like the sailors of whom we have spoken, would probably prefer to walk barefooted. The fact that in England in the last century there were almost no hard roads was not unfavourable to pedestrianism, and as a good walker could travel as fast as any cheap conveyance, the habit of walking must have been largely developed. Students usually walked to Oxford and Cambridge to keep their terms, and there is mention in the Life of Bishop Jewel of a staff which was his favourite companion in these journeys. All this, however, belongs to a bygone world, and we might have thought that the change of habit, which has been great among ourselves, would be even greater in America. When roads were better horse expresses came into fashion, and men lived eighty years or more ago who could ride from Liverpool to London; but now such a ride would

be thought as extraordinary as one of Mr. Weston's walks. It is all a question of habit, and particularly of leather.

There is of course a wide difference between walking on a prepared track at the Agricultural Hall, with reclinings, rubbings down, cups of tea, slices of lemon, lumps of ice, a brass band, and 5,000 spectators, and any performance which may be called natural. But unless a match is walked under perpetual supervision there is risk, we will not say of unfairness, but of the suspicion of it. Lately we observed that all the resources of the Government of the United States did not avail to get the distance exactly measured between Cheyenne and an Indian station to which stores had been conveyed under contract; and, therefore, we might suspect that, for adequate consideration, uncertainty might be introduced into other measurements. There are numerous trials of horses recorded in various times and countries which we regard as practically worthless, for want of that businesslike accuracy of observation which has now become habitual with the reporters of our sporting journals. After all that Mr. Weston has done here, his time and distance from Portland to Chicago may be taken as accurate; and it appears, therefore, that during twenty-five out of thirty consecutive days he walked on the average 53 miles a day, or for about thirteen hours daily at the rate of four miles an hour. If this performance is compared with those of our best vacation tourists, it will probably appear that they fall far behind the American in continuity of work. The most energetic mountaineers like to have their "off days," and such an undertaking as a walk from Portland to Chicago, besides other difficulties, might seem insupportably dull. It may be said, on the other side, that if a man once got his feet hard, and fell into the habit of walking 50 miles a day, it would be as easy to go on as to leave off, or easier, and there is some truth in this. It may be added that, in the last century, people did not mind being dull. When they were not in motion they would go contentedly to sleep. As things are, however, we should doubt whether a suitable opponent for Weston will easily be found. He must be almost exclusively in possession of the habit of these two or three days' continuous walks. Before the days of telegraphs, it used to be said that despatches for the Turkish or Russian Governments were sent by man and horses, and the rider was always the same, but the cattle were changed frequently; and the men who did this work showed the same kind of endurance as Mr. Weston. On looking over the time-table of his second match, published in *Bell's Life*, we are perhaps more impressed with his endurance than by any general description. The time for every mile is given from 9.45 P.M. on Tuesday, 15th February, to the same hour on Thursday. Many miles were done in slightly under or over thirteen minutes, and in only fourteen instances do we find any number of minutes exceeding nineteen recorded. Thus, it may be said that he only rested fourteen times; and, further, he never rested more than forty minutes at once.

A body of literature already exists on the subject of pedestrianism, and it will be doubtless augmented by descriptions of Mr. Weston's boots or shoes, socks, and other equipments. After all, however, as has been said regarding arms and armour, the principal point is what kind of man there is inside them. Judicious and continued training will do much, as was shown by the march of the British Light Division to Talavera in 1809, when it did 62 miles in twenty-six hours of the hottest weather of the year, leaving only seventeen stragglers behind. This would not be wonderful as an individual performance, but we doubt whether, with the best training, a body of modern troops could do as much, and yet the boots are better and the men as good as they were then. But national habit has greatly changed. It must be remembered that on a campaign the pedestrian has only one pair of feet and also frequently only one pair of boots. The actual condition of things is vividly represented by Sir George L'Estrange, when he tells how Sir John Byng, commanding a division, lent him a pair of shoes, and said that he should not be above taking them back when the subaltern's own kit came up. There is a practical air about directions for the care of feet and boots by men who have walked for weeks under the consciousness of having only one pair of each, and therefore one is inclined to heed such advice as that of Colonel Shaw, who, as the result of his own experience in Spain and Portugal, assures us that there is nothing like soft-soap, advising the campaigner to eat as much meat and drink as little as possible. It may be doubted whether science or practice has got much beyond soft-soap since he wrote. Mr. Weston, be it observed, has already walked three good men off their legs, and we are not so much surprised at their failure as at his success. It would be interesting to know more as to his "pedigree," if we may so say, and his early training.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF LORD PALMERSTON.*

MR. ASHLEY'S continuation of Lord Dalling's Memoir of Lord Palmerston is in all respects superior to the earlier work. Lord Dalling's materials illustrated almost exclusively the diplomatic transactions in which he had himself been employed. Mr. Ashley's account of the later part of Lord Palmerston's career is continuous, although it is for the present incomplete and even fragmentary, perhaps in consequence of the necessity of maintaining proper personal and official reserve. As Lord Shaftesbury says in an interesting letter on Lord Palmerston's character, many of his contemporaries are still alive, and the Sovereign whom he served is still on the throne. Mr. Ashley may perhaps at some distant time explain in a fuller biography the relations of Lord Palmerston with the Crown, with his colleagues, and with his political contemporaries. The greater part of the present publication consists of Lord Palmerston's letters, which are in the highest degree characteristic. His written style was as frank, as lively, and as free from conventional stiffness as the conversational manner which pleased the House of Commons better than rhetorical declamation. Mr. Ashley shows himself a skilful and judicious editor, though he might perhaps sometimes have with advantage made his connecting narrative fuller. His concluding summary of Lord Palmerston's character and the occasional anecdotes which he introduces display literary ability and good taste. The personal intimacy which arose in the first instance from family connexion, and the official relation which he bore to Lord Palmerston as Private Secretary, have furnished Mr. Ashley with abundant opportunities which he is fortunately capable of using. A wide difference of years probably renders him more competent than a more equal contemporary would have been to make Lord Palmerston's character intelligible to the present generation. No statesman, indeed, was more free from mystery or from complexity of nature; but the circumstances in which Lord Palmerston's activity was exerted have during the short interval since his death become partially obsolete. His most eminent successor had been, even when both were members of the same Cabinet, utterly opposed to him in policy and temper; and Lord Palmerston had in his later years, though he was at the head of the Government, been compelled to modify the system on which he had acted during his long incumbency of the Foreign Office. Mr. Ashley says that

> the years of his last administration of the Foreign Office have this peculiar feature about them, that they form the last period of active intervention by England in the affairs of foreign countries. We appear to be removed from that epoch by a wide interval. It seems difficult for us now to imagine the despatch of a British legion to assist a sovereign against a portion of his subjects, to realize a Quadruple Alliance in which England should join to secure the succession to a Continental throne, or even to believe in the advance of a British fleet to protect a weak neighbour from wrong.

The Spanish Legion and the Quadruple Alliance are precedents which may be departed from with little regret. It is not strictly accurate to date the period of non-intervention from Lord Palmerston's dismissal in 1851, since the Crimean War, which was perhaps an indirect consequence of his retirement, began two years later; but in spirit and substance Mr. Ashley is in the right. During more than twenty years Lord Palmerston, by a vigorous policy and a demeanour which sometimes bordered on menace, preserved uninterrupted peace. The ostentatious timidity of Lord Aberdeen immediately resulted in the Crimean War. A similar tone and tendency at a later period were rewarded by the humiliating payment of the *Alabama* penalty and by the Russian repudiation of the Treaty of Paris. The correspondence furnishes additional and superfluous proof of Mr. Gladstone's strange mistake in asserting that Lord Palmerston had anticipated the brief duration of the treaty; but the change in English policy is not altogether due to the degeneracy of Lord Palmerston's successors. The vast increase of modern Continental armaments has rendered England relatively weaker, except for defensive purposes; and, as Mr. Ashley justly remarks, the extension of popular power and the diffusion of a superficial knowledge of public affairs deprive Foreign Ministers of the independence which Lord Palmerston enjoyed and practised during his tenure of office.

It is a relief at the beginning of Mr. Ashley's work to find that there is nothing more to be said on the tedious subject of the Spanish Marriages. The following years were occupied with the agitation which found vent in the revolutionary outbreak of 1848. In the meantime Lord Palmerston had encouraged the Confederate Government of Switzerland to crush the Sonderbund, in defiance of the remonstrances of Austria and France, and he had despatched Lord Minto on the Italian mission which was at the time misinterpreted both by Italian patriots and by reactionary Governments. Lord Palmerston's instructions and the efforts of the Envoy were directed, not to the promotion of popular disturbance, but to the chimerical object of confirming the Pope in the Liberal tendencies which he professed, and of warning the Princes of the danger of resisting the just aspirations of their subjects. The denunciation of mixed education in Ireland by the Roman Catholic prelates, at the instigation of the Holy See, disabused Lord Palmerston of any reliance which he might have placed in the moderation of Pius IX. It is to be hoped that Lord Minto communicated to the Pope a letter in which Lord Palmerston authorized him to assure the Papal authorities

> that at present, in Ireland, misconduct is the rule, and good conduct the exception, in the Catholic priests. That they in a multitude of cases are the open, fearless, and shameless instigators to disorder, violence, and murder, and that every day and every week, the better conducted, who are by constitution of human nature the most quiet and timid, are being scared by their fellow-priests, as well as by their flocks, from a perseverance in any efforts to give good counsel and to restrain violence and crime.

If Lord Palmerston supposed that remonstrances on merely moral obliquities, such as a propensity to murder, were likely to find sympathy

* *The Life of Henry John, Viscount Palmerston, 1846-1865, with Selections from his Speeches and Correspondence.* By the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.

at the Vatican, he exhibited an ignorance of Papal nature which was perhaps more excusable thirty years ago than it would be at present. It cannot be denied that the mission of Lord Minto was a failure, though it was not necessarily a mistake. The Austrian Government, both before and after the events of 1848, regarded Lord Palmerston as an enemy, because he deprecated the support of despotism in Italy by Austrian arms. M. Guizot, down to the moment of his fall, encouraged Metternich in his reactionary policy; but only a few days before the Revolution of February Lord Palmerston urged the English Ambassador at Vienna to impress on the Austrian Chancellor the danger of provoking a war in which England and Austria would not be on the same side. "In that war, whatever Louis Philippe and Guizot may promise, the principal champions contending against one another would be Austria and France." The Italian revolution preceded by a short time the insurrection in Paris, and, while Charles Albert prepared for the invasion of Lombardy, the King of Naples and other Italian despots hastily promised a constitution. Lord Palmerston consistently advised concession to the reasonable demands of their subjects, though he probably foresaw that cowardice would on due occasion be supplanted by perfidy. On the fall of Louis Philippe he instructed Lord Normanby to maintain friendly, though unofficial, relations with the Provisional Government, and to make the new rulers understand that they must respect the independence of Belgium. Soon afterwards his firm language had the effect of checking Lamartine's impertinent expressions of sympathy with Irish sedition, and it gradually appeared that the Revolution had rather diminished than increased the risks of misunderstanding between England and France. The agitators who overthrew Louis Philippe had clamoured for war with England chiefly for the purpose of damaging the Government. Having attained their object, and having succeeded to the responsibilities of power, they had no longer a motive for affecting hostility. If Louis Philippe and his Minister disliked Lord Palmerston, their antipathy was fully returned. In one of his letters he expresses an unfounded belief that Louis Philippe had paid the expenses of a couple of charlatans who were returned to Parliament for the purpose of accusing Lord Palmerston of being in the pay of Russia. One of his assailants was soon prudently bought off, while the other, who was probably incorruptible, subsided into utter insignificance.

The account of the unexpected dismissal of Lord Palmerston from office in 1851 is full and interesting, though Mr. Ashley has, probably through consideration for Lord Russell, abstained from notice of one of the oddest circumstances in the transaction. At the close of the Session of 1850 Lord Palmerston had achieved his greatest Parliamentary triumph. In consequence of a censure on his conduct in the affair of Pacifico which had been carried in the House of Lords, Mr. Roebuck moved in the House of Commons a vote of approval of the foreign policy of the Government. The blockade of the Piræus and the seizure of a certain number of Greek vessels had at first been generally disapproved, under the popular impression that Lord Palmerston's vigorous action had been exercised against a weak and helpless adversary. His vindication of the justice of the proceeding perhaps produced less effect than the incidental disclosure of the firmness with which he had baffled the intrigues and defied the threats of Russia and France. In a speech of four hours, delivered with untiring energy, he defended his policy in all parts of the world; and the announcement of a majority of between forty and fifty on the division was received with enthusiasm by his party. It was on this occasion that Sir Robert Peel, two or three days before his death, said in an adverse speech, "We are all proud of him"; and Lord John Russell, in winding up the debate, declared, amid the cheers of his followers, that Lord Palmerston was "not the Minister of France, of Austria, or Russia, but the Minister of England." It could hardly have been supposed that within six weeks the Prime Minister who had eagerly sought a share in the popularity of his colleague should convey to him a severe and unprecedented rebuke for the very policy which had been, at the instance of, Lord John Russell, sanctioned by the House of Commons. The debate on the Greek blockade ended in the last days of June; and in August, as soon as the Session was over, Lord John Russell forwarded to Lord Palmerston a Memorandum from the Queen to the effect that the Foreign Minister was in future to lay all important despatches before Her Majesty on pain of dismissal. There could be no doubt that the Queen, or rather the Prince Consort, intended to censure Lord Palmerston's conduct in the Pacifico affair; and Lord John Russell, by transmitting the communication, adopted as his own a reproof of the policy which he had recently defended in the House of Commons. When the document was, after an interval of a year and a half, made public, much surprise was felt at the submission of a proud and self-confident Minister to the disapproval of his conduct by the Queen and by his own principal colleague. His apology was to the effect that his resignation in August 1850 would have raised an issue between himself and the Crown, that a decision against himself would have been fatal to his future career, and that he considered it his duty in all circumstances to abstain from impairing the Royal authority. From that time he must have been conscious that he was regarded with jealousy by Lord John Russell, but he seems not to have appreciated the insecurity of his position. The Session of 1851 was chiefly occupied with debates on the absurd Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; and the Hyde Park Exhibition attracted more general interest than any political question. In the autumn of the same year the struggle between the French President and the Assembly was approaching a crisis; and Lord Palmerston from the first anticipated and desired the success of Louis Napoleon. His policy was not heartily adopted by his representative at Paris, the weak and incapable Lord Normanby. The Ambassador was influenced by personal intimacy with the Burgraves, as they were nicknamed—Thiers, Odilon Barrot, and Tocqueville—and he entertained constitutional scruples which Lord Palmerston thought inapplicable to the newly-manufactured Republic of France:—

> As to respect to the law and Constitution [he wrote to Lord Normanby], which you say in your despatch of yesterday is habitual to Englishmen, that respect belongs to just and equitable laws framed under a Constitution founded on reason, and consecrated by its antiquity, and by the memory of the long years of happiness which the nation has enjoyed under it; but it is scarcely a proper application of those feelings to require them to be directed to the day-before-yesterday tomfoolery which the scatterbrained heads of Marrast and Tocqueville invented for the torment and perplexity of the French nation: and I must say that that condition was more honoured in the breach than the observance.

When Louis Napoleon closed the Assembly by force, Lord Palmerston intimated orally to the French Ambassador, Count Walewski, his satisfaction with the result of the struggle; and his communication was, as might have been expected, transmitted to Paris with some exaggeration of its tone. Lord Normanby, who received instructions to make no change in his relations with the French Government, was surprised and offended on hearing from M. Turgot of Lord Palmerston's conversation with Count Walewski. Lord John Russell immediately called Lord Palmerston to account; and, after receiving his explanation, he peremptorily announced his dismissal. It was during the subsequent explanations at the beginning of the Session of 1852 that Lord John Russell read to the House of Commons the Queen's Memorandum of August 1850. Although Lord Palmerston had been the most popular, and incomparably the ablest, member of the Government, those who disapproved of the late Revolution in France were at first disposed to justify the decision of the Prime Minister; but Lord Palmerston informed the House that Lord John Russell had himself expressed to Count Walewski in stronger language his own approval of the act of the President. Lord John Russell had not been aware that his conversation had been repeated to Lord Palmerston, and in his opening speech he had not thought fit to communicate to the House either his opinions on French affairs or the fact that they had been transmitted to the French Government. Lord Palmerston had perhaps not sufficient proof of the existence of a foreign intrigue to which he attributed his expulsion from office; but the impression which was produced abroad furnished the strongest testimony to his influence on the politics of Europe. Every Liberal on the Continent regretted a change which delighted the partisans of absolutism. Mr. Ashley quotes the well-known German couplet in which it is recorded that,

> If the Devil has a son,
> Then be sure it's Palmerston.

Mr. Lear, in one of his pleasant books of illustrated travel, tells a story of his own arrest in a remote town of Southern Italy by a drunken policeman, who mistook the signature of his passport for the name of the bearer. The officer dragged the suspicious stranger along the village street with an exulting shout of "Ho preso Palmerstoni." Prince Schwarzenberg, then all-powerful in Austria, had the bad taste to give a ball expressly in celebration of the supposed disgrace of his English opponent. Like Prince Bismarck, to whom in other respects he bore little resemblance, Lord Palmerston acquired by habitual plainness of speech credit for deep and dangerous designs.

The indulgence of a petty feeling of jealousy had the result of transferring, during the remainder of their joint lives, the first place in the Liberal party from Lord John Russell to his fortunate victim. Within a month Lord Palmerston drove the Ministry from office by an Amendment in favour of a serviceable Militia on a Bill for constituting a merely local force; and on the fall of Lord Derby's short-lived Government Lord John Russell found that he would not again be accepted as Prime Minister. In Lord Aberdeen's Government Lord Palmerston was with difficulty persuaded to serve as Home Secretary; but he liked the office, and he displayed in the discharge of his duties characteristic ability and vigour. The policy which he recommended at the beginning of the dispute with Russia was overruled by the timid Prime Minister; but Lord Palmerston, as the present publication for the first time proves, was the original author of the expedition to the Crimea. At the close of the first year of the war Lord John Russell again threw over his colleagues, with the immediate consequence of making Lord Palmerston Prime Minister. Sir James Graham, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Sidney Herbert at first consented, at the urgent request of Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Newcastle, to remain in office; but they soon found a pretext for secession, and Mr. Gladstone from that time became the most bitter opponent of the Government. On the Chinese question, and afterwards with better success in the matter of the French Colonels and the Conspiracy Bill, Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright coalesced to drive Lord Palmerston from office. Lord Derby's second Administration occupied the interval while the Liberal party was engaged in healing its internal divisions. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell agreed that either would acquiesce in the election of the other as Prime Minister; and Lord Palmerston, having been fortunately preferred, succeeded in persuading Mr. Gladstone not to complete the alliance which he had all but formed with Lord Derby and the Conservative party. From that time to the end of Lord Palmerston's life it is due to

Lord Russell to say that he gave cordial and loyal assistance to his ancient colleague and former rival. Taught by troublesome experience, Lord Palmerston had evidently resolved that, as long as he was himself Minister, Mr. Gladstone should not again be in Opposition. A chronic antagonism of character and principle was judiciously concealed by management, by patience, and by occasional concession. Trusted by Parliament, universally popular in the country, and powerful on the strength of his well earned reputation, Lord Palmerston, after a six years' term of office, died Prime Minister, at the age of eighty-one, retaining his faculties, and even his bodily strength, almost to the last. In a brief space it has only been possible to refer to a few passages in his long career, but all who take an interest in recent history and in political biography will derive pleasure and profit from the study of Mr. Ashley's interesting book.

THE INDIAN ALPS.*

IT is scarcely accurate to say, as the "Lady Pioneer" does in her title-page, that she has given us a narrative of two years' residence in the Eastern Himalayas, and of two months in the interior. At any rate, the allotment of space to these divisions of time is extremely unequal. The book consists of more than six hundred pages; but at least five-sixths are taken up with the trip into the interior, while the first hundred pages comprise the journey from Calcutta by rail to Sahibgunge, the tedious crossing of the Ganges, and the hot stages across the plain of Purneah through the Terai, to the hill-station of Darjeeling. A more correct description of the work is, we readily admit, to be found in the preface, which shows that the writer sent home long accounts of her adventures in search of the picturesque amidst snows and passes, and then expanded them into this goodly volume on her return to England. We infer, from certain allusions, that she is the wife of one of the Government chaplains on the Bengal establishment; and that, when her husband had the luck to be offered an appointment the hill for two years, the usual limit for those happy lands, it was thought expedient to lose a fine chance of crossing the Great Rangjeet river exploring Sikkim, and getting as near to Kunchinjinga or other monarchs of the mountains as the nature of things would allow. The fault of the work is its diffuseness. Its merits, however, are not inconsiderable. The writer's observation is penetrating and quick. The descriptions are lively, and they are set off by a quantity of vignettes, ten large coloured illustrations, and a map. No pencil, not even Turner's, and no pen, not even Mr. Ruskin's, could reproduce exactly the magic effects of sunrise on the Himalayan snows, or the masses of the tropical storm clouds as they appear sometimes to gather round the peaks and sometimes to surge from the plains. But we are bound to say that several of the drawings go a good way to make the reader comprehend the vast heights of the Himalayan summits and their appearance by moonlight, while the sketches of Bhootia and Lepcha women, coolies, ponies, isolated rocks, and swinging bridges are decidedly happy. Nor has the ground been preoccupied by too many writers. Others have told us of Simla, Chini, Spiti, and Kashmir. Darjeeling, though well known to residents in Calcutta and all Lower Bengal, has never been a political centre of attraction. No Viceroy, as far as we know, has ever visited it. Lady Canning went there on a visit in the autumn of 1861, and her untimely death was owing to the seeds of a malarious fever contracted either while she was sketching in one of the valleys of the Ranjit or as she crossed that belt of jungle at the foot of the hills which, in Oriental parlance, is known as the Terai. In fact, difficulty of access and excessive rainfall have hitherto prevented Darjeeling from renovating the jaded frame and the exhausted energies of many a civilized "working-man." The Lieutenant-Governors of Bengal may spend a month or six weeks there, but barristers, civilians, merchants, and all who get leave, generally find it more feasible to run up to the more remote Simla or Mussoori. The question is one not of distance, but of time and convenience. From Calcutta to Umballa there is a railroad for 1,150 miles; forty miles of carriage road take the traveller to the first slope of the hills, and forty more, over ranges of 6,000 feet varied by descents to the beds of torrents, land him at Simla. Rather more than two hundred miles of railway separate Calcutta from Sahibgunge on the way to Darjeeling. But thence the journey resembles an excursion in England before the era of Macadam. There is first the Ganges to be crossed by a small steamer, and in the dry season this process may take up half a day. And next begins a crawl of some forty-eight hours over a road recently constructed, and across rivers and streams not yet spanned by bridges. Above all, there is the dreaded Terai, from which the journey to Simla is free. The difficulty of access is a matter which the new Darjeeling railway will speedily cure. But the excess of rainfall must defy the efforts of administrators and engineers. Instead of seventy-five inches, as at Simla, the invalid must be prepared for about a hundred and fifty at Darjeeling; and for a rainy season, which, instead of being compressed into three, may expand into five months of the year. On the other hand, the view of the snowy range from Jelia Pahar, and the heights around and above Darjeeling, is probably unrivalled in the whole world. Simla has nothing like it. And the lower slopes and ranges have been found profitable for the cultivation of tea. The history of Darjeeling is only briefly referred to in this work, and it is so little known comparatively in England that a few words may not be out of place regarding the sanatorium of one of our oldest provinces.

The territory once belonged to the Raja of Sikkim, with whom we were first brought into contact after the Nepaulese war, in 1815. It was our object to prevent this small principality from being swallowed up or annexed by the Goorkhas, and, in the course of the usual disputes and countercharges on the subject, the advantages of Darjeeling were brought to the notice of Lord William Bentinck by a certain Captain Lloyd, and by an ancient civil servant who held the now abolished post of Commercial Resident at Malda. The Raja, whose revenue was paid in kind from an area of some 1,550 square miles, by a population then numbering about 7,000 souls, was only too happy to cede us a small parcel of territory for a sum of 600*l.* in cash a year; the Governor-General, as the Treaty of Cession aptly puts it, "having expressed his desire for the possession of the Hill, on account of its cool climate, for the purpose of enabling the servants of Government suffering from sickness to avail themselves of its advantages." We are sorry to record that the perverseness of the Raja of Sikkim has cost us two petty wars; one in 1849, and the other in 1860. He had an obstinate and wrong-headed Dewan, whose talents were devoted to kidnapping our subjects, vexing and harassing all kinds of "interests," maintaining slavery, and preventing the resort of settlers to our ceded territories. Those campaigns, which must not be confounded with the Bhootan campaign of 1863-4—to which, however, they bear a strong family likeness—ended, of course, in the discomfiture of the Raja and the banishment of his evil counsellor. The ruler had to put up with the loss of more territory; his allowances were stopped; he was compelled to send an agent to reside at Darjeeling, and he bound himself to discourage slavery and kidnapping, and to permit our officers to visit and survey the country in the interests of commerce and science. Since that period tea has flourished to a considerable extent near Darjeeling: scientific and accurate data have been procured for our trigonometrical surveys; and it is now shown that a lady can traverse the country without involving us in a war of retribution, or encountering any sufferings more grievous than those caused by exposure, want of provisions, or incompetence on the part of her native guides.

The author and her husband were joined in this expedition by a gentleman who figures as "C." in the narrative, but whom, from his title as the *burra Sahib*, and the respect paid to him, we take to be the Superintendent of Darjeeling himself. The gentlemen rode on ponies as far as these animals would go. The lady was carried in what is called a *dandy*, correctly described as "a kind of reclining chair of cane, suspended by leather straps to a strong rim of wood the shape of a boat, with a pole at each end." They had some half-dozen servants, and thirty-two coolies or porters for the baggage, supplies, and tents. Sometimes they lodged in a hut extemporized out of bamboo poles and leafy boughs. One inconvenience of this resting-place was that sundry half-tame buffaloes took a fancy to the leaves, and threatened to eat up the abode during the night. At first considerable annoyance was felt from mosquitoes and insects, but these disappeared as the travellers got to higher levels, and as the chestnut took the place of the plaintain, and, higher up, rocks, *névé*, and ice displaced even the pine. The author makes light of the difficulties and inconveniences felt in the earlier part of the route; but when they had to get rid of their ponies and to diminish the number of their attendants, the whole party were exposed to a series of trials which might have furnished no matter for jocular writing. We make out from the map that, after a short excursion into Bhootan, the author and her companions retraced their steps, and followed the Singaleela range of hills, attaining sometimes to an altitude of more than 12,000 feet. From this they had intended to cross to a place called Yangpoong, which lay to the right of their course. But, owing either to the jealousy of the native chief or to the incompetency and faithlessness of the guide, or to all three united, they failed in this object altogether. Instead of finding themselves in a nice oasis of green pastures, they went on falling into ice-holes, chilled with the mist, and exhausted by the rarefaction of the air, until, with sinking hearts and diminished supplies, they found themselves miles away from their point, ascending a field of perpetual snow, at an elevation of 17,000 feet, just under a huge and forbidding giant known as Junnoo. It was very soon evident that to toil on with Asiatics, the best of whom, at a pinch, was below the standard of pluck displayed by the youngest inmate of the *Goliath*, a bewildered guide, and an empty larder, was a hopeless task, and one which might have resulted in a terrible calamity. And we give the writer all the credit for jumping, with womanly quickness, at the conclusion that the only thing to be done was to "return at once." And so they did. Their hardships in the retreat, the cold and wretchedness, the sinking from delayed hopes down to the depth of despair, the shifts to which they were driven, the doles of rum and brandy and dry biscuits served out to the fainting coolies who lay down by the side of the path, and the quiet determination of the three white faces, are all effectively told. It is clear to us that the preparations for such a trip were insufficient. Tins of meat and biscuits, and rice and pulse, ought to have been provided on a more ample scale; and in a country where Dawk bungalows—*i.e.* Government rest-houses—do not exist, stores

* *The Indian Alps and how we crossed them; being a Narrative of Two Years' Residence in the Eastern Himalaya, and Two Months' Tour into the Interior.* By a Lady Pioneer. Illustrated by herself. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1876.

of provisions ought to have been sent on and deposited at intervals. It was obviously unwise to trust so much to a native potentate, who, like all others of his class and politics, saw no good in the invasion of these irrepressible Englishmen who never can enter a bazaar without asking tiresome questions about the exchange of local commodities, and never can get a fine view of plains or rivers without transferring them to paper for some unknown but diabolical purpose. However, the adventurers did return in safety, and they paid a visit to the Buddhist monks at Pemionchi, not very far from the junction of the Ratong and Ringbi rivers with the Great Ranjeet, which visit gives occasion to an interesting description of the lives, devotions, and litanies of these Oriental celibates. The measured and harmonious chanting of the Lamas might move many an English churchman to envy. We congratulate this lady, who can describe hills as well as climb them, that an expedition in which the forethought was not equal to the conception should not have resulted in anything more serious than a chilblain, some cracked lips, a touch of fever, and a broken shin or two.

A few criticisms are, however, indispensable. Urdu phrases, as might be expected, are scattered about the book, but are by no means of equal merit or accuracy. One sentence put into the mouth of a certain functionary named the Tendook, about a perishable body and an immortal soul, is so neat and epigrammatic that it might find a place in one of the sermons of the Rev. Mr. ———, if he ever preaches to a native audience. Other little expressions are not up to the average of ordinary Anglo-Indian talk. The word for the walls of a tent is *kanát*, and not *kernaught*, which is neither Arabic nor English. And where the writer intended to say "kuch neh," or "nothing," she says "khoosh nae," which is decidedly "unpleasant" or "displeased." Then we are treated to sundry little connubial episodes about F. and his trombone, *i.e.* his snoring at nights, which might as well have been omitted, even if duly chronicled in the homeward budget of household details. Some illustrations of native ways and characters are, however, introduced with very good effect; and we are glad to make the acquaintance of a stout fellow named Goboon, who, oddly enough, reminded the author of David going out against Goliath, though his only adversaries appear to have been Philistines in the shape of bears that kept out of sight: of a woman named Funchyng, and of a giant nicknamed Hathi, or Elephant: and of Lattoo, a pretty Bhootia girl, aged nineteen, whose death, from what reads like consumption, forms a pathetic ending to the volume. We hear something also of Soubas and Kazees, and other potentates of Sikkim, and there is a fat Bengali Baboo, who was only too glad to turn back when travelling became a serious matter. The mention of this particular class introduces a begging-letter, which is meant to show how Oriental thought expresses itself in an English compound of slangy expressions and stilted phrases. All we can say is that, if the letter be the genuine production of a half-educated Hindu, the signature of Ram Ghose Mukarji cannot possibly be genuine. No Bengali can be both *Ghose* and *Mukarji*. The former designates one of the three highest houses of the Kayast or writer caste. Mukarji is one of the five *Kulin*, or first-class Brahmins of Bengal. And though we know that an Englishman can represent four dukedoms, or be both a peer and a baronet, no power, divine or human, can make a Hindu partake of two castes. There are some other mistakes which might have been avoided. One of the most celebrated of Raffaelle's pictures is usually known as the *Madonna della Sedia*, or *Della Seggiola*, and not *Madonna di Sedile*. The French phrase "pour combler de misère" has surely one unnecessary letter in the second word. It is curious, too, to trace the imitation of Dickens's style, and of his well-known trick of endowing inanimate things with life. The following must have been inspired by the *Chimes*, or the *Cricket on the Hearth*:—"The wind, increasing each moment, no longer blew, but cut one like knives, and gave one slaps in the face and boxes on the ear, hitting out hard and straight, as though it meant it. It hissed savagely and howled dismally," and "scoured round the coolies in glee," and so on. We are sorry to notice one other passage, which we trust may either only indicate a momentary fit of temper on the part of "F.," or else be one of those lively sallies which Dr. Johnson every now and then reprehended in Mrs. Thrale. A *Padre Sahib* may, or may not, have "respect for the Mohammedan creed"; but we pray that his wife's fears that "he likes to interrupt them when engaged in their religious exercises" may be groundless. An idle subaltern might pretend not to be aware that his Khidmutgar, or table-servant, was occupied in his devotions, and might call for soda-water; but we should hardly look for this sort of boyish freak from a minister of the Church of England. We repeat that this assertion ought to have as little foundation as the statement that good and orthodox Moslems should prostrate themselves three times a day. Genuine Moslem orthodoxy, in India, requires the *Namaz* to be said five times. However, the book has, as we have said, considerable merits. The country is comparatively new, the situations are picturesque and striking; the endurance shown tends to throw light on the problem why we are in India, and why, when we do lead, natives, whether Sepoys or coolies, must follow us. But we should not recommend ladies, or even gentlemen, who go to Darjeeling to shake off the languor of the plains, to follow the writer, unless they are prepared to see their paint freeze on the paper into a thin sheet of ice as it leaves the brush, hot water become a solid lump in a few minutes, and intense cold inflame the eyes and freeze up the young blood.

STOPFORD BROOKE'S PRIMER OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

A GREAT book, we know by the proverb, is apt to be a great mischief. To make up for the too many instances of this kind, however, we do sometimes meet with the contrary instance of a little book which is a great good, and such a one is this little Primer of English Literature contributed by Mr. Stopford Brooke to a series of useful little books. A brief, rational, and connected account of the writings which have assured the place of English among the great languages of the world, and of the men who wrote them, is manifestly a thing much to be desired, if the English language is to take, as surely it ought to take, a regular and important place in the education of English youth. Such a thing can hardly be said to have existed before this, at least in a separate form, and Mr. Stopford Brooke has supplied the want in a wonderfully small compass—although we must remark that the compass allotted to him is rather too scant for even the most condensed treatment of his subject—and, on the whole, with wonderful success. He does not affect an impossible simplicity, or assume that he is speaking to absolutely ignorant people, who have everything to learn from the book, and from the book only. On the contrary, he seems to assume throughout that he is dealing with at least fairly intelligent learners, and in some places that the learner will have at hand a fairly, or more than fairly, instructed and capable teacher, as the standard of teaching goes at present; but this is either no fault at all, or a fault so much on the right side that it would be a great mistake to lay stress on it. Also much of the usefulness of the book will naturally depend on the manner in which it is used. If it is treated as a school-book to be simply read by itself, so that one may be able to answer questions out of it, then it will doubtless be of some use—most likely far more so than the common run of books professing to give the same kind of information—but of much less use than it ought to be. If it is not thus worked through in a series of lessons and then laid aside, but kept at hand as a book of reference and explanation, to accompany the orderly reading of select specimens of English literature, such as those given by the Clarendon Press, and to fill up the tale of the literary surroundings of the chosen works, and the literary character of the intervals between them, then it will be used in accordance, as we presume, with the writer's intention, and in the way that will best enable it to produce the results at which it aims.

The first good point to notice about this book is that which strikes us at the very beginning; it is to be found, of course, in larger books, and perhaps in some school-books, but we have not as yet seen it distinctly given in any book smaller and more elementary than Mr. Kington Oliphant's *Standard English*. Mr. Stopford Brooke frankly accepts and firmly insists upon the perfect historical continuity of the English language and literature. Without hesitation or ambiguity he names Cædmon as the father of English poetry—a statement which is so near the truth that we will not stop to discuss its literal accuracy—and Alfred as the father of English prose; and at the very end of his course he looks back to the beginning over the twelve hundred years that have passed between the date of Cædmon's work and that of Mr. Tennyson's latest poem. Thus the pupil who has this Primer put into his hands can scarcely escape acquiring one leading conception about his own language which cannot be acquired too soon or too thoroughly. Another merit, and of a different kind, is in the handling of the great leading names; and this, it seems to us, is really the main thing to look to in a work of this kind. Doubtless it is important that the list of writers of lesser fame should be carefully chosen, their rank justly estimated, and whatever account is given of them sufficient within its bounds. But it is still more important that the student should be brought up from the first in a right and clear view of the greater lights. Let him learn aright something of those men whose names mark an epoch in letters, of the spirit of each one's work and the place he filled in his time, and in any case an assured good has been won. If he does not find the time or means to enlarge his knowledge afterwards, then he has at least made use of what time and means he had to know that which is best and most needful. If he does find them, then the new knowledge will readily group itself round the central points once established, and will fall without special effort into the fitting order. And therefore it is perhaps that, on taking up for the first time such a book as this, one turns, not to the least known, but to the best known, parts of the story; to the writer's account, not of those authors whose works one cannot well hope that the greater part of his readers will ever handle and judge for themselves, but of such as Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth. Now this is exactly where we find Mr. Stopford Brooke to be the strongest. It would be an easy and not unnatural course to deal with the greatest poets simply by assigning them a greater proportion of space than others; one might fill up this space with their biographies, more or less well and skilfully written as the case might be, or with a catalogue or bibliographical account of their writings, or with a mixture of both; and it would be impossible for a critic to say that there was any harm in so doing. But Mr. Stopford Brooke is not content with any such procedure. He gives in each case a real poetic biography; he shows how the man's work was a part of his life, and the expression of its character and conditions from time to time, so that any one who reads this Primer aright will

* *Literature Primers. English Literature.* By the Rev. Stopford Brooke, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

not merely know of Chaucer, for example, that in certain decades of the fourteenth century there lived this Chaucer, who wrote such and such poems, and that these things are proper to be remembered if one wants to do well in examinations, but will have a living conception of the man and the poet Chaucer for which he will be the better, whether he is ever examined upon it or not. So in the case of Shakspeare, instead of a mere catalogue of his plays, followed by generalities about his greatness, there is a sketch of his life which brings out in a short compass what little may be known of its events, and of its reaction on his art, and this with such skill as to give a fresh significance to that little even for a reader already possessed of the facts; and the plays are interwoven in this account in the probable order of their production. Mr. Stopford Brooke, however, feels bound to be scrupulous as well as interesting, and adds in a note at the end of the chapter (we presume for the benefit of teachers) a frank warning that the arrangement of the plays is at present conjectural. So, again, the same qualities appear when we come to Wordsworth, though in the case of so modern a poet the rational treatment is perhaps less remarked, not being so manifestly different from what one has been accustomed to meet with. In a similar spirit the writer is careful not only to give the general facts of English literature in this or that period, but to make each period historically intelligible, and show what it had to do with the times next before and next after it. Thus attention is called betimes to the general interest in letters that prepared the way for the great Elizabethan writers, and to the more or less successful efforts of lesser men which preceded their triumph. Among the prose books of this time we are glad to see that Ascham's *Toxophilus* receives honourable mention, though its "quaint but charming English" does include, it must be confessed, though it is needless for students of the Primer to know it, some of the worst English hexameters ever written. In a later chapter, again, we are duly led up to the revival of poetry which has marked the present century; and here it is very satisfactory to see full prominence given to Blake as a forerunner of this movement. There is a little slip about Chatterton. His Rowley Poems were not "written with the old spelling," but in a spelling never seen before or since, which Chatterton imagined to be like old spelling.

A competent space is set aside for the History of modern prose, including the novel. It seems to us that Mr. Stopford Brooke goes rather too far in depreciating the Elizabethan and exalting the modern style. He says that when prose composition had become a complete art, "the boy of eighteen had no difficulty in making sentences which the Elizabethan writer could not have put together after fifty years of study." Surely this is a rather intemperate statement for an elementary book, and a double-edged compliment withal. In spite of the advantage of being "born, as it were, into a good school of the art of composition," many writers of our own time, of all ages from eighteen upwards, have no difficulty in making sentences which certainly no Elizabethan writer of any note either could or would have put together at any time after his studies were fairly begun. It also seems rash, though it is afterwards partly corrected by the context, to define the novel as arranging and combining events "round the passion of love and its course between two or more persons." It must be admitted, however, that the refractory instances, of which one can lay one's hand on several in French, are very few in English literature—*Tristram Shandy*, for example, being hardly a novel at all. As to this immortal eccentricity, by the way, Mr. Stopford Brooke's phrase "labyrinthine humour and falsetto sentiment" is in itself a happy one—that is, it is seen to be so by a reader who knows *Tristram Shandy*; but it is quite impossible to say what meaning, if any, it will convey to a boy who has not read *Tristram Shandy*. But this is one of the inevitable difficulties of condensed critical writing. Some other things we have noticed as not unlikely to fly over the heads of those for whom we presume the Primer is intended. They will not know, without explanations which do not occur in the text, who or what were "the fry of Grub Street"; nor will they appreciate the subtle distinction taken in the remark that Wordsworth is poetic in form even when he is prosaic in thought, and the accompanying allusion to Coleridge's criticism; and there is still less chance of their understanding some little bits of philosophy which come in now and then, in a manner that would be quite natural in a more advanced work, but which for this purpose it would have been better to keep clear of. Again, there is a certain excess of metaphorical expressions; it is desirable to have as little as possible of them in a first book, for nobody knows what odd things may not come into young heads by misunderstood metaphors, and give much trouble before they come out; and besides, the necessary condensation of language hardly leaves room for them.

We have grave doubts whether it would not have been better to say nothing of living writers. For once the pressure of space is too much for the teacher, and he breaks into a hurried and unordered list of names, which even as a list is insufficient. Students who have acquired an intelligent interest in the really historical part might be trusted to find out the living writers for themselves at their own time. All these, however, are but minor matters for consideration, possibly for revision when occasion comes, and are as dust in the balance against the general excellence of the work.

MERK'S EXCAVATIONS AT THE KESSLERLOCH.*

THOUGH less rich and varied in osseous deposits than some of the better-known caverns of Tertiary date, the recently discovered Kesslerloch cave has yielded results of no mean interest and value illustrative of the presence of man in Southern Europe during prehistoric times. For the discovery and exploration of this cave we are indebted to the sagacity and perseverance of a young votary of science, Mr. Conrad Merk, at the time Government teacher of practical science at Thayngen, a town of some mark in the canton of Schaffhausen, near the borders of the Grand Duchy of Baden. It was on a botanical excursion in the summer of 1873 that the cave of Kesslerloch first attracted Mr. Merk's attention, its mouth being nearly closed by the abundance of Alliaria officinalis, of which plant he was specially in quest. Pushing with some difficulty through the dense foliage into the yawning space in the background, he was astonished to find himself surrounded by bare walls of rock. Having given some attention to geology and prehistoric lore, the idea at once struck him that here might be found traces of human occupancy in remote ages. The pressure of other duties obliged him to put off further inquiry for six months; but early in December he set to work, aided by two of his elder pupils, shovel and pickaxe in hand, and for seven weeks pushed on the work of excavation with gratifying success. The Natural History Society of Schaffhausen now taking up the task, the cave was thoroughly explored, with the results which are set forth in Mr. Merk's interesting monograph, extracted from the Transactions of the Society, and well translated by Mr. John Edward Lee.

This curious cave took its name of Kesslerloch from having been the abode some fifty years ago of a family of tinkers or wandering smiths. It is situated in the side of a steep mass of white oolitic or jurassic limestone, here about 30 feet high, the last outpost of the Swiss Jura in the direction of Schaffhausen. The cavern has two entrances. That to the south, 10 feet broad, is about 7 feet above the level of the valley, and towards the west widens out into a cavity 23 feet long and from 3½ to 5 feet high. The eastern or principal opening, now distinctly seen from afar in the perpendicular rock, but then hidden by brushwood, forms a broad level portal 41 feet wide and 11 feet high. The cave extends about 51 feet into the interior, but decreases rapidly both in breadth and height. In the centre a pillar of weather-worn limestone upholds the roof, and behind it a kind of wall or screen divides the recess of the cave into two chambers. The roof and walls show various fissures and projections, which with numerous stalactites of all sizes give the whole a highly picturesque aspect. The entire superficies is set down by Mr. Merk as 2,000 square feet, and its cubical contents about 10,500 cubic feet. An ample supply of light from numerous clefts and fissures must have rendered it a highly eligible abode in troglodytic times.

The uppermost bed to be cut through and cleared away was a mass of rubbish formed of small and large angular blocks of white Jura limestone, fallen from the sides and roof, not rounded or worn by water; its thickness in front being from 47 to 55 inches, but decreasing towards the interior to 4 inches, or even less. One of these stones was fully 5 tons in weight, and must have caused an unpleasant surprise to the prehistoric group upon whose heads it probably came down. Some time was taken up in clearing away this upper rubbish, amounting as it did to nearly 4,300 cubic feet. Beneath it lay, in parts, two beds of stalagmite from 12 to 19 inches thick, so hard that it had to be broken up by gunpowder; both of the beds showed on the underside numerous bones with a few worked flints, a proof that when the stalagmite had begun to form the cave had been inhabited. Over the whole cave, under the rubbish, whether covered by stalagmite or not, there lay a rich black deposit, called the relic-bed (*Kulturschicht*), from its containing so many remains of early or incipient civilization, with a mass of bones of animals long since passed away. The thickness of this bed diminished towards the interior, suggesting, Mr. Merk thinks with reason, the inference that the early denizens of the cave had their day or working room in front, where they also took their meals, the hinder recesses serving for their sleeping space. What could not be eaten of their food was cast aside, after a fashion which is currently believed to have descended to mighty Oriental potentates of the present day, little heed being given to the unpleasant effluvium which must have been given off by the decaying animal matter. Our author is enabled out of the evidence yielded by these remains, and the conditions under which they were found, to draw a tolerably vivid picture of what may have been life in an ordinary prehistoric circle:—

> The bones in this bed, which were of a yellowish white colour, were easily preserved, but some few of the bones were so rotten that they crumbled to pieces in the hand. Many of the bones were either partially or entirely infiltrated with iron and manganese forming dendrites. In several places of the relic-bed there were hearths of different sizes, round which in general there were several slabs, which probably were used as seats for those who were sitting round the fire.
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> On the north side of the cave there were three rather large slabs of what is called "oolitic marble," imbedded in fine rich loam. These may probably have been used as raised sleeping places or couches. Who had the distinction of occupying them, whether all the members of the clan, or merely the chief, we must leave undecided. At all events, I cannot agree with the view that these slabs were used as hearths or places of offering, for neither the

* *Excavations at the Kesslerloch, near Thayngen, Switzerland.* By Conrad Merk. Translated by John Edward Lee, F.S.A., F.G.S., &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

slabs nor the loam show any trace of the action of fire. Neither can these slabs have been used as tables for working the loam upon, for not a single fragment of pottery was found in the whole of the relic-bed. It is quite clear that the slab is of the same age as the bones and implements found here, for a narrow strip or band of the relic-bed runs quite underneath it, while round about it it is much thicker. It is a peculiar and interesting fact that the relic-bed in front goes down deeply under the present surface of the valley; this has led me to many considerations as to the age of this bed, to which I hope to refer subsequently. Under the relic-bed, and extending over the whole of the cave, there was another bed *coloured red* with oxide of iron, and which consisted, like the others, of crumbled limestone. This bed also contained a number of bones and implements which were better preserved than the others, as they were constantly surrounded with the water of the soil, and thus were less exposed to the decomposing influences of atmospheric air. Here I may remark that water is very essential for the preservation of bones. Doubtless in prehistoric times every convenient cave was inhabited; but from the want of water the human and animal remains in the course of thousands of years have disappeared from the majority of these caves, so that with the exception of the flint-flakes every indication of the former inhabitants has been lost. The cave lately found in the neighbourhood of Berne is a proof of this.

The thickness of this second relic-bed varied from 14 inches to 2½ inches. It was not coloured black, probably because then the number of the Troglodytes was not so great, consequently the remains of their feasts were less, and the products of their decomposition were partly dissolved by the water and washed away underground.

Under this deposit lay an undisturbed stratum of yellow loam. The remains of bones gathered from this relic-bed weighed not less than thirty hundredweight. Every bone had been split up, with the obvious purpose of extracting the marrow, as is the custom with the Esquimaux at the present day. Not a single bone or fragment of bone but was thus broken. Nor was a single skeleton found entire. Not a sharp instrument of any kind, but some blunt implement, as a stone, had evidently been used for the purpose of fracture; nor did any bone show signs of being gnawed by animals—the inference being that man was not only the first but the only occupant of the Kesslerloch. Examined by Professor Rütimeyer, the osteological characters of these bones have yielded much valuable information regarding the fauna of the age and district. A comparative table exhibits with great clearness the various species whose remains are here represented, together with the proportions in which they are met with; a second table giving in parallel columns the corresponding statistics of the well-known caves of Belgium and Swabia, those of Veyrier and Aurignac, the kitchen-middens of Denmark and the lake-dwellings of Switzerland. With English caves we regret to find the writer so little acquainted as to be found excluding this country from the list of those in which the remains of the cave-bear are met with, an omission which has been very properly supplied by his translator. By far the most numerous remains yielded by the Kesslerloch are those of the reindeer, nearly ninety per cent. of the whole, at least as many as two hundred grown animals and fifty young ones being represented by the teeth and bony fragments brought together. The stag (*Cervus elephas*) is sparingly represented, and still more so the Urus (*Bos primigenius*), and bison (*Bos priscus*). Of the tame ox (*Bos taurus*) only two phalanges were met with, apparently identical with those of the marsh-cow of the lake-dwellings. The chamois and ibex have left a few of their remains. Of the Solidungula the horse alone is represented, the genuine *Equus caballus*. The number of animals eaten in the cave seems to have been about twenty, one-fifth of them young animals. They appear to have been not less in size than those of our day, but narrower in the hoof. The large proportion of foals naturally points to the animals having been wild, since, were they domesticated for use, they would scarcely have been taken for food so young. The pachyderms of the Kesslerloch are the mammoth or mastodon (*Elephas primigenius*) and the woolly rhinoceros (*R. tichorinus*); only three teeth, however, of the latter (an aged specimen it would seem) having been met with. Of the mammoth a considerable number of bones occur, of all ages, chiefly from the lower relic-bed. A tusk was found fifty-three inches long, weighing forty-two pounds; but, in spite of the most tender care, it fell to pieces. We have here another and a conclusive proof of the contemporaneousness of man and the mammoth. The wolf, fox, wild-cat, and lynx are shown to have yielded food to these cave-men, nor was the cave-lion too tough for them, sundry teeth and fragments of jawbones attesting the presence of this long extinct carnivore. Of birds there were the ptarmigan, the wild goose and swan, the sea-eagle, and raven. The vertebræ of a common snake, and bones of the shrew-mouse, and frog, probably indicate a more recent visitation of the cave. No vestige whatever presented itself of the pig, or of the red-deer, so common among the lake-dwellings and the Danish refuse-heaps, nor yet of the hyæna, whose numerous remains betoken his occupancy of Kent's Cavern, Torquay.

Although no human bone has been discovered among the *débris* yielded by the Kesslerloch, the presence of man is vouched for, not only by the condition of the bony fragments before mentioned, but by other clear indications. In no single case, perhaps, have specimens of man's early workmanship been turned up in equal multiplicity, variety, and excellence. Flint flakes, not less than 12,000 in number, weighing 7 cwt., have been picked out of the rubbish, many of them fine in shape and size, having evidently served as knives or lance and arrow heads, or as scrapers and other tools, besides sundry "cores," from which the flakes were struck. Other implements and weapons were made of bone, chiefly that of the reindeer, of which countless fragments were found in all stages of progress, indicating most clearly the mode of manufacture. The lithographic plates appended, fifteen in number, give admirable representations of the various classes of objects. Nowhere in prehistoric times does art appear to higher advantage than among the rude men of Kesslerloch. One or two of the worked flints or earrings are rounded and embossed with a degree of taste and finish by no means to be despised at the present day. No trace of metal has been met with, if we except a lump or two of iron pyrites. A single fragment of pottery with round holes stamped in the clay, similar to those met with in many lake-dwellings, alone represents the plastic art of that early day. But beyond all, for artistic treatment and perception of nature, are the etchings of animals upon smoothed antlers of the reindeer, and in one or two instances upon pieces of coal. The best preserved as well as the best executed of these are the heads and whole side figures of horses, and, beyond all, the highly expressive full length of a reindeer browsing, which Mr. Merk's interesting little volume shows upon its cover. Nothing can well surpass the fidelity to nature which the early artist has put forth in the attitude of the animal, whom he had obviously before his eyes as he scratched the hard horn with his simple burin of flint, the backward sweep of the branching horns being given with consummate truth. This etching is worthy of rank by the side of the well-known mammoth from the caves of Southern France. Of inferior purity in taste there are vague indications in a couple of pieces of soft ruddle, or red oxide, strongly suggestive of the practice of painting the face. With this pigment a slab of stone is found to have been regularly coloured.

Altogether, from the absence of metals, of ground stone implements, of any trace of corn, or of domestic animals, an age may be inferred for these simple savages earlier far than that of the lake-dwellings in the neighbourhood. Mr. Merk's closing remarks make out an inductive argument of great force for a range of time far back in the Glacial age, when the glaciers stretched far into Northern Switzerland.

THROUGH THE AGES.*

THE Count de Pomar some time ago produced a work entitled the *Honeymoon*, which bore an external resemblance to a novel. The resemblance to many novels was carried further by the extreme folly of its contents, which consisted in part of a collection of letters on the subject of Spiritualism, mixed up with the transmigration of souls. It is an ancient opinion enough that the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird; but it remained for the Count de Pomar to devote volumes of trash to connecting this creed with the modern folly of table-rapping. There is something, however, far worse than mere trash in the bulky volumes with which he has followed up the *Honeymoon*, and which he has been pleased to call "A Psychological Romance," thus reminding us of one of Mr. Disraeli's most brilliant works. With a condescension that cannot be too highly commended, the later writer has in his preface quoted from Mr. Disraeli's introduction to *Contarini Fleming* a passage which begins with the words, "I am desirous of writing a book which shall be all truth;" and he has modestly added, "This has also been my object in writing the following pages, which have sprung as it were naturally out of those of the *Honeymoon*." If it were natural that any one should write the *Honeymoon*, it might no doubt be also natural that he should follow it up with *Through the Ages;* but if the Count de Pomar's object really was to write a book which should be all truth, he has taken very singular means to obtain it.

The hero of the *Honeymoon* was a certain Lord Carlton, who had married a "lovely Spanish bride" named Conchita. *Through the Ages* opens, two years after his marriage, with the death of Conchita at Carlton Hall. Lord Carlton's fears for this event are presented to us with a sublime bathos. He had lingered long smoking his Havannah on the stately marble terrace that encircled two sides of the old building, and he trembled at the thought that she might be called to quit the old tower for a more beautiful and enduring mansion. "I could think of nothing else; I tried over and over again to drive the maddening idea from my oppressed brain; but no, it would return, and each time more horribly distinct than before. A thought came over me, 'Could this be a presentiment?' and my heart sank within me at the idea. 'But no, it cannot be!' I exclaimed; 'the doctor told me only half-an-hour ago that she was going on as well as we could hope under the alarming crisis which was causing us so much anxiety.'" But Count de Pomar displays considerable originality in departing from the rules of ordinary novelists who kill off their characters in order to get rid of them. Conchita only dies in order that she may reappear. Lord Carlton after her death makes a voyage to America, during which he obtains, from watching the phosphorescent light on the sea, "a consolation that not all the sympathy of my friends could obtain for me with their stereotyped consolations." Certainly the phosphorescence on the water has the merit of not being stereotyped, but where its comfort comes from it is not so easy to see. Lord Carlton travels in America, and makes some records, which are doubtless interesting, of his impressions. "Fifty years ago, months were necessary to transmit news to Europe, to hold, indeed, any sort of communication with the Old World. To-day the electric telegraph flies the broad Atlantic with the rapidity of lightning, and our message is received in America four hours before it left London." He presently takes occasion—and here we may suppose that the name of

* *Through the Ages: A Psychological Romance.* By the Author of "The Honeymoon." 3 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1876.

Lord Carlton is a veil for another—to "thank the different companies of the American railways and their presidents for their unbounded kindness," which never allowed him to pay a railway fare, and often even provided him with "sumptuous luncheons." But the sumptuous luncheons are found less admirable than Niagara, of which the writer says, "Great God! who can describe the effect this glorious sight has on the heart of thy adoring creature!" Apparently Count de Pomar imagines that he is the person who can do this, for he proceeds to do so in the person of Lord Carlton. He also gives a description of Luna Island, where he saw "the extraordinary phenomenon of the lunar rainbow, which, I believe, can only be seen here." This belief is as singular as that in Spiritualism, to which *Through the Ages* owes its existence. He also goes below the Falls, and finds that much amusement is derived from the waterproof dresses assumed for that purpose; "but here," he adds, for the guidance of future travellers, "all the fun ceases, for the excursion is much too dangerous to be amusing or even pleasant."

These experiences, however, are the least important which Lord Carlton undergoes. When he returns to New York he falls in with a believer in Spiritualism who wonders that he has never been at a *séance*, and feels sure that now he has lost his dear wife he must need it. Moved by this argument he goes to the house of a well-known medium, and there receives a "communication" written on a slate by the dead Conchita. The next day after this occurrence he spends in "arguing," as he is pleased to call it, against himself on the subject of Spiritualism, and appeals to "the Vedas, the Eddas, the Zend-Avesta, the Koran," and "a magnificent article in the *Fortnightly Review*." The next day at the medium's house Conchita appears to him: a detailed account is given of the vision, and a foot-note to the chapter states that "The apparition described in the preceding chapter is not imaginary, but was really witnessed exactly in the manner related by the author, at the house of Dr. Slade, 143rd Street, New York." This reminds one of the marvellous stories which writers of Miss Edgeworth's time were wont to insert in their books, and confirm with the words "A fact" in a note. Their method had the advantage of Count de Pomar's in conciseness. In the course of another voyage Lord Carlton meets a certain professor, who finds in the well-known fact of persons thinking that they still feel an amputated limb, "proof positive that the spirit and the body are of the same shape," whatever that may mean. It may perhaps be a way of accounting for the ghost of a cocked-hat, and for the pieces of fabric which the celebrated spirit Katie was accustomed to dispense to her friends while she was yet believed in. Some time after this, Lord Carlton, after dreaming of Conchita, finds on his table a mysterious paper covered with unintelligible marks, which he is kind enough to reproduce, and which turns out to be a letter written in cipher—why in cipher it is idle to inquire—by his dead wife. Not long after this Conchita herself reappears, and in a kind of Arabian Nights Entertainment running through the greater part of three large volumes discourses not only of the things which happened to her after her death, but of those which occurred to her in former states of existence before she was Conchita Vargas. In the course of the third volume the author—for we may fairly take Lord Carlton here to represent himself—observes, "I shall be laughed at, called a fool, a blasphemer, a madman. I care not, for by such names Socrates, Galileo, Columbus, and a host of others were known before me, whom men at last have learnt to appreciate in their proper light." We think it highly probable that Count de Pomar will be called by all these names; but we are not disposed to accept his inference that he will go down to posterity with Socrates, Galileo, and Columbus. It is indeed easy enough to appreciate him in his proper light at once.

We should not have inflicted on our readers any notice of the rubbish which he has compiled but for one fact. He has said that the name of blasphemer is likely to be applied to him, and this is one of the few true things in a book whose avowed object is to be all truth. What name, indeed, could be more fitly given to an author who makes part of a novel out of things which have been told, most people will think better than he can tell them, by the Evangelists? It sounds incredible, but it is not the less true, that a large portion of the Arabian Nights Entertainment provided by his spirit wife for Lord Carlton is taken from the New Testament. Mary Magdalene appears as the central figure of what might be a fourth-rate French novel, and the Saviour is frequently brought on the scene. The author reprints the Sermon on the Mount, substituting "you" here and there for "ye," and changing the last words "great was the fall of it" to "great was the fall thereof." He also records two or three of the miracles, which, by the way, he ascribes to the influence of magnetism, partly in the familiar language of the Gospel, partly in his own. Having said thus much, it is hardly worth while to add that the author's own language is in other passages decidedly coarse. We need not trouble our readers any longer with this distasteful subject; but it seemed desirable to warn them against a book which, appearing in the guise of a novel, contains not only a vast amount of folly, which is not strange in novels, but also a large amount of profanity, which happily is. Count de Pomar ends his volumes by observing, "I am glad I have at last come to the end of this long and wearisome book." He is the only person who is likely ever to complete this journey.

ENAMELLING IN ANCIENT GAUL.*

IT has long been supposed by French antiquaries, and is still believed, notwithstanding recent discoveries, by the majority of them, that the ancient Gauls were not skilful enough in the arts to understand and practise enamelling. The excavations on Mount Beuvray which have now been pursued for many successive summers by the learned President of the Société Éduenne have, however, not only brought to light a certain quantity of Gaulish enamelled work, but have even exhibited the workshops of the enamellers, with abundant evidence that they had laboured there at this particular occupation. A brief account of what has been discovered about ancient enamelling on the Beuvray has been lately published, and will supply material for the present article; but the writer may add that he is perfectly familiar with the locality where the objects were discovered, and was actually present when some of the most interesting discoveries were made. He has also carefully examined many of the specimens found when he was not on the spot, and therefore, whatever confirmation he may give to the views of the authors is the confirmation not simply of a critic, but of an eye-witness.

We have not space to enter into the great controversy about the situation of the Gaulish fortress of Bibracte. Until recent investigations it was almost, though not quite, universally believed that Bibracte and Augustodunum were the same place, or, in other words, that the Gaulish city of Bibracte occupied the site of the modern Autun. All the geographies used in schools all over the world say that Augustodunum was built on the site of Bibracte. A few French antiquaries have, however, at different times expressed the opinion that the Gaulish fortress-city more probably occupied the summit of Mount Beuvray, an isolated *mamelon* at the extreme south of the Morvan hills, about two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and twenty-five kilomètres west of Autun. An expression of Strabo in the following passage appears to confirm this view:—

Μεταξὺ μὲν οὖν τοῦ Δούβιος καὶ τοῦ Ἄραρος οἰκεῖ τὸ τῶν Ἑδούων ἔθνος, πόλιν ἔχον Καβυλλῖνον ἐπὶ τῷ Ἄραρι καὶ φρούριον Βίβρακτα.

Here the ancient geographer makes a clear distinction between a town, Châlon, and a fortress, Bibracte, between *πόλιν* and *φρούριον*. The latter word, having been used to distinguish hill-forts from fortified towns, appears especially to indicate that Bibracte must have been built upon a hill. There was evidently also an etymological connexion between Bibracte and Beuvray, the transition having been effected through the historical form *Bibractum*. These considerations led to a thorough investigation of the subject, not only by antiquaries in their studies, but by excavators with spade and pickaxe working under the direction of M. Bulliot. The consequence of these works, pursued year after year with admirable perseverance, has been the disinterment of hundreds of Gaulish dwellings on the top of the Beuvray within a complete circle of ancient ramparts which run round the hill very much as a laurel crown goes round the head of a Roman general. The question is now therefore very generally considered as settled, and even Hachette's guide-books now place Bibracte on the Beuvray.

The results of the excavations show that on the arrival of the Romans the Gaulish fortress was no longer one of those temporary refuges where the surrounding rural population went in times of danger to obtain protection for their goods and cattle; it was a sort of town, where men of different occupations went to live regularly that they might be protected in the exercise of their industry. The trades would appear to have had their special quarters in the place. The part of Bibracte which has hitherto been most thoroughly explored seems to have been occupied exclusively by workers in metal. They lived near one of the entrance gates, from which a street penetrates into the heart of the fortress. On the right-hand side of this street seventy houses have been disinterred, and these included a great number of workshops for the preparation of bronze, traces of which have been found abundantly in the crucibles. Many other houses were laid bare on the left-hand side of the street, and these were occupied by smiths in different metals, including both blacksmiths and goldsmiths. The workshops were on a considerable scale, the biggest of them being nearly fifty yards long. Behind these workshops the land slopes down rapidly into a gully or ravine, where there is a little stream of water, and between the stream and the workshops were many mean habitations of the artificers, half buried in the soil, even when originally built. There is abundant and convincing evidence that some of these were inhabited by enamellers. We will now let our authors speak for themselves:—

Le travail de l'émaillerie qui confine à l'art apparaissait pour la première fois au centre de la Gaule avec des dates certaines et des preuves d'une authenticité irréfutable, car on n'avait pas seulement mis à jour quelques échantillons isolés, mais tout un centre de fabrication dont les ateliers, comme dans certaines fouilles de Pompeï, n'auraient paru fermés que de la veille, si l'état d'altération d'un grand nombre d'objets n'eût témoigné d'un long séjour au sein de la terre.

Les ustensiles gisaient pêle-mêle, les fours étaient encore remplis de charbon; à côté de spécimens complétement terminés, on en voyait d'autres à peine ébauchés, d'autres en pleine fabrication, l'un même encore enveloppé

* *L'Art de l'Émaillerie chez les Éduens avant l'ère Chrétienne.* Par J. G. Bulliot et Henry de Fontenay. Paris: Champion. London: Pickering.

de terre cuite; tout autour des fragments d'émail brut, des creusets de terre, des grès à polir, une quantité considérable de déchets, des bavures, des rognures provenant de la taille, des coques vitreuses qui conservaient l'empreinte des dessins du bronze, et par-dessus tout, le témoin même des opérations, véritable fossile de nos terrains historiques, nous voulons parler de la médaille qui en fixe l'âge et l'époque.

One of the joint authors of the *brochure* before us, M. Henry de Fontenay, is a son of the director of the famous *cristallerie* at Baccarat, and has been prepared by his own studies in chemistry and its applications to the glass manufacture for a thorough technical analysis of Gaulish enamelling in the specimens which have lately been discovered. His observations on the technical part of the subject are clear and interesting, and add greatly to the value of the work. It is probable that many of our own readers may be glad to know exactly what enamelling is, and how it is done in the present day, as well as how the Gauls did it two thousand years ago.

M. de Fontenay begins by a definition of enamel. It is, he says, any glassy substance, whether transparent or opaque, colourless or coloured, which can be applied to metals by the action of fire. He insists upon the necessity of keeping the French word to its special use, and protests against the misapplication of it to the mere colouring of pottery. If we go to etymology we do not find that the word *émail* necessarily means enamelling on metal only, though it may be convenient to restrict it to that special sense. The fact is that *émailler* and the English word *smelt* are in their origin perfectly identical and alike mean *liquefacere*, so that the vulgar use of *émailler* for the colouring of pottery may not be incorrect when the colouring substance is made to adhere to the pottery by fusion. It is, however, a good habit to restrict the meaning of words to particular uses when there are plenty of them to choose from, and in the present instance M. de Fontenay lets us know very clearly what he means. He does not merely mean that the ancient Gauls applied different colouring substances to their pottery by fusion, but he means that they knew and practised the art of applying vitreous paste to metal. It was not believed until quite recently that they were sufficiently advanced in the arts to know how to do this, and the recent discoveries on Mount Beuvray are highly interesting for the light they throw upon the condition of a people concerning whom there is so much curiosity amongst historical students and so very little to satisfy it.

The vitreous pastes used in enamelling on metal can be applied either with a brush or a spatula, and either upon the surface of the metal or in hollows made to receive them. The paste is then left to dry a little, and afterwards melted by a strong heat, when it remains fixed and becomes that hard coloured substance which we call enamel. Little walls of metal, like the divisions of the honeycomb, are often left between pastes of different colours which have been used to fill the cavities. The antiquity of the process has been a subject of controversy amongst antiquaries, some of whom make it go back several thousand years, whilst others deny that it was known before the second or third century of the Christian era. The latter opinion has been maintained by M. Delaborde in his notice of the enamels in the Louvre. He says that what are called the Egyptian enamels are really not enamels at all, but pastes inlaid without fusion and covered with bits of glass, or else simply inlaid stones; and he calls this a rude expedient. Now comes M. de Fontenay, who brings his technical knowledge to bear upon the subject, and begins by admitting that M. Delaborde's description of the so-called Egyptian enamels is quite correct for most of them, but affirms that some, though not many, specimens of Egyptian work are unquestionably real enamels, and that those which are not so were rough imitations of the effects of enamelling, in all likelihood produced by workmen who had seen the real thing. One point of great interest is established by M. de Fontenay. Enamels are generally supposed to be indestructible by time. He says that this is a mistake, and that, so far from being indestructible, the vitrified pastes are subject to different causes of slow deterioration, due to their chemical composition and the places where they have remained, that they are tenderer than common glass, and more sensitive to the influences which act upon common glass. If the proportion of alkali has been exaggerated to make enamel more fusible, or if the objects have been long exposed to damp and the effects of the atmosphere, they are still more rapidly destroyed. Even the stained glass of the windows in Gothic cathedrals, especially when red, is often so much eaten that it looks like worm-eaten wood. This question of the durability of enamel is of the utmost importance in a controversy about the antiquity of the art, because, so long as antiquaries believe enamel to be indestructible, of course they say that when it has been destroyed it was not enamel. M. de Fontenay's way of investigating the subject is to get specimens of the pastes which happen to have survived destruction, and subject them to regular chemical analysis.

The proofs that these specimens of Gaulish enamel are anterior to the Christian era appear to be perfectly satisfactory to the authors of the little work before us, and we see no reason to suppose that they are mistaken. One proof is the numismatic evidence, and although that is only negative, it must be allowed a certain weight. Sixty Gaulish medals were found in the habitations of the enamellers, and not one of them was later than the Christian era. The same may be said of five hundred medals found in the same part of Bibracte, which were all Gaulish, without a single specimen of Roman money. A still stronger argument for the purely Celtic character of these enamels is that they betray no Roman artistic influence. The ornamentation is exclusively of that primitive kind which was the fashion in uncontaminated Gaul, and which is familiar to students of the subject on the abundant specimens of Gaulish pottery which have been recovered by modern research. It may even be especially noticed that the ornamentation on the Gaulish enamels found upon Mount Beuvray is identical with that employed upon pottery found in the same place, and has consequently that decided mark of artistic peculiarity which is one of the strongest evidences of origin. It is inconceivable that a Roman artificer would have consented to limit himself to a style of ornament which his taste would justly have considered little better than the design of savages; and it is almost equally unlikely that a Gaul who had been the pupil of a Roman workman would have exhibited no trace of Roman character in his work.

The first traces of these Gaulish enamels were discovered in the year 1867 during the excavation of the *oppidum* on Mount Beuvray, but the specimens were in such a bad condition that it was thought better to make no public announcement at that time. The next year other specimens of a like character were brought to light, especially in a workshop which had been used by artificers in bronze. Amongst many *débris* of their industry were found small studs with hemispherical heads, ornamented with regular engraved lines, which appeared to have contained a red paste, and pieces of sandstone were found with holes sunk in them which exactly corresponded to these studs, but their use was not understood at the time. In 1869, as the excavations were continued year after year, an opaque vitreous mass was found, of a red colour, with the impression of the above-mentioned studs. A little later the excavators came upon a goldsmith's workshop where the work of enamelling had been carried on. The floor of this place contained many little fragments of coloured enamel which had been trodden under foot by the workmen and so buried in the ground. These were found in such quantity that our antiquaries infer that there must have been rather an important trade in enamelled ornaments at Bibracte before the arrival of Cæsar. It is quite certain that there was a great fair there, and the fair has survived the φροὺριον, for it was continued all through the middle ages without interruption, and is still maintained on the first Wednesday in the month of May. This was a religious festival at the beginning in honour of a local goddess, the Dea Bibracte. The following quotation explains the sort of merchandize prepared by the more artistic artificers in metal:—

> Le luxe des Gaulois consistant alors presque uniquement à avoir de belles armes et de riches harnais, les forgerons-orfevres consacraient leur industrie à tous les objets propres à l'équipement du guerrier et de son cheval, cette branche de leur métier étant appréciée par-dessus tout, et la seule dont on fit cas. En même temps qu'ils s'ingéniaient à fabriquer des épées sans défaut et de solides boucliers, ils appliquaient leur art décoratif à l'ornementation de ces mêmes armes, des chars, et des harnais. C'est ainsi que le placage d'or et d'argent (dont Pline attribue l'invention aux Gaulois) fut d'abord mis en œuvre pour les ornements de sellerie; et cela nous explique en même temps comment, ayant le choix entre tant de pièces à décorer par l'émail, les orfèvres éduens ont choisi à peu près exclusivement ainsi qu'on le verra, des pommeaux, des bossettes, des fleurons et des têtes de clous-ornements pour les brides, les colliers, les traits, en un mot tout ce qui touche à l'attelage et au harnachement.

The enamel found on the Beuvray apart from enamelled things in metal is always in one of three forms; either it is the rough material not yet applied to use, or else scrapings and parings; or, lastly, thin glassy skins of enamel which have peeled off the bronze on account of defective baking. The scrapings and parings were removed from the bronzes before the paste had hardened. All these scraps, which have been found in countless numbers, are blood-red, which appears to have been the fashionable colour amongst the Gauls of Bibracte and the neighbourhood. With regard to the bronzes, MM. Bulliot and de Fontenay divide them into three classes—the specimens rough from the casting and not yet either engraved or enamelled, the bronzes engraved for the enameller but not yet filled with enamel, and, lastly, those which are enamelled and finished. One specimen was found in the middle of the process partly covered with calcined clay, with its head covered with a crust of enamel. The finished bronzes are bridle-ornaments, not of a very elaborate description. The authors note a curious instance of traditional persistence in the same forms. An enamelled boss found on Mount Beuvray gives a pattern which is still exactly reproduced in plaited silk by the saddlers of Paris. We may mention as a parallel example the persistence of the antique wave ornament in the common pottery of south-eastern France; this was brought by the Phœnicians to Marseilles, and you may still find it any market-day at the stalls of the potters. Our antiquaries have had the luck to find some of the tools used by the Gaulish enamellers, such as crucibles in fragments, a little shovel with a long handle to stir the hot charcoal, a tripod to carry the crucible, polishing stones of all sizes to polish the studs and bosses after enamelling, with holes exactly corresponding to them, pairs of pincers, &c.

M. de Fontenay gives a most interesting chapter on his own experiments upon the enamels found on the Beuvray. He has tried to enamel with the rough material provided by the Gaulish artificers, and succeeded perfectly. He also used the old Gaulish polishing stones, and in this way, using nothing but the materials of the ancient workman, M. de Fontenay has accurately imitated the Gaulish enamels from Mount Beuvray which are now at the Museum of St. Germain. He gives the results of his careful chemical analysis, and demonstrates that the process followed by

the Gauls was the primitive one of pouring the melted enamel directly upon the heated bronze. The object was surrounded with clay so as to make a little cup of clay round the portion of the bronze which was to be enamelled; it was then heated with the clay round it in a charcoal fire near the crucible which contained the molten enamel. When the bronze was hot enough a little enamel was poured upon it, before it cooled the superfluous enamel was partly removed, and after cooling was entirely removed by polishing, leaving none but what remained in the incised lines. The whole of the process is exhibited in the fragments which have been found. We think that MM. Bulliot and de Fontenay deserve to be congratulated on the patience and care with which they have collected and examined the evidence given by the excavations on Mount Beuvray. They have certainly added an interesting chapter to the history of the primitive arts.

Since these discoveries on the Beuvray attention has been directed to a good many enamelled objects already classed in the museums as Gallo-Roman, or even Merovingian; and the result has been their reclassification as purely Gaulish work, especially when they have been found in some unquestionable Gaulish oppidum, such as Gergovia, for example, where a large and handsome belt-plate was found some time ago, most of which was covered with enamel alternating with bronze ornaments. This is in the museum at Clermont, where is another plate ornamented with engraved lozenges which were once filled with enamel. Subsequently to the publication of the *brochure* by MM. Bulliot and de Fontenay an enamelled bronze of much greater importance than any previously found on the Beuvray has been discovered there and sent to the museum at St. Germain. It is of open work and ornamented with little enamelled plates like the studs which we have already described. Most probably, from its size and shape, it was an ornament for a horse fastened by two rivets to the leather head-piece, and hanging loosely on the forehead.

BANCROFT'S NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC.—VOL. IV.*

IN his fourth volume Mr. Bancroft confines his attention to all structures and buildings of every kind, found in the territories of the Pacific States of North America, which do not manifestly belong to the Christian invaders of the country. Beginning, for the mere sake of convenience, with Costa Rica and Nicaragua in the extreme South-East, he works his way step by step to the North-West until he reaches Arizona and New Mexico, a notice of the antiquities of Peru being reserved for the last chapter.

As in the volumes which we have already reviewed, so here, Mr. Bancroft writes not for those who seek amusement or the pleasant excitement of a subject full of stirring interest, but for patient workers for whom the acquisition of a grain of truth is a sufficient reward after groping through a heap of sand. Not a single question connected with any part of the human race is without its importance, and it is obviously impossible to say what effect on the ethnological or other science of coming generations may be produced by the careful ascertainment of facts relating to so considerable a portion of the human family as that which has occupied the regions of Central America. The social and political life, the manners and customs, the laws, the religions, and the dialects of these tribes Mr. Bancroft has examined in his preceding volumes; and the credit which he claims for himself is simply this, that in each single volume he has taken an integral part of the subject and summed up in the compass of seven or eight hundred pages the contents of almost the same number of volumes; and that, by means of ample quotations and exact references, he has done his work in such a way as to make it unnecessary for the antiquary even to consult those volumes. If in noticing his previous volumes we have felt bound to admit that the task of compression might with advantage have been carried a good deal further, we are quite aware of the danger which must attend a careless or hasty examination of ground no part of which must be left untraversed. In truth, it must be confessed that in no inconsiderable degree the interest attaching to the whole subject is one rather of an indirect kind. The civilization and the works of these tribes of Pacific America are not of a sort to rivet our attention either by their wisdom, their majesty, or their beauty. In many parts we must move wearily as over an arid wilderness; from much we must feel tempted to turn away with intolerable loathing; and probably there are not ten men living who could brace themselves to the task of bringing all the facts of the subject together, as they lie scattered in the volumes, often ponderous, more often for the most part worthless, of hundreds of observers writing in half a dozen languages. We may thus measure the debt of gratitude which archæologists and historians owe to Mr. Bancroft, when we find that this fourth volume "embodies the researches of some five hundred travellers, stated not merely *en résumé*, but reproduced, so far as facts and results are concerned, in full"; that his notes are "a complete index to all that has been written on the subject," while they also contain "bibliographical notices and historical details of the discovery and successive explorations of each ruin."

The reader, then, who would go through the whole of this volume with the determination to lose sight of no fact, however minute, which may be mentioned in it, must be almost as patient as the author; but for those who may shrink from this task it may be well to say that the general result of Mr. Bancroft's archæological inquiry has been to strip the subject of much of its mystery, and to throw cold water on theories which attribute many of the antiquities of the Central or other parts of America to long extinct races, or which again connect these vanished races with the populations of the Old World. It cannot, however, be denied that the general survey of the ruined cities or isolated buildings and mounds brings us to certain conclusions respecting the civilization of the people who raised them, and that in the general agreement of these conclusions with the evidence of their traditions and of such knowledge of their religion and government as we happen to possess lies the fact which is at once most interesting and most important. In themselves many of these ruins, as Mr. Bancroft frankly admits, have little to attract either the spectator or the reader. In Nicaragua (67), and again in Guatemala (108), the ruins and relics discovered point to a stationary condition of tribes who were found by the European invaders in a very low stage of civilization. In such cases little more can be said than that the relics in question must be more than three hundred years old, and may possibly be three thousand.

Far more instructive are the remains of the city now known by the name of Copan on the river of this name, which joins the Motagua about a hundred miles from its mouth in the Gulf of Honduras. What the real name of this ruined city may have been is not known; the notion that it was inhabited at the time of the Spanish conquest has arisen from the idea that it was the abode of the Copan chief who, after a fierce resistance, was compelled to submit to Hernando de Chaves in 1530. This theory Mr. Bancroft regards as effectually set aside by the fact that, some six years earlier, Cortes, passing within a few miles of the place, never heard of a city which, if inhabited at the time, must have attracted him to its conquest, and that not half a century later the ruins are described as being much in their present condition. The great temple of this city is still imposing in its ruin. Inclosing an area of 900 by 1,600 feet, its walls rise to heights varying from seventy to a hundred and twenty feet, sloping on all except the river side, where it rises perpendicularly, the summit of its mighty mass covered with tropical vegetation. Within this area are two large rectangular sunken courts, from which steps ascend on all sides, as in a Roman amphitheatre. On the three pyramids also contained within it no traces of any superstructure now remain, nor in all Copan have any covered buildings been found. The likelihood is that grand temples wrought in wood crowned these mounds, and that time has eaten away every vestige of these structures. On some stones, popularly known as altars, there remain indeed hieroglyphic inscriptions which, if deciphered, might tell us something not only about these temples, but about the history of the city. Of this decipherment there is little hope. Bilingual inscriptions, like that of the Rosetta stone, would be of no use where both the languages have perished, and the stones of Copan will probably guard their secret with better success than the sepulchres of Etruria.

But if of actual history we have nothing, and if these large wooden temples are lost to us irretrievably, it may fairly be said that the smaller antiquities of the place tell us much about the people; and here, as everywhere else throughout these wide regions, the conclusion forced on us is invariably the same. The carved obelisks, statues, and idols exhibit certainly no mean skill in the handling of instruments and in the management of forms so as to produce a certain effect of grandeur. The carving is often extremely minute, and is undercut with singular force, producing strong contrasts of light and shade; but here, in the strict interests of truth, the praise should end. Confining ourselves to those characteristics, which may mark the art of any savage people, we may safely speak of these obelisks, or statues, as "most wonderful creations of American art" (94); nor perhaps need we take exception to the eulogy of the well-known traveller Stephens, who describes much of the work at Copan as being "equal to the finest Egyptian sculpture" (103), although some may think that eulogy is here pushed to its utmost limits. But the student of European art must simply protest when Mr. Stephens, speaking of some fragments of figures found at Palenque, pronounces them "to approach the Greek models in justness of proportion and symmetry" (331). Nothing is gained by professing to discover anywhere excellences which do not exist; and to attribute to these American carvers anything even remotely approaching to the touch and the feeling of Pheidias is simply to draw a veil over the history of the Western Continent so far as it is read to us in the buildings or the traditions of the people. Few facts can be more impressive than that which in these American cities meets us everywhere, telling us, with an awful monotony of iteration, of a people oppressed by an atmosphere of appalling and unvarying hideousness. The structures of Uxmal and Palenque must have been, indeed some of them still are, imposing in their general outlines. Their mighty masses of wall have something even of the grandeur of an Egyptian pyramid, while their stone vaults, exhibiting some approach to the principle of the key-stoned arch, must have impressed on the beholder the sense of victory over great mechanical difficulties; but, beyond the impressions of power and majesty thus left on the mind, there would have been only the crushing feeling that the world was governed by a multitude of pitiless devils. We may take the richest and the most elaborate of the obelisks or statues of Copan or Mexico, and we find in the faces and figures carved upon them nothing but forms of ugliness

* *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Vol. IV. Antiquities. London: 1875.

so astounding that it is hard, indeed, to look upon the result as accidental. Throughout, these mute stones seem to tell us that the art of the country was in the hands of men who used it deliberately as an instrument for terrifying the people into an absolute submission to a religion of murder and blood. That this would be the case with the images of the gods of war and death, with their loathsome footstools of human hearts, cannot be questioned. Here every form is purposely and studiously disgusting; but we can scarcely say much less of their conventional foliage, and even of the patterns of their arabesque. The forms carved on the celebrated Casa del Gobernador at Uxmal are elaborate, indeed, and intricate; but we shall look in vain for a single outline to indicate the wakening of the faintest feeling of tenderness and grace in the mind of the artist; nor is the strength of this condemnation at all weakened by the fact that we may find great beauty of mere workmanship. The drawing by Catherwood of the bean-relief found in the temple called after it at Palenque (329) may in no way exaggerate its merits; but its forms are monstrous as contrasted even with English sculpture of the twelfth century, which few would venture to compare with the symmetry and proportion of Greek art. We may take, again, the so-called "Tablet of the Cross" (333), found in the same city, in which two priests are seemingly worshipping before a cross surmounted by a winged creature which may be a cock, a turkey, or a basilisk; but even here we find, with something more of an acquaintance with the anatomy of the human frame, the same exhibition of hideous features, which never could have characterized the people, and which therefore we seem forced to regard as put on designedly for the purpose of scaring them.

Nor can we well overlook the significance of another circumstance which seems to justify this estimate of American art. Rightly cautious as Mr. Bancroft is in drawing general conclusions, and much as he dislikes theorizing, he is driven on a survey of the whole evidence to admit that the reasons for ascribing these works to races extinct now, or at the time of the European conquest, are slight indeed, if not utterly worthless. There is nothing to disprove, there seems everything to establish, the fact that they are the work of tribes whose degenerate descendants have but lately passed away, or still survive without even the memory of their ancient splendour. But, except on the supposition that the art of the country was used merely as an instrument for oppression of the most horrible kind, such deterioration in so short a time seems well nigh incredible; and we shall have more chance of reading their history aright if we assign to the relics of their art no more than their true value.

We make no attempt to follow Mr. Bancroft step by step through his long journey of exploration. It is enough to say that all which perhaps even the most exacting antiquary needs to know will be found in Mr. Bancroft's pages.

DYER'S BRITISH POPULAR CUSTOMS.*

THERE is no stronger illustration of the adage that "extremes meet" than the curious revival of an obsolete custom as the latest novelty of the day. As cycles revolve, the old, which had seemed to have gone clean out, comes in fresh and new. Thus it is stated by Mr. Tubbs that at Dewsbury, since 1828, one of the church bells is tolled as for a funeral on Christmas Eve, and this Devil's Knell, as it is designated, signifies that the Devil died when Christ was born. But research would no doubt satisfy the inquirer that the custom is a revival due to some more than ordinarily symbol-loving vicar: and in like manner, in Christmas trees, Christmas boxes, New Year's gifts, and the customs attached to the movable and other feasts of our Calendar, the wider the search, the more curious will the history of each be found to be, if indeed confusion does not result from the rivalry of competing originals. What would a Dewsbury vicar have known in 1828 of Christmas trees, which have got their footing in England since the union of Victoria and Albert? Yet when it is alleged that they are a German custom, referable to the earliest preacher of Christianity among the Germans, and commemorative of the fir-tree under which he slept according to the legend, we are carried back past German Christianity to the Pagan customs of the conquerors of Germany, the legions of Drusus, whose Saturnalia were notable among other features for dolls and puppets slung on mimic pines—the exact pictures, to judge from ancient gems, of a Christmas tree. As for the Christmas boxes, which are perhaps not likely to die out, the volume now before us traces them to Pompeii, where one was found by Aubrey full of denarii, inserted by a slit, as into our missionary-boxes; and there is ground for the supposition that the box in which the gifts were deposited has come to stand for the gifts themselves. Few subjects are fuller of interest than this, and it is a pity that more has not been done till of late years to keep alive the quaint, grotesque, symbolical, poetic usages which in various ways illustrate the social and domestic manners of our forefathers. To one of the most popular repertories on the subject, Hone's *Year Book* and *Every Day Book*, we have more than once directed attention, and the sole drawback to these, as well as to the more modern *Book of Days* of Messrs. Chambers, is that they are, owing to the admission of other matter, too cumbrous and bulky for handy use. The perennial stores of the never-ending *Notes and Queries* furnish fresh material, week by week, for the busy literary bee to hive at leisure. Here, however, we have at last a portable, or comparatively portable, record of the vestiges of old English custom and tradition. Mr. Dyer's book is entitled to praise rather for system and industry than for new light thrown upon old topics; but he has certainly contrived to collect much curious matter, and we have little doubt that, as his book gets into fresh editions, he will see his way to condense it still more by grouping succinctly the similar usages of various counties, though the space saved may still have to be filled up by novel research.

It is not perhaps so much in respect of the upper as the lower strata of society that a record of obsolete customs is most needed. Antiquaries and Court gossips may be trusted to chronicle the manner and measure of royal "New Year's gifts," which seem to have had a knack of coming in rather than going out in the reigns of Henry VII. and Elizabeth. Even the crown-piece under the plate of each chaplain in waiting on New Year's Day has long been given up, and the Laureate of this year of grace has no longer to receive an honorarium for an ode set to music and sung on New Year's morn wherewith to salute the king or the queen. But a vast deal of light upon comparative folklore lurks, no doubt, in such humbler customs as that of the "first foot" on New Year's morn. In the north of England it is ill luck for an inmate to go forth from a house till some one has entered it, and good luck or ill luck for the year depends on whether man or woman enters first. In Lancashire a light-haired man is as unlucky as a woman, and it has become a special calling for dark-favoured men to hire themselves out for liquor and an alms "to take the New Year in." In Worcestershire luck is ensured by laying hands on the first carol singer who presents himself at the front door, leading him through the house, and letting him out at the back. In Scotland "first-footing" used to be a much more complicated affair, involving *hot-pint*—*i.e.* spiced ale and spirits—cakes, short-bread, and what not; to say nothing of a more tender interpretation of the custom, when the first comer by prearrangement met his sweetheart, and obtained the privilege of a kiss as her "first-foot." Another custom of the same season is not quite so widespread, but is said to linger round Bromyard, in the Worcestershire border of Herefordshire. As the hour of midnight is on the strike on the 31st of December, and the last carol is dying away, a promiscuous rush is made to the nearest spring to snatch "the cream of the well," the first pitcherful of the new year, and with it the prospect of the best luck. The same excitement is going on in the dwellings of South Scotland at the same hour, when, as the poet hath it—

> Twall struck—twa neebour hizzies raise
> And liltin gaed a sad gate;
> The flow'r of the well to our house gaes,
> And I'll the bonniest lad get.

The customs connected with the Feast of Epiphany and with Twelfth Day are many and curious; and it is singular how long and widely the name and delicacy of *lambswool* has been associated with its feasting. *Lambswool* in Cumberland forms part of the beverage called *Possoudie*, partaken of on Twelfth-night by the rustics along with Lobscouse—*i.e.* beef and onions and fried potatoes. To judge from Herrick we might take "gentle lambswool" to be a frothy and sweet compound, and certainly it had a great part in the ceremonial of wassailing trees and human beings in Yorkshire, Devonshire, and other counties. But when towards the end of Mr. Dyer's volume we find ourselves keeping Christmas Eve at Nottingham, the lambswool meets us as it did in the first months of the year, but this time with a full explanation:—"Apples are toasted upon a string till they drop into a bowl of hot spiced ale; and this from the softness of the beverage is called Lamb's-wool." With bowls in which this was a prime ingredient, itinerant minstrels would appear on the Eve of Epiphany; and in Staffordshire the star that led the Magi was represented by a lighted hill-fire. Seemingly in connexion with this, though it is not easy to trace the train of ideas, are the customs which Mr. Dyer finds to have prevailed at the same season on the borders of Gloucestershire and Herefordshire. At Pauntley, near Newent, the men of a farm would assemble in a field sown with wheat, and, after making twelve fires of straw in a row, would, standing round one much larger than the rest, drink a glass of cider to the master's health. Then, returning to the farmhouse, they were regaled on cakes soaked in cider. The same ceremony went on on the other side of the boundary line of the counties, with a little more drinking, hallooing, and chorussing round the fires; and at the supper afterwards there was a plum-cake with a hole in the middle, which the bailiff took to the wainhouse. There the master pledged the best ox in a curious toast, and the cake was placed on this ox's horn. If the ox, when tickled, tossed it off backwards, the cake fell to the mistress; if forward, to the bailiff. A kindred recognition of the twelve lights of the world, the Apostles, and the Saviour in their midst, is said to have been customary in Westmeath in the seventeenth century; and so much of the custom as concerns the ox and the health-drinking formula seems also to have been in use at Tretire, near the Wye-side, the ox's toss arbitrating between the boys and the men as to the ownership of the cake. In Pembrokeshire on Twelfth Day a band of men or boys carry about a wren in a gaily-ornamented cage or mimic house, and, accompanying themselves on an instrument, sing "the Song of the Wren" at the doors of the country houses. The wren is their

* *British Popular Customs, Past and Present.* Arranged according to the Calendar of the Year. By the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, M.A. London: Bell & Sons. 1876.

king, and they are his men; and whilst it would seem that they are nothing loth to pocket the gratuities which reward their services, the probabilities are that the wren figures so conspicuously in the ceremony on the score of the supposed supernatural or angelic nature with which it and the robin are credited in English proverb-lore. The Irish hunting of the wren on St. Stephen's Day is quite another thing, and the custom has for the last thirty years been put down by authority. In the Isle of Man the custom is associated with a rather curious legend, which keeps it from dying out; but such usages as this, and that of hunting owls and squirrels on Christmas Day and St. Andrew's Day, must in time succumb to increasing civilization. The old practice at St. Cuthbert's Church, Ackworth, of suspending a sheaf of corn outside the porch on Christmas Eve for the especial benefit of the birds, is more appropriate to the spirit of the season. Reference has been already made to the rehabilitation of Pagan festivals by the Church of Rome, and we find that Candlemas Day is a case in point. Although generally supposed to commemorate the aged Simeon's taking our Lord in his arms, and calling Him "a light to lighten the Gentiles," it is certain that the old custom of carrying candles at this feast was in honour of Ceres, who had to search for Proserpine, when stolen by "gloomy Dis," with candles or torches. We have Pope Innocent's word for it, that, unable to suppress the custom, the holy Fathers substituted the Blessed Virgin for the heathen goddess in its celebration. At Ripon Cathedral it was customary to illuminate extensively on the Sunday next before Candlemas. In like manner pancakes and cross-buns represent a compromise or a taking-over of Pagan customs; and the perambulation and incantation of orchard trees in Kent during Rogation week (although this is not under the sanction of ecclesiastical authority) is said to be referable to heathen supplication of Æolus, the god of winds, for favourable breezes. The local name is "youling" (p. 207).

Mr. Dyer illustrates St. David's Day with the various surmises which refer the national "leek" to the British Ceres and the Byblian Adonis respectively; and *apropos* of Mid Lent, or Mothering Sunday, discourses of Simnel cakes with more interest than of the day itself, which has a speciality of its own, and was clearly meant by the Church for religious improvement. In the West of England this "Dies Refectionis" is so esteemed by the simple folk. A little more on this point might well be substituted for the stories about Sim and Nell and Lambert Simnel's father—clearly "post hocs," but not "propter hocs." Instead of Simnel cakes, fig pies are eaten on Mid Lent Sunday in Lancashire and Staffordshire; although in several other counties Palm Sunday counts as Fig Sunday, probably on account of our Lord's seeking figs the day before his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. To this latter Sunday is tacked a curious usage at Heutland, a Herefordshire church; priest and people receive from the churchwardens a cake and bun (and formerly a cup of beer), to consume in church, "in token of a desire to forgive and forget all animosities and to prepare for Christmas."

But few probably of those who have eaten hot cross-buns on a score or more of Good Fridays have ever heard of Good Friday bread; it is a small loaf baked on that morning and then put by till the next anniversary of it. Used as a medicine and grated into water, it is supposed to cure diarrhœa and other ailments, and persons must be indeed in a bad way whose complaints resist two doses of Good Friday bread. Among other customs of this day is one still in vogue among the Portuguese and South American sailors in the London docks—namely, that of flogging Judas Iscariot, or a block of wood which is dressed up to represent him. The traitor is finally burnt. One of the most strange and gratuitous flogging customs connected with the Calendar was one said to have attached to Holy Innocents' Day, of "*whipping up* the children upon Innocents' Day morning that the memory of this murther might stick the closer; and, in a moderate proportion, to act the cruelties again in kind" (see p. 498). It is rather hard that the children were not allowed to be flogged in effigy, like Iscariot. There is a touch of poetry in the muffled peals still rung in several churches and at Wells Cathedral on Innocents' Day; and the custom is most refined at Norton, near Evesham, where the bells first rang a muffled peal for the slaughtered innocents, and then unmuffled joy-bells for the deliverance of the Infant Christ (p. 500). There is a great difference in the matter of taste and refinement between some country customs and others. Thus the custom in Lancashire, Salop, Warwick, and North Wales of "lifting" and "heaving," which is something akin to the old-fashioned rolling down Greenwich Hill on Easter Mondays, is said to be traceable to a fancied representation of the Resurrection; and it is hard to believe that up to 1821 a bull was baited annually at Wokingham on St. Thomas's Day under the sanction of the alderman and town clerk, whose perquisite the bull's tongue was considered. On the other hand, there was much picturesqueness in many of these popular customs, as, for instance, when on All Souls' Day, in half-a-dozen counties, young and old would be going "a-souling," *i.e.* begging for "soul-cakes," or in quest of "dole-bread," as in other counties the oaten bread then distributed was called. Such another custom is still kept on St. Thomas's Day, in Herefordshire, where troops of women and children go a-mumping, or a-gooding, or, as they say in Cheshire, "a-Thomasin," or whatever else compounded of "dole," "corn," or such like object, seems best to express their errand.

To the same feeling for the picturesque appealed such customs as well-dressing at Tissington on Ascension Day, and the blessing of wells and springs in Staffordshire, the processions with floral poles and vestments, and the canticle, and pause under the Gospel Oak, at Wolverhampton in Rogation Week (see p. 208), the mummers at Christmas-tide, and the decoration of churches with holly at that season, and with the yew on Good Friday. Another strong appeal was to "magister artis ingenique largitor, venter," as is still recognized in the Christmas hampers, and the good cheer connected with certain festivals in colleges, country houses, and even in a lower range of society. Though it is not now the rule of country houses at Christmas, as it was before the Civil Wars, according to Aubrey, that "the first diet brought to table should be a boar's head with a lemon in his mouth," this solid apparition is still welcomed with musical honours at Queen's, in Oxford, on Christmas Day, in commemoration (as we learn in p. 478) of the gallant student who, having retired to the forest of Shotover for the quieter study of his Aristotle, was incontinently interrupted by a wild boar. With a lively sense of the brute's distaste for ethics, the youth, quick as thought, rammed the precious volume down its yawning jaws, with the choking and convincing formula "Græcum est." Possibly there are students who do not blame the boar for succumbing; it is more to our purpose that the boar's head is not quite obsolete at Christmas.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

HABENT sua fata libelli. Never has this proverb been more strikingly illustrated than in the case of the edition of the turbulent Coadjutor's Memoirs now in course of publication.* M. Feillet was the writer originally engaged to prepare the work for the press, and his thorough acquaintance with the history of the Fronde period particularly qualified him for the task. Two volumes have already appeared, and the promise held forth in them led us to expect a masterpiece of scholarship and careful annotation. Far be it from us to say that M. Jules Gourdault will not carry on to a satisfactory conclusion the task begun by M. Feillet. Indeed the third volume now before us proves quite the reverse; but still we cannot help regretting that the learned author of the book on *La misère au temps de la Fronde* should have been cut off at the early age of forty-eight, especially when we think that his death was hastened by the horrors of the war of the Commune. It seems that the MS. of the concluding volumes of De Retz's Memoirs, ready for the press, was destroyed by fire during the siege of Paris; and thus M. Gourdault has laboured under the signal disadvantage of finishing a work without the materials which his predecessor had assiduously collected. If we bear this circumstance in mind, we shall not grudge M. Gourdault even a double amount of praise. As a matter of fact, this third instalment of the Memoirs is in every respect a worthy continuation of the two previous ones. It takes us to the month of September 1631, and gives by way of appendix the treaty concluded in 1651 between the leaders of the Fronde and the friends of the Royal princes, then detained in captivity at Le Havre.

As we are now treading on classic ground, we may mention the first volume of M. Lemerre's new edition of Molière.† M. Anatole France, who is responsible for this undertaking, promises a life of the poet, a commentary, a selection of various readings, a glossary, &c.; and we have no doubt that all these will be forthcoming in due time. Meanwhile we must be satisfied with the bare text of Molière's first five plays. It is well known that twenty-three of the comedies were printed during the author's lifetime; these *editiones principes*, roughly issued, were full of typographical blunders, and, although they are of course the best source for the settling of the text, yet they require considerable attention on the part of modern editors. M. France has taken them as his guide, and he preserves religiously both the spelling and the punctuation. With respect to the remaining plays the best authority is of course the edition of 1682, issued by the actor La Grange, and by Vinot, who was Molière's particular friend. M. France promises to adhere faithfully to it, and, if the various promises mentioned above are realized, we shall be able to place in our libraries an elegant edition of Molière, of a portable size, beautifully printed, and containing every possible help towards a thorough acquaintance with his works and life. The present volume contains a reproduction of the well-known portrait by Mignard.

We wish that M. Siméon Luce had introduced his first volume of the History of Duguesclin ‡ by something like a preface telling us the plan adopted, the authorities consulted, and the peculiar features which distinguish this monograph from all preceding ones. A passage quoted from Dom Vaissette's *Histoire générale du Languedoc* informs us, indeed, that the biographies of the heroic Constable hitherto published deserve to be classed among romances, rather than amongst trustworthy documents; but beyond this M. Luce gives us no information, and we are left to gather as we go along the nature of the documents he has had at his disposal, and the use he has made of them. We must say at the outset that the splendid edition of Froissart's Chronicles prepared by M. Siméon Luce for the Société de l'Histoire de France raises a strong pre-

* *Mémoires du cardinal de Retz.* Vol. 3. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Les œuvres de Molière.* Avec un commentaire, etc. Publiées par A. France. Vol. 1. Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *Histoire de Bertrand Duguesclin et de son époque.* [illegible] Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

sumption of the merits of the work now before us; and it is impossible to read attentively the first few pages without seeing that we are under the guidance of an historian who knows his subject intimately. The first volume takes us as far as the battle of Cocherel. In accordance with the indication given in the title-page, M. Luce describes not only Duguesclin, but the fourteenth century, so far at least as France is concerned; his estimate of the Breton character (Chapter ii.) is very striking, and the whole of the third chapter, devoted to a sketch of private life in France five hundred years ago, is of the highest interest. The *pièces justificatives* fill no less than a hundred and sixty pages of small type.

M. Charles Lenthéric combines the special training of a civil engineer with the gifts of an accomplished writer and the erudition of an archæologist *; and he has applied these qualifications to the discussion of a subject full of historical interest. Scientific explorers who have turned their attention to geological questions are aware that the shore of the Gulf of Lyons is a kind of *Netherlands*, very similar to the coasts of Holland and of some parts of the Adriatic. The old Narbonensis was studded with cities of considerable importance which have now disappeared for ever under the gradual accumulation of sand; in days comparatively recent the limit of the Continent on that side was formed by two lines of coast exactly as is the case now at Venice. A series of lagoons, perpetually fed by the sea, had favoured the establishment and prosperity of harbours, the only surviving one of which is Marseilles. A few centuries hence, says M. Lenthéric, all this zone will probably be fit for cultivation; just now it is wretchedly barren, and the Government has, strangely enough, never thought it worth while to inquire into the possibility of utilizing or improving a very considerable tract of land. The volume before us consists of two parts; in the former, the author examines from a general point of view the variations of the sea-coast, devoting a chapter to the three Mediterranean deltas; in the latter he studies specially the Gulf of Lyons and its principal topographical features. M. Lenthéric's practical conclusions may be summed up as follows:—(1) Transform the French Mediterranean lagoons into a forest by planting pine-trees, maple, &c.; (2) construct a port which shall facilitate the working of the coal beds of the department of the Gard. Aigues-Mortes is, he considers, the best harbour for such purposes, and might easily be restored to its ancient prosperity. The volume is completed by a series of illustrative documents and by fifteen maps or plans beautifully engraved.

We have had lately many French publications treating of the popular songs and poetical traditions of different European countries. M. Alfred Rambaud's interesting collection† devoted to Russian literature is the most recent work of the kind. As in other instances, so in the case of Russia, popular poetry includes two classes of compositions totally distinct from each other. The lyrics are of a religious character, and they present under a Christian garb reminiscences of the original form of heathenism which marked the Slavonic races. These poems are much earlier than the other monuments of Russian folk literature, and the music to which they are sung is extremely ancient; in fact, the same melodies are found on the banks of the Volga and at the furthest end of the Breton peninsula in France. Next to the lyric poems come the epics or historical compositions, the subjects of which are the national heroes and patriotic legends of Russia. This class of compositions alone fills the pages of M. Rambaud's volume. He has divided them into four groups, and analyses the most remarkable amongst them, giving us occasional extracts, and showing how the same myths occur in the literary monuments of countries the most dissimilar in point of climate, civilization, and political sympathies.

The title of M. Jules Levallois's new book ‡ must not lead the reader to suppose that we are now presented with a recently discovered tragedy or comedy of Pierre Corneille. But even the published plays of the author of *Polyeucte* are not much known to the generality of readers, with the exception of the four or five masterpieces which have been reprinted *ad nauseam* and still supply choice extracts to anthologies compiled for the use of schools. M. Levallois acknowledges that such anthologies have their merits, and he does not wish to depreciate them; at the same time he maintains that the study of *Mélite*, *L'illusion comique*, *La galerie du Palais*, and the less popular pieces of Corneille is necessary to a satisfactory knowledge of the poet's character, and we are bound to say that the excursions he has made in those *terræ incognitæ* have produced valuable results. There existed hitherto a kind of Corneillian legend, combining, like all legends, a small proportion of truth with a large amount of error. M. Levallois has fairly demolished it, and his monograph has the merit of drawing our attention to beauties which, on the authority of professors of literature, we had hitherto neglected.

The intellectual life of a nation is intimately connected with its political development. It is absurd to separate two elements which equally contribute towards the accomplishment of a common result; and, further, as the various branches of the human race are closely connected with one another, we may say that the character of any given national literature cannot be thoroughly understood till we have ascertained how it has both influenced its neighbours and been influenced by them in return. Such is the principal idea running through M. Alfred Bougeault's *Histoire des littératures étrangères*, the first volume of which is now before us. When we say that within the compass of a moderate-sized octavo, M. Bougeault studies the literature of Germany, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Sweden, and Lapland, the reader will perceive that he need not expect more than a sketch, illustrated here and there by extracts; the criticisms are in general very fair, and the style is clear and picturesque; but, in spite of his professions, M. Bougeault neglects those comparisons with the literary masterpieces of other countries which would bring out the peculiarities of German poetry, philosophy, and criticism. His work, therefore, falls short of the ideal conception drawn in the preface.

M. Gustave Hubbard's programme fails likewise in this respect; although it proclaims somewhat pompously and pretentiously the "Synthesis of European Civilization." † We readily admit, however, that no author can succeed in giving in four hundred duodecimo pages both a "synthetic" history of any literature and a critical sketch of its principal writers. M. Hubbard's volume forms part of a collection which we have already had occasion to notice; it is intended to deal with contemporary literature; but the author has judiciously prefixed an introductory chapter on the beginnings of Spanish literature, and his interesting sketches of the old romances, the poem of the Cid, Cervantes, the drama in its various manifestations, and the *picaresque* style of composition, enable us to understand the intellectual progress of the present day. The work itself is subdivided into three books corresponding with the three following epochs—(1) from the Revolution of 1808 to the death of Ferdinand VII.; (2) from the first civil war of seven years to Espartero's Regency; (3) from the accession of Queen Isabella II. to the revolution of September 1875. This last book is preceded by an excellent description of the general character of the epoch under consideration.

The last four instalments of M. Franck's *Dictionnaire des sciences philosophiques* † have brought to a conclusion one of the most useful amongst the series of lexicons published by Messrs. Hachette. The theoretical articles remain the same, or nearly the same, as in the former editions, but the biographical notices have been much modified, and the names are added of eminent philosophers who have died since 1847, such as Rosmini-Serbati, Saisset, Lamennais, Schopenhauer, and others. Certain essays of a purely scientific kind likewise appear, with important alterations and additions.

Under the title *Voyage au pays de Babel* §, M. Félix Julien has written an excellent summary of the progress made by Assyriologists and, generally speaking, by Oriental scholars. The discoveries made by the late M. Eugène Burnouf, his commentary on the Yaçna, and his investigations of the old Zend literature, are well explained; and the relations between the Semitic and Turanian races are described in a manner which shows that the author has carefully studied the subject. M. Julien has a wholesome dread of hypothetical theories, and of conclusions adopted *à priori* in support of a religious or philological crotchet; accordingly, he handles M. Renan with much severity, and contends that the famous *Histoire des langues sémitiques*, whilst possessing all the attractiveness of a novel, has no other merit whatever. The supposed monotheism of the Semitic race is another fancy disposed of by our author, who reproduces some of the facts given many years ago by the late Professor Munk in his inaugural address at the Collége de France.

M. Caro is one of the chief contributors to M. Franck's Dictionary of Metaphysical Science, and has also published a number of well-known works on that wide subject. He may be considered a leading champion on the side of spiritualism, as opposed to sensationalism and materialism. The volume he has lately brought out ‖, consisting of articles originally written for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is another manifesto on behalf of metaphysics; its aim is to show that metaphysics are a reality, that the inductive sciences are not sufficient to explain man's destiny even in this world, and that the Positivists have as yet signally failed in their efforts to prove that they alone can regenerate society. Perhaps the most extraordinary symptom of the revolution which is just now taking place in the intellectual world is the strange want of logic manifested both by the leaders and the followers of the materialist school. M. Caro remarks that, notwithstanding their contempt for data which are not the results of experience, M. Littré and writers of his school are constantly compelled to appeal to such data, and are reasonable only when they do so; he further shows that from their hatred of Christianity and priestcraft, the theorizing Republicans of the Rousseau school, the champions of the rights of man, the apostles of equality and fraternity, claim as allies men whose doctrines rest on an essentially aristocratic and exclusive principle. The applications of modern materialism to natural law, to the right of punishing, and to the status of the criminal classes, are amongst the chief topics discussed by M. Caro.

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* *Les villes mortes du golfe de Lyon.* Par Ch. Lenthéric. Paris: Plon.

† *La Russie épique.* Par A. Rambaud. Paris: Maisonneuve.

‡ *Corneille inconnu.* Par Jules Levallois. Paris: Didier.

* *Histoire des littératures étrangères.* Par Alfred Bougeault. Vol. i. Paris: Plon.

† *Histoire de la littérature contemporaine en Espagne.* Par Gustave Hubbard. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Dictionnaire des sciences philosophiques.* Publié par M. Franck. Vols. 7–10. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Voyage au pays de Babel.* Par M. Félix Julien. Paris: Plon.

‖ *Problèmes de morale sociale.* Par E. Caro. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

We cannot be expected to wade through the bulky volume of M. Emile de Girardin*; nor would it be a very easy task to find a really striking page in a collection of newspaper articles which have not the slightest interest now, however pointed and pungent they may have been a year ago. France is a prey, we are told, to the spirit of faction. The *intransigentes*, the *irréconciliables*, are to be found in equal proportions amongst the Republicans, the Bonapartists, and the Monarchists. All seek the triumph of their opinions rather than the happiness of the country, and the war of 1870, instead of putting an end to intestine quarrels, has only complicated them a thousandfold. M. Emile de Girardin's theory is right enough, and his horror of red-tapeism has our cordial sympathy; but we do not believe that universal suffrage is the panacea which will save France from destruction. If we felt disposed to call to our assistance an able and experienced legislator, it would certainly not be the philosopher who, jealous, no doubt, of M. Proudhon's laurels, asserts that good and evil have no real existence, and that law and justice must give way for a kind of insurance company organized by mankind against the risks to which society is exposed.

M. Roget's history of Geneva† appears in small *fasciculi* according to a principle which we cannot understand; thus the work has a disjointed look, and the reader is obliged to wait a considerable time for a couple of hundred pages, instead of sitting down at once to the perusal of a reasonable-sized volume. This is a pity; for M. Roget writes well, his narrative is compiled from authentic documents, and he is specially to be commended for his impartiality. The events related in the present *livraison* are the trial of Bolsec, the differences of the Genevese and the King of France, the early symptoms of resistance against Calvin's despotism, and the measures of surveillance adopted with respect to refugees from France, Italy, and other neighbouring countries. It was evident, in the first place, that, if Geneva opened its gates indiscriminately to all persons persecuted on account of their religious views, the natural consequence would be a rupture with the King of France and with the Catholic potentates of Northern Italy; in the second place, it might be taken for granted that the multitude of refugees included, not only Evangelical Protestants, but free-thinkers and philosophers, through whose influence Calvin's authority would be endangered and Puritanism defeated. M. Roget's new pamphlet illustrates this state of things very fully, chiefly by an account of Bolsec's trial, and of the discussions between Calvin and the other ministers on the subject of predestination.

The *Public School French Grammar* which we have received from Messrs. Hachette‡ is an adapted translation of M. Brachet's well-known work. We need scarcely say that a grammatical treatise originally composed for French pupils required considerable additions and alterations to make it useful in English schools. The changes needed for this purpose have been made; and a distinct volume to be shortly published will contain the syntactic part of the work, more fully and thoroughly discussed than it is in the book before us. We have noticed a few typographical blunders which ought to be corrected in a future edition.

The list of works of fiction for this month includes reprints of several well-known tales. We have, first, M. Alfred de Musset's *Confession d'un enfant du siècle*§, which is really an autobiography slightly modified by the author's imagination. Published forty years ago, it immediately obtained notice on account both of the beauty of the style and of the tone of scepticism *désillusionné* which pervades it from beginning to end. M. de Musset's early poems, forming a companion volume in the same collection, are expressions of a similar mode of thought‖, and when they appeared they suggested a parallel with Byron. Both volumes are printed in a pocket form, and illustrated with etchings; they are to be followed by other works. M. Charpentier has also published a new edition of the tales composed by MM. E. and J. de Goncourt. Here we find realism of the most disagreeable kind, without the beauty of expression which gave such popularity to the *Confession*.¶

The best novels now before us are borrowed from foreign sources. Under the title *La princesse Morani* ** M. Louis Ulbach has arranged one of Mme. von Taalzow's historical tales, which introduces us to the Court of Vienna during the reign of Maria Theresa. The *Major Frans* ††, translated from the Dutch by M. Albert Réville, is a clever sketch of contemporary life in Holland.

The second part of M. de Montalembert's famous essay on Spain gives special interest to the February number of the *Bibliothèque universelle* ‡‡; and other articles are worth reading, especially the one in which M. Louis Léger exposes M. Verkovitch's attempt to connect the literature of the Slavonic race with the Vedas of Hinduism.

We must not conclude without mentioning the splendid edition of the book of Ruth, illustrated with M. Bida's usual talent.* The etchings, taken from personal observation and close study of Eastern life, are masterpieces.

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* *Grandeur et déclin de la France; questions des années* 1874 *et* 1875. Par Emile de Girardin. Paris: Plon.

† *Histoire du peuple de Genève.* Par Amédée Roget. Vol. 3. 2 livraison. Genève: Jullien.

‡ *The Public School French Grammar.* By Auguste Brachet. Translated by the Rev. E. Bretto and M. G. Masson. London: Hachette & Co.

§ *La confession d'un enfant du siècle.* Par Alfred de Musset. Paris: Charpentier.

‖ *Premières poésies.* Par Alfred de Musset. Paris: Charpentier.

¶ *Madame Gervaisais, etc.* Par E. et J. de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.

** *La princesse Morani.* Par Louis Ulbach. Paris: Lévy.

†† *Le major Frans.* Par M. Albert Réville. Paris: Plon.

‡‡ *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse.* Février 1876. Lausanne: Bridel.

* *Le livre de Ruth.* Illustré par M. Bida. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

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THE ROYAL TITLE.

WHATEVER may be the opinion generally entertained as to the propriety of the title which the QUEEN is to be advised to assume, there can be very little difference of judgment as to the manner in which Mr. DISRAELI has managed the business of bringing the subject before Parliament. He has been mysterious about nothing, and has demeaned himself as if he were in some high and delicate atmosphere of prerogative which his humble lungs were hardly able to breathe. There is no question of prerogative at all. The QUEEN cannot take a new title, or make any alteration in her title, except under an Act of Parliament. The reason is that the title of the Sovereign is of importance to the nation as well as to the QUEEN. As it is of this importance, Parliament must be informed of the title which it is proposed she should take. Mr. DISRAELI on Thursday night explained his refusal to disclose the title previously by saying that he thought the best time to disclose it was on the occasion of the motion for a second reading. This may be convenient to the House or not, but there is nothing grand or mysterious about it. It is a mere detail of Parliamentary procedure. Before the Bill could make any serious progress the Government had to state that it had made up its mind that the addition to the Royal title should not refer to the Colonies, that it should refer to India as a whole, and that the title should be Empress. For the exclusion of the Colonies from recognition in the new title, Mr. DISRAELI gave on Thursday the worst possible reason that he could have discovered. On the introduction of the Bill he gave a much better one. He then said that the Colonies were really included, and liked to be thought included, in the United Kingdom. Colonists were merely Englishmen living in a different part of the world. The objection to this view was that, if this were so, to treat India as not included in the United Kingdom was to stamp it with inferiority, and to mark off a harsh division between the QUEEN'S subjects. But at any rate the reason, such as it was, seemed complimentary to the colonists. They were above needing any mark of recognition. But on Thursday Mr. DISRAELI quite changed his ground. It is not colonists generally, but a few rich colonists who return to England, that occupy his attention. Gentlemen who pick up nuggets, or fleece thousands of sheep, hurry to England, take grand houses, buy estates, are presented at Court, and so have as much to do with the QUEEN as they could wish. It is through the lucky adventurers who give up the Colonies and spend their money in England that the close tie between the QUEEN and her Colonies is preserved. Colonial loyalty is to be discovered in a South Kensington palace, not in the attachment to the Crown of vast new nations spreading the English name over the world. It is not of Canada or the Dominion, but of the Canadians who do not think Canada good enough for them, that the QUEEN is supposed to think with pride when she contemplates her titles on her coins. It is true that the colonists are quite satisfied with things as they are, particularly as it has not perhaps hitherto occurred to them that the only people among them worthy of the QUEEN'S notice are those who will have nothing more to do with them. In any case they must be very well pleased to be left out, if the new title is to be that of Empress. No Englishmen in any part of the world want to exchange the [illegible] of their QUEEN for the Brummagem dignity of an Empress. Even if they are humble enough to be content to stay in the place of their birth or adoption, they are proud enough to reject the thought that their Sovereign would be more to them if she was decked out with the frippery of a grander name.

The main reason alleged for advising the QUEEN to assume a title with special reference to India is that the natives of India are said to be burning with a wild desire to see the QUEEN invested with this new dignity. The proofs of this desire furnished by the Government are of the feeblest description. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who is by no means without just notions of the meaning of evidence, must have felt himself at his wit's end for something like a proof, when, as a sign of the wishes of India, he adduced a letter written, not by a native, but by an Englishman, and not to a native, but to a person in Central Asia, in which the writer had, as a kind of imposing flourish, called the QUEEN Empress of Hindostan. A non-existent title, referring to a non-existent State, bestowed gratis by an Englishman in corresponding with a foreigner, is the quaintest indication of the wishes of the natives of India that a Minister could have imagined. But, although it may be difficult or impossible to prove that the natives wish for a special Royal title referring to them, it may be quite true that such a wish exists, and that it would be wise as a matter of sentiment, and prudent for many political purposes, to gratify this wish. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, who knows India well, is of this opinion, and no one of Indian experience and position controverted it. Mr. GLADSTONE pointed out that the QUEEN is technically only Queen of the portions of India belonging to the East India Company transferred to her, and that a title claiming supremacy over all India is an innovation. But it is an innovation expressing a fact. The chiefs who are called independent in India are not really independent. It would be hard to state precisely and with legal accuracy what is the nature of the supremacy to which they are subjected. But such a supremacy exists, and a title is a good mode of recording this supremacy without defining it. In India itself the new title will, according to Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, be Padishah, the highest title of sovereignty, whatever may be the English rendering; and what the people of India wish, what the chiefs are ready to recognize, and what the experience of competent Englishmen acquainted with India would approve, is that the QUEEN should in India be called Padishah. It is a matter of regret that the question has not been treated, as it might very easily have been, as a purely Indian one. If Parliament had simply been asked to enact that the QUEEN'S title in India should be Padishah, that all official documents and Indian coins should be made in accordance with this title, and that the Sovereign or her children when in India, and the Viceroy as representing her, should for all Indian purposes be treated as a Padishah, or as the descendants or representatives of a Padishah, the natives would have got all they would have wished, the colonists would have had nothing to do with the business, and we in England should not have been troubled with the discussion whether the QUEEN was to be an Empress.

But the Government has decided that the QUEEN is to be an Empress. She is in England, in Europe, everywhere, to have an Imperial as well as a Royal dignity. If Englishmen are asked whether they like this, every one must, since it is a pure question of feeling, answer for himself; and all we can say is that we do not like it at all. No doubt "Empress" is an English word, as Mr. DISRAELI went very much out of his way to prove. We habitually speak of the

British Empire, and the Imperial dignity of the Crown is a phrase recognized in an Act of Parliament. SPENSER wrote a dedication in which he called ELIZABETH an Empress; and, as Mr. DISRAELI argued, SPENSER knew courtiers, and perhaps they approved of the word, and the courtiers had access to the QUEEN, and perhaps they mentioned the dedication to the QUEEN before it was published and obtained her approval. It is equally possible that none of this happened, but there is nothing improbable in the notion of ELIZABETH being tickled with any piece of personal flattery. But arguments like these have nothing to do with the question whether now Parliament should authorize the QUEEN to call herself Empress. We must take the term as it stands now, with its present meaning and its present historical associations. These associations are to English minds unpleasant ones. There have of course been good Emperors and bad Emperors. There have been the ANTONINES, and there have been NERO and DOMITIAN. There have been ALEXANDERS and PAULS. The Emperor originally held, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, an elective military office; and so far the title is very inappropriate to the QUEEN; but it must be allowed that modern usage has changed the meaning of the term. But if this modern usage is to tell, it must also bring with it its own associations, and especially those of the French Second Empire, and we prefer our QUEEN not imitating the NAPOLEONS. Then, again, Emperor is generally thought to be a grander title than King. Technically speaking, this is not recognized in diplomatic circles. The representative of the Emperor of RUSSIA has no precedence over the representative of the King of SWEDEN. But, popularly speaking—and in a matter of popular sentiment we must attend to popular usage—an Emperor is thought to be somebody grander than a King. The old story of the meeting of the Sovereigns to pay their court to NAPOLEON, when a visitor hung about unnoticed and a lackey explained that it was "only a "King," comes naturally into the memory. In England we are proud of not sharing the feelings of the lackey. We like to think that our Sovereign is "only a Queen." It is the simplicity of greatness that accords with our tastes, and the feeling prompts itself that Mr DISRAELI is inclined to regard the matter too much from the lackey point of view, and to find a pleasure in shouting out a sonorous title which his countrymen who have less taste for pageants and ceremonials do not share.

INCIDENTS OF THE SUEZ CANAL DISCUSSION.

MR. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE have already received some compensation for the mortifying failure of their attack on the Suez Canal purchase. The measure was wise, but there has been great mismanagement in some of the subsidiary arrangements, and Mr. DISRAELI has in incidental discussions betrayed a want of his usual tact and temper. A Minister who seldom troubles himself to master details is at a disadvantage in meeting criticism on the acts of the Government, but long practice has taught Mr. DISRAELI to rely too confidently on his own adroitness and on his just influence in the House of Commons. He has now been misled by an easy victory over his opponents in the principal debate on the Suez purchase. The House was not inclined to adopt Mr. GLADSTONE's objections to the mode in which the money had been borrowed, because the main issue to be considered was whether it had been judicious to acquire an interest in the undertaking. Mr. LOWE played into the hands of the Government by his unseasonable reference to his own skill in providing for the payment of the *Alabama* damages. Having once for all affirmed the soundness of the Ministerial policy, the House of Commons is now at leisure to consider the terms on which the purchase money was advanced. It may perhaps have been, as Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE contended, difficult or impossible to obtain at a moment's notice the whole amount from the Bank of England; but the payments to the KHEDIVE were likely to be spread over several weeks, and there was therefore time to arrange for the advance of the later instalments on favourable terms. The Government may perhaps have had good reasons for not publishing the transaction as soon as the bargain was closed, so as to prevent the speculation in shares which followed the disclosure of the secret in Egypt; but no explanation of the temporary maintenance of secrecy has been given to Parliament. The subject will recur as often as Mr. GLADSTONE finds an opportunity of reasserting his own opinion and of throwing discredit on the Government. Mr. DISRAELI would be well advised in entrusting to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER the duty of repelling attacks. Not being a match for his ancient rival and adversary in discussions on finance and business, he may prudently reserve himself for occasions on which Mr. GLADSTONE's eagerness may give an opening for retaliatory criticism. Expressions of ironical satisfaction at every fresh illustration of the relations of the Government to the Suez Canal Company will soon pall on the taste of the House. The pleasure which a political opponent feels in every discomfiture of the Government is not universally shared when the country suffers through the alleged error of the Ministers.

One unqualified blunder of the Government has been aggravated by a display of irritable obstinacy which is not ordinarily characteristic of Mr. DISRAELI. In 1871 proposals for a change in the ownership of the Suez Canal had been suggested in several quarters. The KHEDIVE had expressed to Colonel STANTON, then Consul-General in Egypt, an opinion in favour of the transfer of the property either to an English Company or to the English Government. The Italian Government about the same time suggested the joint acquisition of the Canal by the maritime States. The Commune then occupied Paris; the war with Germany had recently ended; and it seemed doubtful whether M. DE LESSEPS could induce his shareholders to provide funds which were urgently required. Sir DANIEL LANGE, agent or representative of the Company in England, thought that, in the interest of all parties, the English Government ought to purchase the property; and he communicated his opinion both to M. DE LESSEPS and to Lord GRANVILLE, who was then Foreign Secretary. M. DE LESSEPS at first expressed strong repugnance to the proposal; but on reconsideration he intimated a disposition to negotiate a sale to the maritime Powers. Sir D. LANGE, with sound judgment, adhered to the scheme of exclusive English ownership and management; and the Turkish Ambassador in London devised the project of an ostensible sale to Turkey, which was then to transfer the property to England. The Turkish Government refused to countenance a sale to an International Commission; and it is not clear whether it would have acquiesced in English ownership. The correspondence ended with a formal refusal on the part of Lord GRANVILLE to engage in the transaction. Sir D. LANGE must have formed an erroneous estimate of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy when he proposed to his Government a bold and costly enterprise. Although he had himself held the same language to M. DE LESSEPS and to Lord GRANVILLE, he had not communicated to his official superior the overtures which he had made to the English Government. Some of his letters to Lord GRANVILLE had been marked "private and confidential," and the whole correspondence was of the same nature, and was entitled to the same protection. When Mr. DISRAELI declares that two of the most important letters were sent without the proper heading, he makes an excuse which is at the same time frivolous and inaccurate. All Sir D. LANGE's letters are important; and the publication of those which were not marked "private and confidential" would have had the same effect with the publication of the whole correspondence.

As soon as Sir D. LANGE's letters appeared in the Appendix to the Suez Canal papers, he was summarily dismissed by M. DE LESSEPS from the service of the Company. It is useless to inquire whether M. DE LESSEPS was morally justified in an act which he had evidently power to perform; but it may be admitted that there were expressions in the letters which might naturally cause offence; nor was it unnatural that the President of the Company should resent the independent proceedings of an agent. On the other hand, there is no doubt of the loyalty of Sir D. LANGE, who urged on M. DE LESSEPS the same policy which he recommended to the English Government. The penalty which his frankness has incurred sufficiently proves the futility of attempts to show that some or all of his letters were not private and confidential. Any person who incurs risk of loss or inconvenience when he furnishes information to Government is strictly entitled to the protection of secrecy. In one of his hasty explanations Mr. DISRAELI observed that the letters were addressed, not to the present Foreign Minister, but to his predecessor. He also seemed to wish to devolve some of the responsibility of publication on Lord GRANVILLE, to whom the letters had been sent in accordance, as it seems, with the usual custom. The office of Foreign Minister is permanent and identical

through all changes of incumbency. The confidential character of communications to the Foreign Secretary would be worth little if his successor were relieved from all obligation of confidence. Lord DERBY, who has not succeeded better than Mr. DISRAELI in defending his conduct, admits that he is exclusively responsible for the publication. Lord GRANVILLE'S share in the business ended with the letters in which he refused to negotiate for the purchase of the Canal. Mr. DISRAELI has more than once refused to avail himself of the excuse that the publication of the letters resulted from inadvertence; and though Mr. GLADSTONE still professes to think that an oversight had been committed, Mr. DISRAELI is right in asserting that the blunder of the Government was perfectly deliberate. Lord TENTERDEN, in his able and lucid summary of the history of the Canal, inserts in the proper places abridgments of Sir D. LANGE'S letters. The Under Secretary must be supposed to have called Lord DERBY'S attention to the confidential nature of the communication; and Lord DERBY deliberately justifies the publication of the letters on the ground that Parliament was entitled to information as to the overtures made in 1871. It is true that in many cases the confidential character of a communication is removed by lapse of time; but the interval in this case has not been sufficient to relieve Sir D. LANGE from the consequences of his correspondence with the English Government. Mr. DISRAELI'S disclaimer of carelessness is sustained at the cost of incurring a graver charge. There has been inadvertence and oversight, in the sense, not of neglect, but of deliberate misconception of duty.

The ill wind which blows on the Government brings good to Mr. GLADSTONE. His sneers are even pointed by a reference to the hardships and claims of Sir D. LANGE which might almost imply a willingness to compensate him at the public expense for the loss of his place. It is difficult to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE would pay such a price even for the pleasure of inferring from the proceeding of M. DE LESSEPS that the English Government has secured no influence over the policy of the Canal Company. On this point Lord DERBY can afford to bear Mr. GLADSTONE'S sarcasms with equanimity. It is still true that the possession of nearly half the capital must confer influence on the holder, although the effect may not be direct or immediate. M. DE LESSEPS is master of the administration, and he can dismiss his subordinates at pleasure; but M. DE LESSEPS, though he is fortunately active and vigorous, is not immortal, and English influence will be felt in the selection of his successor. In the meantime the most formidable of M. DE LESSEPS'S claims to the support of the French Government has been greatly and permanently weakened by the English purchase. But for the prompt action of the Government the entire enterprise would by this time have become French, probably with the ulterior consequence of absorption by the State. M. DE LESSEPS has never been wanting in self-assertion, which might by his enemies be deemed to border on arrogance. It is probable that a collateral motive for dismissing Sir D. LANGE was a desire to inflict a slight on the English Government; but even M. DE LESSEPS can forget his jealousy when anything is to be gained by co-operation. The modified tariff which has been provisionally settled with Colonel STANTON may probably promote a feeling of greater cordiality. Mr. DISRAELI'S angry explanations would be more effective if he understood better the strength and weakness of his position. It is not only in discussions on the Suez purchase that he is unfortunate in his exposition of his Egyptian policy. The refusal of the Government to sanction the establishment of the proposed Bank by the appointment of a Commissioner was generally approved; and it was unnecessary to add that a more ambitious and more questionable mode of interference might perhaps be adopted. It is highly probable that no measure of the kind is really contemplated; and that Mr. GLADSTONE'S argumentative indignation was only applicable to an offhand notion which had crossed Mr. DISRAELI'S mind.

THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BILL.

THE debate in the House of Lords on the University of Oxford Bill showed that a few members even of that assembly hesitate to abolish one of the most distinctive of English institutions. Lord COLCHESTER received no support for his amendment, but several speakers intimated disapproval of the measure which nevertheless they allow to pass without opposition. It is possible that in the House of Commons Lord SALISBURY'S tenderness for clerical endowments may provoke more objection than his sweeping abolition of lay fellowships. About twelve peers submitted to the hardship of being late for dinner, while the mover of the Bill repeated again and again, as if in answer to a challenge, the sneering epithet of "idle" fellowships. Lord CARNARVON contended that the claims of the University were prior to the rights of candidates who have hitherto had a prospect of valuable prizes. It is a new and strange doctrine that all corporate property is at all times subject to the absolute disposal of Parliament. A generation may arise in which the House of Lords, if the House of Lords shall have survived so long, may think some other object more beneficial than the learning and research which are, by some undefined process, to absorb endowments of 100,000*l.* a year. When that time comes, Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues will have established a precedent for disendowment which will admit of adoption and of extension. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who is only anxious that legislation on the Universities should come to an end, might have been expected to foresee that disestablishment will be facilitated by arbitrary redistribution. If Lord CARNARVON'S principle is sound, the argument against Church endowment will be conclusive, as soon as Parliament may hold that any other application of ecclesiastical property would be more beneficial to the community.

Lord SALISBURY laid stress on the expediency of allowing the Universities or the Colleges to legislate for themselves; and he has probably ascertained that the majority of the resident body concurs in his general policy; yet the Bill allows the Colleges only a discretion of the same kind with that which is exercised by a Dean and Chapter on receipt of a *congé d'élire*. Up to the end of 1877 the Colleges may anticipate the action of the Commissioners; but their proceedings are subject to the veto of the Commission. From the beginning of 1878 the Commissioners may regard the whole property of the Colleges, with the curious exception of the emoluments of Heads of Colleges, as a fund to be distributed at their discretion. Each College, as its turn comes, may appoint three Commissioners of its own, who will be always in a minority, though, as they will be practically elected by the resident body, they will probably concur in schemes of redistribution. At the close of the proceedings the Privy Council will give the Report the force of law, after hearing any objections which may be urged by persons or bodies directly affected. None of those who are to suffer will be directly affected, nor will the actual Fellows of Colleges have a right to oppose the scheme, inasmuch as their vested interests are protected. The best illustration of the extraordinary powers which the Government propose to confer on themselves is furnished by Lord SALISBURY'S opening speech. There is not a word in the Bill about the suppression of sinecure fellowships; and yet Lord SALISBURY candidly avowed that the transfer of endowments to the amount of many thousands a year was the principal object of the Bill. It follows that Commissioners will be appointed who will exercise apparently arbitrary powers, in accordance not with the words of the Bill, which may be supposed, if it is carried, to express the intentions of Parliament, but with the Minister's speech, which expresses the intentions of the Government. It is worth while to observe that none of the speakers who objected to the large powers of the Commissioners noticed the strange contrast between Lord SALISBURY'S statement and the Bill. It is indeed possible that he may himself have rated too highly the control which the present Government will exercise over their nominees. In the course of seven years there will be changes in the Commission itself, and it is possible that by that time a majority may have received their instructions from a Liberal Government. The disclosure of the opinions of the Commissioners before they have been appointed sufficiently proves that they will be pledged to execute Lord SALISBURY'S scheme of abolishing sinecure fellowships. It is apparently useless to ask for hesitation or delay. Mr. LYULPH STANLEY, who has a carefully considered scheme of his own, practically adopts the fundamental assumption of the Government. If the funds of the Colleges and Universities are absolutely at the disposal of Parliament, long-continued usage of course creates no presumption in favour of any existing system.

Those peers who criticized Lord SALISBURY'S plan nevertheless, with the exception of Lord COLCHESTER, acquiesced in the appointment of a Commission of unlimited powers

which will beforehand have accepted Lord SALISBURY's scheme. Some of them expressed a hope that fellowships would only be limited in the term of occupation; but Lord SALISBURY absolutely refused the smallest concession. As a general rule, the tenure of fellowships ought to be temporary, and not excessive in duration. At Cambridge lay fellowships tenable for life are few in number, and the possible and occasional life tenancy is further limited in practice by non-fulfilment of the statutory conditions. The great majority of professional laymen marry as soon as they can afford to maintain a family; and in most Colleges fellowships become vacant when the holder possesses a certain amount of property. Up to the present time clerical Fellows retire on acceptance of College livings or of other benefices; and many of them have up to that time been engaged in the discharge of academic duties. If it is thought desirable to diminish still further the number of life fellowships, the increase in the number of prizes will counterbalance a certain reduction of value. In any case a power of prolonging the tenure of fellowships in particular cases ought to be vested in some competent authority. If the principle of maintaining sinecure fellowships were conceded, it would probably not be difficult to agree on some reasonable compromise. It is true that, as Lord SALISBURY said, professional prizes are given in the form of higher and perhaps more laborious employment; but the object of College prizes is to stimulate the exertions of University students; and while those who are destined for an academic career may properly conform to the analogy of other professions, the condition of residence at the University would exclude the great body of competitors from all share in the endowments. The fellowships would consequently not serve their present purpose as prizes; and a limited competition would scarcely maintain the actual standard of eminence. In practice sinecure fellowships have served the double purpose of promoting the highest education, and of enabling a small and meritorious class to enter life with advantages which are ordinarily obtained only by the fortune of birth. It is at least doubtful whether any direct addition to the machinery of teaching would be an equivalent for the abolition of a powerful motive for learning.

It would be absurd to deny that the German Universities, which dispose of no sinecures, excel Oxford and Cambridge in the production of prodigies of attainment, and probably in the average diligence of the students; but, if German graduates have no fellowships, they enjoy many exclusive privileges. A University education is the indispensable condition of civil employment by the State, and it is accepted as a substitute for a part of the term of compulsory service in the army. One of Prince BISMARCK's strongest measures in his contest with the Roman Catholic clergy is the law which compels candidates for the priesthood to receive an education in a secular University. It would be impossible to practise similar compulsion in England. It is always probable that a national institution suits the character and circumstances of the community in which it exists. An imitation of the University system of Germany would probably fail in England. Lord SALISBURY's remark that nobody would now think of establishing sinecure fellowships for the first time would apply with equal force to higher dignities and more important forms of possession. The numerous States which have in modern times invented constitutions for themselves have, with the exception of the Monarchy of France at the Restoration, never succeeded in creating an hereditary Upper Chamber; and yet there is reason to believe that the English House of Lords is the happiest of accidents. The presumption in favour of that which exists is of course liable to be rebutted; but, in discriminating between a living and useful institution and an obsolete form, the true test is the modern improvement or deterioration of results. Within living memory the qualifications of Fellows and the beneficial influence of fellowships have been constantly raised and augmented.

THE NEW FRENCH MINISTRY.

M. DUFAURE was not able to meet the new Chambers with a Ministry, and the impression of his being behind time which this fact suggested is strengthened by the composition of the Cabinet which has now been formed. It would have been a very proper Ministry in the days of the old Assembly. Four of M. BUFFET's former colleagues would have been held to give it solidity, while four recruits from the Left Centre, including M. CHRISTOPHLE, would have imparted to it that dash of moderate Liberalism which was all that the Assembly wanted to satisfy its political aspirations, and which, if the Conservatives had been wise in time, might have equally satisfied the new Chambers. The Conservatives were not wise in time, and consequently the Liberalism of the new Chambers is of a more decided colour; and it remains to be seen whether the majority will not soon display a natural, if not reasonable desire, to have a Ministry as decided as themselves. M. DUFAURE has before now been almost as obnoxious to the Left as M. BUFFET himself; and though he may be a different man in presence of a Liberal majority from what he was in presence of a Conservative majority, he is neither young enough nor pliable enough to take very readily to new ways. No man in either Chamber has a greater power of saying stinging things, and in the Assembly this faculty was always called into exercise by some offence given by the Left. If M. DUFAURE intends to throw the same incisive speeches at the Liberal majority which he occasionally threw at the Liberal minority, he will find it hard to retain power on anything like Parliamentary conditions. M. LÉON SAY ought to have some skill in smoothing down Cabinet quarrels, if the gift can be gained by practice; for from the day he entered the late Ministry to the day that the Ministry came to an end, hardly a week passed without rumours that he was about to resign and assurances that he had made things straight again. What part he will play in a Cabinet in which his opinions will presumably be of more weight than they were in the last it is impossible to say. He has considerable reputation in finance; but financial skill and Parliamentary strategy do not always go together. The Duke DECAZES has been a very popular Foreign Minister, and his presence would have been essential to the success of almost any Cabinet as a guarantee of the continuity of French foreign policy. He was elected for an arrondissement of Paris in the second ballot by the aid of M. GAMBETTA, and it has not yet been ascertained at what point his devotion to the duties of his special department will be overcome by his distrust of Radicalism. General DE CISSEY is believed to have no politics. He is a soldier, and as such his first duty is to obey orders. Nominally, of course, he is M. DUFAURE's colleague; really he is Marshal MACMAHON's deputy. He too, however, has a special function as regards foreign Powers, inasmuch as he is associated with that exceedingly gradual reorganization of the French army which has perhaps done as much as the Duke DECAZES's tact to convince Germany that she has nothing to fear on the side of France.

These make the contingent which M. BUFFET's Cabinet has bequeathed to its successor. The best known of the new names is that of M. CHRISTOPHLE. As a former President of the Left Centre he would once have been a great power in the Cabinet, but it is difficult to predict what place the Left Centre will occupy in the new Legislature. According to some observers, they have not lost as much ground in the elections as is generally supposed. According to others, the group, as it has hitherto been known, is virtually annihilated, and, if a Left Centre continues to exist, it will not be the Left Centre with which we have so long been familiar. It is quite possible that the policy of the Conservatives in dissociating themselves from the Left so completely as they did may prove to have greatly injured the Left Centre in the elections. It used to be said that France was Left Centre, and in so far as this meant that the type of Republicanism advocated by the Left Centre was the type which in 1873 would have been popular with the constituencies, the statement was probably true. But the credit of the Left Centre depended as much perhaps on their supposed power to convince the Conservatives that a Republican Government was inevitable as on their supposed discernment in making that discovery for themselves, and when their influence over the Conservatives turned out to be very slight, the electors may insensibly have learned to look to a stronger variety of Republicanism as a better foundation for a permanent Government. It is curious that, though the elections are over and the results known, we should still be speaking in this uncertain strain. But the real character of a newly elected Legislature has seldom been so completely a matter of conjecture as in the case of the new French Chambers. There is so large a proportion of new names among the deputies, and so much ignorance exists as to the precise relation between the professions of

the candidates during the canvass and their future action in divisions, that, beyond the fact that France is decisively Republican, nothing can be said to be placed beyond doubt. M. RICARD, the new Minister of the Interior, is the only member of the Cabinet who as yet has a seat in neither Chamber. The elections have proved that this office is not so important as it used to be considered in the days when the peasants voted at the bidding of the local authorities, and the majority of the returns were arranged in the Minister's bureau. But the Minister of the Interior has so much power over the press and over the many incidents which bring Frenchmen into contact with the Administration, that the popularity of a Cabinet depends on him in a greater degree than upon the Prime Minister himself. If M. BUFFET had not united the two offices in his own person, he would have been very much less hated than he succeeded in making himself. M. RICARD will have it in his power greatly to soften the impression of unbending rigidity which M. DUFAURE'S presence at the head of affairs will be calculated to create. M. WADDINGTON has the recommendation of having been a Minister under M. THIERS and a colleague of M. CASIMIR PÉRIER. The most important thing about the appointment is that he is a Protestant, and that the nomination of a Protestant to the Ministry of Education may be taken as an indication that the new Cabinet will not be specially clerical in its policy. As regards the actual administration of the department, there is no reason why a Protestant should not show as much consideration to all the reasonable claims of the clergy as a Roman Catholic. But when it is remembered that to be a Protestant in France is at least as great a drawback to political success as to be a Catholic is in England, it is a strong step to put M. WADDINGTON in the office which of all others, except that of Public Worship, brings the holder into contact with the Church. It is possible that this appointment may prove the most prudent that M. DUFAURE has made. There is no great danger that the clergy will quarrel with the Ministry, because they must be very well aware that in the present condition of affairs they are not likely to get one more to their mind. But any suspicion of clericalism would at once have embroiled the Ministry with M. GAMBETTA. Just as M. THIERS claimed to have discovered that the Republic was the Government which united Frenchmen most, so M. GAMBETTA claims to have discovered that resistance to clericalism is the policy which unites Republicans most. In his speech at Lyons the other day he professed to see in the recent elections a conspicuous triumph of this policy. It is not the aspect which the elections wore to the eyes of spectators; and it may be suspected that M. GAMBETTA chooses to describe them in these terms because he knows that, so long as he can keep religious matters before the eyes of his followers, the political differences which separate them from one another will be less apparent. It will take some very decided measures of deference to the clergy to convince Frenchmen that there is any danger of improper submission to ecclesiastical pretensions on the part of a Ministry in which a Protestant is Minister of Education. Admiral FOURICHON, the new Minister of Marine, unites the seemingly inconsistent attributes of being a member of the Right Centre and of having been a Minister under M. GAMBETTA. His appointment may perhaps be accepted as conclusive evidence that the new Cabinet is not about to commit the blunders of which its predecessor was guilty, and to mix itself up with any shortsighted and unpatriotic attacks on the Government of National Defence.

Such is the Ministry which Marshal MACMAHON has persuaded himself to accept. As has been said, if he could have made equal advances to the Left six months ago, the results of the elections might have been less unfavourable to the policy which he personally favours. But the Conservatives around him could not be convinced that a judicious and timely compromise with the Conservative elements in the Left was the best issue they could expect. Whether it will be possible for the new Ministry to hold its own before a majority which must be described rather as critical and expectant than as positively favourable will probably depend on the promptness with which M. DUFAURE declares his acceptance of the particular Liberal proposals which he is willing to introduce into his programme.

AMERICAN OFFICIAL SCANDALS.

IN unanimously preferring articles of impeachment against General BELKNAP the American House of Representatives has undoubtedly expressed the indignant feeling of the whole country. The guilt of the delinquent is not denied, and the circumstances of his crime are in the highest degree simple and vulgar. As Secretary of War General BELKNAP had the patronage of certain frontier posts which provided opportunities of lucrative traffic with the Indians. In one instance at least the SECRETARY received an annual payment of 1,000*l.* from the occupier of the post, and it is naturally suspected that he may have made other arrangements of the same kind. The ultimate paymasters were perhaps the Indian purchasers, though it may be contended that the privileged trader would, even if he had not paid for his appointment, have charged for his goods the highest price which he could obtain. The distress which the PRESIDENT is said to feel since the discovery of the guilt of his Minister may possibly be aggravated by regret for the undue haste with which he believed his excuses and accepted his resignation. It seems that there was a technical doubt whether the process of impeachment is applicable to a criminal functionary after his retirement from office. The difficulty seemed to be imaginary, for no legislator would intentionally make the prosecution of a culprit depend on any condition subsequent to the date of his offence; but the objection was so far plausible that the Senate referred to a Committee the question whether the articles of impeachment could be received. It has since been determined that the impeachment shall proceed, and an ordinary criminal prosecution has been simultaneously instituted; though unexpected difficulties have subsequently arisen in the way of both modes of procedure. According to General BELKNAP'S first statement, the bribes had been received without his privity by his wife; but he professed to acknowledge his own formal responsibility for the transaction. The simple-minded PRESIDENT seems at once to have believed the improbable assertion, and consequently to have accepted the resignation, instead of either dismissing the offender, or suspending him from office while the House considered the propriety of an impeachment. General BELKNAP soon afterwards found it impossible to sustain the fiction which had sufficed to impose on the PRESIDENT. He now confesses his guilt; and it perhaps matters little whether he is sentenced by the Senate or merely relegated to infamous obscurity.

Only a few days before the occurrence of the latest scandal, General BABCOCK, the PRESIDENT'S private secretary, had been acquitted at St. Louis on a charge of complicity with certain distillers who have, with the connivance of the revenue officers, defrauded the Treasury of large sums. It was proved that the defendant had sent to some of the persons concerned in the fraud telegraphic messages which, according to the theory of the prosecution, were intended to warn them of the impending visits of inspectors or detective officers from Washington. One person concerned had inclosed considerable sums of money to General BABCOCK; but, according to his own evidence, he had afterwards withdrawn the drafts from the envelopes before they were transmitted by post. The evidence of the PRESIDENT, taken by commission, was highly favourable to the accused; but the Court rejected the greater part of the proof as irrelevant, and only received the remainder as evidence to character. General BABCOCK is entitled to the benefit of his acquittal; but it is unfortunate that the proved corruption of subordinate officers should have involved in suspicion the PRESIDENT'S most confidential assistant. The integrity and energy of Mr. BRISTOW, the Secretary of the Treasury, will probably during his tenure of office discourage the repetition of the frauds which he has exposed and punished; but it has been proved that the simplest method of evading taxes due to the Government is to divide the spoil with revenue officers. Mr. BRISTOW'S immediate predecessors, Mr. BOUTWELL and Mr. RICHARDSON, professedly made appointments to office on political grounds; and Mr. BOUTWELL, though he is not suspected of personal dishonesty, with the sanction of the PRESIDENT set the example of deliberately violating the law by reissuing a large amount of greenbacks which had been withdrawn from circulation. There was no reason to suppose that political nominees of the dominant party would be competent or scrupulous; nor is Mr. BRISTOW probably surprised by the discovery that his subordinates are open to bribes. It is not known whether he believed

before the verdict in the guilt imputed to General BABCOCK. With the indefensible acts of his colleague at the War Office he had no official connexion.

The enormous and impudent robberies perpetrated by TWEED and his accomplices at the expense of the City of New York were regarded in the United States with a feeling of amusement which interfered with due moral indignation. It was known that the swindling demagogues of the Corporation, in making vast fortunes for themselves, executed the intentions of their constituents, to whom they imparted a share of the plunder. After the full exposure of his frauds, TWEED was returned to the State Senate by the same Irish majority which had originally placed him in power. The inhabitants of other States and cities congratulated themselves on their exemption from the supremacy of an ignorant and dishonest immigrant rabble. The withdrawal of the better classes from public life, and the general disrepute which attached to professional politicians, failed to suggest the inference that legislators and functionaries who were not paid in repute or general esteem would be likely to pay themselves in money. A deeper feeling than the contemptuous irritation which had been provoked by the New York scandals was aroused by the exposure of the motives which had induced Congress to grant subsidies to the Pacific Railway. A large number of members had been bribed by the agents of the Company with shares or money; and one conspicuous Republican patriot, after selling his vote, had made an elaborate series of false statements to conceal his guilt. About the same time several Northern adventurers who had by the votes of the negroes obtained office in the Southern States committed flagrant acts of pillage. The discredit which consequently attached to the Republican party produced the reaction of 1874, which resulted in the return of a large Democratic majority to the House. The people of the United States sincerely dislike fraud and misgovernment; but unfortunately their institutions place them, except in times of excitement, at the mercy of professional politicians and election managers. The crime of General BELKNAP will perhaps in its consequences affect the Presidential election. A President who has during his term of office been constantly associated with persons of bad character will have acquired a reputation for bad luck, which is almost as conclusive against his claim to re-election as participation in the conduct of his favourites. It is not impossible that the discredit may extend to the Republican party; but unfortunately there can be no security against the recurrence of official corruption. It is now stated that strong suspicion of fraud attaches to other public functionaries.

Some improvement might probably result from the adoption of the scheme of Civil Service Reform which has been steadily discountenanced by General GRANT at the instance of his principal supporters in the Senate. A successful competitor in an examination has a fair chance of being personally honest; and the occupation of a permanent office with gradual promotion would furnish additional motives for good conduct. At present the local party managers have a large share in the distribution of patronage; and their nominees are appointed either because they have made themselves useful in elections or because they have purchased the good will of their patrons. During their continuance in office they are compelled to pay a heavy percentage on their salaries for the expenses of the party organization; and they probably find in the unavoidable tax an excuse for reconping themselves, as occasion may offer, by the acceptance of bribes. It would evidently be impossible to practise similar extortion if the Civil Service were independent and permanent; but until a higher moral standard of administrative integrity is established corruption will not be extirpated. Whatever may be done in relation to clerks and excise officers, Cabinet Ministers cannot be appointed by literary competition. The ex-Secretary of War is virtually convicted of receiving bribes, and the late Secretary of the Interior is charged with similar transactions. It is not for foreigners to suggest the securities which ought to be taken against the continuance of iniquities which are regarded in the United States with just and creditable disapproval. If the services of the best class of Americans could be obtained by the Republic, no further reform would be needed; but the moral and intellectual aristocracy will not court the patronage of election managers, and, if they entered into the competition for employment, they would not succeed. The measures of retrenchment which have lately been carried through the House of Representatives seem to be highly unseasonable. When men in high office take bribes, the presumption is not that public servants are overpaid. The Democratic majority has reduced the salary of the Minister in London, while General SCHENCK, having resigned his post under circumstances not yet fully explained, is crossing the Atlantic to vindicate his dealings with the Emma Mine; and it has been decided that the PRESIDENT shall receive the absurdly inadequate income of 5,000*l.* a year when his private secretary has been tried for corruption, and when his SECRETARY for WAR has confessed his guilt. In countries where official purity is the rule, certain American institutions have not yet been adopted. It is worth while to consider the tendency of further changes in the direction of democracy. Chivalry, according to BURKE, was the cheap defence of nations. The administration of public affairs by gentlemen may perhaps also tend to cheapness.

ITALY.

THE second Session of the twelfth Italian Parliament was opened by the KING on Monday last. That the twelfth Italian Parliament should be now sitting is not the least wonderful among the many wonderful things of the times; and the KING was able to address the Chambers in language which must have been pleasant to hear, and which, if a little coloured by hope, was yet based on a solid foundation of fact. Italy is prosperous within; and, for the first time since an Italian Parliament existed, the Chambers have before them a reasonable prospect of seeing the current expenditure nearly balanced by the receipts. That it will be quite balanced is perhaps too much to hope for. As the KING pointed out, new burdens are to be assumed by the Government, and, even if the receipts did balance the expenditure, there would still be the floating debt and a depreciated currency between Italy and perfect solvency. Still, if the immense difficulties which Italy has had to face are taken into account, the financial position is now better than could a few years ago have been anticipated, and great credit is due to SELLA for his energetic efforts to keep Italy in the right path, and to MINGHETTI for the assiduity with which he has followed in the steps of SELLA. Italy is on the point of renewing its Treaties of Commerce with its nearest neighbours, and the KING was enabled to announce that he saw the way at once to make good bargains with France, Austria, and Switzerland, and to maintain intact the principles of free trade. It is fortunate that in the case of France it was not necessary to solve the difficult problem of combining good bargaining with free trade during the government of M. THIERS; and it is satisfactory to find that the strenuous efforts of the Austrian Protectionists to take the opportunity of a depressed state of trade to force Austria into a retrograde path are not likely to be successful. With the army the KING is well satisfied, and his satisfaction is derived from what he has himself seen. Italy has worked very hard, spent much, and thought much in order to have an army able to maintain order at home and inspire respect abroad. The KING now tells his people that they have got a good army, and he speaks with the authority of an experience drawn both from successful and from unsuccessful wars. It is now nearly ten years since the raw army of Italy learned at the hands of Austria a severe but very useful lesson, and the KING, when he praises the army he now has, must mean that his troops would be able to fight on a footing of something like equality whoever might be the foe. The army being in good order, it is now, as the KING modestly puts it, time to attend to the navy. It is exceedingly improbable that Italy will for some time to come be able to afford the costly luxury of a new ironclad fleet for offensive operations. What money she has to spend for maritime purposes must be mainly spent on harbour fortifications and on vessels of defence. She may reasonably hope that, if she is prudent and pacific, she will not be without the aid of an ally possessed of much greater maritime power than herself should war be unhappily forced on her.

It is not, however, enough for the twelfth Italian Parliament to know that the present position of the country and its army is reasonably good. Italy aspires to more than this. She claims to rank as one of the Great Powers, and it is in this capacity that the KING statesthat she has addressed the Porte in support of the ANDRASSY Note. The Porte, owing to the curious intervention of the tiny State

of Piedmont in the Crimean War, cannot dispute the claim, and it may view the adhesion of Italy to the course taken by Austria with the complacency derived from the knowledge that Italy, like Austria, has done something to foment the insurrection which the Great Powers are now endeavouring to suppress. Whether as a signatary of the Treaty of Paris or as a Great Power, it is convenient that Italy should be invited to take notice that the bargain is reform on the one side and suppression of the insurrection on the other. Naturally, such pleasing tributes to the new importance of Italy as the visits in the year just finished of the Emperor of AUSTRIA and the German EMPEROR were not passed over by the KING; and when he thought of the more powerful and the more recent of his guests, VICTOR EMMANUEL may have congratulated himself on not having to occupy the attention of his Parliament with ecclesiastical squabbles. Benevolence ought always to accompany greatness, and Italy is now endeavouring to show that, if she is a Great Power, she is also willing to be a kind and useful one. The Italian Government acceded at once to the request of the KHEDIVE to nominate a Commissioner for the regulation of Egyptian finance. It has explained its readiness by pointing out that it seemed to it that Italy might act a useful part as a buffer between France and England in case disputes should arise between these two other Great Powers on Egyptian questions. That Italy owes much to France and to England every impartial Italian would readily admit. The debt to France is notorious to all the world, and the greatness of its obligation to England has lately been placed in a very clear light by the publication of Lord PALMERSTON'S letters. If Italy owes the origin of its unity and independence to France, it owes to England that they were not stifled immediately on their birth. The Cabinet of Lord PALMERSTON was engaged for years in seeing that the Emperor of the FRENCH did not kill his own political offspring. In its gratitude Italy now offers to appear in Egypt as the sedulous and impartial friend of those from whom it has received so many benefits. We have only to express our pleasure at this kind thought of us and our interests, and a little mild wonder at Italy having attained a position which qualifies her to step forward as a Great Power, and see in a brotherly sort of way that England and France do not fall out and do each other serious harm.

The principal measure which the KING had to recommend to his Parliament was the purchase of the railway system of Upper Italy. As this system is part of the same enterprise with a system of equal magnitude in Austria, the purchase has taken the form of an international arrangement, and the KING declares himself bound to carry out the convention he has made with the Emperor of AUSTRIA. The Government has also arranged for the purchase of the Roman and the Southern lines. Into the terms of the arrangements made it is not necessary to enter, further than to say that the basis is one by which the immediate outlay of cash is almost wholly avoided. An annuity is to be paid to provide for the obligations, and an issue of Italian Rentes gives such compensation to the shareholders as they have been able to exact. But it is the Companies who have been anxious to sell, as they have been labouring under financial difficulties, and have allowed the lines to get into bad order. Money will have to be provided for renewal and new equipment, and the Government has had to purchase the lines in order that the traffic of the country may be carried on. There are some advantages in the railways of a country belonging to the State, and Italy may perhaps one day find that it has benefited pecuniarily by having bought up its railways when they were to be had at a comparatively moderate cost. But for the moment the necessity of providing cash to put the lines in fair working order will be a serious burden on the Treasury, and the management of a great railway system by the State is a very anxious business. The dangers of jobbery, of abuse of political influence, and of the State being forced by clamour to reduce its tariffs below a remunerative level, are very serious, and are especially dangerous in a country like Italy, where there is great difficulty already in shaking off the bad traditions of the world of unscrupulous and over-numerous officials fostered by the petty Governments which formerly had possession of the country. It is not improbable that the question that will excite the liveliest discussion in the Italian Parliament will be not whether the arrangements for purchase should be sanctioned, or whether the terms are satisfactory, but how the railways are to be worked when the State has got possession of them. The Government has recently had a warning of the losses it may sustain when it listens to appeals made on behalf of commercial undertakings. In deference to urgent representations made by prominent members of both political parties, the Government not long ago advanced a large sum to a Company carrying on a packet service in the Mediterranean on a scale which even in England or France would be thought considerable. In spite, however, of the assistance tendered to it, the Company had soon afterwards to declare itself insolvent, and the Government to all appearance did no good by a liberality which Italy could very ill afford. The Government may not have much reason to fear hostile criticism on its blunder, as it acted in accordance with the wishes of opponents as well as of friends. But the incident will be fresh in the memory of all who have to consider the precautions under which the management of the State lines is to be carried on. If the lines could but be well managed, there is probably nothing in the purchase to injure the financial position of the country; but it is so uncertain whether the lines will be well managed that it is impossible not to recognize that a new cloud threatens to overshadow Italian finance. It is a cloud that may fade away, and the clouds that threaten Italy have a singular turn for fading away; but it is also one that may grow larger and darker than it will be at all agreeable for Italians to contemplate.

THE BURIALS AGITATION.

THERE is something very significant, though perhaps injudiciously candid, in the jubilation of the Liberal organs over the result of the division on Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Resolution. The nominal question at issue sinks out of sight, or is just touched upon in a passing way. The critical importance of the event is found, not in its bearing on the Burials question, but in the fact that it has afforded the scattered sections of the Liberal party an opportunity of again meeting each other in the same lobby. The estranged brethren have kissed each other, and the flock has once more been gathered to the fold at the call of the shepherd. "The Conservative party," screams the *Daily Telegraph*, with its hat in the air, "has been out-"manœuvred." "A powerful force, combining the ardour "of the Dissenters, the energy of the Home Rulers, and "the statesmanship of the Whigs," has at last been brought together, if only for a single night, under Lord HARTINGTON'S guidance, and it is hoped that the sulky alienation of the Dissenters is now at an end. How to bring back the missing contingent has been for some time a crucial question for the Liberal party; and many ingenious minds have no doubt been brooding over it. The attempt to get up an agitation about the Slave-Trade Circular has, for obvious reasons, not been very successful. But Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Resolution offered another chance, and has been more judiciously worked. We are indebted to the *Daily Telegraph* for the information that "it is especially good for the "Liberals to give battle on a question of sentiment rather "than of practical reform." It is in the sphere of sentiment that they have found inspiration for all their great achievements; and "the strength of the party is in its feelings, not "in its opinions." "A strong sentiment unites all sections of "Liberals, as pieces of iron of different quality can be fused "by fierce heat." There can be no doubt that, as MOODY and SANKEY as well as Mr. GLADSTONE have shown, emotionalism is a great force in its way. When Mr. GLADSTONE came into office the party was roused to heroic ardour. Everybody felt that common things had ceased to be, that human nature had been delightfully sublimated, and that the perfection of everything was very near at hand. No doubt this sort of excitement is very stimulating while it lasts, and there are various symptoms that the Liberal party has still a hankering for another bout of it. These have been dull times of late; and it is easy to understand the fondness with which fervent Liberals look back on the exhilaration of other days.

It is important to bear this attitude of the Liberal party in mind in studying its connexion with the Burials agitation. It is thought to be necessary to weld the different sections of the party together; and as the *Daily Telegraph* justly observes, there is nothing like getting up "a fierce "heat" for such a purpose, and any fuel that happens to be handy will do very well. This is really the main cause of the agitation. What is called the Burials question is—

fact, two questions, or at least a question with two faces. On the one side is the plain, practical question how public provision is to be made for interments; and on the other is the problem how to get up a sensational white heat for the engineering purposes of the Liberal party. What, then, is the grievance which is complained of? From of old church and churchyard have been regarded as one; until a comparatively modern period everybody was, as a rule, baptized at the parish font, married in the church, and buried in the churchyard, with the services of the Church in each case. There was no element of sectarian controversy in the matter; the services of the Church were open to all the population alike; and every one accepted these services as a natural part of an Englishman's birthright. In the course of time people began to indulge their private tastes as regards preaching, and when they did not like the parish clergyman they went elsewhere. But still the main body of the population, however averse some of them might be to the parsons' sermons, clung instinctively to the national system of marriage and burial. They felt that they were more akin with their race if on these solemn occasions they were identified with the old, time-honoured services which had been so dear to many generations of their countrymen. The Church made no difficulties as to keeping open doors for every class, for this was indeed alike its privilege and duty. Nobody was compelled to come, but all who came were welcome. In those days philosophical Liberals had not discovered that a church could be a church without a creed. Nothing would then have been more startling to the minds of men than the notion that the temple in which they worshipped was only a fortuitous agglomeration of stones and lime, not especially identified with one sort of service or form of belief more than another. There is perhaps no stronger example of the way in which even clever people get confused and bewildered by the use of cant expressions than the sort of argument which was heard on Friday week, and which is constantly raised in discussions of this kind. Sir W. HARCOURT, for instance, was not ashamed to repeat the question which had already been asked by members from whom it came more naturally—Is not the Church degrading itself into a sect by proclaiming its belief in anything in particular? Mr. CROSS had referred to the practice of the Quakers in regard to their own graveyards, and Sir WILLIAM, with pathetic amazement, very much in the tone with which Mrs. SIDDONS used to frighten the drapers by asking "Will it wash?" exclaimed, "What! is "the National Church to be dethroned from its rank "as an establishment, and reduced to that of a sect?" Every Church must of course be a sect, in so far as it professes a distinctive religion; the difference between the Society of Friends and the Church of England is not that the former has peculiar tenets and the latter has not, but that the Church represents the common feeling and belief of the great body of the English people, while the Society of Friends represents only the opinions of a small and eccentric denomination. As soon as the principle is laid down that the Church of England is a mere question of masonry, a sort of St. James's Hall, which any set of people can have the use of for any performance they like, the Church is practically disestablished. There are weak-minded persons even in the Church of England who are deluded with the idea that it would remain a Church even though its pulpits were open to anybody and everybody to preach what they pleased. It is obvious, however, that though the Church might still remain in a certain way a useful public institution, just as a town-hall is, it would certainly not be the Church of England in the sense in which it has always existed. And this is what those who are in earnest in enforcing the claims of Dissenters to the parish churchyards on their own terms have in view. It is important to observe that the Resolution, as it was proposed, started with a mis-statement. It asserted that "the parish churchyards of "England and Wales had been appropriated to the use of "the entire body of the parishioners." This is true as far as it goes; but it leaves entirely out of view the rather material fact that this right exists only on specified conditions. Again, the Resolution laid down that it is "just "and right, while making proper provision for the mainte-"nance of order and decency," to make certain changes; but the speech of the mover showed that this was a mere form of words, and that there was no intention whatever to take any precautions to maintain order and decency, but that it was part of the scheme to throw open the churchyards for the performance of any kind of ceremony or demonstration which the persons conducting a funeral might choose to resort to. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN said very frankly:—"I will tell the House what safeguards I would "propose. None whatever. This is a matter on which "we might safely trust to the good sense and good feeling "of our fellow-countrymen." It is notorious, however, that there are sections of the community who have peculiar notions of decency and order which are not shared by the rest of mankind. As to the final conclusion, it was also delusive, because what it proposed was not an enforcement of existing rights, as was pretended, but an innovation based on grounds of supposed expediency. The whole Resolution was therefore disingenuous and illogical.

The HOME SECRETARY, by reducing the subject to its matter-of-fact elements, immediately brought to the ground the artificial structure, all canvas and daubing, which Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and his friends had so laboriously constructed for the occasion. The sober facts of the case may be simply stated. Either there is something distinctive about a parish churchyard or there is not. If there is, why should people who affect to despise its character and associations, and who sneer, with Mr. BRIGHT, at "What d'ye call it, consecration?" be so anxious to be buried there when they can easily be buried somewhere else? If there is not, what does it matter in what enclosure a body is laid? Again, if it is such a matter of conscience with the Dissenters to have their own peculiar services, it is equally a matter of conscience with Churchmen that their similar rights should be respected. They are in possession; prescription is on their side; the churchyards are in law freeholds of the rector or vicar just as the churches are; and if these rights are taken away, it will be the first step towards disestablishment. Disestablishment, of course, may or may not be desirable, but at least it should be done openly and deliberately, in full view of what it means. There is nothing either in the marriage or burial services which offends any body of Christians; and it is notorious that a large number of Dissenters prefer them to the extempore utterances of their own ministers, and that in many places where there is a public cemetery, containing both consecrated and unconsecrated ground, Dissenters resent being buried in the part reserved for them, which remains empty, while the other is crowded with their bodies. It would seem to be natural therefore that where there is a choice of accommodation, Dissenters should go where they can be comfortable in their own way, and they suffer no grievance in having to do so. The question thus resolves itself into what should be done in the comparatively small and continually decreasing number of cases in which the parish churchyard is the only available place of sepulture. Mr. CROSS's statistics show that, as the churchyards fill up, and population increases, the churchyards are closed and cemeteries have to be provided; and no reasonable person can doubt that a public necessity of this kind ought to be provided for systematically. Before very long, at the present rate of burial, all the churchyards will be filled up; and then there will be no question of anybody being buried in them. Nothing can be more preposterous than to make an organic revolution for the sake of adjusting a small detail of machinery which is every day settling itself by the mere course of events. It is satisfactory to know that the Government has undertaken to deal with the question in the only way in which it requires to, or can safely, be dealt with—its practical aspect—and it is to be hoped, as Mr. CROSS said, that we shall hear no more of these miserable little ecclesiastical disputes which are manufactured only as an instrument of political agitation.

THE SLAVE CIRCULAR IN THE LORDS.

THE history of the Slave Circulars is a proof that it is not always an advantage to have several alternatives to choose from. The Government were in this position as regards the issuing of instructions relative to the treatment of fugitive slaves. They had in the first instance to decide whether to do something or to do nothing. It has been contended that here was their first blunder. They might, it is said, have issued no instructions on the subject, and then there would have been neither First nor Second Circular, nor Royal Commission, nor debates in either House. This criticism has a good deal of wisdom in it, but it is the sort of wisdom that commonly comes after the

event. It is now seen that the action of the Government has been unfortunate, and it is very natural to ask why they could not have let things alone. Supposing, however, that they had let things alone, and that thereupon some naval commander had got into difficulties about an escaped slave, it would have been equally natural to ask why a Cabinet which had been warned by the Indian Government that the question threatened to become troublesome had been so weak as to leave it to the discretion of the first blundering naval officer whom chance might take into the Persian Gulf? But the propriety of framing a Circular of some kind does not involve the propriety of issuing the wonderful document which made its appearance in the summer. Still it would be unkind to lay much stress upon this point, because, as soon as the Cabinet came to know what was in the First Circular, they were as much ashamed of it as any one else could be. It was hastily buried, and no one but the ATTORNEY-GENERAL attended the funeral. Thereupon the Government had once more to choose between action and inaction. The same reasons which had made it expedient to put out the First Circular made it equally expedient not to leave the ground unoccupied when it had been withdrawn. The error on this occasion was that, while professing to give their commanders positive instructions how to treat such slaves as might come on board, the Government did not think it necessary to make their instructions precise as well as positive. They were of one mind as to throwing over the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and as to maintaining both the extra-territorial character of a QUEEN'S ship on the high seas and the effect of that extra-territorial character on the status of slaves received on board. But they could not come to any conclusion as to what should be done with a slave who has got on board a QUEEN'S ship in territorial waters. It was easy enough to say, Don't let a slave get on board if you can possibly help it; but the united intelligence of the Cabinet was baffled by the hypothetical inquiry of an imaginary commander, If I have not been able to help it, what am I to do with him afterwards? The excitement caused by the publication of the First Circular prevented them from answering, Give him up to his owner; an appreciation of practical difficulties prevented them from answering, Keep him on board until such time as you can land him in some territory where his freedom will be respected. In this dilemma they issued an order which either threw the responsibility of a decision upon the commander of the ship, or, if he tried to follow the letter of his instructions, bade him put the slave on shore and then shut his eyes, so that he might not see what became of him. Even if this Second Circular had been allowed to pass unchallenged, it could only have put off the evil day. A commander whose sympathies were with the slave would have read the direction not to give him up to his master as tantamount to a direction not to turn him out of the ship so long as there was any chance of his master catching him. A commander who simply wished to obey orders would have put a slave on shore under circumstances only colourably different from a formal surrender. In one way or the other the question would have again presented itself for settlement, and the Cabinet would have found that they had gained nothing by postponing it. Chance, in the shape of a popular dislike of the Second Circular almost as great as that felt towards the First, saved the Government from this misfortune. Whether they ultimately invent a policy for themselves or are content to take one at the hands of the Royal Commission, the whole question of the treatment of fugitive slaves will have to be determined once for all. Everybody now knows, or may know, that English naval officers all over the world are waiting for orders whether, when their ships are lying in territorial waters, they are to give up escaped slaves to their masters, or to keep them on board until such time as they can set them free. It will be impossible to keep secret the answer which must ultimately be given to this inquiry, and it may be doubted whether in the end the Government will have really avoided responsibility by the expedient of asking some one else to frame their answer for them. Slave Powers will not be mollified, when their demands for the return of fugitive slaves are refused, by the intimation that this new policy is not the work of HER MAJESTY'S Government. The English people will not like the surrender of fugitive slaves any better because it takes place at the suggestion of a Royal Commission.

Down to the debate in the House of Lords on Tuesday the object of the Government in appointing the Commission was at least intelligible. They had unexpectedly found it necessary to have a policy about fugitive slaves, and they had set half a dozen clever people to invent one from sheer inability to invent one for themselves. The only wonder was why, under these circumstances, the Second Circular had not shared the fate of the First. If the matter was so surrounded with uncertainty that only a Royal Commission could clear it up, why should the Government be anxious to move in it prematurely? Lord CAIRNS's speech has entirely upset this theory. If the LORD CHANCELLOR'S closing sentences are any index to the feelings of the Cabinet, they burn with desire to see the policy which only a few weeks since Lord CAIRNS himself embodied in the Second Circular completely reversed. The last part of his speech might have been delivered at an anti-slavery meeting. "I am ashamed," he cried, "to speak even for a moment as if slavery were a "question on which HER MAJESTY'S Government could en- "tertain any doubt." This argues a really remarkable advance from the time when HER MAJESTY'S Government entertained so much doubt about slavery that they ordered every commander of a QUEEN'S ship not to admit a fugitive slave on board unless his life would be in manifest danger if he were refused admission, and not to allow him to continue on board a moment after the danger was past. A slave who, in consequence of this Circular, has found himself sent on shore with the knowledge that before he has left the ship many hours he will be once more in his master's custody, will be disposed to agree with Lord CAIRNS that slavery is a question on which HER MAJESTY'S Government have a very decided opinion. The difference is that the slave will believe that HER MAJESTY'S Government are on the side of the master, whereas Lord CAIRNS is apparently under the impression that they are on the side of the slave. "HER MAJESTY'S Government," he goes on, "have not concealed, they do not desire to conceal, "their policy, and to that policy they intend to adhere." Really this is the most perplexing assertion that has ever been made by a Cabinet Minister. All the world has supposed that the Government had a policy; that this policy was contained in the Second Circular and was abandoned by reason of the bad reception which the Second Circular met with; that the Second Circular met with this reception because it was supposed to favour the slave-owner, and that a Royal Commission had been appointed to spare the Government the annoyance of having to eat their words. Now Lord CAIRNS comes forward with a theory of the Second Circular which is opposed alike to the letter of the document, to the opinion which has universally been formed of it, and to the interpretation put upon it by one of his own colleagues in the House of Lords not two hours later. We are now, he trusts, about to take a step towards the time when we may anticipate the destiny of this country to consummate the overthrow of slavery; and this step will be merely a justification of the policy set forth in the Second Circular. It is conceivable that the Royal Commissioners may recommend that a slave shall not be dismissed from a QUEEN'S ship until his freedom is absolutely assured. It is conceivable that they may recommend that, in order not to offend slave-owning Powers, a slave received on board a QUEEN'S ship in territorial waters shall be put on shore as soon as his pursuer's back is turned. But it is not conceivable that a body of Commissioners should make the latter recommendation, and at the same time believe that they are consummating "the overthrow of that nefarious "system which has been at once the curse and the disgrace "of humanity." This is a triumph of rhetorical combination which only men of Lord CAIRNS's calibre can achieve, and which even they cannot maintain for more than a few rapturous moments.

CHRISTIANITY BETWEEN TWO FOES.

IN an address which he delivered some years ago before a religious Congress at Munich Dr. Döllinger starts from the assertion that by the cradle of Christian theology stood two mighty foes, heathen philosophy and the heretical gnosis, with both of which it had to contend, and from both also had much to learn. No student of ecclesiastical history will question the correctness of his statement. But a still broader truth is conveyed in a remark we came across the other day, which applies, not only to the early Church, but to the whole course of Christian history from the beginning till now. Christianity, it was observed, has in every age been confronted by two rival religions; its morality has been threatened by the higher Paganism, or worship of beauty; its doctrinal system by a scientific Theism, or worship of what claims to be pure and absolute truth.

With both of these it has always been in conflict, and yet to both it has been constrained to own its obligations; and this mutual interchange of blows and courtesies was never more conspicuous than in our own day. A distinguishing feature of the last half-century has been the revival of artistic taste and culture within the Church throughout Europe, of which the so-called Ritualistic movement is one subordinate phase; but alongside of this ecclesiastical restoration there has grown up a religion of art independent of all theological restraints, and looking on them much as the Roman and Florentine *literati* of the Renaissance looked on the reforms of Savonarola. Meanwhile the dominant scientific school is impatient of any Deity that cannot be resolved into an impersonal abstraction, and declines to proffer more than "a silent worship at the altar of the Unknowable and Unknown." Yet, at the same time, the exponents of the extremest form of scientific Atheism loudly assert their claim to be the prophets of a new and exclusively true religion. And, however much we may smile at the half-grotesque details of the Comtist creed, with its elaborate mimicry of the hierarchy, the discipline, and the ritual of Catholicism, no one can fail to be struck with so unexpected a homage to the inextinguishable cravings of the religious sentiment, which it as fully recognizes as it entirely fails to satisfy. Nor can the Church, which has in former periods accepted the services of an Augustine, an Aquinas, and a Pascal, affect to ignore in our own day the need for scientific champions of her cause. It may perhaps be said that these opposite forms of faith or scepticism, in whichever light we choose to regard them, are now more confident and impetuous in their assault than has usually been the case before, and that they more distinctly assume the functions, not of mere negative criticism, but of rival creeds. Whether or not Mr. Mill could be fairly considered a Theist, he inculcated a kind of religious and ethical system of his own, often borrowing the language, if not the ideas, of the historical religions which he rejected. And the same may be said of some living writers who would be classed more or less in the same category with him. And thus again the artistic religion of Paganism finds a passionate apologist in Mr. Swinburne. But if there is some difference in their methods of warfare, the same triangular duel, so to call it, between Christianity and its two powerful rivals has been in progress continually since the first preaching of the Gospel. The two mighty antagonists stood, to repeat Dr. Döllinger's language, by the cradle of the nascent faith; but the infant Hercules proved strong enough to coerce, if not to strangle, them, or rather succeeded in bending them to the service of a power yet mightier than themselves. Some change there has been no doubt in their relative importance as mankind has gradually advanced from what has been termed the mythological to the physical stage. Pagan art was a far more formidable opponent to reckon with in the first century than Pagan philosophy; the opposition of science, which cannot always be thrust aside as false, gives much greater trouble to the apologists of Revelation in the nineteenth. Let us begin with art.

From the earliest period of which any records remain art has been a powerful factor in the religious development of mankind. It has been by turns the instrument and the tyrant of the national faith, or sometimes both together. Greek religion, which was the worship of natural beauty, expressed itself in those unrivalled artistic forms which have riveted the admiring gaze of successive generations for above two thousand years; but the chisel which wrought so marvellously in its service was tracing the lines of its corruption. Its most exquisite art was the efflorescence of decay. The gods who were worshipped with sincere devotion were the deities of Homer, not the creations of Phidias, and it was only by crushing the genius of its artists that Egypt so long preserved the sombre grandeur of its hereditary faith. Christianity could afford to be less jealous, although the early Fathers betray an uneasy suspicion of whatever had been associated with Paganism. And accordingly the Catacombs, which were the first homes and workshops, as well as the sepulchres, of the new religion, are profusely ornamented with sculpture borrowing the imagery of existing forms of art. A refined and graceful Christian symbolism was by degrees superinduced on these ancient models; but it showed nothing of that darker and sterner aspect of Gospel teaching which was afterwards so abundantly exhibited in churches and cemeteries; there were no representations of hell or purgatory, or of the Last Judgment; and, what seems stranger, there were at first no representations of the Passion. The fiery persecution through which so many of those who were thus piously commemorated had passed to their rest was but distantly alluded to in an occasional picture of Daniel among the lions, or the three holy children walking unharmed amid the flames. All this was changed of course at a later date, and, in spite of the triumphs of mediæval architecture, it is true to say that, as the purely religious sentiment attained its ascendency in the "ages of faith," æsthetic art on the whole declined, to revive with the irreligious, or at least non-religious, outburst of the Renaissance. Yet Christianity never forgot, like narrower and more artificial creeds, that its world-wide mission imposed on it at once the capacity and the obligation of embracing every genuine product of the human intellect and heart. The contrast is strikingly exemplified if we turn for a moment to Mahometanism, which could only hold its own against the inroads of idolatry by sternly proscribing art. The Arabian prophet, it has been truly said, could not prevent his disciples from worshipping images, except by absolutely forbidding them to make any; and thus "he preserved his religion from idolatry, but made it the deadly enemy of art," as it has remained ever since. The same criticism applies, in a more limited sense, to the illogical compromise by which the Iconoclastic controversy was eventually settled in the Eastern Church, permitting pictorial, but prohibiting sculptured, representations of sacred subjects. We have said that the Renaissance was not a religious movement. In its artistic development there is a close analogy to what has already been noticed in the case of ancient Greece. Instead of using his art to do honour to religion, the painter made religious conceptions subservient to the display of his artistic power. The devotional and the æsthetic temper are distinct, though not incompatible, and seldom predominate in the same class of minds. It was perfectly natural that an ardent reformer like Savonarola should head a crusade against a classical revival which had brought not only the arts, but the tastes, the sensuality, and the scepticism of classical Greece in its train. It had already been strongly denounced and indeed forcibly suppressed by Paul II., though his successors in the Roman see for some time afterwards by no means followed his example in this respect. But neither Pope nor preacher could permanently arrest the degradation of religious art which rapidly followed, and the course of which may even be traced in a comparison of the earlier and later pictures of Raffaelle. There cannot be said to be a school of religious painters in the present day, though some of the earlier works of the pre-Raffaellites may have suggested an anticipation not destined to be realized. In another department we have indeed witnessed a remarkable resuscitation of distinctively religious art, for it is quite true that Gothic architecture and the love of it are intimately connected with the Christian, as contrasted with the Pagan or secular, habit of mind; and Mr. Lecky is probably right in saying that "we mainly owe the revival of Gothic architecture to the Catholic revival of the present century," though the party dominant just now in the Roman Catholic Church have betrayed their instinctive aversion to history by opposing it.

In the early Christian centuries physical science was not sufficiently advanced to present any serious difficulties to the Christian apologist. St. Augustine could easily dispose of Manichean objections to the Mosaic cosmogony in a fashion which would never occur to a very inferior class of thinkers now; and in the sixth century Cosmas Indicopleustes—the special butt of Mr. Matthew Arnold's raillery—carried public opinion with him when he argued against the antipodes in his *Topographia Christiana*, for this reason, among others, that St. Paul speaks of all men living "on the face of the earth," which proves that it is flat and not round. It is fair to add that when St. Virgilius, two centuries later, maintained the existence of the antipodes, the Pope declined to condemn him, but the religious world of the day was profoundly scandalized. We need not stay to dwell here on the critical instance of the Copernican controversy, but it is notorious that there has been a chronic feud between theologians and men of science, which one class of writers is fond of representing as the gradual triumph of science over a dwindling supernaturalism. This is the leading idea, for instance, frequently avowed and always implied, which runs through Mr. Lecky's History of Rationalism. On the other hand, as was pointed out before, if the Church has been jealous of scientific, as of artistic, encroachments on her own domain, she has numbered great philosophers as well as brilliant artists among her most devoted servants. In the fifteenth century Christianity appeared to be engaged in an internecine struggle with the Pagan revolt against her ethical code; in the eighteenth a Deistic philosophy questioned the primary articles of her creed. In our own day the controversy has passed into a new phase, and arguments which were unanswerable in the mouth of Bishop Butler fail to convince disputants who repudiate, not his reasoning, but the premisses admitted in common at the time by himself and his opponents. It is not unreasonable, however, to believe that a religion which has survived so many open or insidious attacks will still be equal to the crisis. A way may be found in the future as in the past for acknowledging the legitimate claims of science without resolving into a beautiful but visionary "Aberglaube" the faith which has ennobled the life and consoled the last hours of sixty generations of Christians. Meanwhile it is significant that the great master of the positive philosophy in France should have passionately proclaimed the indestructible necessity of a religion, while the chief upholder of a similar system in England has left on record his conviction that the Christian religion has certainly been useful, if not indispensable, hitherto, and in part at least may not impossibly be true.

TIGER-SHOOTING.

THE round of amusements and spectacles endured or welcomed by the Prince of Wales on his Indian tour would have been incomplete had he not seen "a tiger or two," and felt "a little heat in the middle of the day"; two inconveniences to which, as Dickens put it, the perils of an Indian career are supposed to have dwindled down. We should hardly, perhaps, have selected Jeypore as the place where the Prince was likely to bag his first tiger, and we might rather have expected that some Commissioner of division, equally at home with land revenue and large game, would have organized for him a hunt on a grand scale. But the best season for this kind of sport will begin when the Royal trip ends; and people in England may be surprised to hear that there are many districts in

where the tiger has no existence, and many hundreds and thousands of agriculturists who have never seen any bigger animal of the feline tribe than a civet cat, a lynx, or a chance leopard. Indeed the appearance of a tiger in some large and populous tracts in Lower Bengal, Behar, and Hindostan Proper, would cause as much amazement as the unlucky Esquimaux dog which, as we learn from *Land and Water*, was lately pursued and hunted to death by the farmers of North Hampshire, under the impression that a wolf was threatening their sheepfolds. Peace and security, and the natural progress of a population content with little and finding it in a bountiful soil, have been too much for sundry species of wild animals, except the hog, the antelope, the fox, and the jackal. Of the last two, indeed, the former may be seen any morning on the glacis or the esplanade of Fort William, and the jackal may be heard any night howling dismally in the most fashionable streets of Calcutta. There are, however, several provinces in which deaths by tigers still maintain a high average, and to which large parties resort in the months of March, April, and even the hottest days of May. The railway, too, has made these select hunting grounds more accessible, and it is now part of the programme of a tourist to have a shot at a tiger, as well as to admire the Taj Mahal, or buy on the spot photographs of the Cawnpore Memorial and the ruined Residency of Lucknow. There is, we think, little fear that the race of the royal Bengal tiger will speedily become extinct. He is to be found in the tract of the Sunderbunds, within fifty miles of Calcutta, though from the nature of an alluvial soil, intersected by a network of tidal creeks and covered with thick rushes and fine timber, these muddy islands are for practical purposes of sport entirely useless. But the Malda jungles, in the vicinity of the ancient city of Gour, the Rajmahal hills, the sandy alluvial flats of the Brahmaputra, the Megna, and several other large rivers in Eastern Bengal; the whole tract which lies at the foot of the first range of the Himalayas, beginning with Purnea and ending with Moradabad and Saharunpore; a few places in the Punjab, parts of Orissa, a large portion of the Central Provinces, and others—these still contain shrines sacred to St. Hubert, spots where the axe of the pioneer makes slow progress, where the herdsman still trusts to his tame buffaloes to ward off the common enemy, and where the postman does not very much care to perform his woodland stages alone.

There are three or four ways in which tigers are commonly destroyed by Englishmen. One of the most hazardous is to go after the animal on foot. That men are found to court the obvious risk of coming suddenly on an animal with the eye of a hawk, the agility of a deer, the subtlety of a fox, and the strength of half-a-dozen horses, in the midst of thickets or in ravines or hollows where no room is left for evolutions; that, armed with a rifle of the newest pattern and backed by a single attendant who carries a spare gun, sportsmen have repeatedly been known to send an ounce ball into the skull of the tiger as he crouches for his spring, and even to stop him in mid air; that sad stories of wounds and deaths caused by these unequal encounters will not hinder successive generations of sportsmen from tracking the bison, the rogue elephant, and the man-eater, when they can only see a few yards ahead, in sole reliance on a cool hand, an even pulse, and a correct eyesight—these are facts which merely prove that there is no form of hazard or adventure which comes amiss to Englishmen. And in justification of these attempts it must be admitted that there are, in Madras especially, jungles in which elephants cannot manœuvre, or provinces where they are not to be had. But the practice is akin to rashness, and almost smacks of folly. A second mode of getting rid of some one well-known animal particularly obnoxious to the villagers is for the Englishman to sit up at night in a tree or elevated stage, close to a slaughtered bullock, and take the chance of hitting the tiger in the moonlight when it returns to finish its meal. We have even known an inverted cask, covering the shooter and fixed in the ground, with a loophole, to be employed for this purpose. A third plan is yearly practised in the Rewa and Mirzapore jungles. The shooters take up their positions on elevated platforms extemporized from bamboos or *sal* trees, at intervals, along the line which the game is made to take. A long array of beaters, disposed by skilful Jemadars and Shikaries, and provided with drums, fireworks, and sounding instruments, sweeps the jungles leisurely, and drives the game of all kinds in the direction of the expectant and sometimes sleepy and recumbent sportsmen. Great patience and perfect knowledge of the country are requisite for success. And, with good management, deer of two or three kinds, bears and leopards, and feathered game of various sorts, reward the plan and the execution. There may be a brisk fusillade as the line of beaters approaches, but there are no very hot corners. This kind of tiger-hunting is called a *hank*. It is, in its way, exciting, and is rarely attended with any danger. The last and most orthodox way of killing tigers is from the howdah on the back of the elephant. Here you may have the minimum of danger with the maximum of success. But several essentials go to the formation of a good party. You must not be too early or too late in the season. If a good deal of superfluous grass has been burned, so as to leave certain spots where all wild animals can congregate; if the hot winds have not been too powerful, and there are still pools to which deer, buffalo, and tigers can resort; if neither of those well-known crack shots, the Nawab of Barootpore or the Maharaja of Bundooknuggur, have been beforehand, tantalizing you with rumours of innumerable tigers slain, the best beats, and driving the big game across the border if the expedition is under the command of some sagacious civilian or experienced planter, whose influence will be sufficient to keep order amongst the mahouts and dispose the trackers to do their very best in the common cause—if all these requisites can be combined, then there is every chance of a good miscellaneous bag, beginning with snipe and black partridge, and culminating in half a score of tigers, with a rhinoceros or two. As a general rule, every kind of game abounds in a tiger jungle; or it might be more correct to say that tigers seek their living in jungles frequented by every sort of game, including numbers of deer and wild boar. But there are certain rigid rules to which every member of the party must submit. When there is reason to suspect the presence of a tiger, not a shot can be fired at any other game. Deer must bound away untouched from under the feet of the elephant; a herd of buffaloes must crash uninjured through the forest; the black the peacock, the jungle fowl, and even the floriken must rise in succession, presenting an easy mark as they come up to the level of the howdah, and yet the fowling-piece charged with No. 6 or No. 5 shot must not be discharged. When the tiger has been roused, or when the long search has been unrewarded, then, on the homeward beat, perhaps the ban is removed and sportsmen are licensed to pop at anything. Very often a tiger is started close to some elephant; two or three practised shots fire at the waving grass or well ahead of the tail which is seen to curl for a moment; all is silent; or there is a growl and a few struggles; and the shout of a mahout or a beater announces that the animal is no more. The late Mr. Bateman, a planter in the Malda district, many years ago, was actually in conversation with Miss Eden, the sister of Lord Auckland, explaining to her the secrets of woodsman's craft, when he disposed of an animal in this way by one single and well-directed shot.

But tigers are not always to be rolled over like rabbits. Every now and then sensational elements are not wanting. The tiger is only wounded, without detriment to his powers of attack; or he is disturbed at his morning meal, or during the process of digestion, and is naturally indignant; or, if the male has slunk off, the tigress, with three cubs, is left behind and shows fight. Then occurs a scene which has often been described at much greater length than we can afford. With tail erect, open jaws, and a roar that frightens the less practised elephant, down comes the assailant; and in far less time than we can write it, he has made good his position on the head of a splendid female elephant. Two elephants with pads or mattresses, on which a couple of natives are squatting, make clean off. Their flight unsteadies another, hitherto thought to be staunch, and therefore fitted with a howdah, and the three crash through the jungle, trumpeting aloud, while the mahouts vainly dig their iron hooks into the heads of the runaways, and the occupant of the howdah, with both his barrels at full cock, may hear them go off, or runs the chance of being dashed violently against the boughs, which are just high enough to allow the elephant itself to pass beneath. Meanwhile the tiger growls and claws freely, and the elephant endeavours to shake off its adversary or get it for a few seconds beneath its feet. No one dares fire; one sportsman, because he has enough to do in the way of holding on; the others, because they might in all probability hit the mahout, whose legs are within three inches of the tiger's fore paw. At length the incumbrance is shaken off, and a sharp volley settles the affair. There are some maxims which a cautious sportsman will always bear in mind. Never get off your elephant to inspect a tiger until you are quite sure he is dead, and, above all, do not go on foot in search of an animal you have severely wounded. Never allow your elephant to stand still when beating for a tiger at which you have fired. The sportsman who does not "keep moving" is the one almost invariably selected for attack. Remember that a tiger out of his beat, surprised by daylight and compelled to take shelter in any scrap of jungle, may charge at any moment, unprovoked, for the simple reason that no other refuge is left him.

The recent splendid display of the Prime Minister of Nepaul recalls visions of grand battues when wild animals were more numerous than they are now, and when two or three tigers might be on foot at one and the same time; but we do not care to provoke incredulity by recounting the number of these animals that are said to have been "padded"—*i.e.* laid across the mattresses of the elephants—by crack shots in the early years of this century. The following items of sport may, however, be relied on. A general officer, still living, had at one time of his career certificates from the revenue authorities, who are the dispensers of rewards for the destruction of ferocious beasts, to the effect that he had killed more than three hundred tigers—this being about the number of Saracens that Brian de Bois Guilbert had slain with his own hand. Another sportsman, just thirty years ago, on a quiet official tour throughout his own district, came across thirty-one tigers, and accounted for twenty-nine; a proportion which shooters in Norfolk at battues of pheasants would allow to be high. Before the muzzleloaders of another official, who was quite alone and had but three or four elephants, there fell, in one morning's sport, three tigers and two rhinoceroses; and only twenty years back a party, not two hundred miles from Calcutta, had the luck to fall in with five tigers in succession in the course of three hours, and to bag them all. This incident was afterwards made the subject of a lively picture, in which the artist, with very pardonable exaggeration, had portrayed the animals as all falling about the same moment; one was lying dead, another growling out his last breath, and a third was seen with his claws fixed firmly on one of the elephants which filled up the fore and the back ground.

Natives, with ancient weapons which are to Brown Bess what Brown Bess is to a modern rifle with explosive bullets, often make wonderful shots and display a coolness which Englishmen would hardly surpass. They also slay their enemies with poisoned arrows, either set in the runs, or fired from some ambush. Now and then they dig pits, and occasionally have been known to surround with nets a small patch of jungle into which a tiger has been seen to retire at dawn of day. The villagers then turn out armed with long spears, matchlocks, and miscellaneous weapons; the tiger is roused by fireworks out of his lair, and is killed or mobbed as he tries to force his way through the meshes. A capital description of a stirring event of this sort is to be found in the pages of the *Old Forest Ranger*. We recollect an official report of the gallant conduct of a policeman, who, finding a tiger inside a cow-house, had the presence of mind to bolt the door, and before the imprisoned animal could make any attempt at escape, he was quietly disposed of by a couple of shots from a gun manufactured either at Monghyr or Birmingham. The cleverest stalk of a tiger by a native was, however, the following. A Shikari saw one asleep under the shade of a large tree on the side of a tank, and found no prospect of getting a shot from the land side. So he had recourse to the following expedient. He waded from the opposite bank, gun in hand above the water, which was breast high, with a long cord fastened to his waist, the other end of which remained in the hands of a confederate on the bank confronting the tiger. When he got noiselessly within twenty paces of the sleeping savage, he delivered his shot, and was immediately jerked violently back under water by his partner. But there was no need of this excessive caution, for one bullet had done the business. Anecdotes of the pertinacity and cunning of the man-eating species of tiger, the terror of a hundred villages, may be contrasted with equally trustworthy stories of his cowardice or indifference when not pressed by hunger. The shout of a herd-boy, or the barking of a dog, has sometimes scared them away. And under the influence of great atmospheric disturbance, the tiger, like Casca's lion in *Julius Cæsar*, has not only been known to "go surly by, without annoying," but has sought refuge in a ryot's hut. In the terrible cyclones of 1864 and 1867, leopards and tigers were seen to crouch during the violence of the wind and water, in close proximity to human beings, like domestic cats.

Not very long since the Indian papers were full of discussions as to the best way of ridding districts of these destructive pests. One writer thought that ten shillings or even one pound for a tiger's head was too little to tempt a native to risk limb and life. Another pointed out that an increase in price only led to deceit and selfishness, and that each individual Shikari, instead of making common cause with others, only studied how to keep the large reward entirely to himself. A third complained that it was perfectly useless to get up a party unless you could include in it some official who would prevail on the villagers to show a tiger's haunts. And a fourth seemed to be of opinion that these fine animals were something like sturgeon or wild cattle at Chillingham, and that they should not be laid low by any less noble hand than one of the ruling race. But the upshot of the controversy has led us to the conclusion that while tigers are, on the whole, a persecuted and a diminishing body, there is no fear that, for some years to come, they may not be found in sufficient numbers to test the skill and reward the perseverance of men who, making light of hot winds and the thermometer in tents at 100°, will rise at 4 A.M. in the month of April, and will not return to camp till 2 P.M., when the sky is like copper, the ground like iron, and the rays of the sun are not felt in their intensity only because the atmosphere is thick and heavy with fine sand and dust.

INACCURACY.

ARE qualities which are the grammatical and logical opposite of one another necessarily inconsistent with one another? In putting our question we have perhaps stumbled on an example which we had not thought of, as the question might well be argued whether a man may not be at once consistent and inconsistent. In the vulgar sense of the words "consistent" and "consistency," there can be little doubt about it. By consistency not a few people mean sticking to the same opinion under all circumstances, the state of mind of the man who, to use Lord Macaulay's alternative, must be either an inspired prophet or an obstinate fool. Such a one, under the cover of consistency, must often be desperately inconsistent. The really consistent man is the man who makes the right inferences from his own principles, who acts according to his own professions. And, to do this, he must very often, with changed circumstances, change both his judgment of things and his own line of conduct. He changes in truth to preserve his consistency; and yet many people will call him inconsistent if he changes. But the paradox here is only verbal; it comes simply of the wrong way in which people use the words "consistent" and "inconsistent." Of course, as usual, the mistake in the use of words implies a mistake as to the nature of things. To call a man inconsistent who changes for good reasons comes of fancying that there is some virtue in mere immobility, in mere keeping to the same ground, whether with reason or without reason. Still the point is only verbal; those who would call a man consistent for so doing would of course not allow that he was inconsistent. But we have turned aside to a mere question of words. It is not about consistency and inconsistency that we wish to speak, but about accuracy and inaccuracy. Some late questions and cases of criticism have led us to some reflections on this point, and specially to the question whether accuracy and inaccuracy can exist together. In a certain sense it is a truism to say that they can. The common imperfection of human nature hinders the most careful man from being perfectly accurate in all times and places. And it therefore follows that the most accurate man is inaccurate in some times and places; that is, he now and then makes mistakes, or, according to the familiar quotation, Homer sometimes nods. But this again is not exactly what we mean. What we mean is whether the habit of accuracy and the habit of inaccuracy may not, in a certain sense, co-exist in the same person. There is one general idea of accuracy, and therefore one general idea of its opposite inaccuracy. But accuracy, and therefore inaccuracy, takes several forms, and the question is whether some forms of accuracy may not be capable of existing alongside of some forms of inaccuracy. We might even go on to ask whether some forms of accuracy may not even tend to promote some forms of inaccuracy.

Of the nature of accuracy we have spoken before now. We need now only repeat a warning against the mistake which confounds accuracy with mere minuteness. Accuracy implies minuteness whenever minuteness is needed; but it is perfectly possible to be accurate without being minute. Accuracy implies that every statement shall be true, clear, and definite, as far as it goes; it is therefore opposed to vagueness as well as to positive untruth. But an accurate statement may be perfectly general, and may go into no detail whatever. Indeed, where detail is not needed, a statement may be said to be all the more accurate for not going into detail. It is a higher feat of accuracy to put a perfectly general idea into words which express all that is wanted, and not more than is wanted, than it is to put together a great number of facts without a mistake. But, where the minute facts are really wanted, then accuracy demands that every one of them shall be correct to the letter. The truly accurate man neither despises minuteness nor makes an idol of it. He is broadly general where a general statement is what is wanted. He is minutely detailed where minute detail is what is needed. But, whether general or detailed, he is always careful that what he says conveys at once a clear idea and a true idea. Details will sometimes make a statement more clear, sometimes less. He acts accordingly. It might perhaps not be too much to say that details sometimes make a statement truer, sometimes less true. In this case he acts accordingly also.

The aim and object of accuracy, therefore, is to give a true and clear statement of the matter in hand, whether the proposition is perfectly general or minutely detailed. We say true and clear, though in a certain sense truth implies clearness; that is to say, clearness is the means by which truth is made to the minds of others to appear truth. A man may be truthful without being clear; but, unless he is clear, others cannot tell that he is truthful. We should not call a man inaccurate simply because he is obscure; but, as long as he is obscure, we cannot say that he is accurate. Clearness then is, as it were, the form, while truth is the substance of accuracy. Inaccuracy therefore involves some kind or some degree of carelessness about truth. It excludes wilful falsehood; for that we have stronger names than inaccuracy; but it includes everything short of wilful falsehood. It stands, in short, in the same relation to wilful falsehood in which manslaughter stands to wilful murder. Manslaughter may be only just not wilful murder, and it may be only just not accident or justifiable homicide. So inaccuracy ranges from those pardonable slips which no man can wholly avoid to misstatements implying an indifference to truth which is highly blameworthy. Inaccuracy is thus carelessness of statement; but it may be carelessness in a very high or a very low degree. It implies that the utterer of the inaccurate statement has not taken so much pains to find out and to set forth the truth as he ought to have done. Theoretically, then, every case of inaccuracy implies some degree of moral blame. But the blame may be so slight that it may be merely theoretical, while it may rise to a degree only just short of the blame due to wilful falsehood. In some cases it may be the result of a constitutional habit of mind, almost a habit of body; in other cases, though there is no conscious falsehood, yet the inaccuracy arises from a practice of trifling with truth. A man may, almost from sheer accident, put a wrong name or date, though he is neither ignorant nor confused. Or he may make the same kind of mistake, not through momentary heedlessness, but through real ignorance. Or he may, whether through heedlessness or through half-knowledge, roll two or three misconceptions together, in which case he rises to the dignity of a blunder. Or he may, whether through mere love of effect or through the partisanship of any theory, have got into a habit of colouring and exaggerating, of turning a thing in such a way that it will look pretty, which implies, which none of the other forms imply, a greater or less degree of conscious carelessness as to the truth.

But the real test of accuracy and inaccuracy is not so much to be found by reckoning the number of mistakes which a man may make as by seeing what he does with his mistakes when he has made them. Theoretically indeed the perfectly accurate man would make no mistakes; but such a perfectly accurate man exists only in theory. Practically it is truer to say that everybody makes mistakes, but that the accurate man finds out and corrects his own mistakes, while the inaccurate man leaves them for other people to find out. In most cases the degree of accuracy, at all events in a book or other writing, depends on the amount—and not merely on the amount but on the nature—of the revision given after the first writing. No scholar would wish to be judged by his first rough draught. It is sure to contain a

good many mere slips; it will most likely contain a good many cases of that not uncommon process when it is good to write down something at once, to make some statement, to form some theory, which it is intended to test afterwards to see whether it will hold water. But, in the case of a really accurate writer, the errors which, through these causes, his first sketch is sure to contain will be got rid of at some stage or other of his revision of his work. Some will vanish when he reads over his manuscript, others will vanish as he corrects his proof. No doubt, even in the case of the most accurate man, a few slips will still escape here and there; but this is no more than the weakness of human nature.

In fact, a really accurate man is best tested by seeing whether he is at once struck by an inaccuracy, whether on his own part or on the part of any one else, when it is set before him. The accurate man is quick in seeing his own mistakes and ready in correcting them; he is equally quick in seeing the mistakes of others and in applying to them that remedy which may be fitting in each particular case. The inaccurate man, whether he be inaccurate through heedlessness or ignorance or any other cause, will pass by the mistakes both of himself and of other people. But here again come degrees and subdivisions. In this matter, as in most others, we find the three classes described in the famous verses quoted by Aristotle. There is the best man of all who sees everything for himself; there is the good man who sees what others point out to him; and there is the worthless man who cannot find out for himself, and who cannot or will not be taught by others. Thus, in our present matter, there is the really accurate man, who sees his own mistakes and corrects them: there is the man who is inaccurate in the second degree, who does not himself find out his own mistakes, but who sees and corrects them when they are pointed out; and there is the higher stage of inaccuracy of the man who cannot see his mistakes when they are pointed out. But this last class again admits of a division, as it takes in two kinds of people between whom there is a great moral difference. There are men who, when a mistake is pointed out to them, thankfully accept the correction, who believe that they understand it, who presently go about to correct the mistake, but whose inherent inaccuracy is such that their well-meant attempts at correction commonly lead to a fresh mistake, often greater than that with which they set out. There are others who, when a mistake is pointed out, stoutly maintain that there is no mistake at all, and who go on to pile up fresh blunders in defence of the original blunder. Both these two classes are intellectually hopeless, but it is only the second who are morally blameworthy. Yet it is of great importance to distinguish between this hopeless class, who can never correct their mistakes, and those who are in that second degree of inaccuracy where correction is quite possible. The position of the two is in every way different, and both great injustice may be done to the men themselves, and real mischief done to others, by confounding the two classes.

It would be easy to name books which abound in inaccuracies of detail, which yet are essentially good books, and which might be made thoroughly good by going through them and correcting each mistake for itself. There are also books which equally abound in inaccuracies of detail, but which the most thorough correction of every particular mistake could not turn into good books. The difference lies in the cause of the inaccuracy in the two cases. In the first it is the mere inaccuracy of heedlessness, which may be set right by revision. In the second case it is the inaccuracy of invincible ignorance or of obstinate perversity, which no revision can set right. Under both classes may be found works of pretension, of reputation, and even of real merit. For it is plain that purely literary merit is quite consistent even with inaccuracy of the second and worst class. In the first class we might name more than one book of high reputation, and which, in the teeth of its inaccuracies, deserves that reputation. The books which we mean read as if their authors had sent them into the world without ever revising their manuscripts or their proofs. If they did so, they were undoubtedly blameworthy. The result is a large amount of positive mistakes, but still mistakes which may be corrected. There are writers who give a narrative, a picture, a comment, the force and truth, and even accuracy of which, as far as the general conception goes, fill us with admiration; yet, when we come to examine it in detail, it is full of inaccuracies in detail. Here is a wrong name, there a wrong title, there a wrong date. As with matter, so with style. There are writers whose style, in its general effect, is clear, vigorous, and noble. Yet, if we pull their particular sentences to pieces, half of them sin against some nicety of grammar. The book reads as if it were the author's first draught, with all the truth and vigour of his first conceptions, but which has not gone through the revision which was needed to make them accurate in detail. Whether lack of revision is really the cause of the fault of course we cannot tell. The mistakes may come from an inaccurate habit of some other kind. Books like these sometimes suggest the idea with which we started, that minute attention to detail at the first moment of composition would have marred the general conception, so that the inaccuracy is in some sort part of the accuracy. Anyhow, the inaccuracies in detail are there, and yet they do not interfere with the general merit, and even with the general accuracy, of the thing as a whole. Whether the fault really is due to lack of revision or to any other cause, it is certain that revision could cure the fault. All that is needed in the case of such books is for the author or somebody else to go through them again and correct every slip in detail. Now we do not defend inaccuracy in this or in any other case. But we do say that inaccuracy of this kind, inaccuracy on the surface, inaccuracy which can be corrected, is a different thing from the inherent inaccuracy which nothing can correct. Books which are inaccurate in this way may be criticized, if any one chooses, elaborately and severely; but it is unfair to criticize them as if the inaccuracy were inherent, as if the inaccuracy were the main characteristic and substance of the work. The brick which is shown is a part of the house, but it is an accidental part, and not a fair sample of the whole building.

In the other cases the brick is a fair sample; the inaccuracy pervades the whole work, and no amount of revision could get rid of it. It is not merely that names and dates and titles are wrongly given; the thing itself is wrong. There are books of repute, books of a taking style, which no amount of correction in detail could make of any real value. Let some reviser go through such a book and alter every particular inaccurate statement. Nothing is gained by his labour; the book itself remains as inaccurate as it was before. It may be merely that the point of everything is missed, that the writer has no accurate conception of his general subject, that he puts this in which is not wanted and leaves out that which is wanted, that he lacks the general knowledge without which accuracy of detail is useless, or rather impossible. In such a case as this, the inaccuracy is inherent; the inaccuracy of detail is only the expression of the deeper general inaccuracy, and this or that particular mistake is a fair sample of the whole book. These are the cases of invincible ignorance, of a misconception as to the main object, in which no improvement in detail can do any good. Yet a writer of this class may often write in a pleasing and attractive way, in a way which makes the "general reader" admire him, and makes him wonder at the contempt with which the scholar looks on his idol. Beyond these again lie the worst cases, where the perversity is moral, where the distinct object of the book is to call evil good and good evil. By a happy dispensation, books of this class are commonly as inaccurate in detail as they are wicked in their purpose: but in such cases mere inaccuracy is a slight matter. There is a certain satisfaction in finding the apologist of evil as full of exhibitions of carelessness and ignorance as of moral perversity; but, in the face of moral perversity, mere carelessness and ignorance might be allowed to go scot free, were it not that both intellectual and moral instruction may be gained by narrowly watching how the greater evil is almost sure to be accompanied by the smaller.

DEATH IN THE PHIAL.

IT has been asserted in various terms by Mathurin Regnier, Lord Shelburne, Mr. Carlyle, and probably by many less famous people also, that the human race consists principally of fools. This is a belief which is the more likely to be generally accepted because each person holding it will be careful to regard himself as one of the minority. In this way one might perhaps arrive at a paradoxical conclusion, that the greater part of mankind was wise because each individual perceived the folly of his neighbours. But the original statement, which by its sweeping nature defies all judicial inquiry into its truth, may easily enough be supported by a large array of facts. If, for instance, credulity were to be accepted as a measure of folly, one could find instances of it springing up on every side as thick as the produce of the dragon's teeth. The imaginative faculty, which in its highest development makes poets, painters, and musicians, men who are constantly striving after something fairer than can be given them by the narrowed capabilities of earthly life, is found in its crudest form among the mass as the love of the merely marvellous. And, when once this is indulged in, it ends by asserting an irresistible sway over those who give themselves up to it. It seems to have an intoxicating effect which destroys all chance of sober judgment. We remember a striking illustration of this at a mock Spiritualistic séance, where a feat of clairvoyance was exhibited. This was to be accomplished by a code of signals between the "medium" and the "subject"; but the use of the code became unnecessary, as the bystanders who had come with the express intention of making a cool and critical inquiry discussed every object which was to be seen by the clairvoyant loudly and openly among themselves, and thus saved him all the trouble of attending to the signals. It is the same readiness and even desire to be on familiar terms with the unexpected that keeps alive many swindling tricks which one might hope to have seen worn out by this time. It is the strange coincidence, as he thinks it, of meeting a genial fellow-countryman in the wilds of London which takes possession of the victim's mind in what is known as the confidence trick, and renders him an easy prey.

One of the best examples of the widespread credulity which craves for some kind of mystic interference with the ordinary course of nature is discovered in the popularity of quack medicines, the proprietors of which make fortunes by trading on the superstition of mankind. For the feeling of awe with which the inhabitants of a small village regard the doctor's surgery is just as superstitious as that with which they pass in fear and trembling the dark archway where from time immemorial a spectral form has been wont to appear. And the same feeling leads them, in the absence of a doctor, to exhaust their boundless capacity of belief on the virtues of some nostrum which professes to cure with a few applications every variety of disorder to which the human race is subject. It is a common notion among the uneducated classes that no remedy against disease has any merit unless its effect is strongly marked, and doctors in such small villages as we have spoken of

frequently find it advisable to employ some unnecessary but harmless drug of which the patient shall perceive the effect in order to make him believe in the cure which had taken place already. It is easy to guess what influence the knowledge of this fact has upon the makers of quack medicines, who are less scrupulous as to the nature of the ingredients with which they attain their object than the village doctor. But it is not only among the poor that patent medicines find a large acceptance. There are thousands of educated people to whom the state of their own health is a source of never-failing interest and excitement; to whom the overthrow of empires is as nothing compared with the fancied derangement of their livers, and to such people the existence of patent medicines affords a constant means for fanning the fire of self-torment. They have long since lost all belief in doctors; but they are continually acquiring and losing belief in all kinds of quackeries. One day they are raised to the height of bliss by the discovery of some concoction which will ensure them happiness for the rest of their lives; the next they are in despair at their folly for having employed a remedy so evidently ludicrous, and are on the look-out for one yet more ridiculous, which they will in the same manner take up and reject. These persons are a nuisance not only to themselves, but to all their acquaintance, whom they pester with detailed accounts of their symptoms, and recommendations of their favourite specific for the time being. It is not to these people, however, that the existence of patent medicines under their present conditions is likely to do great harm. If there were no such things they would make themselves happy, after their miserable fashion, by over-doses of ordinary drugs. But on a large class of the community there can be no doubt that the sale as now conducted of patent medicines has a most pernicious effect.

It may be well here to recognize the fact that there are certain medicines of this kind, such as James's Powder and others, which have long been accepted as valuable by physicians. It is not of these, but of the vast number of quack nostrums which are advertised, and, incredible though it may seem, believed in, as panaceas, that we wish to speak. There are pills and ointments without number, "life" or "health" mixtures, self-styled specifics against feverish attacks, and, above all, opiate draughts, of which the ingredients are far from being so harmless as they profess. There is one popular effervescent mixture which is, it must be said, of a tolerably harmless nature, of which the label sets forth that it is in valuable in all cases of slight derangement, and (there is an audacity about this which is appalling) recommends that in cases of yellow fever the dose should be slightly varied. There are quantities of cough lozenges which are in especial request at this time of year into the composition of which morphia enters largely. There are soothing syrups and powders with which infants are quieted, occasionally for ever, and there are various draughts of the same nature with which grown-up people procure an imitation of the natural rest which they have bartered away for life at high pressure. These too have been known not unfrequently to act with only too much effect. Several of these preparations are made up with active poisons, and almost all are composed of materials which, if not actually poisonous in themselves, become little short of poisonous when taken recklessly, as they are. And for the sale of these things there is an absolutely open market. You may see them in the windows of half the odds-and-ends shops in town and country. It is a curious fact, which may be noted by the way, that a considerable trade in laudanum is driven by small country shoemakers, between whose normal and irregular occupation it is difficult to see any connecting link. There are two medicines, Chloral and Chlorodyne—of which the latter is a patent medicine—that have come into nearly universal use. Both these medicines, no doubt, may be beneficial when applied under proper skill and direction. But the case is widely different when they are applied in absolute ignorance. And that they are so applied in hundreds, or even thousands, of cases there can be no doubt. An unwise or exaggerated use of such powerful drugs as these is every bit as poisonous in its effect as a smaller dose of prussic acid would be. Yet over the sale of the one product a tight and discreet hand is kept; while that of the other is as free as air. Even in the smallest doses the unskilled use of such powerful remedies is dangerous; a variety of diseased conditions may render that fatal which to a healthy man would be innocuous; and thus the sufferer from overtaxed nerves or brain, who fondly believes that he is purchasing sleep and rest, may be really buying his death. It is also to be observed that those who are once tempted to the employment of such drugs as these are liable to take to them as others take to tippling. And, unfortunately, the one amusement is as legal as the other.

One cannot help thinking there must be something wrong in the state of things which permits this unrestricted traffic in deleterious drugs, and that the legislation which is supposed to provide for the safety of the people must require amendment. One section of the Pharmacy Act provides that it shall be unlawful for a chemist to sell, except under restrictions and with precautions of entries made in a book kept for the purpose, any of the poisons named in the first part of schedule A attached to the Act. But among the poisons not named in that schedule are oxalic acid, chloroform, opium, and belladonna. This is perhaps less singular than the fact that another section provides that "nothing hereinbefore contained shall extend to or interfere with the making or dealing in Patent Medicines." This surely in great measure nullifies the first provision of the Act, that "it shall be unlawful for any person to sell or keep open shop for retailing, dispensing, or compounding poisons . . . . unless such person shall be a Pharmaceutical Chemist, or a Chemist and Druggist within the meaning of this Act." It amounts, in fact, to giving with one hand a special privilege to recognized chemists for dealing in poisons, and taking it away with the other. Practically any one who pleases can deal in poisons, so long as they are disguised under the name of patent medicines. No doubt there is something to be said in favour of such medicines, some of which, as we have already said, are really valuable. But it ought not to be impossible to ensure their all being, if not positively useful, comparatively harmless. There seems, indeed, no insuperable objection to adopting the French plan of having every such medicine submitted to an accredited body before its sale can be lawfully carried on. At least it might be arranged that directions as to the quantity of such medicines likely to have a harmful effect should be printed on every bottle containing them. If people chose to disregard such directions, they would have only themselves to blame. If the ingredients of a preparation supposed to be universally beneficial were announced publicly, of course the element of mystery which constitutes its great attraction would vanish. It is certain that, as things stand, a trade is largely carried on which, under the colour of increasing health, does very much to generate disorders, and carries with it not a little danger. English people have a mania for dosing themselves. Where a Frenchman would apply some such mild remedy as a "lait de poule," or a glass of harmlessly medicated lemonade, an Englishman will be content with nothing short of a strong pill or draught. But is it too much to expect that a benevolent Legislature should provide for its subjects indulging in such a folly as this with the least possible danger to themselves?

UNDERGRADUATES AND MONEY-LENDERS.

THE life of undergraduates is much the same as it always was, and if the name of "Sunday Tattersall's" did not exist formerly at Cambridge, the substance of the thing was there. It is wonderful that young men who in a few years become capable of dealing with the practical realities of life should show themselves from eighteen to twenty-one, we will not say vicious, but weak, silly, and almost idiotic. They are like our old friend the working-man, who cannot pass a public-house on his way home without taking a glass of beer or gin. The most wild and improbable designs that ever were fabricated in cotton or wool can be passed off by a University tailor on his customers as neat things in waistcoats or trousers. We have heard that the celebrated pattern which took two men to show it was very nearly sold to a quiet reading-man at Trinity; and he would have given the order if he had not happened to look up and see in a glass a reflected smile on the face of a friend who had accompanied him into the shop. It was, we believe, a "Johnian" who called upon his tutor wearing a white shirt adorned with pink figures of a ballet-girl standing on one toe. Undergraduates wear the most hideous pins and studs, drink the vilest wine, and smoke the most execrable cigars, and it is inexpressible what "screws" they ride. We could almost forgive the money spent in riding or driving, although often it can be ill spared; but the taste for smoking, drinking, and wearing loud dress and trinkets is despicable. Sometimes they hang about their own necks a weight which they must wear for years. Sometimes parents, sisters, and younger brothers suffer for young hopeful, who was to have taken a good degree, and goes a more particular "mucker" than his associates. The story of Mr. Linklater and his son has been told many times before. The son borrows money which the father pays, warning the lender that he will not pay again, and the borrower that parental displeasure will follow a return to the evil way. But, whatever sons may promise or fathers threaten, the money is usually lent, and in the long run paid, and thus the picture may still be painted in the old familiar colours. There is idling, gambling, dress, drink, and dissipation.

Impositique *regis* juvenes ante ora parentum.

The plaintiff in the case which has excited so much attention stated that he first became acquainted with the defendant by seeing him at sports and races. When he first borrowed money of him, in December 1868, the defendant asked him whether he was of age, and he told him. He also told him what his income was. It appears that he had an allowance from his father of 300*l.* a year. His father came to Cambridge in April 1869, and saw the sister of the defendant, who was absent from home. His father "was very angry," and showed the certificate of his age, saying that he would pay the money then claimed sooner than it should come to the knowledge of the authorities, but he prohibited further advances. This account can hardly be otherwise than substantially correct, because Mr. Linklater senior must have had some object in speaking to the defendant's sister, and, in connexion with the subject of advances to his son, he would naturally refer to his son's age; and, whether he produced a certificate or not, the defendant, as a man of business, would know that Mr. Linklater was not likely to be mistaken on this point. The plaintiff proceeded to state that after this "he was hard up again, and applied to the defendant to make him another advance; and the defendant said he did not care to do so after what the father had said." The plaintiff said "he was sorry for his father's roughness," and in the result the defendant made him an advance of 37*l.* 10*s.*, on a note for 50*l.* payable in six months. In May he was removed from the Uni-

versity, and his father's notion that "he was doing no good there" was undoubtedly correct. In 1874 the defendant brought an action against him, which was stopped by the plea of infancy, and in November last he was charged before magistrates at Cambridge with obtaining money from the defendant by the false pretence that he was of age. The charge was dismissed, and he now brought this action against the defendant for malicious prosecution. Without entering into the conflict of evidence between the two Linklaters on the one hand and the defendant and his sister on the other, we may remark that it is highly probable that Mr. Linklater senior did say something to the sister as to his son's age; and, whatever may have passed afterwards, the defendant ought to have believed the father on this point. The lapse of time before the defendant brought his action to recover the money was of course used as an argument against him; but we do not think much of that, as these actions are not usually brought until there appears to be some chance of obtaining payment. After the criminal charge had been dismissed by the magistrates, Mr. Linklater's counsel undertook that the amount of the loan should be repaid, with interest at five per cent., and it was paid accordingly. The defendant's counsel insisted at the trial that this was a compromise of the whole matter, and that the bringing of the action was a breach of an honourable understanding; and this view is, to say the least, plausible. It may be answered, however, that as the plaintiff had undoubtedly received and spent the defendant's money, he or his friends may have felt bound to refund it, and may have done so without intending anything like a compromise. Nevertheless, the course of proceeding at Cambridge, as reported by a local newspaper, was remarkable. The magistrates consulted, and the Mayor said the case must be dismissed. Then the prosecutor by his counsel applied to be bound over to prosecute, and the Mayor, admitting that this application was legal, asked whether it was advisable. Then the counsel consulted with his client, and said that he would not press the application, which, we may remark, was certainly useless, as no grand jury would have found a bill upon such evidence. Then Mr. Linklater's counsel said "he thought the best plan would be that an end to the matter be arrived at now" by his client repaying the money lent, and he would take care that was done. The money was accordingly paid, and a few days afterwards an action was brought for maliciously and without reasonable cause putting the criminal law in motion.

Subject to this question of the alleged compromise, the case was tolerably clear. If the plaintiff made a false representation as to his age, and if the defendant believed it, and was thereby induced to advance money to the plaintiff, then there was reasonable ground for instituting a prosecution; but otherwise not. If there were reasonable ground for the prosecution, then, although the defendant may have instituted it maliciously, that is, with the object, not of vindicating public justice, but of injuring the plaintiff or extorting money from him, still the defendant would not be liable in this action. In many cases prosecutions supported by good evidence have been instituted out of spite; and the law requires both malice and the want of probable cause to support an action. But if a prosecution is shown to be groundless, a jury will be apt to infer that it is malicious, and, in this case, assuming the general truth of the plaintiff's story, there could be no doubt that he was entitled to a verdict. But upon the question of damages the view taken by the jury of the alleged compromise might be important. After nearly an hour's deliberation they gave a verdict for 100*l.*

The tradesman has a better chance of getting payment than the money-lender, because he may allege that the goods he supplied were "necessaries," and if a jury of tradesmen were allowed to decide the question, they would very likely find in his favour. The Courts, however, have recently inclined to limit the jury's power in this matter, and the modern doctrine is that, unless there is evidence on which the jury might reasonably find that the articles were necessaries, the question whether they were necessaries ought not to be submitted to them at all. The two Universities have contributed about equally to the elucidation of this head of law; but in the most recent case the defendant was merely an idle young man, younger brother of a baronet, and moving "in the highest society." The articles supplied were a pair of wrist studs, called, we believe, solitaires, in which diamonds and rubies were combined in the elegant form of a horse-shoe, at the price of 25*l.*, and a silver-gilt goblet intended for a present to a friend. The question, said a learned Judge, was not whether it was necessary that the defendant should give a silver-gilt goblet to a friend, but whether it was so necessary that he ought to buy it on credit sooner than not have it at all. After much debate it was decided that, as regards these articles, the Judge ought to have decided against the claim without allowing the jury to pronounce upon it; and this decision is likely to be useful in checking the disposition of tradesmen to give credit. In another recent case, the Court held that tobacco and cigars could not under any circumstances be necessaries, and therefore there could be no question for the jury. The same decision was arrived at on a claim for dinners supplied to an undergraduate of Cambridge in his rooms, and the reason was that, as a dinner was provided for him daily in the Hall of his College, he could not want another. Formerly the practice was to get from the young man on his coming of age a written acknowledgment of the debt incurred by him during minority, and thus to get rid of the question whether the articles supplied were necessaries. But a few years ago an Act of Parliament was passed invalidating these acknowledgments; and this, as far as it went, was a useful measure. The tutor of a College has some control over his pupils, and some over the tradesmen of the town, or at least so many of them as think they can get more out of the favour of tutors than by defying them. Bills are sometimes paid by parents to shelter their sons from rustication or other penalty of extravagance, just as Mr. Linklater paid the amount of the first advance to his son; and many bills are paid by the young men themselves when they come of age. It used to be said that the tradesmen of Cambridge were pretty good judges of what place a customer would take in the tripos, and regulated the amount of credit given to him accordingly. On the whole, it may be thought that these tradesmen do tolerably well. The majority of their customers pay them, and the prices charged are high enough to cover occasional losses. Even in the recent case it appears that the lender would have got his money back with five per cent. interest if he had not been so foolish as to take criminal proceedings. Mr. Linklater did, in fact, pay this money, and, as he repudiated the idea of a compromise of the prosecution, he must have paid it because his son, or his son's friends, or society, thought, or were supposed to think, that it ought to be paid. It is easy to call these money-lenders "pests and nuisances," but if they get their profit they won't mind a few hard names.

THE FALL IN SILVER.

THE fall in the value of silver has at length gone so far as to compel the Government of India to take steps in the matter. With our usual indifference to purely Indian questions, the depreciation of silver has hitherto excited singularly little attention amongst us. It is not so with our neighbours. In France, Germany, the United States, Italy, Belgium, and Holland, and even in Switzerland and Greece, the fact has for some years back been the subject of much anxious discussion, while it is impossible to turn over a file of Indian newspapers without coming upon so many references to the question as leave no room for doubt concerning the wide general interest it arouses; but in this country the matter is hardly ever treated outside the journals specially devoted to politico-economical speculation, and the money articles of the daily press. Yet the question is one of the most real practical importance to our Indian Empire, and, accordingly, a Committee of the House of Commons has been appointed, on the motion of Lord G. Hamilton, to inquire into the causes of the depreciation, and to consider the remedies to be adopted. The currency of India, as every reader is aware, is a silver currency; consequently, all taxes are received in silver, and all salaries are paid in the same metal, as are, of course, likewise all purchase-moneys and debts of every kind. But our own currency is gold, silver being with us merely token money. When, therefore, a payment has to be made in this country by any one in India, it has to be made in gold. But silver has fallen so much as compared with gold that the Indian resident incurs a very serious loss on changing his rupees for sovereigns. The Government of India has to transmit to this country annually, to pay interest on debt, salaries, and pensions, to purchase stores and materials, and for various other purposes, about 15,000,000*l.* Now the new Viceroy told a deputation from Manchester a fortnight ago, that on every rupee thus transmitted the Indian Government loses threepence, or one-eighth; so that its loss on the 15,000,000*l.* amounts to 1,875,000*l.* This sum is more than twice the amount of the import duties on cotton; consequently, if it could be saved, not only might those duties be taken off, but there would remain a substantial balance to aid in the adjustment and reduction of other duties. Or, if a more cautious course were adopted, the Indian Government would be in possession of a real surplus, to serve as an insurance against periodical famine and against any diminution of the opium revenue, as well as to furnish a reserve fund in case of war. This is the way in which the question affects the Government. It presses even more hardly upon the civil and military services, and upon the servants of the Indian Railway Companies. Let us suppose that a member of the Civil Service, after spending the best years of his life in the performance of trying and arduous duties, has saved 24,000*l.*, and that, when about to come home, he transmits his savings for investment. According to Lord Lytton he would lose one-eighth of the amount, or 3,000*l.*, which at no more than four per cent. would be a loss of 120*l.* a year. The depreciation of silver, therefore, is tantamount to a reduction of salary, so far at least as savings are concerned, and remittances home, whether to children at school or for any other purpose. Lastly, Englishmen trading with India suffer in the same way. It is universally found that, when a currency is undergoing depreciation, the fall of value is more rapid than the rise of prices. It was so in the United States during the civil war, and it is so in India now. Consequently, when the English merchant sells his goods in India, he gets a nominal price but little in advance of that which he would have got some years ago. But the rupees in which that price is paid are no longer worth as much gold as they were formerly. This is one of the reasons of the unprofitableness of the export trade to India of which we hear so much.

The causes of the depreciation are not far to seek. Silver, like all other commodities, obeys the law of demand and supply. When the demand falls off and the supply increases, the value of the metal sinks. This is what is occurring at the present moment. In California and the territories beyond the Rocky Mountains extremely rich silver mines have of late been discovered. Those mines have already yielded large quantities of the metal, and in

the near future they are expected to prove still more productive. From the reports of the Commissioner of Mining it appears that between the years 1848 and 1860 (both inclusive) the greatest production of the silver mines of the United States in any one year was 30,000*l.*, and in eleven out of the thirteen years it did not exceed 10,000*l.* In 1864, for the first time, the yield exceeded a million sterling; in 1870 it exceeded three millions; in 1873 it reached seven millions; and last year, though the figures are not accurately known, the yield is believed to have been as great. Last summer additional mines were discovered, and the prediction is hazarded that, should the demand hold good, there will be produced within the next five years more silver than has been turned out between 1848 and the present time. In the meanwhile Germany has adopted an exclusive gold standard, and is rapidly demonetizing her old silver coins. From statistics published by the Berlin Government we learn that previous to 1871 the silver coined by the various German mints amounted to, in round numbers, 68,000,000*l.* sterling; the new silver coinage is to amount to 21,000,000*l.* sterling. There will remain, therefore, a balance of 47,000,000*l.* to be called in and sold by the German Government. Some of this has of course been exported, melted down, and lost; but at any rate the sum to be disposed of by the German Government must reach to between thirty and forty millions sterling. Add this amount to the production of the American mines, and we see how enormous has been the increased supply of silver which since 1871 has been thrown upon the markets of the world. It has caused a glut; and, as a natural consequence, has run down the value of the commodity. At the same time Holland also has adopted a gold standard, and so has Japan. The monetary policy pursued by Germany, Holland, and Japan has had another effect; it has restricted as well as glutted the silver markets. Formerly those countries required silver to keep up their currency; now they not alone have no demand for the metal, but are selling it. And, at the same time, most of the great countries of the world—France, Austria, Russia, Italy, the United States—have a forced paper circulation, and therefore have but a slight demand for metal. By the Resumption Act of last year the United States adopted the gold standard; there, accordingly, the demand for silver must continue small. And the countries of the Latin Union—France, Italy, Switzerland, and Belgium, with Greece—have by their monetary convention, which has been annually renewed for three years in succession, restricted within very narrow limits the quantity of silver which it is lawful to coin. Thus the demand for silver upon every hand has diminished simultaneously with the increase of supply.

The remedy usually recommended in our own case for the evils we have pointed out is the adoption in India of a gold currency. It is estimated that about 100,000,000*l.* would suffice for that purpose; and even if the whole amount had to be obtained by means of a loan, it is urged that that would entail a charge of not more than 4,000,000*l.* or 5,000,000*l.* a year. But we have seen that already India is losing nearly 2,000,000*l.* a year, and the depreciation has certainly not yet reached its limits. Besides, the country is losing in other ways. Every Railway Company in the Empire, for example, loses equally on the dividends it pays at home and the purchases it makes. Therefore, it is argued, even if India had to borrow the whole amount, it would not lose by the transaction. But it would not have to borrow the whole amount. For at least half the existing silver currency could be called in and sold. Still that would, no doubt, involve a great loss. Already the depreciation of silver is twelve and a half per cent., but if the Indian as well as the German market were closed, there is no saying where it would end. This is the first objection to an Indian gold coinage. India and China are now the only countries where there is an effective demand for silver. If India becomes a seller instead of a buyer, it is clear that she could dispose of her silver only at an enormous loss. To this, however, it is replied by the advocates of the measure, that if France follows the example of England, Germany, and the United States, and adopts a gold standard, the depreciation of silver will become so extreme as to compel India to do so likewise, and that then her loss will be much greater than it would be now. There is indisputable force in the argument. But it is objected on the other side, that if India adopts a gold standard, the demand for gold will become excessive. Since 1871 the German demand alone has kept the money markets of the world in perturbation. According to the existing law, the United States will resume a gold currency in 1879. If France and India do the same, gold will, it is argued, become as scarce as silver is over-abundant; trade will degenerate into a game of speculation; for no man can tell what the value of money will be two months forward, and we shall have panics with the bank-rate at ten per cent. It may be replied that the policy of India ought to be determined by the interests of India, not by the convenience of other countries. And this is true; but it must not be left out of sight that India would suffer quite as much as other countries by such a disturbance of international monetary relations as is here pointed at. We have but to look at Germany to see how difficult is the task of changing the money of a great country. At the end of five years the operation is not completed, while the trade and industry of the Empire are seriously suffering. Lastly, it is argued that the evils under which India is now suffering will gradually right themselves. The fall of value will check the production of the American mines, while the sales by Germany must, as a matter of course, soon come to an end. The supply will then cease to be greater than the world can absorb. In the meantime prices in India will gradually rise so as to adapt themselves to the altered value of the rupee, and when this adaptation is effected the import trade will be as profitable as ever. Lastly, if France resumes specie payments and retains the double standard, the field of employment for silver in Europe will be restored to nearly its normal extent. These are the leading arguments for and against the adoption of a gold currency in India. It will be for the Committee obtained by Lord G. Hamilton to examine their relative weight.

A NICE IRISH SESSION.

A CERTAIN number of Irish members in the House of Commons have just hit upon an ingenious argument in favour of relegating them to a House of their own on the other side of St. George's Channel. They seem to have resolved to play the part of the hedgehog at Westminster, and to be bent upon making that body as uncomfortable as possible until they get what they want. The plot seems to have been hatched before the opening of Parliament, and on the very first day it began to be put into execution. The Home Rule members, every man of them, have put down Bills in the list, and the greater part of the Session has already been booked for Irish business. There is hardly a Wednesday or other open day to be had for anything else. One of the tricks by which they have accomplished this triumph was brought before the House on Thursday in a question to the Speaker, who was asked by Mr. Ritchie whether it was in accordance with the practice of the House that several members should, by agreement among themselves, enter their names on the Notice Paper with the view of giving notice of one and the same motion, in order that such motion might be proposed by any of the members whose name was first called, and thereby obtain undue priority. The Speaker replied that the practice described was practically an evasion of the rule of the House, and if persisted in, might have to be checked by requiring each member on entering his name on the Notice List to state the subject-matter of his motion. He added that, if any irregularity had occurred, it was only through inadvertence, and that the House might rely on the good sense and right feeling of members for the faithful observance of its rule. Nor is this all. In the small hours of Tuesday morning the House of Commons was treated to an impressive lesson of its helpless dependence on the good will and civility of Irish members. It was kept out of bed till nearly five o'clock in the morning in order that Major O'Gorman and his colleagues might show their contempt for the amenities of Parliamentary life, and their determination to make their presence felt in a particularly offensive manner. In this project these gentlemen are no doubt in many respects eminently qualified to succeed, for they unfortunately have it in their power to cause a grievous delay of public business. Whether they will persevere in this course remains to be seen; but there can at least be no mistake as to the amiable intentions with which they have begun the Session, and, judging from Major O'Gorman's behaviour, they are quite capable of going on to the end. On the morning in question no fewer than seventeen successive divisions took place in the House of Commons between a quarter past one and a quarter past four. The occasion was a motion for the appointment of twenty-one members as referees on private Bills. Mr. Sullivan, Captain Nolan, Dr. Ward, Major O'Gorman, and other Irish members complained that the representatives of their country were overlooked in making these appointments, and a threat was made of dividing the House on every name on the list. The first division was taken on an amendment by Mr. Sullivan that the Committee should consist of twenty-three members — the number proposed being twenty-one, of which two were Scotch and two Irish members—which was defeated by 73 to 21. The names were then taken in order, and the first name was Mr. Walpole's, for which there were 79 ayes against 11 noes. In the next case there were 77 ayes against 11 noes, and in the next the minority was reduced to 10. Major O'Gorman rose to express in his usual lucid manner his sense of the "scandalous" conduct of the Government in not giving way to the Irish members, for which he was called to account and ordered to withdraw the expression. The Chancellor of the Exchequer explained that there was no desire to exclude Irish members as such from holding the appointments in question; the only object was to get the members who were most competent to discharge the important and responsible duties of referees, and naturally men with special experience on such matters were preferred. Other members pleaded for at least an adjournment of the debate. Major O'Gorman, however, was obdurate, and the divisions went on, the minority gradually declining as one by one those who belonged to it became ashamed of their conduct, and fell out or went over to the other side. When the minority fell to eight, even Mr. Sullivan became susceptible of this feeling, and protested that the divisions had been carried far enough. In the last series of divisions the ayes were 75, while the noes had dwindled to 3; the noble trio who thus distinguished themselves being Mr. Dunbar, Captain Nolan, and Dr. Ward, with Major O'Gorman and Mr. Parnell as tellers. At last the list of names was exhausted, those of the two Scotch and two Irish members being allowed to pass without question; and it was about a quarter past four in the morning when the House adjourned. It is easy to conceive that, if this method of political contest is

systematically carried out by the Irish Home Rulers, a fervent desire might be created among the rest of the legislative body that Irish members should stay at home.

It is well known that the comprehensive and urgent duties of the Government require that it should have a large share of the time of the House of Commons, and that what are called private members are consequently sadly hampered in finding opportunities for bringing forward Bills, or calling attention to subjects in which they take an interest. It would appear, however, that during the present Session, any time which is not occupied by the Government is to be monopolized by the Irish members, who are prepared to propose a general reconstruction of everything in Ireland down to the most microscopic of its institutions. We find, for instance, on the Orders of the House the following list of Bills relating to Ireland. Mr. Henry wishes to amend the law with reference to the registration of Parliamentary voters in Ireland. Mr. Dunbar thinks he could improve the law relating to Union rating. Major O'Gorman has a plan for improving the Irish municipal franchise. Captain Nolan has a Bill for the establishment of County Boards in Ireland. Dr. Ward has taken up the question of the regulation and management of the coast and deep-sea fisheries of Ireland. Mr. Butt offers a Bill for the amendment of the law with reference to tenure of land, and another Bill with regard to University education. Mr. Parnell would like to see some changes in the law as to the reclamation of waste lands in Ireland. Mr. Biggar is desirous to assimilate the borough franchise in Ireland to that of England. Mr. Ronayne proposes legislation with regard to grand jury levies, and the establishment of Representative Councils in Irish counties for the management of local affairs. Mr. Downing has ideas about the removal of Irish paupers from England and Scotland to their own country which he is anxious to get embodied in an Act. Mr. R. Smythe has a Bill to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday in Ireland; Mr. M. Brooks, one with reference to Irish municipal corporations; Mr. Crauford, one to amend the Landlord and Tenant (Ireland) Act of 1870; Sir J. McKenna, one to deal with the rating of towns; Mr. Downing, one about grand juries; Mr. Sullivan, one with regard to coroners in Dublin; and Mr. Meldon, one to alter the constitution and government of county infirmaries in Ireland. There are probably other Irish Bills which we may have overlooked, and which are yet to come; but it is evident that there is plenty of work already cut out for the House of Commons, and that the Parliamentary debates will consist chiefly of discussions on Irish subjects. Besides these Bills, there are notices to call attention to various questions—such as intermediate education, National School teachers, the Irish Society, and that momentous subject, the blending of Irish with Scotch whisky, which, in the eyes of true patriots of the former country, is of course a most atrocious kind of adulteration. Mr. Butt has a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into and report upon "the nature, extent, and the grounds of the demand made by a large proportion of the Irish people"—an assumption likely to be questioned—"for the restoration to Ireland of an Irish Parliament, with power to control the internal affairs of that country." It is possible that, among other points submitted to the House, it may be intended to direct its attention to the question how, if Irish members are to occupy the whole time of the British Parliament, the affairs of the rest of the United Kingdom are to be carried on.

It will of course be indignantly denied that all this sudden accumulation of Irish business has been devised simply for the sake of wasting time and showing that the Irish members have it in their power, if they choose, to embarrass and annoy the House of Commons, and perhaps on some critical occasion to bring it to a deadlock. Even, however, if we suppose that the course they have adopted has been dictated solely by motives of the purest and loftiest patriotism, and a conscientious belief that Ireland is really urgently in want of all this legislation, a little reflection will show that conduct of this kind is hardly calculated in the long run to promote those feelings which are most favourable to Irish interests. At the first glance it may seem that the more troublesome any set of representatives can make themselves at Westminster, the greater would be the temptation to get rid of them by allowing them to set up a Parliament of their own; but this is rather a short-sighted view, inasmuch as the temper of Irish members while a part of the British Legislature would naturally be taken as a test of the spirit in which they would be likely to act as an independent body. Moreover, though it is possible for a small number of members by sharp practice or perverse disregard of public convenience to snatch an occasional surprise, the House of Commons has after all the means of protecting itself against any systematic attempt to waste time and obstruct the general administration of the country. It will be remembered how last Session an Irish member spun out a speech by endless quotations from books, and it may be feared that the expedient will be repeated. An Irish Bill, however trifling, almost invariably occupies more hours than any other business; so that a multitude of Irish Bills is really a serious difficulty. The forms and orders of the House of Commons are of a very delicate and artificial character, and are based on the assumption that all the members are equally anxious to maintain order and promote dispatch of business and mutual convenience. A small group of unmannerly members is quite sufficient to make a formidable obstruction if it chooses to act in concert in a particular way. Everybody knows what an eel is in a water-pipe; and it is only because there is a prevalence of good feeling and gentlemanly courtesy among the great body of members that the business of the House is got through at all. Any one who watches the proceedings must have observed how—as, for instance, on the question of the exclusion of strangers—a departure from the ordinary course at once causes a confusion which it is difficult to set right. So delicate a contrivance as the machinery for maintaining order in the House of Commons ought to be jealously guarded against rough usage. Nothing could be more unfortunate than that those who endeavour to obtain an unfair hold on the House should be met with reprisals in the same spirit; but of course, if real necessity should arise, the House will be able to express its sense of the annoyance to which it may be subjected. Great allowance must be made for the exigencies of a political agitation which requires spirited advertising in order to keep up the flow of subscriptions; but it may be safely assumed that there is a majority in the House of Commons on the side of order and amenity.

THE CANADIAN MILITIA.

AT a time when general attention is turned towards military subjects, and to the means which, in the event of hostilities, would be available for the protection of the Empire, a Report on the condition of the forces of our most powerful colony cannot fail to excite interest. Since the withdrawal of the Imperial troops, the burden of providing for her defence has fallen entirely on Canada; and, being both unwilling and unable to maintain a standing army, her Government has devoted the small amount of money at its disposal to the organization of a Militia. This force has been placed under the command of an Imperial officer—Major-General Smyth—who, having made a tour of inspection over a distance of eleven thousand miles, of which two thousand were performed on horseback, submits his Report to the Dominion Parliament.

To many readers the most interesting part of this Report will be that which deals with the vast territory lying between the province of Manitoba and the Rocky Mountains, and drained by the Saskatchewan and its tributaries. This country, described by Captain Butler as the Great Lone Land, appears to be awaiting the settlers who, when means of communication have been rendered more complete, will probably make it their home. In the meantime the Indian tribes continue to hunt over those parts which the buffalo has not deserted, and claim the protection of the Government against the adventurers who, as whisky traders, threaten them with demoralization and destruction. To make the arm of the law felt in those distant territories, a force of three hundred mounted constabulary was recently organized, and General Smyth was directed to report on their efficiency and on the effect produced by their presence. His Report, we are glad to say, is eminently satisfactory; the illicit trade in spirituous liquors, with its attendant evils, has been stopped; and the Blackfeet Indians—the most warlike of the Canadian tribes—have been the first to acknowledge the benefits they derive from the withdrawal of the temptations which, whilst unable to resist, they clearly recognize as the precursor of ruin and of death. Their chiefs held a conference with General Smyth at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and after expressing their satisfaction at the security afforded them by the presence of the mounted police, requested him to represent to the Government their wishes for the conclusion of treaties for the allotment of land similar to those accorded to the Eastern Prairie Indians.

So far all promises well, and the friendly spirit in which the officers of the United States army across the border met General Smyth, and their evident desire to promote arrangements conducive to good order on the frontiers, afford an additional hope for the preservation of peace throughout the hitherto lawless regions of the Far West. It would be a curious subject for speculation to prognosticate the components of the future population of these regions. Icelanders, and Mennonites from Southern Russia, are already cultivating farms in Manitoba; French Canadians, half breeds, and Scotch servants of the Hudson Bay Company congregate round the old trading posts; whilst at Kootenay Pass, in the Rocky Mountains, a Chinese settlement claims protection from the Canadian authorities. The presence of the police and of their horses necessitates the cultivation of cereals, and especially of oats round their several barracks, and will lead to trade which will gradually people the wilderness, whose soil, climate, and mineral productions appear to invite the settler. Surveys have already been made, and the frontier has been marked out, although the buffalo by knocking down the pillars carefully placed by the engineers will, unless checked, do much to destroy the fruits of their labour.

A ride across country from Manitoba to British Columbia was, however, only an incident in General Smyth's tour of inspection. The gist of the Report deals with the present condition of the Militia force on which Canada relies for protection against foreign foes, and for the maintenance of good order within her extended territory. This force is called out annually for twelve days' drill, and the numbers so trained amounted during the last year to nearly twenty-nine thousand, half of which were furnished by Ontario. The General speaks highly of the intelligence, the physical qualities, and the aptitude for military duties of both officers and men, although he points out the almost impossibility of attaining a sufficiently high standard of efficiency, or even of preserving from damage and destruction the arms, accoutrements, and clothing of the force, without some permanent and educated

regimental staff. He had previously recommended a paid adjutant for each battalion; but as this proposition did not find favour with those who control the national purse, he has reduced his request to a sergeant-major, who would also act as storekeeper. He also advocates training-schools for cavalry and infantry, as well as increased inducements for officers to pass through the shorter courses at the Artillery Schools at Quebec and Kingston. The Military College at the latter place is still in embryo, the Superintendent, Lieut.-Colonel Hewett, being the only officer who has actually received his appointment. It is to begin on a very modest scale, only twenty-two cadets being admitted in the first year. A great part of the fortifications at Quebec is reported to be falling into disrepair, and the absence of any guns of calibre sufficient to stop an ironclad is commented upon as a marked deficiency in the armament of a fortress which is supposed to command the entrance to the water-way of Canada. The warlike stores are indeed small in quantity; even of Snider ammunition there are not 140 rounds apiece for 50,000 men in the reserve magazines, although not a cartridge can be manufactured on that side of the Atlantic. In fact, the military resources of Canada are at a low ebb. The money voted for purposes of defence is small in amount, and in some respects commensurate value is not obtained from its expenditure. Throughout the Dominion, and especially in Ontario, a military spirit exists; the annual training is popular, the men are of a good stamp, and the officers avail themselves of the scanty means of instruction which their yearly drill affords; but it is useless to conceal the fact that the efficiency of the Militia is not built on solid foundations. The lessons taught in the barracks of the regular regiments formerly stationed throughout the country are still partially remembered, and a traditional standard of the efficiency to which the Militia should strive to reach is maintained; but, as years pass by, these recollections become more and more dim, and gradually, but not the less surely, will the military organization deteriorate.

For this result Canada is not so much to be blamed as the mother-country. For many years dependent on the presence of a large force of Imperial troops, Canada did little for her own protection. Roused by the great American Civil War, and by the troubles on her frontier of which it was partially the cause, a numerous Militia was formed on paper, and during the Fenian disturbances a considerable force was called out, drilled, and disciplined. Training-schools were established at the headquarters of the various regular regiments, and the services of able officers were secured to organize and command the several camps of instruction. The reports of the aptitude of the Canadian Militia for military work were very encouraging, and it appeared probable that in a short time a vigorous system of professional training would have been instituted. Suddenly the policy changed. The troops were withdrawn without any provision having been made for a continuance of the education they were affording; fortresses which had just been built at great cost were handed over unarmed to a Government which could not even afford to keep them from falling into disrepair, and stores which in many instances were old and obsolete were sold, at no mean price and after considerable haggling, to departments which, even if the articles had been serviceable, did not know how to use or preserve them. The military schools fell into decay and consequent disrepute; outside Halifax there was not a company, a squadron, or a battery which could furnish a pattern to the Militia, and Canada was left, unaided by the mother-country, to provide for her own means of defence. Considerable soreness was felt throughout the country at the manner in which the withdrawal of the troops had been effected; a period of apathy was the result, and the military organization threatened to collapse. However, the instincts of a nation proud of its connexion with England, and resolved to maintain its position, prevented so great a misfortune. Efforts were made to provide schools of gunnery, at which officers of all branches of the service might be trained, and these schools formed small but not inefficient garrisons for the two fortresses of Quebec and Kingston. The annual training of the Militia in camps of instruction was continued and the services of a few Imperial officers obtained. Recently the Government has decided on the formation of a military college at Kingston, with the object of training cadets as officers, and has asked to be supplied with three or four officers of the regular army to act as instructors. The request does not appear unreasonable; but hitherto the numerous difficulties which official routine has (perhaps unavoidably) thrown in the way of its fulfilment have delayed their appointment. In fact, England does not recognize the importance of fostering the military spirit of her colonies. Much might be done with little or no expenditure of money. One infantry regiment stationed in Canada, one squadron of cavalry, and one battery of artillery, involving no additional charge on the army estimates, would go far towards raising the standard of the Militia; whilst of the many staff officers who, having been trained at Sandhurst, are without employment, a few might be spared to assist in the instruction of the young men who are willing and ready to be educated on English models. If England were involved in a great European struggle, Canada would readily send assistance; and a well-organized force, such as she could with little difficulty equip, would be no mean addition to our army, and would repay the very slight cost which in peace-time our Treasury might be called on to pay. A really broad view of the organization of Imperial army should comprehend not merely the forces of England and of India, but those of the great colonies which, instead of being a weakness, ought to be a source of military strength to the mother-country. Times have changed since—only a few years past—it was the fashion among a certain type of politicians to look askance at our colonial possessions, and even indirectly to advocate the dismemberment of the Empire. Now a more truly national policy prevails, but it is only gradually that the apathy in respect to colonial institutions can be overcome, or interest awakened in even such vital questions as those which pertain, not to the defence of any especial colony, but to the organization of a military system which will embrace all portions of the Empire. Canada may in many respects be slow to grasp the importance of an efficient army administration, but not the less ought the impulse to be given by the mother-country, who should be ready to meet more than half-way any indications of energy and any desire for improvement.

CROWNER'S QUEST LAW.

THE zeal of coroners is always breaking out in some fresh place. At the last sittings of the Central Criminal Court Dr. Hardwicke had an opportunity of showing the sublime contempt of a medical coroner for forms of law. An inquisition had been found by a jury, charging no particular individual, but merely alleging that "the owners of the property" were guilty of manslaughter. It is stated that Dr. Hardwicke, after the inquisition had been thus found in blank, if we may so say, inserted the name of Mr. Beal, imagining, from some correspondence, that he was the person answerable for an alleged neglect. If this statement had not been made in Court, we should regard it as an audacious fiction. A medical coroner cannot be expected to understand or value the niceties of criminal law, but it would be easy for him, in default of common sense of his own, to obtain the help of a clerk who would keep him out of flagrant blunders. An inquisition, be it observed, is equivalent to an indictment, and must be framed with the same exactness. The jury are at liberty to find a verdict of murder or manslaughter against some person unknown, but when they have so found their verdict and recorded it, the coroner is not at liberty to strike out the words "some person unknown" and insert "John Smith." And yet this is in effect what Dr. Hardwicke did. It appears that an elderly lady was walking in the Liverpool Road on a day in February, and she fell on the pavement and received injuries of which she died. Dr. Hardwicke held an inquest on her, and the jury returned a verdict attributing her death to the unprotected state of the pavement in the Liverpool Road, and adding that "the owners thereof were guilty of manslaughter." This was the jury's work, and the Coroner finished it by putting in the name of Mr. Beal, who, as is now stated, was not even an owner of the defective pavement. The joke is heightened by the circumstance that Dr. Hardwicke professes a "long friendship" with Mr. Beal, and assures him that he acted only from a sense of duty in carrying out the verdict of the jury. It is an odd way of showing friendship to indict a man, although in a blundering way, for manslaughter, which is felony. An error in the coroner's office has been, says Dr. Hardwicke, the cause of all this trouble, but he wishes to pay Mr. Beal's legal expenses, and trusts that their friendly relations will be uninterrupted One of Mr. Trollope's recent heroes is tried for murder, and the Attorney-General of the day does his best to hang him; but when they meet after the trial in society they shake hands with apparent cordiality. Manners, as a French dramatist says, ameliorate themselves from day to day, and the form "My dear Mr. Beal" is now usually adopted towards persons to whom one has done or is doing all the harm one can. It is, in truth, the modern substitute for the kiss of Judas. No doubt, if Mr. Beal were reasonably thought guilty of manslaughter, it would be the Coroner's duty to have him prosecuted, notwithstanding their long friendship. But in that case we should expect the Coroner to be guided by law and common sense, whereas his actual proceedings exhibit a sort of confused analogy to those dealings with crossed cheques about which we have lately heard so much. A cheque may be crossed generally, and afterwards the name of a particular banker may be written in, just as the jury found a verdict against owners of property, and the Coroner inserted his dear Mr. Beal. It must be remembered that an inquisition is signed and sealed by the coroner and the jurors, and the notion of altering in a material particular an instrument thus solemnly completed is, to say the least, unbusinesslike. It must be allowed, however, that persons who ought to know better often make informal alterations in their wills, and Dr. Hardwicke's mistake was similar to this.

One of the uses of medical coroners is to make work for lawyers. In Mr. Wakley's time the practice prevailed in Middlesex of refusing to examine at an inquest persons whose conduct was thought likely to become afterwards the subject of criminal inquiry. Mr. Wakley did not invent this practice, but he seems to have adopted it as unobjectionable. There had been an inquest on a soldier who had died at Hounslow, and a medical journal had described the coroner's proceedings as a needless display of ingenuity to get up against the colonel of a regiment, or the surgeon, or a farrier, "a colourable semblance of murder." We believe that this was the case of the soldier who died after and the inquest was so managed that the persons whose been impugned were denied the opportunity of explai Court of Exchequer declared this practice to be expressed the hope that persons would be statements they might wish, when they had any to com-

nunciate. The Court said that the refusal to accept a person's testimony casts a gross imputation on him, and "such a practice is monstrous, and most harassing." It is fair to Mr. Wakley's memory to state that the comments made by a medical journal on his conduct in reference to this case were held to be in the main libellous, and he recovered considerable damages; but nevertheless it was clear that he had managed this inquest in an illegal and absurd manner. "It is not right," said one of the judges, "to assume that a man is guilty, and the witness may guard his own interest in giving his evidence." In the recent case the Coroner seems to have assumed that his dear Mr. Beal was guilty, on an *ex parte* statement, which turned out to be incorrect, that he was one of the "owners" to whom the jury imputed the old lady's death; and it did not occur to him that his proceeding was contrary, we will not say to law, but to the principles of justice which are supposed to be generally understood.

It must not, however, be supposed that medical coroners have a monopoly of absurdity and illegality. Mr. Carter, Coroner for Surrey, has lately delivered, if he has been reported correctly, an official opinion which could not be surpassed in extravagance by any of his brethren who write "M.D." after their names. According to the *Times* of this day week, Mr. Carter held an inquest on the body of a deceased man, and a mechanic named Lane stated that at one o'clock on Sunday morning he saw bubbles in the canal Peckham; he spoke to a constable, and the body of the deceased was recovered. In one of the pockets was found a paper stating that the deceased was tired of life. The usual verdict was found, and the Coroner severely lectured Lane for being out so late at night, and said that, if the letter had not been found on the body, he (Lane) would in all probability have been sent to take his trial for wilful murder. Some years ago it became material to explain in a Scotch case of murder why an important piece of evidence was not produced at the trial, and it appeared that a girl told her mistress that she had seen early in the morning something having apparent reference to this case, on which the mistress said, "Never let me hear you say a word about that again, or you'll be getting into trouble, I know." The mistress evidently supposed that justice was generally administered on the broad principle of Mr. Carter. A person who is out of doors late at night or early in the morning is presumably accessory to any crime that may be committed during the small hours; and, indeed, if it be doubtful whether a crime has been committed or not, that presumption is to be made which shall impute guilt to those who are detected in irregularity. This Coroner is like one of those old ladies who believe that a man who smokes a pipe is necessarily "dissipated." He had before him the question whether the man came to the water, or the water came to the man, and it might be thought that any evidence helping the jury to find it "Christian burial" would be welcome. The nursery rhyme says that, if the children had been at home, they would not have been drowned; and if the bubbles which Lane saw indicated recent death, the verdict ought to have been *felo-de-se*, on the principle of assigning the worst motive to the act of anybody who is abroad after midnight. The unfortunate witness was severely lectured, and refused compensation for his day occupied in attending Court; so that he lost his day because he had misspent his night. This, however, was only a small matter. The grave consideration is that this Coroner proposes to assume that any person found near, or having anything to do with, a dead body after midnight has committed murder. In one of the *Arabian Nights'* stories a corpse is carried from place to place in the streets of Bagdad by a succession of persons who feel that nocturnal proximity to it will bring them under suspicion involving at least the bastinado or some other form of torture. Neither in Middlesex nor in Surrey does crowner's quest law appear to have greatly improved since Mr. Wakley's time. He would have refused to hear any statement from the colonel who authorized the flogging of the soldier, or the doctor who superintended, or the farrier who administered it. He might or might not have allowed his jury to find a verdict of murder against those persons without hearing them. The practice in Surrey now is to hear the suspected person, but with a foregone conclusion as to his guilt.

It is a pity that the ancient and honourable office of coroner should be thus degraded. We are told that formerly the law gave such high credit to an inquisition of death found before a coroner that the judges would not receive a verdict acquitting a person of the death of a man found against him by the coroner's inquest, unless the jury finding such acquittal had also found what other person did the fact, or by what other means the party came to his death. If this were the law now, the administration of it would have to be put into more safe hands. Parliament supplementing the Common Law has carefully provided that men shall not in general be put on trial in criminal courts unless a bill of indictment has been preferred to and found by a grand jury, after some preliminary proceeding before magistrates. But a coroner's inquisition still receives so much credit that, if properly found, it supplies the place of an indictment. A few years ago some coroners had a notion that if, after an inquest duly held, and the body buried, the coroner received further information, he might dig up the body and hold another inquest. This notion was founded on a passage in the *Year Book* of 21 Ed. 4, which states that "Le coroner luy prist hors de son sepulture et priest novel indictment quel reherse tout le circumstance de le matter en fait del murdre." The indictment (as they called the inquisition at that day) stated that one of the servants of the said Wingfield, who was at the death of the man, "corna son corne," and said, "Here is an obit for his soul," and another servant said, "I would the stroke had lit on his master's neck," "et ceo fuit Jenney le Juge," which is explained to mean that Serjeant Jenney had become judge of the King's Bench early in that year. The disinterment of one of these old cases in its musty clothing of Norman-French and dog-Latin is almost as unsavoury a proceeding as that of Serjeant, afterwards Judge Jenney, who, "fecit dictum coronatorem iterum effodire extra terram interfectum xiv dies sepultum." The Court of Queen's Bench, after much discussion of this supposed precedent, concluded that it did not clearly appear from the report that the first inquest had been held *super visum corporis*, and therefore it was not a clear authority for what had been done in the case before them. It follows therefore that coroners cannot, in general, hold more than one inquest on one body, but they may, and often do, hold one inquest where they ought to hold none. It is not long since they assumed to hold inquests in cases of fire, and it would seem that any person who is out of doors late at night, at least in Surrey, might be committed for trial for arson if a fire happened to occur. The public will stand a good deal of oppression and interference of any kind that they are used to. But it is dangerous to make an antique institution ridiculous.

REVIEWS.

BAIN ON THE EMOTIONS AND THE WILL.*

THIS third edition of Professor Bain's *Emotions and Will* is so much enlarged, and so far rewritten, that it is in large measure a new book, and therefore may properly be made an exception to our usual practice, and be introduced to our readers by a substantive notice. In the case of a book so widely known, we need offer no apology for assuming a knowledge in the reader of Mr. Bain's treatment and general view of his subject, and shall deal only with the new matter introduced into this edition.

The first remark which is called for is one on the great pains which have been really taken to make this edition better than the two which have preceded it. There may be exaggeration in the common belief that it is easier to write a new book than to correct an old book; easier to write than to rewrite. But the belief is only an exaggeration of a certain truth. All authors who have attempted it know that rewriting is the most irksome of tasks. Indeed, so painful is it that few will impose it on themselves. The greater part of our English literature of to-day bears obvious marks of the crude haste of first draft. Our books are now thrown off, as the daily paper is thrown off, written from the inspiration of the moment, without correction or reconsideration. The newspaper can be produced in no other way. And, written as the newspaper article often is—often after midnight—with the compositor waiting for copy, it is surprising how good even in style and composition such articles are. But with the book there is no such pressure, except, indeed, the general hurry in which all our life in this busy country is lived. It is the painful effort of rewriting which deters authors from elaborating what they give to the public. The freshness of subject at the first draft is in itself an excitement which lifts us over the drudgery of the pen. When this drudgery has to be undergone without the stimulus of novelty, the birth-pains of composition become too intense to be faced. The operation of recasting thoughts is not merely laborious, it has attached to it a mental pain of a peculiar kind. It implies a control of the will over the intellectual processes, of a more severe kind than the spontaneous attention which easily follows the natural flow of the habitual thoughts. Reproduction, reconstruction, revision, improvement, are far more difficult operations than production and extempore gush.

If our books in their first editions have seldom the benefit of their authors' second thoughts, it might be supposed that, when a second edition is called for, an author would be willing to bestow some pains in improving his work, which the public has shown to have some value to them by buying it. This is far from being always, or often, the case. The sale of an edition, instead of stimulating our authors to work towards completeness, is often taken as a reason for being satisfied with a book as it is. The publisher, too, has an interest in hurrying on the new edition before the demand shall subside. Slovenliness of correction is often carried to the point of leaving a confessed error in the text, and placing its correction at the foot of the page in a bracketed note with the later date of the edition in which it was first added. The "limæ labor," incessant correction, is the condition of the classic style. But this is not true only of style. The contents of a book require recasting quite as much as the language. The subject is first conceived in the author's mind in embryo. The writing the book is a process of growth and development. It is like the construction of a picture. There is first the rude charcoal sketch, a bare marking out of the boundary. Then this boundary is outlined so as to enclose the great masses. Next comes the laying of the dead colour within this outline, and so to the painting of each square inch in detail, film over film, till the painter has so covered his canvas that he can add nothing. But the writer has this vast advantage over the artist, that his book can

* *The Emotions and the Will.* By ... LL.D., Professor of Logic in the University of Aberdeen. Third ... Longmans & Co. 1875.

always be repainted. A painter has no second editions. In books, a new edition is the author's opportunity. If this opportunity is rarely used by our authors, it is partly owing to defective mental discipline, partly to the material conditions of publication. Many of our books—even the books of our best men—are first thoughts. They are the young impressions of vigorous intellect in its early wrestle with some untried class of facts. Such books have the great charm of freshness; they have an originality, not of subject, but of mental spring. The very merit of such books is a merit which is incompatible with revision. When the author sits down to correct his book for a new edition, the chances are that he prunes away the luxuriant growth in which its charm lay. The spirit is gone, and he cannot replace it, as he wrote from animal spirits, and not from knowledge. Not less unfavourable to elaboration are the conditions of publication such as they are now. Book-producing is a trade, and is subject therefore to the same necessities as all trade. It is more advantageous to turn out many of a common article than a few of a superior class. A writer has his choice between perfecting one book and extemporizing a great many. It is the choice between reputation and money. Few authors are in such a happy position as to be able to choose the former. If Professor Bain had thought only of being paid for his time, he would doubtless have laid it out to far more advantage in writing a new book than in re-writing, as he has done, the present. Had he simply reprinted the second edition of *The Emotions and the Will* as it stood in 1865, he would probably not have sold a single copy fewer than he will now sell of this greatly improved edition.

The changes introduced into the present edition, we need hardly say, do not amount to alteration in the point of view from which the subject is regarded. A reviewer of the first edition, Mr. Herbert Spencer, writing anonymously in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*, brought against Mr. Bain's work the charge of being a collection of miscellaneous observations on mind, rather than a scientific analysis. It bore the stamp of the inchoate state of psychology. Its classification was the crude and rough first generalization which in the infancy of knowledge suffices to bring the phenomena into some sort of order, so that science may go to work on them. It was, he urged, a natural history of the emotions based on external characters. This criticism is less a criticism of Mr. Bain's book than a denial of the existence of psychology as a separate science, or as a science at all. If urged as a defect against Mr. Bain's book, the obvious answer is that at present there is no other mode of treating the psychical phenomena possible. The old psychologers, relying as they did on one source of observation only—namely, consciousness—had a uniform basis. The division into intellect, sense, emotion, and will was not only an obvious arrangement, but one which satisfied the state of the science. But it is impossible now to confine our survey of mind to the facts testified by our individual consciousness. Other, various and distinct, branches of evidence have come forward, which not only supplement consciousness, but have thrown it into the background as a quite subordinate, and even suspicious, method of investigating the facts. Physiology has risen into first importance as a method. Comparative physiology, natural history, development, social phenomena, little used hitherto, all have been called in to aid. This has destroyed the simplicity and unity of the science. We cannot tell whether the phenomena we are investigating are psychical or physiological. Biology tends more and more to bring the facts within the range of its own principles, but it has not yet done so wholly. It would be premature to abolish mental science, because we have not yet been able to analyse the complex states of feeling or thought of which we are conscious into the simple elements—the germ, the embryo. Nor do we know whether it will ever be possible to do this. It follows that, if we are to treat the manifestations of mind at all, we cannot neglect any one of these sources of information. If the want of unity of principle, the shifting basis of investigation, deprives psychology of all right to the title of a science, it only shares this defect with politics, with economics, with sociology, with therapeutics, and with every branch of inquiry into which the complex organism of man enters. If not a science, psychology is a colligation of observed facts at once true, important, and analogous. Call it, if you will, the natural history of man.

Professor Bain has not in the present volume met this objection, which had been brought against his treatment, with any direct answer. Perhaps he thought a criticism based on *à priori* speculations too remote from his subject. Yet he has not been wholly uninfluenced by it in revising for the present edition. He has introduced a whole chapter in which he directly discusses the bearing of the evolution hypothesis, and the theory of inheritance, on the emotions. He has endeavoured to find a ground for precision of scientific handling by introducing a sort of measure of quantity of feeling. In the treatment of the æsthetic emotions Professor Bain has pursued his analysis of these complex effects into their rudimentary sensations still further than he had done before. And generally, throughout the volume, the tendency of the changes introduced strikes us as being in the direction of carrying back the complex towards the simple embryo, rather than in that of the accumulation of new concrete facts. This is more especially the case in the first part, which treats of the Emotions, than in the latter half of the volume, of which the Will is the subject. Perhaps this is only because in the earlier editions Professor Bain had already pushed the analysis of volition into its component elements—spontaneous movement and the law of self-[illegible] as far as it is possible to carry it.

Among the topics which make their appearance for discussion for the first time in this edition, one is the possibility of estimating quantity of emotion. "Accurate measurement," in the words of Sir W. Thomson, "seems a less lofty and dignified work than looking for something new. But nearly all the grand discoveries of science have been but the reward of accurate measurement and patient labour in the minute sifting of numerical results." As there is no possibility of computing amount of emotion, the subject is not only removed from the category of exact science, but is in a high degree vague and unsatisfactory. All statements respecting degrees of happiness and misery are untrustworthy. We cannot pass beyond indefinite adjectives, as where Sir Arthur Helps speaks of "the *extraordinary* pleasure of grappling with a scientific problem." This defect in the subject is indeed common to all the "moral sciences," as they are called, and has been matter of complaint from the time of Aristotle. But it is to the employment of consciousness as the instrument of investigation that the objection is especially fatal. As by consciousness we only know our own emotions, a standard of their intensity, which implies comparison, is impossible. We are obliged to relinquish consciousness for the observation of the signs of feeling—gesticulation, energy of pursuit, persistence, repetition. Language is the least trustworthy interpreter of feeling, as we have to find some means of seeing through reticence, reserve, disguise, dissimulation, and hypocrisy. After we have registered the signs, we are still in want of a standard. Nothing more exact is to be had, according to Mr. Bain's admission, than an average roughly derived from the common observation of human action. Aristotle was content with three stages, or degrees—a mean, an excess, and a deficiency; the average attainment of human nature being taken as the standard of the "how much." Professor Bain suggests that the scale might be extended, and thus two or three grades above an assumed mean be obtained. The same scale of measurement might be applied to emotion, by supposing it to begin at zero—the lowest degree, that is, of any assignable value. We might pause at the greatest height of intensity that is ordinarily reached, and reserve an additional epithet for some pitch of very rare occurrence.

The chapter on Evolution as applied to mind is wholly new. The introduction of the topic was rendered inevitable by the prominence which this aspect of psychological questions has been acquiring since the publication of Mr. Bain's second edition. Here, while bringing the facts forward without reserve, the general tendency of the exposition is to impress us with the belief that the hypothesis of heredity has been strained too far. In particular, Professor Bain will not explain by its means the moral sentiments. And it is upon its application to the explanation of the conscience that the interest of the inheritance theory chiefly turns. Looking at the precocity of the early impressions connected with the outer world, Mr. Bain allows that the experience of the individual can hardly account for them; but he declares without hesitation against the intuitive character of the moral sentiment. Certain primitive powers belonging to the being at its birth are indispensable to the growth of our moral feelings. Such are sympathy, the ordinary action of will, and the fundamental emotions, love and anger. These inborn, or evolved, powers of the mind being supposed in the individual, the formation of conscience is to be ascribed to education under authority, which constitutes in the moral sentiment a distinct and peculiar phenomenon, different from all the other exercises of will, sympathy, love, or any compound of these.

The chapter on Belief, in the former edition, always appeared to us something less than quite satisfactory. Was it from some consciousness of this on the part of the author himself that he has undertaken to rewrite the discussion for the present edition? We cannot say that the subject has even yet assumed in Mr. Bain's hands its final shape. Not that this prevents the chapter from offering, as it does in abundance, striking views and suggestive remarks. But, in the first place, belief is treated by Professor Bain as if it were one defined, clearly-marked psychological state, as much as memory or attention. Instead of this, the term is one which, being perpetually in our mouths, is applied to a great variety of conscious states, themselves of an indefinite nature, passing through the whole scale from mere assimilation of a momentary impression to the radical conviction on which our intellectual fabric rests. In the second place, the test of belief which is here proposed—readiness to act upon it—though all-sufficing for the commerce of life, has no metaphysical validity. So far as one single mental state can be singled out from a multitude of cognate phenomena for description under the name of "belief," it is a purely intellectual condition. As such, its place is in Logic, and not in a volume on the Emotions and the Will. True, the reflex action of feeling, pursuit, and desire on belief has to be put forward. But these are influences, not elements. More than this, they are illegitimate influences; for in the properly constituted intellect the amount of belief accorded to a statement is assumed to be exactly proportioned to the evidence. Mr. Bain's treatment of belief in this chapter is really an enumeration of those irregular influences—the idols—which are allowed by human weakness to cloud or override the intellect in its struggles to arrive at truth. It is not an account of belief, but of the sources of perverted beliefs. Mr. Bain himself says:—

> It is curious to observe the balancing of the two opposite tendencies, primitive credulity and acquired scepticism. Nothing but [illegible] attain the exact adjustment; we have either too much of the primitive credulity, or are too deeply stung by the retrospect of the past to maintain the credulity in its exactest [illegible]

of nature; too little laying to heart the jars of interrupted expectations. The great master fallacy of the human mind is believing too much, believing without or against evidence. The signal example is over-generalization, the vice of every human being for the early part of life, and of more than nineteen-twentieths to the last.—P. 513.

These observations are undeniably just, but they are what we should have expected to find under the head of "Fallacies" in logic, rather than in the division "Will." The same remark applies to the interesting topic touched upon in p. 533 and following, as to the nature of our belief in memory, and the distinction we make between sensation and idea.

STUBBS'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.—VOL. II.*

THERE is a certain difficulty in reviewing such a book as that of Professor Stubbs, because the words which naturally express its character are not unlikely to seem exaggerated to those who have not used the book itself. We say "used" the book; because no one can really tell what such a book is, no one can fully know what really are the obligations of historical learning to Mr. Stubbs, till he has done something much more than read the book. It is only by what may be called experimental use, by that kind of use which comes of special study for the purpose of getting up this or that special subject, that we grasp, in all their depth, the two great characteristics of Mr. Stubbs's History, its absolute exhaustiveness and its unfailing accuracy. Mr. Stubbs's History is, as it professes to be, a Constitutional History; it therefore does not take in, or profess to take in, every side of our national history. It is indeed wonderful to see how wide a range constitutional history can be made to take when all its bearings are duly looked at. Mr. Stubbs rightly shows that a great deal comes under the head of constitutional history which it did not occur to earlier writers to bring under that head. Still a Constitutional History is a history from a special point of view; the things to be mentioned and to be passed by are not always the same as they would be in a narrative history of the same bulk; still more commonly do the points which are dwelled on take a different proportion to one another from what they would take in a narrative history. Mr. Stubbs of course assumes a fair knowledge of English history in the ordinary sense in any one who begins to read him. In a mere reading of such a book one of course learns much; but it is only in a process beyond mere reading that we find out the full strength of our teacher. Let a man undertake himself to write on any of the subjects or periods which are dealt with in Mr. Stubbs's work; it is then that he will learn in its fulness what Mr. Stubbs's work really is. He will then thoroughly take in how Mr. Stubbs's book differs, not merely in degree but in kind, from any other book of the same class. The process is in one way a little disappointing. We speak the experience of more than one when we say that, in going over ground which Mr. Stubbs has gone over, it is impossible, or next door to it, to find anything to say that is positively new. It is almost as impossible to find any point on which Mr. Stubbs's conclusions can be disputed with any show of reason. The writer whose course takes him on any part of Mr. Stubbs's ground may indeed expand and illustrate this or that particular point; but he will have nothing to do but to expand and illustrate. He will find the main work done to his hand, in a way in which he will certainly not find it done to his hand in any other book dealing with so large a period of English history.

In saying this, we are of course speaking of what has been the experience of other scholars with regard to the first volume; there has as yet hardly been time for any one to put the second volume to the same minute and searching test. But it is plain, even from an ordinary reading, that the second volume is of exactly the same character as the former one. We see in the second, as in the first, all the signs of the scholar who can be fully trusted on all points. Here, as in the other, is the research which nothing escapes, the accuracy which never fails, the judgment which never swerves. Here, as in the other, we see the same calm and comprehensive view, taking in every side of a subject, the view of the true historian as distinguished from the petty and partial treatment of lawyers, heralds, partisans of this or that political theory. That Mr. Stubbs is precise and positive on every point we will not say; but it is only those who know nothing of the nature of his work and its difficulties who could expect him to be precise and positive on every point. Through a great part of the present volume he has to deal with matters which are really more difficult than anything either in earlier or in later times. He has to deal with the settlement of our Parliamentary system, with the gradual process by which the constitution of the several elements of the State, and their exact powers and functions, were settled. Any one who knows how all this was done by a series of efforts and experiments, who knows the strange irregularities of the time, the way in which the precedents of one Parliament were by no means always followed in the next, will see that the difficulty lies in the very abundance of the materials. It is easier to deal with earlier times, when materials are scantier, and when, unless we are to hold our peace altogether, theory must be allowed a certain range. It is easier again to deal with later times, when constitutional principles had become fixed. In describing a Witenagemót of the Confessor or of the Conqueror, all that we can do is to put together such slight and occasional indications as we can get. In describing a Parliament from the sixteenth century onwards, we are dealing with a body of which the constitution and the main principles of procedure are fixed beyond dispute. In the intermediate state, in dealing with a Parliament of Edward the Third, everything is uncertain. The materials are endless; but what they largely go to prove is how unsettled everything was. This chaotic state of things, when things were moving in the direction of progress, but with slow and fitful steps, is the subject of the second part of Mr. Stubbs's first volume. The former part of the book deals with a more attractive time, that of the growth of Parliament itself in the days of Henry the Third and Edward the First. The political and moral difference between the two is strongly pointed out by Mr. Stubbs in more than one passage, especially in the pages of singular force and eloquence which wind up the volume. To him the thirteenth century is an heroic age, an age when great men strove for great principles, and when we may not only find matter for satisfaction in the general result of the course of events, but may find distinct pleasure and distinct matter for approval in the events and actors themselves. To the ordinary reader the fourteenth century may perhaps seem more attractive than the thirteenth. It has what is to many minds the charm of a great foreign war, a war which has been tricked out with all the attractions of chivalry and romance. The mass of Englishmen have been carefully taught to see national heroes in Edward the Third and his son, while they are still more carefully taught to look on Edward the First as an unjust aggressor. In Mr. Stubbs's view the wars of both Kings are passed by with but slight notice; to him they are important only in their bearing on constitutional matters. And to the importance of the fourteenth century, both in its constitutional aspect and in many other ways, Mr. Stubbs is fully alive:—

> Viewed as a period of constitutional growth it has much to attract the sympathies and to interest the student who is content laboriously to trace out the links of causes and results. In literary history likewise it has a very distinct and significant place; and it is scarcely second to any age in its importance as a time of germination in religious history. In these aspects it might seem to furnish sufficient and more than sufficient matters of attractive disquisition. Yet it is on the whole unattractive, and in England especially so: the political heroes are, as we have seen, men who for some cause or other seem neither to demand nor to deserve admiration; the literature with few exceptions owes its interest either to purely philological causes or to its connexion with a state of society and thought which repels more than it attracts; the religious history read impartially is chilling and unedifying; its literature on both sides is a compound of elaborate dialectics and indiscriminate invective, alike devoid of high spiritual aspirations and of definite human sympathies. The national character, although it must be allowed to have grown in strength, has not grown into a knowledge how to use its strength.

He then goes on to complain of the decline both of public and private morality, the growth of luxury and of political vindictiveness. On this last head things undoubtedly got worse and worse from the eleventh century to the sixteenth, possibly even later. On the former head Mr. Stubbs aptly says that "Edward III. celebrating his great feast on the institution of the Order of the Garter in the midst of the Black Death, seems a typical illustration of this side of the life of the century." In the last page of all, and perhaps the most remarkable of all, Mr. Stubbs goes on to say:—

> It may seem strange that the training of the thirteenth century, the examples of the patriot barons, the policy of the constitutional king, organiser, and legislator, should have had so lame results; that whilst constitutionally the age is one of progress, morally it should be one of decline, and intellectually one of blossom rather than fruit. But the historian has not yet arisen who can account on the principles of growth, or of reaction, or of alternation, for the tides in the affairs of men. How it was we can read in the pages of the annalists, the poets, the theologians: how it became so we can but guess; why it was suffered we can only understand when we see it overruled for good.

And he winds up with a hint of what is to come in future volumes:—

> Weak as is the fourteenth century, the fifteenth is weaker still; more futile, more bloody, more immoral; yet out of it emerges, in spite of all, the truer and brighter day, the season of more general conscious life, higher longings, more forbearing, more sympathetic, purer, riper liberty.

These passages are remarkable, as showing the many-sided powers of the writer's mind, the depth and earnestness of his view of history, equalled only by the wideness and power of his grasp of it. They show also that deep sympathy with right in every form, political and moral, which breathes throughout all Mr. Stubbs's writings. He has throughout the strength, the clearness, the calmness, of the man who looks on his subject as a whole, in whom the minutest study and knowledge of detail has in no way weakened the power of looking all round his vast theme from every possible side. Throughout this volume, as throughout the former one, he writes everywhere as a lover of freedom, as an admirer of the men who strove for freedom; but he is never a mere political partisan. At each stage we wait with a kind of anxiety to see what will be his judgment on the next stage; we do not, as we do in the case of a merely partisan writer, feel sure beforehand what it must be. We feel that we are listening to one with whom truth is before everything—truth in all its varieties, from the loftiest form of moral truth to the minutest truth of a name or a date. In short, this volume, like the one which went before it, shows in its author the highest form of all the highest qualities of the historian in every branch save one. And in that one, if it does not prove their existence, it at least suggests it. Among all Mr. Stubbs's great contributions to historical learning, he has never yet attempted a direct narrative history. Both in this and in the former volume he is often on the verge of it, but only on the verge. He has often to narrate events,

* *The Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development.* By William Stubbs, [illegible] at the Clarendon Press. 1875.

but only such events as bear on his constitutional subject. His scheme never calls on him to give a complete consecutive narrative of the events of any one period. Yet when we see in these volumes the grasp which Mr. Stubbs has of men and things and events, and when we think of his living portraits of the Angevin Kings and so many of their contemporaries, his summaries of their reigns in all respects, not merely constitutional, but personal and œcumenical, we feel sure that the constitutional historian of England could also be, if he chose, its narrative historian.

The history of both the centuries dealt with in this volume still lacks its narrator. For Mr. Stubbs to tell the tale of the thirteenth century would be in itself a labour of love; to tell the tale of the fourteenth would be at least a relief after the weariness of working through its constitutional details. A narrative of these two centuries, taking the results of Mr. Stubbs's constitutional labours for granted, would indeed be a work worthy of his powers. And yet, after all, this may not be the special task to which he is most clearly called. We must remember that his constitutional view is not bounded by the four seas of Britain. Both in the Select Charters and in many parts of the present work, he shows that with him the constitutional history of England is only one part of the constitutional history of Europe. We could almost hope that, when he has done with the Constitution of our land, he may go further and point out, in his wide œcumenical spirit, the relations between the political history of England and the political history of so many other lands which started from nearly the same point, but whose course led them to such widely different goals. But for the present we have to deal with what is actually before us, the constitutional history of England from the winning of the Great Charter to the deposition of Richard the Second. We have pointed out some of the chief characteristics of Mr. Stubbs's treatment of the period. In another article we must go more regularly through the book, and say what we have to say as to his dealing with particular points in the story and with particular branches of constitutional development.

THE GREAT DIVIDE.*

BOOKS of travel and adventure in the half-settled States of the Union are the milestones that mark the marvellous progress of the country. Fenimore Cooper laid the scenes of his romances in forests that have now been cleared for generations, and dotted over with the boxes of prosperous citizens. When Washington Irving wrote his *Astoria* and *Tour on the Prairies* the trappers and hunters started from frontier posts which have since sprung up into flourishing cities; and no white man at that time felt easy in his scalp anywhere far to the west of the Missouri. Since then the Mormons in their armed exodus have forced their way to the heart of the continent, and miners and backwoodsmen, setting their faces to the West, marking their broad trails with the bones of men and animals, have been crowding up the locations of their choice in the midst of the favourite hunting-grounds of the savages. From vast districts that have been formed into Territories and States the Indians have been driven back with the buffaloes, or else they have "gone under." And now a little party like Lord Dunraven's can travel comfortably by first-class railway carriage to within 250 miles of the desolate solitudes in the basin of the Yellowstone, and carry out their plans of exploration at leisure, without taking any but the most ordinary precautions against disturbance from hostile Indians. Indians there are, it is true, and they are said to be sometimes troublesome. But, as a matter of fact, they seem very much bound over to keep the peace in those parts by the painful sense of their dwindling numbers. They have either been gathered into reservations by elastic treaties with the Government, or settled in villages under the surveillance of the Indian agents.

The "Great Divide" is the central watershed of Northern America, forming part of the territories of Montana and Wyoming, and three great systems of water have their sources in it. The Yellowstone and the main streams of the Missouri flow towards the east, to unite in their lower courses; the Snake River runs towards the west before turning to the north to become the Columbia; while the Green River, which runs southward, is the main feeder of the Rio Colorado. There are a variety of inducements to tempt the adventurous traveller to visit that Yellowstone country, and the name of "Wonderland" which has been given it by the miners and hunters who were the first to make their way thither is more than enough to excite curiosity. The upper and lower basins of the valley of the Yellowstone contain some of the most remarkable and stupendous volcanic phenomena that are known to exist on the earth's surface. It is true that the scenery to be traversed is sometimes dismal. The track lies through dreary deserts, with an unkindly soil impregnated with alkaline deposits. But the traveller appreciates all the more the pleasures of contrast when he finds himself descending on the banks of some romantic stream, where verdant meadows are enclosed in scented pine woods; and occasionally he comes upon those "natural parks" which have been fashioned by nature on a magnificent scale in the very heart of an inhospitable wilderness. The mountains that cluster in rocky knots about the numerous fountain-heads of the great rivers are often exceedingly grand, though they rise from a lofty level; while some of the peaks, like that of Mount Washburne, which was ascended by Lord Dunraven, command most varied and extensive views. Finally, there are the Great Falls of the Yellowstone, which, although inferior in height and grandeur to those of Niagara, would themselves repay a long journey. Not that this journey, as we have remarked already, can be said to be either very long or formidable considering the character of the country it leads to. From Corinne, one of the stations on the railway, you may travel by stage to Virginia City, a weary distance of 330 miles, but involving nothing more than discomforts. And, arrived at Virginia City, at which or at one of the trading posts in the vicinity you may make your final arrangements for the expedition through the wilderness, you are only 100 miles from the Lower Geyser Basin on the Yellowstone. In Virginia City, by the way, one has a characteristic illustration of the swift vicissitudes of fortune to which "locations" in these half-inhabited territories are liable. It sprang up so lately as 1863, when "some of the richest placer workings of the continent" were discovered in the numerous gulches and gullies which intersect the bleak bluffs that surround it. But the riches of these placers were worked out; explorations pushed up-stream failed to discover the great deposits of the gold-dust; and the once wealthy place is chiefly abandoned to gangs of industrious Chinamen, who live by washing in the leavings of their predecessors.

Should he have an idea of following on the trail of an expedition of this kind, an Englishman's first inquiries would be naturally after the sport. As to that, Lord Dunraven says very candidly that it is always precarious and seldom of first-rate quality. There are still buffalo to be found on the plains in tolerable abundance, but the herds are so much in the habit of shifting their ground that it is hard to tell how one may best arrange so as to fall in with them. A raw hand is pretty sure to find himself abroad, unless he has the prudence to resign himself blindfold to the tutelage of some resident who has passed master in venerie. There are deer of various species, and notably the noble wapiti, which are still far from extinct, though the work of extermination goes steadily forward. The graceful prong-horned antelopes are numerous in the plains and in the valleys about the foot of the mountains; while wild goats and the moufflons or mountain sheep are still plentiful among the precipices of the less accessible ranges. But, so far as Lord Dunraven and his companions were concerned, the results of the chase were decidedly disappointing, although he had selected his staff of attendants with great judgment. As henchman and standing counsellor, he had brought with him one Campbell, a Scotch deer-stalker; while for their local experience he had retained the services of a famous American hunter named Texas Jack, and a certain Fred Boteler, who had his ranch on the outskirts of the settled country. Yet the party only succeeded in bagging three wapiti, a bighorn or two, and some of the smaller species of deer; and indeed the scarcity of venison they brought into camp compelled them to change their original plans and return by the way they had gone. Owing partly to a run of ill-luck, partly to their over-sanguine temperaments, the expedition had to go through a good deal of hardship. Having reckoned on being able to provide themselves by means of their rifles, they had loaded their pack-mules with somewhat scanty supplies, with the result that latterly it was all they could do to keep body and soul comfortably together. Chasing the bighorn among the mountain peaks may be exciting enough to be enjoyable when supper and breakfast do not depend on success. But when a man has been roughing it on short commons for a succession of days, until his appetite is wolfish and his strength and spirits begin to succumb, then he is apt to throw his soul into the stalk with a ravenous ardour which tends to defeat its own purpose. We doubt not that it was a real sorrow at the time, though he relates it in the retrospect lightly and humorously, when, after much severe exercise and several blank days, Lord Dunraven saw a bighorn he had tumbled over and counted for dead totter on to its legs and carry its carcase away from his hunting-knife. The weather too was far from being all that could be desired, and the party suffered the more from the wet and exposure that their stock of stimulants was exhausted. Thus we have a description which sounds more picturesque than pleasant of one particular night when a straggling member of the party came nearly to an untimely end. The night was black as pitch; the rain descending in torrents; everything in camp was soaked, from the tent to the bedding and the clothes of the victims. His lordship, with Jack and Boteler as his aides-de-camp, stretched a wapiti skin from the branches by way of protection, and contrived to get up a kindly blaze. There sat the half-starving men, waiting anxiously for the arrival of the Doctor—Kingsley—who, as they fondly hoped, might bring them some venison. At length they heard a shot, followed by another and another, when they made up their minds that he was lost and was signalling for help. The men started off to bring him in, and Lord Dunraven and his dog were left watching the fire, and listening to the dismal plash of the rain and the melancholy howling of the wind through the pine boughs. We can believe him when he says that his watch was "very gruesome," and we admire and appreciate his candour when he confesses that he began to be "horribly afraid." By way of aggravation, too, his tobacco was wet, nor could he touch the last drops of their whisky, which he was keeping as a restorative for the missing man. And when poor Kingsley was at last brought in, pretty thoroughly exhausted, he had to content himself with the simple application of heat, there being neither food nor spirits to revive him, for some unlucky accident had upset the pannikin.

* *The Great Divide: Travels in the Upper Yellowstone in the Summer of 1874.* By the Earl of Dunraven. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

The moral of the story is that excursions of this kind should only be undertaken by men of proved strength of constitution. But to those who are blessed with robust health, the wonders to be seen in the Yellowstone region might compensate for a good deal of danger and hardship. The Upper Falls are formed by the sudden closing in of precipitous walls, where the compressed body of water, "rushing with such force through a narrow space, shoots clean out into the air and dashes down 140 feet." The effects below are somewhat remarkable, where the falling water, striking a slightly submerged ledge of rock, is thrown forward in a fan-like form over the dark surface of the deep pool below. "Above the Lower Fall also the waters are compressed and heaped up into a narrow channel, and the Yellowstone entering the gorge with the velocity acquired in its rapid descent from the upper shoot, and passing tumultuously through, hurls itself out bodily from the edge with a descent of 397 feet, forming a very grand cascade." But the sight that awaits the visitor to the Lower Geyser basin, if it cannot be described as beautiful, is decidedly more striking. The surface of the earth is honeycombed by violent volcanic forces, expelling mud and water in streams and spouts that assume every variety of form and volume. In some places there are an infinity of little jets shooting up through minute cracks and fissures, in others vast volumes of the boiling water fall back into steaming pools. Yet the element of beauty is not altogether wanting in detail, although the general effect is ghastly to repulsiveness. For these manifold springs, with their rims and their orifices, are variegated in endless shades of colouring, produced by the deposit in combination of iron, silica, and sulphur. From the point at which the party entered the Lower Geyser Basin to the spot where they encamped lower down the valley, their road lay along the banks of the Fire Hole River, appropriately named from its draining off the boiling fluid, which it carries down into the Madison. The water in its innumerable little tributaries was, for the most part, variegated as we have described; their banks were richly inlaid with patterns in mineral mosaic; while here and there, and scattered all over the valley, rose geysers of every size and shape, the pools and lakelets into which they played being elevated on mounds of their own formation. Some of these have evidently nearly exhausted their powers, after a long course of violent activity. Others are still vigorous, though irregular and spasmodic in their outbursts. But there are one or two which can always be relied upon to show themselves off to the best advantage; and the visitor need never be condemned, as in Iceland, to curb his curious impatience and dance attendance on their caprices. We may say that the cream of Lord Dunraven's narrative is to be found in the excellent chapters that deal with the phenomena in the Geyser Basin. But the book contains a variety of interesting information about the country, and the men and animals that are to be met with in it; and, when he is fairly warmed into admiration, he shows very considerable powers of impressive and vigorous description.

A GERMAN VIEW OF JUNIUS.*

IF the sole, or even the main, object of the essay before us had been to make one more attempt at solving the question of the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*, Professor Friedrich Brockhaus might have had to be congratulated on the boldness of his venture, but could under the circumstances have hardly hoped for conspicuous success. The tests which it is necessary to apply to the question are so many and so various, and the special literature which has accumulated around it is so voluminous, that it scarcely admits of being studied with completeness out of England. To take the test of handwriting alone, its application cannot nowadays be fairly discussed without a close examination of the Chabot-Twisleton quarto, and the mere size and general nature of that publication have necessarily prevented its wide circulation. And even on this question of handwriting, as will be remembered by "constant readers" of the *Times*, which on May 22nd, 1871, made Mr. Twisleton's book the occasion of a remarkably witty criticism, the scholarly dilettante and the indefatigable expert cannot fairly be said to have pronounced the last word. While, again, the entire question, whether solved or not, must always remain one of cumulative evidence, it is impossible for any one not resident in England to take note of the little additions which continue from time to time to crop up on one side or the other—as, for instance, the other day in the first volume of Lord E. Fitzmaurice's *Life of Lord Shelburne*. And of course it can only be very exceptionally, if at all, that the *personalia* of our political history in the latter half of the eighteenth century should be fully mastered by any but an Englishman. Accordingly, the question *Who was Junius?* has not to our knowledge ever been subjected to a really authoritative treatment abroad. M. Charles de Rémusat indeed, if we remember rightly, many years ago, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, lent the support of his remarkable familiarity with our historical and political literature to the odd theory ascribing to the Letters a divided authorship; and, to refer to a less responsible source of literary intelligence, the same or a not dissimilar view has inspired an ingenious production of one of the most skilful and popular of living German dramatists—Heinrich Laube. Professor [illegible] has, however, abstained from any attempt, conscious or unconscious, at such paradoxes; he declares himself a Franciscan pure and simple, recites the general evidence in favour of this now so widely accepted view with clearness and force, does not vex himself or his readers by dwelling at any length on the doubts which have more recently been suggested against it, considers (on the authority of the *Quarterly Review*) that Mr. Chabot has permanently settled the point as to the handwriting, and is not troubled by the discrepancies which some critics have recognized between the opinions and the general mental calibre of Francis on the one hand, and the author of the Letters, whoever he was, on the other.

The value and interest of this essay for English readers are therefore not to be sought in that part of it which addresses itself to the question of the identity of Junius and Francis. Rumour has for some time asserted that it is the intention of an eminent legal authority in this country to charge the public on the whole of the evidence on the subject; and that will be the occasion for what Professor Brockhaus calls *die Gelehrten der Junius-Frage* once more to open the sluices of their knowledge and to pour forth the whole wealth of their conclusions, convictions, and conjectures. Till that time arrives, we are content to keep our own opinion a little in arrear of Lord Macaulay's famous declaration, that the evidence in favour of Francis is such as would be sufficient to convict a murderer—even though we have had the advantage of perusing the late Mr. Twisleton's quarto, and of deriving such aid as they supply from the lucubrations of the late Mr. Parkes. In a word, the balance of testimony seems to us strongly in favour of the Franciscans; but we would neither hang a man on such evidence nor—since the question is not one within the domain of the New Shakspeare Society—be ourselves prepared to die the death in support of our belief.

What, on the other hand, makes Professor Brockhaus's essay worthy of attention beyond the circle of hearers and readers to which it was primarily addressed is the admirable lucidity and force with which, in four successive sections, he has brought out the historical significance of the Letters, and the political as well as the ethical principles which they illustrate. These parts of the essay show the firm hand of the trained student of comparative politics, as well as the sound and sure judgment of a mind fortified by its command of the science of law. Professor Friedrich Brockhaus is the son of one of the most distinguished members of the now foremost German University, that of Leipzig; but, while his father ranks among the first of living Orientalists, and his brother, Professor Clemens Brockhaus, is already making for himself a name as an ecclesiastical historian and ecclesiologist, the youngest member of the academical branch of this well-known family has chosen for himself a different line of intellectual labour. We briefly noticed, a few years ago, his lucid, and in some respects novel, treatise on the Principle of Legitimacy in Politics, which discussed theories and conceptions of considerable legal interest as well as of obvious practical significance. His present essay is, if only from the circumstances of its origin as a popular lecture, less elaborate both in matter and in form; but it has the same firmness of texture and thoroughness of manner, and though its purpose is modest, it fulfils that purpose with scholarly completeness.

The exceptions we have here and there to take to Professor Brockhaus's views or conclusions may best be stated incidentally in a brief summary of the course of his argument. He shows what was the nature of the changes which already in the former half of the eighteenth century had taken place in the working of the English Constitution; how not only had the Crown (the symbol of the continuity of our political history) become the "monarchical firm of a republican business," but how that Parliament whose majority held the reality of power in its hands had itself all but entirely ceased actually to represent the counties and boroughs. He points out what exceptions remained to a system which had radically undermined freedom of election—he might also have pointed out that exceptions are to be noted, in the reigns of the first two Georges, to the *fainéant* character attributed to their royal authority in general. Practically, as he observes with truth, the English people long remained indifferent to the dependence of the House of Commons upon the aristocracy—a dependence established in defiance of the principles to which the House owed its origin—because the predominant Whig party fairly represented the views of the great majority of the nation. It was forgotten that the attempt might still be made to subject Parliament to a royal authority resting on very different conceptions of its proper character from those which in England alone had come to prevail, and to make the Cabinet a mere instrument of the royal will; and it was likewise forgotten that the House of Commons itself might some day be found in opposition to the wishes of the nation, whose control over it—of whatever kind or degree—had been so greatly weakened by the Septennial Act.

The attempt to make these dangers a reality was, as Professor Brockhaus says, reserved for King George III.; but it may be observed that the maxims he was taught by his mother and Lord Bute had been already preached to his more or less lamented father by Bolingbroke; and, in effect, if not in name, George III. sought to carry out what was of real significance in the conception of the Patriot King. The Whigs had broken up into fractions, as the modern political phrase is; the Jacobites had become a merely sentimental party after Culloden; and the loyal [illegible] were without a competent leader. It seemed a propitious moment for the [illegible] prepared to second the ambition of the Crown, [illegible] (not perhaps all quite so worthless as

* *Die Briefe des Junius.* Von Professor Dr. Friedrich Brockhaus. Leipzig. 1876.

Professor Brockhaus assumes) was formed the party, or faction, or clique of the King's Friends. But it was easier to form a party than to bring it into power, and easier to bring it into power than to maintain it there. Bute had supplanted Pitt; but Bute was overwhelmed by his unpopularity; the King was gratified by the successive overthrow of Grenville and of Rockingham; but the name of Pitt was still necessary in order to conjure a new Ministry into being. His Cabinet was little to his liking, and soon the Earl of Chatham left his colleagues to shift for themselves. The Duke of Grafton was now really as well as nominally at the head of affairs, supporting himself as best he could by the aid of the Duke of Bedford and his section of the Whigs. The elections had at last produced a majority with which the King might think himself able to govern as well as reign; and a Government was in power composed of King's Friends and of the least popular section of the disorganized Whig party. Quite apart, therefore, from the questions which soon arose, the situation was a critical one for the constitutional life of the country; but it is only just to remark that its difficulties were in part due to the conduct of Chatham, of which the determining principle at this time was certainly not the maxim that the King's Government must be carried on.

In the second section of his essay Professor Brockhaus describes with equal terseness the situation of the English press at a time when the tendencies of the Government in power were certain to call for its criticism. He shows with great clearness how the real insecurity of the press consisted partly in the obscurity surrounding the law of libel, with regard to which Lord Mansfield and the chief legal authorities of the day held that the question as to the libellous or non-libellous nature of a publication was one, not for the jury, but for the judge. He secondly shows that an even greater danger lay in the view of the privilege of Parliament taken by that body, and briefly explains the nature of the case of Wilkes, which gave rise to the first Letter of Junius. It attracted little attention; but the second, which comprised a general attack upon the Cabinet and a series of invectives against its members, at once made Junius famous. Sir William Draper furnished the materials for the first episode in the drama; then came the turn of higher game—the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Mansfield—and, in that letter which made Burke's blood run cold in his veins as he read it, the King himself. The *Letters of Junius* belong to a class of literature which admirably lends itself to quotation; but we are surprised to find how much of their strength—and sometimes they may be called *merum acetum*, as Addison called Pope's poem *merum sal*—preserves itself in Ruge's German translation.

Into the more personal questions touched upon by Professor Brockhaus, or into the literary characteristics of Junius and the familiar comparison between his style and that of modern journalism, we cannot enter. The most interesting part of the book before us is, to our mind, its fourth section—on the political doctrines of Junius. It is here shown with great force—and doubtless the truth requires to be insisted upon towards a German public, whose acquaintance with the history of English political questions must necessarily have its gaps—that to regard Junius as a democratic revolutionist is an "enormous error." Far from seeking to tamper with a single institution, he defended the opinions he advanced by appealing to positive law and its rationality—not to comprehensive political theories, but to the actual evidence of history. He asked for nothing new; and if he reminded the King of the insecurity of his throne, it was merely that he demanded a return to constitutional principles older than the Hanoverian dynasty, itself only the creature of the law. Nowhere does he impugn the existence of the royal dignity itself, or quarrel with the measure of authority which the Constitution has left to the Crown. Nor does he attack the aristocracy as an institution, or direct his invectives against the aristocratic character of the national government. He nowhere, as Professor Brockhaus well puts it, "confounds the ideas of aristocracy and oligarchy"; it is the latter and its personal representatives which he combats. Even the actual working of the Parliamentary machine he subjects to no radical criticism; he is against the abolition of the existing system of boroughs; and the proposal he pressed upon Lord Camden in the last of his letters, for the substitution of triennial for septennial Parliaments, was not, historically speaking, an innovation. We pass by other topics on which "Junius" adhered to Conservative views in a narrower sense of the term. The changes in English political life which his advocacy largely contributed to establish were *no* new political theories and no constitutional innovations. Positively, he asserted the power of public opinion through its most adequate exponent, the anonymous press; negatively, he helped to bring about what Sir Philip Francis at all events lived to see, the abolition of the old view of the law of libel. The present state of that law possibly has its weak points; but, to whatever purpose it may be put, it can no longer be used as an instrument in the hands of irresponsible authority.

Professor Brockhaus's observations on the ethical character of the *Letters of Junius* are at once generous and temperate, but from the nature of the case they may here and there require modification. For ourselves, we confess that the question of the identity of "Junius" seems to us inseparably mixed up with the significance of much of his personal invective. But, leaving this aspect of the question aside, and judging him as we might judge of any public writer, we simply hold that the case is only one more illustration of the futility of the distinction sometimes drawn between the public and the private morality of a public man. Nobody but a pedant will pursue the same *method* in the conduct of his public as in that of his private life, when the conditions under which he has to act or refrain from acting, to speak or be silent, to combine with or sever himself from others, are so totally different. But the principles remain the same. The unmeasured arrogance and the uncontrolled ferocity of Junius are vices in a public writer as they are in any other man, though in the case of the former there may be something to excuse and must be much to encourage them. His utter incapability of reconsidering a question or a character on which he has once made up his mind is not the mere exaggeration of force and consistency of principles or opinions; and his unscrupulousness in the choice of the particular means by which he seeks to convey his general impression to the public is not reconcilable with a nice sense of honour. The conduct of Junius towards the Duke of Bedford seems to us to be that of what in a different sphere of action is called by an ugly name—the conduct of a bully. We are not speaking of mere offences against good taste or even good feeling; for the one is a varying sentiment, and even the other may sometimes seem to be all but necessarily submerged in the torrent of indignation. But malignity springs from a tainted source; and of this the writer of the *Letters of Junius* cannot be acquitted. We are not, we may say in conclusion, of the opinion of those who think that their literary merits have been overrated; but their historical significance must always remain their first title to immortality, and to this we are glad that Professor Brockhaus has in so competent a manner directed the attention of his countrymen. Such endeavours, whether made in Germany or in England, to bring home to the public of the one nation something of the historical life of the other, are in no case likely to remain altogether labour lost.

THE ONE FAIR WOMAN.*

THERE were people who said of Mr. Joaquin Miller's *Life Among the Modocs*, which was supposed to be a narrative of facts, that it was a brilliant piece of fiction, and we confess to having held this opinion for some time. But, having made acquaintance with *The One Fair Woman*, which professes to be a romance, we are disposed to think that *Life Among the Modocs* must have been strictly true. The author's present work is remarkable for an utter want of invention, of plausibility, of construction, of coherence, and, in short, of every quality that is desirable in a novel. It is a book the reading of which makes one profoundly wretched. There is in it just enough cleverness and interest to irritate your attention, and make you hope after each page of skimble-skamble stuff that there will be something really good in the next. You go on struggling through the chaos which Mr. Miller has put before you, trusting that you may at length come upon some glimmering of a plot, some flash of nature; but you go on in vain. The effect of the novel is like that of a bad dream in which you are constantly pursuing some object which as constantly evades you.

The hero of *The One Fair Woman* is a young painter with the singular name of Alpho Murietta, who, "boy as he was, was scarred all over by battle"; whose manner was "gentle, engaging, almost childlike"; who had a singular face, "half-hidden in blonde and abundant hair that hung to the shoulders"; a face "that men would paint, would see without knowing it"—whatever that may mean. And still we are told that this face "was not beautiful, not by any manner of means." Another peculiarity about him was that, "though he was the soul of virtue, his heart lay broken in bits and scattered like clay all over the world where he had wandered." Why his being the soul of virtue should be at variance with his heart being broken, or in what form clay is generally found scattered all over the world, is not stated. The most remarkable assertion made by the author about this wonderful young man is that, "with all that"—that is, with all the bits of his heart which were scattered—"he had never yet met the one great woman of his life, the one whom somehow he felt was standing somewhere." We are left to infer that when he did meet the one woman *whom* was standing somehow somewhere he would pick up the scattered bits of his heart from various parts of the world and lay them at her feet. Of course he did meet this one woman with great appropriateness, "face to face in of (*sic*) the highest circles in the world." When he met her his first action was to run away, and after that his next impulse was to take a man who knew her by the collar, and turn his face to the wall in a dark place, and then make him say who she was. "This," observes the author, "I should say, is love—love deep, self-denying, yet uncontrolled." We may be thankful that this is not a general opinion. He was saved the trouble of assaulting this man, however, by the man telling him of his own accord who the one fair woman was. In the course of the same conversation the man informed the painter that he was supposed to be insane; and apparently there was some ground for the supposition, as, on receiving this intelligence, Murietta went straight off to the India Docks, and embarked on a ship starting for Genoa, where he arrived "without even a hat-box in the shape of luggage. Happy man!" says Mr. Joaquin Miller. We should be inclined to substitute another epithet.

At Genoa Murietta asks the Consul to show him some miserable people, and the Consul takes him to the public drive, which is full of carriages. This gives the author an opportunity for some moral

* *The One Fair Woman.* By Joaquin Miller. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1876.

reflections on the drive in Hyde Park, of which the grammar and sentiment are alike striking:—

He sits as if he was bolstered up in bed, and his physician was feeling his pulse. He is so stiff that you might imagine him chiselled from some sort of very ugly stone, hat and all. You had almost as well expect to see a Grenadier guardsman lift his bearskin cap as to see an Englishman's hat move from his head, unless a royal personage appears, while he takes this mournful round in the great ride of the kingdom. The marble head of Julius Cæsar is about as likely to fall from the shoulders of the bust in the British Museum, as is the head of an Englishman to turn to the right or the left as he sits there, holding his hands so stiffly, looking so stern, so pitiful, as if he was expecting every moment to hear that melancholy physician say that he must die to-morrow.

The poor stand on the outside, fifty deep, and look on in silence at this pageant of black solemnity.

He goes on to say that the people driving all wear "the same doleful doomed expression—the indescribable expression of the damned." This reminds one of the celebrated party in Peter Bell, who were (we quote from memory) "some drinking punch, some drinking tea, and by their faces you could see all silent and all damned." There is also an anecdote of a child looking at this drive who "tiptoed up," a strange action which Mr. Miller's characters constantly perform, and said to her mamma, "O mamma! see! what a pretty, pretty funeral!" From this the author takes us back to Genoa, and finishes a chapter with an incident which, besides being told in his usual bad grammar, is marked with a slight touch of profanity. The painter's first adventure in Genoa is to meet with a lady who is spoken of throughout as "the pink countess," who is supposed to be mad, and who goes about with a weak husband and a big admiral, in describing whom Mr. Miller has, as he has in other cases, feebly imitated Dickens's trick of labelling a personage, so to speak, with a catch-word. The big admiral never speaks to any one without announcing that he is a rough but honest sailor, who carries his heart in his hand. Another character, an American missionary, is constantly described as a tombstone, and also, with strange confusion of metaphor, as an Indian bow just ready to shoot an arrow, which is represented by his umbrella. Thus, when the missionary straightens his back we are told that "the bow slowly relaxed, for the tombstone felt that it had not this time made a centre shot." That such nonsense as this should be written by an author who has done some good work is almost incredible. Here, to make the tale complete, is another miserable attempt at reproducing Dickens's manner. It is necessary to state that from the context the passage seems intended for a description of waiters taking away breakfast:—

The curtain was raised, or at least two actors entered here, bowing gracefully, dressed in splendid stage array, and bearing aloft a tray in each right hand, as they glided sideways towards the table. The china and the teaspoons met in convention on these trays, talked for a moment in an undertone; the stray bits of bread gathered themselves together as these graceful actors moved their hands over the linen. The trays lifted up light as balances: the graceful actors bowed and edging sideways were gone, and the curtain seemed to come down and the piece was over.

There would seem to be some mystery connected with "the pink countess" of whom we have spoken; but we confess that we have been entirely unable to discover what it is. She gives Murietta, when they meet at breakfast, a description of Nervi. He replies, "I will go to Nervi, lady" (this, we may observe, is his usual form of address), and is in the middle of an enthusiastic speech when the big admiral comes in. Upon this the pink countess trembles, and the artist, with needless excitement, says, "Lady, do not fear; do not move unless you desire. No hand shall—no tongue shall insult you here." The countess, however, goes away with her husband and the admiral, and the painter is left in a state of rage and perplexity with which it is difficult to sympathize. This kind of thing goes on all through the book; the countess is perpetually going to make some revelation to Murietta, and Murietta is constantly at her heels; but what it all means is known only to Mr. Joaquin Miller. Some time after this the painter sees the one fair woman, who luckily is not the pink countess, on the side of Vesuvius, and manages to drop some roses on the road she must follow, after which he repeats with imbecile iteration through five or six pages, "I scattered roses in her path," and then makes up his mind to go to Barcelona in order to get killed. But there are certain difficulties in the way of getting there which seem to be introduced as an excuse for a chapter called "An Innocent Duel," which is filled with a painfully—we might even say disgustingly—minute description of Murietta and the Minister's Secretary blowing the smoke of cigarettes through their nostrils. Murietta does not go to Barcelona; he takes instead an obscure lodging in Rome, kept by four countesses in their own right, and their father, who is a manufacturer of antiquities. Here he paints a picture of the one fair woman and is attacked with Roman fever, upon which a ludicrously impossible scene takes place between him and a doctor, who, accompanied by a prince, asks an exorbitant fee, and is made to reduce it by Murietta, in his sick bed, pointing at him "a little bull-dog of a pistol" which "stuck its nose out, thrust it forward, way out in the face of the two men as if it was just about to bark, as if it was positively anxious to bark. It seemed as if it could hardly keep from barking right out." This brings Mr. Miller's first volume to a close. The most remarkable passage in the second perhaps is this, which, on account of its touching modesty, we cannot refrain from quoting:—

It seems to me as if a man could stand before this immortal creation and repeat literally the lines of Lord Byron on the Dying Gladiator, although he had never heard or read the lines in his life.

Once a poet stood before this figure and looked at it long and earnestly. At last he said with a sigh, "Byron has done me more wrong than all the world together; he has ruined my future, for if he had not written those poems of his, I should have written them, and it seems to me I should have written them, and written them just as he wrote them."

Mr. Joaquin Miller did at one time show that he could write poetry, which we do not think, however, was equal to Lord Byron's. It is a pity that he has abandoned poetry in order to write such a jumble of nonsense as *The One Fair Woman*. In his second volume there appears a certain Miss Mollie Wopsus, from California, who is intended to be a fresh and amusing character, and who is really one of the most tiresome and disagreeable persons ever invented. She is courted by the wicked prince who visited Murietta with the doctor, and there is a mysterious plot among the many mysterious villains of the book to assassinate the painter. Speaking of this to the pink countess, he says, "You are a honest (*sic*), true little lady. You will say to the Count that Murietta knows what he is waiting for." Subsequently he again meets the one fair woman, who is gifted with "a quiet Latin laugh," whatever that may be. Before describing this meeting the author observes that "it is very hard indeed to write a romance altogether out of facts," and he goes on to say, "these real people are hard to handle. They are not exactly what you want. They sometimes persist in being intolerably dull and uninteresting." This is only a half-truth; Mr. Joaquin Miller's people are not at all what we want, and they always persist in being intolerably dull and uninteresting.

It is needless to follow Murietta any further through the mazes of this extraordinarily foolish book. There are here and there good bits of description to be found, and such quaint sayings as that "Naples is the poorest place for something to turn up in outside of a tomb"; but they occur at very rare intervals in a mass of imbecility. There is also one passage in the book which it is astonishing to find written and printed in volumes that may be supposed to make their way through circulating libraries to decent readers.

LOTHIAN'S DANTE AND BEATRICE.*

ONE thing was omitted by Dante in the *Vita Nuova*, probably as being superfluous. He wrote in it no imprecation of the wrath of the Muses, or of the glorified Beatrice herself, on any one who in time to come should lay rash hands on the mysteries of which Dante himself thought fit to show the world so much and no more. Any such attempt would seem beforehand most unlikely to be made, for this is not one of the subjects that lie in the common beat of the mercenary and superficial literature which sticks at nothing for want of knowledge; nor is it a promising one for that kind of treatment; and in the case of those to whom competent knowledge is not wanting, one would naturally expect, as the fruit or accompaniment of the knowledge itself, a measure of taste and discretion sufficient to prevent the design from being entertained. And in truth, so far as we know, Dante's Beatrice has had the good fortune to be left in peace for all but six centuries, save for those ingenious persons who have done their best to reduce her to an allegory of Philosophy or the Holy Roman Empire. It was reserved for Mr. Roxburghe Lothian to fall at length into this open trap through unripe knowledge and indiscreet zeal. It would be difficult to find a task more unfit and ungracious in its own nature than composing an historical novel of the regular type on the theme of the *Vita Nuova*. In the first place, it is a canon generally observed by the masters of this kind of writing, though not without exceptions, not to choose the hero of their story from among the greatest names of the day, but rather to take a less known or fictitious person, whose life may be freely handled by the romancer, and interwoven with the historic interests of the time in whatever manner may be most convenient. To take only one example from another modern novel whose scene is laid in Florence, George Eliot knew much better than to make Savonarola the hero of *Romola*. The fiction should be set off as a distinct set of images on the historical field, not confused in it. Historical romance may be not only excellent as art, but even a real help to history. Romantic history is seldom, if ever, tolerable. This is one almost fatal objection to Mr. Roxburghe Lothian's undertaking. Another, and a yet graver one, is that his book is from beginning to end an inexcusable violation of the whole spirit of the *Vita Nuova*. So far as Dante's own witness goes, we know of the love of Dante for Beatrice, and that only. Mr. Roxburghe Lothian has made up a story of the loves of Dante and Beatrice, and no doubt it would have been more difficult to make it otherwise; still this is a wholly different thing, and wholly unwarranted. Notwithstanding this author's speculative inferences from the later works, there is nothing whatever to show that Dante's love was returned, or that he ever had any definite hope that it would be returned. All that he tells us is consistent with Beatrice never having spoken to him in her life; and though he gives us little ground for positive inferences, that little is against the supposition that there was anything like intimacy between them. The celebrated passage where he describes the blissful effects of his lady's passing salutation would be little better than frigid hyperbole if we were to take it as the language of one who not only exchanged distant greetings but walked and talked with her. Again, he says in plain words that she joined the other ladies in mocking his discomfiture when he saw her at the wedding feast. This is pretty decisive against her being other-

* *Dante and Beatrice, from 1282 to 1290: a Romance.* By Roxburghe Lothian. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

wise than indifferent to him at the time; and if the conjecture be right that this wedding was no other than Beatrice's own, the case is even stronger. This conjecture is tacitly adopted by Mr. Lothian, who of course has to suppress the incident of the mockery, notwithstanding the prominence given to it by Dante. But even if we were quite free to assume, in the face of these indications, that other things happened than are told or suggested in the book, it is at all events a fact that, if any such things there were, Dante has studiously forborne to report them. And the man must have a singular confidence in his own artistic judgment who takes upon himself to speak at large where Dante was deliberately silent. This indeed is of greater importance than the conclusion we may come to on the question of actual fact. It is not that a writer of historical fiction is bound by facts as such, but that he is bound for artistic reasons not to depart extravagantly from the outlines given him by his materials. He must not be paradoxical or controversial. It may sometimes be an artistic fault even to correct an admitted vulgar error. Now in this case argument is needless to show that the peculiar charm of the *Vita Nuova* consists in no small measure in the distant and almost unearthly character of the poet's devotion, worshipping his lady as he does afar off, with scarce any reward or hope, and with a love which at the last was to blend into the divine intellectual love of the philosopher and theologian rather than be supplanted by it. Such is the picture presented to us. Whether the manner of it is due, as we incline to think, to its substantial truth, or rather to the poet's designed reticence, may be left an open question. And it also seems to us that, as a matter of artistic feeling and reverence, any one who takes up the subject after Dante should hold himself bound not to depart from the general tone in which Dante handled it. Of course a novel-writer is free, in a certain sense, to make Beatrice desperately in love with Dante, and to give us all the usual apparatus of proud parents, duennas, contrived and casual meetings, speeches, protestations, despairs, and farewells as Mr. Lothian has done; but he is almost or quite as free, in the same sense, to make Beatrice marry Dante and live happily ever after—perhaps in Egypt, after the example of Helen, leaving a phantom Dante to be exiled and write the *Divina Commedia*.

For these reasons we are compelled to disapprove of the whole plan and purpose of Mr. Roxburghe Lothian's romance. In our eyes it is unhappily so misconceived that there is little profit in dwelling on the details of it either for praise or for blame. From one reproach at least the author is free. He cannot be charged with ignorance: on the contrary, he seems to have been very diligent and sufficiently exact in gathering information. He is apt, indeed, to be too manifestly well informed; for several of his chapters are overloaded with antiquarian descriptions, digressions, and references, which are all the more out of place that a proper place for such matter is actually provided in a set of notes at the end. Here, again, he might have taken a lesson from George Eliot, whose knowledge is always full and exact, but never obtrusive. He is at times loose in his manner of citing authorities, and allows himself some rather wild talk about Freemasonry; and he exceeds the bounds of likelihood in the knowledge of Greek literature and foreign learning which he ascribes to Dante and his contemporaries. Aristophanes and Euripides can hardly have been frequent in the mouths of Tuscan abbots and chaplains at that time; and we doubt whether Dante would have readily called to mind in a moment of critical emotion the observances of Brahmans and Buddhists, if indeed he had any but the vaguest knowledge that such people existed. And one is certainly surprised to find Dante pouring out his indignation in several pages of essentially Protestant soliloquy, supported in a note by reference to various passages in the *Commedia*, which only denounce the abuses of the temporal power of Popes and other princes. But Mr. Lothian, acting on the slight and obscure hints that have come down to us of Dante having been at some time or other accused of heresy, has worked up a full and startling underplot of secret correspondence, wicked Franciscans, inquisitors, and what not. He entangles Beatrice likewise in these affairs, and represents her as dying for love of Dante only just in time to escape the Holy Office. All this, however, is matter of discretion. We cannot say that any of it is impossible; though, as to the *Credo* of Dante, when Mr. Lothian says in his notes, justly enough, that a versification of the merest elements of the faith could not well have satisfied the Church at any later time of Dante's life, one is tempted to suggest that it was not very likely to be accepted as a justification even from a young man if the charge against him was, as Mr. Lothian puts it, that he knew too much. The whole invention seems to us, we confess, forced and unpleasant; but there may be those who think otherwise. We are more gravely surprised when we find that Mr. Lothian is not content with introducing translations of two or three of Dante's poems, but has no hesitation in composing new ones for him, and in particular some despairing stanzas which Dante sends to Beatrice on her wedding-day. The effect of the original verses, whatever merit they might have if they professed only to be the author's own, is naturally disappointing; and we think he would have done as well to be content with Mr. Rossetti's English for the translations. On the whole, we can only part in sorrow from a record of labour well intended and well furnished with the proper means, but applied in a mistaken direction. The materials of which Mr. Roxburghe Lothian has made an unsatisfactory novel might have been worked up into a respectable historical essay.

DAVILLIER'S LIFE OF FORTUNY.*

FORTUNY, who suddenly appeared and disappeared on the horizon of our contemporary art, presents so startling a phenomenon in the history of painting, that this Life, with correspondence and added illustrations from the hand of an intimate friend, will be read with something more than curiosity. We do not say that the enigma of the eccentric and assailant art which excited astonishment amounting almost to dismay in Madrid, Paris, Rome, and London is now actually solved. Still, when we are here once more reminded of Fortuny's nationality in common with Goya, the Hogarth of Spain, of his family relationship with Señor Madrazo, perhaps the greatest necromancer on canvas in Europe, of the encouragement he received from that most brilliant and blatant of French art critics, M. Théophile Gautier, of his alliance or sympathy with the archfiend of caricature, Gavarni, with the withering cynic, M. Gérôme, and with the microscopist in manipulation, M. Meissonnier, it cannot be very difficult to divine whence the devilry of Fortuny came. History scarcely affords a parallel to this collective manifestation, which we will not dignify as a galaxy of talent, but must rather call the perversion of genius. Neither will we say that this is an art stimulated by revolution, backed by barricades, or fed on massacres, for such in some measure was the dramatic art of Géricault, Delacroix, Decamps, and even of Delaroche. But the inspiration of Fortuny and his fellows was taken from the frivolity of salons, the frippery of fashion, the finery of milliners' shops. His gaily dressed figures are little more than painted marionettes; they have about as much of humanity within them as a collection of clothes-horses. As for the sentiment or dialogue, it is that of daggers, stratagems, and intrigues; there is nothing here more serious than a sneer; the laughter is without joy, and the tears are those which crocodiles are supposed to shed. And yet it must be confessed that the manner after its kind is supremely clever.

The life of the artist is not quite what might have been expected from the somewhat feverish and flashy character of his pictures. Fortuny, born to poverty, was tried in the school of adversity; he lived severely as a Spartan, and won his way by hard, steady work. His first experiences in art came when, as a boy, he assisted his grandfather—a puppet showman—in the painting of wax figures which were carried about in a cabinet as a sight for the villagers in his native district of Tarragona. And his biographer relates that when in London, at Mme. Tussaud's Exhibition, as recently as last year, Fortuny, tapping him on the shoulder, said laughingly, "And I also in my time have painted such figures as these." The young artist's first independent success was in the way of costume paintings of Spanish peasants; later on, he rushed for a while into religious subjects, composing, after the Peninsular custom of the olden times, Immaculate Conceptions, the Madonna going up to Heaven, and such like. But this sacred occupation is to be accounted only as a slight episode in the drama of a life which, opening as we have seen with wax puppets, found its fruition in "Les Charmeurs de Serpents," "Le Marchand de Tapis," "La Siesta," and "La Plage de Portici."

Fortuny soon left religious art, and found his true vocation in the line of Southern and Oriental *genre* painting on the breaking out of the war between Spain and Morocco. Unlike another famous though involuntary visitant to the African coast centuries before—the notorious Fra Filippo Lippi—he forsook Madonnas and saints for the rest of his life. But on the threshold of his voyage Fortuny found himself met by a difficulty not unfrequent in his too short career; poverty was the first, as ambition became the last, infirmity of his noble mind. When sent as a prodigy to Rome, being without money, funds had to be provided; afterwards he painted a great picture, but the materials were first paid for by others. In Morocco he endured all sorts of privations; he suffered from hunger, he slept on the bare ground, and, brave as a lion and wishing to know what a battle was like, he advanced so near to the scene of action as barely to escape being shot down. "Ah," said a soldier by his side, "that ball was meant for the artist." On another occasion he was taken prisoner by the Moors, who fortunately let him off on the ingenious plea of a friend that he was English:—"Oh, yes. *Yo Inglis!*" The Spaniards for once gained a brilliant victory, and Fortuny had a fine opportunity on the battle-field of making studies among the dead and the wounded. The horrors, however, proved a little too much even for a disciple reared in the national school of bull-fights. During a sojourn of two months and a half in Morocco he made a great quantity of drawings, both in oils and water colours, of Arab soldiers, Catalan volunteers, Jews, peasants, horses, landscapes, historic monuments, and domestic interiors. He must have had a ready and rapid hand to get through so much in so short a time. The fruits of the journey were received with rapture by his friends in Spain, who, under a sense of the honour conferred by such talent upon the nation, sent him again to Morocco to renew his impressions and gain further materials. These journeys, we cannot doubt, coloured the imagination of the painter. Nowhere else could he find such a combination of majestic pride and abject poverty, such picturesque compounds of finery and of filth. His art became little more than decorative; sunlight, and especially scintillating colour, were its highest attributes. The artist's mode

* *Fortuny: sa Vie, son Œuvre, sa Correspondance.* Avec cinq dessins inédits en fac-simile et deux eaux-fortes originales. Par le Baron Davillier. A Paris: chez Auguste Aubry Éditeur-Libraire de la Société des Bibliophiles françois. 1875.

of life, partly from necessity, but still more from choice, was Bohemian; his art too was expressly Bohemian; even when approaching historic subjects, it seldom rose above anything more momentous than some minor incident which in anterooms or on back stairs might bring ruin or ridicule on a house or a nation. The most brilliant of manipulation and the richest of costume can scarcely redeem ideas which do not escape frivolity.

London, the great mart of the world, has naturally found an auction-room for Fortuny. It is easy to understand that works rapidly rising to speculative prices have offered unaccustomed attractions to the class whose profits lie in alternate transactions with needy artists and rich connoisseurs. For at least five years past pictures by Fortuny have been familiar to London dealers as the best and latest means of bringing the purchasing public up to that sensation pitch at which pockets are opened freely. But the speculators know themselves to be safe on a rising market, and when the sale came on in Paris of the painter's remainders, the prices realized proved far in excess of what his heirs could have hoped for. The unfinished works fetched upwards of 16,000*l.* A well-known admirer bid up to 98,800 francs for the "Beach of Portici," at which sum it was knocked down to him. We also learn that microscopically small and very incomplete studies went at prices varying from 3,000 to 7,000 francs a piece. A mere sketch of a Spanish Hidalgo, supposed to be of the time of Charles V., measuring only four and a half by two inches, sold for 4,100 francs; and the "Madrid Procession caught in the Rain" was bought by Messrs. Goupil for 20,000 francs. Such is the height to which folly may fly.

The success of Fortuny was a marvel even to himself. He could not understand how his pictures fetched such amazing prices. Strange to say, his own country is almost denuded of them, because Spaniards, being of late years stricken with adversity, have not been able to resist the temptation of realizing exorbitant profits on sales. But Fortuny, to his credit, does not appear to have been quite content in the midst of his prosperity. He wished to extricate himself from the commercial, social, and other penalties incident on popularity. He desired to raise his too decorative art into a higher and more sober sphere. The following extract from a letter from Rome to his biographer, dated as recently as April of last year, reveals the conflict between misgiving and aspiration which often proves the torment of sensitive genius:—

Je vous dirai, pour changer, que je continue à travailler; mais, en vérité, je commence déjà à être un peu fatigué (moralement) du genre d'art et des tableaux que le succès m'a imposés, et qui (entre nous) ne sont pas l'expression véritable de mon genre de talent. Avec la grâce de Dieu, et dans l'espoir que le résultat de mes derniers tableaux sera favorable, je pense me reposer un peu. . . . Je fais tout mon possible pour aller passer quelques jours à Paris; et je voudrais aussi aller à Londres pour voir les musées et recueillir des documents pour mes tableaux.

We have often heard stories as to Fortuny's sumptuous studio in Rome. Connoisseurs, and what is worse, the hordes of vagrant English and Americans who make Rome a kind of Italian Brighton, went to his studio as to a show. The artist had about him a sort of romance which the ladies, according to their wont, coloured up far beyond the pitch of sober truth. He assumed at the outset, as we have said, a Spartan austerity, with the cold ground for a bed, and a crust or at most a hard-boiled egg for a dinner. But when prosperity suddenly overtook him he became a Sybarite. Once the recipient of charity, he grew, as a surprise to himself, into the patron. Tastes at first rude and wholly without the means of culture or indulgence were soon polished up, at the pleasant incentive of money reward, to the pitch of tapestries, enamels, and ceramics—the acknowledged infirmities of our successful London Academicians, especially our portrait-painters. Such frailties scarcely need apology. Fortuny, once a Stoic, glided without much difficulty into an Epicurean, and, like other artists in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and London, he naturally made his studio the echo of himself. Things of beauty, with all appliances ministering to sense, came as fitting surroundings to his pictures. It must be added that the best ornament to the studio was his own wife, the daughter of Señor Madrazo, to whom we owed thanks in years past for politeness as Director of the Madrid Picture Gallery. The studio receives less than justice from Baron Davillier in the following extract:—

Son vaste atelier, où il avait disposé avec un goût exquis ses splendides étoffes, ses faïences au reflet d'or, ses armes anciennes et mille autres objets curieux, était une véritable merveille de décoration, et avait pris rang parmi les curiosités de Rome, trop souvent même il lui attirait des visites importunes.

Fortuny died of Italian fever at the comparatively early age of thirty-six. His friend and partial biographer naturally pleads that he was struck down just at the moment when new and great developments of his talent were imminent. This we do not believe; as the tree grows, so it falls. Fortuny never laid a sure foundation in the study of the human figure, without which his art was essentially poor and trivial. Fortuny's end was not as a flame flickering in the socket; it might rather be likened to a flash in the pan. The moral seems to be that when the art cannot live the artist must die. To this obituary of Fortuny must be added the deaths of his friends—MM. Zamacois, Regnault, and Giraud. Early death is said to come as a gift from the gods, but artists who may wish to live long will do well to take warning from Fortuny; a frivolous and superficial art is short—that which lives lies less on the surface.

FROST'S LIVES OF THE CONJURORS.*

THERE is an air of freshness about the subject of this book which seems to promise a journey into hitherto untrodden regions of biography—regions which may fairly be expected to abound with strange character and novel incident. But the promise of the title-page is by no means borne out by the work itself. We have barely been introduced to one of the heroes of the magic wand, and begun to feel a dawning interest in his character and fortunes, when, presto!—the scene changes. The hero of the moment is disposed of in half-a-dozen lines, and another takes his place, to be dealt with in an equally summary manner. The reader's prevailing sensation is that of being led into a succession of literary *culs-de-sac*, and of perpetually making fresh starts, only to find "no thoroughfare" in another direction.

Mr. Frost begins with the magicians who contended with Moses before Pharaoh. This is a very legitimate starting-point, though we cannot say that much information is afforded us concerning the "Lives" of the wonder-workers in question; but the reason given by Mr. Frost for going back so far is at least original. He tells us:—

Modern conjuring receives so much illustration and elucidation from the similar exhibitions of antiquity and the middle ages, that a relation of the lives and feats of conjurors, commencing with Neve, would have not only been as imperfect a record as was presented by Godwin, but have been deficient of the interest which is imparted to the subject by the light thrown upon the marvels exhibited by conjurors of our own day by the knowledge of those performed by the magicians of the ancient and mediæval worlds.

We have carefully examined this remarkable sentence, which reads like an extract from one of the *amphigouris*, or burlesque addresses, in which Comte and other conjurors of fifty years ago delighted to indulge. If it means anything at all, it must mean that the performances of Pharaoh's magicians, the Witch of Endor, and Simon Magus, all of whom are discussed in due course in this book, will be found useful in throwing light on the modern miracles performed by Dr. Lynn, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, and their brethren of the present day. We doubt whether such a curious piece of inverted logic was ever before propounded. Mr. Frost would have his readers judge of the seen by the unseen, of the known by the unknown. We pass over the unconscious humour of looking at trade secrets, to be bought with a price, as problems to be approached in a spirit of scientific inquiry; but surely it is a most unheard-of way of conducting such an inquiry to seek the explanation of facts actually before us in other facts of which we have only a vague tradition. We fancy that most persons witnessing a magical entertainment would find their enjoyment marred rather than increased by discovering the secrets of the tricks which have bewildered them; but we are certain that any inquiring spirit, eager to solve the mystery of some clever illusion, would not seek for "illustration" or "elucidation" in the signs and wonders of the magicians of the Old Testament or in the mythical achievements of Albertus Magnus or Cornelius Agrippa.

The first five chapters of the book deal with the dark ages of the magic art, when conjurors were wont to profess direct dealings with the Devil, and thereby gained much profit and respect, subject to the slight drawback that they were occasionally burnt. During this period, and indeed down to the beginning of the eighteenth century, the records of conjurors and conjuring are more or less mythical. From about 1700, however, and beginning with Fawkes, Pinchbeck, and Yeates, the conjurors of old Bartholomew Fair, our information becomes more trustworthy. Next in order, and better known to fame, come Jonas, Comus, and Breslaw, the last-named retiring from the stage about 1784, and shortly afterwards publishing his *Last Legacy*, one of the earliest treatises on the art. At about the same date the celebrated Pinetti made his first appearance before a London audience. In connexion with this performer Mr. Frost makes a brief reference to the *Magie blanche dévoilée* of Decremps, which was professedly an explanation of Pinetti's principal feats, and is said to have been provoked by a direct challenge from Pinetti himself. But to this work, which, full of errors as it is, formed for fifty years the basis of magical literature, Mr. Frost only devotes a single page; and to its successors by the same author, the *Supplément à la magie blanche*, the *Testament de Jérome Sharp*, the *Codicile de Jérome Sharp*, and the *Petites Aventures de Jerome Sharp*, he makes no allusion whatever. Neither does he relate, as he surely would have done had it been within his knowledge, the curious and characteristic revenge taken by Pinetti on the man who had thus sought to expose his secrets. We give the incident in the words of Robert-Houdin:—

Voici comment Pinetti se vengea de la publication de cet ouvrage; dans une de ses séances il se plaignit qu'un ignorant, un imposteur prétendait, dans la seule intention de lui nuire, dévoiler des secrets au-dessus de son intelligence. A ces mots un homme mal couvert et de mauvaise mine se lève du milieu de l'assemblée, et en termes grossiers apostrophe Pinetti, et offre de prouver que les démonstrations qu'il a données sont exactes. Le public, mécontent de voir troubler une séance où il s'amusait beaucoup, hue le pauvre diable et allait peut-être lui faire un mauvais parti, lorsque Pinetti s'interpose et met doucement l'homme à la porte, en lui glissant dans la main quelques écus. Cet homme était un coupe-père. Le lendemain Decremps voulut détromper le public, mais il ne put y réussir.

* *The Lives of the Conjurors.* By Thomas Frost, Author of "Circus Life and Circus Celebrities," "The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1876.

The idea of manufacturing a dummy adversary, and through him striking at the real one, is one which could only have emanated from a conjuror's brain, and recalls the magical assassinations supposed to have been practised in the middle ages, wherein, by sticking pins in a waxen effigy, corresponding wounds were inflicted on the living prototype. A better-known incident of the same character, the ingenious and temporarily successful plot of Pinetti to ruin his rival Torrini, is related by Mr. Frost.

From Pinetti we proceed onwards, at the rate of about a dozen conjurors to a chapter, to the time of Jacobs and Anderson. Mr. Frost appears to be a disciple of the Tupperian philosophy, and to believe that

> The epitome of common lives is seen in the common epitaph—
> Born on such a day, and died on such another, with an interval of threescore years.

If he has succeeded in telling us where and when a given performer was born, at what date he gave his first performance, and what were his customary prices of admission, he conceives that he has given us a pretty complete biography. Comte, unquestionably the greatest performer of the last generation, is disposed of in a couple of pages. The elder Hermann, also a star of the first magnitude, occupies barely a dozen lines, while the younger Hermann, still better known to the present generation of English sightseers, having performed in this country for a great part of the years 1870–1871, is omitted altogether. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, and Robert-Houdin are highly honoured, each having a whole chapter to himself, these being almost the only instances in which anything like real biography is attempted. The space allotted to Anderson is, indeed, wholly disproportionate to his artistic merits. He was a good man of business, with a keen appreciation of the magic of advertising, and a thorough mastery of the art of puff. He was daring in his speculations, and, thanks to his business talents, having considerable capital at his command, never lost the chance of a telling effect on account of the cumbrousness or costliness of the necessary stage appliances. But as a conjuror he had little or no original genius, and with all his pretension left no mark whatever upon the magic art. Far otherwise was it with his contemporary Robert-Houdin. Trained to the prosaic occupation of a watchmaker, but with an inborn passion for natural magic which tinged every thought and action of his life, he spent the first years of his life in devising and constructing magical automata; and it was not until he was forty years old that he yielded completely to his vocation and came before the public as a conjuror. But from his very first performance he determined not to be fettered by tradition, but to introduce a new era in the art. The conjurors of his day were accustomed to attire themselves in flowing robes and eccentric headgear. Robert-Houdin discarded these, and appeared in ordinary evening dress. His contemporaries furnished their stages with heavy draped tables, in which an assistant might be, and occasionally was, concealed. Houdin suppressed what he sarcastically termed the *boîte à compère*, and decked his stage with light and elegant accessories offering no such possibility of concealment. An adept in natural as well as mechanical science, he pressed the resources of electricity into his service, and by means of this subtle power was able to indue inert matter with seeming vitality and intelligence. With Anderson little or nothing was original; with Houdin everything was original. Mr. Frost shows no appreciation whatever of the marked contrast between the two men, neither does he make any mention of Houdin's numerous contributions to mechanical and electrical science. Of one of these, the *répartiteur électrique*, a novel and ingenious combination of levers, a scientific writer in the *Cosmos* (vol. 7, p. 330), speaks as follows:—

> Au point de vue de la mécanique, c'est un organe entièrement nouveau, qui sera bientôt appliqué de mille manières différentes, à mille usages, et qui rendra d'innombrables services. Au point de vue de la physique et des applications de l'électricité, c'est une découverte immense. M. Robert-Houdin, dont les forces sont centuplées par son *répartiteur*, est seul aujourd'hui en mesure de résoudre le plus grand des problèmes à l'ordre du jour, de réaliser enfin le moteur électrique, etc.

Mr. Frost is in error in stating that the work promised by Robert-Houdin in his Memoirs, on the subject of legerdemain and its professors, never appeared. On the contrary, such a work, under the title of *Les Secrets de la Prestidigitation et de la Magie*, was published by Michel Lévy frères in 1868. The treatise is by far the best that has ever appeared on the subject of conjuring, but has for some years been out of print, and is not to be found in the British Museum, which may possibly account for Mr. Frost's ignorance of its existence.

Passing on from Robert-Houdin, the next name of special mark is that of Wiljalba Frikell, who in his turn introduced a new phase of the art. The staple of Robert-Houdin's performances consisted of illusions in which sleight of hand was subordinate to scientific and mechanical effects, and the use of elaborate apparatus formed a special and undisguised feature of his entertainments. Frikell, on the other hand, used ostensibly no apparatus whatever, and worked with the objects and materials of everyday life; not that he did in truth discard mechanical aids, but all his energies were directed to conceal their employment. In place of the showy boxes and vases of Anderson, or the elegant automata of Robert-Houdin, a simple-looking table and a couple of chairs formed the whole of Frikell's stage furniture; and bottles, coins, handkerchiefs, and other everyday articles were the subjects of his illusions. Since his day conjurors have fluctuated between the one school and the other; but the elegant simplicity, the *ars celare artem*, of Frikell will always find the highest favour with enlightened connoisseurs.

It will startle most readers to be told that the next performer of note, Colonel Stodare, was a Frenchman, though not perhaps more than to find it gravely stated that the "automatical character" of Kempelen's chessplayer "has been doubted." After this hesitating admission of doubt on a matter which most persons regard as admitting no question whatever, we are not surprised to find that Mr. Frost appears more than half inclined to believe in the genuine "automatical character" of Mr. Maskelyne's whistplayer, Psycho, to which he devotes a good deal of space. A memoir of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, and brief notices of Dr. Lynn and Professor de Vere, conclude the work, which, notwithstanding many defects, forms a decidedly interesting book, and might have been much more so had the author taken the pains to procure original information instead of relying on narratives already in print. An author who undertakes to write the Lives of the Conjurors should surely show some little personal knowledge of conjurors, but throughout this book there is not a single indication that Mr. Frost ever exchanged half a dozen words with a conjuror in his life. Had he mixed in ever so slight a degree with the fraternity, not only would his book have acquired a vitality much beyond what it now possesses, but he would have avoided many glaring errors both of omission and commission. Of many of the magnates of the craft he makes no mention whatever, though we gather from an incidental remark in his preface that he conceives himself to have passed over no performer worthy of notice. We can overlook his omission of such minor stars as Méhay, Taylor, Matthews, Tolmaque, Hellis, Evanion, Max Alexander, Bernard Eagle, and Mme. Card, though all are more or less known to the London public, and might fairly claim a niche in Mr. Frost's temple of Fame. But such well-known artists as Basch, Buatier, Courtois, Cleverman, Robert Heller, Seemann, and (as we have already mentioned) the younger Hermann, are also conspicuous by their absence, and the reader is almost inclined to fancy that there must be a second volume which is somehow missing.

BEAMES'S COMPARATIVE GRAMMAR OF THE ARYAN LANGUAGES OF INDIA.*

SOME time since we welcomed the first volume of this work.† Mr. Beames claims indulgence for the tardy appearance of the second volume in consequence of his onerous duties in a remote province of India, an indulgence which will be readily granted to him. A book of this kind is a work of time even for one who enjoys uninterrupted leisure, and the process of printing it must necessarily have been slow. We are disposed to think this volume an improvement upon the first. It has less of dogmatism and theory, and more of fact and illustration, but it here and there bears that "unfinished appearance" for which the author apologizes, and which he attributes to his want of the necessary time. It may be well to recall to memory that the languages with which the work deals are the North Indian languages, seven in number—Hindi, Panjabi, Sindhi, Gujarâti, Marathi, Oriya, and Bengali. Hindi is the leading language of the group. It embraces a variety of dialects, and these have many variant grammatical forms which are of great importance for philological purposes. The first volume dealt only with "Sounds"—that is to say, with alphabetical matters; this volume is devoted to the Noun and Pronoun. First Mr. Beames examines the "Formation of the Stem" of the noun, showing how the original Sanskrit word has been cut down and shaped in the modern tongues, the inquiry being "entirely concentrated on the final syllable or suffix." The chapter devoted to this subject is the longest in the book. It is a very necessary one, but it naturally deals with small details rather than matters of wide principle and interest. The concluding section of this chapter on the Numerals is important and curious, for the numerals of the Northern languages of India furnish a very convincing proof, perhaps the most convincing, of the descent of these languages through the Prâkrits from Sanskrit. Languages of the Indo-European family generally start with the units from one up to ten, and then work out in their own way the successive numbers up to one hundred. Not so the languages of Northern India; they borrow the whole hundred ready made from Sanskrit through the intermediate stage of the Prâkrits, each word being modified and rounded off to suit the softer and shorter enunciation of modern days and the special peculiarities of each language. So the numbers from ten to a hundred, though they bear such a resemblance to their respective units and tens that no blunder can be made on seeing them, yet each number must be known by itself, as it cannot be formed by the combination of the ten and unit. It is obvious that this derivation of the numerals proves most distinctly from what source these languages sprang.

The chapter on Gender is instructive and interesting, as it exhibits the various efforts made by the modern tongues to get rid of this useless and troublesome element of the ancient language. The opening paragraphs of this chapter are not so satisfactory as they might be:—

> Gender [says Mr. Beames] is of two kinds, natural and grammatical. Natural gender is that which refers to living beings, and is threefold; there

* *A Comparative Grammar of the Modern Aryan Languages of India.* By John Beames. Vol. II. The Noun and Pronoun. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Saturday Review*, March 21, 1874.

being one form for males, a second for females, and a third for mankind or animals regarded as such without reference to sex. The human mind has, however, not rested content with this simple and natural use of gender, but has by an effort of imagination extended the distinction of sex to inanimate objects, abstract ideas, and, in short, to all nouns of every kind. All Latin tongues are not alike in this respect; some retain all three genders, others only two, and some have had the good fortune to emancipate themselves, entirely in the noun, and to a great extent in the pronoun, from these awkward and cumbrous swaddling-clothes of speech. This is happily the case with our own beautiful and practical language, and is an advantage for which we ought to be deeply thankful to our Norman ancestors, whose keen common sense led them to reject much that was useless and unwieldy in the speech of our English forefathers.

In this, it may be observed, there is an unfortunate confusion of sex and gender, which are not the same thing, however closely they may be allied. It is sex that is natural, while gender is grammatical and artificial. Those languages are the simplest in this respect which, like our own, recognize no distinction but that of sex. We have such nouns as "master" and "mistress," "executor" and "executrix"; we have also the pronouns "he," "she," and "it"; but these words denote the natural distinctions of sex or the absence of it, they do not represent the artificial distinction of gender. Mr. Beames so confuses sex and gender that we hardly know how to take him when he talks of languages "emancipating themselves, entirely in the noun, and to a great extent in the pronoun, from these awkward and cumbersome swaddling-clothes of speech." If he really means gender, and not sex, we entirely agree with him, and are quite content that relative pronouns should have no distinction of gender. If, however, he means that the distinction of sex may be dispensed with, and that, as in the languages with which he deals, one word may do duty for "he," "she," and "it," we strongly dissent from his judgment, and cling to the simplicity and perspicuity of our own personal pronouns. More than once Mr. Beames shows his partiality for "our Norman ancestors," and for the influence which he believes them to have exercised over our language. That influence was important, and in some respects beneficial, but it is absurd to talk of their "keen common sense" rejecting useless forms, as if they had deliberately considered the question, and come to a judgment as to what ought to be got rid of. The changes which took place in our language when it was moulded into its present form are attributable to no special influence either Norman or otherwise, but to that unfelt, unseen process of simplification which is always more or less actively at work, and was especially active when the speech of the Norman conquerors was broken down and merged in the tongue of their English subjects. But though we occasionally differ from Mr. Beames in his opinions and deductions, we do not undervalue his labours, or in any way depreciate the results of his industry and ability. The history of gender in the Aryan languages of India is curious:—"Sanskrit has all three genders, and so have the Prākrits. In the modern languages only Gujarāti and Marāthi have all three. Sindhi, Panjābi, and Hindi have only masculine and feminine; Bengāli and Oriya have no gender at all, except in the pure Sanskrit words now so largely introduced, which retain the form of the Sanskrit gender, but even this only in the higher style." Mr. Beames thinks that the use of gender has shown signs of becoming less habitual, and of gradually dying out. Gender exists in Hindi and Panjābi, but it is frequently disregarded, and it would probably have fallen into disuse but for the rise of a literature and the establishment of the printing-press. It is a linguistic refinement that can well be dispensed with, and we join in "setting our faces against the obnoxious pedantry of some modern Bengāli writers, who, in resuscitating a Sanskrit adjective, bring back with it the gender which the spoken language has long ago got rid of."

The modern languages have discarded the system of case-termination which obtained in Sanskrit, and have adopted the analytical method of employing detached particles. Hindi is prominent in this respect, Sindhi the most backward. Dr. Trumpp, the author of an excellent grammar of Sindhi, has claimed for that language a pre-eminence, "in a grammatical point of view," because "it has preserved an exuberance of grammatical forms for which its sisters may well envy it." This has stirred up the wrath of Mr. Beames, who exclaims against it as "false philology," and pours forth a torrent of eloquence about it. "As well," he says, "might the modern traveller, carried at the rate of thirty miles an hour in a comfortable railway carriage, envy the ancient German plunging through the muddy forest-roads in his vast and unwieldy bullock-waggon." This, and more in the same strain which follows, is all very right, but was scarcely called for, as the superiority claimed for Sindhi was restricted to its grammatical riches, and had no reference to its practical utility. Sindhi has kept closer to the Prākrits than any other of the modern languages, and so is richer in grammatical forms and has a higher value for purely technical purposes; but no one would dream of placing it in the first rank as a medium of intercourse.

We pass on to the declension of nouns, which, taken philologically, has more interest than any other part of the grammar of these languages. The noun presents the greatest divergences from Sanskrit and the Prākrits, and shows at the same time some puzzling analogies to the Dravidian languages of the South. On the strength of these resemblances some writers have claimed the languages of Northern India as members of the Dravidian branch of the Turanian family. This is an affiliation that can by no means be conceded, for except in this single matter of declension the Northern tongues are clearly of Aryan descent. Such other peculiarities as the languages of the North and South have in common may be passed over as fortuitous; but the method of declension must not be so lightly dismissed. A rule has been laid down in the science of comparative philology to the effect that, however freely words may be borrowed, grammatical forms are not adopted from an alien language. This is undoubtedly a reasonable maxim, and of very general application; but if ever there was reason to doubt its universality, these languages afford the opportunity. The Northern languages preserve none of the case-endings of Sanskrit, but the general principle of declension is this. The nouns have a nominative singular and plural, and an oblique form singular and plural; the oblique form being that to which the post-positions are added to distinguish the different cases. Now this is exactly the method of the Dravidian languages. The derivation of these oblique forms from the Prākrits is confessedly "the most intricate and difficult part of the inquiry." Mr. Beames, indeed, smooths over the difficulty by saying that "the mystery is not so much what they are, as how they came to assume their present shapes." This, it is obvious, begs the question. It assumes the relationship, though the family likeness is hardly traceable. A good deal of ingenuity is shown in the endeavour to trace the oblique forms to the Sanskrit case-endings; but the conclusion arrived at is, "that in both singular and plural the terminations of the oblique descend from a general form produced by the fusion of all the oblique cases of Sanskrit." A possible, though not a very convincing, result. But admitting the fact, under what influence did the modern languages develop these oblique forms, which are as foreign to Sanskrit as they are to Greek and Latin? Side by side with them, and even mixed up with some of them, were the Dravidian tongues, in which this mode of declension is an especial feature. The possibility of their having exercised an influence ought to be fairly examined, and not to be dismissed under the authority of an arbitrary rule, which, as we shall presently show, is admitted to have some exceptions. Again, the use of post-positions is another Dravidian feature which has to be taken into account, although the arguments founded upon it have been pushed too far. Some of these post-positions are traceable to Sanskrit sources, though with great difficulty and uncertainty. As an example, we will notice the dative particle *ko*, which is identical in sound with the Dravidian sign of the dative, *ko*, *ku*. The believers in Dravidian influences have held this to be an incontrovertible proof of identity. Mr. Beames is successful in showing that, although the words are now identical, they were not so much alike in ancient times. He adduces the old forms *kahan*, and *kahun*, in face of which it is impossible to claim for this particle a direct relationship with the Dravidian *ko*, which is known to have been spelt more than a thousand years ago just as it is at present. But, though successful in repudiating the Dravidian connexion, the author is not so convincing in the Sanskrit origin he assigns to this particle; and the difficulty is made manifest enough by the fact that he has changed the opinion expressed in his first volume. There he attributed it to the syllable *kam*, the accusative case of Sanskrit nouns in *ku*. We took occasion to express a doubt of this derivation. Dr. Trumpp, in his Sindhi Grammar, referred this particle to the Sanskrit *krite*, "for the sake of." Mr. Beames now throws over his first theory and Dr. Trumpp's proposition in favour of the Sanskrit *kakshe*, "at the side." All this shows the great difficulty of accounting for the origin of this particle, and we must confess that Mr. Beames's last theory is not a whit more satisfactory to us than the former one. The best that can be said about most of the speculations on the cases are that they are plausible, but not convincing; worthy of consideration as theories, but not admissible as demonstrations. We are as fully convinced as Mr. Beames can be of the descent of the Northern languages from Sanskrit, but their apparent similarities to the Dravidian tongues ought to be thoroughly examined. This work will not be complete without it, and we should be glad to see Mr. Beames handle the matter in a concluding chapter. The relations between the Aryan and Dravidian races in India have had their effects on both sides, and may have influenced language as well as other matters. Mr. Beames admits this, and says "there is great reason to suspect non-Aryan influence" both in the Bengāli and Oriya. The nature and extent of this influence is well worth investigation. That the modern languages of India are not proof against foreign grammatical influence is shown by the fact that "Sindhi allies itself to Persian and Pushtu by a practice foreign to its sister-tongues of suffixing pronominal signs to nouns, pronouns, and verbs, a complicated and difficult system from which the other languages are fortunately free." On the other hand, the Gond, a language of the Dravidian family, seems to have lost the relative participle which is peculiar to the Dravidian tongues, and has adopted from the Hindi a relative pronoun, a thing which is utterly unknown to its sisters. The last chapter, on the Pronoun, is short and comparatively clear, because these words are traceable with more distinctness and certainty to the Prakrit forms.

We have criticized some of Mr. Beames's views, but in a friendly spirit and with a just appreciation of the difficulty and the value of his labours. He has enjoyed unusual opportunities for the work he has undertaken, and neither industry nor critical acumen has been wanting to turn them to the best account. Upon one point we must again express our regret. The Nāgari character is used throughout, and but a very small portion of the Indian words has been Romanized. The book is therefore a sealed one to those who are unacquainted with the Nāgari alphabet, and will not render all the service it might to philological science.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. DARWIN has prepared a second edition of his masterly work, *The Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication**, in which he has embodied the results of his continued researches, and of communications from correspondents, during the seven years which have elapsed since its first appearance. Mr. Darwin adopts the excellent plan of giving a table of the principal additions and corrections which he has made, from which it will be seen that it is only on some minor points of detail, which do not disturb his general conclusions, that he has anything to retract or modify. The chapters on Pangenesis and Inheritance have been partially remodelled. It is unnecessary to repeat what has before been said of the high merits of this work as a model of clear, precise, and delicately adjusted scientific statement, in which a vast body of scattered facts seem to take ordered shape, as if by natural crystallization. There is no straining or twisting of argument, but only a quiet, steady accumulation of suggestive observations. If, when the work was first published, there were any doubts as to the soundness of any parts of the evidence, these must now be removed by the seven years' sifting to which it has been subjected.

Dr. Richardson, whose Utopian ideal of a town under perfect sanitary control was the chief attraction of the Social Science Congress at Brighton, has just published an important work on the diseases of modern life†, based upon a series of essays which he wrote some years ago, and which he has now developed into a more comprehensive and systematic treatise. This work is intended, not as a mere technical work, but for general reading; but the author gives warning that any one who expects to find in it "domestic medicine," or revelations of the arcanum of medicine, will be disappointed, and explains that, avoiding every infringement on the art proper of curing disease, he has confined himself solely to the science of prevention. This is undoubtedly an aspect of the subject which is too much neglected, and it is to be hoped that Dr. Richardson's weighty observations will receive attention. It may be thought that on some points he pushes his conclusions rather too far: but there is undoubtedly a sound body of truth in his earnest warnings. He lays great stress on the avoidance of strain and worry in connexion with mental work, on prudent reserve in physical exercise, and on the alternation of work and rest. He has no tolerance for stimulants of any kind; but recommends careful diet and scrupulous cleanliness, not merely in person and as regards the clothes worn next the skin, but in regard to all clothing, which, he holds, should be frequently changed, and never worn threadbare. Perfect isolation is his first principle in regard to contagious disease, and stricter care against the intermarriage of disease is also very strongly insisted upon.

Some time ago, Mr. Armstrong, who had already attracted attention by a poetical tragedy called *Ugone*, published the first instalment of a trilogy to which he gave the name of *The Tragedy of Israel*.† The first part was devoted to Saul, and now we have the other two parts, dealing respectively with David and Solomon. There can be no doubt that this is in various ways a production displaying genuine power and original thought. Mr. Armstrong's object appears to be to show that the Jewish kings were, after all, human beings like the rest of us. How far he has in each case caught the right key to the historical characters which he depicts is perhaps a question upon which much deep criticism might be expended; but it would, after all, be rather thrown away. The best way to appreciate Mr. Armstrong's work is to take it simply for what it is—a vivid dramatic poem, dealing with various problems of human passion, suffering, and trial. The language and often the ideas are entirely modern, but this only helps to bring out the essential humanity of the men before us, and the reality of their flesh and blood. Saul is represented, not as the champion of despotism and superstition, but rather as a disappointed reformer, somewhat in advance of his time. In David we have a touching picture of the inward struggles of a man of a warm, impulsive nature, who by his passionate faith in God and his feeling that he is in a mysterious and special way God's chosen instrument, is led to regard himself as raised above the ordinary level of his kind, and entitled to indulge himself in freedom from ordinary restraints as the reward of his peculiar mission. His thoughts soar "high as an eagle, to embrace the world," and he has visions of "one unfound ineffable splendour" which is to complete his life:

> Still the white peaks, and still the heaven beyond,
> And inaccessible and viewless realms,
> And heights without a name! and if I climb,
> What end? and where the quiet of the heart,
> Ambition's balm? where perfect empery,
> The slumber of old pride, the satiate soul?

In the midst of these lofty aspirations he finds himself struck down by a sense of his fleshly weakness and degradation. Then come Absalom's rebellion and death, and David himself then passes away dreaming of immortality. Solomon is shown carrying his ambitious wisdom and insatiable curiosity to the furthest limits, till, finding himself suddenly checked in a grand scheme of universal conquest, and his strength of mind and body also failing him, he gives himself up to despair:—

> Empty now
> My life as a drained goblet, and my days
> Raw as a drunkard's dawn.
> * * * * * *
> This life of man is utter weariness;
> The world a burthen, galling every hour;
> Mist, mist around, above; shadow and sun,
> Shadow and sun; faint forms that glint and fly;
> Sands shifting under foot; no staff or stay!
> My wisdom was mere folly!

And his last words are:—

> Out upon this grey life of nothingness!

Mr. Armstrong's style is not only vigorous but polished, and he has a certain largeness of utterance which gives elevation to his verse, without making it heavy. Altogether there is much freshness and power in these poems, though they may perhaps in some passages puzzle those who are accustomed only to conventional views of Scriptural persons and incidents.

The author of *The King's Sacrifice** is rather a prosy poet. In his preface he anticipates the objection that he may be thought to be somewhat obscure, but he explains that this is unavoidable in treating of "themes which no one has ever yet succeeded in making easy reading." As regards the first piece, which gives the title to his volume, this excuse may perhaps be allowed. It tells the story of Nezahualcoyoth, King of Tezcuco, who was not only "the poet, legislator, astronomer, and first warrior of his age," but "yet more, the prophet and religious reformer," and who set himself to regenerate his country by suppressing human sacrifices, and supplanting polytheism by the worship of Ipalnemoäni—"Him by whom we live; the Unknown; the Creator of all Things." He finds, however, that the time is not ripe for these advances in civilization, and, maddened by the murder of his son, he gives himself up to the priests, and allows them to "slay and feast" as much as they like. It may be thought a proof of courage and self-confidence that a poet should burden himself in his efforts to be melodious with such words as Popocatepeth, Quelzalcöeth, Tenochtitlan, Mizcoäzin, Pilmanazin, and the idea and machinery of the story are all of a mysterious kind. The subject is not inviting, and we cannot wonder that the writer should fail to make it "easy reading." In "Oakburn," a sketch of modern society, however, he has a better chance. This is evidently written in imitation of Tennyson, and is a striking example of the distinction between real poetry and a mere stringing of words. Here is a sample:—

> In a haze of glimmering lawn
> And titter of girl-Tattons Mabel swam
> Till Tea should be proclaim'd; and while the tall,
> Scant-headed Dr. Firloe in the air
> Portray'd the sun's penumbra, pencil'd up
> The conformation of his photosphere
> Like willow-leaves, Miss Bibbledale, as who
> Should say, "How sweet, how interesting now!"
> A meek smile sent to meek responsive Cheek,
> Perpetual curate of Dydelle-cum-Dish.

Or, again:—

> The question rising if seed were to spoil
> Hot cakes with waiting, Mrs. Tatton thought
> Decision lay with Mabel: promptly Cheek
> Was handing Mabel muffin. As he did it,
> Shyly with Mowbray stept the stranger in—
> Tall, slender, with fine eyes.

And then we have the heroic climax:—

> And Roland sat with Mabel through the Tea!

In the serious pieces this prosy wordiness is perhaps less offensive; but the writer of these four hundred pages of dull, lumbering verse has certainly mistaken his vocation.

Mrs. Pfeiffer † has undoubtedly the true spirit of a singer, though her execution is apt to be crude and wayward, and what she has to say is very unequal. She is certainly not successful in her ballads, and we are led to suspect that the apparent ease of this form of verse tempts her into a careless haste. In the sonnets she is at her best, and this may possibly be due to the restraint which is imposed by the necessity for careful choice and economy of words in this style of composition.

"Violet Fane," ‡ the author of *Denzil Place*, has composed another volume of weak and watery verse—if verse it can be called, for, except that it is printed in the form of verse, it is only ordinary prose. There is so far an improvement in her present work that there is no repetition of the improprieties which tainted the earlier one.

Mr. Williams has produced a voluminous history of the Midland Railway§, which, though perhaps rather overloaded with gazetteer matter, gives a very interesting and lively picture of railway enterprise. We are shown the successive developments of an ambitious and enterprising Company, always on the alert; now dashing into a neighbouring territory, now meeting an invasion on its own; if baffled in one direction, immediately seeking an outlet somewhere else, and all the while steadily spreading its long feelers over the country like a vigorous octopus. It is quite thrilling to follow the almost incessant warfare between the Midland and other railways; the desperate conflicts for traffic now at

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* *The Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication.* By Charles Darwin, M.A. Second Edition. 2 vols. John Murray.

† *Diseases of Modern Life.* By B. W. Richardson, M.D. Macmillan & Co.

† *The Tragedy of Israel.* Part II. David. Part III. Solomon. By G. F. Armstrong. Longmans & Co.

* *The King's Sacrifice; and other Poems.* Smith, Elder, & Co.

† *Poems.* By Emily Pfeiffer. Strahan.

‡ *The Queen of the Fairies; and other Poems.* By Violet Fane. Chapman & Hall.

§ *The Midland Railway.* By F. S. Williams. Strahan & Co.

one point, now at another; a fierce war closed perhaps by a sudden alliance with the enemy, and then another war breaking out in a new place. Whatever may be thought of the policy of the Midland Company on various points, there can at least be no doubt as to its energy and wonderful growth. Mr. Williams's book is illustrated by some excellent illustrations of local scenery, and contains a good deal of amusing gossip. There are various points, however, on which more specific information might have been given.

Mr. Carew Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's *Old English Plays* * is now completed by the issue of the fourteenth and fifteenth volumes. We have already expressed our opinion of the earlier volumes of this work (see *Saturday Review*, April 3, 1875), and need only repeat that, although Mr. Hazlitt is not quite such a careful and accurate editor as might be desired, he and his publishers have by this useful reproduction rendered an important service to all who are interested in the history of dramatic literature. At the same time we cannot help thinking that some of the pieces which have been reprinted, especially those in the last two volumes, might with advantage have been left in obscurity, as being mere stupid obscenity, without either literary or historical interest.

A new edition of Dr. Dyer's *Pompeii* †, revised and enlarged by himself, has just appeared, bringing the information down to the latest date. The value of Dr. Dyer's scholarly work has already been recognized, and, in its present form, it is the most complete and convenient record of the ancient city. It should be mentioned that it is illustrated with numerous wood engravings and an excellent map.

Sir Robert Phillimore has reprinted a number of his judgments in the Court of Arches ‡ as a memorial of that obsolete tribunal, and it is no doubt a very appropriate one. The latest judgments of this Court—those in the tombstone case and in Jenkins *v.* Cook—were not perhaps very happy, and they have since been summarily reversed by the Privy Council. On the whole, Sir Robert's judgments are more remarkable for their rhetorical flow than for clearness of perception.

By the substitution of woodcuts for coloured lithographs, and the omission of some references which are easily accessible in other forms, the publishers of Dr. Donaldson's well-known *Theatre of the Greeks* § have been enabled to issue a compact edition of that valuable work at a low price, which will no doubt be welcomed as a boon by students. Tate's essay on the Metres is retained in this edition.

It is amazing what empty and absurd publications are nowadays put forth as school-books. For the study of the language, Messrs. Cassal and Karcher's *Anthology of Modern French Poetry* ‖ may possibly be of some use, though we should think that prose, in which the French excel, would have been more profitable as an exercise. Except in its highest forms, French poetry is poor stuff, and it seems rather hard that English schoolboys should have to wade through the mass of weak verbiage which is here collected under the name of poetry. The editors display a singular fatuity in asserting that "the (French) poets of our days yield to those of no other country either in purity of thought or taste, or in vivid imagination, or in graphic power of expression." In point of fact, there is nothing so worthless as modern French poetry, if we leave out one or two eminent exceptions to the average mediocrity. There are hardly more than three or four of the writers quoted in the present collection who have ever been heard of before, and the samples of their verse do not encourage any desire for further acquaintance. Here is a specimen:—

C'est la petite mendiante
Qui vous demande un peu de pain;
Donnez à la pauvre innocente;
Donnez, donnez, car elle a faim.
* * * *
Si ma plainte vous importune,
Eh bien! je vais rire et chanter.
De l'aspect de mon infortune
Je ne dois pas vous attrister.

The Three Trials of William Hone ¶, which have been reprinted in their original form by Mr. Tegg, are interesting as an illustration of the temper both of the Government and of the Judges of that day in regard to popular literature, but are otherwise not of much value. The parodies on the Liturgy for which Hone was prosecuted are equally silly and profane, but it is evident that he was chosen for attack not so much on account of the profanity of his writings as because they were directed against certain public men. He was able to show that similar breaches of good taste on the part of others had been overlooked, and public feeling was against the apparent overstraining of the law. It is difficult, however, to have much sympathy with Hone, who could easily have expressed his views in a less indecorous manner. His speeches at the different trials bring out very strongly his pluck and shrewdness, as well as his acquaintance with books.

"Stonehenge" is a name of such established authority on all sporting matters that it is unnecessary to say more of his book on British rural sports * than that it has reached a twelfth edition, in which all the latest varieties of athletic and other amusements are fully explained. Since the first appearance of this work, croquet, lawn tennis, canoeing, bicycling, and roller-skating have come into fashion, and when "Stonehenge" next revises his manual, some of these will probably have been supplanted by new devices. He thinks that rinking has now taken a permanent place among English sports, as it requires skill, and affords "the hard-worked professional man an hour's physical exercise at any hour of the day most convenient to him, and in a form that affords him the purest delight." The first roller-skate seems to have been invented in 1823 by one Tyers, a fruiterer in Piccadilly, and other patents of a similar kind followed at intervals, but none of these skates were guidable in curves, except at the expense of enormous friction. It was not till 1865, when J. L. Plimpton of New York brought out his now famous skate, that curves and all other figures known on ice were brought within the reach of skaters on an artificial floor, and some years elapsed before it was taken up by the public in this country, though it was occasionally used by professionals on the stage. Bicycling is another economical amusement. A good roadster with a driving wheel fifty inches high can be got for 13*l.*; it costs no more for repairs, if fairly used, than a horse's shoes; it involves no expense on a journey save a small allowance for oiling and cleaning; and an indifferent rider can average nine or ten miles an hour without feeling distressed at the end of a day of ordinary length. Stanton has done 650 miles 1,176 yards in 47 hours 10 minutes, net time, or an average of rather more than 13¾ miles an hour. "Stonehenge" has an interesting chapter on the "choke-bore" gun.

Baedeker's Guide to Palestine and Syria † is the joint work of Dr. Socin, Professor of Oriental Languages at Basle, who is well acquainted with the Holy Land, and the publisher himself, who made a tour for the purpose of making the information as complete and exact as possible. A great deal of matter has been compressed into a moderate space, and the directions as to the details of travelling appear to be very judicious and complete. There are also a number of good maps, and generally this guide-book fulfils all those qualities of practical usefulness which have made the reputation of the series to which it belongs.

Mr. Paget ‡ has drawn up an interesting statement of the strength of British and foreign ironclad navies, giving dimensions, armour, details of armament, engines, speed, and other particulars. Ships, he justly contends, must now be measured by their individual power, and not by mere numbers. The *Inflexible*, for instance, if her speed is sufficient, will, with her 24 inches of armour and her 81-ton guns, be fully able to hold her own against the combined attack of a fleet, because she will engage at a range at which her own armour will be invulnerable, while her tremendous guns will pierce anything opposed to it. On the other hand, if we keep up mixed squadrons with guns of from 6½ to 35 tons, they will have to engage at a range at which the heavier guns will have no advantage. Mr. Paget thinks that the design of the *Monarch* has never been properly developed, and that partial armour-plating is enough.

Mr. Rogers has gone into the history of George Wishart, the Scottish martyr §, with a view to test the truth of the charges that he was a visionary who illegally assumed the priestly office, denied the doctrine of the atonement, and conspired against the life of Cardinal Beaton; and he has arrived at the conclusion that Wishart did not claim prophetic powers, preached with canonical sanction, did not act as an ordained priest, always taught the doctrine of the atonement, and not only did not know of the plot against Beaton, but, if he knew it, condemned it. The last of these propositions strikes one as rather equivocal, and almost proving too much. We have to thank Mr. Rogers, however, for an interesting monograph.

Mr. Reed has republished in a volume the letters from Russia ‖ which he contributed to the *Times*. He adheres, in the main, to the views therein expressed.

With a view to make known the present condition of Jerusalem, and the need of help for the Jewish population there, Sir Moses Montefiore has published a record of his journey last year ¶, which will be read with the respect due to his courage and enthusiasm.

Mr. Dunning Macleod has put forth a synopsis of his views on credit, banking, and the foreign exchanges, in a handy manual, under the title of *Elements of Banking*. **

The extraordinary miscarriage of Lord St. Leonards's will †† should be a warning to every man, lawyer or layman, against being foolish enough to fancy that he can dispense with the usual professional assistance in carrying out his testamentary wishes. But there are,

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* *Dodsley's Old English Plays.* Chronologically arranged, with the Notes of all the Commentators, and New Notes. By W. Carew Hazlitt. Vols. XIV. and XV. Reeves & Turner.

† *Pompeii.* By J. H. Dyer, LL.D. New Edition, revised and enlarged. G. Bell & Sons.

‡ *The Principal Ecclesiastical Judgments delivered in the Court of Arches, 1867 to 1875.* By the Right Hon. Sir Robert Phillimore, D.C.L. Rivingtons.

§ *The Theatre of the Greeks.* By J. W. Donaldson, D.D. Eighth Edition. G. Bell & Sons.

‖ *Anthology of Modern French Poetry.* Junior Course. Edited by Prof. C. Cassal and Prof. T. Karcher. Longmans & Co.

¶ *The Three Trials of William Hone.* With Introduction and Notes by W. Tegg. W. Tegg & Co.

* *British Rural Sports.* By Stonehenge. Twelfth Edition. F. Warne & Co.

† *Palestine and Syria. Handbook for Travellers.* Edited by C. K Baedeker. Leipsic: Baedeker.

‡ *Naval Powers and their Policy.* By J. C. Paget. Longmans & Co.

§ *Life of George Wishart, the Scottish Martyr.* By Rev. C. Rogers. Edinburgh: Paterson.

‖ *Letters from Russia in* 1875. By E. J. Reed, C.B., M.P. Murray.

¶ *An Open Letter: addressed to Sir M. Montefiore, Bart., on his Visit to Jerusalem in 1875; and a Narrative of Forty Days' Sojourn in the Holy Land.* By Sir M. Montefiore. Wertheimer & Co.

** *The Elements of Banking.* By H. Dunning Macleod. Longmans & Co.

†† *Practical Advice to Testators and Executors.* By W. Philppon. Third Edition. Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

no doubt, points on which intending testators are anxious to be informed, and Mr. Phippen's "Practical Advice" is plain and to the point.

Mr. Archer's account of various forms of charitable work* contains a good deal of interesting information, but is disfigured by a rather twaddling style, and a canting affectation which substitutes Scriptural phrases for the ordinary names of the various institutions which are passed under review. Thus, for instance, we have "With them that go down to the sea in ships," "With the children of the stranger," "With them that faint by the way," "In the Valley of the Shadow of Death," "With them who have not where to lay their heads," "Feeding the Multitude," and so on, instead of such simple titles as Sailors' Homes, "Providence" Hospital, Invalid Asylum for Respectable Females, Royal Hospital for Incurables, Night Refuges, Soup-Kitchens. Still the book is worth looking at.

Miss Hope's Life of Grace Darling† is in one way a work of a very unsatisfactory character. We do not know how far it is fiction and how far matter-of-fact biography. We are treated to long conversations between different persons the report of which must be to a great extent imaginary; that is to say, the conversations may have actually occurred, but, unless there was a short-hand writer present to take down what was said, it is difficult to see how it can now be literally reproduced. The truth is that Grace Darling's life, with the exception of the heroic adventure by which she made herself famous, was, like her character, extremely simple, and might be all told in a comparatively brief space. But then Miss Hope had determined to make a book, and a book she has made. At the very beginning there is a great lump of padding about Mrs. Fry and women's work in general, then we have an account of ancient Northumbria, with quotations from Dean Stanley, and so on. The volume is further expanded by chapters about lighthouses and perils of the sea. The chapter called "August Picnics" may be taken as an example of Miss Hope's style of passing off twaddling fiction as biography.

Mr. Vincent has compiled a useful record of scientific and mechanical progress during the past year.‡ A great many valuable facts are constantly turning up in scientific newspapers and journals, but are afterwards apt to be lost on account of the scattered way in which they are published. Mr. Vincent's *Year-Book* is a sort of sieve in which the most important fragments of this information are collected.

Mr. Martin's *Statesman's Year Book*§ keeps up its reputation for conciseness and sufficiency. No one can understand foreign questions without such a work at hand for constant reference. Many unfortunate Turkish bondholders and the victims of other unscrupulous States might have saved their money if they had previously invested in Mr. Martin's modest manual, and studied the amount of debts already contracted. The armaments of various States are also an instructive clue to their foreign policy. There is nothing more useful for Englishmen, just now, or indeed at all times, than to understand exactly how their neighbours are situated.

Mr. Tufnell's slapdash and prejudiced attack on the system of boarding-out children‖ as practised in Scotland, and to some extent in England, has naturally given great offence. Mr. Skelton, the Secretary of the Poor Law Board in Scotland, feels bound to treat Mr. Tufnell to what in that country is called a "good heckling," and certainly does not mince matters. He feels bound to say that in Mr. Tufnell's "indictment directed against the Poor Law authorities in Scotland, the strict and absolute adherence to facts which should characterize official documents has not been observed." The facts which Mr. Skelton sets forth would seem to justify his assertion that the boarding-out system gives very good results in Scotland.

At first sight the title of Miss Yonge's book seems to suggest that it is rather out of date. *Christmas Mummers*¶, however, is only one of seven stories, and they are all good stories, in Miss Yonge's well-known style, and fit for any time of year.

Nothing is more exhilarating than a sojourn in the Highlands in good weather, with agreeable friends and plenty of sport, and it is natural to find a record of such experiences brimming over with frolicsome good nature and animal spirits. What, however, sportsmen who take to literature are in some danger of forgetting is that it is difficult to reproduce the atmosphere of their own exhilaration for the benefit of readers at a distance. A joke may be an excellent joke in a particular company at a particular moment, but it is wonderful how it evaporates when bottled for exportation. This remark applies to Mr. Abbott's *Ardenmohr***, "a record of scenery and sports in the Highlands of Scotland." It is satisfactory to see that Mr. Abbott enjoyed himself so heartily; but, after all, the telling of it is apt to flag. It is written in that cheerful, slangy, simple-minded style which is so much appreciated in sporting circles, where healthy physical exercise and a good appetite allay any troublesome craving for intellectual excitement. There are, however, some touches of "pawky" humour both in the etchings and the letterpress.

The object of Mr. George Clifford's Life Assurance Handbook* is to "restore public confidence in Life Assurance Offices." The writer describes the working of a number of offices as an illustration of the conditions under which, he thinks, absolute safety can be secured. We should be disposed to doubt, however, whether pushing and puffing are so essential to the success of a well-established office as he seems to imagine; and it is obvious that this must involve a heavy expenditure of a somewhat doubtful kind.

Mr. Bartley, who has made a special study of the Poor Law system†, and is already known by several works on the subject, has compiled a manual of the duties of Guardians, with practical examples of the treatment of typical cases. It must tend very much to simplify a Guardian's labours to have such a clear and practical guide at hand, and Mr. Bartley, besides distinctly explaining the duties, gives some sensible advice.

Mr. Rooper once spent some time in a wild corner of County Mayo, where he had some good shooting; and he has thrown some personal reminiscences of his residence there into the form of a story.‡ In these days there has been rather a surfeit of pictures of Irish life, and, though Mr. Rooper's are not without interest, they are rather too much like what one has read before about the "potheen," the pretty girls, the big salmon, and all the rest of it.

The object of *First Steps in Geography*§ is to prepare young pupils for the study of geography by giving them an interest in the accurate observation of surrounding objects, and making them understand the elementary notions and technical phrases which will afterwards have to be applied. A sound foundation is thus laid for future instruction. The work is intended for the assistance of teachers, and is adapted to the most recent revision of the New Code.

The Oxford University Press has issued what is said to be "the smallest Prayer-Book in the world."‖ It is three and a half inches in length, and weighs barely an ounce. Only a very foolish person would ever think of ruining his eyesight by reading such exceedingly minute type, especially as it is made still more indistinct by the extreme thinness of the paper. The only excuse for such a work is that it is a typographical curiosity.

Debrett's annual issues¶ are of the usual character; but the volume which deals with the House of Commons acquires a particular value from being enriched by Dr. Keneely's coat of arms, which is a magnificent combination of quarterings from the blazonings of England and ancient France *plus* those of some apocryphal Irish chieftain. We do not know whether it is guaranteed by the Heralds' College; but, as far as lions and all that sort of thing go, it is a wonderful piece of art.

For some years Dr. Dobell has been editing Reports on the progress of practical and scientific medicine**, but the extent of the subject has been found somewhat embarrassing, and he has now resolved to confine the annual Reports to a specific department, that of chest disease. The first annual volume has just appeared, and appears to be a very complete and valuable work of reference.

Major Clifford, Professor of Military Law at the Staff College, has composed a classified *précis* of the Mutiny Act and Articles of War†† for the use of military students, which presents in a brief form all the necessary information on the subject.

The *Musical Tales and Sketches* translated from the German of Elise Polko‡‡ are of rather a sentimental and vapoury cast, and the mixture of biography and fiction is very confusing.

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* *About My Father's Business.* By Thomas Archer. Henry S. King & Co.

† *Grace Darling; the Heroine of the Farne Islands.* By Eva Hope. Adam & Co.

‡ *The Year-Book of Facts in Science and the Arts for 1875.* Edited by C. W. Vincent. Ward, Lock, & Tyler.

§ *The Statesman's Year Book.* By Frederick Martin. Thirteenth Year. Macmillan & Co.

‖ *The Boarding-out of Pauper Children in Scotland.* By John Skelton, Advocate. Blackwood.

¶ *The Christmas Mummers; and other Stories.* By Charlotte M. Yonge. Mozley & Smith.

** *Ardenmohr among the Hills.* By Samuel Abbott. With Illustrations sketched, etched, &c., by the Author. Chapman & Hall.

* *The Life Assurer's Handbook and Key to Life Assurance.* By George Clifford. Effingham Wilson.

† *A Handybook for Guardians of the Poor.* By G. C. Bartley. Chapman & Hall.

‡ *A Month in Mayo.* By George Rooper. R. Hardwicke.

§ *First Steps in Geography.* Daldy, Ibister, & Co.

‖ *The Smallest Prayer-Book.* Oxford University Press.

¶ *Debrett's Illustrated House of Commons.* Dean & Son.
Debrett's Illustrated Peerage and Baronetage. Dean & Son.

** *Annual Reports on Diseases of the Chest.* Under the direction of Horace Dobell, M.D. Vol. I. 1874-5. Smith, Elder, & Co.

†† *Précis of the Provisions of the Mutiny Act and Articles of War.* Compiled by Major Clifford, Professor of Military Administration and Law, Staff College. W. Mitchell & Co.

‡‡ *Musical Tales, Phantasms, and Sketches.* From the German of Elise Polko. Samuel Tinsley.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

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THE

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THE ROYAL TITLE.

THE dislike generally entertained to the QUEEN being called Empress is so strong that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER spoke of it on Thursday as a panic. This may be a good or a bad term to use in speaking of this particular outburst of public feeling, but it at least closes the discussion as to whether the feeling is general and strong. The grounds of a panic may be mistaken, but it would be absurd to speak of a panic on the Stock Exchange without meaning that there was a general alarm among speculators. There being this strong feeling, how was expression to be given to it in the House of Commons? Unfortunately, when the strong feeling is against a Ministerial proposal, there is often no practical means of giving vent to it, except by the leader of the Opposition becoming the organ of its expression. Immediately a totally new question is raised, and the supporters of the Ministry say that, if the matter is to be treated as one involving a triumph or defeat of their party, they will sink every other thought in the determination to crush the Opposition. It became a trial of strength between Mr. DISRAELI and Lord HARTINGTON, and Mr. DISRAELI, having a large majority willing to follow him, used it, and Lord HARTINGTON was crushed. But it would not be accurate to say that the majority was composed altogether of members who voted merely to support the Ministry. There were several motives which combined to actuate the majority. There was the feeling that, having gone so far as to pass the second reading, the House was not justified in refusing altogether the title of Empress; the feeling that if the Bill was a favour to India, a favour having been offered should not be withheld; the feeling that we must not shrink from proclaiming our intention to retain supreme command over India; and, above all, the hope that somehow the title of Empress might be happily confined to India, and that we in England should never be troubled with anything to remind us that the QUEEN was anything but Queen. Whatever turn the debate had taken, it is probable that the vote would have been the same, but in point of fact the debate was very useful. The Ministry have at last, after many wandering guesses, arrived at a tolerably clear view of what they think the title of Empress of India means, why they think it should be assumed, and why the evil consequences generally apprehended are not likely to flow from it. The meaning of the title is said to be that the QUEEN is paramount sovereign in India; the reason for the title being assumed is that it is convenient that this supremacy, which is a fact, should be publicly proclaimed in order that the princes of India may know, and that all others concerned may know, their true position, and that every native of India, from the highest to the lowest, may clearly understand that, having got dominion over them, England intends to keep it. And the reason why no evils are likely to be felt in England are that the reasons for calling the QUEEN Empress can only apply to India, and are such as necessarily to localize the title. The intention to retain by the sword supreme dominion obtained by the sword cannot, it is argued with some force, be a thing which any one can consider it desirable to announce with regard to England itself or to the Colonies. The QUEEN is not taking a new title in order to describe more accurately whom she rules and where she rules, but to inform one particular portion of her subjects that she rules them in a particular way, and that this is the way in which she purposes that they shall [illegible] for an incalculable length of time.

Two questions accordingly have to be answered. Is the title Empress a correct title if confined exclusively to India? and is it expedient that, if accurate, it should be assumed? We must own that it does seem an accurate title. Emperor is an apt expression for a sovereign who is sovereign of other sovereigns. There was much discussion in the House as to the relation of the Indian chiefs to the English Crown, and it was pointed out that many of the chiefs, if not all, have accepted the position they hold under treaties with us. But there is nothing inconsistent in saying that a sovereign may by contract undertake to recognize another sovereign as his paramount lord; and, whether by custom, or by express stipulation, or by our interpretation of stipulations in which the chiefs have been forced to acquiesce, the relation of the chiefs to the English Crown has come to be exactly that of dependent sovereigns to a supreme sovereign. The nature of this dependency is very real and complete. As Mr. GRANT DUFF truly said, there is not a single Indian prince who would think of denying that the QUEEN is paramount in India. The native States are obliged to act with the Viceroy in all matters considered by him to affect India generally; none of these States are allowed to make treaties, either with foreign Powers or each other. All have to submit to our interference so far as we think proper to exercise it; and the recent instance of Baroda may remind us how very summarily the right of interference is occasionally exercised. That it is now expedient that a title should be assumed distinctly proclaiming this sovereignty, is asserted on the following grounds. It is convenient that the claim of paramount sovereignty should be made, in order that the native princes may once for all understand their position, and that when we exercise our paramount rights we should not seem to be doing something extraordinary and occasional, but something natural, regular, and necessary. When, for example, we depose a Gaikwar, or require several medical certificates to excuse the non-attendance of the infant NIZAM to pay homage to the PRINCE OF WALES, it is convenient that we should be understood not to be momentarily capricious or exacting, but to be merely carrying out a settled and accepted policy. In the next place, our dominion in India is so strange and new that speculative natives might be tempted to ask whether we ourselves really and in the bottom of our hearts think it can last. This is a doubt or suspicion from which it is thought very desirable that the native mind should be relieved, and we therefore now proclaim in a significant way that, having forced our way into India, we mean to stay there. England wishes to let all the world know that she adopts with regard to India the words of Marshal MACMAHON—"J'y suis, et j'y reste." Lastly, it is said that this significant proclamation of ours will be most acceptable to the natives generally. It is difficult of course to prove this. Lord SALISBURY said on Tuesday that the natives are politically dumb. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE defined their position with more delicacy of distinction. They are not exactly dumb, nor do they exactly speak; but the word Empress is "trembling on their lips," and our apprehension or interpretation of the nascent sound may be helped by our general knowledge of the propensities of the native mind. The natives like to think that there is some one over every one else. They love to live under a strong enduring Government. If they use a title, they like it to be a good big rolling title, a title that fills their mouths when they have got over their difficulties of articulation. If they bow, they like to bow to the ground. We may choose to consider these propensities somewhat servile. It is simpler, the Government reply, to call them merely Oriental, and to recognize them. It is a most happy coincidence that we can afford the natives a peculiarly Oriental description of pleasure at the same

he incumbent on him, of bringing English opinion and English feeling to bear on Indian affairs, and the further duty which Lord CARNARVON thinks rests with every Governor of a Crown colony of making the local Government feel through the telegraph and by the issue of positive instructions that it is dependent on the Home Government, and must not usurp independence. No doubt the despatch was a severe rebuke to Lord NORTHBROOK; but then it is, as Lord SALISBURY said, his business to rebuke a Viceroy when the Viceroy does wrong.

A very different theory of the relations of the Viceroy to o Secretary of State was laid down by Lord LAWRENCE. In his opinion the Viceroy is not at all like of an ordinary Crown colony. The circumst he is placed are totally different. He has to symbonize authority in the presence of a vast multitude of Orientals who are only kept down by the awe of authority. He has to think what is best for India, to take the steps which India requires, to propose the legislation which India needs. He reports his doings to the Secretary of State, who, if he pleases, can recall him or veto his measures. As far as convenience may admit, it is no doubt desirable that, before measures are proposed by the Viceroy, he should submit them to the Secretary of State, as the Secretary of State may make some useful suggestions with his superior knowledge of English opinion and English feeling. It is for the Viceroy to determine what is the value of these suggestions. It is useful for him also to know beforehand what measures the Secretary is likely to veto, as [illegible] a waste of time; but if he thinks India local; and the [illegible] which he knows the Secretary will this may save him [illegible] it and let the Secretary veto requires a measure [illegible] ing that, so [illegible] he can, and will have a veto, it is his business to pass [illegible] their [illegible] of State rebukes him, it. He will have done all for In [illegible] greatest safeguard must clear conscience. If the Secretar [illegible] and high feeling of the Viceroy, if not thin-skinned, will not much mind; and indeed it is not likely he should be much hurt, as he is the man who knows India being rebuked by the man who does not know. Supposing peremptory instructions were sent him as to future legislation of which he disapproved, as Lord LAWRENCE disapproves of the repeal of the cotton goods duty, then Lord LAWRENCE said he should simply disobey them. This, and this only, is the way in which, as the only peer who could address them with the actual experience of Viceroyalty informed the Lords, India can be governed.

It is obvious that these two theories entirely conflict: and it is perhaps also obvious that, while Lord SALISBURY's theory can be carried out in the hands of a Secretary of State with anything like his energy and determination, it is scarcely possible that Lord LAWRENCE's theory can be carried out except under circumstances that may happen once in a century. It is natural that Lord LAWRENCE should assume that the VICEROY knows what is wise for India, because he really did know India as far as any one human being is capable of knowing it. But what can Lord LYTTON know about India? Absolutely nothing. The Secretary of State must, and while Lord SALISBURY is in office most certainly will, direct him. On the other hand, it is hard to persuade ourselves that India is really like any ordinary Crown colony, and that the Viceroy is only a gentlemanly servant at the other end of a wire with a handsomer livery than usual. The end of all reflection on the debate in the Lords is that there is something true in both theories, and that all that can be done is, by tact and patience and wise allowance for differences of view, to combine them as far as possible. It is, no doubt, very hard to do this, and Lord SALISBURY easily showed that other Secretaries, and especially the Duke of ARGYLL, had used language to other Viceroys more outspoken and peremptory than anything he had written to Lord NORTHBROOK. But mistakes are mistakes, even if other people have committed them. It is not assuming much to assume that, if Lord SALISBURY had now to write his views about the repeal of the cotton duty, he would use more moderate language. He would guard himself more closely against the appearance of dictation. Perhaps the debate will have a general and useful effect, and will incline not only the present but future Secretaries, to uphold the Viceroy as much as possible to rebuke him as little as possible, to be very cautious in bringing views of English opinion and English ideas to bear on India, and to avoid casting out all sense of responsibility in the Indian Government by the abuse of the telegraph.

THE FRENCH MINISTERIAL STATEMENT.

A MINISTERIAL statement which begins by asserting the legitimacy of the existing order of things in France may be thought to be either superfluous or useless. If the deliberate consent of a constituent Assembly and the popular ratification which is implied in the return of a large Republican majority are not at once recognized as sufficient to give the requisite validity to the Republic, of what avail will it be that the new Cabinet has added its seal? If we pass beyond the form, and ask whether the new institutions have any promise of permanence beyond those which have preceded them, the answer must be left to the future. Either way, it may be contended, the first paragraph of the statement which M. DUFAURE read on Tuesday in the Senate, and the Duke DECAZES in the Chamber of Deputies is altogether out of place. The answer is, that messages of this kind are not intended either for foreigners or for political students. They are addressed to the parties which compose the Legislature at that particular time, and, judged by this standard, [illegible] statement will not appear inappropriate. Its opening words define with great accuracy the position which its authors intend to assume with reference to the Legitimists, the Bonapartists, and the extreme Republicans. The assertion that, in human society, power cannot have a higher origin than the deliberate assent [illegible] those over whom it is exercised is addressed to the Legitimists. It separates the new Cabinet from men like M. BUFFET and the Duke of BROGLIE, who, though they were willing to accept the Republic as the best attainable substitute for a legitimate Government, still looked forward to a time when it might be replaced by a Government to which that character should attach by right and not by sufferance. M. DUFAURE declares in effect that, though a Monarchy may conceivably be substituted for the Republic, as being likely to answer [illegible] Government better under certain circumstances, the advantages [illegible] determination to [illegible] the change would be practically [illegible] nourishes are not to be literally [illegible] have another the ends of [illegible] population must come to an [illegible] for the more rational leaders can cal, not theoretical. These same [illegible] their Mussulmeaning as regards the Bonapartists. They claim [illegible] ations Republic all the popular authority which on the Imperialist theory can only be given by a plebiscite. Universal suffrage, the statement seems to say, is not essentially associated with a particular mode of taking the votes. A Government can be as effectually recognized by a Legislature the members of which have been chosen by constituencies fully aware of the issue submitted to them, as if the inquiry had taken the shape of Will you have the Republic or the Empire? To the extreme Radicals this first paragraph conveys a reminder that any defects that may have existed in the constituent powers of the late Assembly have been fully condoned by the vote of the electors. If the new MINISTER of the INTERIOR stands by the assurance which follows, and insists upon his subordinates showing their fidelity to the Government by "making the Republic understood and appreciated," the distinction between the present and the late Cabinet will soon be thoroughly understood. M. BUFFET neither understood nor appreciated the Republic himself, and his subordinates were fully sensible that any signs of doing so on their part would be the worst possible passport to their chief's favour. There is no reason to suppose that, if M. RICARD makes his wishes equally clear, he will have any difficulty in securing an equally prompt obedience. When M. BUFFET retained the Bonapartist prefects who had been appointed by the Duke of BROGLIE, there is little doubt that he might have turned them into fairly good Republicans if he had only been willing to take the pains. As it was, he preferred to keep them Bonapartists; and, when they found that no change was demanded of them, it was natural enough that they should continue to bear their own characters. But the reasons which would have made it their interest to become Republicans at M. BUFFET's bidding have lost none of their force, and will probably be found equally effectual to make them become Republicans at M. RICARD's bidding. It may be a little hard at first to have to proclaim that the Republic, more than any other form of government, needs to rest upon religion, property, and respect for labour, considering how lately they have been engaged in proclaiming that religion, property, and respect for labour are necessarily incompatible with a Republic. But they will not be long in mastering their new lesson, and any anxiety they may feel as to their power of doing so will be soothed by the reflection that the elections have shown how very little it matters whether they master it or not.

The only legacies from the late Assembly which the new Cabinet seems prepared to accept are the controversy about University degrees and the controversy about the nomination of mayors. It is a decided concession to the Left that these questions should thus be singled out for immediate legislation. The compromise arrived at by the Assembly during the passage of the University Education Bill has hardly begun to take effect, and it is certainly early to interfere with it. But the prompt activity with which the bishops have availed themselves of their new powers as regards the foundation of Universities has given a flavour of clericalism to a law which in itself was neither unjust nor injurious to the interests of education, and it is almost impossible for a Cabinet which leans in any degree on the Left to avoid professing its readiness to review the question. Under the present law the examiners for degrees are appointed by a Board in which the University of France and the free Universities are alike represented, and the least concession demanded by the Left is the excision of the latter element from the Board. It will appear to many that the narrowness of spirit which will hesitate to allow due merit to the candidates sent up from a rival University may be as powerful in the University of France as in the free Universities. Even if the security afforded by common representation on the examining Board is found inexpedient, some equally unpopular equivalent will probably have to be substituted for it unless the legislation of last year is to be altogether overthrown—a result which is scarcely to be expected when four members of the Cabinet were also members of the Cabinet which passed the Universities Bill. The nomination of mayors is a matter which has been made to seem more important than it really is by reason of the exaggerated expectations which the Duke of BROGLIE, and even M. BUFFET, entertained of the working of the present law. They always assumed that it would be impossible to manage the elections unless the Government nominated the mayors. When the elections came it turned out that, even though they had the nomination of the mayors, they were wholly unable to manage the elections, at least in any sense which affected the composition of the Chambers. The relations between the Government and the mayors are such that it may often be highly inconvenient to have the post occupied by an adversary, not merely of the particular Cabinet, but even of the form of government which it is the business of the Cabinet to administer. The Republican party are likely to feel this inconvenience quite as keenly as any of their opponents, and it may be suspected that in their hearts they are not very anxious to deprive themselves of an advantage of which they failed to deprive either M. BUFFET or the Duke of BROGLIE. But the necessity of appearing consistent compels the Left to insist on some modification of the law, and leaves the Cabinet no choice but to promise to give the subject its best consideration.

Some surprise and more regret has been expressed at M. GAMBETTA'S attitude towards the new Ministry. It seems to be forgotten that, though a politician may not resent in act the exclusion of himself and his followers from the offices to which their weight in the Legislature appears to entitle them, it is scarcely to be expected that he should not resent it in words. M. GAMBETTA probably knows as well as any man that in the present condition of France a Cabinet formed on strict Parliamentary principles is out of the question. The Executive is more Conservative than the Legislature; and the Executive, as well as the Legislature, has to be consulted in carrying on the government. But, inasmuch as the existing Cabinet is professedly formed on Parliamentary principles, it is not unreasonable that the leader of what is accepted, at all events until some decisive decision shall have proved the contrary, as the strongest section of the Republican party in the Chamber of Deputies should call attention to so direct a violation of them. And supposing, as there is good reason to suppose, that the Cabinet is genuinely Republican, it is to be desired that M. GAMBETTA should take up an attitude of criticism rather than of simple support. A time must arrive when the term Republican will cease to be a party distinction, and will become a common title, including not only the Ministerialists, but also the bulk of the Opposition. When that time arrives, M. GAMBETTA will be the natural leader of the Liberal Republicans, as M. DUFAURE, or his successors, will be the natural leader of the Conservative Republicans. Probably the immediate result of this change will be to lessen the number of M. GAMBETTA'S followers. Of late the Republican party has been almost identified with him, inasmuch as the nominally Republican Administration was suspected of cherishing a secret affection for other forms of government. Now that this is no longer the case, the differences that exist in the Republican party will become more evident, because they will no longer be suppressed in the presence of common adversaries. Timid politicians may think the change a symptom of weakness; but it will in truth be the best evidence, because the necessary accompaniment, of Republican progress.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

BETWEEN the Philadelphia Exhibition and the Presidential election the people of the United States are provided with interesting occupation for some months to come. The Centennial celebration is the occasion of graver excitement, and its practical results may perhaps be more important. Up to the present time the promoters and managers of the undertaking have displayed remarkable energy and ability, and the Exhibition will probably be one of the most brilliant of the series, as it will be larger in all its dimensions than the displays of London, of Paris, or of Vienna. The equanimity of summer visitors, whether they are Republican or Democratic, will be but slightly disturbed by the victory or defeat which they may respectively hope or fear to experience in November. In former times the choice of a President involved both considerations of personal fitness, and on some occasions weighty political issues. The last contest of political significance ended in the election of Mr. LINCOLN by a minority, in consequence of a schism in the ranks of his Democratic opponents. The candidate himself was almost unknown; but as soon as he was elected, the most pugnacious of the Southern States seceded from the Union. His re-election in 1864 was a fitting recognition of his public services, and the only successor who has since owed his elevation to a popular vote also received his first appointment as a merited reward. The recollection of General GRANT'S exploits was less fresh in 1872 than in 1868; but he was still the most presentable candidate of the regular Republican party, and the dissident or reforming section of the party, with their Democratic allies, threw away their chance by the ridiculous nomination of Mr. GREELEY. The enthusiasm with which General GRANT was regarded for some time after the end of the war has now wholly subsided. He has on many occasions plainly intimated his desire for a third term of office; but recent scandals, though they may not have directly affected his character, have destroyed all hopes of his re-election.

The election which will take place in the autumn, and the preliminary arrangements, create the same kind of excitement with a Derby on a gigantic scale. To the community as a whole it matters little which party or which candidate is preferred, but the final decision will be a gratifying triumph to those who may have backed the winner. The interest on the impending occasion will be greatly increased by the uncertainty which prevails as to the comparative strength of the two great parties. The Democrats carried the elections in 1874, and the Republicans in 1875, and it is impossible to say how the balance of opinion has since inclined. The party which is allied with the actual PRESIDENT and with the Senate controls the votes of the numerous office-holders throughout the Union; but expectants as well as incumbents have votes; and probably the Republicans have lost ground by the exposure of the widespread corruption which prevails at Washington. The Democrats, who were formerly discredited by the connexion of their party with the perpetrators of the New York frauds, at present enjoy the more gratifying office of prosecutors; and their party in the House of Representatives is not disposed to waste its opportunity. The charges against General BABCOCK are revived, notwithstanding his acquittal; and the impediments which render it difficult or impossible to proceed with the impeachment of General BELKNAP will not diminish the indignation which has been provoked by his conduct. The Republicans have endeavoured to trace a questionable connexion between Mr. PENDLETON, who is a possible Democratic nominee, and the delinquent SECRETARY for WAR; but Mr. PENDLETON seems to have satisfied a Committee of the House that the charge is unfounded. The brother of the PRESIDENT confesses his

participation in an arrangement which may be mildly described as a job. No direct charge has yet been made against the PRESIDENT; but the easy morality of a great officer of State who has the bad luck to be surrounded by friends and kinsmen of doubtful character will not suit the present temper of the people. Two ingenious appeals to popular prejudice have wholly failed. The PRESIDENT soon found that the country was not disposed to adopt a policy of aggression in Cuba; and the agitation which he commenced against the Roman Catholic Church has been appropriated by other politicians, who will probably suspend it until the Presidential election is decided.

On the whole it has become nearly certain that the PRESIDENT will not even be proposed as a candidate for nomination in the Republican Convention at Cincinnati. The interest of jobbing politicians will be not less appropriately represented by Mr. MORTON or Mr. CONKLING. It is possible that the Republican nominee may, if he is elected, be a good President, but it is quite certain that he will not have been previously distinguished. Of those who have hitherto been mentioned, Mr. BLAINE has perhaps the best chance of nomination. As Speaker of the last House of Representatives he acquired a reputation for Parliamentary adroitness which has since been enhanced by the skill with which he took the anti-Catholic movement out of the hands of the PRESIDENT. Mr. BRISTOW, now Secretary of the Treasury, is the best financier who has held office of late years, and he may perhaps be recommended to popular approval, though not to the favour of election-managers, by the energy with which he has prosecuted the inquiry into the revenue frauds. The Cincinnati Convention will not be disturbed by feelings of personal enthusiasm for any of the possible nominees. The Democrats are almost equally at a loss for a candidate who may unite the greatest number of votes. Mr. TILDEN, Governor of New York, has acquired just credit by his vigorous repression of municipal frauds, and he has displayed much administrative ability; but unluckily he holds sound and decided opinions on the currency; and it is thought that the Democrats of the Western States will not support a candidate who is pledged to promote the earliest possible resumption of specie currency. On the other hand, the autumn elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio are thought to have shown the danger of alienating the most enlightened States by the selection of a candidate pledged to inflation. Before the Convention meets at St. Louis the managers of the party will have exerted all their ingenuity in constructing some formula which may as far as possible satisfy both the advocates of a sound coinage and the partisans of inflation.

The embarrassment which is felt by both parties in devising political issues, and the abundant leisure which is not disturbed by any demand for legislative activity, have been curiously illustrated by a late debate in the House of Representatives on an abstract proposition. The Republicans thought that they could revive the popularity which they enjoyed ten years ago by a gratuitous and unseasonable appeal to the love of national unity. For this purpose they moved a Resolution that the people of the United States constitute one nation, and not a confederacy of States; that the national union is indissoluble; that no State has a right to judge of the constitutional character of laws; and that secession or rebellion against the Union is treason. Even if all these propositions were admitted as true there would be no reason for affirming them at a time when no State and no single citizen meditates a practical contravention of the Republican doctrine. If the Democrats had met the challenge by moving the previous question, they would have furnished the best comment on the party nature of the movement. Their leaders seem to have thought it more expedient to accept the challenge of the Republicans. They declared in a counter Resolution that the Government of the United States is a Federal Union with powers defined and limited by the Constitution. The doctrine of secession was, as they reasonably contended, settled by the result of the Civil War; but they held that the local government of the several States was necessary for the maintenance of freedom. The mistake which the Republicans had committed was shown by the desertion of several members of the party, with whose aid the Democratic Resolutions were carried by a majority of more than three to one. It is not to be supposed that the Presidential contest will be affected by a transparent contrivance for the promotion of party objects; but one of the singular results of the American Constitution is that the Legislature devotes the greater part of the Session to the purpose of influencing the election of the future head of the Executive. It is not the business of foreigners to criticize arrangements which must be presumed to suit the convenience of those whom they immediately concern. Intelligent Americans are offended by the practical anomalies which sometimes affect the working of their institutions, and they dislike and condemn the corruption which seems to be an inevitable result of the system; but they find that Washington jobs and idle Parliamentary talk are compatible with order, with freedom, and with prosperity; and they are so far independent of the character of Presidents and Congresses that no nation in the world is so little troubled by contact with Government. The distribution of power among the Union, the States, and the smaller political divisions, in some degree explains the public indifference to the issues which divide and occupy professional politicians.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE NAVY.

ON Monday Mr. BENTINCK revived an old controversy to very little purpose. The question whether the First Lord of the Admiralty ought necessarily to be a naval officer has often been discussed, and practical expediency has always pointed to the same conclusion—that, as a rule, it is work which is fitter for a civilian than for a professional man. The evidence taken by the Committee of 1871 supplied Mr. DISRAELI with abundant materials for justifying his opposition to Mr. BENTINCK'S motion. It is true that a large proportion of the witnesses before the Committee were civilians who had held office as head of the navy, and who might therefore be suspected of regarding with some degree of personal prepossession the suitability of civilians for such appointments. At the same time there were also naval witnesses who took the same view: and indeed it is only necessary to consider the practical conditions of the question in order to see that it would be impossible to lay down the rule that the First Lord should be invariably a naval officer, and never a civilian. No doubt a naval officer who possessed all the qualifications for the post would be the best man, but then the question is, what likelihood is there of finding a naval officer answering this ideal? Lord JOHN HAY said rather bluntly in his evidence that he had hardly ever seen a naval Lord whom he thought fit to be First Lord of the Admiralty; and it must be admitted that such persons are likely to be rare. It must be remembered that this is a country in which Parliamentary government prevails, and that this sort of government is not an absolutely perfect system, and must be taken with its advantages and disadvantages. It is easy to conceive that in a despotic country the navy might at a particular time be placed in the hands of a highly competent expert exercising absolute authority as the delegate of the sovereign, and might thus be brought into a high state of efficiency. In Russia, for instance, the navy is under the brother of the EMPEROR, who has a thorough professional knowledge of his work, and is also a man of great spirit and energy. The Grand Duke CONSTANTINE no doubt suffers in a certain way from that "eternal want of pence which vexes public men"; but, on the other hand, he is not troubled by the close and jealous supervision of a House of Commons, and the necessity of satisfying popular opinion in everything he does or proposes to do. The danger of this system is that, although it may be an admirable one when it is quite certain that the right man is in the right place, and knows what he is about, it leaves room for the possibility of a rash or inefficient man being put in a position where he may do incalculable mischief. In a free country such a system is obviously impossible. The Government must do, not just what it thinks best, but what the country approves, and in all important matters must carry the country with it. Moreover, it is impossible to keep the management of the navy altogether apart from current politics. The necessary strength of the navy must be measured by the purposes for which it is to be used; and it is indispensable that the head of the department should be a member of the Cabinet and in the full enjoyment of its confidence. It is clear, therefore, that the First Lord must be, to begin with, a politician and statesman, and in harmonious accord with the Ministry of the day. But how many naval officers have a chance of qualifying themselves for such a position? In order to

excel in their own profession, they must devote to it the greater part of their lives. They cannot be in the House of Commons and engaged in the active exercise of their profession at the same time; and it is usually, and indeed necessarily, late in life before they can take a seat in Parliament. On the other hand, although a civilian in such a position is at a disadvantage in regard to technical knowledge, this is required only for a part of his duties, and can in a great measure be supplied by professional advice. There is a great deal of ordinary administrative work for which the First Lord is responsible, and which any sensible man, with good business habits, is capable of looking after. The position, in fact, which the Parliamentary head of the navy occupies is not that of an expert who is supposed to know exactly what to do from his own knowledge and experience, and to be able to decide offhand for himself on any question, but simply that of a superintendent who is appointed to look after the interests of the country and to see that its wishes are complied with. When a private person has a house built he does not place himself absolutely in the hands of the architect or builder; he lays down the conditions on which he wishes the work done, changes his mind from time to time as to what he wants, and retains a controlling power over the style and cost of the edifice. And it is the same with the navy, and also with the army. The Parliamentary head of the army need not be a soldier any more than the head of the navy need be a sailor; what is wanted is a shrewd, sensible man of business, who is a good judge of what sort of people to trust, and who makes up his mind, like a jury, on the evidence before him.

When the position of a First Lord is distinctly understood, it is easy to see the course of duty which lies before him and the dangers to which he is exposed. He ought always to bear in mind that he is only officially and not personally responsible for decisions on professional matters as to which he, as a civilian, naturally knows very little, and that all he has to do is to form an intelligent decision upon the advice laid before him by those who possess practical knowledge. The danger is lest he should fancy himself entitled to make light of professional advice, when it does not accord with his own personal judgment. Mr. WARD HUNT, for example, may or may not be fit for the office he occupies; but if he is unfit, it is not because he is a civilian, but merely because he is personally incapable of that clear perception of his duty which is necessary to save a man in such a place from constant blundering. It must be borne in mind that Mr. HUNT has never shown himself remarkable for business aptitude. When Chancellor of the Exchequer he distinguished himself by one of the most extraordinary feats of bungling ever achieved by any holder of that office. In policy the purchase of the telegraphs was no doubt sound enough; but the manner in which the financial part of the transaction was managed was an almost incredible muddle. The railways were left entirely out of account, and a ring of stock-jobbers were allowed to plunder the public. At the Admiralty Mr. HUNT has still more conspicuously and consistently displayed his want of discretion and common sense. Of course it would be absurd to hold him responsible for the loss of the *Vanguard*, except perhaps in so far as the holiday character of the cruise and the undermanning of the ships may have indirectly contributed to the disaster. Mr. HUNT'S responsibility did not begin until he had the verdict of the court-martial before him. He had then to decide how far he should adopt it, and he took confidential counsel on the question with the naval Lords. Here arose a conflict of authorities; the court-martial who had heard the case thought one thing, the naval Lords who had not heard it thought differently; and Mr. HUNT, without allowing any further inquiry, gave a hasty decision in favour of his more intimate advisers. Whether the view he took was right or wrong is a point on which different opinions may be entertained, but there can be no question that he ought to have avoided a precipitate decision dealing with the whole of a subject which had only been partially investigated, and in the teeth of the judgment of a tribunal of high authority. In dealing with other disasters since he has been in office Mr. WARD HUNT has similarly shown his contempt for the ordinary securities of judicial investigation, and has acted, like an autocrat, on his own private impressions. No public notice has been taken by the Admiralty of such cases as those of the *Alberta*—the papers as to which, by the way, are still mysteriously delayed—the *Monarch*, and the *Iron Duke* in its second escapade. It may be that in each of these cases the conduct of the officers can be fully justified; but the suppression of the usual course of inquiry is clearly a violation of what is due both to the service and the public. A wise administrator would understand the possibilities of error which surround him, and would take care to fortify himself in any decision by obtaining the opinion of the regular tribunals, and justifying his acts by open evidence. Mr. HUNT'S defect is that he does not understand the pitfalls that lie in the way of a rash, self-confident administrator, who takes too much upon himself.

As regards ship-building, it can perhaps hardly be said that Mr. WARD HUNT'S administration has been much worse than that of his predecessors, but he has certainly shown that he wants the firmness of judgment which is essential in such an office. He began his career by declaring that we had only a phantom fleet, and immediately afterwards he had to admit that our navy had a substantial existence, and required only some small repairs. This year he still retains his confidence in its sufficiency. We have lost a valuable ironclad, but it is not thought necessary to replace it, and there is to be a large addition of gunboats instead. There is no doubt something to be said in favour of the policy of, as the Duke of SOMERSET said, putting our eggs in as many baskets as possible, but there is surely a medium between ironclad first-rates and gunboats which deserves attention. The mischief of the system at the Admiralty is that it does not maintain a steady course, but is always rushing from one extreme to the other. In 1870, for instance, as Mr. REED pointed out, four ships were laid down by the then Government, which was alarmed by the outbreak of war between France and Germany, and its possible contingencies. But the war was at an end before any of these vessels were ready, and consequently the money was thrown away, because the ships were not of the kind which would have been built except for an emergency. Again, it is evident that, if the gunboat branch of the navy is so desperately in want of reinforcement, it must be because it has been neglected; and now ironclads are to be neglected in order to attend to gunboats. This fitful and capricious attention now to one thing and then to another is surely not the way to secure an efficient service. Whatever may be thought of Mr. REED'S method of calculating the strength of our own and foreign navies, the admission of the FIRST LORD that the navy of France is to that of England as seventy-five to a hundred is, considering the relative circumstances of the two countries, a subject for something more than reflection. Nor ought the possible combination of foreign fleets, which, though individually weaker than our own, would be stronger in the aggregate, to be left out of account.

LANDED PROPERTY IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

THE compulsory transfer of property in Prince Edward Island may perhaps have alarmed nervous English landowners who have become acquainted with the transaction by occasional conversations in Parliament. The precedents of which the Irish Land Act was the first are likely to accumulate with constantly diminishing regard for rules which were once deemed immutable. Every separate act of interference with property is excused, and perhaps justified, by the special circumstances of the case; but the common principle that private right must yield to real or supposed public convenience acquires additional practical importance by each successive recognition of its validity. The expropriation of the landowners in Prince Edward Island has received the more or less willing assent of Lord GRANVILLE, Lord KIMBERLEY, Lord DUFFERIN, and Lord CARNARVON. It may therefore be assumed that some measure of the kind was necessary, or that it was less objectionable than the probable results of an alternative policy; but property is a delicate institution, depending for its security on unbroken custom. In Prince Edward Island, as in Ireland, the concessions which were professedly due to reasons of practical convenience had been clamorously demanded on revolutionary and communistic grounds. Occupiers who were impatient of the existence of landlords have for some years announced that property in land was a usurpation, and that the soil naturally belonged to the actual cultivators. It is probable that they may change their minds since they have acquired their freeholds for an almost nominal consideration. The occupiers of the island will repay the debt which

the Irish tenantry by furnishing arguments in favour of Mr. Butt's agitation for the transfer of the remaining rights of Irish landowners. After a time English proprietors will be reminded in turn that their interests also are subject to the discretion of the Legislature. Some of them are prematurely inviting attack by the suicidal policy of confiscating property which happens to be excepted from the ordinary course of hereditary succession.

It must be admitted that the absentee landowners of Prince Edward Island occupied an invidious position. Lord Carnarvon lately informed the House of Lords that about a hundred years ago the land was acquired by their predecessors in title through the odd machinery of a raffle. The prizes in the Crown lottery were estates of 20,000 acres each; and the winners, who perhaps scarcely understood where their new possessions were situated, could have little intention of colonizing the island in their own persons. The actual settlers have since held their tenements at a trifling rent, which has in most cases run into arrear. The prevalence and popularity of freehold tenures throughout the continent of North America not unnaturally rendered the islanders discontented with their position; but fifty or thirty years ago it would have been useless to ask the assent of a Lieutenant-Governor of the Colonial Office to measures for the compulsory acquisition of holdings by occupiers. The establishment and growth of popular power exercised by a democratic Legislature has since changed the conditions of the controversy. One of the parties in the dispute returns all the members, while the other only held the property which was coveted by the constituency. An analogous division between the basis of taxation and that of representation has in other countries produced the results which might be expected. In Prince Edward Island the question was not as to the distribution of public burdens, but as to the ownership of all the land in the colony. Several Bills were successively passed to enable the Government to buy out the proprietors on terms so inequitable that the Colonial Minister or the Governor-General of Canada refused to assent to them. Both Lord Dufferin and Lord Carnarvon at last sanctioned in 1875 an Act which has effected the object of abolishing leasehold tenures. It appears by a recital in the preamble that, when the island was annexed to Canada, the Government of the Dominion undertook to contribute eight hundred thousand dollars for the purpose of enabling the Government of the province to buy up the leasehold lands. The Act constituted a Commission which was to assess the compensation to be paid to the owners the Governor-General, the Lieutenant-Governor of the island, and the proprietors themselves respectively nominating one of the three Commissioners.

Mr. Childers, who was appointed a Commissioner by Lord Dufferin, was obliged to return to England after making an award on the claims of ten considerable proprietors. The principles on which he adjudicated have probably been adopted by his successors; and to those who are unacquainted with the country the results seem at least to explain the loudly expressed dissatisfaction of the expropriated owners. For the freehold of 130,000 acres of land the arbitrators awarded 60,000*l*. There is no reason to doubt either their competence or their impartiality, though the losers by the transaction may be excused for including the Commissioners in the blame which they impute to the provincial Legislature, to the Government of the Dominion, and to the Colonial Minister. By the 28th section of the Act the Commissioners are required to consider, amongst other things, the price at which other proprietors have sold their land, the arrears of rent, the gross rental already paid by the tenants during the previous six years, and the net receipts of the proprietor, the number of acres held by adverse claimants, and the possibility of ejecting them, and the condition of the original grants from the Crown. As the tenants have for many years, with the concurrence of the Legislature, baffled and thwarted the proprietors by all possible means in their efforts to assert their rights, their resistance to the law is now rewarded by a proportional diminution in the compensation allowed to the proprietor. Adverse claimants are probably squatters, with no title but possession; and the undoubted difficulty of ejecting them from their holdings authorizes a further deduction from the amount of compensation. The proprietors had protested loudly against all the measures of the provincial Assembly, including the Act of 1875; but it is not surprising that the smallness of the sums awarded by the Commissioners [illegible] not as a necessary consequence of previous legislation, but as a new and distinct grievance. No objection can be made to a provision that no percentage should be allowed for compulsory purchase. Residents in England who had inherited large tracts of land in a distant colony could not be supposed to feel any sentimental attachment to their estates. It must not be forgotten that all the deductions allowed by the Act really corresponded to draw backs from the value of the property. If no transfer had been effected, the leaseholders would constantly have become more turbulent and more contumacious.

The action of the provincial Legislature was first suggested by Lord Granville in a despatch which referred to the Irish Land Act, then recently passed. The principle of compulsory interference was common to Ireland and to the colony; but the reasons which were thought to render the application of the principle expedient were as different as the economic circumstances of the two countries. The remedies were also unlike, for in Ireland proprietors have not been compelled to sell their estates, and in Prince Edward Island there are no evicted tenants to receive compensation. In one country land was scarce and dear, and it was the object of incessant competition. Prince Edward Island is thinly settled, and some of the proprietors owned large tracts of uncultivated land. The universal establishment of freehold tenures will probably promote population and prosperity. Ireland was twenty years ago over-peopled; and it has at present a sufficient number of inhabitants. It is a cause for regret that the leasehold tenures in Prince Edward Island were not voluntarily commuted some years ago, when their proprietors might probably have secured more liberal terms. A similar measure would not be applicable to England, where the accumulation of large estates, and the customary relation of landlord and tenant, result in a great degree from economical causes; but there can be no doubt that the precedent will often be quoted. The Irish Land Act passed on the assurance of the Government that the recognition of exceptional circumstances would not affect the security of property in other parts of the United Kingdom; but one of Mr. Gladstone's colleagues has often since publicly contended that the principle of the Irish Act must in consistency be applied to England. Lord Dufferin and Lord Carnarvon may be acquitted of willingness to tamper with the foundations of property; but their authority will be hereafter invoked in favour of schemes for the redistribution of land.

AMENDMENTS TO THE COMMONS BILL.

If Mr. Fawcett is well advised, he will withdraw the motion of which he has given notice with regard to the Commons Bill. Before opposing the further progress of the measure he ought to be satisfied either that the law as it stands is satisfactory, or that the Bill proposing to amend it cannot be made to effect its professed purpose. It may perhaps be contended that the best thing that can be done about inclosures is not to make them, and that this object can be as well attained under the existing Acts as under any Bill that can be introduced. The objections to this policy are that there may still be cases in which a judicious inclosure would be a public benefit; that, even if there are no such cases, there is often need for the regulation of commons, which is impossible without an Act of Parliament of some sort; and that, so long as the feeling against inclosures is not embodied in an Act of Parliament, its continuance cannot be relied on. If the watchfulness of the opponents once slumbers, the machinery for effecting them lies ready to hand. If the law is altered in the sense proposed by Mr. Cross, the decision upon each inclosure will still rest with Parliament, but the preparation of the scheme will be surrounded with new difficulties. It will be much less easy to take Parliament by surprise than it is now; and, although the change may seem unimportant when Parliament is not likely to be taken by surprise, it may not be unimportant at some future time when Parliament has other things to think about. As regards the Bill itself, it may be true, as Mr. Fawcett's notice of motion says, that it "does not give adequate protection to the interests of the rural labourer, and does not "provide proper securities against the inclosure of those "commons which it is desirable to preserve in their unin-"closed condition for the use and enjoyment of the people." But the question on going into Committee is not so much whether a Bill already contains all that ought to be in it,

as whether there is a fair probability that, before it leaves Committee, it can be made to contain all that ought to be in it. Mr. FAWCETT will not deny that the Commons Bill contains many useful provisions, and Mr. CROSS has declared his readiness to introduce any further provisions that can be shown to be conducive to the object he has in view. If there is to be legislation on the subject at all, it is not likely to take place under more favourable circumstances than when a Bill, which is admitted to point in the right direction, is in charge of a Minister who is honestly anxious to make it as perfect as possible.

Of the various amendments which appear in the Notice Paper, the most sweeping is that which Mr. COWPER-TEMPLE proposes to move on the second clause. As the Bill stands, it provides for two things—the regulation of commons and the inclosure of commons. Mr. COWPER-TEMPLE wishes to see it restricted to the first of these objects, and with this view he proposes to insert words forbidding the Inclosure Commissioners to entertain an application for the inclosure of a common either in whole or in part. To justify this amendment Mr. COWPER-TEMPLE must show, not that it is not expedient to inclose many commons—a process which would give him no difficulty—but that it is not expedient to inclose any. This is tantamount to saying that there is no common land in any part of England over which cultivation may beneficially be extended. This may be true as regards the neighbourhood of London or of other great towns—and when we say neighbourhood, we use the word in its largest sense, as applying to all waste spaces which lie within the limits of a long day's excursion—but there are probably cases in Yorkshire and the other Northern counties to which it is far from being yet applicable, cases in which judicious inclosure need not in any way injure the landscape or detract from the usefulness of the common land to the scanty population of the district. In the South, again, it is not always true that a common is either ornamental or useful. It may be simply a marsh which yields nothing except malaria, which is incapable of regulation, and which must consequently be either inclosed or left alone. There is no objection to making such changes in the Bill as will show unmistakably that regulation, not inclosure, is the object which the Legislature has most at heart, and the object to which the Commissioners are on all occasions to give precedence. But unless Mr. COWPER-TEMPLE is able to make out a very strong case indeed, this particular amendment ought not to be adopted. This objection does not apply to the words which Mr. FAWCETT proposes to insert in the preamble. As it is drawn, the clause recites that it is expedient to give further facilities to the Commissioners to deal with commons without inclosing them. Mr. FAWCETT would preface this by a recital that "it is no longer expedient, as recited by the General "Inclosure Act 1845, to facilitate the inclosure of com-"mons." This is no more than the truth. There is nothing in the Bill to make inclosures easier. All the new provisions are directed to making them less easy than they are by existing law, though not, owing to accidental circumstances, by existing practice. There can be no harm therefore in making the preamble of the Bill say plainly that, though powers for inclosing commons are incidentally included in it, it is not the intention of the Bill to make inclosures more numerous.

There are two notices of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE'S which meet the objection that the Bill as it stands does not deal comprehensively with the whole subject. It provides a machinery for making inclosures, but it does not provide that no inclosure shall be effected without this machinery. Some of the worst inclosures have been made, not by the Inclosure Commissioners, but by private owners acting in defiance of law but in a comfortable assurance that no one will incur the cost of a lawsuit in order to stop them. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE proposes to enact that, after the passing of the Act, any inclosure of a common existing at the time of such passing shall be unlawful unless sanctioned by Parliament under its provisions; and by another amendment he makes the remedy cheap and simple, by providing that any inclosure of a common or of any part thereof shall, unless sanctioned by Parliament, be deemed a public nuisance. If these provisions are inserted in the Bill, the whole law of the subject will be within the four corners of the Act. It is plain that when a machinery for effecting inclosures is provided by law, the prohibition against effecting them by any other means can hardly be made too precise or too stringent. In the present state of the law there is a standing temptation to effect inclosures by the simple process of setting up fences and notices to trespassers, in the belief that no one will be found with sufficient public spirit and a sufficiently long purse to appeal to a court of law for an order to get the fences taken down and the notice-boards removed. When the act of inclosing, except through the intervention of the Commissioners, is made a public nuisance, the uncertainty which now surrounds an appeal to the law courts will at all events be removed. It would be a useful addition to Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE'S amendment if the Commissioners were directed, on having the existence of any such nuisance brought to their knowledge, themselves to take proceedings for its abatement. This would be a perfectly appropriate function for Commissioners charged with the protection of public interests, and many persons would be found to give the Commissioners notice of an illegal inclosure who might not be ready to take even summary proceedings against the authors of it on their own account. Another amendment appears in Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE'S name, the object of which to provide that it shall not, as now, be fatal to the proof of the customary right of the inhabitants of a village to the use of the village green that it can be shown to have been used by other persons as well. Nothing can be more absurd than a law which allows the destruction of a village green because the benefit of it has been extended beyond the actual residents in the village. It would be as reasonable to declare that Hyde Park should be built over because it had been proved that country people as well as Londoners occasionally walked in it. Still, absurd as this reasoning is, it seems to be well-ascertained law, and, being such, it ought plainly to be dealt with in any Bill which professes to deal with the whole subject of commons inclosure. There are several amendments of smaller moment on the Notice Paper, chiefly referring to the public meeting which the Assistant-Commissioner is directed to hold for the purpose of ascertaining the local feeling about a proposed inclosure. Some of these relate to the time at which the meeting shall be held, and others to the publicity of the notices given of it. Mr. MACDONALD proposes that a poll of the inhabitants of the parish in which the common is situated may be demanded by any inhabitant who is dissatisfied with the result of the public meeting, and that the vote shall be taken by ballot. We cannot but think that this provision would in a great majority of cases involve a simple waste of money and labour. Where there is no real feeling on the subject among the inhabitants the poll would be a mere form; where there is such a feeling, sufficient means for the expression of it, and for bringing that expression to the knowledge of Parliament, seem already to be provided.

Two important points remain which are not yet touched by any of the amendments of which notice has been given. One is the absence of any instruction to the Commissioners to take care that the compensation given for rights of common shall, when possible, be similar in kind to the rights which are surrendered. It is all very well to give a labouring man a bit of garden ground, but he cannot keep a cow in a garden as he can on the common, and the loss of milk for his children is not made up by the power of growing a few cabbages. The other is the omission to give the authorities of large towns a *locus standi* in case of inclosures at a distance. It has been suggested, for example, that in the case of all proposed inclosures in Surrey or Kent, notice should be given to the Corporation of London. How necessary some provision of this kind is may be seen from the last Report of the Inclosure Commissioners. They have not in the least repented of their intention to inclose Wisley Common, a scheme which would involve the destruction of one of the most beautiful bits of landscape within easy reach of London, and the narrow interpretation they have hitherto placed upon their instructions makes it probable that they will renew the proposal even under the Commons Bill. Wisley has become a leading case in commons' inclosure, so that there is not much fear that any provisional order affecting it would be confirmed by Parliament. But, if it had not been rendered famous by former controversies, it would stand in great danger from its distance from any considerable town, and this risk would be averted by the necessity of giving the Corporation of London notice of every proposed inclosure in Surrey.

QUEEN OR EMPRESS.

IT was hard for the more philosopher to dispute with the master of fifty legions; and it is in some ways almost as hard to dispute with a Leader of the House of Commons or with a Leader or ex-Leader or *quasi*-Leader of Opposition. He cannot indeed throw his adversary to the lions, or bid him go and spend the rest of his days in a desert island. But he can do what for the purposes of argument is much the same; he can carry on the argument on his own terms. He can enter on a question which cannot be adequately discussed without going deep into historical arguments, and he may go just as deep into them as his own knowledge enables him, and no further. When he gets to the end of his own tether, he can dexterously imply that anybody who goes further must be a pedant or a dreaming antiquary. And if he does so, he is sure to be rewarded by a laugh. For the House of Commons, like all other assemblies and all individuals, if it does not exactly like to be complimented on its own ignorance, at least likes to be congratulated on the uselessness of the knowledge which it does not happen to possess. He may thus convey the comfortable impression that both himself and the House have hit upon the exact amount of knowledge which becomes them, that any more would be pedantry to be laughed at, while any less would have been ignorance to be ashamed of. In the debate a week back on the proposed title of Empress of India Mr. Disraeli used this art to perfection. He talked about the Antonines, because the House is conventionally supposed to have read Gibbon. He talked about Spenser, because the House is conventionally supposed to have mastered the polite literature of England. He just touched on Henry the Eighth and Charles the Fifth, with a hint that, in speaking of them, he had reached the utmost amount of knowledge that could be deemed decorous; "those might be considered antiquarian illustrations, and he would not dwell on them." Now whether antiquarian illustrations should be dwelled on in debating any question or not depends wholly on the nature of the subject. On some of the points which came before the House that same evening, Knightsbridge Barracks for instance, or Irish Workhouse Teachers, or even the Tichborne Claimant, "antiquarian illustrations" might well be quite out of place. Even on such questions an "antiquarian illustration" might possibly add point to some saying or other; but it could not supply any serious argument. But here Mr. Disraeli starts a question the whole force of which has its roots in the past, and then decries the only mode of investigation which can throw any light upon it. Here are two titles, one of which has, for at least fifteen hundred years, been deemed superior to another title. Mr. Disraeli has to maintain the paradox that it is not superior to it. Conscious that the witness of history is against him, he has to evade the witness of history; and very ingeniously he does it. "I deny that any Imperial dignity is superior to the Queenly title, and I defy any one to prove the reverse." Here comes in the appeal to what is mistakenly called loyalty, and that appeal is of course met with a cheer. Mr. Disraeli is of course "happy to hear that cheer." Now, as it is hard to refute a sneer, it is equally hard to refute a cheer; but neither the sneer nor the cheer gets rid of facts. Mr. Disraeli's defiance is something like the summons at the confirmation of a Bishop, where all objectors are invited to come forward, "and they shall be heard"; and yet, if they do come forward, they are not heard. The plain fact is that the title of Emperor is, and, ever since it came to denote sovereignty at all, always has been, held to be superior to that of King. No defiance, no sneering at "antiquarian illustrations," can get rid of the fact. Mr. Disraeli's own speech is one of the proofs of that fact. If Empress is not a higher title than Queen, what can be the motive for proposing that the Queen should take it? He implies that to assert that Empress is a higher title than Queen is disloyal, or something or other, towards the bearer of the lower title. Mr. Disraeli does not seem to understand that there is often more real dignity in a lower title than in a higher one. The Lord of Coucy was only Lord of Coucy; but he did not wish to be Count or Duke. A man who holds a barony conferred by Edward the First might think twice before he exchanged it for a dukedom conferred by Mr. Disraeli.

We have spoken so often of these questions that we think that we may assume in our readers some notion of the meaning of the word Emperor. We need not go through the whole story, from Augustus and Diocletian to William of Prussia. We assume that our readers have knowledge enough to smile at the odd little scraps of history which are all that Mr. Disraeli has lighted on. We feel sure that they will join with us in a general inward merriment at the moral certainty that, if Mr. Disraeli had known that there had been a long line of Emperors of Britain in early times, if he had known that the Act of Henry the Eighth and the phrase of Spenser are merely links, and not the last links, in a long chain, he would have found out that "antiquarian illustration" might be good for something. Mr. Disraeli may, before he speaks next time, have heard of a "Cyning and Casere totius Britanniæ"; he may even have got up the great dispute about Βασιλεύς and ῥήξ. If so, we shall be sure to hear something about it; the boundaries of Parliamentary knowledge will be enlarged for the nonce. But let us take Mr. Disraeli as he is, within, to quote his own words, "the range of a limited experience of which he may be proud." The talk about the Antonines is hardly worth refuting; it is perhaps enough to say that in their days the Emperor was still in form a republican magistrate, and also to remind Mr. Disraeli that Marcus was succeeded by Commodus. But Mr. Disraeli presently shows that the study which he gives to Gibbon is not extended to the proclamations which must have been sometimes put out by his own advice. "The Queen," he tells us, "is not her Royal Majesty. The Queen is described properly as Her Majesty. Therefore the clumsy periphrasis of 'Royal and Imperial Majesty' could never occur." Mr. Disraeli does not seem to know that to speak of "Her Majesty," unless her name or title has gone before, is, common as the phrase is, an ungrammatical vulgarism. The proper description is "the Queen's Majesty," "the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty;" and it is not a frivolous question to ask whether that formula is to be changed for "the Queen and Empress's Most Excellent Majesty." Again, a King is called Majesty; an Emperor, to mark the higher position which he claims, is called "Imperial Majesty." If Mr. Disraeli has ever travelled in any part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy he must have often seen the letters K.K. or I.R., or even their full form, "Kaiserlich-königlich," the very formula which Mr. Disraeli says cannot occur. Officers in various branches are now well pleased to write R.N., R.E., R.A. after their names. It is not a frivolous question to ask whether they are to change them for something answering to the K.K. and I.R. of the compound monarchy just spoken of, and further whether it is to be I.R. or R.I. Then we plunge into Mr. Disraeli's little bit of general history:—"In times which will guide us in any way upon such a subject, I doubt whether there is any precedent of an Emperor ranking superior to a crowned head, unless that crowned head was his avowed feudatory." Mr. Disraeli, who has read Gibbon, may also perhaps have read Macaulay; if so, he may have lighted on passages speaking of "The Emperor, first in rank among Christian princes," "Cæsar in his solitary majesty," phrases which we trust need no explanation to any reader of ours. One smiles when Mr. Disraeli goes on to take what he calls "the most remarkable instance of Imperial sway in modern history." "The most remarkable instance" is of course the thing itself, the Empire handed on from Diocletian to Charles the Fifth, or, in the phrase of Mr. Disraeli, "when the Holy Roman Empire existed, and the German Emperor was crowned at Rome and was called Cæsar." We smile at Mr. Disraeli's grotesque confusions, and go on to what he seems to think a great discovery—namely, that "In those days there were great Kings; there were Kings of France, Kings of Spain, and Kings of England," and, Mr. Disraeli adds, "they never acknowledged the supremacy of the head of the Holy Roman Empire." "Never" sounds a little rash to one who has read the history of Richard the First; but nobody doubts the general truth of the assertion. Those Kings did not admit the supremacy of the Emperor; in the case of Henry the Eighth, quoted by Mr. Disraeli, and in a great number of other cases, they formally or implicitly denied it; but that denial is part of the case against Mr. Disraeli. People do not go out of their way to deny what nobody has asserted. The supremacy of the Emperor had to be denied, because it was asserted, because, while nobody doubted that the Imperial dignity was higher than the Royal, while nobody doubted that Cæsar was "Princeps terræ principum," it was expedient to have it understood that he was not practically "Mundi dominus." So again Mr. Disraeli's more modern Russian case tells equally against him. The Russian princes, on taking the title of Emperor, were required by other princes to declare that they did not thereby claim any special precedence. Why this pains about the matter, but because it was understood that, without such a disclaimer, the title would imply precedence, because such precedence was actually allowed to the one ancient and lawful bearer of the title? Still we should like to know something more clearly about the period of history when, as Mr. Disraeli so kindly informs the House, "several female sovereigns flourished in Russia." Mr. Disraeli's date is 1745, a most mysterious year certainly, and one specially interesting to female sovereigns, as it was that in which a Queen of Hungary and Archduchess of Austria in her own right became also Empress Consort of the Romans. What we do not quite understand is how in that year the Empress Elizabeth could have been "influenced by the circumstance that the first Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle was about to meet." Now the hearts of Kings, as the writers of Henry the Second's day are rather fond of reminding us, are inscrutable, and probably the hearts of Empresses are inscrutable also; so it may be that Elizabeth in 1745 was influenced by the circumstance that the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle was going to meet in 1748. Smaller people would have been more likely to have been influenced by the circumstance that the Congress of Dresden was going to meet in that very year 1745. Then how about the first Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, when most people know that an earlier peace was concluded there in 1668? To be sure Mr. Disraeli is not sure of all this, but thinks it only probable. If so, the probability is of that kind which we admit in the case of things which are too strange not to be true.

In short, Mr. Disraeli first asserts that the title of Emperor is not higher than that of King. He then quotes a few of the endless cases which prove that it is. From these he infers that the two titles mean the same thing; and lastly, because they mean the same thing, he proposes that one should be, if not taken instead of, at least added to the other. There is a tale of a Greek philosopher who said that life and death were the same to him; he was asked why then he did not kill himself, and answered "Because they are the same to me." When the plain question is put to Mr. Disraeli, If Empress and Queen are the same thing, why take the trouble to add one to the other? he first goes off into talk about Spenser, nuggets, and lovees, and ends by saying that "the change whose purport the Queen has allowed him to disclose will add splendour

even to her throne and security even to her Empire." If Empress and Queen are the same thing, what fresh splendour or security can be given by calling the Queen Empress?

We turn from the Leader of the Government to him who must still, whenever he chooses to act as such, be looked on as the real Leader of the Opposition. Every Englishman must go along with the eloquent words in which Mr. Gladstone asserted the dignity of the ancient and historic name of Queen of England. But, when Mr. Gladstone gets to the historical discussion of the two titles, he is even more unlucky than Mr. Disraeli. He is, as reported, unlucky to that degree that, if he were an ordinary member speaking on a Wednesday, we should give him the benefit of the judgment of charity, and believe that what is put into his mouth was due to the reporters, and not to himself. But when a member like Mr. Gladstone is speaking on a question like this, we are bound to suppose that some attempt is made to make the report correspond with the speech. It is amazing when we read:—

> If I take the Kingship of the Emperor of Austria when he was King of the Romans and also King of Hungary, I find that he was never heard of as King of Hungary or King of the Romans, except in the days when he was crowned with the iron crown in the Cathedral of Milan. He was called Emperor of Austria, and in that title the Kingship was swallowed up.

Whether this comes from Mr. Gladstone or from a reporter, we will not insult our readers by enlarging on the singular chain of confusions which it implies; we will only suggest that the sentence would not be a bad one to set in an examination for the candidates to work out. But what follows is, if possible, more astounding still. "The King of Prussia, when he became German Emperor, ceased, I believe, to be King of Prussia—whether he is so technically or not, I cannot say—and his Kingship also became entirely absorbed." This really takes away our breath. Is it possible that any one, whether Mr. Gladstone or a reporter, can have a moment's doubt as to "Wilhelm Kaiser und König" being just as much King of Prussia as he ever was? Are not the Empire and the Kingdom which is a part of it perfectly distinct? Is there not a Parliament of the Empire and a Parliament of the Kingdom, and is not the popular branch of the Parliament of the Empire elected by universal suffrage, while the Parliament of the Kingdom is not? In this case, it is not Emperor but King which is the absorbing title. Emperor has not absorbed King, but King has absorbed Duke, Margrave, and other smaller names. Then we are told that the title of King is hereditary and the title of Emperor is elective. "If we except Poland, there is no other very strong case we can quote historically of the elective character in conjunction with the title of King." We really need not go about to prove that nearly every kingdom in Europe is a very strong case to the contrary; it may be enough to ask how Mr. Gladstone supposes that the Emperor first became King of the Romans, and to remind him of the long line of English Kings who came to their crown "as men chose them thereto." There is however this difference between Mr. Gladstone's speech and Mr. Disraeli's; both the sound and the unsound parts of it are evidently natural, while Mr. Disraeli's is evidently got up. But it is a little disheartening, when a question arises which can only be discussed on strictly historical ground, to see the foremost men on each side of the House of Commons displaying so small an acquaintance with the history of their own country and of the world in general as was displayed in the debate on the second reading of the Royal Titles Bill.

LONDON AND THE MANOR OF LYLLESTON.

THE westward progress of the Gallows, from Smithfield to Paddington, would enable us, if we could trace it, to solve some obscure points in London geography. Until they got as far as St. Giles's Pound, near the junction of Tottenham Court Road with Oxford Street, they retained their early title of "The Elms." There were "Elms" in many places besides London. In some the name has lingered on, though its origin is forgotten, and many a suburban villa derives, in all probability, its genteel appellation from the former presence of a gibbet on the site. It was at the Elms in Smithfield that Wallace, Fraser, and Athol suffered. At St. Giles's the Cobham rioters were hanged, in the reign of Henry V. But at the execution of Mortimer in 1330 we first find the gallows at Tyburn, and henceforth we hear no more of the Elms. They had acquired a more enduring title when the popular ear connected Tyburn with the modes of execution chiefly in vogue. Nor is it surprising that when the gallows were removed westward the name moved with them; and so we have a new Tyburn, not in the manor of Tyburn, but in the manor of Lylleston, and not by the burnside, but on the summit of the neighbouring hill. Lylleston, no doubt, had little anxiety to be identified with Tyburn, and acquiesced silently in the misapplication of the name, withdrawing, for its own part, towards the north-west; so that while, in the beginning of the fifteenth century, the old original Tyburn became St. Marylebone, the manor of Lylleston became Lisson Grove, a name now only remembered in a comparatively remote corner of what was once all Lylleston. But the gallows did not rest there. Crossing the "road to Edgware," they migrated again, and this time found for themselves a third Tyburn, in a real brook, which, rising near the church at Paddington, flows south into the Park; and though it is said to have been generally dry, the course of the stream is clearly marked by a depression on the Bayswater Road, where the cemetery which contains the remains of Laurence Sterne and many other great men is concealed behind a kind of overgrown vestry. This was the last Tyburn, the Tyburn of modern history. Here it was that Hogarth's "Idle Apprentice" met his fate; here ninety-nine years ago Dr. Dodd was hanged for forging the signature of the young Lord Chesterfield. During the last years before Tyburn, as a national institution, was abolished, the gallows were taken down and set up on each occasion, at a spot near the foot of the Edgware Road; the beams of which the fatal triangle was formed being kept between whiles at the "Carpenters' Arms," an inn which still remains, though sheriffs and juries no longer dine there after the executions as in the good days of old. The strangest sight perhaps that the hill ever witnessed was the posthumous dishonour done to the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw after the Restoration, of which an eye-witness has left some particulars. Mr. Thomas Smith, who wrote a curious little book on the history of Hyde Park, quotes from a manuscript diary the information that Cromwell's cere-cloth was green in colour and very fresh. Bradshaw's body had not been embalmed, but was simply wrapped in a winding-sheet, and though the nose had perished, the writer says, "I knew his face," going on to mention that the fingers and toes were pulled off by the mob and handed round, and that he had some of them in his possession "Ireton," we read, "hung like a dried rat."

It is curious now, when all the natural features of the region have been disguised, to see how completely the old names have perished also. Few people would think of identifying Tyburn with the districts round Cavendish Square and Portland Place, and fewer still would have an idea where to place Lylleston on the London map. But, by a curious train of events, Tyburn has become a name of historical importance, and Lylleston has so utterly disappeared that even such a learned man as the late Mr. Lambert Larking, in his volume on the Hospitallers, published in 1857 by the Camden Society, seems not to have known where it was, and puts "(Littleton?)" to the word in his index. Yet Lylleston is really the site of what most of us know as Tyburn, and Tyburn itself has become St. Marylebone. To distinguish the two manors it is necessary to go back to Domesday itself, and to thread a maze of subdivisions so complicated that even the painstaking Lysons gave up the attempt. Lisson, or Lylleston, is the western half of the parish of St. Marylebone, and may be roughly described as the portion which has Duke Street, Manchester Square, and Baker Street on the east, and Edgware Road on the west. In reality its eastern frontier was marked by the bourne or brook which has given its name, first to Tyburn, and afterwards to St. Mary "le Borne," and which, rising on the south-western slope of Hampstead Hill, runs close by Lord Hertford's villa in the Regent's Park, crosses the road opposite Sussex Place, and reaches High Street a little south of the cemetery. The road from Edgware, on the other hand, following, as it did, the direction of the Watling Street, is perfectly straight, until it reaches Hyde Park, where its further progress towards the Thames is now stopped. Two hundred years ago the greater part of the manor was void of buildings, and though we have not equal information regarding both the northern and the southern districts into which it was early divided, we know something of the gradual increase of the buildings. The manor was one of those marked in Domesday as "terra in elemosina data," and was in the occupation of one Edeva, who held it of the King. It was worth sixty shillings, and was assessed for five hides. It would be interesting to know how it came to the Hospitallers, and when. But in 1338 it was among the possessions of the Priory of St. John at Clerkenwell, and contained, as we read, twenty acres of meadow, with a hundred of wood, and was worth ten pounds. It was then occupied by "Dominus Willelmus de Clyf" for the term of his life, and "unum mesuagium" is spoken of as upon it. So far, it seems to have been undivided. There was much wild land. There was some farm land; and the manor-house very probably stood where, with a different name, it still stands. There is no mention of the gallows, but when we get another and later account of the manor, they had evidently been long set up in the south-western corner. In 1512 the Prior of the Order, "Lord Thomas Docwra," granted to John Blennerhasset and Johan his wife a lease for fifty years of a farm which comprises the whole of what is now the Portman estate. The farm is very fully described, and has never since been divided. It is called a "parcel of the manor of Lilestone, in the county of Middlesex, late in the tenure of Thomas Hobson, under the annual rent of 8*l.*, payable at their house in Clerkenwell," and consisted of six fields, besides twenty acres of "Furse Croft" and two closes called "Shepcott Hawe," which may be translated into the bushes by the sheepfold. The names of the six fields are the most valuable. From them we learn, not only that people were hanged in the neighbourhood, but that they were there hanged in chains, and that, for the rest, the district resembled the neighbouring districts of Hyde and Marylebone in that it was devoted to field sports. It was sometimes said a little later that Henry VIII. could pass from his palace at St. James's to Highgate through hunting grounds; and we can well understand it when we read that, besides the Great Gibbet Field and the Little Gibbet Field, this estate contained a place for badger-baiting, the Brock stand, as well as a Hawk Field and a Tassel Croft, where probably falcons were trained. The exact situation of each of these divisions cannot now be ascertained. The two Gibbet Fields were probably towards the south-western corner; the furzes and hawe beyond a depression, almost amount-

ing to the dignity of a ravine, which ran east and west a little to the northward of what is now Upper Berkeley Street.

Of Thomas Hobson, the tenant before Blennerhasset, we know little, except that he leased much land in this part of London. Certain it is that the two greatest estates now in the parish, those namely of the Duke of Portland and of the Viscount Portman, as well as a piece of the Regent's Park, all belonged to him, and had he but foreseen their future importance, we might now have among our dukes a name upon which so far little lustre has been shed, though it is not wholly unknown to fame. The Cambridge carrier of a later generation, the owner of the dog whose pride occasioned its violent death, the man who let horses to undergraduates, and insisted on their always taking the one which had rested longest and stood next the door (whence "Hobson's choice"), might, if old Thomas Hobson had known better, have figured with Seymours and Bentincks among our most ancient nobility. But the chance of founding a great family was seized with much greater foresight by the Chief Justice, Sir William Portman. He first bought the lease from Blennerhasset's executors, and after the dissolution bought the reversion of the freehold. This reversion had been sold or given by Philip and Mary to one William Morgan and another, having fallen to the Crown on the dissolution; and so when Sir William's lease ran out he became the owner, and the two hundred and twenty acres, including Great Gibbet Field and Little Gibbet Field, became the Portman estate. To trace the further descent of the farm would be only tedious; but, in order to understand the significance of the names which have so completely superseded those of the Great Gibbet Field and the rest, we may note that the male line of the Portmans failed with the great-grandson of Sir William, on which the estate went to William Berkeley, whose mother, a Spelo, was niece of the last of the Portmans. The Berkeleys however, did not inherit at once, as the estate was bequathed first to one of the Seymours, a descendant of the Protector Somerset. Thus we have Berkeley Street and Seymour Street, and, from the original name of the owner, now assumed by the Berkeleys, we have Portman Square, which was begun about the year 1760. Previously "Great Berkeley Street" ran from Manchester Square to the Edgware Road, and the square was not completed for upwards of twenty years. Most of the houses have been built since the middle of the last century, and two Adam Streets and two Quebec Streets supply us both with the name of the architect and an approximate date, though fashion did not incline to the new district until the monthly show at "Tyburn" had been abolished in 1783. Orchard-Portman and Bryanston in Dorsetshire, the country seats of its possessors, give their names to various blocks of building, and though the Board of Works have "abolished subsidiary names," and one of the Adam Streets has disappeared, it was easy a few years ago to distinguish the boundaries of the estate by the names at the corners. The present value of this farm it would be impossible to estimate correctly, but it may be worth while to observe that the eight pounds which was Hobson's rent for the present Portman estate would, if multiplied by twenty, only bring a sum equal to what is now paid for a moderately good house on the same land; and there are probably as many as fifteen hundred such houses on the estate.

The Portman estate, however, forms only a part of the whole manor. The house and park about it had a very different history, and one by no means so simple as that of the manor farm. The grounds were divided and subdivided. A part once marked by Lyon Place, a "subsidiary name" in Edgware Road, was purchased by Lyon, the founder of Harrow School; but the greater portion of the shrunk manor of Lylleston, then known as Lisson Grove, together with the manor-house, was in 1792 the property of a certain Captain Lloyd of the Guards. He sold it in lots, and the number of owners was indefinitely increased, though a great part of the estate, and the manor-house itself, passed into the hands of a Mr. Harcourt. He rebuilt the house in a handsome style, and it still exists, though its original name is long forgotten. The usefulness of Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital might be impaired if it were still called Lylleston Manor House; but a future biographer may find it a convenient way of mentioning the birthplace of some one who has risen in the world. The park and mansion have thus lost their ancient character; the house has become a hospital, and the park a labyrinth of crowded and squalid dwellings; while the farm, when it had for centuries been identified with all that is disreputable in our annals, and had been, so to speak, repudiated by the manor, and forced to change its name, has now become the site of a quarter hardly less fashionable than the neighbouring Grosvenor district. If the name of Tyburn survives at all, it is neither in the original Tyburn, nor even in Lylleston, the later Tyburn, but in Tyburnia, the more aristocratic part of the parish of Paddington. The "unum messuagium" of 1338 has been turned into the thousands of houses, the hundreds of streets and squares, which reach from Manchester Square to the Edgware Road. An iron tablet in the Park railing is all that remains of the turnpike. Tyburn Lane has become Park Lane, and Tyburn Road Oxford Street. The modern inquirer will endeavour in vain to identify Great Gibbet Field with Portman Square, or Shepcott Hawe with the site of Quebec Chapel.

WALT WHITMAN.

A STRANGELY impudent agitation has just been started with regard to what is called "Walt Whitman's Actual American Position." Whitman, it may be explained, is an American writer who some years back attracted attention by a volume of so-called poems which were chiefly remarkable for their absurd extravagance and shameless obscenity, and who has since, we are glad to say, been little heard of among decent people. It now appears that, although there is a small *coterie* of persons in this country who are not ashamed to confess their liking for Whitman's nastiness, his own countrymen have universally repudiated him. "The real truth," says an American journal, which has taken up the subject apparently in the interest of Whitman, "is that, with the exception of a very few readers, Whitman's poems in their public reception have fallen still-born in this country. They have been met, and are met to-day, with the determined denial, disgust, and scorn of orthodox American authors, publishers, and editors, and in a pecuniary and worldly sense have certainly wrecked the life of their author." "No established publishing house will publish his books. Most of the stores will not even sell them." "Repeated attempts to secure a small income by writing for the magazines during his illness have been utter failures. The *Atlantic* will not touch him. His offerings to *Scribner* are returned with insulting notes; the *Galaxy* the same. *Harper's* did print a couple of his pieces two years ago, but imperative orders from head-quarters have stopped anything further. All the established American poets studiously ignore Whitman." We are of course sorry that Whitman, or any other man, should be in sore distress, but we must say that we are very glad indeed to hear that his writings are unsaleable, and that no respectable publisher or editor in America will give him countenance by printing his contributions. This fact, if it is true, shows that the moral sense of the American public is, after all, not quite so much deadened as some recent events might lead one to imagine. If the *New York Herald* will not have anything to do with Walt Whitman, it is a proof that even the *Herald* draws the line somewhere. We can only regret that the same view is not taken by all publishers on this side of the ocean, and that there is one firm at least in London which is not ashamed to advertise a "complete" edition of Whitman's works. We have no desire to pry into the details of Whitman's private life. The description which he gives of himself in his writings as "disorderly, fleshly, sensual," and fond of loafing, is not perhaps to be taken in a literal sense; and in any case we have no desire to speculate as to how far his private life may have been imprudent or irregular. The important fact is that he has found it impossible to get a living by his writings, which are everywhere shunned and rejected. Considering the character of these writings, this seems to us a very natural and desirable result, and it is difficult to understand why people should be expected to buy an article which disgusts them. Some of Mr. Whitman's friends and admirers in London have, however, worked themselves into a state of theatrical indignation with regard to the treatment of this great man by his unappreciative and ungrateful countrymen. Mr. Robert Buchanan, who has made himself the mouthpiece of this extraordinary agitation, not only claims for Whitman "literary immortality," but exalts his "ineffable goodness" and "beneficence," and declares, in a passage flavoured with a touch of blasphemy which we prefer not to quote, that "only this last consecration of Martyrdom was wanting to complete our poet's apotheosis." Mr. Buchanan, being himself a poet, naturally chafes against the restraints of ordinary prose, and we are treated to a wonderful picture, in the highest style of fine language, of a "golden eagle sick to death, worn with age and famine, or with both, passing with weary waft of wing from promontory to promontory, from peak to peak, pursued by a crowd of prosperous rooks and crows, who fall screaming back whenever the noble bird turns his indignant head, and which follow frantically once more, hooting behind him, whenever he ascends again on his way." This is all very fine no doubt in its way, but it may be thought to be hardly a fair description of the case of a dirty bird which is shunned on account of its unclean habits. Mr. Buchanan also breaks out into furious vituperation against all American publishers and men of letters, whom he abuses in the most vulgar terms; and warns the American nation collectively that its "honour will be tarnished eternally by the murder of its only remaining prophet." Mr. Buchanan concludes by what is really an insulting appeal to his own countrymen, as "loving and revering" this apostle of beastliness, to give him "a substantial proof of the honour in which he is held here in the heart of England."

From the height of this rhapsodical outburst it is a sad descent to the prosaic facts of the case. It is of course open to any one who admires, or is simply sorry for, Whitman to subscribe for his support; but it is difficult to understand why those who dislike his flagrant indecencies should be denounced because they do not feel inclined to give him any encouragement. Mr. Buchanan himself, though he does not scruple to rank Whitman with the Saviour, and declares that his teaching is "as Heavenly manna," thinks it necessary to "disclaim entire sympathy with Whitman's materialistic idealism, which seems to go too far in the direction of illuminating the execrable." Mr. Buchanan does not explain exactly what he means by "execrable," but in any sense such an admission goes far to justify the distrust and loathing with which Whitman is regarded both here and in America. Mr. Buchanan holds that "these great experiments in poetry" are "destined to exercise an extraordinary influence on the future of religion as well as poetry," and this, he

says, "no one who has read his works will deny." Public opinion, however, both here and in America, has expressed itself very decisively as to these great experiments; and there is very little chance of Mr. Buchanan or any of his associates bringing the world round to a different view. It is no doubt true that there are many people who have never read Whitman's so-called poetry all through, but enough is known to show that it is an attempt to make animal brutality and indecency pass for poetry. No doubt the present effort to revive curiosity on the subject will be a useful advertisement to any bookseller who happens to have a stock of Whitman's garbage on hand. It must be remembered, however, that his earlier works have been before the public for some twenty years, and that during the whole of that time the opinion originally formed of them has been steadily sustained, and, if possible, intensified; and there is, we imagine, very little danger of this judgment being now reversed by friendly puffery and agitation, even when such great authorities as Mr. Buchanan supposes himself to be take up the matter. There are, no doubt, questions both of art and philosophy on which public opinion at times goes astray; but in the present instance the elementary instincts of mankind are sufficient to settle the question. There would indeed need to be a very remarkable change both in the moral and intellectual constitution of educated people before such writings as those of Whitman could be accepted as, in any sense, honest literature.

When Mr. Buchanan screeches about "literary outlawry," "murder," and "official persecution," he is obviously only talking nonsense. We have no desire to say anything in disparagement of American publishers, but they are no doubt not absolutely exempt from the weaknesses of other tradesmen; and we suspect that, if there really were a market anywhere for Whitman's wares, he would have no difficulty in finding some one to retail them for him. It is reasonable to assume that American publishers and editors know their own business, and that they have sufficient reasons for having nothing to do with Mr. Whitman. He has chosen to identify himself with unsavoury things, and whatever he might now write, his name would be a taint to any respectable periodical. The fact is that it was only the indecent exposure which Whitman made of himself in the first instance that attracted passing attention to him as a sort of psychological monstrosity. Apart from his scandalous eccentricities, his writings are poor stuff, and the affectation of deep philosophy is easily seen through. The assumption that a man who sets himself to outrage public decency should be gratefully supported by public charity is certainly a very curious one. Mr. Buchanan asserts that his idol has many worshippers in this country, but we venture to say that this is a part of his delusion; and we may add that those who are so unfortunate in their tastes as to belong to this sect would perhaps act prudently for themselves in not proclaiming it too loudly. The conclusion would seem to be that the "illumination of the execrable" is not a remunerative business; and so far the lesson is a useful one, and may be taken to heart by any other writers who have a weakness that way. There is also, however, a general principle underlying Mr. Buchanan's letter which deserves notice. He appears to imagine that society is bound, as a matter of course, to contribute to the maintenance of any one who chooses to set up as a man of genius. The genius may be less apparent than some other characteristics, but society is bound all the same to accept implicitly the claimant's own assurance, and that of a few sympathetic friends, that he is a genius, and to provide for him accordingly. This, we fancy, is a favourite idea with a certain class of poets, who have usually reasons of their own for holding that their incomes ought not to be dependent merely on the popularity of their works and the respect in which they are held by those who know them. Instances can no doubt be mentioned of great poets who were not sufficiently appreciated while alive; but, on the other hand, it would be rather hazardous to undertake to provide for every one who, believing himself to be a poet, could not get a living by his works. We should then have a fine flock of hard-up "golden eagles" eager to take advantage of public charity. If the appeal on behalf of Whitman were based simply on his age and indigence, we should not think ourselves bound to say anything against it. But the plan proposed is to help him to circulate his writings, and thus implies approval of them. It is satisfactory to believe that agitation for such a purpose is likely to prove as futile as it is audacious.

MONTALEMBERT'S LAST WORDS.

OUR readers may recollect that we referred some weeks ago to a violent attack made in the Ultramontane newspapers, both English and foreign, on Dr. Döllinger and Mr. Gladstone, for an alleged breach of honour and good faith. They were charged with publishing private papers of the late Count de Montalembert, which happened to have fallen into their hands, in defiance of the wishes, and even the urgent request, of his natural representatives, and to the injury of his reputation. "Indecent," "insulting," "scandalous," "blackening character," were among the polite epithets lavished on the "distinguished" culprits. We were able to state at the time that Mr. Gladstone had nothing whatever to do with the matter, and we ventured to surmise with tolerable confidence that, if Dr. Döllinger was really concerned in it, he had good reasons for acting as he did, and had violated no confidence. The mystery is cleared up now, and it turns out as we suspected—first, that Dr. Döllinger had as little to do with the publication as Mr. Gladstone, and, secondly, that it took place in accordance with the express directions of the illustrious author himself. The famous paper—for such it has now become—*L'Espagne et la Liberté* is now in course of publication in the *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse*, and the editor prefixes to the first part of it, in the number for January, an explanatory notice. When the article was refused admission into the *Correspondant*, Montalembert sent copies of it to several friends, among whom was Father Hyacinthe, and a letter addressed to him on January 17, 1869, expressly authorized its publication after his death. This authorization was never revoked, although the two friends were in constant and affectionate intercourse to the last. Father Hyacinthe accordingly wrote after Montalembert's death to his family and executors to ascertain their intentions about the paper, and they replied that it would appear in one of the volumes of his posthumous works. He therefore took no further steps himself, but after waiting five years he has naturally judged it quite time to carry out Montalembert's directions, which it had become pretty clear would otherwise remain a dead letter. This article is, as the editor remarks, "in some sort his political, literary, and religious testament." And we may add for ourselves that it acquires a still further interest from its direct bearing on the present circumstances of Spain. Only the other day the *Times* quoted from the *Voce della Verità* an article on the collapse of the Carlist insurrection, embodying, in language sufficiently unequivocal, the very principles which it was Montalembert's aim to combat and denounce in these, his almost dying words. It speaks of the suppression of "*Christian principles* identified in Carlism," of the Alfonsists as monarchical traitors, "opposing a bastard Christianity to Catholicism," and of the failure of "the two Christian Monarchies" (of Henry V. and Charles VII.) in France and Spain. We give one short extract:—

> In Spain, who believes in pacification after the defeat of Charles VII.? The religious act which the Madrid diplomatists celebrated in Rome on Sunday last in the church of Santa Maria di Monserrato, instead of a *Te Deum*, should have been a *Miserere*. The great misfortunes of poor Spain commence now.

What Montalembert thought of the position of Don Carlos and Isabella will appear presently. But he takes a more comprehensive view of Spanish affairs, and traces the evils under which the country is now suffering to causes long anterior to any modern quarrel of rival claimants for the throne.

We are bidden at the beginning to contemplate the "grand and prodigious spectacle and lesson" of what was once the first nation in the Christian world, now enervated, debased, poisoned, dishonoured by a long course of spiritual and temporal despotism—the absolute monarchy and the Inquisition. The writer recalls with enthusiasm the "rude and robust adolescence" of its heroic age, which four centuries of despotism have destroyed. For up to the end of the fourteenth century the power of the Inquisition was hardly felt, and Jews and Moors were left in peace. The eight marvellous centuries which went before, whatever their occasional faults of pride and cruelty, present a noble spectacle on the whole, in marked contrast to the subsequent period; "jamais l'ombre du valet ni du courtisan. Toute bassesse y est inconnue, impossible." "Spain up to the nineteenth century was a confederacy of republics, rather municipal than feudal, of which the Kings were but the presidents, each having its own laws, usages, rights, spirit, and distinct individual life. There was life and independence everywhere." It was the prototype of that English Constitution which Montalembert so ardently admired:—

> Strange and wholly forgotten as it is, and though it seems almost incredible, it cannot be denied that the Spanish preceded by a century the English themselves in the understanding, acquisition, and practice of all public and civil liberties. A parliamentary royalty, restrained and controlled, that is, by the national assemblies, when already lost in France and scarcely sketched out in England, was universally recognized in Spain, when the Black Prince came to fight with our Duguesclin. The English historians, with Robertson at their head, are the first to avow it.

But on this glorious past there supervened the most lamentable transformation the world has ever witnessed. "And for what cause? The abdication of an entire people in favour of its masters, and the too intimate union of the altar and the throne." It was when the monarchy absorbed all power, with the aid of the Inquisition, and the victorious Church abused its victory by proscribing first Jews, then Moors, then Protestants, then all discussion, research, or liberty, that all was lost. The once noble nation degenerated into a race of persecutors and slaves. Without at all adopting the modern dream of an absolute separation of Church and State, the author thinks even that a thousandfold preferable to the absorption of either power by the other, and their mutual identification and "*exploitation*." But for more than three centuries the Inquisition, "created for the service of God and their Highnesses," as the first Grand Inquisitor said in 1484, was the scourge of Spain and the horror of the Christian world, an irresponsible secret police, superseding even episcopal authority. Catholics indeed have abundant reason to curse its memory, but not—the author thinks—contemporary democrats, whose cause it has served, and whom it has supplied with a precedent; the Inquisition was the model of our modern terrorists. This monstrous institution became the vampire which at last swallowed up all society, and never ceased to live till it had left nothing to destroy. The period of despotism began with Charles V., "who enthroned Cæsarism in the freest of all countries, and infected the whole of Europe." And to this evil father succeeded a yet more evil son, Philip II., who consummated his work. "The soul of Spain was petrified in his bloody hands; henceforth it only survived in a state of intermittent

sleep, broken by *autos-da-fé*." And the condition of its subject States was, if possible, worse. We may take as an example Guzman, Viceroy of Naples from 1637 to 1644, who boasted that he had not left four families in a condition to make a good meal. The destruction of all intellectual life naturally followed the destruction of all public and civil life. "Ignorance and stupidity became the one way of salvation." Material decadence followed on moral; the country became depopulated and sterile, and at last, "army, marine, commerce, industry, agriculture, population, science, literature, arts, influence, all disappeared together." There is not such another example of national ruin in history. From the sixteenth century Spain has had no great statesman, general, or prince: in the eighteenth she had not even an artist or author worth naming, while France, England, and Germany were in the zenith of their glory. The Marquis of Argenson, Foreign Minister of Louis XV., after examining the condition of Spain, speaks of a "corrupt Court, courtier ministers, greedy women, *maîtres et intrigantes*"; of a cruel and superstitious piety, whole provinces without inhabitants, and winds up his description, "Un roi espagnol n'est que le chef d'un serail dévot." At last came Napoleon and Murat, and the Inquisition terminated its shameful and hideous career by wallowing in the dust at their feet; it published an edict, the day after the rising of Madrid and the atrocious massacre of innocents, covering the French with eulogies, and stigmatizing its countrymen as "seditious, treacherous, and rebellious."

And here Montalembert pauses in his gloomy retrospect to inquire what are the hopes of a recovery of Spain. Every one acknowledges the fine qualities of the people, misgoverned and corrupted as they have been. They are good, courteous, affable, hospitable, full of natural grace and dignity, sober, frugal, and high-spirited; and the poison of tyranny has not here, as in the East, tainted the sources of life. He therefore hopes for their recovery, "with the fervour of Christian charity and liberal fraternity," but does not venture to predict it. There is indeed no incompatibility between the masculine and free spirit of the people and their religious faith, which has, in truth, imparted to it a fresh energy and ardour; the fault lay in the too close alliance between the Church and the absolute monarchy. As to the quarrel between the rival dynasties, the fact happens to be that Isabella represents the ancient Spanish right, and Don Carlos a novel right, the sole creation of monarchical omnipotence; though, by a strange caprice of destiny, she has been taken to represent modern ideas, and Don Carlos all the superannuated and retrograde interests and sympathies of absolutism, and he has accordingly had the support of the partisans of spiritual and temporal despotism all over Europe. The Salic law is no part of the genuine monarchical traditions of Spain, as it was in France, but was introduced by a mere arbitrary and autocratic act of Philip V., in contravention of those traditions, and consequently on true Legitimist principles Isabella has a better claim than Don Carlos. Not that her fall had anything to do with these considerations one way or the other. She lost her crown because her conduct had produced a moral revolution in the heart of her people, but there was as little to admire or respect in her enemies as in her supporters. It was a mistake, the author thinks—and he did not live to see it remedied—in sacrificing her to proscribe her whole family. We may presume therefore that, were he still among us, his sympathies would be with Alfonso.

It is however chiefly in the interests of religion that Montalembert took up his pen, and not to advocate the claims of this or that particular dynasty, and he accordingly animadverts with a very just severity on the Ultramontane view of the situation, which, as we have already seen, is especially enamoured of what he has shown to be the fatal vices of the political and ecclesiastical government of Spain. It is rather amusing, however, to find the *Catholique de Bruxelles* of September 26, 1868, applying to Isabella's sovereignty the very term applied by the *Voce della Verità* in March 1876 to Don Carlos, who had not then come into the field. "Si Isabelle succombait, l'Espagne serait perdue pour le Catholicisme, perdue pour la cause de l'ordre en Europe, et le dernier gouvernement Catholique aurait disparu du vieux monde." As though, remarks the author, Belgium was not a Christian Government, or England, "which for thirty years has reigned a woman who wears the most glorious (*resplendissante*) crown of the modern world without a breath of calumny having ever tarnished her fair fame": and then follows a long and eloquent passage contrasting the reigns of Victoria and Isabella. Montalembert sees nothing to find fault with in the programme of the revolutionary Junta of Madrid in October 1868, though it includes "liberty of worship," which the Ultramontanes indignantly denounce as incompatible with Catholicism, bidding Spain choose between the two, for both together she cannot keep. "And pray, why not? O great and little prophets!" asks their critic; and he challenges them to name a single country in the world where liberty of worship has injured Catholicism, unless it be Italy, where the question is complicated by other and exceptional considerations. On the contrary, speaking as a politician and a practical man, he feels sure that it has gained immensely by this liberty in France, Belgium, Holland, England, Ireland, Germany, and Switzerland; and he denies that this liberty is an invention of Protestantism; "it is the instinctive outgrowth of the modern spirit [illegible] nerve in passing [illegible] matter of history. The Reformers of the sixteenth century, one and all, as we have more than once had occasion to show, proclaimed the principle of intolerance in the most emphatic terms, and acted upon it whenever they had the power. Montalembert, by the way, quotes with warm approval what was, when he wrote, a recent observation of our own (*Saturday Review*, Oct. 17, 1868), that "Sweden is now left alone in her glory as the one persecuting country in Europe." Liberty of worship, he says, is like the printing press; "it may be used for good or evil, but one cannot part with it." Catholics may detest and abuse it, if they choose, instead of taking advantage of it, but they will be obliged to rest content with "a Platonic enmity." That liberty of all kinds may be grossly abused is not at all denied, and there is a severe and powerful criticism, not without a good deal of justice, on the illiberality of Liberals, specially as exemplified not in the professions but the practice of the Spanish Government in 1868. We have no room, however, for any further extracts. Our main object has been to give our readers some notion of the contents of these remarkable papers, which they will find well worth perusing in their entirety. We may perhaps have occasion to return to them hereafter when the series is complete.

SERVANTS.

THE letter to the *Daily Telegraph* in which Mr. Charles Reade, with his accustomed mingling of force and extravagance, lately proposed a simple remedy for an evil state of things which has long existed, has, as might be expected, produced innumerable replies. Mr. Reade, referring to the death of a sempstress by starvation, headed his letter with the striking phrase "Starvation Refusing Plenty," and said that he had observed the world to be full of "live counterparts" who could never find each other out, in spite of the advertisement sheet, which he regards as "an incalculable boon to mankind." This institution, according to him, has done much to bring together "counterpart individuals," but has failed to bring together two counterpart classes consisting of, "say, two thousand honest, virtuous, industrious young women, working hard and half starved," and "at least twenty thousand other women holding out plenty in both hands, and that plenty rejected with scorn by young women of very little merit," or accepted only under certain vexatious conditions. This statement seems a little obscure, but Mr. Reade went on to "speak more plainly," and to assert what is undoubtedly true, that it becomes more and more difficult as time goes on to obtain good servants, and that masters and mistresses are very often the victims of oppression. There is nothing new in this; but since the days of Mr. Leech's "Servantgalism" pictures the matter has fallen more or less out of notice. And there is of course another side to the question which Mr. Leech's keen and just observation did not pass over. All of us know a household or two where the inattention and insolence of servants are clearly enough marked, where an autocratic power is wielded by a butler to whose whims habit induces the whole house to submit, or is divided between him and a long-established upper housemaid who is at no pains to conceal her resentment at the trouble given by the presence of visitors. In such houses the mere inquiry whether the master or mistress is at home is regarded as an insult, and you are made to feel that you experience a signal mark of condescension in receiving an answer to it. Other servants of this class, which may be regarded as the worst, may be seen any evening pushing and scrambling, regardless of anything but their own convenience, to call up carriages at the end of a play. For the unmannerly behaviour which characterizes this class of servants there are invariably faults on both sides to account. Want of consideration leads their employers to regard servants as necessary adjuncts of human life, but as having no part of their own in it, and natural self-assertion leads the servants to draw attention to their existence by making things as unpleasant as they can to their employers and their employers' guests. Thus the relations of master and servant develop into an endurance, on the one side, which is patient from mere laziness of all kinds of discomfort, and an ever-growing tyranny on the other.

It is not of this kind of service that Mr. Reade's letter treated, but it will, we think, be found that the same selfishness among employers which fosters the conduct we have spoken of in the better-paid class of servants operates as a reason against "half-starved sempstresses" entering a service which, according to Mr. Reade, offers every comfort of life in return for very moderate exertions. It is to be feared, however, that he has represented the conditions of service rather as they ought to be than as they are. "It is true," he says, "that a female servant cannot run into the street whenever she likes. But she sometimes goes on errands, and takes her time. She slips out eternally, and gets out one evening, at least, every week. . . . She comes out of a single room, where she pigs with her relations, and she receives as remuneration for her services a nice clean room all to herself." The letter went on to state, what seems to us fair enough, that there is no reason why servants' wages should be raised in proportion to mechanics', as in the latter case the price of provisions has to be considered, while in the former it has not; and it concluded by saying that the pay of a housemaid in kind and money amounts to about 70*l.* a year. There may, no doubt, be housemaids' places corresponding to the attractive description which Mr. Reade has given, but it is doubtful whether a girl who came, as he delicately puts it, from "pigging with her relations," would be capable of filling them. A number of indig-

nant denials that this state of things prevails in the houses whence servants come has naturally enough been sent to the paper where Mr. Reade's letter appeared, and there have been as many denials that either the accommodation or the liberty given to servants in most houses is as desirable as his statements would make it appear. Again, in the slight glance which he has given to the question of character, he has, we must think, greatly exaggerated the ease with which situations can be obtained. Three thousand houses, according to his letter, are open to a young woman "who can prove that she is not a thief." His argument would seem to be that three thousand masters or mistresses have grown so tired of the difficulty of finding good servants that they are ready to take any girl who can prove that she is honest, no matter how little she may know of the duties to be expected from her. We doubt, however, whether the difficulties are so great as to have led to this result. In the ideal household of Mr. Reade's letter it is likely that people would be extremely careful in ascertaining the capabilities of any servant they engaged; and honesty does not necessarily imply an acquaintance with housemaid's work, or even the power of acquiring it. Where servants are well treated, it is presumable that their work is well done, and, however anxious the mistress of a house may be to relieve the distress of an honest sempstress, she may find it impossible to spend time in teaching her a new calling. There are, unfortunately, many people among the class that employs well-paid servants who are, from a variety of causes, extremely careless in giving characters to servants who are leaving them; and experience of this has rendered others proportionately careful in inquiring about the character of servants who apply for places. When a guarantee of all desirable accomplishments is only accepted with searching scrutiny, it is not likely that a girl who can prove nothing in her favour beyond honesty will be received with acclamation. Besides this, it might not be the easiest thing in the world for a sempstress, however admirable her character, to procure a testimony which should ensure her being accepted as an honest servant.

It seems to us that Mr. Reade, in handling his "counterparts," has mixed up two classes. There is a class of people, no doubt, who want servants and who will not be too strict as to the characters of those whom they engage; but it is not among them that servants will find the comforts which Mr. Reade imagines to be held out in every direction. The places which can be obtained with comparative ease are not attractive enough to make the wholesale conversion of sempstresses into housemaids which he proposes at all probable. They are places filled by the drudges whom many men who have lived in lodgings, especially at a University, where this unhappy kind abounds, must have noticed and pitied. The girl who fills such a place as this is emphatically a maid-of-all-work. Employed by tradespeople whose stock of courtesy is entirely reserved for their customers, she is expected, besides doing nearly all the work of the house, to be ready at all times to attend both to her master and mistress and to their lodgers. Her temper is tried in every way from morning till night; if she succeeds in getting through her duties well and cheerfully under great difficulties, she gets no sort of humane recognition for her services from her employers; and if a lodger rashly addresses a kindly word to her, she will probably be accused of shameful conduct in "carrying on" with him. If she is so ill advised as to fall ill, the reproaches addressed to her for her uselessness and the trouble she gives will make her quickly repent. It is small wonder that many servants of this class should be hopeless slatterns, and no wonder at all that the two thousand honest, virtuous, industrious young women of Mr. Reade's letter should not be anxious to fill their places. On the other hand, we need not be surprised if the "twenty thousand other women holding out plenty in both hands" are not all of them ready to take entirely untrained servants into their houses.

A good instance of what is not unfrequently thought and expected of servants has been given by a writer who, answering Mr. Reade's letter, quoted this praise of a servant, presumably of all-work, by a mistress:—"She has been with me nearly a month, and I never saw her equal for work. She never sits down except to her meals, and the day we washed she didn't have a thing but a glass of beer." The same writer explained that she had never had any difficulty in getting good servants, and, according to the account given of her household, this can be easily understood. She suggests, among other things, that a servant is driven into temptation when she is made "to walk about the streets, or sit in a public-house if she is too tired to walk with her sweetheart," because young men are on no pretence allowed in the house. Her letter, which seems to us more to the point than anything else which has appeared on the subject, ends by saying, "Let mistresses try kindness and friendly sympathy. I have done so, and found it answer." There is much truth in this, if it does not go quite to the root of the matter. We are not prepared to deny that the spirit of absurd conceit and encroachment which Mr. Leech ridiculed in his pictures of "Servantgalism" exists now as much as it did then. There is, indeed, an undue tendency to self-glorification among all who sell their manual labour. But in the case of servants we are disposed to believe that this is frequently fostered by the want of humanity of which we have spoken, and that in a house where "kindness and friendly sympathy" (which of course should not degenerate into spoiling) are exercised towards servants there will not be any great difficulty in filling vacant places; though there may be very great difficulty indeed in preventing vacancies from arising oftener than could be wished. In fact, it is really less difficult nowadays to get good servants than to keep them. Two or three years of a good place are usually as much as the capricious restlessness of the modern domestic can bear; and the mistress is exceptionally fortunate whose "kindness and friendly sympathy" have succeeded in producing an attachment that will be proof against the inveterate love of change for the sake of change.

HELIGOLAND.

ON Tuesday evening the House of Lords had a debate on India, the greatest, while on Monday evening it had turned its attention to Heligoland, the smallest, possession of the British Crown. As the number of persons who know where Heligoland is may perhaps be limited, we will mention that it is an island, or rather group of islands, in the German Ocean, twenty-five miles from the mouths of the Elbe, Weser, and Eider. The main island is divided into the cliff and the low land. The cliff is a rock rising to an elevation of 90 to 170 feet above the level of the sea. The summit is a tolerably level plain, about 4,200 paces in circumference. The lowland adjoining has two good harbours. The circumference of the whole island does not exceed three miles. In former ages it was of much greater extent. It has been during many centuries much consumed by the waves, and lately it has been eaten up by rabbits. It was anciently the residence of a chief of the Sicambri, and the seat of worship of a Saxon deity. When the English took possession of it in 1807, during the war with Denmark, it became the depôt for goods which were smuggled into Continental ports; the low land, which had been an uninhabited down, was covered with warehouses; and the population of the island increased to 4,000. More recently it has been a favourite site for gambling-tables, where perhaps the worship of the Saxon deity was continued. On the conclusion of peace in 1814 the English retained possession of the island, probably for the sake of its double harbour, and for the advantage which it offers for defence in having two wells of good water. The English erected batteries and a lighthouse. They placed there a governor and a garrison, but levied no taxes, and did not interfere with the internal government. It is of course under the superintendence of the Colonial Office, and Lord Carnarvon, who is indefatigable in the business of making things pleasant all round with colonists, has not neglected to propitiate the descendants of the Sicambri.

We are indebted to Lord Rosebery for calling our attention to this interesting colony by moving for papers relating to Heligoland. It has been said that by the capitulation of 1807 the ancient rights and liberties of the inhabitants were secured to them, and Lord Rosebery desires to ascertain what those ancient rights and liberties precisely were. It is believed, however, that every householder was entitled to be summoned to a council before any taxation could be imposed on him. Things remained almost unchanged until 1864, when Heligoland, like larger colonies, behoved to have a Constitution. By an Order in Council of that year a Legislative Council was created. It consisted of twelve persons summoned by Royal Warrant; and when questions of taxation were involved, twelve burghers were to be added to the Council by election. By this time, probably, some zealot desires to introduce representative government into the island, and we are quite prepared to hear that the recent plague of rabbits is ascribed to the want of Parliamentary institutions. It appears that in 1866 the Governor reported that the Constitution was working admirably, and two years afterwards it was abolished. If it be true that, while the inhabitants had not paid the taxes imposed on them, the public debt which had amounted to 750*l.* was reduced to 600*l.*, we can only say that charity should begin at home, and we should like to have such a beautiful Constitution among ourselves. We decline to adopt the suggestion which may possibly be offered that the debt was reduced out of the profits of the gambling-table. The Duke of Buckingham, when he was Colonial Secretary, is said to have gone in uniform in a man-of-war to Heligoland, and taken away its bauble of a Constitution. The German newspapers, which naturally take a lively interest in the descendants of the Sicambri, have lately called attention to this alleged grievance, and they complain that, whereas we are always preaching liberty to other Governments, we have summarily abolished the Constitution of one of our own dependencies. Lord Carnarvon, in answer to Lord Rosebery, remarked that the Heligolanders are a sensitive race, as indeed are most of the races with which he is brought into official contact, and he feared that the production of the capitulation of 1807 would wound the susceptibilities of the dependency. Considering that this capitulation is, as he says, an historic document, and that its contents must be perfectly well known to those who were affected by it, Lord Carnarvon's anxiety is perhaps excessive. It may be remembered that Napoleon had by the Peace of Tilsit converted Russia from a dangerous enemy into a subservient friend. Our Government apprehended that he and the Emperor Alexander would employ the Danish fleet against us, and so we determined to seize it ourselves. Whatever may be thought of the justice of this resolution, there can be no question of the vigour with which it was executed. A fleet and army was immediately despatched; and, whereas the battle of Friedland was fought on the 14th June and the Peace of Tilsit concluded on 9th July, the surrender of the Danish fleet was exacted on the 7th September. As a branch of these operations, a small squadron was sent to Heligoland, and while our admiral was preparing to storm the place with his marines

and seamen, a flag of truce arrived, and next day was signed the capitulation which Lord Rosebery now wishes to have produced. Thus the island, which was much wanted as a refuge for our cruisers in these dangerous waters, became a possession of the British Crown, and our traders, we may be sure, promptly utilized its commercial capabilities. The hope which we had founded on the stubborn courage of the Russian armies was dissipated as soon as Napoleon's military genius had full scope. But not even by his splendid victory at Friedland, nor by the confederacy which followed it, could he abate the pertinacity of our resistance. Whatever came of our allies we were never disappointed in ourselves, and it may be doubted whether the vigilance of our cruisers or the activity of our smugglers caused greater irritation to our enemy. It would have been better if we had not imitated the petty spite he showed. When we employed our naval power in cutting off supplies of drugs from Napoleon's confederates, Sydney Smith ridiculed our great scheme for closing, as he said, the ports and the bowels of Northern Europe.

It was against an earlier confederacy of the same kind that Nelson battled in 1801. Twice within seven years Copenhagen heard the thunder of our guns, and the capitulation of Heligoland commemorates our second attack on the nation with which we have now to close a tie. Yet Nelson wrote that the Danes were the brothers, and should never be the enemies, of the English. They might, however, be pardoned in those days for thinking that we had a way of dissembling our love. If, as is likely, the Heligolanders have now German sympathies, they may not feel any particular irritation at looking back at our attacks on Denmark, and at any rate they know their own history. Lord Carnarvon tells us that the capitulation did not confirm ancient rights and liberties. The island is now, he says, in a state of contentment and satisfaction, and he implies that it does not regret the Constitution of 1864. If its people are happier than they were when they could pay off debt without collecting taxes, the Colonial Office has something to be proud of. They may be prosperous; but if they are contented they deserve to be described, in the indignant language of agitation, as wretches whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance. Their community is probably about as big as one of those "populous places" which lately exercised the sagacity of magistrates at Quarter Sessions. The Colonial Secretary, correcting Lord Rosebery, stated that we supplied Heligoland with a Constitution soon after it came into our possession. It had a Legislative Council consisting of six nominated members, with whom six others were to be associated under certain circumstances. The connexion between the island and Denmark in those days was much closer than it afterwards became, and we regret to learn that, as a result of or contemporaneously with this Danish connexion, it was impossible to recover debts or to enforce legal processes in the island, gambling tables were set up, and, as Lord Carnarvon delicately puts it, "great difficulties arose" as to wrecking and salvage cases. The descendants of the Sicambri seem to have thought that of all slaves the most base is he that pays, and it may be plausibly conjectured that the Saxon deity who was worshipped on the island was identical with Mercury. The Constitution of 1864 is described as "a change in the direction of local self-government," and it may be admitted that the islanders of that day did need an increase of self-government, but in a moral, not political, sense. An extension of the franchise was granted, and there are enthusiasts capable of believing that universal suffrage would cure a propensity to wrecking and gambling, and promote a law-abiding and debt-paying frame of mind. However, that experiment failed, as experiments have failed in larger colonies, and then the Duke of Buckingham went to the island, as above described, and abolished its Constitution with the happiest possible results. Another speaker, being free from official regard for susceptible Sicambri, remarked that at that time it was impossible to serve a writ, and that Heligoland wanted not so much a Constitution as a constable. In fact, it was a sort of Whitefriars with sea air: and even Lord Carnarvon seems to admit that an English officer called Receiver of Wrecks was quite as important in the new system as the Lieutenant-Governor or his Council. So far as could be possible under the authority of the British Crown, this island seems to have approximated to the condition ascribed by a witness in the case of the *Lemme* mutineers to (we think) Isle de Rhé. "I told them it was a Republic, and there were no police, and they had better go ashore." Self-government, in the sense of keeping your hands from picking and stealing, was obviously the want of the islanders, and they have now acquired it. Lord Carnarvon does not directly question the assertion that this island was a Paradise under the lamented Constitution of 1864; but he rather seems to suggest that it was something else, and he positively states that the public debt has been further reduced since the advent of the Wreck Receiver. In fact, there has been rather less liberty and rather more law. The debt of Heligoland does not, so far as we know, figure prominently in the transactions of the Stock Exchange, and the possessor of a few hundred pounds might probably constitute himself sole creditor of this dependency of the British Crown. Lord Carnarvon omits to notice the alarming prevalence of rabbits, and we fear that a Colonial Secretary in uniform on board a man-of-war would produce small impression on them. But we could at all events turn out a few foxes on the island.

THE COASTGUARDSMAN, PAST AND PRESENT.

AMONG the most agreeable objects that enliven the shores of our island are the groups of cottages occupied by the coastguard. Picturesque one can scarcely call them, for the architecture is simple to baldness, and suggestive of Government contracts kept down by close competition; and yet they have generally the picturesqueness of comfortable contrast with surroundings that are often bleak and inhospitable. Dating from the days when our coasts were regularly picketed and a blockade was methodically established against the enterprise of the free-traders, we come upon them in every variety of situation. Now they are arranged bastion-wise on a commanding eminence in the suburb of some seaport or watering-place, in a snug, compact little square with a tall flagstaff in the centre. Again we stumble on them unexpectedly, sheltered in the recess of some "gap" or "chine," where a little stream comes trickling down to the sands, through the deep cleft that time seems to have worn in the chalk cliffs. Most frequently they are perched on the crest of the line of sand hills, with a broad look-out in all directions over "promontory, cape, and bay." And often they form a conspicuous landmark on some flat stretch of grass-grown sand, where the slow shelving shore is intersected by a labyrinth of changing channels, and where mud banks submerged by the rising tides are a perfect paradise for the clamorous sea-fowl. But, whatever the situation, the general effect is almost invariably the same. They are substantial and weather-tight; suggestive of cheery shelter in bright interiors when the wind is howling through the shrouds of the flagstaff, driving the sand and gravel in flying scud along the beach, and churning and grinding the pebbles in the surf with dull, monotonous roar. There are low flat roofs with projecting eaves, and small, strongly secured casements, and the gleam of their spotless whitewash catches any sunlight that may be going. In the neatly palisaded little gardens that stretch before the doors a hard and not unsuccessful struggle is always going on with the unfriendly elements, while the shell-strewn walks are invariably kept in the most perfect order. As you approach them of a warm summer afternoon you are conscious of the briny breeze being just tainted with a faint amphibious smell of tar. It may not be so balmy or romantic as the resinous odours that breathe from the pine-woods of Bayonne or Arcachon, under the fiercer rays of the sun of Gascony; but it is decidedly wholesome, and rather savoury than otherwise. The promiscuous use of pitch and tar gratifies the nautical affections of the inmates. Everything is paid, caulked, and seamed, from the keels of the white-painted boats that are hauled up bottom upwards to the felt-covered shingles over the outhouses, and the frames of the cottage windows, and the palings of the enclosure. Everything, even to the concealed refuse heaps, is trim and shipshape, showing the presence of an easy discipline and the predominance of habits of tidiness and order.

As for the occupants of these oases in the wilderness, the lines would seem to have fallen to them in very pleasant places. The sturdy women are blooming in the redundancy of vigorous health, and the chubby children who are tumbling about on the sand are in as sleek case as turtles or porpoises. Even were less attention paid to sanitary details, it would be difficult for the most perverse ingenuity to make these breezy places unwholesome. Ordinary ailments can scarcely lay hold of constitutions enjoying a perpetual air-bath, where brine, oxygen, and iodine are the chief ingredients; and the most remote association with disorders of the nerves would be on the face of it absurdly impossible. The husbands and fathers of the little households are just what one might expect in men who lead the most salubrious lives in the world and have as few cares as may be. Unless you are of unusually robust make yourself, you are disposed to envy them their stalwart frames, their broad shoulders, their deep chests, and the solid under-limbs on which they roll themselves along. Their easy uniform of dark woollen jersey, with broad collars flung back to let the breezes play round the muscular throat, looks the very picture of serviceable comfort. You can tell at a glance that life sits lightly on them, nor are their duties by any means onerous. They have to keep a bright look-out in the day-time for nothing in particular, which comes very naturally to them; for they have got into the habit of gazing into vacancy. Now and then they are taken out for some gentle exercise in the long boat of the station, and take a leisurely pull along the coast which has a good deal of the character of a pleasure trip. They have some night patrolling to do, which is very much a matter of form, now that smuggling has become a thing almost unheard of. The night walk may not be always agreeable, when they have to face wind and rain in broken weather, or swallow down mouthfuls of the damp sea fog that is swathing everything in a watery mantle. Those heaps of white stones which mark out their beats along the southern chalk cliffs are suggestive of promenades that must often be dreary, and occasionally have a dash of danger as well; for a blunder in their bearings might precipitate them down a depth of a few hundred feet among the shingle and seaweed on the beach below. But on such weather-beaten headlands they have shelter-houses erected where they may seek temporary refuge in the wildest nights, and on the whole these solitary nocturnal walks must be a rather agreeable variety in their existence. No human lot is perfect, however, and the drawbacks to theirs are its routine and monotony. They may, indeed, look forward nowadays to an annual cruise in one of Her Majesty's ships, when they enjoy complete change of scene and revive their old nautical associations. And occasionally, when vessels are in distress on the

coast, they have the excitement of putting out to the assistance of the crew, on working the patent rocket apparatus that is to establish means of communication. But, as a rule, they are driven to betake themselves to desultory lounging, in which, with incessant practice, they become highly accomplished. Occasionally this habit, conspiring with circumstances, tends somewhat to demoralize them. The experienced visitor to famous points of view in the vicinity of popular watering-places learns to sheer away as he sees the preventive man standing off and on with an elaborate air of attention to everything except the stranger advancing in his direction. For when the unwary wanderer comes within easy hailing distance, the look-out is apt to bear down suddenly and grapple him. Then the customary observations as to the weather are followed by the friendly tender of the telescope, and you know that before you may pursue your way you must pay your shilling if you care not to be considered shabby. But the coastguard watch in less frequented places is usually a well-informed local guide, of frank but by no means obtrusive manners, with a fair share of intelligence and possibly a store of professional traditions. He will not only explain the geography of the neighbourhood, and enlighten you as to aquatic matters generally, but he will confide to you as you grow friendly how time hangs heavy with him, and will indulge in half-grumbling reminiscences of those good old times when the duties of the preventive guard were no sinecure.

And indeed there were few lives more active, exciting, and unpopular than theirs when import duties were excessive, and lucky smugglers made rapid fortunes. The sympathies of the whole adjacent country were against them. Half the country people were employed from time to time in running illicit cargoes, and made a very profitable thing of it. Those were the days of hard drinking, and farmers almost openly encouraged a trade that dropped kegs of cheap Hollands and runlets of pure French brandy at their very doors. As for the women, of course—to say nothing of their romantic sympathies with daring law-breakers—they were all in favour of the men who filled and sweetened the cheering tea-cup that would otherwise have been altogether beyond their means. Even gentlemen holding His Majesty's commission of the peace were said to connive at the "fair trade" for a consideration, and to express no surprise at the production of mysterious casks that had been concealed in out-of-the-way corners of their premises. There were certain depôts in dry caverns, in remote farmsteads or sequestered barns, the secret of which was religiously preserved, although it was the common property of highly questionable characters. There were codes of signals which could be clearly read by all but the preventive men, and which gave notice of danger or of a favourable opportunity as the case might be. The officer in charge of the station had his faculties preternaturally sharpened, and could scent something wrong in the most natural incidents. The wreaths of smoke rising from a heap of burning weeds might convey a warning to some expected vessel. A fishing-boat putting out to sea, engaged apparently in its lawful business, might really be bound on a similar errand. Then it was the business of the day watch to scan carefully each craft that appeared off the coast, and his natural vigilance was stimulated by the prize-money that might fall to his share. Then the nocturnal promenade was no mere formality. The thicker the night, the more likely that something might be going on under cover of the fog; and the ear of the look-out was always bent to distinguish, amidst the murmur of the waves, the sound of suppressed voices or the plash of muffled oars. Nor was the walk by any means free from personal danger, and indeed it was seldom taken in solitude. For, even apart from the inveterate animosity existing between the smugglers and the preventive men, those were days when deeds of violence were common, and the life of a man was of little account compared to the safety of a cargo that might be worth hundreds or thousands of pounds. If he chanced to fall over the cliff by accident, everything might be settled satisfactorily before he was replaced. For, when a smuggling lugger stood in for the coast, there were plenty of ready hands to help to discharge her cargo, and unless the men of the nearest preventive station got assistance from elsewhere, there was little left to them but to look on helplessly. Boats from the nearest fishing hamlets swarmed in about the smuggler. Strings of horses, in charge of people armed to the teeth, made their way to the coast from the inland farms. The contraband goods were made up in kegs and bags of convenient size for easy landing; they were transferred from the ship to the boat, from the boat to the beach, from the beach to the pack-saddle, with incredible celerity; and, when the mounted caravans set themselves in motion, those who had assisted at the landing hastened to vanish as they had come. On these occasions the smugglers scored a trick in the game, and the coastguard had nothing for it but to wait their turn of revenge with redoubled vigilance. More frequently, however, they succeeded in spoiling sport, for it paid the smuggler amply to run one cargo in three. The Government people would keep such a sharp look-out that, oftener than not, the friends of the free-traders could only help them by signalling danger, and the richly freighted lugger had to put up her helm in despair, perhaps with one of the revenue cutters in hot pursuit. Or, what was better still, the enemy was surprised in the very act of unlading, and a valuable capture was effected. Of course a successful exploit of this kind was by no means all pleasure and profit. The smugglers, with their friends disguised by blackened faces, were sure to show fight if they had any chance. As they were busy in the bay and the unlading was going briskly forward, their sentinels would give the signal of alarm, and the long galleys of the coastguard would be seen pulling fast inshore, and stealing like wolves on their prey from round the nearest headland. The attacking force would have free play with its muskets and carabines if it came within [illegible], and the attacked had to consider that their enemies on the water had probably allies on the land in the shape of Excise officers backed up by soldiers. So the next act in the drama was a *sauve qui peut*, conducted with more or less order, and covered with a lavish use of firearms and cutlasses. Very possibly the victors had to count the dead and pick up wounded; and thus the romance and excitement of those days were spiced with a very sensible element of danger. But if the modern coastguardsman may be tempted to regret those vanished times with their fun and their prizes, it is matter of congratulation for the country that he has to reserve his energies nowadays against the chance of their being required by the Admiralty for purposes of national defence.

THE PERILS OF CIVILIZATION.

IT is said that, by the progress of medicine, and the better appreciation of sanitary laws, the average duration of life is gradually being extended; but, on the other hand, it is impossible to shut our eyes to the fact that the advance of civilization also tends to the introduction of many new perils. The use, for instance, of dynamite for homicidal purposes is probably only in its infancy. Some crude experiments have been made, but in the course of years the nature of the apparatus required will, no doubt, be better understood, and widely extended. Railway accidents are another illustration of the deadly effects of improved mechanics; and in another sphere even such a small invention as roller-skating has apparently added largely to the number of broken bones and injured spines which were formerly confined to the comparatively small class who seek amusement in the hunting-field. It may be thought, however, that people who go out of their way to meddle with dangerous chemicals, or to seek sport in dangerous exercises, have only themselves to blame if they come to grief. But walking about in the streets is not altogether a matter of taste; for most people it is a necessity, and the perils which are thus encountered are not counted, but are of the kind which cannot be avoided. The misanthropical van-driver and the bloodthirsty butcher-boy are familiar dangers of the streets; but there are also other perils of a serious kind to which people are constantly exposed, but of which they have no suspicion till some shocking accident brings them under notice. An instance of this kind occurred the other day, when a man had his throat cut by some telegraph wires which had been blown down. The wires had been stretched across a street, and, having been blown down by the gale, formed a loop over a gateway through which the deceased had to drive an omnibus. His neck was caught in this noose, and the tissues of the throat severed, so that he died instantaneously. Such a danger as that of an iron instrument coming down in this way, as from the skies, and cutting the throat of a person in the street, is one against which it is impossible for the threatened victim to guard; and it is obvious that all who happen to pass that way at the critical moment are equally jeopardized. Any one who in going through London chooses to lift his eyes can see for himself the risks to which he is thus exposed. Sir John Hawkshaw, the eminent engineer, has pointed out with emphatic conciseness what is likely to happen from the present method of carrying telegraph wires across the streets. Galvanized wire, he says, in a smoky atmosphere, does not last more than a dozen years, and the first indication of decay will probably be the falling of the wires upon the passers-by; and the weight of the wires, and the height from which they will fall, will be generally sufficient to kill and maim those upon whom they fall. Sir John added that he did not happen to know who might be made responsible for such accidents; but Lord John Manners has since admitted the responsibility of the Post Office for postal wires, and that, as far as possible, they ought to be carried underground. Some five hundred and fifty-four miles of wire have, it is said, been laid in this way during the last two years. In the meantime, however, Sir J. Hawkshaw's suggestion that, if wires are to cross the streets, they should do so at right angles in the shortest way, instead of, as at present, being extended obliquely to a distant point on the other side, commends itself to common sense, for the existing system is, as he justly observes, ingeniously contrived to do the greatest amount of mischief to the greatest number. It may perhaps be said that there has been only one isolated and exceptional case of danger to human life from this cause; but it must be remembered that this plan of stretching wires across the streets is of comparatively recent date, and that the time is now arriving when the wires are becoming weak and brittle. No doubt there is some system of inspection; but the question is whether this inspection is sufficiently close and careful. The wires which killed the omnibus-driver the other day had, it seems, been up for six years, and had not long since been passed as sound for a further term. Nothing is said in the report of any evidence having been given as to their actual condition.

Probably few people would have suspected that, if the telegraph wires happened for any reason to come down, the accident would produce such fatal effects; and it may be admitted that in the present instance there was probably

something exceptional in the way in which the loop was formed in which the unfortunate man's head was caught. Even, however, if the falling wires did not kill, they would be likely to inflict severe wounds; and the commotion which such an incident would produce amidst the traffic of a crowded thoroughfare, especially if it happened in the day-time, would in itself constitute a serious danger. Moreover, the gravity of the question is increased by the large extension of this system of erecting telegraph-wires along the roofs which has taken place in recent years, and is continually going on. Not only the Post Office, but various Companies and private persons, make use of wires in this way, and, if the practice continues, it may soon be expected that over a great part of London there will be a closely-woven meshwork of wires stretching across the chief thoroughfares. It may be doubted, therefore, whether any modification of the present system, such as laying down a rule that wires must be carried across the road only at right angles, will be sufficient to meet the difficulty; and whether these dangerous constructions on the tops of houses will not have to be absolutely prohibited. It is stated that during the recent gales a great many poles were thrown down, and the wires twisted and blown about in all sorts of fantastic ways. Here we have a source of danger both to roofs and chimneys as well as to people in the streets below. It is easy to conceive the wires getting entangled with a stack of chimneys, and pulling them down with a sudden haul, and in such a case there would be a great risk of the wreck of the chimneys going through the roof into the house beneath, or into the street. It appears that a large part of the telegraphic intercourse of London is already carried on by underground wires; and this system has many recommendations. The wires are not exposed to the weather as those are which are elevated on the tops of houses; and they can be more readily got at and mended when out of repair. Along the lines of railway and in country districts the poles and wires are of course less inconvenient and dangerous; but even there they are apt to be the cause of mischief by being blown down upon the rails, where they may form a serious obstruction of traffic, as indeed happened on Sunday last when the Empress of Austria was returning from Windsor to London. In the large towns, however, there can be no doubt that over-house telegraphs are very much out of place, and those who erect them must not be surprised to find a strong protest raised against their continuance.

There is an objection to any reform in this way which is pretty sure to be raised, and which involves an important principle in regard to the rights of the public. It will no doubt be said that to substitute underground communications for those which are now carried aloft would throw a very heavy outlay on those on whom the obligation devolved; and it may be assumed that, to some extent, this would be the case, though there would be a saving in the rent paid for passing over houses, and probably in the cost of maintenance and repairs. Admitting, however, that it would be costly and troublesome, we have to ask whether in such a case the public has not the first and paramount right to consideration. This is the usual cry of the Railway Companies when any urgent reform in their system is pressed upon them. "What!" they exclaim, "you expect us to have carriages of uniform construction, a strict correspondence between the level of carriage doorways and of landing-places, improved signals, efficient brakes, and so on; but just think of the expense, and the effect on our dividends!" When it is proposed that the railways should double their lines because they have more than doubled their traffic, the same plea is heard again—"Oh! but this would be so expensive for the Companies." The answer is that Companies have no right to subordinate the safety of the public to their own private pecuniary interests. It is impossible to admit that anybody has a right to endanger the lives of the community in order to make a large profit. What would be said if a man got leave to build a bridge for the use of the public, and it was so rotten and ricketty that people were always tumbling through and being drowned? Would it be an excuse to say that the proprietor could not make a handsome income for himself if he kept the bridge in such a condition as would be perfectly safe? A Railway Company which cannot do its work without slaughtering so many people every year just because it does not choose to pay for an efficient staff, a highway roomy enough for its traffic, and plant of the best kind, has no right to exist at all, and the same principle applies to all other public enterprises. It is not a question of how many people may be allowed to be killed in a year in order to put money into other people's pockets; the question begins at an earlier point, and is simply whether anybody is to be killed at all if it can be avoided. After the opinion expressed with regard to telegraph wires by so high and practical an authority as Sir John Hawkshaw, it can hardly be contended that the public is bound to submit to this artificial and unnecessary peril for the convenience of the people, whoever they may be, who use this means of communication. The proper place for the telegraph wires in a densely populated town is underground, and if that is expensive, it is only one of the natural conditions of the business. The Tramway Companies already monopolize a considerable share of the public thoroughfares, and if we are to have large lumbering waggons blocking up the roadway, and a maze of telegraph wires woven overhead, and threatening at any moment to fall down and maim or kill the people in the streets, the ordinary perils of London life will be seriously augmented. And this brings us to another question which also demands attention—that is, the necessity of having the under part of at least the chief thoroughfares so arranged that it may be possible to lay or repair telegraph wires, gas-pipes, water-pipes, and so on, without having the whole traffic obstructed for an indefinite period of every year. The complete realization of this dream is probably remote, but some attempt ought to be made to carry it out; and, at any rate, the public ought not to be kept uneasy by telegraph poles and wires in windy situations.

DEGREES IN MURDER.

A BILL has been brought into the House of Commons reciting that the various offences which are legally characterized as murder differ greatly from each other "in heinousness and atrocity," and it is not just that the same punishment should be alike applicable to all. We of course entirely agree that the law is in this respect imperfect, and we should like to see—what we do not see—a Bill that would amend it. The apportionment of punishment must always be to some extent discretionary, and it is impossible to formulate in rules all the considerations which may properly influence a criminal judge. The sentiment of early ages is expressed by Shakspeare in reference to Iago, and there are still, perhaps, persons capable of regretting that such a monster of wickedness as the contriver of the Bremerhaven explosion could at most be simply hanged. But if you can only hang for the worst homicide, it seems to follow that you ought not to hang in cases distinctly short of extreme guilt; and, indeed, our law attempts to meet, although not very satisfactorily, what may be taken to be a prevailing sentiment. The distinction between murder and manslaughter has been called "an indulgence shown to the frailties of human nature"; and it has been said that, if two happen to fall out upon a sudden, and presently agree to fight, and each of them fetch a weapon and go into the field, and there one kill the other, he is guilty of manslaughter only, "because he did it in the heat of blood."

In a case which occurred rather more than a century ago a jury found that Taylor, "being a sergeant in the first regiment of our Lord the King of foot,' was in a taphouse or alehouse in Lambeth, and was there drinking with another soldier and a gardener, being all three Scotchmen, and Edwards and Pepper were there likewise drinking in another box in the same room, and Edwards, without any provocation given by Taylor or his company, said of them, "They are Lord Bute's countrymen." The conversation proceeded thus:—"Do you know any harm of them?" "No, nor any good." "Yes, in the last war they did great service to their country by fighting the savages in America." "It was fit one savage should fight against another." When Edwards said this, Taylor struck him with a small rattan cane, and the gardener struck Edwards with his fist. Edwards, who was a servant of the house, then fetched other servants, and Taylor was bidden to pay for his liquor and be gone. Smith, who was neither master nor servant, thereupon intervened, called Taylor "rascal," and as Taylor was going away laid hold of him by the collar, and said he should not go without paying, and threw him down against a settle. Taylor then paid, whereupon Smith again laid hold of him by the collar, and shoved him out of the room into the passage, whereupon Taylor said "that he did not mind killing an Englishman more than eating a mess of crowdy." Smith and Edwards then violently pushed Taylor out of the alehouse; whereupon Taylor instantly turned round, drew his sword, stabbed Smith, and gave him the wound of which he died. The Court declared that this finding of the jury could only amount to manslaughter; for "words are not sufficient provocation, but blows are provocation sufficient to lessen the crime into manslaughter." The Court said further that the case was stronger (in favour of Taylor) than many of the cases where it had been determined to be only manslaughter.

We are told that in early times the killing of any man through malice prepense was by degrees called murder and punished with death. But by the common law "clergy" was promiscuously allowed as well in cases of murder as of manslaughter before certain statutes of King Henry VIII., by which "clergy" was taken away from murder *ex malitiâ præcogitatâ*. This practice of allowing "clergy" prevailed in the last century, and accordingly we find that Taylor, sergeant in the First Regiment of Foot, fell on his knees at the bar and prayed the benefit of his clergy, and was burned in the hand and discharged. By the practice which then prevailed of finding a special verdict, the jury submitted the facts to the Court, and left the Court to say whether malice prepense was proved, or, in other words, whether the killing was murder or only manslaughter. Now the judge explains to the jury, as well as he can, the distinction between these two terms, and leaves the jury to decide which they will apply to the case before them. The judge carries in his mind more or less of the charges of his predecessors in similar cases, and expresses what he remembers with more or less accuracy and lucidity. As to some cases it will be easy to say on which side of the line they fall; as to others it will be very difficult. But in many cases a narrative has to be constructed on the imperfect recollection of witnesses of a number of circumstances which preceded and attended the killing, and the jury have to decide on the whole between the two alternatives presented to them. This practice may, or may not, be capable of improvement; but we do not think it will be improved by a Bill which proposes to enact that murder in the first degree is unlawful killing, "with deliberate intent so to kill, or [illegible] malice afore-

thought." Suppose that, Taylor being drunk and disorderly, the master of the ale-house and his servants put him out with no unnecessary violence, and he instantly turned round and mortally stabbed one of them. Again, suppose that they used more or less of unnecessary violence, and he did the same thing. The suddenness of the impulse is evidently not the criterion, because it would be exactly the same in the three cases of no unnecessary violence, of little, or of much, and so we are not much helped by looking for "deliberate intent." The term "malice aforethought" has been always used, and in the case of the Scotch soldier the Court looked to the degree of provocation, and finding it considerable, decided that he was only guilty of "feloniously killing" Smith, or, in other words, that "malice prepense" was wanting. It may be doubted whether anything is gained by this or any other adjective. There have been, or at least the "mad doctors" tell us that there may be, cases of killing by sudden momentary impulse which they call uncontrollable. If such a case did occur, the killer would be, or at least ought to be, hanged, and he could not be hanged without being found guilty of killing of "malice aforethought." Yet he may have taken no more thought than a man does who takes a "snap shot" at a rabbit.

Cases of homicide under the influence of drink are unfortunately frequent, and the law deals with them on the whole satisfactorily, although judges are not always happy in explaining the grounds on which they proceed. It is commonly said that drunkenness is no excuse for crime, but it would be easy to show that this principle is not practised quite so uniformly as it is preached. In the too common case of a man of brutal savage nature who, under excitement of liquor, beats, kicks, jumps upon, and perhaps kills, a woman, it may be fairly said that, if the man's nature were not brutal and savage, drink would not excite it to this violence. But suppose a man in a drunken fury sets fire to a neighbour's house, and the indictment for arson charges him in the usual form that he did this "with intent to injure" his neighbour, and there is no evidence of the intent beyond the act. It would be easy to produce cases in which this has not been held sufficient; and yet, as a general principle, a man must be supposed to intend the natural consequence of his act. A man went into another man's house, and "was very abusive," and a constable was desired to turn him out. While the constable was taking him off the premises, he stabbed the constable with a fork. He was "something the worse for liquor." Being tried for stabbing with intent to murder, Baron Alderson said, or is reported to have said, after observing that intoxication did not alter the nature of the offence, that, "with regard to the intention, drunkenness may perhaps be adverted to according to the nature of the instrument used. If a man uses a stick, you would not infer a malicious intent so strongly against him, if drunk, when he made an intemperate use of it, as you would if he had used a different kind of weapon." It is hard on a judge that, after the lapse of forty years, he should be made answerable for all that appears of his dicta in the reports. But if Baron Alderson had heard any one else say this, he would probably have asked why sober men as well as drunkards should not have the benefit of the distinction between a stick and a fork. He could not have meant to say that in lighter cases drink may be an excuse or palliation, but when it comes to killing or wounding, the law must show unmitigated severity; and yet that is nearly what he is made to say. In another case, where a dictum of a learned judge was cited to the effect that in a charge of murder, on the question whether the act was premeditated, intoxication might be taken into account, the Court said, "there would be no safety for human life if that were law"; and it certainly is not law. We are not a logical, but a practical, people; and although it might be argued with much force that murder by contrived poisoning and murder in drunken fury imply different degrees of wickedness, we should answer that we must hang for the latter, and we can only hang for the former. But, if this be so, the comparative "heinousness and atrocity" of murders seems scarcely to furnish ground for legislative action.

A case tried this week at Maidstone may serve as a test of the value of the Bill. It appeared that on the evening of Saturday, 8th January, the prisoner and a woman with whom he cohabited were on their way to a barn outside Margate, where they sometimes passed the night. They visited three drinking-houses, and they had, at one house, according to the evidence, "five half-quarterns" of gin, which Lord Coleridge, from a mistake easily made in reading the figures of his own notes, stated to the jury as "five and a half quarterns." The mistake was corrected, and thus the quantity of gin alleged to have been consumed was reduced by more than half. It is, however, always difficult to attain exactness on these points, and it would be dangerous to pay much heed to arguments from the prisoner's condition some time after the woman's death to show what his condition was before her death. When we are told that a prisoner "had been drinking, but was not drunk," we can form our own judgment as to his condition. He seems to have been possessed with a sort of madness for which drink was the only apparent cause. If he beat and kicked the woman in a drunken fury, he only followed the example of other men to whom the law has been more merciful than it is likely to be to him. But why did he tear off and carry away her clothes? Supposing him to be capable of thought, he would perceive that suspicion would point to him as the person last seen with her, and no marks upon her clothes could possibly be more damning to him than his making away with her clothes to prevent examination of them. But, assuming that the prisoner was at 9 or 10 o'clock that night when the woman came by her death considerably under the influence of drink, the killing, *if* he killed her, as the jury believed he did, would still be murder. *If* the victim had been a man we might suppose a quarrel and a struggle, and here the quantity and effect of the drink taken become material. But it is difficult to frame any hypothesis on which there could be provocation by a woman sufficient to negative the legal presumption of malice—in other words, to reduce the crime from murder to manslaughter—and besides, the man did not suggest anything of the kind. Lord Coleridge, in answer to the argument that the prisoner was too drunk to have the deliberate intent to kill, said that he must hold that this was not material, assuming that the prisoner committed these acts of violence; and here he spoke correctly the language of the law. It may be added that, if ever there could be a time when this class of murder might be treated leniently, the present does not seem to be that time, but quite otherwise. The Bill to which we have referred comes to this; that murder, as it has actually been defined, shall be murder in the first degree, and murder which is not murder in the first degree shall be murder in the second degree. The old distinction between murder and manslaughter is quite as rational as this gradation of murders, and has the advantage of being familiar. Unless something more effectual can be done to amend the law of homicide, it had better be let alone. Until human thought and language shall attain perfection, which now seems distant, it will be necessary to leave a large discretion to judges or Ministers of State.

REVIEWS.

WILLIAM OF CANTERBURY.*

WITH a yearning second only to the yearning with which we have longed for Dr. Dasent's long-promised sagas, have we been longing for an intelligible edition of the vast mass of materials which have gathered round the quarrel between Henry the Second and Thomas of Canterbury.. Those only who have tried to master the subject in the edition of Dr. Giles know how great is the lack. Any editor might set about his work with one great advantage; he must do it comparatively well; human imagination cannot go so far as to conceive an edition worse done than those of Dr. Giles. We are therefore inclined to welcome anything of the kind from Mr. Robertson or from anybody else. We might possibly think that so great a subject should have been entrusted to the greatest scholar, and that no hand save that which drew Henry should be allowed to touch Thomas. But, without descending to the depth of Dr. Giles, the work might easily have fallen into much worse hands than those of Mr. Robertson. Mr. Robertson is described in his title-page as Canon of Canterbury, so that he may be supposed to have some local knowledge of and interest in his subject. And some years back he put forth a work on the subject itself, whose alliterative title caused some mirth among scholars, but which was plainly the result of solid work. "Becket, a Biography," as the lettering of Mr. Robertson's book ran, showed in a curious way how well a man may understand the details of a subject without in the least understanding the subject itself. Mr. Robertson showed himself equally removed from the class of blunderers and from the class of historians. He was minutely accurate in detail; only Henry and Thomas were both of them too great for him to take in. Some may think that for an editor accuracy in detail is enough, and that it does not much matter whether he understands the general subject or not. Some years back we might have been inclined to think so too; but our standard of editorship has been raised by the great volumes in this same series. Still we believe that Mr. Robertson may do very fairly, if he will only keep himself from joking, even at Dr. Giles. We would give him one other warning. He says in the beginning of his Introduction that

> In a work produced with the aid of public money it would be improper to obtrude opinions which might offend the convictions either of those who regard him [Becket] with a religious veneration or of those who estimate him very differently.

Mr. Robertson does not seem to understand that there are those with whom everything is not a matter of theological controversy. There are those who can admire two great men, each honestly engaged in a great struggle, without personally committing themselves to the position of either.

The volume now before us, the first of Mr. Robertson's edition, gives us a large proportion of strictly original matter. It contains first the full text of the Life of Thomas by William of Canterbury, which has hitherto been published in a fragmentary form only; and it contains also a collection by the same writer of the miracles of the Saint, which, as far as we know, has not been printed at all before. The Life is one of those which went to form the Quadrilogus of Lupus (Christian Wolf) and the fragments which are used there were printed by Dr. Giles in his second volume. Here we have the work complete, and it is well worth having. In Roger of Pontigny we have the Life of Thomas written by a foreigner who knew him in exile. In Edward Grim we have it written by a man who was English in every sense. In William

* *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury.* Edited by James Craigie Robertson, M.A. Vol. I. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

FitzStephen and Herbert of Bosham we have the witness of men who were English "natione," whether they were or were not English "genere." In William of Canterbury we have the Life written by a foreigner dwelling in England. Mr. Robertson is clearly right in setting down William as a stranger, neither an Englishman in the strictest sense nor a man of Norman descent born in England. When he comes across English words and names, he writes like a man who had just picked up a little English and thought it rather hard. He complains of the barbarous names which he has to put in his story, and he alone among the biographers of Thomas gives us a complete English sentence. Roger of Pontigny doubtless never heard Thomas and his companions speak anything but French or Latin. The biographers who wrote in England were so used to hear English, French, and Latin, all spoken according to circumstances, that it never came into their heads to say which tongue a man spoke at any particular time. To William, as a stranger, an English sentence was a curiosity, and he copied it down as such. By so doing he gives us a very valuable piece of testimony in the history of language. When Hugh of Morville's mother—Mr. Robertson has shown that it should be mother and not wife—brings her false charge against Lithulf (Ligulf?), she speaks English:—

Quod cum faceret, patria voce exclamavit ad præsentem virum, "Huge de Morevile, ware, ware, ware, Lithulf heth his swerd adrage." Quod Latine sonat, "Hugo de Morvilla, cave, cave, cave, Lithulfus, eduxit suum gladium."

Every MS. writes the words differently; but there is the fact; the mother of Hugh of Morville, a man whose Norman descent cannot be doubted, speaks English to her son. She may herself have been of English descent; as to that we have no evidence. But it is clear that her son understood English, and in any case the story is a witness to the thorough fusion of Normans and English in the time of Henry the Second. Either Hugh of Morville's father had married a woman who was English in the strictest sense, or else by his time a woman of Norman descent spoke English more naturally than French. The witness is about equally valuable either way, and we no doubt owe it to the fact that the man who recorded it was not an Englishman in any sense. While on this subject we may also notice that William speaks of Edward Grim in a marked way as "Anglicus natu, Edwardus nomine." In another place he calls the Bishop of Norwich "Episcopus Helmaniensis." This must, of course, as Mr. Robertson says, mean Bishop of Elmham; but the archaism is odd, and it looks like the way in which a stranger might speak who had been getting up the antiquities of the land in which he had settled. On the other hand, we may mention that either Mr. Robertson or the writer of his manuscript has wiped out a small piece of witness to the fusion. On page 108 we find "Willelmus filius Aldelinæ," as if it were the name of his mother; but it should without doubt be "Willelmus filius Aldelmi," a man whose name is found over and over again in the history of Henry. Of the descent of William the son of Ealdhelm there can be no doubt, and his high position under the Angevin King is a point of importance. It may be worth noting that William of Canterbury, in settling in England, had taken his fill of the fables which everybody in England except William of Newburgh was greedily swallowing down. In page 55 he has something to say about Belinus and Arthur, and he has so far identified himself with the land of Arthur that he speaks of "arrogantia nostra" with a clear reference to inhabitants of the Isle of Britain. Lanfranc, it must be remembered, went further still, and spoke of "insula nostra" and "nos Angli."

William, then, was a monk of Christ Church, but of foreign birth, and his personal knowledge of Thomas began only in the last days of the Archbishop's life. He had been admitted to the monastery during the Archbishop's exile, and he was ordained deacon by him in the Ember-week before his death. Of his two books, the whole of the second is given to the events which followed the return of Thomas to England, while the whole of his former life is comprised in the first, which is certainly the longer of the two. The part of the story for which William is specially important is his very full narrative of the transactions which went on at the court of the young King Henry after the return of Thomas to England. It is among these transactions that William the son of Ealdhelm comes in, a grand turning round of Thierry's romance, where the man of undoubted English descent appears as one of the opponents of the supposed "Saxon" champion.

But the larger part of the present volume is taken up with the collection of the miracles of Thomas made by the same William, and, what is to be noticed, dedicated to the elder King Henry. This should be noticed and compared with the tone which the writer takes in the Life. He is very anxious to free the King from all suspicion in any share in the Archbishop's death, and gives great prominence to Henry's justification of himself. And among the miracles is one where Firmin, a physician of Canterbury, has a vision, in which he sees the names both of the King and the Archbishop about to be written in the Book of Life. This again must be taken in connexion with the famous saying of Herbert of Bosham, that both the King and the Archbishop had alike a zeal for God, and that it was for God alone to know which zeal was according to knowledge. These sayings, coming from devoted admirers of the Archbishop, should be further compared with William of Newburgh's dispassionate statement of the whole matter. It would seem that it was easier for men at the time, who could see the motives of both sides, to do justice to both sides, than it has sometimes been found to be in later times, since the whole matter has been made a test of partisanship. And of course, besides this, when Thomas was once canonized, Henry and of all who had taken his side to throw themselves with special zeal into the new worship. That our author was not a mere flatterer, but one who ventured to pass an independent judgment on the events of his time, appears from a remarkable passage in which he speaks his mind freely about the invasion of Ireland. St. Thomas works a prodigious miracle by restoring to life a knight who had died of sickness in the war without confession; and our author comments:—

Factum est igitur non sine causa in conspectu eorum qui sine causa proximos suos inermes inquietabant, nationemque, quamvis inculcam et barbaram, tamen cultricem fidei et Christianæ religionis observatricem, facinus præclarum et memoria dignum.

When William wrote, the worship of Thomas was naturally the popular worship of the day. A new saint was of course looked to for special displays of miraculous power, and we are told by our author, in so many words, that in such cases the elder saints rather held back from any displays on their own part, in order that their new brother might have a fair field for working. The vast collection of signs and wonders which we find here gathered together of course suggests the same kind of questions which are suggested by every collection of the kind. How much, if any, was actual imposture? How much is mere exaggeration in the telling? How much is the effect of that process which may be called either fancy or faith? How much comes from attributing a supernatural cause to events which are easily explained by natural causes? All these points were discussed long ago by Professor Stubbs in his preface to the Waltham Book. And his remarks apply with equal force to all stories of the kind. But it should be borne in mind that the miraculous stories are not at all confined to professed collectors of such tales, like the present William. Stories no less wonderful are told with undoubting faith by a critical historian like William of Newburgh, and an experienced Court official like Roger of Howden. Those who are used to the writings of this age soon come to take the miraculous element in collections of this kind for granted, and to look through the tales to see what light they throw upon other matters. For, as these stories are for the most part private stories, tales of what happened to otherwise unknown persons of all classes, there is no kind of evidence which throws more light on all points of language, nomenclature, habits, and all things bearing on private and daily life. Thus a crowd of stories show how common marriage, or something equivalent to marriage, still was, on the part of the clergy. A crowd of miracles are wrought on behalf of the wives or mistresses and the children of priests, without either the martyr himself or his chronicler seeming in the least scandalized. Yet St. Thomas was otherwise not lax on such points, and he would have nothing to say to the offerings of a man or woman who was living in fornication. A crowd of other points are illustrated. We get, for instance, a vivid picture of the brutal punishments inflicted in the King's courts, when we read two stories, one of them certified by no less a person than Hugh of Puiset, Bishop of Durham, how two men who had been mutilated were restored by the miraculous power of the saint. One of these is also found in the other collection of miracles by Benedict. In comparing that collection with the present one, we again see the difference between the work of the Englishman and the work of the foreigner. In Benedict's collection most of the miracles are wrought in England, and most commonly on behalf of people bearing English names. In William's collection, on the other hand, miracles are wrought in all other parts of the world, and in English stories the names are more often Norman than English. Yet we get a precious bit of English in the form of an anthem which the saint desired to have sung in the English tongue, and it is an important point in the history of language when we hear of an English knight getting a teacher from Normandy to teach his son French. Yet if there be any meaning in words, this must be the meaning of the following tale:—

Tornator Durandus nomine, Normannus natione, filium suum Symonem, annos jam pubertatis ingredientem, partes Anglicanas induxerat, qui doceret filium cujusdam militis linguam suam.

In a good many cases the saint brings dead animals to life for the benefit of their owners. Among others, he restores a dead gander, whose neck had been twisted and his feathers plucked by some naughty boys. Anselm, we may suspect, would have punished the boys as well as restored the gander. But perhaps the most marvellous tale of all is that of a tame starling which, among other imitations of human speech, had learned to say a prayer to St. Thomas. The pious bird, being seized by a hawk, repeated his prayer, seemingly in earnest, and was presently set free from h enemy's grasp.

We must give Mr. Robertson the credit which he asks for t pains he has taken in fixing the names of the places at which the different stories are placed. It is indeed often a hard task to recognize a plain English name when we have it in an antique form, and when that antique form is further disfigured by the corruptions of a foreigner. The volume greatly wants an index. There will doubtless be a general index of the whole series when it is finished, but we want an index to each volume, as in the volumes of Giraldus edited by Mr. Dimock. It is especially needful in a collection like the present, so full of small anecdotes and of names of persons and places. Still, even without an index, Mr. Robertson has amply fulfilled the promise in his preface, of making something more intelligible than Dr. Giles. We would gladly have seen so great a subject in stronger hands still, but we certainly have no reason to find any positive fault with what we have got.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF GENERAL BURGOYNE.*

THE object of this volume is to rehabilitate in public estimation a tattered reputation. The result is a highly interesting book. Whether Mr. De Fonblanque has been successful in his task—undertaken, he says, at the instance of the granddaughters of the subject of his memoir, and the children of one of England's most distinguished soldiers—the reader will be able to infer from the following remarks.

Mr. De Fonblanque sets out by proving satisfactorily in the first place that John Burgoyne was born in wedlock, and that he was not, as Horace Walpole and others, including the usually accurate Earl Stanhope, have asserted, of illegitimate birth. Born in the year 1722, his father being the younger son of a baronet, and his mother the daughter of a wealthy London merchant, he was educated at Westminster, and became a captain of dragoons at twenty-two. A year later he eloped with Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of the eleventh Earl of Derby, and sister to an intimate friend, Lord Strange. Contrary to received opinion on such marriages, this union turned out a very happy one, and the Derby family soon became reconciled with Burgoyne. But before this happened want of means obliged him to leave the army and take his wife abroad. After losing several years' seniority in this way, he was reinstated in the army, and gazetted in 1756 junior captain of the 11th Dragoons, being then thirty-four years of age. But promotion was rapid in the Seven Years' War, which had just broken out, and the cadet of a great Whig house would of course get his full share; and after serving in the attack on Cherbourg, and in the unfortunate expedition to St. Malo of 1758, when the British troops were very roughly handled, he was appointed to the command of the newly raised 16th Dragoons, or, as they came to be called, Burgoyne's Light-Horse, which he soon brought into very efficient order. In 1760 he served as a volunteer in the expedition against Belle Isle, the cavalry detachment which embarked being too small for a lieutenant-colonel's command. But his first principal military service was in the expedition to Portugal in 1762, when the English came to the rescue of that country on its invasion by the Spanish and French. This war in some sort recalls the efforts of the Duke of Wellington under not dissimilar circumstances. The Count La Lippe, who was placed at the head of the allied forces, was one of the best soldiers of the age, and the Portuguese furnished a good raw material, although wretchedly equipped and officered. Nevertheless the heterogeneous body of English, Germans, and Portuguese collected under La Lippe made a very good fight of it, and Burgoyne, now a brigadier at the head of 3,000 cavalry, mostly Portuguese, distinguished himself at the outset by a very dashing surprise of the enemy's advanced troops at Valentia.

The war came to an end with the conclusion of peace in the following year, and Burgoyne came home a colonel, and with a great reputation for gallantry and intelligence, to take the seat for Midhurst to which he had shortly before been elected. Peace for Great Britain lasted for fourteen years, during the early part of which Burgoyne made a long tour to the seat of the late war on the Continent, visiting the scenes of most of Frederic's battles, with a view to writing a work on the subject. He sent home to the Government some very observant criticisms on the three great Continental armies, and it is remarkable that he formed a much higher opinion of the Austrians than of the Prussians. The latter, notwithstanding their wonderful victories, had, in Burgoyne's opinion, deteriorated:—

> Most of the generals who eminently possessed the great parts of their profession perished in the war, or are worn out by the fatigue of it, or have sought occasions to retire; the greatest part of the present set have recommended themselves by their assiduity upon the parade, and are men of very confined education . . . . and Prussian officers, by length of time and experience, only become more expert artificers to prepare and sharpen a fine weapon . . . . awkward and ignorant if compelled to employ it themselves.

He speaks disparagingly also of the Prussian cavalry. Of the Austrian army he says that it "shows all the natural advantages the Prussians want" (p. 69). Of the French army he remarks (p. 77) that "the want of subordination and discipline has long been supposed the cause of all their misfortunes;" and, noticing the severity of treatment of the French soldier which had just been copied from the Prussians by the Duke de Choiseul, the French War Minister, in order to remedy these defects, he observes that "the French character would bear the old principles of glory and duty to be wound up to a height that would answer the purposes of the strictest disciplinarians," and foretells that the free use of the stick on parade, imported from over the border, may possibly bring the army into a worse condition than before.

In 1768 Burgoyne was appointed Governor of Fort William in Scotland:—

> With a handsome person, a manner the charm of which, it was said, neither man nor woman could easily resist, a genial, kindly nature which drew all hearts towards him, a ready wit, a cultivated mind, and the pres-
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> ...ent, all surrounding circumstances justified him in indulging in the hope of eminence in public life and of gratified ambitions in time to come.

Then came the American war; and Burgoyne, who had steadily opposed the infatuated policy which brought it about, but who was too ambitious a soldier to refuse military employment, was sent out the junior of three major-generals—Howe and Clinton being the seniors—appointed to the staff of the small force then assembled at Boston. Burgoyne, who was now fifty-three years of age, did not much relish the subordinate position to which he was posted, there not being really troops enough for three major-generals to command, and used all his Court and Ministerial interest to be made Governor of New York; and his dissatisfaction was to a certain extent justified by the fact that he was merely an unemployed eyewitness of the battle of Bunker's Hill, a very interesting account of which will be found in his correspondence. Even at this early period of the contest Burgoyne clearly foresaw what would be the final result if the Ministry continued to carry on the war in the fatuous way they began—for already the troops found themselves outnumbered and without money or supplies—and in a letter to the Secretary of State he states his opinion that there is no practicable alternative between carrying on the war on a vastly larger scale and in a more energetic way, or abandoning the contest:—

> I am fully persuaded that any intermediate measure between these disagreeable extremes [relinquishing the claims to tax the Colonies, or waging war on a great scale], except that of withdrawing your army, and leaving the restraints of trade enforced by a fleet to operate, which would be a work of long protraction, I repeat my full persuasion that any other intermediate measure, supposing the confederation to be general, will be productive of much fruitless expense, great loss of blood, and a series of disappointments.—

The wretched Government which then misruled the country, and the obstinate King, had at any rate a clear warning from one who had the best opportunity of judging. But, although Burgoyne from the first took the gravest view of the issue, he was too good a soldier not to be ready with his sword. He got leave indeed to England in the autumn of 1775, after using every sort of interest for permission to do so, but sailed in the following spring with reinforcements to Canada, where he served as second in command to Sir Guy Carleton. The campaign of 1776 was not eventful, and the Government, dissatisfied with Carleton, limited his command for the future to the Canadian provinces, and gave to Burgoyne, who again came home in the autumn of 1776, the charge of the expedition with which his name has become indelibly associated.

The scheme was in one sense well planned. A force marching from Canada by way of Lakes Champlain and George, and co-operating with another advancing to join it by way of the Hudson from New York, would cut off the New England States from the rest of the Union, and thus it was hoped to strike a decisive blow. But the movement of two armies acting on exterior lines from distant bases, with the enemy between them, is always a ticklish operation—in fact, only justifiable in case of great superiority of strength—and in this instance the imbecile conduct of the British Government rendered failure almost a certainty. The instructions dictated to General Burgoyne, regarding the expedition ordered to start southward from Canada, permitted no latitude or discretion in the mode of carrying it out. He was not even allowed the option of turning aside and moving to the eastward on New England, if he found the obstacles in his front too great to be overcome. He was to push on by way of Lakes Champlain and George until he should effect a junction somewhere on the Hudson with Sir William Howe advancing from New York to meet him. But, although everything thus depended on the two generals acting strenuously in concert, the Government, with a degree of folly that would seem incredible if it had not been proved against them, while thus giving Burgoyne positive and unconditional instructions as to his share of the business, actually left Howe such complete liberty of action as to justify him in setting out for the south at the very time that the force with which he was intended to effect a junction was advancing to meet him from the north. Indeed the only orders given to Howe were "comprised in this casual sentence contained in Lord George Germain's despatch of 18th May, '77, with reference to the threatened operations of the insurgent army in the south: 'I trust, however, that whatever you meditate will be executed in time for you to co-operate with the army to proceed from Canada.'" The suppression of the revolt was perhaps from the first an impossible task, but truly the wretched Government of the day did its best to assist the colonies in establishing their independence. A despatch containing full and explicit instructions to Howe for his co-operation with Burgoyne was indeed written, but by one of those shameful acts of official neglect of which our history unfortunately affords but too many examples, this document was pigeon-holed in the Secretary of State's office awaiting the Minister's signature, where it was found after the convention of Saratoga.

The history of the ill-fated expedition is excellently told by Mr. De Fonblanque. At first all went swimmingly, and Fort Ticonderoga, on Lake George, was taken in brilliant style, the news causing great excitement and satisfaction at home; and, but for the strongly expressed wish of Burgoyne himself, communicated by his friends to the King, he would have at once received the distinction of the Bath, at that time a conside... one. But at this point the success of the campaign ended. ... whole distance to be traversed was only about two hundred ... as the crow flies, but through a country for the most part roadless, covered with virgin forest, and bristling with difficulties. The means of transport were deficient; the Indian allies were more ... blesome than useful; the expectation of aid from loyalist ... proved delusive. As Burgoyne pushed on he could get no news of the expected army coming to meet him, which, in

* *Political and Military Episodes in the Latter Half of the Eighteenth Century. Derived from the Life and Correspondence of the Right Hon. John Burgoyne, General, Statesman, Dramatist.* By Edward Harrington De Fonblanque. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

fact, at this very time had started on an expedition to Pennsylvania. He could indeed get no news at all, the scouts being all intercepted and hanged, while a vastly superior force collecting before him barred the road in front. Still Burgoyne pressed on, actuated by a sense of duty compelling him to carry out his instructions to the letter, cutting his way painfully through the woods with enormous labour, till, when he came on Gates's army drawn up at Saratoga on the Hudson, retreat was impossible. A desperate effort to break through the enemy's lines failed after severe loss, and Burgoyne fell back for a brief pause on an entrenched position with his back to the river, cut off from movement in any direction. At this very time Clinton with a small force was actually close to him. One of Burgoyne's messengers had succeeded in reaching Clinton, who had been left in command at New York, and the latter had moved up the Hudson with the small force at his disposal, and was now a short distance below Saratoga. But Burgoyne did not know this, nor, if he had known it, could the issue have been different. Hemmed in on all sides by superior numbers, encumbered with wounded, and with supplies almost exhausted, only one course remained open, and, after a few hours spent in negotiations, the remnant of Burgoyne's small army marched out of their lines with the honours of war, and laid down their arms before their captors.

The question which here arises, and which the reader will find very fully and clearly discussed in this book, is whether this disaster could and might have been avoided, or whether, after a certain point, it was inevitable; in other words, was Burgoyne an able or an incompetent general? The latter has hitherto been the popular impression, but we think that no impartial reader of this very interesting work will continue to be of that opinion. Burgoyne was evidently one of the most professionally accomplished officers of his time; he was distinguished for personal gallantry, and he gained in a high degree the respect and attachment of his troops. No incompetent officer ever succeeded in doing this. That his reputation was so damaged by this great misadventure was due to the scandalous ill-treatment which both he and his unfortunate army received from the Government, especially from the Secretary of State, Lord George Germain, who, Mr. De Fonblanque observes, was probably the meanest and most incompetent person that has held high office in modern times. Burgoyne was thrown over to save the credit of the Government; it must be added that the King did not come much short of his obsequious Ministers in ill treatment of the unfortunate general. Such was the political degradation of those times that the Government which was losing the colonies could yet always command a majority; and Burgoyne, although exceptionally well placed for obtaining justice from his position as a member of Parliament, with considerable reputation as a debater, and on intimate terms with the leaders of the Whig party, could yet not succeed in obtaining the inquiry into his conduct which he demanded, and suffered for many years all the contumely awarded to a political scapegoat.

Reviewing the case now, it does certainly appear that the only other alternative open to Burgoyne was to have retreated upon Canada at an early period of the campaign; or, still better, perhaps, not to have embarked on it at all. But by taking this course he would have jeopardized the position of Howe, if the latter, as he believed, had really been advancing from the opposite direction. Burgoyne sacrificed himself to a chivalrous sense of duty. If any fault can be found with his dispositions, it would be that he did not perhaps sufficiently insist on being provided with proper transport and supplies before starting. But it is easy to be wise after the event; and, as Burgoyne himself remarks, in his "Narrative" of the campaign published in 1780, "where war is concerned few men in command would stand acquitted, if any after knowledge of facts and circumstances were brought in argument against decisions of the moment and apparent exigencies of the occasion." It may be added that the reputation of Lord Cornwallis did not appreciably suffer from his surrender under not very dissimilar conditions, but it is very doubtful if he displayed any higher military qualities than the unfortunate Burgoyne.

A word must be said in praise of the way in which the author has executed his task. While doing battle valiantly, and as we think with complete success, for General Burgoyne's reputation, M. De Fonblanque avoids the common fault of converting the subject of his memoir into a blameless hero. Indeed he manifests a keen sense of his literary and other failings. He has also avoided the common error of prolixity. Although it would have been easy to extend it over two volumes, Burgoyne's life has been condensed into one moderate-sized volume. The references to persons and events which appear in the correspondence are clearly explained in the notes, and the general result is a highly interesting and instructive work. The moral to be drawn from Burgoyne's misadventure is to the full as applicable to the present times as to the time when it happened.

THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW.*

FEW tourists during the last thirty or five-and-thirty years can have made their way along the north coast of Cornwall without at least hearing of the Vicar of Morwenstow. If they were themselves of any note they were sure to make his personal acquaintance; and many will recall his strangely-dressed figure, standing at the open door of his vicarage, which commanded the long, descending road of approach, ready to greet his visitors "with a sunny smile and both hands extended in welcome." Never were a poet and his dwelling-place more completely in harmony. Mr. Hawker's very peculiar temperament, to some extent inherited, was nurtured and developed at Morwenstow in a manner which would have been almost impossible in any other English parish. Wild legends, strange fragments of folk-lore, and old-world customs and ceremonies long disused elsewhere, lingered, and still linger, in that remote corner; while the shelves and spires of the iron-bound coast afford scenery the impressive grandeur of which can hardly be exceeded. His love for such scenery and such legends was part of his heritage as a Cornishman; and many of what we regard as his best verses—"The Silent Tower of Bottreaux," "Mawgan of Melhuach," "A Croon on Hennacliff," and, above all, the famous "Song of the Western Men," with its "Trelawny" burden—are full of the true spirit of the country—a spirit which makes itself felt, but which is hardly less difficult to seize and to "bind in words" than the scent of the furze and the heather filling the long coombes that wind toward the sea. Morwenstow supplied the poet with ample material for his verse; and the extreme seclusion of the place, which is still, and always must be, far away from railways, helped to develop the independent thought, the peculiar and imaginative notions, and the impatience of control which distinguished Robert Hawker as a theologian and a parish priest. He hardly left his parish during the forty years for which he was its vicar. "The Lord shut him in," he would say, "as Noah was shut into the ark." The sea on one side, and on the other a broad tract of land without great towns and almost without villages, separated him from his fellows; and the natural result was that he became altogether unlike other men. The Vicar of Morwenstow at the beginning of the fourteenth century could hardly have differed more completely in all his thoughts and feelings from an ordinary English clergyman than the Vicar in the nineteenth. He would not have been himself elsewhere. But it says not a little for his native power of mind that isolation and seclusion, while they produced much eccentricity, were so far from extinguishing that power, as would certainly have been the case with one less naturally gifted, that they steadily developed and sustained it.

All who approached Mr. Hawker must have been struck, first by his peculiarities and then by his mental activity. The two memoirs which have appeared so soon after his death sufficiently attest the widespread interest felt in his life, character, and genius. Mr. Baring-Gould's book is very amusing, and shows us the Vicar with all his kindliness and all his eccentricity. Dr. Lee brings out the theologian somewhat more strongly. Both writers have inserted much irrelevant matter. We do not greatly admire Mr. Baring-Gould's description of Long Bill Martin's private Bible Christian meeting at Kilkhampton, which has nothing to do with Robert Hawker; but we very much prefer that to the unnecessarily long and mischievous discussions and appendices which Dr. Lee has introduced with reference to the reception of Mr. Hawker, on the last day of his life, into the Romish communion. Definite conclusions are one thing. If Dr. Lee really believes that Mr. Hawker (or his friends for him) was justified in taking the step which he did, let him say so plainly. But no man has a right to scatter his doubts broadcast about the world. On this subject, however, we do not propose to dwell. It may well call for discussion elsewhere, or separately; but it is far pleasanter to recall the Vicar of Morwenstow as we remember him during his long life, in the quaint vicarage which he built for himself under the shadow of St. Morwenna's tower.

Robert Stephen Hawker was the grandson of Dr. Hawker, Vicar of Charles Church, Plymouth, a well-known Calvinistic divine, whose "Morning and Evening Portions" are still in favour with those of his own school. Dr. Hawker affected strange turns and oddities in his discourses; and on one occasion, after pausing for some minutes and looking full at the Mayor and Corporation of Plymouth, seated in state below his pulpit, he exclaimed, "There are no scarlet robes in heaven"—a statement which he was perhaps hardly justified in making. Much of his grandfather's love of singularity passed to Robert Hawker, who lived at Plymouth for some time, until the pranks in which he delighted, and in particular the mystification of certain devout ladies attached to the congregation, became unbearable, and he was sent back to his father, at that time curate of Stratton, in Cornwall. He then passed to the Grammar School at Cheltenham, and in 1823 he was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford. But his father was unable to keep him there. There lived, says Mr. Baring-Gould:—

> at Whitstone, near Holsworthy, four Miss Pans, daughters of Colonel Pans. They had been left with an annuity of 200*l.* apiece, as well as lands and a handsome place. At the time when Mr. Jacob Hawker announced to his son that a return to Oxford was impossible, the four ladies were at Efford, near Bude, a farm and house leased from Sir Thomas Acland. Directly that Robert Hawker learnt his father's decision, without waiting to put on his hat, he ran from Stratton to Bude, arrived hot and blown at Efford, and proposed to Miss Charlotte Pans to become his wife. The lady was then aged forty-one, one year older than his mother; she was his godmother, and had taught him his letters. Miss Pans accepted him, and they were married in November, when he was twenty.

Thus he was able to return to Oxford, to finish his course there, and to win the Newdigate—the subject being "Pompeii." Miss Pans made him an excellent wife, and the marriage, in spite of all

* *The Vicar of Morwenstow: a Life of Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A.* By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.
Memorials of the late Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, M.A., sometime Vicar of Morwenstow, in the Diocese of Exeter. Collected, arranged, and edited by the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.C.L., Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

that might have been prophesied, turned out a very happy one. He took his wife to Oxford riding behind him on a pillion, and migrated from Pembroke to Magdalen Hall. On leaving Oxford he and Mrs. Hawker established themselves at Morwenstow, on the coast, some seven miles from Stratton. There he read for Holy Orders, and even then forecast in rhyme his future connexion with the place:—

> Welcome wild rock and lonely shore,
> Where round my days dark seas shall roar,
> And thy gray fane, Morwenna, stand
> The beacon of the Eternal Land.

His first curacy was at North Tamerton, a quiet village on the upper course of the Tamar, and still in the Stratton district. In 1834 he became Vicar of Morwenstow, on the presentation of Dr. Phillpotts, who had not long become Bishop of Exeter.

Morwenstow had been without a vicar for a very long period. What passed in the outer world was little known there; and in the adjoining parish of Wellcombe, which for some time was attached to it, an ancient dame once showed to Mr. Hawker her Prayer-Book, "very nearly worn out, printed in the reign of George II., and very much thumbed at the page from which she assiduously prayed for the welfare of Prince Frederick." Morwenstow abounded in Wesleyans and Bryanites. The parish is agricultural, for the coast is without harbours, and there is little or no fishing. But there was wealth of another sort to be gained from the sea. The "wrecking" for which the Cornish coast was so long infamous found here one of its most productive quarters; and its results affected the character and disposition of almost every native. The long line of coast between Hartland and Padstow, with Tintagel standing out like a rocky buttress in the midst, is one of the most dangerous in this country, and if, under a fierce storm from the north or north-west, a vessel is beaten inland from the open sea, there is little or no chance for her. The saying runs:—

> From Padstow point to Lundy light
> Is a watery grave by day or night.

The storms that howl along this wild coast must be felt to be understood. The roar of the breakers is heard far inland, and great flakes of foam have been known to fall in the churchyard of Hols-worthy, from which the sea is at least ten miles distant. The old Shetland belief too, just as we find it in Scott's romance of the *Pirate*, prevailed, and no doubt still prevails, in North Cornwall. To save a shipwrecked man was to make for yourself a certain enemy, and no good could possibly come of it. As in Shetland, "providential wrecks" supplied farmers and labourers with many of the necessaries, and some of the luxuries, of life. "I do not see why it is," said a Cornish clerk one day, "why there be prayers in the Buke o' Common Prayer for rain and for fine weather, and thanksgivings for them and for peace, and there 's no prayer for wrecks, and thanksgiving for a really gude one when it is come." Wrecking—that is, the showing of false lights, or the direct misleading of a vessel—is perhaps no longer practised, but the spirit is far from being extinct. In 1845, when a ship came ashore in Melhuach Bay, between Morwenstow and Bude, a rocket was fired over it, and the hawser was successfully secured; but some wretches, "more greedy for prey than careful to save life," cut through the rope, and of all the crew the only man saved was the captain.

The wrecks which occur every winter along this coast are sufficiently terrible without the addition of human crime. Some of the most striking have been described by Mr. Hawker himself, in his *Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall*. His own exertions on such occasions were indefatigable; and we well remember seeing him, in alb and stole, conducting upward from the beach a sad procession which bore with it the bodies of two sailors, found the same morning on the rocks. For such a ceremony he had a special office, and the dead were placed in his church until they could be decently laid to rest in the sunny churchyard; in one instance, at least, with the figure-head of the shattered vessel raised near them as a memorial. The church itself contains much curious imagery and sculpture which, to Mr. Hawker's fancy, had been mainly suggested by the sea and things of the sea. He found seals' heads in some of the rude Norman grotesques; the cradle roof of the nave was the upturned keel of a vessel, and the cable moulding of the font was the ripple of the waters of Gennesaret. The church was his chamber of meditation. He frequented it at all hours, by day and by night, and was more than once favoured there by a vision of St. Morwenna herself. "I have seen her," he wrote. "She has told me that she lies here; and at her feet ere long I hope to lay my old bones." This, however, was a communication to a favoured friend. To ordinary persons he did not unfold himself so unreservedly; and when a neighbouring vicar once asked him "what were his views and opinions," Mr. Hawker drew him to the window and said:—"There is Hennacliff, there is the Atlantic stretching to Labrador, there Morwenstow crag, here the church and graves. These are my views; as to my opinions, I keep them to myself."

St. Morwenna (so Mr. Baring-Gould tells us, and there is no better authority) was one of the many daughters of Brychan, a Welsh kinglet who died in 450. Her legend brings her to the Cornish coast; and possibly she established her cell in the valley where her church now stands. But the "stow" termination, which meets us often in this part of Cornwall, cannot have been given until after some kind of English colonization. Mr. Hawker, however, who developed his historical views very much in his own fashion, preferred going back to the British church and British Christianity. Accepting an old theory which has now been abandoned by all scholars, he determined that the most ancient Christianization of Cornwall came from the East; and accordingly, High Churchman as he was from the beginning, the bent of his mind, where it was not quite independent, was rather towards the Eastern Churches than towards Rome. He wore a cope, and a very wonderful one, for celebration, after the fashion of the Armenian Church; and at one time he adopted a pink hat, without any brim, also designed after some Eastern type. Latterly his usual dress was a dark blue jersey, with a red cross worked into the side, a purplish garment, half cassock, half coat, and tall fisherman's boots. The dress set off a fine figure, and a very handsome, expressive countenance. It had a dash of the sea, which in his mind had always been connected with the church; and it harmonized admirably with the wild country, and with the wilder stories belonging to it, which he poured forth in profusion as he wandered with some favoured guest along the broken cliffs, or through the woods of Sir Bevil Grenville's Stowe, which adjoins his parish. The superstitions of the district were not superstitions to him. He defended, with an elaborate theory, his belief in the evil eye. He maintained that witches were not by any means extinct, and of one old woman he said, "I have seen the five black spots placed diagonally under her tongue, which are evidences of what she is. They are like those in the feet of swine, made by the entrance into them of the demons at Gadara." About mermaids he was not quite so sure, though one of his old people assured him that he had seen and heard one, and that "the sound of her music was exactly like Bill Martin's voice, that singed second counter in church." He was firmly convinced that he had himself once seen a pixy—a diminutive creature, the last, we may suppose, of his race, who was heard of from time to time in the parish, and who one day showed himself to the Vicar at the opening of a rocky cleft. In many of his sayings and verses which refer to the ministry of angels and to the power of evil spirits there is wisdom and poetry of a very high order. The latter is perhaps most conspicuous in his theory that a plot of ground called the "Chapel piece of Morwenna," on which some kind of oratory had formerly existed, was kept clean of thorn and furze by the watchful care of angelic "existences." The chancel of his church was strewn with marjoram and wild thyme "for the angels to smell"; but the decorations went little further. Burnt ends of matches were left on the altar, and a deal kitchen table was part of the furniture of his chancel. His cats, nine or ten in number, generally went with him to church, and amused themselves as they pleased while he read the service; but one of them, having on one occasion caught a mouse in the chancel, was excommunicated until she should learn, like Dandie Dinmont's bairns, "to behave herself mair distinctly." Birds too were especial favourites, and he often quoted a saying of Thomas Aquinas, "ubi aves ibi angeli." So greatly did he desire a colony of rooks for a grove of trees near the vicarage that he made it the subject of an especial prayer, going for that purpose to his chancel, and kneeling before the altar.

A man like this would, no doubt, as Mr. Baring-Gould suggests, have become a mere dreaming visionary but for his firm grasp of certain fundamental truths of Christianity. He attached himself to no school. He was never what was once known as a Tractarian, and still less what is now understood by a Ritualist. But he was outspoken and fearless in his zeal for what he held to be the true teaching of the Church; and few could listen unmoved to his sermons—powerful, earnest, pictorial, and yet simple in the extreme. The Dissent in his parish was of course a great trouble to him. It was not easy to manage Bryanite divines who, convicted as they might be of gross immorality, were nevertheless held to be "sweet Christians"; yet he lived, so far as he might, on friendly terms with them, and his care for all his poor, in temporal matters no less than in spiritual, was unceasing. Day and night he was at their service. He held indeed that he and his parish were under very especial guidance and protection; and he never hesitated to appeal before the altar against those who opposed him in his schemes for good. He held that they suffered accordingly. This is one of the points, and it is a painful one, in which he showed himself far more of a mediæval than a modern pastor. There is a passage in the same spirit, quoted by Dr. Lee (p. 146) from a letter written late in life, which can only be characterized as shocking.

Mr. Hawker's *Cornish Ballads* and his prose volume of *Footprints* are too well known to need recommending here. His poetry, if not of the highest order, has the true ring. He was a born poet, and wrote because he could not help it. His prose stories are admirable. We confess to a doubt whether, like Sir Walter Scott, he has not supplied some of his Cornish legends with a hat and cane "to fit them for going into company"; but, if so, they are none the less delightful, and they reflect in a wonderful manner the very colouring and atmosphere of that wild coast. We can only regret that Mr. Hawker's biographers have not given us more of his letters. They must exist in great numbers, and were often as striking in their contents as in their appearance—written as they were on a peculiar parchment-toned paper, ruled with red lines, and with a deep purple ink fit for an emperor of the East. The writing was large and very characteristic. The seal was sometimes the mystic Ichthys, sometimes the pentacle of Solomon.

Dr. Lee has undoubtedly shown that recent events, and in particular the passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act, had much troubled Mr. Hawker. He wrote that "his soul was low"; and it is probable that some doubt had crossed his mind as to his position in the Church of England. As to the last scene, there

are discrepancies. Mr. Baring-Gould's statement, which is borne out by that of Mr. Hawker's old servant, is that he was quite unconscious when the sacraments of the Roman Church were administered to him. Mrs. Hawker (not his first wife, who died in 1863, but the lady whom he married shortly afterwards), writing to Dr. Lee, declares that "his reason returned at the moment when, in the morning, I told him that a priest should see him in the evening. He broke forth into the jubilant Antiphon, the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' 'Te Deum,' and other canticles of praise." But this matter we hardly care to discuss. His name will be inseparably connected with the "dark grey tower" of Morwenstow, and with the cliffs that guard the coast. It is no great wonder that, since he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Plymouth, his well-known figure has been seen, according to some of his simple parishioners, kneeling sadly over a grave in his own churchyard, beside which he had always hoped to sleep himself.

DISCOVERIES IN NEW GUINEA.*

CAPTAIN MORESBY'S *Discoveries and Surveys in New Guinea* is a narrative of explorations and surveys conducted with great zeal, skill, and judgment, and fruitful of results valuable alike to the ethnologist, the navigator, the trader, and the intending colonist. The book is free from the faults that too often disfigure works of a similar kind. There is no depreciation of preceding labourers in the same field. There is, on the contrary, a readiness to acknowledge the full value of their services; and there is also an eagerness to do justice to the zealous co-operation of the officers and men under his command which very favourably impresses the reader. The style, too, is just what it should be, perfectly free from all pretentiousness. It is blemished by none of that offensive fine writing which makes so many records of travel insufferable, by no straining after effect, and no ambitious word-painting. The gallant author writes as a sailor should, in a manly, straightforward manner; and the charm of naturalness and lucidity is heightened by very considerable descriptive power. Highly, however, as we rate the literary merits of the book, and valuable as is the contribution it makes to our geographical knowledge of a region which is doubtless destined to have an important influence on the development of commerce in the Far East, its most pleasing feature is the abundant evidence it affords of the humanity, right feeling, tact, and judgment of its author. In his many months of close and constant intercourse with different tribes of suspicious and easily offended savages he was never provoked to use his great superiority of force to their detriment. We are happy to be able to believe that the officers in our navy are extremely few who would wilfully abuse their incomparably superior strength for the destruction of the helpless aborigines with whom their duty brings them into contact. But savages are capricious, treacherous, and quarrelsome, and it requires much tact, firmness, and forbearance, as well as a ready wit and a capacity for understanding the workings of the untutored intellect, to avoid disputes with them. These qualities Captain Moresby possesses in a high degree. As an instance of his power of divining the intention of savages, and of his humane anxiety to be spared the necessity of using force against them, as well as for its ethnological interest, we may cite an incident that occurred at one of the Killerton Islands. On the first approach of the *Basilisk* the natives were inclined to be hostile, but the prudence of the party sent on shore prevailed, and some of the natives put off for the ship, taking with them a dog. Springing up the side of the vessel, the leader, carrying the dog in his arms, dashed out its brains on the quarter-deck, before any one had a notion of what he was about to do. The ire of the officer of the watch was aroused at this defilement of Her Majesty's quarter-deck, and he bundled the savages into their canoes. Captain Moresby, however, rightly guessed that the sacrificial act was intended as a pledge of friendship, and, apprehensive for the result of what would be regarded as a rejection of peace, he hurried on shore. He found a noisy crowd collected round the dead dog. But his arrival was accepted as a full atonement for the affront, and the best terms were established with the natives. Here there was no intention to give offence to the natives. The officer of the watch, we can well believe, would have sincerely regretted had hostilities followed his hasty act. Nevertheless, had his misconception of the sacrifice of the dog been allowed to work its effect, hostilities would probably have ensued, and the unfortunate savages would have been slaughtered.

In the middle of January 1871 the *Basilisk* was ordered to proceed from Sydney to Cape York, the most northern point of the Australian continent. She had two routes to choose between, one inside, the other outside, the Great Barrier Reef—a barrier which runs north and south 1,200 miles, at a distance varying from seven to eighteen miles from the shore of Australia. The *Basilisk* took the inner course, as, in spite of its intricacy, being shorter as well as more sheltered. On the way she fell in with an evidence of the horrors of the kidnapping trade, a vessel drifting helplessly with a cargo of Solomon Islanders dead and dying. The vessel proved to be the *Peri*. She had been employed to take the islanders to Fiji, but, maddened by hunger, they rose against the crew, and threw them overboard. The poor wretches drifted helplessly without food or water, and, when found by the *Basilisk*, six of them had already perished. The remainder were saved by the attentions they received. The object of the *Basilisk's* cruise was, first, to land stores at Somerset, a settlement on the extreme northerly point of Cape York, which, from its geographical position, it was hoped would prove another Singapore, but which is fast decaying, and which Captain Moresby thinks ought to be at once abandoned for one of the islands in the Straits; secondly, to visit the pearl-shelling islands in the neighbourhood, to see that the Polynesians employed were not ill used; thirdly, to relieve some Polynesian missionaries sent to those islands; and, lastly, to determine the position of certain dangerous rocks in the Straits. Three months were employed in the performance of these duties, and the vessel then returned to Sydney. Almost immediately she was sent upon a second and longer cruise through the Polynesian Archipelago. And it was only upon her return from this second cruise that she was sent back to Cape York, permission being given to Captain Moresby to spend a certain time in the exploration and survey of the south-eastern coast of New Guinea. In these two cruises, the primary purpose of which was to put down kidnapping, and to see that the islanders legally employed were not ill treated, Captain Moresby collected a considerable body of evidence showing the horrors that had been perpetrated by the ruffians who had revived the slave-trade in the South Seas. But he did not himself witness any of its atrocities, and we are happy to say that his testimony goes to show that the Kidnapping Act of 1872 has proved effectual. So much has been written about the crimes of the kidnappers that we need not here enter upon the subject. But we cannot resist the temptation to extract the following description of one of these kidnappers:—

> Near the anchorage was the cotton plantation of one of the most notorious of those lawless men who have been charged with the commission of frightful crimes in procuring labour from the islands, and who, with reckless hardihood, have planted themselves in solitary independence on these islands, prepared to defend their possessions, purchased for a few old Tower muskets, by the terror they inspire. . . . He was a big, burly, middle-aged man, with a large red beard and moustache, a small nose surmounted by light, restless, blue eyes, and a low square forehead, which betokened the power to will and do without regard to consequences. He walked with difficulty, from more than one gunshot wound received from the natives. . . . Gangs of natives from other islands were at work, and appeared to be well fed, and happy enough in the prospect of a musket or two when their term of servitude should expire. There can be no doubt of this man's ultimate wealth, if he can secure his life; but that is the question. As we passed a small neat enclosure, I asked, "What is that?" and he said, "My partner's grave, sir. He was shot there where he is buried, nine months ago, by some of the hill natives who had laid in ambush for him, and shot him as he walked along the path where we now stand." I asked "why they shot him," and the reply was, "They owed him a grudge for something or other." I did not care to press the question, as it was evidently not an agreeable one, and the matter had been settled before my arrival. When we reached his small wooden house, built of planks obtained from the labour vessels, and guarded by an outside fence to stop a rush, he stepped in before and gave me a hearty welcome; and I sat and talked awhile with this strange solitary man. Loaded guns hung around the room, and the pistols in his belt showed that he was ready for any emergency.

The survey of the coast of New Guinea, performed after the return from Polynesia, was accomplished in two distinct cruises. In the first the specific object was, as before, to put down illegal practices in connexion with the pearl-shelling industry. But Captain Moresby obtained leave to visit the coast of New Guinea, and himself undertook the exploration. His labours were completed on his return voyage to England, when a surveyor was sent out to join him, and the Queensland Government lent him a steam pinnace. The great island of New Guinea, though lying so close to the north of Australia, and on the direct line from Queensland to China, is very little known. Previously to Captain Moresby's survey, indeed, even the navigation of Torres Straits was not settled. The Straits, which divide Australia from New Guinea, are about two hundred miles in length, and in the narrowest part almost eighty broad. Over thirty years ago Captain Blackwood, in the *Fly*, had surveyed the southern side of the Straits. But the northern had not been visited; and since then nothing had been done to complete the sounding of these waters. Yet they were becoming increasingly used by merchant vessels, and it was even in contemplation to run a line of steamers through them from Brisbane to Singapore. Captain Moresby's first work was to survey this passage, and here is the result at which he arrived:—

> The space of thirty-six miles which lies between Jarvis Island and the low mangrove-covered coast of New Guinea is a mass of coral reefs, and contains no passage for ships, and scarcely any for boats. Thus all the passages by which ships can enter Torres Straits lie between Jarvis Island and Cape York, and are now British waters. These passages are very narrow, under two miles in width; whilst the one most generally taken—the Prince of Wales's Channel, between Hammond Island and the north-west reefs—is nearly a mile and a half wide. We hold this great highway of the ocean, therefore, on the best strategic terms. The average depth of water in these channels is only seven or eight fathoms, and a few torpedoes judiciously placed would effectually block up this route to an enemy.

Sailing to the eastward from Torres Straits along the southern coast of New Guinea, landing here and there, opening friendly communication with the natives, and exploring, as well as time would permit, the harbours, bays, and mouths of rivers met with, Captain Moresby arrived at Testa Island, the utmost limit of the then known coast. Close to this island begins the Louisiade Reef, the dangers of which are such that no navigator had previously encountered them. It was consequently believed that the south-east coast of New Guinea ran out almost to the reefs in a long, narrow promontory; and thence in a north-westerly direction the coast was equally unexplored for nearly four hundred miles. The

* *Discoveries and Surveys in New Guinea.* By Captain John Moresby, R.N. London: John Murray. 1876.

task which Captain Moresby set himself, then, was to determine the configuration of the south-eastern corner of New Guinea, to survey the unknown north-east coast, and to discover whether there was a passage between the Louisiade Reef and the south-east point. To this latter problem he attached much importance. If such a passage could be found—and he had a strong conviction that it could—it would very materially shorten the voyage from Melbourne, Sydney, or Brisbane to the Chinese ports. We cannot here do justice to the skill, patience, zeal, and energy with which Captain Moresby conducted his explorations, or to the willing and efficient manner in which he was seconded by officers and men—the best proof that he was well fitted for the command. But in the end he triumphed over all obstacles, and achieved the task he had set himself. He found that what had been mistaken for a long promontory was a series of three islands, named by him Hayter, Basilisk, and Moresby Islands, and between Hayter Island and the real south-west point he discovered a navigable passage through which vessels bound for China can sail. This was the limit of Captain Moresby's first exploratory voyage. On his way home he was joined by a skilled surveyor, and took up the work where it had been left off, and he also traced the previously unexplored north-east coast. Thus he has the honour of finally determining the configuration of this magnificent island. The addition he has made to our geographical knowledge is likely to prove of essential service to commerce. In addition, he collected a mass of varied and most interesting information relating to the climate, productions, and scenery of New Guinea, as well as to the character, disposition, and customs of its inhabitants, which will not be less highly prized by adventurers, settlers, and scientific inquirers than are his marine surveys by navigators.

LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII.*

Second Notice.)

THE prorogation of the Legatine Court by Campeggio on the 23rd of July, 1529, forms the turning point in the relations of Wolsey and his master. The King was foiled in his expectation that judgment would on that day be passed in his favour, and with the removal of the cause to Rome it was impossible to say how long judgment would be deferred. It was the first great disappointment he had ever experienced. And he had been thwarted in a quarter from which he had least expected opposition. He believed, or at least professed to believe, that the work against Luther which passed as his own composition had done essential service to the Church and the Pope in defending the faith; and, as Mr. Brewer observes, it was probably this conviction more than any other which had induced him to adopt Wolsey's suggestion, and apply to the Pope for a divorce rather than have recourse to more pliable instruments at home:—

> Now obstructions and vexatious opposition to his wishes had sprung up where he least expected. Timid and over-awed as she was, Catharine had contrived to lodge a protest against his proceedings at the court of Rome, and by this one act the fabric he had been raising with so much ingenuity, expense, and labour, was levelled to the ground. Fisher, the most devout and self-denying of all his prelates, had freely denounced the King's arts and arguments in his own cause as sophistical and unjustifiable. The boldness of his attitude, so unlike that of the rest of his brethren, had produced a powerful effect; and his firm and daring rebuke lost none of its effect when compared with the timid compliance of Warham and the rest, or the manifest efforts of the Cardinal to intimidate the weaker party.—P. cccxcv.

At this point we may date the beginning of Wolsey's fall. On July 28 Gardiner, who was rising high in favour with the King and Anne Boleyn, was appointed Secretary, and we have no more confidential communications between the King and the Cardinal. And from this point to near the end of his preface Mr. Brewer is occupied in detailing the sad story of his favourite statesman's fall, and in bespeaking his readers' pity for his sorrows and misfortunes, and admiration for his diplomatic talent and devotion to his master's interests. We are sorry that we are compelled to pronounce so unfavourable a judgment of one who was perhaps the greatest statesman that England had seen, and who, but for the transactions connected with the divorce, might have been thought in moral character, as well as in intellectual endowments, to rank above most of the ecclesiastics and politicians of the day. But, as regards moral character, Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher of Rochester stand out as the two men who are specially entitled to our respect and admiration. Both of them died martyrs to the cause which they believed to be that of truth and justice, and the lustre of their virtues is enhanced by the fact that in this world they did not meet with their reward. In the fall of Wolsey, on the other hand, whatever may be the feelings of just indignation with which we regard Anne Boleyn and her faction, his bitter and unscrupulous opponents, however we may grudge them their triumph over an enemy who in every point of character was so greatly their superior, and deep as may be our sympathy with their unhappy victim, there remains on the mind the feeling that the Cardinal's sufferings were due to his having thrown himself into a cause which his conscience could not have approved, and that his fall was the just retribution for his sin.

The Cardinal of York is Mr. Brewer's hero, and there is no more beautiful or more forcible piece of writing in the whole of this elaborate Introduction than that in which, after detailing the circumstances of the last few months of Wolsey's life, he proceeds to sum up the character and career of this remarkable man. After favourably contrasting the reign of Henry VIII. with that of his father, in spite of the ability of Henry VII.'s Ministers and his own superiority to his son and successor in all the excellences looked for in a sovereign, and glancing at the absence of all that could be deemed splendid and great in the remaining years of the reign when Wolsey's place was vacant, he dwells, as elsewhere in his narrative he has dwelt, upon the undeniable fact that it was owing wholly to Wolsey's powers of administration that England rose from the rank of a third-rate State to a level with the most influential Governments of Europe. We have only to glance at the transactions for the management of the marriage of Prince Arthur and the Princess of Aragon at the beginning of the preceding reign, as detailed in the records at Simancas, to see of how small account this country was held in the councils of Europe at the conclusion of the fifteenth century; whilst Henry VIII. in the first quarter of the sixteenth century enjoyed the satisfaction of finding himself feared and courted by both Francis and the Emperor.

Thus far we entirely agree with the writer, and can only regret that we have not space for giving our readers his opinion in his own words. And again, in his estimate of the hard measure dealt to Wolsey's character by his contemporaries, and to his memory by subsequent historians who have followed in their wake without stopping to examine how far their obloquy was justified by historical fact, Mr. Brewer has exercised a discriminating power which throws into the shade the attempts of all his predecessors in the field. Speaking of later historians, he says:—

> They have accepted the estimate of his character and conduct from those who were specially concerned to misrepresent and blacken both. To the professor of the old faith Wolsey was nothing less than the author and promoter of the divorce, the unscrupulous opponent of the Pope, the enemy of her whose cause was bound up with the survival of the old religion. To the Reformer he was the type of the wealth, the luxury, and the worldliness of the ancient Church, which the Reformer hated and despised. He was the proud prelate who, by his insolence and ambition, had overshadowed the salutary influence of the royal authority, and represented in his own person and actions the intolerable aggressions of the spiritual on the temporal authority. . . . From either of these—for the nation was sharply divided into two portions, who could neither understand nor esteem each other's position, and were only unanimous in condemning the one man of the age who rightly belonged to neither—it is impossible to obtain a just, fair, or discriminating estimate of Wolsey's character or measures. A reformer so far as to show no especial interest in maintaining the strict Ultramontanism of doctrine or discipline of his own time—an earnest promoter of education and the new learning, if not unfriendly to the religious orders, yet anxious to convert their endowments to better uses—he was still a faithful adherent to the ancient faith and practice in his love of splendid ceremonial, in his political dislike of Lutheranism, in his conviction of the need of a great central spiritual authority to preserve the peace and unity of Christendom.—P. dcxxv.

As regards the particular subject of the divorce, Mr. Brewer proceeds to vindicate the conduct of the Cardinal, or at least to excuse it, principally on the ground of the necessity in which he found himself. He was in the first instance averse to it, and when he discovered the King's intention to marry Anne Boleyn, he went on his knees to beg him to desist from his ill-starred project. But, finding the King inexorable, and foreseeing that the marriage was inevitable, he threw himself unreservedly into the King's cause and did his utmost to gain the Papal sanction for it. The King was determined to make Anne Boleyn his queen, with the Pope's permission if possible, but, if necessary, without it. It is here that the editor seems to us to act the part of a special pleader. The difficulty of resisting so imperious a master, the extremity of his own danger if he should in any way be discovered thwarting the King's proceedings, the political consideration of the greater evils that would result to Church and State if he adopted a different line, and the earnest desire to aggrandize his country and to exalt his King at the sacrifice of equity and justice, may be allowed in extenuation of Wolsey's conduct in the matter. Still, even if it could be conceded that his conscience was quite clear in changing sides in the matter and furthering the divorce, which, till it was inevitable, he so much dreaded, how is the oppressive conduct towards Catharine, and the wholesale system of lying and deceit with which all the proceedings connected with the divorce were conducted, to be justified? After allowing all possible margin for diplomatic arts, there are principles of morality which underlie all political considerations, and it is simply impossible to regard the measures which Wolsey adopted and sanctioned as consistent with the character which the world has a right to expect in a Christian bishop. We do not think Mr. Brewer means to imply that they were; and in defending his hero against unjust obloquy, it may be said that he was not bound to dwell upon incidents which in the preceding part of his Introduction he has fairly and fearlessly detailed. Yet the following passage seems to suggest a view somewhat different from that which we have felt compelled to adopt:—

> If Wolsey, in his grief, disgrace, and leisure moments, regarded his service to the King as incompatible with his service to God, this was not the conviction of his stronger hours, nor yet of many others beside himself. Possibly all that he meant by those memorable words was not the incompatibility of the two in themselves, but that the hours necessarily occupied by secular employments had detracted too much from those opportunities of prayer, devotion, and contemplation in which the service of God consisted, and for which the monastic and religious institutions and practices of his times furnished so many opportunities and held out numerous examples.—P. dcxxxiii.

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the Reign of Henry VIII., preserved in the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and elsewhere in England.* Arranged and Catalogued by J. S. Brewer, M.A., under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State. Vol. IV. Introduction and Appendix. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

Unfortunately, no amount of rhetoric will avail to blot out the stain that must ever remain on the memory of the greatest of English Cardinals; no special pleading will succeed in acquitting Wolsey of the charge of having used the vilest arts of trickery and deceit in persecuting and oppressing the defenceless Queen, and, when he found there was no hope of Anne Boleyn's following in the track of her elder sister and being discarded after a few months, or perhaps years, of incestuous intercourse with the King, bent all the powers of his mind to place her on her hated rival's throne.

Mr. Brewer in all his remarks has been dwelling on the political aspect of the divorce, but it must not be forgotten that there is also a moral aspect of the case. He has passed very lightly over two matters which, from the moral point of view, are of prime importance. Wolsey was fully aware both of the virginity of Catharine when she was married to her second husband and of the King's connexion with Mary Boleyn, which placed the same bar to the marriage with Anne as that which had rendered the Papal dispensation necessary for Henry's marriage with Catharine; and if the Cardinal could once reconcile his conscience to undertake the conduct of the divorce under such circumstances as these, we need not wonder at the unscrupulous methods adopted to bring about the wished-for result. If the story had been a fiction instead of a reality, poetical justice would have demanded some such retribution as that which fell on Wolsey's head. Let us hope that his dying words meant, not what Mr. Brewer suggests, but that he really was repentant of the part he had played in the King's "great matter." And, as we call to mind the saying of the most philosophical of Greek tragedians —

δράσαντι παθεῖν, τριγέρων μῦθος τάδε φωνεῖ—

and recognize its application to the present case, we may adopt the more hopeful view of the relation of sin and suffering opened out to us by Revelation, and take leave of the great Cardinal of York in the words of Sanders:—

Ac Volsæus quidem dignam suæ præteritæ assentationis et superbiæ mercedem in hoc mundo accepit, idque ut speramus, ne in æternum puniretur.

TAMIL PROVERBS.*

MANUFACTURED proverbial philosophy is apt to be tedious. But that which is of spontaneous birth and natural growth, gathered from the lips of a people to whom intellectual forcing-houses are unknown, inspires a deserved interest and may boast of a real value. Much depends, indeed, upon the knowledge and judgment of him who gathers it, who ought to be one thoroughly well acquainted with the people to whom it belongs. Such a gatherer, so far as everything Tamil is concerned, is Mr. Percival, of whose rich collection of Tamil proverbs the first English edition has lately been issued. From it may be obtained, if not a complete view, at least some stray glimpses, of the Tamil side of that "native" mind which so often perplexes the rulers of India. Tamil proverbs are not often picturesque or poetic. Now and then a sentiment is expressed which comes home to our own hearts, as in "A separate hole is to be preferred, though it be but a rat-hole"; and sometimes a touch of nature links the Tamil and the English mind, as in "Those who have not heard the lisping of their own children say that the flute is sweet." But they are by no means devoid of shrewd humour. Setting expression aside, we may detect something like a Poyser-like ring in "A dog imagines everything taken up by the hand is intended for him"; "If a low-bred man obtain wealth, he will carry an umbrella at midnight"; "The ass boasted there was no voice equal to his, and no gait equal to that of his eldest sister"; "Stones are thrown at a fruit-bearing tree"; "No matter where hit, a struck dog lifts up its leg"; "What has a naked mendicant to do with the friendship of a washerwoman?" Somewhat acid are "The green leaves of the palm laughed because the dry ones fell off," and "He who has killed a thousand men is half a doctor." "The mortar went to the tom-tom with its complaints" requires the explanatory remark that the mortar is beaten at one end only, the tom-tom at both ends; but no explanation is needed by "It is said that when the hare went with the tortoise to lay eggs, it strained its eyes out and died." Some of the proverbs might well become current among ourselves. Thus, to Scotch publicans may be recommended, "Having forced one to take toddy, do you seize him by the hair and demand payment?" Captain Cuttle would have delighted in "Though only one item, note it"; and some of Mr. Plimsoll's opponents will appreciate "The shipowner's wife is in good condition as long as the ship is safe, but if that is lost she is a beggar." It may be doubtful whether any English medical practitioner at home would now adopt as his motto "Know the efficacy of mercury by the glow of health on the cheeks"; but in India calomel is looked upon with a more friendly eye than in England. "The drawing back of the he-goat shows that he is about to butt" would have made a good motto for the Circular containing Prince Gortchakoff's famous assertion that "La Russie ne boude pas, elle se recueille."

Some of the specimens in Mr. Percival's collection seem to be drawn from classical sources, as in the case of "God demonts him who is to be destroyed." Others appear to be of Biblical origin, probably set in circulation by missionaries. To this class belong "Is it proper to tie the mouth of the ox that treads out the corn?" and "Can a camel pass through the eye of a needle?" Somewhat suspicious, also, at least in form, is "God is the helper of the helpless child," which corresponds with the Russian "God stands behind the orphan." Perhaps, also, some of the sayings about heathenism which betray a sceptical feeling may have owed their inspiration to a foreign unbeliever. Such, for instance, as "A terrible ascetic, an atrocious cheat," or "The neck of the hypocrite is covered with rosaries." These statements appear to be too straightforward to be of home growth. In the same way, "Will sin be expiated by bathing in the Ganges?" is a strange question to arise in a land where such a story can exist as that of the robber who was sent to the infernal regions for having committed every crime conceivable, and who remained there till one day a crow, which intended to carry a piece of his skull across the Ganges, let it drop into the holy waters; whereupon the robber's sins were expiated in a moment, and he was released from his place of torment. The sarcastic tone seems genuine, however, of such sayings as "Will a dog understand the Vedas, although born in a Brahman village?" or, "Will the temple cat reverence the deity?" or, "Will an ungodly cat ascend to heaven?" And all of these "Protestant" doubts may be the independent result of that turn of the Dravidian mind on which the late Mr. Gover laid such stress in his striking work on "The Folk-songs of Southern India."

But we are on safer ground when we are dealing with references to prevalent popular errors and unshaken heathenish beliefs. Of these many occur. "Even water will forgive a fault three times" refers to the opinion, maintained in other lands as well as in India, that he who falls into deep water rises three times before he is drowned. "When destiny is written on the skull, can you avert it by artifice?" is one of the many questions suggested to the Indian mind by the likeness to writing discovered by it in the sutures of the skull, a writing which is supposed to have been traced by the finger of Fate. In "The goddess of fortune dwells in the feet of the industrious, the goddess of misfortune in those of the sluggard," a moral lesson of the copybook class is conveyed, similar to that inculcated by Nitinerivillakkam's admired stanza, which tells that "When the goddess of prosperity finds that her favours are not appreciated, she introduces her elder sister, the goddess of adversity, and then takes her departure." But those deities are believed to act capriciously in many cases, and without any eye to the reformation of sluggards or other offenders, some people being born to misfortune, as when "The destitute brings forth a female child, and that on a Friday, and under the star Púrádam." Friday, however, is not altogether inauspicious, being a day which would have suited Falstaff admirably; one on which it is fortunate to receive money, but unfortunate to pay it; though some lenders indignantly ask, "Is Friday a sufficient excuse for not returning the coin given you to look at?" All through a man's life is he liable to unlucky influences, but death frees him at last; for "What matters it whether the head of a corpse be towards the east or west?" While alive, even some Christian natives are careful to lie down with their heads towards the south. A westerly direction might prove fatal, and the north is the region of Yama, the god of death. In "A Saturday corpse goes not alone" allusion is made to a belief generally held that Hindus often kill and bury a fowl when a death happens on a Saturday. By that means death may be averted from a human victim. Mr. Percival has even heard of a chicken being put into the coffin of "a deceased Native Christian." Many evils of this kind are of course ascribed to demoniacal beings, but sometimes unjustly; for "To a gloomy eye all obscure things are demons," and "To the timid the sky is full of demons." Even such beings, it seems, are not without their feelings, if it be true that "Even a demon will not enter a house that has pooh-poohed him." This remark, however, probably refers, not to a malevolent spirit, but to the generally benevolent house-demon, our Brownie or Hobgoblin, the Russian Domovoy, whose cultus is closely connected with the old worship of ancestors. Another domestic guardian is the lizard, whose chirping, akin to that of our cricket, must never be disregarded, being often fraught with a message of great consequence to the family or individual concerned. So high does it stand in the opinion of the people, that when a person of distinction does anything injurious to his reputation, men say it is "As if a lizard, the oracle of the whole village, should fall into a pot of gruel." Jugglery, Mr. Percival remarks, is generally attributed by the common people to the power of a dwarf demon, to whom the juggler entrusts his "properties" except when he is in actual need of them. But he is obliged to bear in mind that "The dwarf demon returns only that which has been given to it." From demoniacal associations has probably sprung up the prejudice that "A rogue may be trusted, but not a dwarf"; a proverb which, if attended to at the time, might have done good service to Bali, the Daitya ruler of the three worlds, when Vishnu appeared before him under the form of a vámana, or dwarf, and suddenly displayed such striding powers as would have reduced the swiftest seven-leagued boots to despair.

Tamil proverbs relating to women are for the most part uncomplimentary. "A woman of fifty must bend the knee before a boy of five" shows how superior is the man's position to that of the woman. Her lot must indeed be a hard one if it be true that "Even a demon will pity a woman," or, to put the case still more forcibly, "If the word woman be uttered, even a demon will be

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* *Tamil Proverbs, with their English Translation* By the Rev. P. Percival. Third Edition, being the first English issue Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

moved with compassion." We learn from Mr. Percival that "Many modern Hindus of the day (1873), though themselves earnest about University honours, evince but very little interest about the intellectual or moral culture of their daughters;" and a proverb asserts that "No matter how skilled a woman may be in numbers and letters, her judgment will be second rate." Another goes even further in its distaste for female education, declaring openly that "Though one wear cloth upon cloth, and is able to dance like a celestial, she is not to be desired if she can press a style on a palm-leaf"—*i.e.* if she can write. This proverb, it appears, "is in harmony with the sentiments of the majority of Hindus who have received high education in English." The proverbs often gird at wives. It is remembered that "Acquiescence with the wishes of his wife proved fatal to Rána," and that the consequence of marriage often is that a man is "Fettered with a wife and muzzled with a child." It frequently happens, we are told, that "Having married a wife, the boy has become a fool; having given birth to a child, the damsel has become mean in appearance." A good deal depends, it is true, on the wife's nature, which in its turn depends upon that of her mother. "As is the mother, such is the child; as is the yarn, such is the cloth." But to the daughter's husband the mother is often distasteful, so that he is apt to cry:—"The mother-in-law is frightfully ugly already, and the flour on her face makes her more so." Still, "However cruel a mother-in-law may be, she is nevertheless desirable"; a sentiment akin to that expressed in "Though she be a more monkey, one should take a wife in one's own tribe." But it would be incorrect to attribute to any distaste for a wife's relations the statement that "The murder of a father may be expiated by residing for six months in the house of one's mother-in-law; for Mr. Percival ascribes it to the fact that "Hindus account it disgraceful in a son-in-law to live in the house of a mother-in-law at her expense," so that it is probably "writ ironical." But the following may be taken literally:—"Although one may live six months with an elder brother, one cannot abide with his wife even half an hour."

One of the proverbs in which an elder brother is mentioned belongs to a class of sayings to which Mr. Percival has been obliged to supply explanatory notes of some length. It states that "The horn of my elder brother is as soft (or harmless) as a shivered stick." The explanation is that in a certain district the foxes imagined that the hare's long ears were formidable horns; so at first they kept at a respectful distance. At length, however, in order to ascertain the truth, they invited a number of hares to a feast, at which each guest was placed between two of the hosts. After a time one of the foxes, feigning a profound admiration for his neighbour's horns, contrived to test their texture by touch, and embodied the result of his experience in the proverb just quoted. Whereupon each fox seized and devoured his defenceless neighbour. A proverb full of meaning, however, asserts that "Even a beast without horns will attack the poor." The meaning of "He is as if a libation had been poured out to the god of fire" would remain obscure were not the reader told that, "When water is poured on burning charcoal, the cinders appear exceedingly black," and therefore the saying is employed as a description of a *man* who is "naturally very black." Perhaps the Oriental original of Llewellyn's dog Gelert is sufficiently well known to render intelligible the allusion to "The story of killing a mungoose that had done well." But "As the hanging-nest bird gave advice to the monkey" requires its accompanying reference to the story ("graphically told in, I think, *Panchatantra*," says Mr. Percival) of the bird which expostulated with a storm-beaten monkey for not having provided itself with a similar shelter to its own, whereupon the monkey, enraged rather than edified, pulled the bird's nest to pieces. The story is the eighteenth of the first book of *Panchatantra*, but the bird, as the tale is told there, is a sparrow which has built its nest on a mimosa's pendent tendril. In some Tamil variant, no doubt, the "hang-nest" has taken its place. To English readers some of the proverbs on which no comment has been made by the editor will require explanation. "As the monkey perished by drawing out a wedge," for instance, refers to the fate, somewhat similar to that of Milo, brought upon a monkey which removed a wedge from a half-split log without keeping clear of the wooden jaws, which snapped together as soon as the gagging wedge was extracted. In like manner, every reader may not remember that "The blind quarrelled about an elephant they had examined," because each of the two sightless examiners thought he had got hold of the tail, for which one of them had not unnaturally mistaken the trunk. The great Indian epics, also, may still be so little familiar to the generality that "The birth of Sita was the ruin of Lanka" may require to be rendered intelligible by such a paraphrase as "The birth of Helen was the ruin of Troy." But the great majority of the sayings in Dr. Percival's book speak for themselves articulately enough, bearing intelligible and trustworthy evidence, among other things, to the thorough goodness of his work.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.*

TIME and hard usage will wear out any substance; and the mind has no immunity from the law which governs all forms of matter. Continual grinding takes off the fine edge of the fancy till neither sharpness nor delicacy is left; while a habit of mind, a trick of thought or expression, so grows by use that what was once a slight characteristic becomes an exaggerated mannerism, and the faculty of self-correction is lost. This remark is specially applicable to Miss Braddon's latest novel—a book in which we look in vain for even the coarse kind of power which redeemed to a certain extent the faults of her earlier works. *Dead Men's Shoes* appears to us the worst book she has produced. It has all her faults and none of her good qualities, and gives one the impression of utter weariness and mental exhaustion. It has not one solitary ray of originality, either in the characters or the plot; and, save that it is written with the technical ease gained by long practice, has no sign to mark it as the work of one who has filled so large a space in modern light literature as the author of *Lady Audley's Secret*.

We are not among those bland believers in universal goodness and virtue who see only sweetness and light wherever they turn; we see whom a miser is a man of prudence, and a spendthrift fool taken as as a good-hearted fellow and no one's enemy but his own; with whom a hoyden is a child of nature, and an *intrigante* claims credit for her brains and perspicacity; but all the same we trust that the men and women of our daily life are not such fools or knaves as are the personages of this uncomfortable story. There are but three good people in the whole gallery, and two of these are as remarkable for their folly as for their virtue; while all the rest are mean or bad, and are described with that curious air, characteristic of a certain school of cynical delineators, which seems to accept meanness and badness as matters of course, and no worse than other people's goodness. The three sisters of whom the heroine is one are perhaps the least charming young ladies with whom we are acquainted. Sibyl Faunthorpe, the heroine in question, is a weak transcript of Lady Audley. Sensual and selfish, she is unable to bear the poverty to which she finds herself reduced by her secret marriage with a handsome young failure, just as she was unable to bear the petty disagreeables of a governess's life; though in the one case she loves and is loved, and in the other was treated with kindness and consideration. She is of the kind to whom fine dresses and personal luxuries rank before anything else in life, and who do not trouble themselves about the pedantry of virtue—about faith or truth or honour or fidelity—so long as they can have money, and what it brings. As for truth indeed, the author seldom overweights her characters with an inconvenient amount of this quality; and she scarcely seems to expect her readers to regard falsehood and imposture as vices which degrade and tarnish those who indulge in them. Sibyl Faunthorpe, or Secretan, is one of those to whom falsehood comes as easy as breathing. She deceives every one, and lies with frank impartiality to every one in turn. When a governess at a certain Mrs. Hazleton's, she forms a secret intimacy with Alexis Secretan, a handsome, good-tempered, impecunious young ex-officer, and ends by running away and making a stolen marriage with him, confessed to no one. The uncle who has been to her and her orphan sisters like a father, and those sisters themselves, still believe her to be at Mrs. Hazleton's, where the housemaid manages her correspondence and forwards her letters. After this chapter of deception has been fully worked out, she turns next to deceive her husband. They have fallen into deep distress, and he, with every apparent quality which should ensure success and command esteem, can find nothing better to do than sponge on his parents and borrow of every one who will lend. This kind of thing, with a Finnan haddock for dinner, tea, and supper, all in one, does not suit Sibyl. She urges her husband to borrow yet another ten pounds, which she whispers to him she needs for her approaching confinement, and, when he has taken this sum from a poor map-maker who has laid it aside for his rent, Sibyl, true to her nature, runs away for the second time; has her boy-baby born in a workhouse; leaves him in the care of a farmer's daughter; and presents herself at her old home at Redcastle as Miss Sibyl Faunthorpe, one of the claimants for the love and money of their uncle, Stephen Trenchard, a reputed millionaire lately returned from India. As she is lovely in person, and has pleasant, soft, caressing ways, she charms the old man, who takes her to live with him, and carries on her acted falsehood here for three years. Her husband, naturally distracted at her sudden disappearance, and unable to find her—thrown off the scent as he is by the deliberate lying of the youngest Miss Faunthorpe, aged twelve—asks news of his child; for he can communicate with his wife, though she keeps her whereabouts a secret. Her answer is that it is dead—which is as untrue as the rest. But all this is justified to her own mind by the absolute necessity she is under of escaping from the poverty to which she had condemned herself by her marriage, it being impossible that she should bear the consequences of her own action and be faithful to love and duty. For the third time, too, she runs away, which we think a monotonous kind of thing, and by no means worthy of Miss Braddon's reputation for fertility of expedients; while, as if to repeat the law of triplets on which *Dead Men's Shoes* has been constructed, we have old Stephen Secretan living his life of deception, and Joel Pilgrim living his.

The heroine's two sisters, Marion and Jenny, are even less pleasant and no more commendable than herself. The former indeed is simply odious, being as false as Sibyl, as selfish, as worldly, and as calculating, without her grace, her beauty, or her surface amiability. The two sisters quarrel and snarl as we hope ordinary English sisters do not; while Jenny is *l'enfant terrible* with fancy additions on a large scale. She is "an overgrown girl of twelve, with a very short frock and stalwart legs, encased in brown worsted stockings," who puts her "arms a-kimbo, like Madame Angot's

* *Dead Men's Shoes.* A Novel. By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. 3 vols. London: John Maxwell & Co. 1876.

daughter," and talks in a language composed of bad grammar, slang, and impudence in about equal proportions. "Why does she come and loaf about here, then, with her stuckupishness?" She says of her sister Marion, with whom she is quarrelling, "A fat lot (*sic*) she teaches me!" "She nags at me for an hour and a half by the kitchen clock every morning, and calls that education!" is another little compliment of the same kind flung at the head of the same person; and when asked in what edition of Lindley Murray she finds the verb "to nag," her answer is, to say the least of it, scarcely natural. An uneducated semi-savage of twelve would not have made this answer:—

"It's as good a verb as any other. I nag, thou naggest, he or she nags, generally she; or take it in Latin if you like, Nago, nagas, nagat, nagamus, nagatis, nagant; first conjugation; perfect, nagavi."

Or would she have spoken like this?—

"Oh, very well, if you like to tell crammers, of course I can't help it. My experience of elder sisters is that they may break all the commandments with impunity, and drive a coach and six through the Catechism. I think they wash their hands of Christianity when they're confirmed."

And is "By all that's wonderful" a usual expression of astonishment with a girl of twelve? "If Marion or Hester were in the way now it would be all UP" is another of her polite phrases, just as she is entering on that interview with Alexis Secretan wherein she denies that her sister Sibyl is at home, and improvises the fact of her "governessing in Jersey when we heard from her last—but that's ten months ago, and she's too much of a rolling stone to have stayed so long as that in one place"; adding, as a "graphic touch that she thinks will give reality to her narrative," that "the lady had red hair and used to fly into passions," and that her name was "Mrs. Yokohama Gray." All this is but wretched stuff, wanting in lifelikeness and genuine humour; poor fustian in the place of fun. But the fun all through this book is but poor stuff from first to last. To call a schoolmistress Miss Worrie, and a milliner Miss Eylett, a boot-maker Mr. Korksole, and a shipbuilder Mr. Marlin Spyke; to dub a firm of lawyers Messrs. Gull and Sharpe, and a clergyman Mr. Chasubel; to have one surgeon of the name of Krysis and another of that of Skalpel, while Kabriole is a cabinet-maker and undertaker, and even the banker must be Groshen—to do this is to show but little ingenuity, and no real humour; but when she has done this, Miss Braddon has exhausted her store of wit.

Part of the motive for the deception in which Sibyl indulges, in the hope of getting Uncle Stephen Trenchard's money when he dies, lies in the deadly enmity felt by him towards the whole race and name of Secretan. In early days it seems that this same Stephen Trenchard had supplanted Philip Secretan, the father of Alexis, in the affection of his father, so that the fortune which should have gone to Philip was bequeathed to him. He also cut him out in a love affair; for both of which offences Philip first called him a reptile, then slapped his face, and finally, overmastering him in a struggle, flung him through the brushwood into the quarry, near to which the two men had been fighting. The consequences of this fall were a compound fracture of the leg, a scar across the forehead, and lameness for life; together with the bitterest and most undying hatred to every "viper of that blood," culminating in a melodramatic curse "on him and his seed to the third generation," when Sibyl, anxious to know her ground, tempts her uncle to speak of his old enemy and to tell the story of his own wrongdoing to Philip Secretan and of Philip Secretan's wrongdoing to him. As his are the "dead men's shoes" for which this younger likeness of Lady Audley is waiting, she feels that, after this exposition of his feelings, to tell him that she is married to the son of his former foe would be to ruin everything. Hence she is hard put to it for reasons why she will not accept the attentions either of Mr. Frederick Stormont, who is "a youth of very thin legs, and not much body, who wears a cutaway coat that just clears his hips, and has never been seen in an overcoat, or without a flower in his button-hole," or of the great young man of the place, Sir Wilford Cardonnel, who, gentleman as he is, and of an old English family, does not disdain to talk of "Lady Malvina Vielleroche" as "a good deal too weedy for my money, and I don't like 'em that colour." Him, however, Sibyl makes her confidant, when he asks her to marry him, and thereby secures his friendship and the cessation of his pursuit; but when Joel Pilgrim, a sly, slimy Anglo-Indian half-caste, comes over, and causes Mr. Trenchard evident disgust and annoyance, which is somehow to be atoned for if she marries him as she is to be forced to do, then her resources fail her, and she has nothing for it but flight, for the third time, as we said. All this part of the book is huddled and confused. Who murdered Mr. Trenchard, and how the murder was found out, with every incident connected therewith, belongs to the worst school of writing—sketchy, imperfect, hurried, and unlikely and forced in incident and motive. The circumstances and character of Joel Pilgrim, the old man's half-caste son, simply make a blot on the picture as silly in motive as it is ill done in workmanship—a would-be spectre with a turnip head and a lighted candle inside. In conclusion, we cannot do better than quote for the author's benefit some words of Dean Swift's:—"An experiment very frequent among modern authors is to write upon nothing; when the subject is utterly exhausted, to let the pen still move on; by some called the ghost of wit, delighting to walk after the death of its body. And to say the truth, there seems to be no part of knowledge in fewer hands than that of discerning when to have done."

CRANSTOUN'S PROPERTIUS.*

MR. CRANSTOUN has accomplished no inconsiderable task in his series of elegiac translations. His version of Propertius completes an English reproduction of a poetic constellation which also includes Catullus and Tibullus. It may be that Mr. Cranstoun has simply taken the poets in the order in which they are usually placed; but, if he has gone on the principle of leaving the most difficult, though not the best work, to the last, he has acted wisely. Catullus is surely the greatest poet of the triad, Propertius the hardest to deal with. And so Mr. Cranstoun has done well to take the fullest time to explore his text, and to weigh the endeavours made by scholars at home and abroad to mend its corrupt readings, to rectify its disordered arrangements, and to reduce to something like consistency a poet who has lain under a ban very much because he had come down to us in so perplexing a form. That he has mastered all helpful criticism on the intricacies and dark places of the text will be seen by any who happen to be familiar with Mr. Paley's latest edition of Propertius, or who have studied Mr. Munro's very acute paper on the arrangement of the last Elegy of the Third or Second Book, in the sixth vol. (1875) of the *Journal of Philology*—to say nothing of the commentaries of Barth, Kuinoel, and W. Hertzberg. As is meet in an English translation, the notes are mostly brief, and illustrative of mythological or historical allusions; but the extent of the translator's acquaintance with the best and most recent criticism is easily discernible by a comparison of the translation with the text. An agreeable feature of the work before us is that Mr. Cranstoun has varied his English metres, and afforded the relief of long-ballad metres, heroics, and here and there shorter measures, to the more orthodox elegiac quatrain. Mr. C. R. Moore's meritorious version (Rivingtons, 1870), on recurring to which our opinion of its accuracy and general neatness of translation undergoes no abatement, was rendered tedious by the unvaried use of the heroic couplet, though Sir Edmund Head's one or two experiments in various metres might have taught a translator of Propertius another lesson. In Mr. Cranstoun's work free play is given to the poet's mood and tone at the time of writing, and a sound judgment is shown for the most part in the forms chosen to render passionate and pathetic love elegies, on the one hand, and archæological poems on Roman history and mythology, such as those of his later years, on the other. The result cannot fail to be a wider acquaintance with and appreciation of the Umbrian bard.

Of the birth, parentage, and education of this Roman Callimachus, as he delighted to style himself in token of his early draughts at the fountain of Alexandrian poetry, Mr. Cranstoun gives all that is known with commendable succinctness. He notes at the outset that Propertius was younger than Tibullus and older than Ovid, but not much in either case; not enough younger than the graceful and plaintive Tibullus to have caught the melancholy sweetness with which his own earnest force and genuine fire are in strong contrast, nor so much older than Ovid (though the latter outlived him some forty years) as to have retired from the field of poetry before he was aware of an imitator availing himself of his grand but hastily struck keynotes, and moulding the topics of his Roman and mythic poetry into Fasti and Epistles, and of his love-elegies into the Art of Love. It would be interesting to go further into the history of those essentially Roman poems which were his earliest and seemingly also his latest themes, but which no persuasions of his patron Mæcenas, no atmospheric influences of the Esquiline, where he mixed with Virgil and Horace and must have contracted some of the manners of a courtier, could induce him to prefer to the one constraining inspiration of his muse, the Cynthia of his first and completest Book of Elegies. It seems not improbable that some poems of the Fourth and Fifth Books on legendary subjects mark a date when he had buried Cynthia, and bidden adieu to her successor, of whom we get a glimpse in V. vii. 39–48—when he had relinquished gallantries which, despite his protestations of constancy, were some justification (had she cared to plead them) for Cynthia's infidelities, and turned his attention to graver and more philosophic studies. Yet after all it is a gain to poetry that in the interval between his earliest and latest work, Cynthia and love laid an exacting and importunate embargo on his muse. Unquestionably the sweetness, tenderness, and real, if sometimes rugged, pathos of his love-elegies show more genius than the loftier vein and nobler purpose of his later productions. There is not space in a brief review to sketch even the influence on Propertius's poetry of the brilliant, accomplished, queenly "meretrix"—for such she was, not only in her legal status at Rome, but in her fondness for the wine cup, her passion for dress, and the inordinate avarice whereby she got the means of gratifying it—who is as much associated with the name of Propertius as Lesbia with that of Catullus. But though the fluctuations of love and jealousy, quarrelling and reconciliation, are drawn out to a length which only a versatile fancy could prevent from becoming tedious, somehow one does not tire of recurring to the outbursts of Propertius's jealousy on the alarm of his mistress having gone off once and again with the loutish but lavish Illyrian Prætor—an alarm which, in one instance at least, turns out to be false (I. viii. 33–6)—his clever artifices to dissuade his friends from an introduction which may convert them into rivals, and his threats to go to sea or to kill himself if Cynthia is unkind, though he is quite pre-

* *The Elegies of Sextus Propertius.* Translated into English Verse, with the Life of the Poet, and Illustrative Notes. By James Cranstoun, B.A. and LL.D., &c. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

ed to stand on his head, or, as he puts it, "to tread heaven's rry floor," when she is favourable to his suit.

Mr. Cranstoun is extremely sceptical—despite the poet's expressed ention of an immediate visit to Athens (iv. xxi.), and his refer- es to a shipwreck in the Ægean from which he had escaped, l despite also his graphic picture (in El. XV. Book I.) of the igers and terrors of a storm at sea—as to his having ever left native shores. "The absence," he argues, "of direct testimony the point, and even of a single poem bearing directly on foreign vel, is tantamount to evidence against such a supposition" xviii.) By the light of such suggestive criticism it is amusing read such appeals to Cynthia's feelings as this from the Seven- nth Elegy of the First Book:—

Ah! perish he who first with impious art
In sail-rigg'd craft dared tempt the unwilling sea,
'Twere better I had sooth'd my mistress' heart,
Hard though she was, how peerless still to me!
Than view this wild and forest-mantled shore.
And woo the longed-for Twins that calm the wave.
Then earth had veiled my woes, life's fever o'er,
And some small stone—love's tribute—marked my grave.

that this means is that the jealous lover has, in an inoppor- ie visit, stumbled on some of her so-called relatives (cf. II. vi. 3), or, as he puts it:—

Quinetiam falsos fingis tibi sæpe propinquos,
Oscula nec desunt qui tibi *jure* ferant.

Sham cousins often come and kiss thee too,
As cousins alway have a right to do.

perhaps her prætor has been availing himself of a holiday at me to renew his attentions, and amidst elegiac couplets in praise the simplicity and purity of "straw-built" Rome, Propertius ates, in III. vii. on the troublesome fact that—

From the Illyrian land the other day
Your friend the prætor has returned, I learn—
To you a fruitful source of welcome prey,
To me of inexpressible concern.

cruel a pang as any is inflicted when this Roman Lais or Phryne es it into her head to run down to Baiæ (El. I. xi.); not that poet doubts her honour or constancy, but the place is danger- s. His advice to her—gratuitous, and doubtless unheeded—is, Mr. Cranstoun renders the couplets (9–10, 11–12):—

Atque utinam mage te remis confisa minutis
Parvula Lucrina cymba moretur aqua, &c.

On Lucrine's bosom rather drift and dream,
And the light skiff with tiny paddles guide,
Or bathe alone in Teuthras' limpid stream,
And cleave with pliant arms the yielding tide.

re it seems more satisfactory, if a little harder, to take "con- " as the vocative suggested by *te*, than, as Paley would have us te it, as agreeing with *cymba*. The scholar's argument is that s construction is supported by the fact that "a gondola relies its oars for safe guidance." But the translator sees rather in *nba* a skiff which, in her lover's mind, Cynthia might conveni- ly paddle for herself. He wishes her not to have com- ny in her bark or her baths. In one instance, however, we icy that neither Mr. Cranstoun nor Mr. Moore quite gives full pression to the poet's jealousy—*e.g.* where, on the eve of one of imaginary voyages, he reproaches Cynthia with her indifference. e count in the indictment is (vv. 5–6):—

Et potes hesternos manibus componere crines,
Et longa faciem quærere desidia,

ere *hesternos crines* need not mean "crines qui manserunt ut ri erant." Instead of translating, as Mr. Cranstoun does—

But airily thou trimm'st the locks thou braidedst yestermorn;

with Moore—

Smoothing the locks that lay last night so trim;

should render the lines:—

Yet airily thou trimm'st thy locks, *as thou didst* yestermorn,
And leisurely with tireless hands thy person dost adorn.

ie poet just afterwards contrasts with this elaborate dressing lypso's unkempt locks when she was deserted, in a passage which a fair specimen of the translator's average work (cf. 9–14; "At n sic Ithaci—conscia lætitiæ"):—

Not so Calypso wept beside the bleak and barren sea,
What time Ulysses left her island-home for Ithakè;
But many a day with hair unkempt she sat in sorrow lone,
And wildly to the cruel waves outpour'd her weary moan;
And though she knew that he had gone for ever from her ken,
Kept brooding o'er remembered joys she ne'er might know again.

It is somewhat odd that where, in the Sixth Elegy of Book II., e poet is reproaching the mistress whom, by a tacitly accepted tion, he calls "wife" in the same breath, he comes out with unwonted burst of morality, happily turned into heroics his latest translator. It reads in English like a bit of Juvenal, ough the form of verse forbids such mistake as to the Latin. ie truth was, the poet could be severe on laxity that operated ainst his own monopoly of license; and the fallacy is in the word *uptæ*, in the couplet:—

Templa Pudicitiæ quid opus statuisse puellis,
Si cuivis *nuptæ* quidlibet esse licet.

at the poet flies off to reprobate the frescoes which, in private uses, discredited the value set on virtue in the public temples ee 27–36):—

The hand that first depicted scenes impure,
And decked chaste homes with lust's foul garniture,
Corrupted modest maiden's guileless eyes,
Till then unschooled in immoralities—
Curse him, who with insidious art could throw
The veil of rapture o'er the springs of woe!
Men had no statues in the olden time,
Nor lined their walls with scenes of pictured crime;
Now cobwebs veil our fanes, with weeds o'ergrown
The gods deserted lie—the fault's our own.

It is as well to observe that Dean Merivale (*Hist. Rom. Emp.* vi. 249, note) doubts whether this account is anything more than rhetorical, unless referable to a time antecedent to the revival under Augustus.

Scant space remains to speak of the other side of Propertius's poetic genius, that which sprang from his stock of legendary lore. His Elegies, on whatever theme, are rich in ancient mythic fable, and in snatches and reminiscences of Theocritus, Callimachus, and Apollonius. But he deserves distinct recognition (as Mr. Cranstoun puts it) for embodying in Roman Elegy "the time-hoary legends of Rome, the praises of Mæcenas and the glory of Augustus; the untimely fates of Pœtus and the young Marcellus; the devoted affection of Ælia Galla, and the stainless honour of Cornelia." Some of these themes, it is true, belong to his early muse, and are most interesting as germs of Ovid's Fasti; but there are others of high purpose, such as the last Elegy of all, the lament over Marcellus, and the Battle of Actium, perhaps of a later date. We extract as a specimen of the second of these Mr. Cranstoun's version of the passage following Apollo's address to Augustus on his victory (V. vi. 39–68):—

Proud Cæsar shouts from his Idalian star
"The God is proved by godlike deeds of war."
Old Triton cheers, and all the Nereids raise
Around the flag of freedom songs of praise.
Borne in swift bark, the harlot seeks the Nile,
Her all that's left—to linger on awhile.
'Tis well: poor triumph that one woman tread
The streets through which Jugurtha once was led.
Hence rose this shrine to Actian Phœbus' name,
Whose every shaft ten hostile ships o'ercame.

No small matter in such a translation is the choice among competing various readings. Mr. Cranstoun's scholarship is accredited by his work in this respect. We cannot doubt his judgment in adopting, at I. viii. 19, Munro's emendation—

Ut te prævectam felice Ceraunia remo—

for the old reading *felici prævecta*, which involves making the latter word a vocative. Again, in I. xviii. 27, he holds by the MSS. reading, "Divini fontes," against the proposed correction "dumosi montes," no doubt on the strength of Paley's quotation from Theocritus, viii. 33, *ἄγκεα καὶ ποταμοὶ, θεῖον γένος*. So in El. II. of the Second Book (11–12) he is certainly safe in adopting *Brimo* for *primo* with Lachmann and Kuinoel, Brimo being a name of Proserpine. We are not so sure that he is right in writing "Babeis' hallowed tide" in the same passage. Surely it should be "Babe's hallowed tide." He is mostly happy too in giving the gist and point of single lines—*e.g.* I. vii. 20:—

Nec tibi subjiciet carmina serus Amor.
Love out of time is ever out of tune;

and, *ibid.* 26:—

Sæpe venit magno fœnore tardus Amor.
Love's bills long due bear fearful interest.

But when he renders

Nec nova quærendo semper amicus eris (I. xiii. 12)
Nor will you always counsel fresh amours,

in a bit of advice to Gallus to stick to a worthy object of choice, he is not so right as Mr. Moore, who hits the sense by translating

Thou must be true if thou wouldst make her thine.

Glancing back over the whole ground, we find such good work predominating in this translation, that, coupling it with Mr. Cranstoun's Tibullus, we augur increased credit to Scottish scholarship.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARE AND THE *SATURDAY REVIEW*.

WE have had sent us for review a work by Mr. Augustus Hare called *Cities of Northern and Central Italy*. On examining it, we find that, among the passages which Mr. Hare, according to his custom, copies from other writers, there are many extracts, sometimes of great length, taken from our own columns. These passages have been copied without our leave or knowledge; and to this breach of ordinary courtesy Mr. Hare has added another breach, by making no acknowledgment of the source from which they are taken. Instead of so doing, Mr. Hare, with an impertinence which we should not have looked for in any one claiming the name of scholar or gentleman, has added the name of a writer by whom they have not been acknowledged, and to whom Mr. Hare has therefore no right to attribute them. So flagrant a breach of the rules according to which literary intercourse is usually carried on puts Mr. Hare, as far as his present book is concerned, out of the pale of the society whose laws he has broken. We therefore decline to take any further notice of the *Cities of Northern and Central Italy*.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE present course of events in European Turkey gives much additional interest to a work which would have commanded attention at any time—C. J. Jireček's History of Bulgaria.* The book is not, indeed, characterized by any special graces of style, and the annals of a people which has hardly known any medium between barbarism and servitude are of necessity obscure and unattractive. Many ethnological problems of great interest are nevertheless involved in the discussion of Bulgarian history, while it cannot be forgotten that the present peaceful and oppressed people seemed at one time likely to anticipate the part reserved for the Turks five centuries later. In his views respecting Bulgarian ethnology Herr Jireček principally follows those adopted by Safarik, the great Bohemian scholar, and more recently by Drinov, the most distinguished authority among the Bulgarians themselves. According to these, the Bulgarians were originally a Finnish or Tschudic tribe, who, having broken into a district inhabited by Slavonians, themselves recent immigrants, lost their nationality and language as the Normans did in France. The present Bulgarians, accordingly, are mixed in blood, but Slavonian in all essential characteristics. The fierce and turbulent spirit of the invaders was subdued by their adoption of Christianity, and after a short and brilliant period of conquest, the new kingdom began to exhibit symptoms of degeneracy and decay. One remarkable phenomenon at this period was the spread of Paulicianism, the heir of Manichæanism, among the Bulgarians, who thus remotely originated the religious revolt of the Albigenses. Herr Jireček gives an interesting account of the Paulician tenets. The Bulgarians were successively subjugated (1292–1398) by the Tartars, the Servians, and the Turks. From the date of the latter event Bulgaria almost ceases to have an independent history, but episodes of considerable interest continue to occur. Among these may be named the revolt of the Pasha Paswan Oglu at the beginning of this century, and the recent religious disputes which at one time seemed likely to drive the people into the Latin Church. The renovation of the national spirit dates, according to Herr Jirecek, from the middle of the eighteenth century. Since that period a national literature has been slowly growing up, and is fully noticed by our author, who has also devoted much attention to earlier phases of literary activity, and to the arrangement of our scanty information respecting the organization of the ancient Bulgarian kingdom.

Under the title of "Antiquity and To-day," † Professor Curtius has collected the academical discourses pronounced by him in public, with a few addresses delivered on other occasions. The greater part treat of classical subjects, a few have a bearing more or less direct upon the politics of the day. Among the most interesting may be named one on the idea of immortality among the Greeks, in which its general acceptance and its influence upon the conduct of life are strongly maintained; a pleasing dissertation on friendship in antiquity, which is represented as the great corrective of the ethical deficiencies of the popular religion; one on the use and abuse of party spirit; and another on the mutual action and reaction of Germany and Rome. All Professor Curtius's disquisitions are exceedingly elegant and polished, but are more remarkable for these qualities than for originality or profundity. They produce the impression of existing rather for the sake of display than from any urgent need for utterance, and there seems something sophistical in the dexterity with which the orator, from whatever point he may start, manages to work round to the glorification of Christianity, Prussia, or both.

Dr. Werner's monograph on "the Venerable Bede" ‡ is a most excellent and instructive, and also a very readable, account of this great intellectual luminary of one of the darkest periods in the history of Europe. It is from this point of view that Bede is here principally considered, the events of his life being but briefly related. A preliminary chapter, however, deals with the history of the English Church up to his time, and renders full justice to that spirit of propaganda of which the missionary exertions of that day are but a phase, and which was then, as now, among the principal characteristics of Englishmen. Bede's intellectual labours are distributed under four heads; his cultivation of poetry and promotion of philological studies among his countrymen; his cosmography and astronomy, the latter including his system of chronology and attempts at the settlement of the ecclesiastical calendar; his commentaries on Scripture; and his ecclesiastical histories and biographies. The whole, more especially the scientific section, affords a most lively picture of the intellectual condition of the Western world in Bede's age. Great pains have been taken to determine the extent of his obligations to classical literature, and his own literary influence on his friends and correspondents, his disciples, and subsequent writers. The volume is the first of an intended series on the illustrious writers of the middle ages.

Luther's captivity in the Wartburg is the subject of a pretty little monograph by A. Witzschel §, framed after the Reformer's own statements in his correspondence during the time. Nothing novel is elicited, of course, but the compiler has perfectly succeeded in giving a clear and consecutive detail of a very interesting episode in Luther's life. A narrative by J. Kessler of a casual encounter with Luther "at the Black Bear in Jena" is appended, which represents the Reformer in his most genial light.

Dr. Langen *, an Old Catholic theologian of great learning, has written a treatise on the question of the procession of the Holy Spirit, and on the best manner of allaying the controversy between the Eastern and Western Churches on this subject. He remarks that the New Testament is wholly silent on the matter, and that the development of dogma on the point must be traced through the writings of the Fathers. The general result of his investigation is unfavourable to the "filioque," which was, he says, introduced by Augustine as a corollary from certain assumed premisses, not as an article of faith. The present Greek position is a corresponding aberration on the other side, but cannot, any more than the Latin, be regarded as heretical. The correct formula is *διὰ τοῦ υἱοῦ*, and there is, he considers, no reason why all parties should not agree upon it.

"Seedcorns of Truth" † is the title of a series of sermons in which the cardinal points of Christian theology are successively propounded in a somewhat dry and dogmatic form, but in a very liberal spirit.

The sermons of the late Professor Vilmar‡ have, it appears, for the most part been already published, but have long since disappeared from circulation. They were worth reprinting, as well as the occasional addresses which accompany them in this edition. They are distinguished by power and animation of expression, as well as by a haughty and uncompromising championship of Lutheran orthodoxy, of which Vilmar was perhaps the most characteristic representative. An apology is offered for the republication of the last address in the volume, a eulogium on the Presbyterian system of Church government, which is stated to be at variance with the ultimate conclusions of the speaker.

Professor Bonitz's essays on Plato§ comprise thorough analyses of the Gorgias, Theætetus, Euthydemus, and Sophistes, together with less elaborate commentaries on the dialogues commonly read in German schools, the Laches, Euthyphron, Protagoras, and Phædrus. A disquisition on the nature of the argument in the Phædo for the immortality of the soul is appended. The complexion of the proof alleged, in Professor Bonitz's opinion, is not ethical, but speculative, and depends wholly on the Platonic doctrine of Ideas.

A translation of the hymns of the Rig Veda‖, if reasonably accurate, must obviously be a great boon to literature. Herr Ludwig's labours are based upon the St. Petersburg Dictionary, and what he describes as the epoch-making work of Roth. His versions, at all events, almost invariably offer a plausible and coherent sense. They are to be followed by a commentary. He has found it necessary to break up the arrangement of the original texts, and redistribute them in nine divisions. The style of his translation is dignified and unadorned; it was perhaps scarcely necessary to exaggerate its archaism by the peculiarities of his German orthography.

Philipp Spiller¶ has reproduced in an extended form his ideas on the æther as the universal principle of existence. It may be doubted whether, after all, he has more to advance on the question in its physical aspect than is implied in Sir William Thomson's pregnant remark that matter is probably not an ultimate, but a mode of motion of a primitive fluid. In its religious and ethical aspect Spiller's system agrees substantially with other varieties of Pantheism. The book manifests prodigious erudition, and a bewildering facility of reference and citation.

A collected edition of E. von Hartmann's miscellaneous essays ** begins with what will no doubt prove the most interesting of all, an autobiographic sketch. The glimpses afforded both of Prussian school-life and of garrison-life are highly graphic and suggestive. It is curious to find that the philosopher possessed such a natural gift for drawing and music as to have successively formed the project of devoting his life first to one and then to the other of these pursuits. He was deterred by the discovery of his inability to give full expression to his ideas in either. Some would say that it is easier to be an amateur in philosophy than in art; and, without going to this length, it may still be admitted that Hartmann's system in its latest phase bears the impress of cool sound sense almost as evidently as his master Schopenhauer's does of erratic genius. Hartmann's original pessimism has virtually disappeared; for practical purposes this is a great advance; but at the same time there is a total absence of the intellectual qualities which are inseparable from even the most perverse paradoxes of his predecessor.

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* *Geschichte der Bulgaren.* Von Constantin J. Jireček. Prag: Tempsky. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Alterthum und Gegenwart. Gesammelte Reden und Vorträge.* Von Ernst Curtius. Berlin: Hertz. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Beda der Ehrwürdige und seine Zeit.* Von Dr. Karl Werner. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Luther's Aufenthalt auf der Wartburg.* Nach seinen eigenen Mittheilungen. Von A. Witzschel. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Die Trinitarische Lehrdifferenz zwischen der abendländischen und der morgenländischen Kirche.* Von Dr. Joseph Langen. Bonn: Weber. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Samenkörner der Wahrheit.* Von H. Spaeth. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Trübner & Co.

‡ *Predigten und geistliche Reden.* Von A. F. C. Vilmar. Marburg: Elwert. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Platonische Studien.* Von H. Bonitz. Berlin: Vahlen. London: Asher & Co.

‖ *Der Rigveda, oder die heiligen Hymnen der Brâhmana.* Zum ersten Male vollständig ins Deutsche übersetzt, mit Commentar und Einleitung, von Alfred Ludwig. Bd. 1. Prag: Tempsky. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Die Urkraft des Weltalls.* Von Philipp Spiller. Berlin: Stahn. London: Nutt.

** *Gesammelte Studien und Aufsätze gemeinverständlichen Inhalts.* Von Eduard von Hartmann. Lief. 1. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams & Norgate.

Professor Grassman's lexicon to the Rig Veda * is principally ased on the St. Petersburg Sanskrit Dictionary, the surpassing im- ortance of which is fully acknowledged. It is evidently very refully executed, copious in the meanings of words given, and ecise in the definition of them. The Roman character is em- oyed throughout.

The intention of D. Sanders's Orthographical German Dictionary† to determine the correct spelling of words derived from foreign urces, and of others of which the orthography is irregular or ca- icious. The object is well worthy of the labour, but it may be oubted whether any authority less absolute than Prince Bis- arck's will suffice to produce the desired uniformity.

Lieutenant Hoffmeister's sketch of European Russia ‡ is chiefly epared from the military point of view. This very circumstance, owever, has led him to devote especial attention to the moral alities of the classes from which the army is chiefly recruited, d to the legislative and social arrangements by which these are fluenced, insomuch that his book comes nearer than might have en expected to a general survey of the Empire.

The "Sonzogno trial," § a recent Italian *cause célèbre*, loses no- ing of its piquancy or painfulness in the report of Herr W. Wyl, ho has, in fact, set the brethren of his craft the worst possible ample of pandering to the vulgar love of sensation and scandal. is report is by no means confined to a faithful account of the oceedings, but is seasoned with all manner of irrelevant anec- tes and gratuitous insinuations against leading public characters Italy. The case itself is singular and dramatic. Sonzogno, a an of rank and station, was a leading Italian Liberal of the most treme section, and editor of a journal at Rome particularly noxious to the Government. His political associate Luciani, ving formed a criminal connexion with his wife, procured his assination by representing that the crime would be acceptable Garibaldi. It is not much to the credit of Italian justice that uciani's dupes should have received as severe a punishment as mself.

There is more chat than hypochondria in Gerhard von Amyntor's Chats of a Hypochondriac."‖ They treat for the most part, deed, of social foibles and perversities; but there is no bitterness the writer's satire, nor austerity in his reproof. They are in neral lively and entertaining, display considerable powers of bservation, and the only thing to be said against them is that ey have hardly sufficient weight or compass to deserve collection so substantial a volume.

Professor Max Müller has made the world a charming present his neat little edition of the recently discovered correspondence Schiller with Christian, Duke of Augustenburg.¶ The charm es not so much consist in the letters themselves as in the in- dent from which they originated, and in Professor Müller's own aceful and feeling commentary. Schiller, like Wordsworth, ved exemption from the pecuniary cares which might otherwise ve stifled his genius to the generous admiration of a friend. is Raisley Calvert was the Danish Prince of Augustenburg, ho, at the instigation of the poet Baggesen, and in concert with unt Schimmelmann, offered the struggling bard support in a tter which Professor Müller justly extols as a model of liberal d delicate kindness. The restorative influence of this generosity Schiller's fortunes and energies may possibly be exaggerated, t there can be no doubt that this influence and his gratitude ere alike considerable. He repaid the obligation by a series of tters, the most important of which are at present missing. The mainder, it must be said, are chiefly valuable as the text of Pro- ssor Müller's interesting disquisition on the literary and social con- asts between the age of Goethe and Schiller and our own, and the relation of patronage to genius. The details of the fête t up by Baggesen in Schiller's honour afford a curious mixture of e admirable and the absurd. The ear of Denmark had been nkly abused by a false report of Schiller's death, and the living et was duly bewailed accordingly.

Professor Bergmann, of Strasburg, publishes a translation, with copious commentary, of three of the most mystical poems of the dda **, prophecies of the last things according to the Norse eology. The translations are very fine, inspired with the enig- atical grandeur of the original; the merits of the commentary can ly be appreciated by specialists. Professor Bergmann claims to ve materially advanced the exegesis of the Eddas, and regrets at, owing to his long residence in France, his labours should as t have attracted comparatively little attention in Germany.

"The Witch," by Arthur Fitger ††, is a stirring prose tragedy, crowded with character and incident, but too much like a dramatized novel, nor are the characters very vividly outlined. The scene is laid in North Germany about the close of the Thirty Years' War.

The February number of the *Rundschau** begins with a pretty story from the Russian of Turguenef, the most recent production of his pen. A youth receives a present of a watch, which involves him in all kinds of scrapes; the *dénouement*, however, is agreeable. In an essay on Paul Heyse as a writer of fiction, George Brandes, the eminent Danish critic, deservedly lays stress on the moral harmony of Heyse's writings, and on his constant endeavour to delineate noble characters, the object of whose lives is to win their way to internal peace. The account of Leontjeff, the author, along with his friend Katkoff, of the intellectual revolution which im- pressed a loyal instead of a democratic character on Russian journalism, is concluded. Julius Rodenberg continues his sketches of his English tour. He is especially impressed by the under- ground railway, and notices minutely such metropolitan phenomena as the regeneration of Leicester Square, the demolition of North- umberland House, and the invalid condition of Temple Bar. Herr Kapp, a high authority on shipping matters, relates the story of the *Deutschland* at considerable length, and dwells particularly on the hardship of the English system of cross-examination upon German witnesses, especially uneducated seamen.

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* *Wörterbuch zum Rig-Veda.* Von Hermann Grassman. Leipzig: rockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

† *Orthographisches Wörterbuch.* Von Daniel Sanders. Leipzig: Brock- us. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Das Europäische Russland. Militairische Landes- und Volks- Studie.* on Hoffmeister. Berlin: Mittler. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Mein Tagebuch im Prozess Sonzogno.* Bericht von W. Wyl. Zürich: erlags-Magazin. London: Nutt.

‖ *Hypochondrische Plaudereien.* Von Gerhard von Amyntor. Elberfeld: ucas. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Schiller's Briefwechsel mit dem Herzog Friedrich Christian von chleswig-Holstein Augustenburg.* Eingeleitet und herausgegeben von F. lax Müller. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

** *Weggewohnt's Lied. Der Odins Raben, Orakelsang, und Der Seherin orausssicht.* Drei eschatologische Gedichte der Saemunds Edda, kritisch argestellt, übersetzt und erklärt, von F. W. Bergmann. Strassburg: . J. Trübner. London: Trübner & Cô.

†† *Die Hexe.* Trauerspiel von Arthur Fitger. Oldenburg: Schulze. ondon: Trübner & Co.

ERRATUM.—*The name of the writer of the "Précis of the Provisions of the Mutiny Act and Articles of War," noticed in our issue of the 11th instant, is not Major Clifford, but* Major CLIFFORD PARSONS.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE late EMILE LESSORE.—In announcing the death of this celebrated Artist, Mr. MORTLOCK begs to state that he had made arrangements with Messrs. JOSIAH WEDGWOOD & SONS for the EXHIBITION of the WORKS PAINTED by QUEEN'S WARE which they have reserved during Mr. LESSORE'S connexion with the Firm. The whole are now ON VIEW at the Galleries, 31 Orchard Street. Catalogues, price 6d., may be obtained at the Galleries, or at Messrs. WEDGWOOD'S, Etruria, Staffordshire.

ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS for [illegible]

REGULATIONS RESPECTING GRANTS OUT OF THE COMMON FUND.

MARCH 1876.

I. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England are prepared to endow a limited number of new Churches to which Districts have been or shall have been legally assigned since the Third day of April, 1871, containing in each case, at the date of such assignment, a population of not less than 4,000 persons, and not being situated within the limits of the existing Parish of Manchester (*a*), provided that the formation of any such District shall not involve the reduction below 4,000 persons of the population of any other Benefice receiving a Grant from the Commissioners on the ground of population; the Grants to Churches of this character which may be in public patronage (*b*) to be made, to the extent of £300 a year, unconditionally, and to those in private patronage, to the extent of £200 a year, upon condition that an Endowment of equal value be provided from non-ecclesiastical sources.

No application will be eligible for consideration under this Regulation, unless and until a Church, in which at least one-half of the sittings are free, shall have been built and consecrated, and a separate District shall have been legally assigned thereto, with authority to the Incumbent to perform all the offices of the Church.

N.B.—The New Districts which have been already formed in expectation of receiving endowment under such a Regulation as the foregoing, and which fulfil all the conditions attaching thereto, are sufficiently numerous to absorb the whole of the funds which the Commissioners are able to appropriate to this class of Grants during the current year.

II. The Commissioners are further prepared to receive, on or before the 30th of November 1876, offers of Benefactions of not less than £100 each in capital value towards making better provision for the cure of souls, with a view to such offers being met by the Board with Grants during the Spring of 1877.

N.B.—It must be clearly understood that the Commissioners are not pledged to meet all such offers, the means at their disposal being limited in amount.

The distribution of these Grants will be made subject to the following general Regulations:

1. A Benefaction from Trustees, or from any Diocesan or other Society or body of contributors as well as from any individual, whether such Benefaction consist of money, land, house, site for a house, tithe, or rentcharge, any or all, may be met by a Grant from the Commissioners; but neither a Site for a Church, nor a Grant from Queen Anne's Bounty, nor a Benefaction already met by such a Grant, nor money borrowed of Queen Anne's Bounty, nor a charge upon the revenues of any Ecclesiastical Corporation aggregate or sole (except as undermentioned (*c*)), nor any Endowment, Bequest, Gift, or Benefaction already secured to a Benefice or Church, nor any temporary interest in or charge upon property—can be met by a Grant from the Commissioners.
2. The Grants will consist of Perpetual Annuities in all cases, except those in which, with a view to the provision of Parsonage Houses, or for other reasons, it may appear to the Commissioners to be especially desirable that Capital should be voted.
3. No single Benefice or proposed District will be eligible to receive a Grant of a larger sum than £60 per annum, or of £1,500 in capital, and in no case will the Grant exceed in value the Benefaction offered, the Grant, if it consist of a perpetual annuity, being estimated as worth thirty years' purchase.
4. Districts proposed to be formed out of, or Chapelries proposed to be severed from, existing Cures, but the formation or severance of which shall not have been legally completed on or before the 1st of January, 1877, will not be eligible to receive Grants, except in cases where the amount of Benefaction offered would, with the Commissioners' Grant, be sufficient to provide an endowment of £150 per annum, or to raise to that amount an endowment previously secured.
5. In selecting cases priority will be given to those which, having regard to income and population, shall appear to be the most necessitous.
6. A Benefice held contrary to the provisions of the Plurality Acts as applicable to new Incumbents will not be considered eligible for a Grant.
7. A Benefice which has received a Grant is not disqualified, on the offer of a further Benefaction, from competing for a further Grant in any subsequent year.
8. The Benefaction, if in cash, and the Grant, if it consists of capital, may, in the case of existing Benefices, with the consent of the Commissioners and the Bishop of the Diocese be laid out in the purchase of land, or tithe rentcharge, within the Parish or District, in the purchase or erection of a Parsonage House.
9. Every application must contain a specific offer of a Benefaction, and must reach the Commissioners' Office on or before the 30th of November, 1876, in order to render it eligible to compete for a Grant in the Spring of 1877; and in the event of a Grant being made to a Benefice, the Benefaction, if in money, must be paid to the Commissioners on or before the 1st of May following.

All Communications should be addressed to the SECRETARY, Ecclesiastical Commissioners, 10 Whitehall Place, London, S.W., and the postage prepaid.

By Order of the Board,
GEORGE PRINGLE, *Secretary*.

a Having regard to the provisions of "The Parish of Manchester Division Act," by which a special fund is created for the endowment and augmentation of Cures within the parish of Manchester, Part I. of these Regulations will be considered as inapplicable to that parish.

b Videlicet: In the patronage of Her Majesty, either in right of the Crown or of the Duchy of Lancaster, of the Duke of Cornwall, of any Archbishop or Bishop, of any Dean and Chapter, Dean, Archdeacon, Prebendary, or other dignitary or officer in any Cathedral or Collegiate Church, or of any Rector, Vicar, or Perpetual Curate, as such, or of a body of Trustees possessing power to sell or transfer the right of presentation.

c Where the Incumbent of a Benefice is willing to surrender a portion of the Endowment such Benefice towards augmenting the Income of a District Church, such surrender will be treated as a Benefaction of a sum equal to seven years' purchase of the net annual income surrendered.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE ROYAL TITLE.

THE history of the Royal Titles Bill has been a succession of surprises. At first Mr. DISRAELI would not say what the new title was to be. He still says that there was for his silence some reason, which, if incommunicable, had a most solemn character. He acted under the advice of the LORD CHANCELLOR, and the LORD CHANCELLOR seems to have assured him that to say the QUEEN was to be Empress would, at one point of the progress of the Bill, be a most unconstitutional proceeding, and that to say this at another point of the progress of the Bill was perfectly constitutional. It is fortunate that in ordinary civil matters the judgments of Lord CAIRNS are more lucid and intelligible. In the earlier days of the discussion Mr. DISRAELI explained that the reason for not extending the new title to the Colonies was that numerous colonial gentlemen came back to England and got as much of royalty as they could possibly wish. His last utterance on the subject was to the effect that it would be a very good thing in itself to extend the title to the Colonies, but that he really could not think of the proper word to use for the purpose. Some day, he suggested, the lacking phrase might flash on his inventive mind, but until then the Colonies must wait. It is scarcely to be expected that after the contemptuous picture drawn by the PRIME MINISTER of colonial aspirations, and after the explanation of the very peculiar reasons why a new title is to be chosen for India, the Colonies will care to move in the matter. Otherwise they would be in a very curious position, and would be always telegraphing to their agents to know how Mr. DISRAELI's mind was working, whether he looked bright and inventive, or still puzzled and dejected. But by far the greatest surprise was reserved for the last. It was only at the very close of his speech, at the very end of the debates on the Bill, that the real object of the proposed change in the Royal title was explained. The great secret was disclosed, and England was informed what was really meant. In an artistic spirit Mr. DISRAELI heightened the effect of his revelation by keeping the main part of his speech on the lowest possible level. He had taken care to go as low in point of argument as a man could go. He referred to a letter he had received from a little girl of twelve, who assured him that the QUEEN was called Empress of India in her geography book, and to another communication from a Nonconformist minister, who pointed out to him that the same addition to the Royal title was to be found in *Whitaker's Almanack*. It must have been with a pang of jealousy that Mr. DISRAELI read the bold utterances of *Whitaker*; for it appears that *Whitaker* has done what Mr. DISRAELI professes himself unable to do, and with a fine impartial liberality has coined an addition to the Royal title, specially including the Colonies. These references to little girls and almanacs seemed somewhat frivolous when Mr. DISRAELI was replying to Mr. GLADSTONE at the end of a serious and exciting debate. But there was a purpose in this trifling. A thunderclap is startling if it is expected. The true artist makes the air calm; he creates an atmosphere of weary monotonous stillness, and then he brings out his thunder. Suddenly turning from his children and his calendars, Mr. DISRAELI soared into the highest region of politics. The great revelation was made. We had learnt that the new title was to be adopted to please the QUEEN, or to please the people of India, or to introduce uniformity into Indian administration, or to mark the character of our government of India as something which Englishmen would not dream of for themselves. No; these were but the small outskirts of talk, the parade of reasons with which great men must cloak a great purpose. The true meaning of the new title is that it is a defence against Russia.

Mr. DISRAELI is responsible for the security of the QUEEN's dominions throughout the world. He has to survey the course of things on the widest scale. He has to see distant dangers and to meet them. On rare and great occasions he has to take the nation into his confidence, to rouse it from a deceptive sense of security, and to call on it to join him in carrying out those great, prompt, and effective measures by which serious and imminent evil is to be averted. What does he now find? Russia on the borders of India, Tartary prostrate, unconquered Russia conquering the ancient savage conquerors of many generations, and all this under our modern system of railways and telegraphs, known to every one of our trembling native fellow-subjects. India is filled with terror, and with legitimate terror, for Russia, that hammer of Asiatics, is already knocking at her door. Most happily we have a way of setting everything right. We can keep Russia in her proper place; we can tranquillize the fluttering spirits of the Hindoos. It is in vain that Russia is triumphant, and that India is despondent. Russia and India little know our resources. In the face of the threatening legions of Russia, and the cowering millions of India, we can do something effective, masterly, overpowering. We can give a lady a new name. How true it is that the arts of government are far simpler than the foolish world imagines! We have only to say "Empress," and Russia is checkmated and India happy. This is indeed pleasant, and it adds to our pleasure to think that the device is of almost universal application. There is China, for example. There are said to be four hundred millions of Chinese, and in China there is a general hatred of foreigners, and especially of Englishmen. If China could but collect its strength and dare to gratify its antipathies, it might make itself very disagreeable to us. The natives would know by railways and telegraphs what was impending, and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE would discern "China" to be trembling on their lips. We could soon stop all that. We should at once begin to study names. We should discover that the Emperor of CHINA was called the Child of the Sun and Lord of the Flowery Land. We could soon beat that. We should call the QUEEN the Daughter of the Solar System, which would at least give us the planets to the good, and Lady of the Botanical System generally, so that we should have the non-flowering plants to our credit. China would be scared, and the natives of India would be as proud of us as peacocks are of themselves. Very sanguine persons might even anticipate that "universal gravitation" and "cryptogamus" would be seen trembling on native lips. Of course nothing great can be got without some risk. There is a chance of failure in the most statesmanlike schemes. It is not absolutely certain that our new and brilliant device will answer; and its failure, like most failures, might place us in a worse position than before. The natives may notice that sounds do not stop cannon, and that a Russian bullet will have its billet, whether the dusky sufferer who receives it calls with his dying lips on a Queen or an Empress. If the natives of India were like any other human beings, they might be expected to be thrown into a panic, rather than taken out of a panic, by Mr. DISRAELI's statement. They would say to him, or rather

murmur to him in their odd dumb way, "We understood "that Englishmen were not at all afraid of Russians, that "they thought Russia rather weakened herself than "strengthened herself by pushing forwards fast, and that "to conquer Tartars was a very different thing from "conquering Highlanders or Guardsmen. Now we find "we were wrong, and that you yourselves are very much "frightened; and when we expected that, if you said you "were frightened, we should be told not to fear, because "you would and could fight hard, we are told to be easy "because we may call the QUEEN by a new name. Alas! "this does not produce the promised effect. We make a "great effort. We actually get the word 'Empress' out "of our lips, and still we are not happy. You do not "seem the person to save us; but rather a remote, "shadowy, ineffectual sort of person, muddled in mind by "corresponding with infants and poring over almanacs. "This is bad for us and for you." Luckily, as the Ministry is able to assure us, the natives are not like any other known people, and these sad thoughts will never come into their innocent heads.

The task of the Ministry has consisted in finding very bad reasons for a very bad measure. Whether the measure is unpopular or not, we have no means of judging. We imagine the truth to be that, with most persons who know enough of history to be able to criticize the Bill, it is unpopular; to the mass of the people it is a matter of entire indifference, as much as the proper relations of the Indian Government here to the Indian Government in India. To some few who love to indulge in noisy and vulgar manifestations of what they call loyalty the measure is welcome, and it is also welcome to some Conservatives, who like any opportunity of outvoting the Opposition. Those who disapprove of the measure can only say in a quiet way what they think. They are for the most part not the sort of people who busy themselves with petitions and public meetings, and, if they were, they would feel that the QUEEN has at least deserved thus much by the many virtues of her reign, that she and her titles should not be made the theme of popular discussion. The only body in which public discussion of the subject could properly be held was Parliament, and although the Bill has been carried by large majorities, the criticism it has received has by no means been unavailing. It has more especially forced Mr. DISRAELI to declare that he will do his utmost to keep the Imperial title local. If possible, we in England are to have nothing to do with it. In the proclamation to be issued when the title is assumed an explicit declaration will be made that for every English purpose the QUEEN remains Queen. The members of the Royal Family are not to bear any addition to their titles which will refer to the new dignity of the QUEEN. Even Indian appeals are to be made to the Queen, not the Empress, in Council. There are some occasions on which even in England it will be impossible to avoid using the full title of the QUEEN, but she is for all English purposes to forget that she is Empress of India as much as for English purposes her ancestors forgot they were Electors of Hanover. These are all very wise precautions, and there is no reason to doubt that the declaration of the Ministry is sincere, and will be carried out so as, in part at least, to effect its object. The Ministry has done what it can to remedy the mischief which it chose itself to create. The gushings of Imperialism will be discouraged. The danger that was threatened will be guarded against; but it will remain, and the safeguards will, we fear, be not always operative. Mankind cannot be trusted always to refrain from vulgarity and adulation when vulgarity and adulation find a door constantly open through which they can intrude. However, the Bill has passed through the Commons, and a measure conceived in mistake, and supported by arguments sometimes frivolous and sometimes extremely dangerous, is sent to the Lords for such discussion as Bills are likely to receive in the Lords when it is a Conservative Government that submits them for consideration.

SPAIN.

THE return of King ALFONSO to Madrid commences a new period of his reign. As long as the Carlist war lasted he was assured of the support of a large part of the nation, and of abstinence from active opposition on the part of the remainder. Irregular acts of vigour, which indeed are too familiar in Spain, were readily condoned, and for an entire year no impatience was expressed for the resumption of Parliamentary government. Henceforth the KING will have to deal with the exigencies of ambitious generals and with the intrigues of veteran politicians. From the scanty accounts which have been published, it seems that the KING has been received in his capital with an enthusiasm which is naturally suggested by his good fortune in terminating the civil war. His extreme youth is calculated both to attract popular favour and to divert any resentment which may have been provoked by the Government from the KING to his Ministers. It will now become necessary to decide on the policy which is to be adopted in meeting the demands of the Church. The Italian papers which are supposed to express the opinions of the Vatican have rashly denounced the collapse of the Carlist cause as a fatal misfortune to the Church. It would have been more judicious to profess confidence in the piety of a KING who is actually seated on the throne. King ALFONSO succeeds after a short interval a mother who was as eager as the most bigoted of Pretenders to sacrifice the rights of her subjects to the pretensions of Rome. The NUNCIO and the Spanish prelates insist on acquiring the absolute control of education, and on the prohibition by law of a public profession of heresy and schism. A concession of their principal demands would be, of all measures which could be suggested, the most distasteful to the nation. The Spanish people are not at all inclined to Protestantism; but they value the right of exercising their own judgment without control from the clergy. The tyranny of the Inquisition, and the national debasement of which it was a principal cause, are not yet forgotten. On this point the middle classes are united with the fanatical Republicans who would perhaps, if they were in power, be not less intolerant than the clergy whom they detest. In Spain, as in the rest of Continental Europe, revolutionary opinions have become inseparably connected with a violent hatred of religion. It would be highly unadvisable to reinforce the most turbulent class by the educated Liberals who only wish to repress the encroachments of the clergy.

The Ministers have repeated a mistake which has often been committed by their predecessors in packing the Cortes too exclusively with their own partisans. An overwhelming majority even of friends and supporters always tends to become unmanageable. In countries where constitutional government is better understood than in Spain, judicious Ministers recognize the use of an Opposition in protecting them from the pressure of their own zealous partisans. The Upper House, which indeed has but little influence, is mainly composed of extravagant and impracticable Moderates. The same party is inconveniently powerful in the more popular Assembly; and the Ministers will have some difficulty in restraining its impolitic devotion to the interests of the Church. The President of the Council encouraged the clerical party to reckon on his aid, when at the beginning of the KING's reign he promised the NUNCIO that he would recognize the Concordat arranged by Queen ISABELLA. He has since found it necessary to retract some of the concessions which he imprudently made, but it is not known whether he considers that his temporary retirement from office relieved him from the obligation of injudicious pledges. If the Minister is well advised, he will encourage the efforts of SAGASTA to organize an Opposition. It is odd that the leader of the small Liberal section in the House should only two years ago have been regarded as a reactionary Conservative. The Progressist followers of ZORRILLA are for the present silenced and excluded from public life; and CASTELAR is the only representative of the Republicans who three years ago were paramount in Spain. The rumour of Queen ISABELLA'S return to Madrid has not been lately renewed. If she is anxious for the secure establishment of her son's dynasty, she will not hasten a visit which at the present moment would both encourage the clerical faction and alarm the best supporters of the throne. The revolution by which she was dethroned has hitherto done little good, but it has never been repudiated by the nation.

The generals who have at last put an end to the civil war will not be backward in claiming their reward. JOVELLAR, who was not long since Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, has been sent into honourable exile as Governor of Cuba. If, with the aid of the large reinforcements which are now at the disposal of the Government, he succeeds in suppressing the insurrection, he will have done as great a service to the State as the most successful of his rivals; but it is difficult for even the best regular

troops to deal with occasional levies which can always disband when they are in danger of being overpowered. QUESADA, who was Chief of the Staff, or virtual Commander-in-Chief, during the late campaign, finds himself overshadowed by the reputation of two of his principal lieutenants. MARTINEZ CAMPOS, in the course of last autumn, performed the important service of taking Seo de Urgel, and he contributed largely to the final defeat of the Carlists by the bold march which cut them off from their communications. PRIMO DI RIVERA in the last days of the war took the stronghold of Estella, which had been before and since the defeat and death of CONCHA the centre of the Carlist resistance. Both the generals are in the prime of life; both are supposed to be ambitious; and they have already accomplished in concert a great and successful political enterprise. But for their proclamation of Don ALFONSO as King at the beginning of 1875, the restoration, though it was inevitable, might perhaps have been effected at a less convenient time. The distribution of titles and orders will present no other difficulty than the personal jealousies which it may probably create; but the restorers of the Monarchy and the victors of the civil war will probably not be contented with honorary rewards. In the generation which is now passing away NARVAEZ, O'DONNELL, PRIM, and SERRANO founded their political power in succession on their military reputation and on their influence with the army. If their successors are not more self-denying, the era of constitutional government may still be long delayed. Time will show whether the precedents of the last reign are to be followed.

There is reason to believe that the material prospects of Spain have not been greatly affected either by incessant revolutions or by the Carlist war; but the financial deficiency which had previously been chronic has become almost hopeless. It would be unpopular and might be dangerous to increase the taxes, and the public credit is extinct. It would be possible to increase both the revenue and the general wealth by the adoption of a more liberal tariff, but the relaxation of protective duties would perhaps provoke opposition even from the complaisant nominees of the Government in the Cortes. A few years of peace and order might render it possible to re-establish in some degree the national credit. The chance of regular improvement is improved by the form of government to which the nation has perhaps finally reverted. The Spaniards have for many generations had no reason for that kind of loyalty which is founded on gratitude for services rendered by the Crown. Not a single BOURBON King, with the exception of CHARLES III. in the earlier years of his reign, has been an honest or able ruler. In the present century CHARLES IV., FERDINAND VII., and ISABELLA II. might have been expected to render royalty permanently odious to the nation; yet PRIM, who was the ablest Spanish statesman of the day, thought it worth while to import a foreign Prince, and the subsequent failure of the Republic afterwards went far to justify his policy. In a country where Ministers and military chiefs are constantly intriguing against one another for supremacy, it is something to have a permanent element in the Government, even when the power of the King is only nominal. If ALFONSO XII. should prove to be hereafter a man of character and ability, it is probable that he may exercise great influence over public affairs, and that he may become strong enough to reduce the military chiefs to their proper and subordinate position. A Republic is more at the mercy of personal ambition, because the first place, instead of the second, is the possible prize of success.

PUBLIC VIRTUE IN AMERICA.

THE Republican majority in the United States Senate has had the good sense to make a stand against the strange project of reducing the salaries of the principal officers of the Union. While thirteen Committees of the House of Representatives are investigating a much larger number of charges of corruption, it seems singularly unseasonable to increase existing causes of temptation and to diminish securities for honesty. It is not improbable that the Democratic party has remembered that, although it controls the House, its rasher proposals are likely to be corrected by the Senate. Like other legislative movements during the present year, the reduction of salaries is probably rather designed to influence the Presidential election than for its ostensible purpose. In reducing the PRESIDENT's salary once more to 5,000*l.* a year, the House of Representatives humours an ancient popular prejudice. Although the Americans are the least parsimonious of nations, they have always taken pride in the rigid economy which has been practised in the remuneration of public functionaries. The founders of the Republic had perhaps been impressed by the lavish practices which then prevailed in England; and they were certainly bent on asserting the principle that the rulers of the commonwealth were not a privileged aristocracy. It was probably an accident that some of the earlier Presidents were, like WASHINGTON, possessors of independent estates, and no preference has in later times been given to birth or fortune. The jealousy with which modern reformers affect to regard the holders of large salaries is in the present instance stimulated by the fact that all the present incumbents belong to the Republican party. The Democratic managers have not forgotten that their success in the elections of 1874 was in some degree due to the unpopularity which had been incurred by the then existing Congress. The pay of members and the salary of the PRESIDENT had been suddenly doubled; and much indignation was caused by a vote which antedated the increase, so as to give the members back pay from the beginning of their term. It is probable that the allowance to members of Congress was previously insufficient; and the increase would have been less objectionable if it had been only prospective. The present salary of the PRESIDENT is not much larger in proportion to the value of money than half the nominal amount in the early days of the Republic.

Among the proposed reductions is included a diminution in the salary of the American representatives abroad, and among them of the Minister to England. It is of course for the Americans to judge exclusively of the regulations of their diplomatic service; but they have almost always paid England the compliment of sending a Minister of position and character to represent the Union in London. Among the number there have been men of independent fortune; but there have been others of scanty means. The Minister of a great Power naturally lives in the society of persons of rank and of wealth; and it must be mortifying either to decline suitable hospitality or to be unable to return it. A recent and notorious instance has illustrated the inexpediency of exposing diplomatists to the temptations which result from insufficiency of income. General SCHENCK must at present be assumed to be innocent of all serious irregularity, but his Government has censured him and accepted his resignation on the express ground of the impropriety of his conduct in becoming director of a joint-stock mining enterprise. General SCHENCK himself alleged his want of money as an excuse for a proceeding which has for a long time past been regarded by respectable Americans as a public scandal. Where one Minister has merely been indiscreet in his eagerness to increase his means, another might perhaps pass the boundary which separates imprudence from fraud. On his return to the United States General SCHENCK will find persons as highly placed as himself who have practised gross corruption. His own conduct would perhaps not have incurred the disapproval of the PRESIDENT if he had not, as Minister in England, been exposed to the notice of foreign witnesses. General SCHENCK's miscarriage might have suggested the expediency of increasing the salary of his office; but it furnishes a whimsical reason for rendering the income of his successors still more insufficient.

General GRANT, alarmed perhaps at the recent exposures at Washington, has, in nominating a successor to General SCHENCK, left the narrow circle of his political allies and questionable friends and kinsmen. It was for once thought essential to prefer an honest and cultivated candidate to a vulgar political adventurer. The nomination of Mr. DANA was generally approved, both in itself and as an abandonment of the policy which had found expression in the dismissal of Mr. MOTLEY. Mr. DANA many years ago acquired distinction both by his spirited cruise before the mast in a whaler, and by the literary ability of the work in which his experience is recorded. He might have succeeded as an author, but he preferred the Bar, where he gradually acquired a large practice and a high character for integrity as well as ability. Although he has always belonged to the Republican party, and in former times to its Anti-Slavery section, his first appearance as a candidate for the Legislature gave deep offence to the majority of the Republicans in Massachusetts. In common with the best part of his countrymen in the State and in the Union, Mr. DANA considered the prominence and influence of

General BUTLER as disgraceful to the whole community. At an election of Representatives Mr. DANA contested with General BUTLER the Essex district of Massachusetts. At that time BUTLER was in the height of his discreditable power, having recently been the leader of the majority in the House, and being still the confidential adviser of the PRESIDENT. Among many exploits of a similar kind General BUTLER had induced the House to vote for the partial repudiation of the debt; and in his personal capacity he was strongly suspected of gross corruption at the time when he held high office during the war. An opposition to the re-election of BUTLER was an appeal to the Republicans to repudiate the most discreditable of their party leaders. As might have been expected, Mr. DANA was denounced as a traitor to the party organization, and after his defeat by an overwhelming majority he was left in an isolated position. Two years ago probably no citizen in the United States seemed less likely to receive preferment from a PRESIDENT who has habitually disregarded the personal qualifications of candidates for office.

At the election of 1874 it appeared that a reaction had taken place in Massachusetts, not in favour of Democratic doctrines, but against corrupt Republicans. To the general satisfaction of the respectable classes throughout the United States, General BUTLER lost the seat which he had so long occupied, and the PRESIDENT, who had formerly expressed profound contempt for BUTLER'S military qualities, now perhaps began to think that he was no longer worth cultivating as a political supporter. When the Washington scandals suddenly became dangerous, it was obviously prudent to fill the vacancy in the office of Minister to England with a nominee of unexceptionable character, and the sagacious instinct which the PRESIDENT has occasionally displayed led him to the sound conclusion that the opponent of BUTLER was probably an honest man. It might have been supposed that the PRESIDENT'S unusually scrupulous conduct would have met with universal approval; but it became necessary to take into calculation the audacity of BUTLER and the implacable resentment of the Republican leaders against an independent seceder from the party organization. Mr. W. B. LAWRENCE had a literary or professional feud with Mr. DANA, who had been substituted by the publishers for the former editor of WHEATON'S *International Law*. General BUTLER, in revenge for Mr. DANA'S former opposition, placed his energies at the service of Mr. LAWRENCE; and both, while they were obviously actuated by personal hostility, represented to the Foreign Committee of the Senate, ostensibly on public grounds, that Mr. DANA had been guilty of literary piracy, which is, it seems, still recognized in the States as wrongful when it is not practised at the expense of English authors. The Committee received the accusation without communicating with Mr. DANA, and it was understood that they would advise the Senate to reject the nomination. On further reflection, or probably in deference to prudent advice, the Committee offered Mr. DANA an opportunity of explanation. He has wisely refused to defend himself before his political adversaries, when they had at first been guilty of gross injustice and partisanship. At the same time he accepts, as far as he is concerned, the PRESIDENT'S nomination, and leaves to the Senate the responsibility of rejecting the nomination. It is notorious that the charge of piracy is trumped up for the occasion by General BUTLER, although Mr. LAWRENCE, as judge in his own case, may sincerely have believed himself to be wronged. If the appointment of Mr. DANA is not confirmed, the PRESIDENT will have incurred by one of his best actions a rebuke which has been often withheld when he has made objectionable appointments. Resentment against the officious interference of General BUTLER and the partisanship of the Senate will probably confirm the PRESIDENT in his novel appreciation of integrity and merit.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL.

THE extent of the reconstruction which a Bill may undergo during its passage through Committee has never been precisely ascertained, and it is possible that when the Merchant Shipping Bill comes to be read a third time it may be altered beyond the possibility of recognition. No process that falls much short of this will make it a good Bill. Indeed, if the distinction between the principle of a measure and its details were maintained with any strictness, the Bill would be beyond improvement in Committee. The chief question at issue is as to a compulsory survey of ships—that is, of course, with regard to construction, for the question of overloading cannot arise till afterwards. To allow this, it is said, would be to refuse to shipowners that amount of law which is essential to the fairness of the chase. They may build what ships they like, they may repair them or not as they like, but they make their election at their own risk. Government officials stand thick around them, and they may at any moment find their ships in the hands of a detaining officer, and themselves accused of misdemeanour. The condition of every ship is regarded by the Government in the light of a riddle, the fun of which would be gone if you knew the answer beforehand. The detaining officer sees a ship makin ready for sea, and presenting all the external signs of being seaworthy. He has the excitement of knowing that, if he lets her go, and she proves to be rotten, he will have brought his employers into ill repute; while, if he detains her, and she proves to be sound, he will have made his employers liable to costs and damages. Compulsory survey would put an end to this interesting uncertainty; but the most nervous of detaining officers will not wish to have the responsibility taken off his shoulders, since if there were compulsory survey there would be no need of detaining officers. A man must be poor-spirited indeed who does not think agitation better than annihilation. Mr. LINDSAY has described the machinery which will be required to carry out the object of the Bill in his letter to the *Times* of last Monday. It is, he says, "just such a document as the War Office would "issue if we were about to be invaded. On all parts of "the coast we are to have inspectors, surveyors, judges, "and assessors—a perfect army to watch and see that any "British merchant-ship which leaves our ports is built, "equipped, stowed, and manned according to Act of "Parliament." This is an eminently ingenious mode of getting the smallest possible return for the greatest possible expenditure to the Government and the greatest possible inconvenience to the shipowners. When a ship is detained, whether on the suspicion of the detaining officer, on the complaint of the crew, or on the remonstrance of Mr. PLIMSOLL, it is most likely to be detained just at the moment when it is going to sea. It is then that the detaining officer will have to make up his mind whether to move in the matter or not, and the decision upon a point of this kind is usually put off to the latest possible moment. It is then that the fact that their lives may be endangered if the ship sails will be most forcibly brought home to the crew, and sailors are not the class of men to trouble themselves on this head a day too soon. It is then that any reports that may be in circulation about the condition of the ship will take their most definite shape, and will be most certain to seize the attention of any philanthropic bystander. Yet at no point throughout the various processes of building, repairing, and loading can a survey with regard to construction be instituted with so little chance of its being thorough, supposing the complaints to be valid, and so great a certainty of some one being the loser, supposing them to be groundless. Had the same process been gone through when the ship was building, or when it was empty, it would have in no way interfered with its going to sea on the advertised day, and every portion of the vessel would have been open to examination. When it is postponed to a moment at which survey and detention have become identical terms, damage is certain to be incurred either by the shipowner if it is decided that the ship has to be repaired, or by the Board of Trade if it is decided that she is fit to go to sea. If the Government are bent upon doing business on this principle, it is strange that they did not go further still and station their detaining officers a hundred miles or so out at sea, with power to seize any outward-bound British ship and bring her back into port for the purpose of being surveyed. This would have involved longer detention and greater loss either to the owner or to the Board of Trade, and as these objects seem to be the only ones likely to be attained by the present Bill, they might as well have been attained with the greatest conceivable completeness.

Hitherto we have argued on the assumption that, though the inconvenience of detention at the last moment must fall on the shipowner, the damage incurred by detention will in the long run be pretty equally divided between the shipowner and the Government. But there are two alternative possibilities to be allowed for. It may be that the detaining officer will usually succeed in justifying his action in detaining a ship. The Bill, it must be remembered,

does not make the Board of Trade liable for costs and damages, unless it appears that there was not "reasonable and probable cause for the provisional detention of the ship," and the disposition of the Courts of Survey created by the Act may be to shield the Board of Trade at the expense of the shipowner. In that case the consequences to British trade may be very serious. And these consequences will be incurred without any compensating gain to British sailors. If an owner knows that his ship is to be surveyed while she is building or repairing, he has a motive for taking care that she is built or repaired properly. But if he knows that she may be surveyed just as she is about to sail, and that, whatever her condition is, the chances are that the detaining officer will be able to satisfy the Court of Survey that there was "reasonable and probable cause" for her detention, he has no motive for taking care that she is built or repaired properly. The costs and charges of detention fall equally on the just shipowner and on the unjust, and the most profitable policy on the whole is to spend little money and take the chance of the vessel escaping notice. It may be, again, that the detaining officer will be fearful of getting his employers into trouble, or that the Board of Trade will issue stringent instructions to prevent their being brought into trouble, or that the Courts of Survey will generally lean to the side of the shipowner as against the Government, and thereby make detaining officers despair of doing any good by detention. In any one of these ways the Act may at once or in the end become a dead letter. It will give sailors a form of protection; but that will be all. In short, a survey as to construction is likely to be more convenient and serviceable at the outset than afterwards; but of course there must also be some kind of subsequent supervision as to repairs and overloading.

To all appearance, the proceedings of Monday will determine whether the Bill is to be persevered with in its present shape. The amendment that stands first for discussion on that day is one which, if adopted, would change the whole character of the measure, and render nine-tenths of the subsequent clauses altogether superfluous. Mr. PLIMSOLL will propose to insert a provision that every British ship not classed in LLOYD'S Registry, or in the Liverpool Registry, or belonging to certain Companies, or specially exempted by the Board of Trade, shall, before proceeding to sea, be furnished with a certificate of her seaworthiness in hull, equipment, and machinery, and that no British ship shall without such certificate clear outwards from any port in the United Kingdom. There is no need to consider at this point whether the means by which Mr. PLIMSOLL proposes to carry out the principle of compulsory survey are the best that can be devised. They may be susceptible of great improvement, but it is to be hoped that the discussion of Monday will not turn upon mere details. Mr. PLIMSOLL'S amendment raises the question whether the protection demanded for the seaman is to be afforded by prescribing that all sea-going ships shall conform to certain conditions or by giving the Government power to detain any ship which it suspects of falling short of those conditions. We have quoted Mr. LINDSAY'S opinion of the latter expedient, and his estimate of the former is equally instructive. The principle of Mr. PLIMSOLL'S amendment, he says, "is sound and unanswerable, and it is one which the "public has a right to demand." The greater number of British ships already possess certificates of seaworthiness. They have their ascertained place at LLOYD'S or on the Liverpool Register, or they bear the Government passengers' certificate. Who are the men who object to their ships being inspected by some competent authority? Not the owners of seaworthy ships generally, for they already go to LLOYD'S or to the Liverpool Registry, and ask, not only for survey, but for classification. No doubt there are some owners of seaworthy ships who object to compulsory survey, either from some personal crotchet or from the remembrance of some old quarrel with LLOYD'S. But the great bulk of the residue will be owners who know their ships to be unseaworthy, or who so far suspect them to be unseaworthy that they think it safer not to run the risk of having them surveyed. If the owners of good ships, and especially the owners of classed ships, would dissociate themselves from this minority, and accept the principle of Mr. PLIMSOLL'S amendment, they would spare themselves infinite annoyance and not improbably very serious loss.

ITALY.

AFTER an existence of nearly three years, the MINGHETTI Ministry has fallen. That its end was approaching could scarcely be doubtful after the Opposition had succeeded in electing its candidates for Parliamentary offices, and it was only a question on what point the final contest should be fought. A motion was made for an inquiry into the incidence and operation of the Grist-tax. To attack or reflect on the Grist-tax was, as Signor MINGHETTI declared, to endanger the safety of his whole scheme of finance. The Grist-tax is as bad a tax as can possibly be imagined. It falls on one of the first necessaries of life, it is enforced with a harshness and inquisitorial urgency which are perhaps not to be wholly avoided in the collection of such a tax, and it is said to be so worked as to fall with unequal severity on different districts. Even if the tax itself is indispensable to the solvency of Italy, the Italian Parliament might very properly be invited to inquire into the possibility of so levying it as to make it a little less obnoxious than it is at present. Nor did the Ministry meet the proposal for inquiry with a direct negative. It merely asked that the proposal might be adjourned. On the question whether the Chamber should agree to this adjournment, the Ministry, having announced that it would treat the vote as a vote of confidence or of want of confidence, was beaten by a majority of sixty-one. Evidently the Ministry sought almost at hazard any means of assuring itself whether it was to live or die. It knew that its enemies had grown increasingly numerous, strong, and determined, and it was useless for it to enter on new administrative or legislative measures if its adversaries really meant, and were really able, to overturn it. The hostility of the Left was certain, not only because a Parliamentary Opposition always wishes to get the better of the Ministry, but because the Left, having enabled MINGHETTI to upset the LANZA Ministry, has seen him reap the fruits of the combination, and themselves shut out in the cold. But the Left is in a clear minority, and what the Ministry wanted to know was how many of its own supporters would join its adversaries. It turned out that the seceders were numerous, various motives actuating different bodies of men to coalesce with the Opposition. There is a small set who, even in the Italian Parliament, are the special friends of the POPE, and, although these men will not in general work with the Left, these were glad to find an occasion of repaying the MINGHETTI Cabinet for its cautious but firm discountenancing of all ecclesiastical pretensions. There are, too, some very warm Free-traders in the Italian Parliament, and they had been alarmed by the language they had heard in Ministerial circles as to the basis on which it was proposed to frame the new Treaties of Commerce, and by the scheme for buying the railways and having them worked by the State, which they consider an invasion of the principle that the State should have nothing to do with industrial enterprises. The Venetians, too, appear to have a special horror of the Grist-tax, and it was probably to catch the vote of the Venetian Ministerialists that the attack on the Ministry assumed the form which was given it. But by far the most important defection was that of the Tuscans, who had seen in some of the Ministerial proposals a desire to favour Rome at the expense of Florence. The Ministry had proposed to transfer the Court of Cassation now established at Florence to Rome, and to make Rome the seat of administration for systems of railways which are now administered from Florence. The Florentines did not like this, and rather than see Florence deprived of any sources of wealth and importance they upset the Ministry.

In his retirement from office Signor MINGHETTI may find much to console him. He leaves Italy with, for the first time, a balanced Budget. Last year there was only a deficit of a million, and this year he expects a surplus of nearly half a million, and this really has been his doing. He has steadily worked up the revenue and discouraged expenditure. Soon after he came into office he persuaded the Chamber to vote additional taxes. Nor did he shrink from proposing financial measures which he knew to be unpo[illegible]. His bill for making people really pay the stamp duties which the law imposed on them brought him into collision with the Chamber, and it was rejected in the final vote taken by the foolish process of secret ballot, although he had a majority so long as open voting compelled deputies to face the question whether they would sanction the evasion of legal obligations. The Lower House went a

step further, and insisted on voting an outlay of public money to which he strongly objected, as the money was not there to spend. Fortunately the Senate reversed this decision, and thus at the same time saved the Ministry and offered the lover of Parliamentary institutions the gratifying spectacle of a Continental Senate being for once of some use. In regard to finance Signor MINGHETTI while in office has done well, and this must be consoling to him. And he may have a further consolation which ought especially to cheer him. He may reasonably hope that his work will not be undone. He has only to recall his own history. He upset the LANZA Ministry because SELLA, when the Chamber had insisted on new military expenditure, in turn insisted on new taxation. MINGHETTI defeated him, but he did not undo SELLA's work. On the contrary, he adopted in block all SELLA's financial policy. He proposed new taxes, and he got the Senate to save him from new expenditure. He may also reflect with pleasure that he has had colleagues who have done well for the country, and whose departure from office will be universally allowed to be a public loss. VISCONTI-VENOSTA has shown great ability at the Foreign Office; has succeeded in carrying out his maxim that Italy should be independent but never isolated; has seen Germany and Austria proclaim themselves the excellent friends of Italy; has, in conjunction with Duke DECAZES, placed the relations of Italy and France on an amicable footing; and has had the pleasure of supporting the ANDRASSY Note in the quality of the representative of a Power recognized as great. General RICOTTI, the only member of the LANZA Cabinet taken over by MINGHETTI, has persevered in carrying out his comprehensive system of army reorganization, until at last the KING has emphatically declared that he has a good army; and Admiral ST. BON, although he has never been allowed much money to spend, has at least laid down a scheme of naval defence for the guidance of his countrymen, and has managed to get two ironclads partially constructed, possessed of merits which Italian officials feel certain they may safely praise, even when exposed to the hostile criticism of Mr. REED.

The new Ministry will, it appears, be taken exclusively from the Left. Great efforts have been made to secure support from some of the discontented Ministerialists. But these efforts have been in vain. The malcontents were willing to give MINGHETTI a lesson, but they are not willing to work with his opponents. The colleagues of the new Premier DEPRETIS are, for the most part, unknown beyond Italy, with the exception perhaps of MANCINI, who has a reputation as a jurist and signalized his juristical excellence by a violent opposition to the Stamp law the object of which was simply to enforce clear legal obligations. The main end of the existence of the new Ministry appears to be that the Left should have its turn of office. There seems to be a feeling in Italy, which is not unknown elsewhere, that it is not fair that one set of men should always enjoy the honours and profits of place. The Left will, it may be hoped, be the happier if they stand for a little while in the sunlight. But the Ministry rests on no solid foundations. It has no Parliamentary majority on which it can rely, and its fall is certain when the fractions of the Right choose to make up their differences. Englishmen who can recall the DERBY Ministry of 1858 will remember how it vanished into air when Lord RUSSELL and Lord PALMERSTON became friends. The present Italian Parliament has only lasted for a comparatively short time, and a dissolution would be generally unwelcome. Even if the Ministry determined to try its fortunes in a new general election, it would have nothing on which to go to the country. There can scarcely be named a point as to which it can do anything but tread in the footsteps of its predecessors. It will not venture to deprive Italy of its sweet, novel pleasure of a balanced Budget. It cannot change the foreign policy of Italy, or spoil the work of RICOTTI, or yield to Rome, or quarrel with Rome, more than its predecessors have done. It perhaps will not purchase the railways, and not move the Court of Cassation from Florence. But these are small achievements for a Ministry. To live its little day, and then die as contented as a butterfly, seems its natural fate; and Signor MINGHETTI, to his other consolations, may even now be adding the greatest of all in the conviction that before long he will be back again in office.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TELEGRAPHS.

THE Government judged rightly in giving Mr. GOLDSMID a Committee to inquire into the telegraph service, because it is generally more prudent to investigate complaints than to treat them with neglect. In other respects the utility of a fresh inquiry may be doubtful. No practical advantage will result from a possible conclusion that the telegraphs were in the first instance bought too dear. The bargain is finally made, the consideration has been paid, and it is not to be assumed that the terms were necessarily unfair because the purchase has hitherto been unprofitable. The conditions of a contract of sale depend on the value of the subject-matter both to the vendor and the purchaser; but it sometimes happens that on one side the property is exactly represented by the purchase money, while the other party may have been influenced by motives of convenience or of pleasure. The Telegraph Companies possessed a property of great and increasing value, created by themselves not without considerable risk. There was a certainty that they would derive large profits from their investment; and it might well have happened that it would have been for their interest to maintain a high tariff of charges. Although they were not legally entitled to a monopoly, any attempt to introduce competition would only have added an unnecessary expenditure of capital, to the eventual disadvantage of the community. The Government, on the other hand, is seldom justified in undertaking a pecuniary speculation. The services which it performs may incidentally become remunerative; but purely commercial undertakings are more properly left to the enterprise of private adventurers. The Telegraph Act of 1868 recited, not that the Government might increase the public revenue by the purchase, but that "it would be "attended with great advantage to the State, as well as to "merchants and traders and the public generally, if a "cheaper, more widely extended, and more expeditious, "system of telegraphy were established in the United "Kingdom." The main object of the measure has been in some degree attained, and it may be hoped that no false theory of economy will be allowed to impede the further progress of the experiment. There can be little doubt that the telegraphs will gradually become more profitable. The State had the advantage of securing a monopoly which had not been previously enjoyed by the Companies. Any new discoveries which may tend to reduce the cost of working the telegraphs will be a clear gain to the sole and perpetual owner.

Nearly all the members who took part in the debate on Mr. GOLDSMID's motion expressed the well-founded opinion that the slight loss which has been incurred afforded no proof that the purchase had been a blunder. The reduced and uniform tariff, with the establishment of a vast number of additional stations, has increased the annual number of messages within eight years from 6,000,000 to 20,000,000. It might have been just, if it had been possible, to throw the whole charge on the senders and receivers of messages; but it is scarcely a cause for regret that a great addition to public convenience has been made at a cost, incurred once for all, of between 100,000*l.* and 200,000*l.* A departmental Committee, appointed by the Treasury, lately examined the accounts of the telegraph administration, with the usual bias against expenditure and indifference to the return which may be obtained in general convenience. One of the recommendations of the Committee is that offices which have not thus far paid their expenses should be suppressed. It is not the business of Treasury officials to estimate the annoyance and irritation which would be caused by the withdrawal of facilities already conceded; but they might have remembered that a certain time must elapse before the habit of sending messages becomes established in a neighbourhood hitherto unaccustomed to the use of telegraphs. It would be far more advisable to extend the advantages of the telegraphic system to many places which are still distant from opportunities of communication. Every new telegraph station furnishes custom to all the existing offices with which it may exchange. Lord JOHN MANNERS has issued a letter containing several severe criticisms on the Report of the Committee, and the figures which he furnishes completely refute the fallacy of the conclusion that the number of offices should be reduced. In 1872 there were ten unremunerative stations in London alone; in 1875 there was not one. The number of 798 offices which in 187- were not earning the amount of

their expenses was reduced in 1875 to 22s. It may be reasonably expected that the small remaining deficiency will soon be covered in consequence of increasing custom. Even if a small loss is incurred, the local convenience which will have been afforded forms to some extent a set-off against the trifling burden.

The Committee made, according to Lord JOHN MANNERS, the mistake of including among working expenses charges which undoubtedly belong to capital. The sums paid in pensions to former servants of the Telegraph Companies were a part of the purchase money, and way-leaves and extensions ought certainly to be placed to capital account. A sect of blundering railway theorists sometimes urges the expediency of closing the capital account, and of paying for all future additions to the property out of revenue; but Treasury officers ought to understand the distinction between revenue and capital accounts. One of the suggestions of the Committee is to the effect that senders of messages should be required to reduce the number of words at present allowed, or should pay an additional rate. Mr. SCUDAMORE calculates that one of the schemes of the Committee would increase the charge from 1s. to 1s. 6d., a second project to 1s. 5½d., and a third to 2s. 5d. It is extremely doubtful whether so burdensome a tax would not, as in the case of other commodities, injure the revenue by diminishing consumption. A further limitation of the number of words in a shilling message would in almost every case be extremely irksome. The necessarily high charges on messages sent by under-sea telegraphs to distant countries produce inconvenience and uncertainty by compelling correspondents to use ciphers and to employ the smallest possible number of words. It requires a certain amount of skill and practice to send an ordinary message in twenty words, and the receiver as well as the sender must be supposed to possess only an ordinary amount of intelligence.

The alleged irregularity in the mode of keeping the telegraph accounts during the first years of the experiment, though it may be important in itself, has nothing to do with the question of maintaining the cheapness and efficiency of the system. There can be no doubt that Mr. SCUDAMORE at one time exceeded the license which is in some degree allowed to other departments of paying expenses out of receipts, instead of regularly transmitting the revenue to the Treasury. It is highly proper that the strictest rules of accounting should be observed by public servants; but, as long as the administration is honestly conducted, no system of book-keeping makes the State richer or poorer. If Mr. GOLDSMID can establish to the satisfaction of the Select Committee his complaints of extravagant management and excessive staffs, he will have done good service. It is satisfactory to find that the Post Office, as represented by Lord JOHN MANNERS, steadily resists all proposals for a diminution of public convenience. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL is willing to assent to some minor changes which would produce an increase of revenue. He believes, not without reason, that when the Telegraphs Bill was passed there was an understanding that press messages should be allowed special facilities. He proposes therefore to retain the charge of a shilling for seventy-five words transmitted by day, or for one hundred words transmitted by night; but he thinks that there ought to be a readjustment of the charge for forwarding by telegraph copies of the same message transmitted to different addresses. By charging full press rates for such copies he expects to obtain 30,000*l.* a year, and to gain 12,000*l.* by an additional charge for ordinary messages transmitted on Sundays or at night. Even without any addition the net revenue is slowly increasing; but it must not be expected that the experience of the penny postage will be repeated. Every addition to the number of letters reduces the proportionate cost of the service; and the same result will be produced in working the telegraphs up to the point at which the staff is fully employed. On the other hand, every message is a distinct operation, occupying as much time and labour as any previous message. As the business expands it will be necessary to increase the number of the staff, unless it is already excessive.

FRENCH POLITICS.

THE Extreme Left in the French Legislature desire to grant an amnesty to the Communists and to raise the state of siege in Paris, Lyons, and Marseilles. Though neither proposal has yet been discussed, the fate of each is already decided. The history of the Commune offers nothing that can entitle its adherents to exceptional clemency. Even in Paris an amnesty would be considered as an evidence of weakness on the part of the Government, while the rest of France would probably accept it as an invitation to replace the present Cabinet by one in which justice should be less completely subordinated to mercy. The proposal to raise the state of siege will apparently be accepted by the Government. Even the late Ministry would have found it difficult to defend the maintenance of so exceptional a precaution now that the elections are over; and as it is certain that no suggestion of its renewal after the 1st of May would have any chance of acceptance either with the Ministry or with the Chamber, the sooner it is put an end to the better. If the late Administration had had the wisdom to pass a fairly good Press law, or if the moderate Liberals in the Assembly had had the courage to reject the Bill which the late Administration did introduce, M. DUFAURE would now have found himself in a more satisfactory position. As it is, he will probably be obliged in the first Session of the new Legislature to propose to repeal a law which he was mainly instrumental in passing just before the dissolution of the Assembly.

In taking his seat as President of the Moderate Left, M. JULES FERRY contrasted the miserable condition of the Ministry under the Republic of 1848 with the happy condition of the Ministry under the Republic of 1876. The one was expected to change the whole face of society; the other is only asked to change a few functionaries. But even the change of a few functionaries seems to be less easy than M. JULES FERRY supposes. It has taken the MINISTER of the INTERIOR a fortnight to remove thirteen prefects and to give twelve more the chance of doing better in another department. It is natural that the extreme Republican party should feel angry at seeing their enemies let off thus easily. They have suffered too much annoyance at the hands of the prefects not to wish to inflict annoyance in their turn. For nearly three years a Republican in the more distant departments has been a man marked out for petty injuries of all kinds. To a prefect devoted to the cause of order no enemy was too small, and even if laziness or magnanimity made him exceptionally careless in this respect, his omissions were probably supplied by a sub-prefect of more than common activity. The days that followed the general election had long been looked forward to by the Republicans as days of vengeance. Their newspapers had been warned, suppressed, or banished from the streets; their public meetings had been forbidden or dispersed; and, while the Duke of BROGLIE or M. BUFFET remained in office, they had been forced to keep silence, lest a worst thing should happen to them. When their enemy had been rejected by four constituencies, and had thought it needless to wait for the meeting of the new Chambers to receive his dismissal, the Republican success was to many Frenchmen rather a triumph over the prefect whom they knew and hated than over the Minister whom they hated without knowing. Every hour that the prefect remained in office was so much deducted from the full measure of victory. M. RICARD would have fallen short of their expectations if he had let twenty-four hours pass without a reconstruction of his staff, and now that, at the end of a fortnight, he has only dismissed a fraction of his subordinates, he will be accounted as little better than a traitor to the Republican cause. Those who observe French affairs from a distance will be glad that no greater step has been taken towards that practice of general dismissal of subordinates on the occasion of a change of Government which has been the cause of so much mischief in the United States. After all, these sinning prefects did but carry out the will, or what they believed to be the will, of their superior officer. In so far as in doing this they offended against a positive law, they must of course take the consequences; and in so far as they confounded the wishes of their chief with his commands, they will have no right to complain if they are regarded as having more than a mere official sympathy with the particular policy with which he was identified. In so far, however, as they merely opposed Republican candidates or harassed Republican journals in obedience to directions from the MINISTER of the INTERIOR, it would be a dangerous precedent to dismiss them. It is eminently important to the stability of the Republic that there should be no association between a change of Ministry and a change of the

working administration, and the more completely the permanent staff is kept unaffected by any change in the Parliamentary staff the less inclination there will be on the part of the people to confound the two processes. Nothing is more necessary for the French people than to get rid once for all of the idea that revolutions are the ordinary means of giving effect to the national will, and nothing is more calculated to keep up this delusion than the practice of dismissing officials when a new Ministry comes into power. That practice creates in all parts of the country a body of ardent supporters of a Cabinet whose existence is threatened, and thus interposes a buffer between public disapproval and the Ministers who have incurred it, which is exceedingly hard to remove. In America at this moment the general distrust which is felt towards the Administration is almost debarred from finding effective expression by the vast body of voting strength which the Administration commands. If the defeat of General GRANT's friends did not mean the dismissal of all the subordinates he has appointed, this voting strength would probably be distributed among the several parties into which the nation is divided. No doubt there may be among the French prefects some who are too much set against the Republic to be fit exponents of M. RICARD's policy, and for these there is nothing but dismissal. But this strength of principle is probably quite exceptional. The majority, when once they know what is wanted of them, will be as obedient to M. RICARD as to M. BUFFET.

A division has arisen in the Republican party as to the propriety of keeping up the separate organizations which it has inherited from the Assembly. The Left Centre and the Republican Left are of opinion that these organizations represent real varieties of opinion, and that the concessions and arrangements which the common pursuit of a Republican policy from time to time demands of each will be best attained if they remain distinct. M. JULES FERRY's speech was in great part devoted to defending this theory. The Republican party, he argues, is not divided by being classified. On the contrary, the maintenance of Parliamentary discipline is furthered by the existence of separate political groups, each limited in number and homogeneous in composition. The mutual sacrifices to which these groups have to consent are more easily obtained when the discussions which lead up to them are carried on by delegates from each group than when they take place in the Chamber itself. The Extreme Left are not of this opinion. They argue that the distribution of the Left into three groups had an historical justification in the late Assembly, but that even there it was only a source of weakness. Now that the historical justification is gone, there can be no reason for maintaining an arrangement so entirely without any merits of its own. The more united the majority is the greater will be its power, and so long as it remains broken up into sections under different names and looking to different leaders, the appearance of unity will be wanting, even if the substance is present. The views of the several groups on this point are perfectly consistent with their general convictions. Where all the sections of a party are mixed together, the strongest section usually determines the common policy. The weaker sections may dislike the road along which they are travelling, but they have no choice but either to continue in it or to turn their backs upon the friends with whom they have been accustomed to act. If they raise any difficulty they are told that in these matters they must submit to be guided by the majority of the party. But supposing that a party is avowedly broken up into sections, the policy that is pursued in common must be a policy which has received the assent of the representatives of every section. The Left in the late Assembly, for example, could not be said to have a policy upon any question, except so far as it recommended itself to the Left Centre, the Republican Left, and the Republican Union. Any step taken by one of these alone merely implied that upon this particular point one section of the Left was not in agreement with the rest. It is natural enough that the Left Centre and the Moderate Left should wish to perpetuate this state of things. If they were merged in a common party with the Extreme Left, they would be enrolled in M. GAMBETTA's army, and any opposition they might offer to his proposals would be regarded as disloyalty to their leader. If, on the other hand, they remain distinct, opposition to M. GAMBETTA will be nothing worse than a possibly injudicious exercise of the veto which each section of the Left necessarily possesses in regard to any common action of the party. How far they will succeed in keeping themselves apart must mainly depend on the strength which they can command in the Chamber of Deputies. If they are weak as compared with the Republicans who desire to see the division into sections abolished, they will by degrees yield to the superior attraction of a larger body. If they are strong, the continuance of the separate groups will be found a convenient method of exerting a moderating influence on the more advanced members of the party.

BRITISH SUBJECTS IN PERU.

WHATEVER judgment may be passed on the general policy of the Foreign Office with regard to the imprisonment of British subjects in Peru, no reasonable person can have a moment's doubt as to the extreme impropriety of the speeches delivered on behalf of the Government in Tuesday's debate. It must strike every one as a most extraordinary spectacle to see an UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL rising one after another in the House of Commons to enforce indictments against British subjects who are still awaiting trial in a foreign country. Mr. BOURKE pleaded that, as Mr. CAMERON had brought forward the subject, "it was absolutely necessary that "the papers should be produced," and that he had no alternative but to go into all the details of the case against the officers and crew of the *Talisman*. He saw, he said, that the statement he was making met with disapproval from the House, and he knew the meaning of it, but "what was he to do, seeing that the Government "was attacked?" It is amazing that so acute an official as Mr. BOURKE did not perceive that all he had to do, under such circumstances, was to state his reasons for declining to produce evidence which might tend to injure certain of his countrymen then on trial under foreign jurisdiction, and leave the matter to the confidence of the House. There was no necessity whatever for the Government to go into the question of the evidence against the prisoners. It is admitted that there are strong grounds of suspicion against them, and no objection can possibly be raised to their being put on trial. The grievance is their long imprisonment without trial.

It is always safer in a case of this kind to turn to the official papers than to trust to the *ex parte* statements on both sides which are made in debate; and besides it is necessary to observe what has of late been the general attitude of the Peruvian authorities towards British subjects, not only in this case, to which the debate was confined, but in a variety of similar cases which have occurred within the last few years. First of all, however, we take the question of the *Talisman*. There can be no doubt that this steamer, manned in part by British sailors and commanded by British officers, was employed in assisting an insurrection in Peru, and that some of the persons connected with her must have known what sort of work she was destined for, but this knowledge has not yet been brought home distinctly to any one. The officers and crew allege that they went out innocently, without any idea of the object of the voyage, and that, on their reaching Quinteros, in Peru, forty-eight Peruvian insurgents came on board, and by force of arms and superior numbers compelled them to proceed on the voyage for the purpose of carrying out the insurrection. These are all questions for a court of law, and the Peruvian Government had clearly a right to put the men on trial. The gist of the complaint against that Government is that the men were kept in prison for twelve months without an opportunity of vindicating themselves. It was held that the question whether the vessel was a prize must first be settled, and the proceedings were very slow. When at last judgment was given against the ship, the crew were tacitly acquitted; but three officers—of whom one has since been murdered by some Peruvian fellow-prisoners—were detained for trial. An appeal was taken against this decision, during the protracted hearing of which the crew were still imprisoned, and it was not till the 17th November last, having been in durance since the previous November, that they were released. Meanwhile the captain and engineer have been for sixteen months in prison, and have not yet been tried. The latest despatch on the subject from the British Consul at Lima states that the process makes but slow progress, the Peruvian Foreign Secretary

answering every remonstrance by the stereotyped reply that "the Executive cannot interfere with the judicial "power."

Such is the position in which our Government now finds the question; and it must be admitted that it is by no means so simple and easy as some people think. It is very difficult for one foreign Government to compel another Government to accelerate its judicial proceedings; and even in our own country there are occasionally awkward delays in such matters. Allowance must also be made for the peculiar circumstances of such a country as Peru, where a high degree of judicial efficiency can perhaps hardly be expected. On the other hand, however, every State which sets up as civilized is bound to adapt its laws to the recognized principles of justice, and the question therefore is how far the Peruvian Government is in fault in this respect. Taking the case of the *Talisman* by itself, it may perhaps be thought that there was in some respects an excuse for the dilatoriness of the proceedings, as, for instance, the disordered state of the country and the consequent accumulation of criminal business, and the alleged necessity for deciding the question of prize before going on with the prosecution of the crew. But, even admitting this, the period during which the men have been kept in confinement without trial is quite unjustifiable, and there is reason to believe that much of the delay was intentional. Indeed Mr. ST. JOHN, British Consul, remarks that the more he interfered to prevent unnecessary delay, the more determined the judges seemed to be to waste time. The impression that the administration of justice in Peru is conducted in a manner extremely unfair and oppressive to foreigners is strongly confirmed by the official despatches which have just been published, and which include other cases besides that of the *Talisman*. Mr. MARCH, another Consul, informs Lord DERBY, in the plainest language, that "prisoners are taken into "custody and lodged in gaol upon charges which the simplest "examination would at once show were unfounded or unworthy of notice; any ill-disposed person, by having recourse to the authorities, can satisfy his vindictive feelings by causing the arrest and imprisonment of the object of his dislike, or inflicting other serious inconveniences." Another time he says, "It is a notorious fact that accused persons are thrown into prison and remain incarcerated for unreasonable periods without any opportunity of defending themselves." A number of cases of this kind are mentioned. Thus two English boys, BELL and STERLING, having heedlessly joined a mob in chase of a native who had just stabbed an Englishman, and who either jumped or was pushed into a river and drowned, were imprisoned for eleven months in a "pestilential dungeon" awaiting trial, and then sentenced to six years' penal servitude, which was afterwards changed, first to fifteen and then to nine years' imprisonment, while the ringleaders of the riot were allowed to escape all punishment. Again, the captain of one of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamers was kept a prisoner for six months on a false complaint which might at once have been disposed of. Mr. MARCH also mentions other cases in which British subjects had been incarcerated for various periods—in one case for two years—without trial or sentence. On the other hand, when an Englishman was murdered, the murderer mysteriously escaped from prison. Mr. MARCH assures Lord DERBY that, "whatever may be the cause of "these delays, it is evident that grievous injustice and untold suffering, both mental and physical, are inflicted upon "British subjects"; and this letter is dated as late as February last year. Mr. ST. JOHN corroborates this testimony. "MORRIS," he says, "remained in prison above two years, "and was then acquitted, there being really no evidence "against him." Again, in last September he tells Lord DERBY, as an illustration of what goes on in Peru, that five men who are named "were kept in prison for terms varying from two "years to ten months, and then discharged for want of proof "of their criminality." All this would seem to prove that the delays in the *Talisman* case were by no means exceptional, and that British subjects in Peru are constantly in danger of being illegally imprisoned. There is a secondary question as to the manner in which the prisons are managed. The official evidence seems to show that the treatment of the officers and crew of the *Talisman* was not worse than that of native prisoners, but this seems from all accounts to be bad enough. In the case of the two boys BELL and STERLING, Colonel HARRIS describes the overcrowded dungeon cut out of the rock in which they were confined for ten or eleven months as "a disgrace to humanity; horrid, "foul, and stinking," so that he could not approach it without vomiting. Mr. NUGENT also says that "no language is "sufficient to convey an adequate idea of this filthy and pestilential hole"; and he adds that "even the best prisons in "this country are far below anything you can conceive in "England." Mr. JERNINGHAM gives similar testimony. According to the Constitution of Peru, he says, prisons are places of detention, not of punishment, but "very often "they are so bad that they are just the contrary."

What did not come out sufficiently in the debate in the House of Commons, but is shown very strikingly in the official papers, is that the case of the *Talisman* is not an isolated case, but only one of many cases, and certainly not the worst. During the whole of the last two years the Foreign Office has been continually receiving complaints of the disgraceful way in which the Peruvian authorities were treating British subjects, and has, to do it justice, been ready enough to approve remonstrances on the spot, but only as long as nothing serious was contemplated. In one case we find Lord DERBY, in a despatch in October 1874, condemning the illegal seizure of a British subject on board a British ship, and his further illegal detention on shore, "as a gross outrage"; and then in June last, when there was a question of enforcing compensation, he suddenly discovered that the Government was precluded from insisting further upon an apology and indemnity from the Peruvian Government. Yet the Court at Callao had actually declared itself incompetent to try the case, and the Government of Peru had also acknowledged that no authority for the arrest could be shown. And we find the same timid shrinking from responsibility in other cases. The Foreign Office has no objection to any amount of verbal protest, but stops there. This is also conspicuous in one of the incidents of the *Talisman* case. After capturing the vessel, the Peruvian Government pretended that the crew must wait for trial till the Prize Court had given its decision; but in the meanwhile they took the liberty of hoisting their own flag and making use of the ship and part of the crew for the purposes of the war. Mr. MARCH very properly protested against this outrage; but the only answer was that the Peruvian Government at the time wanted a ship very badly, and this was the only one it could lay hands on. Lord DERBY "approved" Mr. MARCH's remonstrances, and then the question was allowed to drop. Yet there can be no question as to the gross and impudent illegality of the act committed by the Peruvians. Although the *Talisman* sailors were arrested in September 1874, it was not till the following September that Lord DERBY "at length," as he said, "felt compelled to remonstrate with the Government "of Peru"; and thus the matter stands. It is said indeed that the Government has determined to insist on the immediate trial of the captain and engineer; but if it confines itself to the ordinary kind of remonstrance, it is not likely to produce much effect. The general impression derived from the correspondence is certainly that there has been a want of vigour in the action of the Foreign Office, which encouraged the Peruvian Government to treat its verbal protests as little more than a matter of form. On the whole, it must be thought that in this case, as in some others, the Ministry has not adhered to the traditional spirit of its party; and it is certainly startling to find it exposing itself in this respect to Mr. GLADSTONE's criticisms.

ELECTIONEERING AT NORWICH.

"THE price of votes has declined, but corrupt practices "at election times are spread over a much wider "area of electors." This is substantially the result of the inquiry by the Royal Commission into electoral corruption at Norwich. The Commissioners find that corrupt practices extensively prevailed both at the election of 1874 and that of 1875, and that there is a hopelessly corrupt and depraved electoral element largely existing at Norwich. It appears that for a number of years past there has seldom been an election there which has not been followed by a petition and the unseating of a member. Sir H. STRACEY, for instance, who was elected in 1868, was immediately unseated; Mr. TILLETT, who secured the vacant seat, was also unseated; then there was a lull until Mr. TILLETT was again elected, on the promotion of Mr. HUDDLESTON to the Bench, and again unseated; and, in consequence of the report of the Judge on this case, a Commission was appointed. The Report now made "states that the political

"traditions of the city carry back the corrupt inclin-
"ations of the constituency to an almost remote period." Some witnesses, however, think there has been an improvement "within the last forty years"; and the Commissioners are disposed to accept this view to the extent that "direct "cash-in-hand bribery, once so prevalent, has been almost "superseded." The bribes, in short, are less per head, though, being spread over a larger area, they swell to a heavy sum in the aggregate, and it is thought worth while to invest them in a flimsy disguise. The prevailing form of corruption at the elections of 1874 and 1875 was the engaging of men at so much a day under the names of messengers, bill-posters, watchers, special watchers, night watchers, protectors and procession men, door-keepers, &c.; and the Commissioners add that there can be little doubt that this kind of employment has existed in Norwich to a considerable extent for many years both at Parliamentary and municipal elections. The class which is subject to this kind of bribery is said to be very numerous, but not exorbitant in its demands. What is called the regulation scale is 3*s.* 6*d.* a day during the canvass, with a bonus of 1*s.* 6*d.* extra for the polling-day. One of the witnesses had the impudence to tell the Commissioners that, in order to do justice to the distribution of circulars, it was necessary to send out two men at a time with four or five circulars between them; otherwise, if more were given, they would very likely be burned instead of delivered; and, besides, there was the advantage that two men could divide the labour—one reading the voter's address, and the other looking out for the house. It is stated that no fewer than 3,058 paid agents were employed at the election in 1875, and it may be assumed that most, if not all, of them were electors, and used their privilege of voting. A hundred public-houses were also enlisted in the service of candidates under the name of Committee-rooms. The Commissioners point out that this system of bribery is not confined to the Parliamentary elections, but is also practised in those of the municipality. The latter, in fact, are used as a kind of drill or rehearsal for the more important contests. In this way the corrupt body of electors are kept well in hand and regularly exercised, so that when a Parliamentary election comes round the managers on each side know where to lay hands on their men, and how far they can trust them. The Sheriff happily described the municipal elections as schools for the education of the people in corrupt practices at Parliamentary elections.

An analysis of the electoral roll of Norwich sufficiently explains the prevalence of corruption and its principal source. The freemen number 1,674, which is some three hundred less than their strength ten years ago; the freeholders are 13,331, which is much the same as before; and the householders have risen from 2,607 to 11,941. This increase is of course mainly due to the Reform Act of 1867, which at once made an addition of 7,000 voters, and the number has since been increased by growth of population. It is easy to trace the course of corruption through such a constituency. The old freemen here, as elsewhere, were naturally corrupt, and made a regular market of their votes. The trade has been kept up through generations, and every freeman when he reached the legal age looked forward to a steady income from this source. The Act of 1867 suddenly added to the constituency a large body of people of much the same social standing as the freemen, and with the same appetites and ideas of the value of the franchise—those, in fact, who had been standing outside the pale and envying the gains which men of their own stamp were pocketing inside on account of ancient privilege. The newcomers were perfectly ripe for competition with the old freemen, and the range of corruption was thus enlarged. The economical law of supply and demand, however, here comes into operation, and, the number of voters ready to be bought having been greatly increased, it naturally followed that they could not succeed in keeping up the old standard of prices. The money spent in bribery had now to be shared among a larger class, the cash-in-hand system died out, and a fictitious system of employment was introduced instead. The sums paid to electors were less than before, but then the money devoted to such purposes had to be spread over a wider area. Both the old freemen and a large proportion of the new householders now combine to form the class of voters who are described by the Commissioners as flocking in crowds at election times to the various committee-rooms throughout the city, besieging the managers, and clamouring for an engagement on any pretext or under any name. The general character of the population and industry of Norwich naturally tends to a large deposit of what Mr. Bright has euphuistically termed the residuum; and there can be no doubt that, like other unsavoury deposits, it is very bad for the general health of the community. It is calculated that there are in Norwich from three to four thousand people who are regularly bribed at an election on one side or the other; and it might perhaps be thought that the other eleven thousand, who are supposed to be honest and respectable, might be able to counterbalance the residuum, and preserve the reputation of the city. If the honest men held together, they would no doubt neutralize the corrupt element to a certain extent; but then they are divided on all sorts of questions; each side has its own end to gain in an election; and whatever body turns the scale at a critical moment necessarily acquires a hold upon the rest. When the Commissioners inquired whether an agreement to abstain from paying for votes in any shape could not be maintained, they were assured that it was impossible to prevent bribery by such means, as the class open to bribery was "so "numerous and accessible, and its political views so un-"settled," that it would always be a temptation to some one to come in and take advantage of its venality.

This, however, is not the only noxious effect of the existence in a constituency of a large element of corruption. It creates a bad atmosphere all over. It is obvious that the existence of a multitude ready to be bribed implies to a certain extent the existence of candidates who have no scruple as to getting into Parliament by such means; and when a candidate goes into this kind of traffic, there are many other ways of bribery than the good old cash-in-hand system or the modern device of giving wages for fictitious work. The public patronage of members of Parliament has been sadly diminished in modern days; but still it has not entirely disappeared. A member can do a good deal both for the town at large and for his supporters personally; and if he happens to be also a large proprietor, or manufacturer, or railway director, he has other means of obliging his friends. People in a town are apt to find their level as water does. It seems hard that the pot-wallopers should get their 3*s.* 6*d.* a day, and that other folks should get nothing. It has also been observed that candidates and members at Norwich have thought it worth while to be very public-spirited and charitable, and to spend money freely at odd times in a sudden scattering of coals or handsome subscriptions to public institutions. And thus the poison is gradually disseminated through the whole of the society which is exposed to its contagious influence, and it becomes rotten to the core. Norwich is a shocking and frightful example of this sort of putridity.

The logical conclusion from the Report of the Commissioners is of course obvious enough. The gangrened part of the constituency, which infects the rest of it, should be at once cut out. Here are some three thousand persons who are so lost to all sense of the obligations of citizenship that they are ready to sell their votes for the moderate figure of 3*s.* 6*d.* a day when an election comes round; and as long as this element remains in the constituency, it cannot possibly be in a healthy condition. Everybody knows this, but few people, we suspect, have the courage to face the legitimate conclusion. The corrupt voters have got their votes, and while Norwich remains a constituency it is supposed that they must necessarily remain a part of it. This, of course, is pure superstition, but we are aware of the influence which such superstitions exercise, and know what to expect. The Commissioners themselves are content to publish their voluminous Report and schedules, and propose nothing in the way of remedy. The only alternative to excising the unsound part of the constituency is to disfranchise the whole of it, thus bringing down on the heads of all the penalty of the sins of a minority. Since it is quite clear that Norwich in its present condition is hopelessly corrupt, and, if let alone, will naturally continue so, this draconic treatment would no doubt be justifiable; but some sentimental regret may be permitted that the common-sense course cannot be taken, and the corruption got rid of by itself, so as to allow the honest part of the community a fair start.

THE PARAMOUNT POWER.

WHEN an ex-Premier talks about the "political supremacy" of certain important native States in India, and uses terms which imply that we are about to assume there some dominion which we do not properly possess, it is scarcely necessary to speculate on the amount of knowledge which meaner men are likely to possess on the subject. Mr. Gladstone has been so captivated by the fascination of Homeric studies that he has evidently had no time to master the leading principles of an Empire which has been entrusted to men who were his colleagues, friends, and associates, and over which one of his own disciples still presides. We shall now endeavour to show that there is not, and has not been for many years, any "political supremacy" in India except our own; that this doctrine has been prominently asserted on scores of occasions by all the eminent men of both parties who have contributed to build up and consolidate our Indian Empire; that it has long animated the despatches and the treaties of the Indian Foreign Office; that it has never been seriously questioned by the leading princes of India during the last fifty years; and that it was as clearly enforced by the Governor-General who still signed himself the servant of the East India Company as it is now inherited by the nominee and delegate of the Crown.

The germ of this theory might be traced so far back as the vigorous administration of Warren Hastings. When he discontinued the payment of tribute to the Emperor of Delhi, when he would have cancelled a treaty entered into by the Government of Bombay, when he imposed a fine on Cheyte Sing at Benares, when he interfered roughly in the affairs of Oudh, Hastings merely foreshadowed an ascendency which was more and more developed as one native Power after another sought our protection or succumbed to our arms. It would be difficult to prove the prevalence of this idea by an appeal to the acts of Lord Cornwallis or Lord Teignmouth. But there can be no doubt that it flavoured the despatches and inspired the councils of Wellesley; it stands out unmistakably in the policy pursued by the Marquess of Hastings towards the heads of the Mahratta Confederacy; it probably passed through the mind of the humane and philanthropic Bentinck when he doubted about assuming the administration of Oudh; it was publicly announced a score of times in the manifestoes and minutes which flowed in a continuous stream from the pen of Lord Dalhousie; it coloured those stately addresses with which Lord Canning, after the Mutiny, sought to calm the apprehensions or to animate the loyalty of Nawabs and Rajas; and it is the core of his celebrated State paper on adoption. Some readers, who may not choose to place implicit confidence in the arguments of Lord George Hamilton, will hardly refuse credit to the statements of Mr. Grant Duff. The arrangements by which we regulate our dealings with native Courts have been the subject of hundreds of despatches, and of State documents which now fill seven volumes of print. Sometimes these contracts are called Treaties; sometimes they take the form of *sunnuds* or grants. Here and there they are termed *Ikrar-namahs*, or *Kaul-namahs*, *i.e.* engagements in which all pretence of equality of position disappears. But there cannot be any reasonable doubt that, whatever they are called, these documents express the equity, the generous forbearance, the politic sagacity, the graceful concession, the determination that anarchy shall cease and that wars shall not even be contemplated, of the British Government, and not the shadowy claims or pretensions of either Rajpoot, Mahratta, Mahommedan, or Sikh.

We shall give instances to bear out these assertions. To put the matter briefly, there is no independent sovereign in India at all. Nepaul may be excepted, but the rule of Jung Bahadur hardly extends to the plains, nor do the Goorkhas in their hills form part of any great Indian confederacy or family of chiefs. And even Nepaul is prevented from taking into its service any British subject, any American, or the subject of any European State, while it is bound to submit to our arbitration any differences which may arise with the Raja of Sikkim. Taking, then, the other chiefs according to their size and importance, we begin with the Nizam and the Mahratta Houses. The former, it is well known, represents the Subhabdar of the Deccan, who once was to the Emperor of Delhi pretty much what a Lieutenant-Governor is now to a Viceroy. For years the Nizam had to maintain for us a separate army, which was regularly officered by our own military servants, and for which he was bound to supply sufficient funds. In 1853 a considerable portion of territory was transferred to our management, simply because the Nizam had neglected to pay these allowances, and had got into arrears. Subsequently the debt was cancelled, and other arrangements were adopted. Pensions to widows at Hyderabad have been actually guaranteed by the British Government out of the Nizam's revenues. Some years ago the late ruler was not allowed to dismiss his own Minister when he desired it; and if these proofs of dependence are not thought sufficient, what can be said about the rule as to succession to the State, which, if in accordance with custom and Mahommedan law, has been offered by the British Government, and gratefully accepted by the Nizam? Still more marked proofs of inferiority run through all our engagements with Scindia, beginning from the year 1804. His claims to tribute from other chiefs have been disallowed. The number of his forces of all arms has been minutely defined. Exchanges of certain districts and villages with other minor Powers have been peremptorily exacted. The right of adoption has been conferred on this ruler in virtue of "services" rendered by him to us in the Mutiny. The government, during the minority of the ruler, was for years conducted according to the advice of the British Resident. Scindia pays a subsidy towards the construction and repairs of a road which passes through Central India; and British guns and bayonets occupy a fort in a strong position at Gwalior itself, so that in the course of half an hour we could demolish the palace and blow up the native bazaar. Holkar, the inferior of Scindia in wealth, in military forces, in extent of possessions, fares no differently. He has received permission to adopt, and on his own accession he actually had to present a *nuzzur*—that is, a tribute from an inferior to a superior—to the British representative. It is needless to pursue the conditions under which smaller Mahratta chieftains hold their possessions. Our dealings with Baroda can scarcely have passed out of mind. We turn to princes of less importance but of higher lineage and unbroken descent, who are constitutionally brave, and whose history and personal adventures have been occasionally characterized by what we may fairly term a chivalrous spirit. They pass before us, eighteen in number, of which fifteen are Rajpoot, two are Jat, and one is Mahommedan. Ten of them, including Oodeypore, Joypore, and Joudhpore, pay sums as tribute which, if not of great significance to the Imperial Budget, are by no means trifling. All have thankfully received Lord Canning's permission to adopt. In some of them a Council regulates internal affairs, with the aid and advice of the Political Agent. None can enter into any negotiations with other petty States. The British Government has again and again interfered with advice and remonstrance whenever any Rajpoot prince has claimed too much or has got too little from his *thakoors* or nobles. Some of these proud and sensitive princes have signed separate papers expressing contrition for past misconduct and promising amendment for the future, in language which would have satisfied a Tudor or a Stuart. All are quite sensible that they owe their preservation in the eventful period of 1817 to the intervention of the British Government. And even the mild and unaggressive Lord Auckland was compelled in 1839 to occupy the capital and country of Joudhpore with a considerable force, for the space of five months. Instances where the Paramount Power has not only been restrictive but creative can be adduced. The Hindoo dynasty which had been supplanted by the grandson of a Lahore trooper was actually called by us out of obscurity to sit on the throne of Mysore. At the present time, during minority, the whole province is administered by British officers. The same line of argument applies to Kashmir. The Maharajah of Jummoo is a literal creation of the British Government, and governs territories which nominally were subject to the Lahore Durbar before the Sikh campaigns. A still more pertinent example of king-making is to be found so far back as the treatment of the Vizier of Oudh. Even Lord Teignmouth could set aside one claimant in favour of another, and invent for him the title of King; but oddly enough, on the other hand, the native population never chose to adopt the loftier phrase. Up to the day of annexation the ruler of the country was talked of as the *Nawab*, and his dominions as the *Nawabi*.

We have neither time nor space to go into the circumstances of whole classes of those minor, or mediatized, or unimportant chiefs who impart variety to the map of India, and present a lively contrast to the regularity and method of our rule. In Bundelcund alone there are thirty-six chiefs, only four of whom have the power of inflicting capital punishment. And, even in their cases, this exercise of one of the attributes of internal dominion is a distinct acknowledgment of the right of the Paramount Power to withhold as well as to grant it. It is a fact, remarkable even in the long catalogue of acts which prove concessions on the one hand and feudal obedience on the other, that the Raja of one of these four prominent Bundela States is said to have presented a *nuzzur* to Lord Hastings in 1817, with the observation that it was the first occasion that his family had acknowledged the supremacy of any other Power. It can scarcely be argued that there is any pretence of independence in the tributary *mahals* of Orissa, in the Cossyah and Jyntia chiefs on our North-East frontier, in the congeries of States which intervene between Bombay and Central and Upper India; in the Rao of Kutch, or the Nawab of Bahawulpore. They exist because their existence concerns the good faith and equity as well as the sound policy of the Queen's Government. They govern; but even their rude notions of kingcraft are moulded imperceptibly by the influence of a higher standard and a purer faith. They are administered temporarily whenever financial ruin, feminine intrigue, or the personal ascendency of some unprincipled counsellor renders our interference indispensable. And they descend or "change from hand to hand," because we have agreed to recognize that extraordinary sentiment of the Hindoos which regards an adopted son as no whit inferior in any one respect to a son of the body.

It is perfectly true that in certain matters a considerable amount of independent action is conceded to these rulers, and that it is not very easy to find out the exact points of inferiority which would warrant us in thinking the Duke of Argyll to be a bigger person than Scindia or Oodeypore. These potentates have mints of their own and coin money of divers standards. They collect and spend their own revenues; they levy certain transit duties; they ordinarily appoint and remove their own Ministers; they establish courts of criminal and civil justice, police-stations in the country, and superintendents of bazaars and of police in the towns. There is no check on their liberality, their predilections, or their caprices, within certain decent limits. One Raja is a strict game preserver and has divers royal chases or parks swarming with deer, wild hog, jungle fowl, and

peacocks. Another has a prejudice in favour of orthodox Brahmans of the old school. A third has a mania for erecting summer palaces. A fourth has an arsenal filled with discredited muskets and honeycombed pieces of artillery, with which he plays at soldiers. Here may be seen a native Ministry not much changed in nomenclature from the days of Vikramaditya. There it has pleased the ruler to mimic the titles and additions of the Imperial Government and to dub one functionary by the title of Legal Member, and another by that of Financial Member of Council. In one principality much of the revenue is spent on the restoration of old temples and the rewarding of swarms of jugglers and dancing-girls. In another it is partially devoted to a new hospital and to an English school. To all these fancies the British Government says nothing, except now and then by quiet remonstrance, by genial encouragement, or by stern rebuke. But, for all this, it is certain that we are always ready to interpose with something beyond vague phrases, whenever peace and tranquillity are concerned, or evil example spreads a little too far. There are a quantity of things which natives are permitted and even encouraged to do. There are certain things which they cannot do, and which they know perfectly well that they will never be allowed to do. We come down on them high-handed, in a way of which even Prince Bismarck would never dream, and write despatches which would be too strong for his pen of steel. Besides certain things to be done and other things to be let alone, as specified in solemn treaties and engagements, all princes, whether sprung from the mythical Rama or the robber Sevaje, know perfectly well that they must not make war on each other, nor exchange territory without reference to higher authorities; still less could they sell one foot of land to the representative of any Continental Power, or make a concession to Baron Reuter. They are told explicitly that they must put down suttee, the practice of burying lepers, the swinging witches to death, the dragging criminals through the streets at the feet of elephants, impalement, torture, and the like. It is no use to search for European analogies, or even to lay stress on the precedents afforded by the Mogul Emperors. Every Viceroy of real capacity and strength of will has assumed and acted on this doctrine. Lord Dalhousie was perhaps more explicit than others, and constantly brandished the Paramount Power in the face of the Court of Directors and the princes of India. Some may think this a proof of his sagacity and clear-sightedness, and may fairly say that Lord Canning's graceful and well-timed policy was only possible because way had been made for it by the vigour of his predecessor. But even those who think otherwise must admit that what Lord Dalhousie did he did openly, and that for eight years he boldly promulgated this doctrine at all times, while neither the Press, nor the Parliament, nor the Ministry of the day ever seriously tried to stop him. The Paramount Power at his time had passed out of the region of discussion. Amongst the latest acts of Lord Lawrence's Government were two despatches precisely in point. In one he told the Rao of Kutch that he must not allow his subjects to traffic in human flesh, even when they were across the seas and out of his dominions. In another he plainly intimated to the Maharajah of Joudhpore that he could have no reason to complain if he were set aside for maladministration and a force were quartered on the capital to prevent bloodshed between him and his nobles. In short, it may fairly be asked, can "supremacy" or even "independence" consistently be predicated of rulers who cannot add a soldier to their army, part with a few yards of territory, impale criminals, or let widows burn in conformity with a couplet from the Shastras, insult their nobles, torture their ryots, repudiate their creditors, disinherit their successors, or even ill-treat their wives? There is, in fact, one motive and one restrictive power in all British and native India; it has been exercised by a series of Viceroys; and whether it be thought politic or impolitic to reduce it to a formula, it is destined, we believe, to survive the doubts of Mr. Gladstone and to defy the predictions of Mr. Lowe.

SOME PARIS FASHIONS.

"LADY G——, elle, en sa qualité d'Anglaise, a trouvé moyen de mettre de l'originalité jusque dans sa charité. Voulant soulager la misère des ouvriers des chantiers de Depfort, elle a loué pour un certain temps les salons de rafraîchissement du théâtre de Greenwich, et tous les soirs on pouvait la voir, assistée de deux pages, servant les verres de limonade ou de brandy à ceux qui se présentaient. Vous jugez si l'affluence fut considérable." It must always be matter for regret that this fact was not more widely known at the time, whenever that may have been, of its occurrence. Lady G—— was perhaps afraid that, if the English public heard of her undertaking, the "affluence" might become even too considerable. The incident is related by the clever French author who writes under the name of Bachaumont, and who assumes to be particularly well versed in the ways and technicalities of English life. Some little time ago he and M. "Fervacques" produced together a novel, with the English scenes of which he was credited. In one of these the characters went off to see a cricket match in which the celebrated club of John Zingari took part. The origin of this mistake is obvious; but it is a good illustration of the marvellous self-confidence with which Frenchmen who have a certain acquaintance with English society jump to a conclusion which seems to them inevitable. The book (*Les Femmes du Monde*) from which we quote the remarkable anecdote given above contains various other examples of the strangely wilful ignorance of foreign names and customs displayed by French writers. There is a conversation between two ladies who are discussing the misfortunes of "ce pauvre prince X——." "It is terrible," says one; "Lord Lyons assures me that he is reduced to giving music lessons in London," and she goes on to reflect how embarrassing the payment must be to his pupils. Here the other's superior knowledge asserts itself. "Lady Nawkins has found out a way of getting over the difficulty. When the lesson is finished she places a flower in the prince's button-hole. Its stalk contains a bank-note." "Ah! an English edition—essentially practical—of Maison-Rouge's communication with Marie Antoinette." Most teachers of music, when they hear of a lesson being paid for with a bank-note, will wish that there were more such "essentially practical" pupils as Lady Nawkins. The habits of American life are less kindly treated than our own by this author. "Je pourrais citer," he writes, carefully marking his knowledge of English with italics, "telle comtesse—*sportwoman* émérite—qui, sous prétexte d'américanisme, couche, vingt nuits sur trente, étendue sur le tapis de son boudoir, terrassée par les flacons de gin et de brandy avec lesquels elle s'enferme pour *to yet tipsy* à la mode de Boston." It is perhaps newer to hear of Boston as the home of drawing-room drunkenness than of the spectres at the *polytecnic hall*, which are elsewhere introduced as a novelty by the writer.

Although a Frenchman could hardly learn much of value concerning the ways of strange lands from M. Bachaumont, it is possible for a foreigner to find a good deal of amusement and interest in his writings so long as they deal with the affairs of his own capital. It is not long since M. Fervacques, of whom we have spoken as M. Bachaumont's associate in one literary venture, produced a novel on his own account, with which the Parisian critics very justly found fault, because, like M. Dumas's comedies, it was too didactic. But M. Dumas's object is, if we are to believe him, to instruct the world on the broad principles of right and wrong. M. Fervacques aimed only at showing what excellent things were the Second Empire and submission to priestly tyranny. Something of this intention is evident also in M. Bachaumont's writing, so that when he touches upon the advantages of convent life, and speaks of the thousand threads which start from the doors of a fashionable convent frequented by "nos croyantes de qualité," and form themselves into benevolent nets, one sees the partisan too clearly under the mask of the writer of amusing trifles. In one such convent, for which M. Bachaumont has a special esteem, the sisters devote a good deal of time and energy to making up desirable society marriages.

In another part of his theme the writer tells us of an effect of the late war which is not generally known. It seems that during it the Parisian ladies grew so accustomed to the smell of powder that, in default of more serious occasions for its use, they find themselves obliged to employ it against hares and partridges. The greater number of these *sportwomen* go out shooting in a short skirt and tall boots; but there are some who have adopted a special costume, consisting of a coloured velvet blouse, bound by a morocco belt adorned with metal plates, and a pair of wide Zouave trousers tucked into long buttoned boots, which boots, we learn, are in themselves worth a whole poem. But it is not the boots alone which make the presence of ladies at a day's shooting desirable. They compel the party to a moderation of language and behaviour which, it seems, is quite unknown when no ladies are there. The best-bred men are in the habit of making the shooting of rabbits or birds an excuse for assuming the aspect of "communards en confection de barricades," and adopting a method of speech as appalling as their costume. While they are employed in shooting it is impossible to engage them in conversation upon any other subject, and this is not to English ideas such a grievance as M. Bachaumont makes of it. But we can sympathize with his indignation at the "repas de chasse" with which the party ends, where, with the excuse that only men are present, the conversation always, according to his account, becomes horribly gross. Whether his statements are somewhat exaggerated or not, there is no doubt a basis of truth in this remark:—"Il en est toujours ainsi en France, d'ailleurs, chaque fois que le sexe qui porte la barbe se trouve seul à une table." The writer has thought it necessary to add, "Vienne au contraire s'y asseoir une femme, et tout change"; and he could hardly have given a more striking proof that the tendency he deplores does exist among Frenchmen, as indeed it also does among other Continental peoples, and especially among the Germans, who for some unexplained reason have acquired a reputation for immaculate respectability.

Another subject for indignation is found in the extreme tolerance extended nowadays to smokers in most Parisian salons. The prevalence of this fashion, of which the result is that after dinner all the men rush off to smoke together, and talk in the same way which they affect at a "repas de chasse," is attributed to the importation of barbarous customs from other nations. In the eyes of a Frenchman of the old school it is a barbarous custom which in England separates men and women after dinner; and no doubt a yet more savage element is introduced when the men return, having "satisfied their mania," and bring with them the poisonous odour of cigars and cigarettes. We should be inclined to think that this extreme tolerance may be a reaction against the formality and distance which are to a great extent observed in the intercourse of men and women in France. The inevitable result of too much repression is license. It is instructive to note the Parisian's

alarm at the slight invasion of ceremonious respect for women implied in men going off to the smoking-room after dinner. If they were to stay and make love to their friends' wives all would be in proper course. True to his Imperial colours, our author is careful to observe that the Empress did all she could in the latter days of the Empire to combat the barbarous fashions introduced by the foreign hordes who came to flash their rude splendours in Paris; but it was too late. "Tipplings" *à l'américaine*, and the habit introduced by a Russian princess of smoking cigars as thick as one's arm, had taken root too deeply. An evil in Parisian society for which no extraneous cause is assigned is found in the quantity of fat young men who are to be observed in the drawing-rooms of the great. *Le high life* presents an exhibition of monstrosities, Cherubinos "avec du ventre," Don Juans and Romeos who look like barrels dressed out by Poole or Alfred. To make up for this, the fashion of wasp-like waists has returned in full force among Parisian young women. Troops of girls may be seen in society whose object seems to appear as transparent as ghosts. They never eat soup lest they should disturb the aristocratic pallor of their faces, and they never eat meat for fear they should grow less thin. They support life on sweetmeats and kickshaws—a phantom life which fades away before any trial. As to the sweetmeats, it may be noted that girls who live upon them to avoid fatness are singularly ill advised. There seems some likelihood of this form of dangerous folly spreading, so far at least as the small waists are concerned, to England, where another evil fashion of which M. Bachaumont complains has to some extent prevailed for a long time. The indifference of theatrical audiences in Paris has, he says, grown remarkable. The public remain impassive in spite of the manager's efforts to rouse them into life. They look without seeing, and listen without hearing. Now and then the most violently excited spectators interchange expressive looks, and that is all; they never give an audible form to their feelings. This listlessness began by being a matter of fashion, but has by this time passed into the blood. This statement, if it have any truth, is enormously exaggerated, and we are disposed to think that when it was penned its writer must have been still smarting under the just sense of another and a different injury caused by consideration of the monstrous custom of *étrennes*, that social black-mail which is execrated by everybody except the shopkeepers, and of which the odious existence becomes nevertheless more lively every year. When one calls on a lady at the New Year with a grudgingly purchased offering in one's pocket, and she says with a gracious smile, "Je vous la souhaite bonne," the temptation is great to reply, "Mais pourquoi donc me la rendre chère et malheureuse?" Perhaps, however, the most distasteful feature of the Parisian New Year's Day is that upon which M. Bachaumont dwells—the expensive and complicated toys presented to children, and immediately taken out of their hands again for fear they should spoil them. "Polichinelle a cessé d'être un bon homme dont on perçait la bosse pour voir ce qu'il y avait dedans, c'est un artiste aussi expert que le pensionnaire des *Burattini*." As for dolls, they have grown into tall waxen girls, dressed according to Worth's latest devices, who walk about and say papa and mamma more plainly than their little owners. The result of this mistaken generosity is that when a girl grows up she finds herself embarrassed with a kind of miniature Madame Tussaud's, composed of all the dolls which were saved from her childish hands. Yet more objectionable is the practice of giving *étrennes* to little children in the form of money, and we could certainly wish with M. Bachaumont that all such presents were treated like that of a rich banker who gave his little grandson a note for a thousand francs in exchange for his good wishes for the year. Presently the mother, going to look for the child, found him in tears. "What is it, my darling?" she cried. "Did grandpapa give it nothing?" "Yes, yes." "What was it then?" "He gave me that nasty old picture that I've thrown into the fire."

Our author is loud in regrets for the old custom of merely interchanging visiting cards at the New Year. Perhaps there is something insipid in this, and the English Christmas and New Year's cards, some of which are very graceful and pretty, are an improvement upon the bare inscription of names; but either fashion is better than the ridiculous tax of the *étrennes*.

ST. PATRICK.

OUR Irish fellow-subjects have been engaged, both here and elsewhere, in their accustomed demonstrative celebration of St. Patrick's Day, though, we may hope, here at least—through Cardinal Manning's active exertions in the cause of temperance—with something less than their accustomed excess of inebriation. One advantage certainly the Celt may claim over the Saxon in the matter of his patron Saint. The history of St. Patrick is no doubt shrouded or illuminated by a haze of mythological splendour; but still there remains at bottom a substratum of solid fact. We wish as much could fairly be said for the legends of our own heroic patron. There is, or was, a story current at Rome, the accuracy of which we cannot guarantee, and which we trust may be fabulous, for the sake of "St. George of merry England." It is said that on St. George's Day a meditation used to be read out in the Chapel of the English College, divided into three parts or points, which ran as follows:—"Point I. Let us consider that we know very little indeed about St. George." After due time had been given for a devout apprehension of this fundamental verity, which may perhaps have suggested the consoling reflection "omne ignotum *pro mirifico*," followed "Point II. Let us consider that the little we do know is very doubtful." To say nothing of the somewhat Hibernian method of conveying this supplementary information, it does seem hard that, when there was so little to begin with, that little should not be left alone. But, to clinch matters by excluding once for all any illusory anticipations of future enlightenment, the meditation closed with a third and last point:—"Let us consider that it is quite certain we shall never know anything more about St. George." Now, whatever becomes of the story, it is only too true that our knowledge of the life of St. George is very limited, though there is no reason to question the personal existence of the martyr, who suffered under Diocletian, and still less excuse for Gibbon's impudent but highly characteristic device, which Dean Stanley has so characteristically adopted, of identifying him with George of Cappadocia, the brutal Arian persecutor of the fourth century. The Irish are more fortunate here, for, after making all deductions for a rank overgrowth of fables, and admitting that the current Lives are late compositions and quite untrustworthy, there still remains a considerable nucleus of authentic information, partly derived from writings of the Saint himself, partly from other contemporary fragments. And the story, even when divested of all adventitious adjuncts, is not without a romance and pathos of its own which must naturally appeal to the fervid imagination—we cannot say of his countrymen, for St. Patrick was not an Irishman—but of his adopted countrymen and children in the Christian faith.

St. Patrick may fairly be called the Apostle of Ireland, as St. Augustine may fairly be called the Apostle of England, though neither of them was the first to introduce the Gospel into the country. Palladius, who seems to have been a Briton, went over to preach in Ireland about 430, and is said to have built three churches there, besides baptizing a large number of converts. But his success alarmed the heathen, and the king of the province in which he was at work ordered him to quit the country, and he therefore returned to Britain. Hence it came to be a proverb—"Not to Palladius, but Patrick, God granted the conversion of Ireland." The first advent of Patrick, however, was not very like that of a preacher or apostle. His birth—about 387—has been variously assigned to Scotland and France. He himself tells us that his father was Calpurnius, a deacon, who also held the office of decurion, and his grandfather the priest Potitus. When he was sixteen, an Irish king who was ravaging that part of the coast where he was carried him off with several other youths, and he became the slave of a man named Milcho, who is variously described as a prince or a magician, or merely a wealthy landowner. Patrick was employed in looking after his sheep, and he tells us that, having before been careless about religion, he now in his exile and slavery turned to God, and used to rise very early in the morning to pray before daylight. He does not tell us, what later hagiographers have added, that he used to repeat the whole psalter every day, which, considering that he was not likely to find breviaries on the Irish bogs, would have been a feat little short of miraculous. After six years he fled, in consequence, he tells us, of a vision, and found a ship on the coast which carried him back to France. They landed in Brittany, and Patrick set off on foot for his home. He tells us a story of how on the road he had eaten some pork after a long abstinence from food, and the result, as might have been expected, was a bad attack of nightmare, in which he fancied Satan was rolling stones over his chest. He cried out, "Elias, Elias!" whereupon the sun shone out upon him, and he awoke. Here again his biographers find an edifying example of his invocation of saints. No doubt he did invoke them according to the usual practice of the age, but it is much more probable that his sleeping adjurations were addressed in this case not to saints, Hebrew or Christian, but to the Pagan deity "Helios," or the sun, who seems to have promptly responded to them. Some time after his return home he had another vision, apparently suggested by the account of the man of Macedonia in the Acts. A man appeared to him in a dream bringing a letter, on which was written "the voice of the Irish," and then came a sound of many voices from an Irish forest, "O holy boy! come over, and dwell again among us." Patrick awoke greatly affected, but it was many years before he obeyed the mysterious call. Most of the intervening period he appears to have spent under the guidance of St. Germain of Auxerre, whom he accompanied in 429 on his expedition into Britain to put down the Pelagian heresy. In 431 Germain sent him to Rome, where the legendary lives make him receive episcopal consecration from Pope Celestine; but of this there is no evidence whatever, and his own statements are inconsistent with it. He was really consecrated at Eboria, or Evreux, after learning the failure of the mission of Palladius.

It was in 432, nearly thirty years after he was first brought to Ireland as a slave, that the shepherd boy returned as a Christian bishop to his adopted country. His first convert was a chief in the county of Down, but he set off thence to find his old master. Milcho, however, refused to listen to him, and, according to the later legends, could find no available method of resisting the force of his eloquence except to burn down his house and perish in the flames. On the following Easter Day Patrick had an opportunity of preaching to an assembly of native kings and *magi*, who were assembled for a religious solemnity at Slane, and on this occasion he plucked a shamrock to symbolize the mystery of the Trinity. We cannot linger over the remarkable miracles recorded on this occasion, in one of which the Saint's chasuble played a conspicuous part. The result of his discourses was that he gained per-

mission to preach the Gospel freely in Ireland, and a great number of baptisms took place during Easter week, whence originated the festival of "St. Patrick's Baptism," anciently observed in Ireland on April 5. We next hear of his christening the daughters of King Leogre at Cruachan (Clogher), and then seven princes in Mayo. After ten years he left Northern Ireland under the episcopal charge of Secundinus, and went on a mission through Leinster and Munster, where he spent several years, and made many converts, including Aenger, the king's son, whom he baptized at Cashel. At length he fixed the site of his metropolitan see at Armagh, where we come across one of those touching stories of sympathy with the lower animals so often occurring in the lives of the Saints. On mounting the hill he had chosen for building upon, Patrick found a roe with her fawn lying on the spot where the altar of the cathedral now stands. His companions would have killed it, but he took the fawn on his shoulders to a place of safety, and the roe trotted after him. The foundation of the primatial see was his last public act. It need hardly be added that the story first promulgated by Jocelyn seven centuries afterwards of his making a pilgrimage to Rome to obtain the *pallium* and the confirmation of the Holy See is purely fabulous. He tells us himself in his Confession, written in his old age, that he had been expressly commanded by Christ never to leave Ireland, and would not even be absent for the purpose of visiting his relations. He speaks in his Confession of the greater part of the population as Christian, and of having ordained clergy everywhere. He died at Saul on March 17, 465, according to Dr. Lanigan, which would make him seventy-eight. Dr. Todd's date of 493 is certainly incorrect. Some of his biographers chose to extend his life in order to carry out the analogy with Moses suggested to their minds by his contest with the *magi*, which they had surrounded with various miraculous incidents, and there is a confusion in the catalogue of Archbishops preserved at Armagh between him and a namesake of his surnamed *Senior*. As St. George slew the dragon, so the St. Patrick of legendary renown cleared Ireland of serpents, and he is accordingly represented in pictures expelling them with his pastoral staff, probably designed as a symbolical record of his expelling evil spirits by the conversion of the heathen.

So far the legend has a sound historical basis. St. Patrick, as has been already observed, occupies the same position towards Irish, as St. Augustine of Canterbury towards English, Christianity. He is very far indeed from being a mythical personage, but he lives and moves in popular hagiology in an atmosphere of miracle and myth, and many of the ancient traditions about him are of the quaintest. The heathen *magi* who oppose him are struck down by the angels with snowballs out of heaven; he hears his goat which had been stolen bleating out of the belly of the robber; his chasuble remains unconsumed, while the heathen priest who had ventured to put it on is burnt to death. But on these marvels we need not dwell. Those who are curious in such matters may find them in any of the current biographies. But the real interest of his life and his abiding claim on the grateful veneration of Irishmen rest on better grounds than these. It is true after all that the schoolboy of sixteen, who was torn from his distant home and set to watch his master's sheep on the moors of Antrim, returned in his maturer age as a missionary bishop, and spent over thirty years in travelling up and down the country to preach the Gospel, and there he laid his bones, though the exact spot of his burial has been disputed. It is unfortunate that it did not fall within the scheme of Montalembert's *Western Monks*—for Patrick had no monastic character—to do for him what he has done for St. Columba. But his best record is to be found in the national Christianity which he first established in Ireland, and which has survived, amid all subsequent convulsions or corruptions, from his day to our own.

TEWKESBURY AND WORCESTER.

OF the great churches on the Severn, one has lately undergone the process called "restoration," while at another it is only just beginning. At Worcester the minster stands almost like a new thing from one end to the other; at Tewkesbury the work has as yet got only a very little way. And at Tewkesbury zealous friends of the work have been known to augur that it will come to something better than the work has come to at Worcester, because Tewkesbury has less money to spend than Worcester had. The promoters of the restoration at Tewkesbury have not got more than enough for the mere necessary purposes of making the church sound and fit for its use; we suspect that they have not got nearly enough for that; certainly they have nothing to spend on the mere luxury of wiping out the history of the building. Not long ago we heard of a church in the same part of England, whose name and the name of whose pastor we have forgotten; but we remember the main point that the pastor was threatening to "bring the church into harmony." We forget whether the older parts were to be brought into harmony with the newer, or the newer into harmony with the older; nor does it in the least matter. Harmony was to be brought about somehow; that is to say, the history of the building was to be got rid of. Now the dæmon of harmony has had considerable sacrifices made to his *cultus* at Worcester; at Tewkesbury there seems to be no fear of his thrusting himself into the sanctuary. There seems as yet to be every hope of starving him out; the wolf is kept from the door by an opposite process to that which that proverb commonly expresses. Dropping metaphors, at Worcester the large inserted windows whose insertion was part of the history of the building have been made away with, simply because they were insertions, something later and less beautiful in themselves than what they supplanted. It is a pity that they were ever put in; but, when they once were in, it was a destroying of history to turn them out again. At Tewkesbury a votary of harmony would be at once tempted to make an assault on the west front. What business has that huge late Perpendicular window, what business has that poor doorway below, thrust in under that noblest of Norman arches? Absolutely none; but there they are, and there they must stay. The very extremity of the mischief that they have done of itself makes it necessary that they should stay. For what should anybody put instead of them? Every architectural student knows that the west front of Tewkesbury is one of the greatest of architectural puzzles. The design was clearly changed during the building of the church; but what was the original design, and what was the design into which it was changed? That stately arch must have been meant to open into something within or without; but into what was it meant to open? We might have known something more about it, if these insertions of the sixteenth century had never been made. But, for that very reason, they must stay in the place where they never ought to have been put. They are safe, because they hinder us from knowing what to put in their stead. There they are, a part, though certainly not an attractive part, of the history of the minster. If they were taken away, there would be nothing to succeed them but some modern guesswork or other which to the historical mind would be less attractive still.

At the other end of the minster no one would probably carry love of harmony so far as to propose to bring back the apse—one of our very few polygonal apses—to its original state before the changes of the fourteenth century. Yet even here one could almost wish that we had the building as it was finished early in the twelfth. The Romanesque design is otherwise so perfect from one end of the church to the other. Even in the apse, the ground-plan is not touched; the massive Norman piers were simply a little raised to carry the pointed arches. As it is, with the large clerestory windows and elaborate vaulted roof coming down at once on these massive arcades, the eastern limb looks low, which most likely was not the case while the Norman design remained untouched. For, just as in the neighbouring Abbey of Gloucester, which was begun a little before Tewkesbury, the design of the early limb must have been far more satisfactory than that of the nave. In the nave of Tewkesbury the fault of Gloucester, the exaggerated height of the piers, swallowing up the triforium and clerestory, is exaggerated further still. The eastern limb in both cases followed the more usual proportion, and must have been a more pleasing design.

At Tewkesbury all that is needed is simple preservation, restoration in the true conservative sense which that unlucky word has almost lost. It is to be hoped that those who have taken the matter in hand may be at once able to do thus much, and may not be tempted to do more. In such a work as this they may fairly look for help beyond their own neighbourhood. Such a church as that of Tewkesbury is a national monument, and in any country but England it would be formally recognized as such. Neither the scale of the minster itself, great as it is, nor its historical associations, varied and interesting as they are, can put Tewkesbury quite on a level with St. Albans. Still the work at Tewkesbury may be looked on as holding on the western side of England a position answering to that held by the work at St. Albans on the eastern side. And both raise, nearly but not quite, the same question of internal arrangement. At Worcester the final result of discussions on this point is a state of things which is eminently a halting between two opinions. At Lichfield, Hereford, Chichester, Llandaff, the nave has again become the nave and the choir the choir. We cannot say that this is altogether so at Worcester; and yet there is not the same utter blocking up which there was in the days of ignorance. The thing is half done; there is nothing between nave and choir but a light screen; yet there is provision for a congregation in the choir, and provision for a choir in the nave. Yet Worcester is not of the vast size of York; nor is its choir lifted up like that of Canterbury; nor had it a magnificent ancient screen like that of Exeter; in all which cases we fully allow that there is a real difficulty in putting each part of the church to its proper use. It looks as if at Worcester things were half understood, but only half. What has been done at Lichfield might have been done there; but it has not. Now on this point there is a good deal of difficulty at St. Albans; there is none at Tewkesbury. Tewkesbury, there is no doubt, was of old a divided or double church, with the parish church in the constructive nave. The church which Henry the Eighth's commissioners "deemed superfluous," and which the parishioners with so praiseworthy a spirit bought of the King, was, beyond all doubt, only the monastic portion to the east of their own parish church. But whatever barrier once parted the two has been altogether swept away, and the minster can be laid out as a whole from one end to the other. There can be no doubt that the right thing will be to place the choir where the monastic choir was, to occupy as a choir the full length which, as in most of the Romanesque minsters, has clear preparation made for it in the building itself. Doubtless Tewkesbury Abbey is now formally a mere parish church; but it is impossible to look on one of these great minsters as that and nothing more. Some day they may be something more; if not cathedral, at least collegiate, practically, if not formally. Even as it is, they are often the scene of ecclesiastical gatherings of various kinds, when, if at no other time, nave and

choir can discharge their several functions. And anyhow the more building demands that its arrangement shall be in some kind of proportion to its architectural majesty. We believe that there is little doubt that at Tewkesbury the right arrangement will be carried out, that the choir will be in its right place towards the mid-tower, and will occupy the whole space marked out for it in the plan of the building.

Now at Tewkesbury this can be done, because the minster is, after all, of no gigantic size, and because whatever barrier there was between the monastic and parochial portions has vanished. Even if it were a screen as noble as Alby we cannot weep for it; if it were standing now, we could not bring ourselves to destroy it; but we cannot feel sorry that somebody did destroy it, we know not when, without our knowing anything about it. But at St. Albans both the vast scale of the building, and the existence of the grand screen which divided the two parts of the church, make the case much harder. We believe that St. Albans never was strictly a divided church like Tewkesbury; whatever rights any laylolk had in the minster were by sufferance; still, whatever was the legal aspect of the case, the actual arrangements are the same as those of the churches which were really two distinct properties. There is the screen forming the reredos to what was practically, if not legally, the parish church to the west of it. There it is, and its existence would seem to involve "service in the nave." But then the vast size of the building brings the remedy. There is the reredos ready; choir, nave, everything may be made to the west of it; there is plenty of room for all. The only way out of the difficulty seems to be to treat Tewkesbury as one church, but boldly to treat St. Albans as two. At Worcester an unhappy mean has been hit on which is neither the one nor the other.

The church of Worcester stands out in English history as the church of three great prelates, each the fellow-worker of the lay hero of his time. It is the church of Lyfing, of Wulfstan, and of Walter of Cantilupe, the comrades of Godwine, of Harold, and of Simon. Of these three great names, that of Wulfstan stands out as the builder of the earlier remaining parts of the existing church. But it is sad to see his work all scraped and made new. May the nearly contemporary work at Tewkesbury be spared such a fate! The work of the conqueror of Glamorgan does not indeed speak to us like the work of the saint who helped Harold to win the hearts of the men of Northumberland. Yet the historical associations of Tewkesbury are not small, and they need no tricking out of legend to adorn them. Brihtric and Earl Robert, and a crowd of later Earls, are all at home there, to say nothing of the days when the Yorkist conqueror broke his faith to the man who had taken shelter within the abbey walls. The present west front too has one feature of special interest, one which strangely connects Worcester, Tewkesbury, and St. Albans. In all these, in the turrets at Tewkesbury, in the tower at St. Albans, in the slype at Worcester, we see abundant proof that, even after the Norman Conquest, the older arts of England did in some measure affect the style which came in from beyond sea. Not only English Wulfstan, who wept on destroying the works of his predecessors, but Paul of St. Albans himself, the special despiser of Englishmen, could not help, in building upon English ground, borrowing some touches from the works of the elder day. The balusters in the turrets at Tewkesbury are perhaps the very latest instances in a church of any size of Norman work distinctly retaining marks of Old-English influence. Such a feature does not badly express in stone the character of the time when the front arose. The Lion of Justice was on the throne, the King under whom Normans and English became one, the King whose son was to take his place among the lords of Tewkesbury. Would that, besides the minster of his father-in-law, we had the "magnifica domus" which Earl Robert owned at Tewkesbury, to tell us as much of the domestic art of the time as the minster does of its ecclesiastical art.

MISSIONARY ZEAL ACCORDING TO MODERN LIGHTS.

THE Rev. S. M'Farlane, a missionary in New Guinea, has just sent home a curious account of what he calls "an interesting trip" up the Fly River, which was no doubt very interesting to the explorers, and had also an interest, though of a different kind, for the people visited. The party started in a steamer from Cape York on the 3rd December last, and was accompanied by some of the chiefs of Katau and Turituri—two villages on the mainland, the people of which were on friendly terms with those at the mouth of the river—who were to act as introducers and interpreters. The Katau natives described the people of the Fly River as being very numerous and great warriors, and declared that they were more afraid of them than of white men with guns. When the expedition got into the river, a number of natives in canoes put off from one of the banks, waving green boughs as a sign of peace, and apparently intending to go to the steamer, but were obliged to give up the attempt on account of the strong tide. Next morning five canoes came off, with six men in each, carrying green boughs, and yams for sale. The men went on board the steamer, and were very friendly; but Mr. M'Farlane had his suspicions. On the following morning the expedition started with the tide, but neither the friendly chief nor any of his people came to see them off. When, however, they had steamed about six miles further on, they saw five large canoes filled with armed men put off from an island a few miles ahead, and enter a creek on the opposite side, while shortly afterwards four others issued from the same place and bore down upon the vessel. Mr. M'Farlane suspected that this was an attempt to surprise his party in the middle of the river, where they would be exposed to arrows from both sides. Under such circumstances it might have seemed natural either to pause or go back a little, until some parley could be had with the natives, in order to ascertain their intentions. But Mr. M'Farlane is evidently a man who dislikes temporizing, and prefers bold and decisive action. "To steam away was out of the question," because in the first place there would be a difficulty in keeping to the channel, and the canoes might overtake the steamer, and in the next place because—and this was no doubt the decisive reason—"We had made our minds not to return on account of the hostility of the natives." The writer appears to be himself dimly conscious that this "may at first sight appear a strange resolution for a missionary to make"; but he thinks that "a little consideration will prove, even to the satisfaction of the Peace Society, that it is humane." His argument on this point is highly characteristic, though whether it will be quite satisfactory to the Peace Society remains to be seen. "If," he says, "we had left the natives with the impression that they had driven us away, they would certainly have attacked the next vessel visiting the Fly with, if possible, greater confidence than they attacked us, and the result to themselves especially would have been most fatal." It was necessary, in the opinion of this messenger of peace and good will, that the natives should receive an important lesson:—"They had to learn the superiority of European weapons and the folly of attempting to capture European vessels, and we felt that it would be decidedly to their advantage to learn the lesson from the deck of a missionary vessel, where we hoped to teach it without loss of life. So our duty seemed to be to stand and fight, rather than run away, and the result will prove that we did right."

Mr. M'Farlane then gives a very graphic and lively narrative of the way in which, from the missionary point of view, he and his friends inculcated the necessary lesson. We are not told that, up to this point, any attempt was made to come to an understanding with the natives. It was assumed from the "war costume" of the people in canoes, and their "yells and gesticulations"—a phrase which perhaps only means that the Englishmen could not make out what was said—that they were bent upon war. Some of the natives approached in a boat, and then one of the friendly chiefs on board was told to shout that the strangers did not want to fight; but the natives, according to Mr. M'Farlane, laughed mockingly, and asked why we had come to their land? "They seemed," he adds, "delighted at the prospect of our capture, and from their jeering attitude were evidently confident of success." It is just possible, however, that the natives did not understand what was shouted to them; and it does not appear that any flag of truce was shown, or other distinct intimation of peaceful intentions made by the missionary vessel. Mr. M'Farlane had evidently made up his mind from the first that they meant mischief, and that he would have to give them a lesson—not exactly in the way of turning the other cheek—and he did not think it necessary to waste any time in preliminaries. "They were counting their chickens before they were hatched," he pleasantly says; "but, although we did not desire war, we were quite prepared for it, believing that our heads will be of more service to the mission cause on our shoulders than on a pole in the middle of a heathen village up the Fly River." This view of the matter, however, leaves out of account that the missionary need not have provoked a fight, and could have gone back with his head on his shoulders as he came. But his blood was evidently up, and he sniffed the battle in the air. "The war party," as he calls the people whose country he was invading by armed force, "came on shouting and yelling." "We therefore fired across the bows of the first canoe, which caused them to hesitate for the moment; it was but for a moment, however; for on they came again more furiously than before." "Bang! bang!" cries the reverend gentleman in a sort of ecstasy at the recollection of the fusillade; "ten bullets struck the bow of one of the canoes. Instantly the warriors"—this is apparently a sneer—"dropped their bows and arrows and seized their paddles, which they seemed to think would render them better service, and pulled as for life." And then he chuckles the poor creatures in retreat. "They could not possibly have been more united in the attack than they were in the retreat, and never did their canoes fly over the calm surface of the river so swiftly." In his glee he even forgets himself so far as to exclaim "It was like a regatta."

This apostle of peace finds it necessary, before proceeding further with his narrative, to vindicate the military prowess of his expedition. "Of course we could easily have shot a number of them"—that is, the natives—"had we desired to do so, but it was quite unnecessary: doubtless they had reasoning powers sufficient to convince them that what would go through a canoe might easily go through their bodies." Still, as a Christian man, he was anxious to do them another good turn; so, "in order to deepen the impression we had made, we sent several bullets beyond them as they pulled away." When they were about a mile off, they had slackened a little, and then "Mr. Smethurst, our engineer, who has a good ride, and is a good shot, dropped a bullet near them, which started them off again." There can be no doubt that Mr. M'Farlane is perfectly honest in his impression that the natives had planned an attack; but it is at least certain that the actual hostilities were entirely on his own side. The natives had not shot a single arrow,

and were received with a discharge of musketry. Mr. M'Farlane, notwithstanding his military ardour, probably does not know much about shooting, or he would understand that random shots, though meant only to frighten, and not to kill, are apt to be dangerous even when fired by the best marksmen. The only excuse which is offered for opening fire on the natives is that they might possibly have sent a shower of poisoned arrows on board, and in that case "it might have been difficult to restrain the crew from firing on the natives" in earnest; but this is a purely hypothetical difficulty, and there is no proof either that the natives intended to use their bows or that their arrows were poisoned. The result of this attack was that the natives obtained reinforcements and returned to see what was going on. They were "shouting and yelling" as before, much to the missionary's disgust, and had their bows ready; but again, without waiting to see whether they would attack, he gave them "a few shots," which caused them to sheer off. Some of the crew then went off in a boat and followed them, driving them on to the mainland, and capturing one of their canoes, which was cut up for fuel, "as a punishment for their unprovoked attack." In point of fact, it appears that it was not the natives who made an unprovoked attack, but the missionary.

On the following day the expedition espied several large canoes, filled with armed men in war costume, pulling along the bank of the river, "evidently trying to get ahead, which led us to suspect treachery." Soon after the party found the mosquitoes and other insects a terrible pest, and also began to suffer from dropsy in the legs; and so they resolved to return. As they passed down, "the howlers," as Mr. M'Farlane contemptuously calls them, came on the beach, and also sent some canoes off; and he adds, "We waved them towards us with a piece of red calico, and made other friendly demonstrations." We should doubt, however, whether a red rag would naturally be understood by the natives as a signal of peace, and the other friendly demonstrations may have been equally unintelligible. At least, the result was that some one, after "gesticulating"—Mr. M'Farlane cannot excuse this sad habit—shot an arrow, which, however, fell short of the steamer. Upon which "we replied with a bullet, which dropped near his canoe, leading him to abandon his intention and weapons." Then, "in order to show them how completely they were in our power, and how easily we might injure them if we desired, we sent a bullet near them after they had landed on the bank, and thought themselves safe, upon which they took to the bush, no doubt feeling that it was better to be friendly with such people than to attack them." Perhaps they might also feel that it would be better to have nothing to do with such people than to have them for spiritual pastors and masters. Subsequently quite a fleet of canoes appeared, and Mr. M'Farlane makes the following philosophical though ungrammatical reflection:—"Having seen the power of our weapons, we had reason to fear that the attack, if made, would be a most determined one, as their only hope of success lay in their boarding and overpowering us, so we prepared for defence." It should here be observed that, in the first instance, the notion was that the natives might easily be frightened; now it was apprehended that they would be exasperated, which was perhaps a more reasonable expectation. It would seem, however, that Mr. M'Farlane was not very confident as to his position, and at length, instead of opening fire, he tried the plan of conciliating his supposed enemies, assuring them through an interpreter that "we did not want to fight and had come to be their friends." But strange to say—"still they would not come near the vessel." Again, he says, "We made all sorts of friendly demonstrations without apparently producing any effect, at least any favourable impression." There is something almost amusing in the innocent simplicity with which Mr. M'Farlane, who was always ready to fire at the natives without giving them any warning, or waiting for an attack, professes to be amazed at the suspicion which the natives entertained of him and his friends. When the latter found that the friendly demonstrations did not answer, they "threw a charge of dynamite overboard, with a long fuse, which would allow it to sink to the bottom, and then (the natives) to approach it before exploding." This frightened the natives very much, but they do not seem to have been revengeful; for when the missionary vessel stuck fast on a bank of a river, with a falling tide, and the "prospect was anything but cheerful," those on board tried to coax the natives with soft words and presents, and found them very friendly. "The natives," we are told, "had evidently abandoned the idea of attacking us, and were disposed to be friendly"; the truth being that the natives had apparently never attacked them at all, except that one let off an ineffectual arrow, while the missionary had been persistently peppering the natives with bullets, and scattering them with dynamite. It seems, in fact, more likely than not that the natives would have been friendly from the first if the missionary had not begun by shooting at them.

Mr. M'Farlane winds up his stirring narrative of this glorious expedition by stating that he is "prepared to make another trip next season," if the directors of his Society approve. Perhaps, however, the directors, after studying this despatch, may think twice before they permit a repetition of the hostile operations which Mr. M'Farlane apparently takes so much pleasure in directing and describing. It is stated that "several important ends" have been gained by this visit, such as proving that there is really a navigable river there, teaching "notorious savages" the "folly and danger of attacking European vessels," establishing a "genuine and firm friendship with the natives," and—last not least—obtaining "a considerable number of specimens of birds, beetles, &c." This catalogue of the fruits of Mr. M'Farlane's ministry is certainly an odd variation on an old and familiar theme. Whether a friendship cultivated in Mr. M'Farlane's fashion is likely to prove genuine and firm may be imagined. It must also be remembered that, though no one seems to have been killed, his bullets might have proved fatal, with the result of exasperating the natives, as he himself at one time feared, and that when he and his party were helpless and in danger the natives took pity on them and came to their assistance. On the whole, it is not clear that this enterprising missionary may not have something to learn from these "notorious, howling savages" in the matter of Christian love and charity. Mr. M'Farlane's story of apostolic labour is perhaps curious rather than edifying; and it will be interesting to see whether the Missionary Society which employs him will invite him to undertake another military trip on its behalf.

THE QUEEN'S INDIAN TITLE.

WHILE there is a wide divergence of opinion as to the respective fitness of the titles "Empress" and "Queen" as best suited for expressing the Queen's power and authority over India, a still more puzzling question has been raised as to the form in which the new title is to be presented to the people of that country. Is the title itself to be simply put before them and introduced into their languages, or is it to be translated? and, if translated, what is to be the word? We will leave the first question for a while and consider the latter one. Sir George Campbell asserted in the debate, with a thoughtlessness surprising in a man of his knowledge and experience, that Queen or Empress must be alike translated by one word, *Bádsháh* or *Pádshah*. It has since, however, been made clearly manifest that there is no such limitation in the choice of terms.

The languages of India are numerous, but they are reducible to three classes—Dravidian, Hindu, and Mahomedan. The Dravidian languages, as earliest in date and occupation, have been so deeply influenced by Hindu supremacy, and Sanskrit words have been so thoroughly engrafted upon them, that any good and appropriate Sanskrit word would in all probability be acceptable to the races speaking Tamil, Telugu, or other Dravidian tongues. What Sanskrit word then can be found to represent adequately the dignity about to be conferred upon Her Majesty? There is no lack of titles in Sanskrit for lord and ruler, but they are chiefly descriptive compounds, such as *adhipati*, "over-lord"; *bhú-pati*, "lord of the earth," and numbers of others; but these must all be cast aside in favour of the various forms of the word *rája*, derived from the root *rájˇ*, to rule. Does then the title *rája*, or any of its compound forms, convey a full and distinct idea of the exalted dignity of the monarch of Great Britain, Ireland, and India? Professor Max Müller, in a letter to the *Times*, has urged the adoption of the words *adhirája*, "supreme king," or *Rájádhirája*, "king over kings," as being not only in every way suitable, but as likely to be "appreciated and loved by every true son of India." It is pleasant to see the Professor's devotion to his beloved Sanskrit, and if the titles he proposes conveyed now the same sense of dignity and authority as in Vedic days, not a word could be said against them. But the question is not what these words meant two or three thousand years ago, but what meaning is now attached to them. It is hardly necessary to say that the word *Rája* has fallen from its high estate—fallen with a greater fall even than Esquire in England. *Rájas* everywhere abound. *Mahárájas*, or great *Rájas*, are, or may at any time be, as numerous; for there is nothing to prevent any *Rája* from increasing his dignity by prefixing the word "great." There are hundreds of *Mahárájas*. The form *Adhirája*, "supreme rája," is not much affected; but the term *Rájádhirája*, or "king over kings," the title which Professor Müller prefers, is one very commonly met with. It is assumed by great zemindars and men of territorial possessions who have no pretensions to princely authority. Even this grand title is surpassed by one more imposing, and *Mahárájádhirája*, "great king over kings," is familiar enough under its ordinary form of *Maha Rája Dhee Rájˇ*, often with the incongruous addition of the Mahomedan title *Bahádur*, "the brave." The word *Rája* in its simple and all its intensified forms has become too cheap. None of them carry with them any higher idea than that of a great, rich, and powerful country magnate. Sovereigns like Scindia and Holkar may bear them, but these potentates add lustre to the titles, and derive no dignity from them. The title which perhaps stands highest in Hindu estimation is that of *Ráná*, not in virtue of any merits of its own, but as being the distinctive title of the ancient house of Oodeypore. It is unnecessary to say anything about the word *Ráni*, "queen," for that has met with much the same fate as *Rája*. In one sense indeed it has fallen lower, for it is said to be applied to a class, a very limited class, of women—imported Circassians—and, as applied to them, it comes far nearer to "quean" than "queen." Even before the days of the Mahomedan invasion the title *Rája* had fallen from its pristine dignity; and during the long centuries of Mussulman rule, little or no check was placed upon its adoption. The reigning Sultan might gratify a deserving Hindu adherent by conferring upon him the title of *Rái* or *Rája*, but the newly ennobled chief often found that an indolent neighbour who stayed at home, nursed his money-bags, and extended his possessions, quietly took to himself the same title without any trouble, and without any service rendered to the State. Contemporaries might honour

the one and despise the other, but the lapse of a few generations wiped away the difference, and the descendants of both held themselves upon an equality. As the word *Rája* in all its compounds is used thus commonly by subjects of Her Majesty, it will not and cannot convey that idea of supreme power which the new title must distinctly assert.

The Mahomedan regal titles stand upon a different basis, for they have retained their dignity. Mahmúd of Ghazni bore the title of Sultán, and that title was continued through the long line of his successors, down to the last of the Moghul emperors. All, or at any rate the great majority, of these sovereigns called themselves also *Bádshdh* (or *Pádshdh*, a mere variety of spelling). In their inscriptions they frequently took the high-sounding title of *Shdhan-shdh*. The term *Malik* was rarely used in India, but was common enough in other Mahomedan countries. The word *Sultán* is of Arabic origin, and conveys a clear and distinct idea of kingly rule. One writer in the daily press has asserted that it is a delegated title; but as it was borne by Baber, Akber, and Aurangzob, and as we now have the Sultan of Turkey, the reputed head of the Mussulman world, it is difficult to see where the notion of delegation comes from. It would be hard to find an Oriental word which more unequivocally signifies ruler; but it is the title of a well-known potentate, and it would be hardly agreeable to English feeling to extend the list of the Sultans of India by the addition of our Queen's name. *Shdh* and *Bádshdh* are Persian titles, both signifying "king." The meaning of the prefix *Bád* is not very clear, so it may be passed over. The word *Bádshdh* is clearly understood, and maintains its dignity in India, but it has been shorn of somewhat of its length and dignity in more Western lands under the forms of Bashaw and Pasha. *Shdhan-shdh*, not *Shdh i Shdh*, as some have made it, is an old Persian Sassanian title, which comes down to us from the days of Sapor and Ardashír. The Sassanian monarchs used to assert their supremacy by calling themselves *Malkán-malká* and *Shdhan-shdh*, that is "king of kings," expressed in two forms of words, one of Arabic, the other of Zend or Persian origin. *Shdhan-shdh* has survived in modern Persian with its old case formation, like as the old form *Pater familias* survives in Latin. The title *Shdhan-shdh* forms part of the royal name and style of the Shdh of Persia, who is the head of the Shía division of Mussulmans. It has therefore been said to be a Shía title, and objectionable to the Sunnis of India. But, though borne by a Shía, there is nothing exclusively Shía about the title; and the fact of its having been constantly applied to that bigoted Sunni, the Emperor Aurangzeb, ought to have saved it from such a sectarian aspersion. It was often used by the sovereigns of India in their formal documents, and was employed by the native press of India to designate the late Emperor Napoleon. This title certainly comes very near to, if even it does not fully express, the idea usually attached to the word Emperor. The title *Malik* or *Melik* is Arabic, and is identical with the Hebrew word Melech, which we find in Biblical names, as in Abimelech. The form *Malik* or *Melik*, "king," must not be confounded with the word *málik*, developed under a rule of Arabic grammar from the same root, and signifying "proprietor." This royal title has met with a chequered fate. Some great monarchs have borne it, so have many petty chieftains, and it has been used also as a mere complimentary title. The feminine of the word *Malik* is *Malikah*, and this has been the word employed in official documents and by the native Hindustani press to designate Her Majesty. Some grand laudatory epithet is frequently added to it. The word *Bádshdh* is, so far as we are aware, not employed as a title of our Queen. But it might well be so used, and we abstain from asserting that it is never so employed. The preference shown for *Malikah* over *Bádshdh* may perhaps be explained. *Malikah* is Arabic, *Bádshdh* is Persian; and Mahomedan Hindustani writers, from religious motives probably, display a marked preference for Arabic words, just as ecclesiastical writers in England have often shown a preference for words of Latin origin.

One curious fact about the terms *Sultán* and *Malikah* may be noticed. In the thirteenth century a woman, the celebrated Queen Raziya, ascended the throne of Delhi and reigned for the brief space of four years. She bore the title of *Sultán* and was sometimes called *Bádshdh*. Her coins give her the titles of *Sultán* and *Malikah*, but her anomalous position as a Queen regnant is indicated by the omission of her name; her style being "the great and glorious Sultán of the World and the Faith, the Malikah (queen) daughter of Sultán Altamsh."

It thus appears that there is no real Hindu word which would adequately and distinctly express the dignity of a Queen or King of India. A choice might be made from the Mahomedan titles which might fairly answer the purpose. It may be argued also that, as the English rule succeeded to the Mahomedan, it took over all titles and dignities of the dynasty, and that therefore it would be well to adopt the title of *Malikah* or *Malikah muazzamah*, which the Mahomedan native press with one accord has assigned to Her Majesty. But India is a country of many languages and many religions, and the Mahomedans are far less numerous than the Hindus. The Hindustani language is pushing its way, but no one can look forward to its becoming universal. If the Queen is to assume a title gratifying to her Indian subjects, it must be one acceptable to all, not simply to a class or a religion. The most desirable course would therefore seem to be that of using the actual title adopted, and of showing Her Majesty's individuality by a word which the natives would look upon as belonging to her and to her alone. English words easily make their way into the languages of India, and "Queen" or any other [illegible] in a few years become as familiar as "Governor-General" and many other words have long since become.

Indeed, the word "Queen" is not altogether unknown. The Rao of Kachh has placed it on his coins, and it is occasionally met with in books and periodicals. The native papers in their accounts of the visit of the Prince have called him *Shdh-zádah*, "King's-son," "prince," but they have retained his real title "Prince of Wales," and under that title he will no doubt henceforth be known there.

PASTORAL FELICITY.

A SHEPHERD'S life is not a very easy one at the best of times, in spite of all that poets have sung or artists painted. The classical personages who passed their elegant leisure in lounging in the shade of the beech-trees by the side of murmuring streams, sighing over their mistresses or making sonnets to them, went out with the Golden Age. The shepherd of our modern experience has, generally speaking, too weighty a load of care to carry to have much time to waste on the fine arts or the tender passion; and if his fare is something more nourishing than acorns, his labours are often hard enough. It is true that in the more genial climates of the East or South his lot may seem a not unenviable one to the enthusiastic or æsthetic traveller. In Syria or Asia Minor you remark a picturesque figure in the foreground of some enchanting landscape that is hallowed by sacred or classical associations, lighted up, as it leans on a long crook, with a blaze of glory from the vanishing sunlight. The flowing garment of ragged sheepskin, at once open to ventilation and impervious to damp, appears to be the very thing to keep off the night dews, and serves its owner for bedclothes if he sleeps in the open air. Oppressed as you are by the warm night air of the valleys, when the interior of the native houses becomes insupportable, and even the light canvas of your tent suggests a disagreeable sense of confinement, you are inclined to envy him the fresher atmosphere of his hills, nor does it strike you as a hardship that he should have to lie on the ground under the flimsy reed-booth which he has run up for himself. When you watch him strolling along the flowery slopes of the hills, or fording the shallow watercourses with his docile flock cropping the herbage behind him, you are irresistibly reminded of Biblical metaphors expressive of peace and perfect happiness. And perhaps the unconscious object of your admiration is tolerably contented with his lot, having had no experience of anything more agreeable, and accepting its sorrows and anxieties as inevitable. But troubles and anxieties are by no means wanting to him. His master is harsh and arbitrary, and holds him responsible for all the sheep he has in charge. By night and by day he must mount guard over them unremittingly, for there are ravening beasts of the forest and fowls of the air who are even more watchful than he. When the flocks are penned at night, and painfully counted over—for the shepherd must be something of an arithmetician—he and his dogs enjoy but fitful slumbers. They lie down to a concert of howling wolves and hyænas, and, if those restless prowlers should be pressed by starvation, they may perchance make a dash at the slight enclosures. Then there are occasional visits to be looked for from the bears or the leopards, who seldom stand upon trifles and are always ready to show fight. More dangerous still are the roving Bedouin robbers. If the master is prudent, he probably pays black-mail to some neighbouring sheikh; but the flocks are always shifting their pastures, and as they wander away into some remote district, they may fall into the clutches of some roving band who have no pecuniary reasons for sparing them. These sudden changes of pasture, too, mean most trying transitions from heat to cold. One day in the early spring the flocks may be feeding in the warm valleys, where the fiery sun that beats down from a cloudless sky leaves the ground glowing like the air from nightfall to daybreak. The herbage is all burned up, and the order to move is given. Then, by an ascent of a few hundred feet on the hill-sides, the shepherd finds himself in a region of keen night frosts, where even in the daytime icy winds come howling down the converging wadies from the table-lands of the neighbouring mountains. In such circumstances the most vigorous constitution, when indifferently nourished on the coarsest fare, is liable to a variety of ailments for which there are neither physicians nor parish dispensaries. *Mutatis mutandis*, the shepherd's life is much the same in all those sunny countries where it seems so agreeable in the summer. On the thyme-covered hills of Greece, where you may pass in a single day through the extremes of heat and cold, the shepherds become the bond-slaves of the neighbouring banditti, and are appointed honorary butchers to the lawless fraternity, the ceremony of paying bills being generally dispensed with. In the Apennines, on the contrary, though they are bound to supply the bandits with information as well as mutton, it has been the custom to pay them, and to pay them liberally. But then, again, they earn the money dearly, seeing that they are shot by the King's troops if they are suspected of receiving it, and murdered with ingenious tortures by the brigands on any trifling misconception. The forms one sees in the Roman Campagna, stalking over its rolling wastes or posing themselves under its umbrageous stone-pines, draped in their sad-coloured cloaks with the graceful dignity of ancient Romans, show on closer inspection sunken cheeks and eyes, the complexion of corpses, and the frames of living skeletons. For the air they breathe is charged with the

pestilence that reeks from each tangled coppice and reed-covered pool. Their Northern brethren from the Bergamo country have also, like the shepherds of the East, to migrate in course of the seasons, setting the inclemency of the skies at defiance. We have seen them shivering through their sheepskin cloaks and wrappings as they crawled at a slow footpace over the windy passes and snowfields of the Alps, on the way from their hot plains and close valleys to the wintry pastures of the Grisons. And we have marvelled how nature could support it at all, condemned as they were to lounge away the day on the mountains among the fogs and rains, and to sleep through the night in some draughty châlet where a thermometer might possibly be marking some twenty degrees of frost.

Although there is much in habit and hereditary use, we may take it for granted that in the lives of all these men the rough predominates over the smooth. Yet in such a spring as the present we doubt whether our own shepherds have not reason, on the whole, to envy many of them, unless indeed it be the victims who are dying by inches in the malaria of the plague-stricken Campagna. We do not speak now of those lucky lowlanders who look after manageable handfuls of sheep on the downs and enclosed farms of the southern counties. About the worst that can happen to them is to have to sit up night after night through the lambing season, which is no worse than the fate of many sick nurses and parish doctors. But the genuine shepherd life in the Scotch highlands and on the border hills is a very peculiar and trying one all the year round. You are shooting over some wild grouse moor, and have started from a shooting-box which, though it certainly stands on a carriage road, seems to all intents and purposes at the very back of the world. The church, the post-office, and the public-house are a dozen of miles away; there is not even "a merchant's shop" within a radius of three times the distance. You have got to the end of your most remote beat after several hours of severe exertion, and, having climbed to the summit of some heathery Pisgah, you rest upon your gun to contemplate the landscape. A thread of white smoke, one of the rare signs of the presence of man in those solitudes, catches your eye in one of the valleys at your feet. It goes up from the chimney of a thatched shealing which is scarcely distinguishable from the long peat stack beside it, being built of precisely the same material. There is a strip of kale-yard, carefully fenced in against the red-deer, and a patch of natural meadow running down to the burn before the door. You may distinguish a dwarf cow picking up a subsistence on the grassland, and, were you to make a nearer approach to the place, you would be welcomed by a chorus of collies yelping at you from the roof as the most convenient vantage-ground. It is one of those shepherds' cots so much in favour with our poets, and, with the exception of his wife, his children, and his sheep, the cow and the collies are pretty nearly all the society the occupant has from one year's end to the other. From time to time he may take a child to the kirk to be christened, or he may indulge himself in a pilgrimage of many a weary mile to the public-house on his own account, or he may exchange an occasional greeting with the keeper, although more probably he is at feud with keeper and gillies on some difficulty about the marauding of his collies. He has tolerably good wages, no doubt; he may be warmly clothed and bountifully fed, and, having no means of getting rid of his money, may have put by a snug sum in the savings bank. But he is condemned to lead the life of a hermit, with next to no intellectual resources, although, as likely as not, he is an intelligent man who has come northward with one of those great Southland sheepowners who are now monopolizing the Highland grazings. Very possibly he has been fairly educated, which is what his children can scarcely aspire to be, all Educational Acts to the contrary; for you cannot legislate them into walking four-and-twenty miles a day to and fro from the parish school. During the fine weather he is by no means badly off, physically, although he has so much time for meditation that it must often hang heavy on his hands. He lies basking on the heather in the sun when there is any, and leaves his dogs to do his work. But as the days shorten and the snow-storms set in, things become very different. Searching and scraping for the food which is somehow to keep the breath in their bodies, the flocks scatter and stray into the most out-of-the-way nooks and corners. Their instinct sometimes serves them only too well in seeking out a refuge in the most sheltered places. Their guardian has been lying all through the night listening to the howling of the storm; when he has got up to peer anxiously from the little casement, he has distinguished nothing but a grey quivering darkness that might be felt. He has risen with the earliest glimmer of the dawn to find his doorway heaped with snow-wreaths that must be dug through. Stumbling out into the open, he sees just a glimmer of light as yet, and that is all. For the air is thick with the broad floating snowflakes and blinding drift. The biting wind, twisted in the glens and valleys into eddies, has been capriciously heaping up the fresh fallen snow. The storm-swept hill-sides would be safe enough lying for the sheep if they could only keep in the animal warmth by huddling themselves together. But unluckily they have wandered into those more protected corners where the snow has been settling down in thickening layers; and when they have at last been discovered in their lairs by the instinct of the sheep-dogs, they have to be extricated with infinite pains and labour. When these excavating operations have to be repeated again and again through the short winter's day, it is evident that many of the sheep must be dead or missing at the end of it, the shepherd's best exertions notwithstanding. Nor need we say anything here of the destruction wrought by sheer starvation, or of casualties in the flooded streams when the melting snows have changed them into torrents. Against such misfortunes as these the shepherd is almost powerless. But what comes by far the hardest on him—and on his master too—is such tremendous and unseasonable snow-storms as we have been experiencing during the last week or two. By this time the lambing ought to be well forward, and every hour of the day and night is adding fast to the new arrivals. In southern lands it is a time of pleasant congratulation, to be celebrated at the finish by a joyous festival. In our climate, however, and especially in years like this, we fear it must be a time of melancholy anxiety, and all the care that is bestowed on the flocks can hardly save them from serious losses. We can imagine the shepherds' cottages and outhouses turned into so many foundling hospitals, where there is no room for the bleating orphans, although many must have perished at the birth. The men will be out in the worst of the weather, and it is not easy to conceive what it is to turn one's back on the warm cottage and cheerful fire and set your face to the snow fields and the bitter blasts when you have been worn out with incessant watching, and when the heart is heavy with the apprehension of worse misfortunes to come. Our hill-shepherds always lead trying lives; but when winter persists in coming back upon them even in the lambing season, it is almost impossible to realize all that they must go through.

EXPERTS.

A CASE lately tried raises the important question whether judges, counsel, or witnesses can be made liable by action for injurious words spoken by them in the course of legal proceedings; and it may be contended either that their "privilege" is absolute, or that it exists only so long as it is exercised in good faith and without malice. In the case of Hodgson *v.* Scarlett, the complaint was that the defendant, a barrister, had said in addressing a jury that the plaintiff was a "fraudulent and wicked attorney." If it be true that counsel have been sometimes instructed with the formula, "No case, but abuse plaintiff's attorney," it would seem to follow that law or practice has always allowed considerable latitude in remarks on character or conduct which are relevant to the case. It is of course the Judge's duty to restrain irrelevant or excessive language, and with that control it is probably better to concede an absolute privilege against a sort of action which must necessarily involve trying over again a decided question. The public interest *ut sit finis litium* is opposed to the maintenance of such actions, but nevertheless the Courts have hardly gone the length of saying that they shall in no case be maintained. Thus, in Hodgson *v.* Scarlett, Lord Ellenborough says that a counsel entrusted with the interests of others, and speaking from their information, for the sake of public convenience is privileged in commenting fairly and *bonâ fide* on the circumstances of the case, and in making observations on the parties concerned and their instruments or agents in bringing the cause into Court. In the case before the Court the plaintiff was mixed up with the transactions out of which the original cause arose. The defendant therefore had a right to comment on his conduct, and the words he spoke "were not used at random and unnecessary," but were a comment on the plaintiff's conduct as attorney. "Perhaps they were too strong. . . . The expression in the exercise of a candour fit to be adopted might have been spared." But still a counsel might *bonâ fide* think such an expression justifiable under the circumstances. The words were uttered in the original cause, and were relevant and pertinent to it, and therefore the Court thought that the action was not maintainable. In the same case Mr. Justice Abbott said that, in his opinion, no action can be maintained, unless it can be shown that the counsel availed himself of his situation maliciously to utter words wholly unjustifiable. "The words were pertinent, and there is no pretence for saying that the defendant maliciously availed himself of his situation to utter them."

In a later case, of Revis *v.* Smith, a suit was pending in Chancery, and it had been proposed to appoint the plaintiff, who was an auctioneer, to sell certain property under order of the Court, and the plaintiff alleged that the defendant, who was party to the suit, "falsely, maliciously, and without reasonable or probable cause," swore an affidavit containing words defamatory of the plaintiff in his business of an auctioneer. It was held that on this allegation the action could not be maintained. "The world," said one of the Judges, "has gone on very well without any such action as this, and I doubt whether it would go on so well if such actions were to be introduced. It would be very mischievous if witnesses giving evidence relevant to the case were liable to actions." It will be observed that the question pending in Chancery was as to the plaintiff's fitness to be employed to sell certain property, and the defendant, who had an interest in the suit, made an affidavit as to his fitness, so that the affidavit was strictly relevant.

We come now to the recent case of Dawkins *v.* Lord Rokeby, in which the principle established in reference to ordinary courts of law was applied to a court of military inquiry. The Commander-in-Chief directed a court of inquiry to be assembled in accordance with the Queen's Regulations to inquire into certain charges brought by Colonel Dawkins against his superior officers. The Court met, the defendant Lord Rokeby appeared before it as a witness, and was orally examined, and also handed in a written statement. The action was brought for alleged libel contained in

this statement, and the plaintiff offered evidence to prove that the statement was made *maliciously* and with actual malice, and without any reasonable or probable cause, and with knowledge on the defendant's part that it was false. The Judge held that this evidence was immaterial and irrelevant, and that if the statement was made by the defendant, a military man, in the course of a military inquiry in reference to the conduct of the plaintiff, a military man, and in reference to the subject of inquiry, the action could not be supported, even though the defendant should prove all that he undertook to prove. The Judge therefore directed the jury to find a verdict for the defendant, and this direction was upheld in the Exchequer Chamber and afterwards in the House of Lords.

Coming now to the case which suggested these remarks, we find that the plaintiff, Mr. Seaman, was attesting witness to the will of one Davis, which the defendant, Mr. Netherclift, the well-known "expert" in handwriting, undertook to pronounce a forgery. There was a suit in the Probate Court, in which appeared on one side witnesses who stated that they saw the testator execute the will, and on the other side Mr. Netherclift and a brother "expert" Mr. Chabot, who declared their opinion that he did not execute it. The jury, without troubling the Judge to sum up, gave a verdict for the validity of the will, and the Judge declared his opinion that an unfounded and reckless charge of forgery had been preferred. It was painful, said the Judge, to reflect on the enormous expense that had been incurred because the "experts" thought that their opinion that a man did not make a particular signature ought to outweigh any amount of positive testimony that he did so. It would not surprise us that in any case where it was desired to discredit the testimony of "experts," these remarks of the Judge of the Probate Court should be referred to; and accordingly we find that at the Guildhall Police Court, on Mr. Netherclift giving his opinion that the signatures to certain cheques were genuine, counsel proceeded to cross-examine him as to what had been said by Sir James Hannen in reference to Davis's will. Mr. Netherclift answered that he had read the remarks of Sir James Hannen, and he wished to say something thereupon. The magistrate said he must decline to hear anything about any case that was not before the Court; but Mr. Netherclift persevered, and said that he believed the signature to that will to be "a rank forgery," and he should believe so to the day of his death. Mr. Seaman, having been an attesting witness to the will, appropriated these words, perhaps unnecessarily, to himself, and brought an action of slander for them, alleging that their meaning was that he had been guilty of forging the signature to the will, or of aiding and abetting that offence. This brief statement of the nature of the action seems almost sufficient to dispose of it. If "experts" are to be called by one side on a question of handwriting, it must be open to the other side to discredit their testimony, and an obvious means of doing this is to show that in other cases they have been mistaken. In the case of Davis's will, a judge and jury thought that Mr. Netherclift was conspicuously mistaken, and when he next gives his opinion as an "expert" this instance is produced to show the fallibility of his judgment. It is not wonderful that Mr. Netherclift should be of the same opinion still, and should desire to proclaim it; and if the questions were rightly put to him, it seems to follow that what he said in explanation or completion of his answers would be rightly received in evidence. It might have made a difference if he had introduced Mr. Seaman's name; but as his words stand, they fairly arose out of the question put to him, and if that question was irrelevant to the issue before the Court, the blame was not with him, but with the counsel who put the question. A man is entitled to believe in his own accuracy, however absurd his belief may appear to other people.

It was urged by Mr. Netherclift's counsel that, under the circumstances, no action could be maintained, and therefore that the Judge ought to direct a verdict for the defendant, as was done in the case of Dawkins *v.* Lord Rokeby. But Lord Coleridge preferred to let the case go to the jury, who found for the plaintiff with 50*l.* damages, leave being reserved to the defendant to move the full Court to set aside this verdict. The Judge put to the jury the question whether the words complained of were spoken "in the course of giving evidence," or whether the defendant's evidence was really over, and he made the statement "as a mere volunteer." The jury found against the defendant on this question, which was treated as decisive of the case; yet we cannot help doubting whether the question should have been thus put to them. It may be conceded that, although the reported cases lay down the privileges of witnesses in very broad terms, yet this language is to be construed with reference to the particular circumstances of these cases. There might be a case which would show a clear excess of privilege, but we do not think such a case is satisfactorily made out by calling Mr. Netherclift "a mere volunteer." A witness is always allowed to explain any answer that he gives to a question put to him by counsel; and, laying aside some slight excess of language, Mr. Netherclift in effect said, "It is true that a judge and jury declared that I was wrong, but I believe that I was right." To say that he was obstinate and perverse in this opinion is only saying that which may be said of many other persons who appear in courts of justice. He might have added that not he only, but a brother expert, gave the evidence which a judge and jury disregarded. Upon the question of malice, which Lord Coleridge also left to the jury, it is important to observe that the name of the plaintiff was not mentioned by the defendant. It appears that Mr. Netherclift came from Ireland, looked at the will, and went into the witness-box and gave his opinion that the signature was not genuine, without inquiring as to evidence of the attesting witnesses. He would probably say that he was guided by what he would call science, and that, if the facts were opposed to him, so much the worse for the facts. Lord Coleridge's remarks on the reckless way in which "experts" sometimes give opinions are in themselves just, but they appear to us rather remote from the question before the Court. The question was, whether the words spoken by Mr. Netherclift were relevant to the issue which the police magistrate had to try, and unless these words were clearly irrelevant the verdict should have been for the defendant.

THE FIRE BRIGADE.

THE inevitable result of any inquiry into the condition of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade must be to increase its strength. In the House of Commons, when Sir J. Hogg showed how the force increased in numbers and cost from 1866 to 1876, he demonstrated the necessity of at least equal augmentation in the next ten years. Ratepayers ought not to object to an increased charge, but, whether they object or not, they must submit to it. The Board of Works has hitherto made a good bargain with the Fire Brigade, and Sir James Hogg mentioned with satisfaction that a public subscription was raised for the widow of a deceased fireman, and thus the Board was relieved from the necessity of granting her a pension; but whether the subscribers contemplated this result is perhaps doubtful. As Sir James Hogg oddly puts it, The widow was thus practically placed in as good a position as she occupied in her husband's lifetime"; but she had lost her husband, and that, we suppose, the speaker considered to be a gain, or at least not "practically" a loss. It is apparently in connexion with the same view of matrimonial happiness that Sir James Hogg contemplates with equanimity the condition of a fireman on duty ten successive nights. In a fire-escape sentry-box, he says, a man can rest comfortably until he is aroused by an alarm of fire, and perhaps he can rest all the more comfortably because "practically" he is a widower, and cannot get a curtain lecture in his sentry-box. Sir James Hogg's comparison to his own fifteen days' continuous duty in the army is inappropriate, because probably he was then a young unmarried man, and the service may have been of a special nature promising promotion and distinction. If firemen have acquired the habit of doing without sleep in bed, that is very convenient for their employers, only we should fear that overtasked nature would fail just when energy was required. The famous Higginbotham of song, whose fireman's soul was all on fire, had not, we may be sure, done ten nights' duty "comfortably" in a sentry-box when he rushed to the rescue of Drury Lane Theatre. A fireman is said to carry his life in his hand, and if he were sleepy, he might drop it. These men are overworked, as railway signalmen are overworked, in order to save the pockets of a numerous and influential class, and the only difference is that a fireman's business is necessarily more awakening than a signalman's. The metropolis pays a rate of a halfpenny in the pound for the Fire Brigade, and Captain Shaw's duty is to provide as much rescue as he can for the money. Whether he provides enough is a question that must be simply put aside, because the rate cannot be raised above this halfpenny. If this principle be sound, it ought to be applied more widely. So much money might be allowed to Mr. Ward Hunt or Mr. Gathorne Hardy to provide for naval or military defence, and indeed, under the Tudor sovereigns some such practice was adopted, with the convenient addition that the Minister who undertook such a contract was held personally liable for failure. Formerly the protection of London against fire was left to a voluntary organization of the Insurance Offices, and when this was coming to an end, the idea naturally occurred that firemen ought to be policemen. But the Home Office seems to have apprehended that, if the Fire Brigade were united to the police, the Treasury would be made responsible for the cost of it, and so it was shunted upon the Metropolitan Board of Works. When this arrangement was in progress, Captain Shaw prepared an estimate of numbers and cost of what he would consider an efficient service; but his figures were too large, and he had to cut them down twice. The Home Secretary said that, unless the cost of the Brigade could be reduced to 50,000*l.*, he feared the whole thing must fall to the ground, or, in other words, that London would be left without any protection against fire, which, looking to the value of property in London, would have been scarcely a business-like proceeding. Besides the rate of a halfpenny in the pound, Government undertook to pay 10,000*l.* a year, and there were also to be contributions from the Insurance Offices. Since this arrangement was made, the area and population of the metropolis have largely increased, and we assume that the produce of the rate has increased also, although probably not in proportion to the increased necessity for protection. It may be allowed that the use of steam-pumping engines and of the telegraph have economized labour, and a further saving might be effected by providing more abundant supplies of water. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that the establishment of the Fire Brigade is strangely inadequate to the magnitude and wealth of London. As Sir J. Hogg put it, "The force has been found sufficient to cope with any conflagration," but that has only been because conflagration has been kind enough to come for the most part singly. Mr. Ritchie, who opened the discussion, tells us that the number of men available for duty has

lately been 395, but 106 of them have been employed on fire-escapes, so that only 289 have remained for duty with the engines, and after deductions for men sick or absent on leave, only 164 men have been actually available for night duty. When the Pantechnicon was burnt 120 men were employed in what Sir J. Hogg calls coping with the conflagration, so that only forty or fifty men would be available for all the rest of London. This seems dangerously few, because firemen cannot be extemporized, as police may in some sense be, by employing special constables.

Until lately the fire-escapes were maintained by a voluntary association, and there is still a Salvage Corps, independent of the Fire Brigade. It was an improvement to place the fire-escapes in the hands of the Brigade, but this new work seems to have been undertaken without any special fund to pay for it. The subscriptions were, we suppose, discontinued, and the Board of Works continued to be limited to the halfpenny rate. In 1872 Captain Shaw estimated that 931 men were required for the protection of London, at a cost of 120,000*l.*, and it would be rash to call this estimate excessive. But we are content to remain undefended alike against foreign and domestic enemies. Even Mr. Cross, on behalf of Government, admits that the condition of London in regard to fires is not satisfactory, and although he lays most stress on the want of water, that defect proceeds from the same cause as the want of men, engines, or stations. We are content to take our chance, and choose to undervalue dangers which do not thrust themselves perpetually on our notice. We forget that the fireman's is a special business requiring thorough teaching, and that amateurs are likely to do more harm in it than good. The complaint against the Board of Works for failing to establish a system of pensions would affect us more strongly if we did not think that, if they had done anything, it would have been inadequate. In the favourite official phrase, an inquiry is needed into the whole subject, and, when it has been held, there will be no excuse for further delaying adequate organization. It may be conceded that the modern growth of London does not add greatly to the fireman's difficulties. We build many square miles of small, slight houses, each with its bit of court or garden at the back, and at the worst it would be easy to isolate a fire by destroying a few houses of no great value. It is in the older and more populous and valuable parts of London that danger lies against which we take no adequate precautions, and trust to supposed precautions which are worse than none. It cannot be too often repeated that so-called fire-proofs are for the most part worse than useless, because they produce confidence for which there is no adequate foundation. As regards theatres we are in a helpless and hopeless state, and the rapid destruction of the Alexandra Palace shows what may happen any day or night, with possibly more disastrous consequences. The Brigade, which undertakes these responsibilities, feels the same difficulty as other branches of the public service in getting and keeping the sort of men it wants. Since 1868 it has parted with 637 men, and, if the cost of training be taken at 100*l.* per man, that would represent a loss of 63,000*l.* Without adopting this calculation in its full extent, it shows in a striking way the false economy which drives men, after a few years' service in the Brigade, to look about to better themselves. We are told that formerly there were a thousand sailors on the list seeking for employment, whereas now there is difficulty in keeping up the corps to its inadequate strength. The water supply is confessed to be inadequate, and the turncock who controls it does not always turn up when wanted. The Water Companies offered to place a turncock at every station of the Brigade, but that offer has not been accepted. Then, it is said that the firemen have keys, and can turn on the water; but the difficulty is in knowing what particular main to turn on; and here another authority, the Water Companies, intervenes, and this is not likely to promote simplicity or economy of administration. It is intelligible that there should be difficulty as to the supply of water, because there can be only one supply for extinction of fires and for domestic use, and that which is suitable for the former may be dangerous for the latter.

It must be remembered that, notwithstanding the experience on which Sir James Hogg relies, a conflagration with which the existing Brigade could not cope is always possible in London. That which has happened in other cities might happen here, and we might find ourselves reduced to a condition not much less helpless than that which Dryden celebrates. It is to be feared that, like Dryden in his poem, we should find in real life that it is easier to light a fire than to put it out. He was reduced to employ what may be called *machina ex Deo*, or, in other words, a heaven-sent extinguisher; and it is impossible to say how we should put out a fire if it once gained a really formidable head. The Guards would blow up houses with gunpowder as they did under King Charles II., and if they blew up houses enough and soon enough, that would probably stop the fire. If prompt and vigorous measures be taken, the mischief can generally be kept in bounds, and on this principle the present organization rests, and it is excellent as far as it goes, but miserably inadequate. It is to be hoped that, by the compilation of a Blue-book or otherwise, this truth may be fixed in the public mind, and may be carried into practical effect, even at the price of an increase of local or general taxation.

REVIEWS.

THE VAUX-DE-VIRE.*

THIS is an edition of an old French poet, with an English translation on the opposite page. The book is got up with a good deal of taste in imitation of recent French editions of old poets, and is very beautifully printed on Dutch paper, or a good imitation of it. The volume is one of those which always tempt people of cultivated taste at first sight, because they see that such editions are intended specially for them. In the present instance they will not be disappointed; but we should like to make one or two remarks on minor matters before passing to the merits of the poet and his translator. Let us protest, in the first place, against the revival of the long *s*. We believed that abomination to have been happily abandoned even in what is called old-faced type. It is not prettier than the other, it is utterly superfluous, and there is no reason in the world for using it except that it gives rather an archaic look at the expense of the reader's convenience. Again, there was no real necessity for printing the letter *v* always as *u* when it occurs in the middle of a word. It is only an embarrassment the more for the reader, who ought to be placed as near to the original author as possible, and not separated from him by peculiarities which can be easily avoided. We do not wish to have old authors modernized, but the simple adoption of the letter which everybody uses in the present day would remove a very appreciable obstacle without in the least depriving the old author of the essential characteristics of his time. Indeed it may be very reasonably argued that a letter which has been disused strikes us as the author never intended it to strike us; for he certainly did not wish to be quaint and archaic in using it; he simply spelled as accurately as his own education and the custom of the time permitted. The publishers have done well to give the portrait of the French poet as a frontispiece. It is engraved with much taste and skill from an old miniature, and the engraver has done well in this instance to represent the oval frame also, which has an excellent effect, and is almost necessary, there being so little background about the head. The face, at least to our taste, is exceedingly refined and handsome, the eyes large and beautiful, the expression rather sad and thoughtful, the air that of a gentleman. We are sorry not to be able to speak so favourably of the landscape illustrations, engraved on wood by Mr. Whymper from drawings made on the spot by Mr. Lionel Muirhead. The subjects are evidently interesting, but the artist (we presume an amateur artist) is not yet sufficiently sensitive and cultivated to seize upon those refinements of line and light upon which the beauty and interest of a drawing so much depend. We do not wish to be harshly critical. Mr. Muirhead has no doubt intended simply to add to the interest of the volume by letting us see in what an interesting place the old French poet lived; but it seems to us rather a pity that, in a volume to which so much loving care has evidently been devoted, the illustrations should not be as perfect as the rest. Mr. Muirhead draws quite well enough to make illustrations to an ordinary book of travel, but here we should like to find the taste and skill of a highly cultivated artist. Even in what may seem little things that could easily have been managed otherwise, the illustrator has not done what would have been best. In the printed pages there is always a fair margin to the text, and many of the poems, with short verses, run down the middle of the page like a rivulet in a broad meadow. Evidently, then, the illustrations should have had a good margin; yet the woodcut of the Château de Vire has scarcely any margin at all, and the cut of the church of Notre Dame is nearly an inch wider than the prose text on the opposite page. Again, the quality of the paper is very dissonant with that on which the text is printed. The cuts are printed on hot-pressed tinted paper, the text on white Dutch paper, with a decided wire-mark and grain. The worst of the cuts is the bridge over the Vire with Basselin's house. It is just on a level with the unpretending woodcuts in the canoe-books, and one expects to see Mr. Macgregor coming round the corner in the *Rob Roy*. We will not, however, quit the illustrations without complimenting Mr. Muirhead on his emblematic device, which is printed in black on the last leaf of the volume and in gold upon the cover, and thus described:—"On Shield suspended from Apple-tree, the armorial bearings of the town of Vire; suspended from Vine, a Pilgrim's Calabash Bottle, antique Inkhorn, and MS. of the 'Vaux-de-Vire,' on scroll intertwined with the branches 'ΠΑΝ ΔΕΝΔΡΟΝ ΑΓΑΘΟΝ ΚΑΡΠΟΥΣ ΚΑΛΟΥΣ ΠΟΙΕΙ.'" This design is excellent of its kind, and very appropriate. The plants are rightly used and rightly conventionalized.

The Introduction gives a description of Vire and its neighbourhood, and an account of the poet Jean le Houx, who wrote the songs which, from the place where he lived, have been called the Vaux-de-Vire, or Songs of the Vau-de-Vire. The reader will find Vire on the map in the department of Calvados:—

> Of beautiful Normandy one of the most lovely districts is that known as Le Bocage; and of that Norman Bocage the principal, as well as the most picturesque town, is Vire, the chief town of Lower Normandy, and charmingly situated on the slopes of several hills, and in the valleys which they enclose; it is surrounded by a wide expanse of richly wooded heights, fruitful orchards, undulating upland pastures, romantic copses, and high and

* *The Vaux-de-Vire of Maistre Jean le [illegible] bourgeois of Vire.* Edited and Translated by James Patrick Muirhead, M.A. With a Portrait and other Illustrations. London: Murray. 1875.

rocky crags; while the streams of the river Vire and its tributaries wind below, adding fresh verdure to the landscape, and supplying water power to many mills situated on their banks.

A little above the junction of the Vire with the Virene, the former river sweeps boldly round a lofty and very precipitous granite rock, on which stands the partially ruined donjon-tower of the ancient castle of Vire, finely dominating the position of the town and its environs. The scene, one of very peculiar and varied beauty, has long been famous as Les Vaux-de-Vire.

Many different witnesses unite in bearing testimony to the loveliness and especial charm of these valleys. Mrs. Macquoid says that it seemed to her "as if weeks might be spent in exploring the loveliness of these Vaux-de-Vire." Miss Costello says that "words can but feebly convey the impression made on the mind by scenery such as awaits the wanderer amongst the deep dells and hills studded with grey rocks and short brushwood which enclose them." Mr. Musgrave said that the ancient Greeks would have identified so fascinating a region with Arcadia, a land of shepherds and of pastoral song, and peopled with fawns, satyrs, and nymphs, with Pan enthroned upon some moss-clad rock or fallen pine, as their presiding leader and deity. Mr. Muirhead quotes Horace (the Ode to Bacchus) *apropos* of the Vaux-de Vire, and very appositely with reference at once to the scenery and the topics of the songs:—

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem (credite, posteri!)
Nymphasque discentes, et aures
Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

* * * * *

Fas pervivaces est mihi Thyiadas,
Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
Cantare rivos, atque truncis
Lapsa cavis iterare mella.

But Mr. Muirhead tells us that the interest which attaches to the town, river, and environs of Vire is not limited to the loveliness of landscape, the quaint antiquity of buildings, or the animation of historical incident. Sainte-Beuve said that Vire is one of those few small provincial towns in which from the fifteenth century literary pursuits have never flagged, and poetry, in particular, has ever been held in high honour. M. Cazin has given a list of more than sixty natives of Vire more or less distinguished as authors. Some of our readers may be already aware that the class of theatrical compositions called "Vaudevilles" take their name from the old songs called "Vaux-de-Vire," and these in turn are named from the pretty valleys of the river Vire. This is certainly one of the curiosities of etymology. It is strange enough that a popular kind of play should take its name from a landscape remembered only by the learned. Most people fancy that Vaudeville means something about the "ville," but they feel puzzled about the first syllable. Certainly the vaudevilles of the present day have much more to do with the life of the city than with the quieter existence of the people who dwell by the river Vire. In England and America the little that is generally known about the Vire and its poetry is derived from a poem of Longfellow, called "Oliver Basselin," which was published along with the *Courtship of Miles Standish*. The poem begins thus:—

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill
On the stone
These words alone,
"Oliver Basselin lived here."

This Basselin, who lived in the fifteenth century, was a fuller by trade, and a composer of drinking-songs; he was killed at the battle of Formigny, in 1450. Basselin being one of the earliest poets of Vire, and one of the best known, the consequence has been, as in so many other similar cases, that he has got the credit of compositions which did not really belong to him. It is difficult, at this distance of time, to identify Basselin's work; and in the earlier part of the present century the belief prevailing amongst French scholars was that Basselin's songs were corrected in the sixteenth century by Jean le Houx, who was an advocate of Vire. Jean le Houx was born somewhere about 1545, and he died in 1616. About the year 1570 he is believed to have prepared for the press the first edition of *Le livre des chants nouveaux de Vaude-Vire*. Not a single copy of this edition is now known to be in existence. The author had the priests against him; they refused him absolution, and he had to make a pilgrimage to Rome before he could get delivered from this stigma. No other edition of the songs was published in the lifetime of Le Houx. They were still circulated in manuscript, however; and we may presume that they were still sung by the author's friends and companions when no priests were present. In 1669 the Vaux-de-Vire were reprinted at Vire by Jean de Cesne. Two copies of this edition have survived to our own times, and one of these has now disappeared, the only remaining copy being in the National Library at Paris. In 1811 a new edition of the poems was privately printed by some gentlemen of Vire. Besides these editions, there exists a manuscript, probably contemporary with Jean le Houx, and of this MS. Mr. Muirhead is the happy possessor. The edition of 1811 perpetuated the belief that the poems were by Basselin. In 1833, however, the librarian of the public library at Caen obtained a MS. for the library, which, for reasons which we have not space to give in detail, is believed to settle the question in favour of Jean le Houx. In the title of this MS. the contents are plainly said to be by Le Houx, and these contents include eighty-nine Vaux-de-Vire, besides a second series of twenty-seven Vaux-de-Vire and thirty-two Noëls:—

Further, M. Gasté has also clearly shown, not only that the Vaux-de-Vire and the Noëls of the MS. of Caen are altogether in the handwriting of Jean le Houx, but also that they are his own compositions, described, and treated, and referred to by him as such, and by him inscribed with his own name and with his initials.

In the prose translation of his book to Bacchus, in his sonnet to his book, in his address to the critics, as well as in his Latin elegiacs, he always writes in the first person as being the author of the poems, responsible for them, and the only one who could truly describe the feelings under which they were composed.

We are quite persuaded that Le Houx, and not Basselin, was the author of the songs in the volume before us, and we should need very little external evidence to lead us to that conclusion. These songs, with all their simplicity of style, total absence of pedantry, and constant recurrence to a subject so familiar as the praise of wine, are still evidently the productions of a delicate and cultivated intelligence. No one but an educated man could have written them. Olivier Basselin, the fuller, is believed to have been, and most probably was, an illiterate boon companion who had a natural talent for rhyming. In these songs there is more than natural talent, there is the *finesse* of culture, there is a refined art of expression. Looking at the intelligent delicate face which is the frontispiece to the volume, we at once believe that the man there represented could have written the songs. Besides this we have the age of the language. The French used in these poems is of a comparatively late date; it is already modern, in spite of some quaintness of diction and some peculiarities of spelling. Lastly, the poet himself speaks of Basselin as a predecessor in danger of being forgotten, and proposes to drink to his memory:—

Si nos malheurs bien tost ne prennent fin,
Tristes malheurs qui travaillent la France,
J'ay peur, Olivier Basselin,
Qu'on ne te mette en oubliance.

Las! Basselin avecques le bon temps
Que tu avois, faisant tes Vau de Vire,
S'en sont allez les bonnes gens
Lesquels les souloient si bien dire.

The very next song alludes to the author's Latin, of which the fuller would probably have been quite ignorant. The author implies that he sometimes spoke Latin, as cultivated people did in those days:—

Si voulez que je cause et presche,
Et parle Latin proprement,
Tenez ma bouche tousiours fraische,
De bon vin l'arrosant souvent;
Car je vous dis certeinement,
Quand j'ay seche la bouche
Je n'ai pas plus d'entendement
Ny d'esprit qu'une souche.

The qualities of Jean le Houx as a poet may be described in a few words. He has an easy and simple egotism, reminding us of that of Montaigne, and he pleases himself by making verses in praise of wine without pitching his note too high, or aspiring to the rank of a great poet. Like Montaigne, he tells us very frankly what his defects are, but at the same time avoids the affectation of pretending to vices which are not his. Thus, with all his praise of wine, he dislikes drunkenness and avoids excess. With the good taste of a cultivated gentleman, he enjoys wine so far as it helps him to be cheerful and intelligent, but not when it would begin to make him sottish and stupid. He likes the poetry of wine-bibbing, but that only. Not being physically strong, as he frankly tells us, he requires to be cheered sometimes, and finds that good wine does this for him. He is a lawyer, but hates the wrangling of the courts, and prefers a song and a glass by the side of the river Vire. He avows a certain indifference to the fair sex, and is equally indifferent to the satisfactions of wealth and ambition:—

L'amour je laisserai faire
Et les dames courtizer.
Il ne me faut plus qu'à boire
D'autant, et me reposer.

Such is the keynote of one of the *chansons*, and what follows is the keynote of another:—

Laissons vivre malheureuses
Ces ames ambitieuses,
Et joyeusement vivons
De si peu que nous avons.

There is a great deal of quiet humour in many of the songs; for example, in the first stanza of No. III.:—

Adam, c'est chose tres notoire,
Ne nous eust mis en tel danger,
Si, au lieu du fatal manger,
Il se fust plustost mis a boire.

C'est la cause pourquoy j'évitte
D'estre sur le manger gourmand;
Il est vrai que je suis friand
De vin, quand c'est vin qui merite.

When he refers to the popular belief that wine is bad for the eyes, he meets the objection with happy audacity:—

On dict qu'il nuist aux yeux. Mais seront-ils les maistres?
Le vin est garison
De mes maux. J'ayme mieux perdre les deux fenestres
Que toute la mesnie.

He says that it is a cure for care and melancholy to drink as many glasses of good wine as one has letters in his name; but that when

the wine is indifferent he would have a short name, whereas when it is good he would like a long one:—

Boire autant de fois du bon
Qu'a de lettres nostre nom,
Cela garit nostre vie
De soing et melancholie.
* * * *
Si le breuvage n'est bon
Jan simplement j'auray nom;
Mais s'il est plaisant et digne,
Mon nom sera *Marc Anthoine*.

One of the most perfect songs in the collection is No. LV. The singer begins by describing, in few words, a little domestic scene. His wife scolds in the house, loudly, and without ceasing. To get away from this misery he feels the need of communication with his neighbour. He is well received, by a good fire, whilst it is raining out of doors. There is a roast, and hot chestnuts, and good wine, and dessert, and his neighbour's wife is in a good temper, and everything goes on most happily till he returns home, where a curtain lecture awaits him. All this is told in short and very perfectly tuned verses.

Mr. Muirhead's translations are as well done as such things can be; but of all poetry, lyrical poetry in very short, pithy verses is the most difficult to render, and it is almost impossible in modern English to convey the real spirit of a French song-maker of the sixteenth century. The original is so concise that the slightest amplification spoils it, and yet without amplification there is no room to stir in another language. For example, Le Houx writes:—

Nous sommes une grande trouppe
D'infortunez.

This Mr. Muirhead translates thus:—

We're a great troop, alas!
Oppressed by many woes.

The original writer says nothing whatever about woes, or about being oppressed, nor does he cry alas! Many of Mr. Muirhead's renderings are much better than this, and some are remarkably good; but there is not, and there cannot be, anything like equality of good workmanship throughout. A more important matter than the translation is to keep the original text free from misprints. It is evident that Mr. Muirhead has been very careful about this, and we are grateful to him for it; yet there are oversights here and there. For example, on p. lxxii *on* is twice printed for *ou* in the first two lines.

PAUSANIAS THE SPARTAN.*

THIS volume contains the scant half of a romance which, had it been finished, would doubtless have afforded scope for all the strength, and not improbably for some of the weaknesses, of the author's writing. The present Lord Lytton, assisted by Professor Kennedy, to whom are addressed by way of dedication the introductory pages that conveniently explain the state of the work, has brought together in a continuous form so much of the plan as had been executed at the time of his father's death, and has also laid before the public what little materials exist for judging of what the whole was intended to be. The sense of editorial duty, reinforced as it is in this instance by filial piety, has induced him also to exercise considerable ingenuity in composing an argument for the historical plausibility, if not probability, of the view of Pausanias's character and actions required by the plot and presented at some length in the chapters which should have formed the first volume. Under the circumstances this was natural; but if one is to approach the matter in an historical frame of mind at all, it is hardly possible to look upon either the father's romance or the son's introduction as anything else than a brilliant *tour de force*. The task which Lord Lytton had set himself was to raise to the heroic stature one of the most vulgar and least estimable personages in Greek history. The best thing that could have happened to the commander of the allied Greeks at Platæa would have been to fall in the moment of victory. Pausanias, as history presents him to us, is simply one of the earlier specimens of a type which occurs afterwards only too often; a man equally devoid of principle and judgment, exalted to the height of power by fortune beyond his desert, and using that power as a stepping-stone for treasonable ambition which, after the failure of his first daring schemes, consumed the rest of his life in obscure intrigues, and finally brought him to a dishonourable death. One sees no reason for ascribing to him any remarkable strength of character, or any conspicuous qualities other than the exaggeration of the faults which were common to his countrymen. His overbearing and tyrannical conduct towards the Greek allies was simply the conduct to be expected from a Spartan, and such as was in fact displayed by other Spartan commanders, with a few honourable exceptions, whenever they had the opportunity. It is permissible, of course, in a novelist to find in this the hints of a subtler and wider policy. But, as far as actual explanation is concerned, any such conjecture is gratuitous.

The novelist has in this case taken the precaution of making the explanation appear as if it were called for by the favourable colour he has given to the Spartan character in general. Lord Lytton's Sparta is not the Sparta of history, but the half-fabulous Sparta which was current in the commonplaces of the later philosophical schools, depicted in the lively colours of Plutarch, and from Plutarch and the philosophers dispersed abroad into the modern world through the medium of endless later writings and allusions, among which we can hardly be wrong in giving a prominent place to Montaigne. When we go back to contemporary authorities we find wonderfully little foundation in substance for the belief about the Lacedæmonians which until of late years was to be found in most books, except the authorities themselves, and in which many of us were brought up. It was usual to exhibit Sparta as an unsullied model of all the most heroic, if not of the more attractive, virtues; the Athenians being represented, by way of a foil to the brightness of this picture, as a frivolous, fickle, disreputable sort of people, who spent most of their time in heaping every kind of ingratitude on all the eminent men who, by a series of extraordinary accidents, happened to be produced among them. It is not our business at present to vindicate the fellow-citizens of Sophocles and Pericles; but the Dorian models of all the virtues with whom we are now concerned appear in the light of the real events, so far as we can judge of them by the behaviour of their public men, as a selfish, narrow-minded, and tyrannical community. We see them but once showing any sense of enlarged Hellenic patriotism or any aptitude for disinterested action for the common good, and that once only when they were under Athenian influence, and not without the need of frequent exhortation and remonstrance to keep them from falling back into short-sighted isolation; at other times a force tending merely to disruption and disturbance, incapable of political progress themselves, and a standing menace to it in their neighbours. It would be difficult to name any good the Spartans did to mankind either before or after the Persian war. They contributed nothing to arts, commerce, or politics; and they did not even make up for this for their own purposes by securing any corresponding advantage in the knowledge and practice of warfare to which they sacrificed everything else. Not only their enemy Pericles (if we may credit the words put into his mouth by Thucydides, himself no violent anti-Laconian), but a perfectly impartial witness, Aristotle, has observed that their affectation of austerity and parade of peculiar discipline failed after all to compass the desired ends, and that other people, when they chose to turn an equally serious attention to the art of war, obtained equally good results in the same department without the aid of Lacedæmonian manners. Individual valour and steadiness they doubtless had in a high degree; but there is little or nothing to show that they excelled other Greeks in tactics or strategy, such as they then were, and we know that in some points they were positively backward. It would hardly be too much to add to what we have already said that they contributed nothing even to the art which they exclusively professed. There is no Spartan improvement on record to match those of Iphicrates and Epaminondas. Altogether it would seem that the Lacedæmonians may be set down as among the most remarkable and the most successful of historical impostors. Having delivered ourselves, however, of this general warning to the reader, we cannot deny that, according to the highly elastic common law which may be supposed to govern romance-writing of the historical kind, Lord Lytton was fairly entitled to take the rose-coloured and romantic view of the Spartan character, and it is matter for commendation that he secured a comparative life and freshness for it by taking it straight from Plutarch. The result is such as to fit in well enough—perhaps better than the very truth of history would have done—into the kind of world which it was eminently Lord Lytton's faculty to create. It is a world neither in itself credible, nor for itself desirable, but which nevertheless imposes on us when we enter it, and to a certain extent keeps us spellbound while we are in it. The Spartan scenes of this fragment are pleasing if not probable, and the minor characters introduced into them, notwithstanding that they are hampered with a certain air as of Jacobins playing at Greeks—a species, one need hardly remark, infinitely remoter from the real Greeks than any honest barbarian—are drawn with a skilful hand and attract us by human qualities.

To return to Pausanias himself, it was no small feat of imagination to find a theme for romantic treatment in such unpromising material. The editor's suggestion that he may really have been better than he seems, as we have to depend on Athenian writers strongly prejudiced against him, will scarcely bear examination. Plutarch was sufficiently free from Athenian partisanship, and the death of Cleonice—the worst thing to English as well as to Greek ideas that we know against Pausanias in detail—is confirmed by his namesake the traveller from independent local tradition. Enough remains of the novel to show that Lord Lytton was prepared to face this incident, and that it was intended to be somehow dealt with. The precise turn that would have been given to it is left doubtful; but the ghost mentioned by Plutarch would certainly not have been omitted, and we should have had a vague supernatural element interwoven with the latter part of the plot in the manner especially affected by the author of *Zanoni*. We do not know that there is very much to regret as regards this part of the unfinished plan; for the introduction of such machinery in the modern novel, unless with a most delicate and sparing hand, appears to us for many reasons to be a grave artistic mistake. The general character of Pausanias as here presented is a brilliant anachronism. He is urged by a lofty discontent and aspiration hardly possible to a Greek of his time, and least of all to a Spartan, though the vulgar ambition which we have above assigned as his only real motive was of

* *Pausanias the Spartan: an unfinished Historical Romance.* By the late Lord Lytton. Edited by his Son. London: George Routledge & Sons. 1876.

course possible without limit at that as at most other times. As a natural accompaniment to this anachronism of character, we find a corresponding tone of exaltation in the *other* personages; and one long passage of elevated dialogue contains political and philosophical speculations which to some extent import Platonic and even modern ways of thinking into the doctrines of the earlier Ionian school. An extract from the passage in question will give some notion of this aspect of the work, which one may presume would have come into greater prominence in the subsequent parts:—

"Master," returned the singer, "can the good come without a struggle? Is the beautiful accomplished without strife? Recall the tales of primeval chaos, when, as sang the Ascræan singer, love first darted into the midst; imagine the heave and throe of joining elements; conjure up the first living shapes, born of the fluctuating slime and vapour. Surely they were things incomplete, deformed ghastly fragments of being, as are the dreams of a maniac. Had creative Love stopped there, and then, standing on the height of some fair completed world, had viewed the warring portents, wouldst thou not have said—But these are the works of Evil and Hate? Love did not stop there, it worked on; and out of the chaos once ensouled, this glorious world sprung itself into ether, the completed sister of the stars."

The unrhymed verses which occur in several places, and which have a certain beauty of their own, belong in the same kind of way to a world of the romancer's own devising. They avoid being modern English in tone, but do not attain to being Greek; they read almost like translations from some German imitation of the antique.

We find in the general style of these chapters, as it is but natural that one should find, various indications that they awaited further revision. There are some overloaded descriptions of persons and characters, and one insufferable verbal barbarism—*womanize*—occurs in two several places at a long interval. "No Spartan can *womanize* himself by ease" is the last instance, and the other is much like it. The author would not, of course, have allowed such a monster to stand in his final text; he had a good English word at hand in *unman*, or he might even have lawfully coined *be-woman*. On the whole, *Pausanias the Spartan* is a suggestive and curious fragment, showing the beginnings of a considerable work of its kind; but we must confess that the kind is not one in which our own taste delights.

STIGAND'S LIFE OF HEINE.*

IT would be difficult to find a biographical subject presenting a larger number of distinct points of attraction than Heinrich Heine. If we look merely at his temperament and character, we find a theme for the most subtle and patient psychological analysis; if we reflect on the strange nomadic kind of literary life he led, there unfolds itself a subject for a highly attractive narrative; or, finally, if we confine our attention to his numerous and varied writings, we have a rich mine from which we may extract gems of beautiful sentiment and graceful fancy. Mr. Stigand attempts in the two volumes before us to supply us at once with this threefold gratification. Heine was a man of an exceedingly rare temperament even among poets. With a nervous system so delicately pitched that he was exposed to forms of misery, such as sleeplessness under the least disturbing sound, to which most persons are probably strangers, he nevertheless possessed a buoyancy and a childish gaiety of spirit which makes Mr. Stigand's epithet "an elfish nature" not inappropriate. On the one side, he was quickly responsive to every tone of gladness that fell on his ear, full of *Lebenslust*, and brimming over with playful impulses; on the other side, keenly alive to the defects and woes of life, deeply affected with the *Weltschmerz*, and wilfully rebellious against the stern necessities and limitations of existence. This double root of his existence showed itself in his humour, which was wont to be bright and kindly, but could readily become caustic enough, and in his poetic fancy, which loved most of all to revel among the beautiful valleys, woods, and streams with their happy elf-population, but which could no less easily sit brooding over the weird, gloomy aspects of the world. It reveals itself unmistakably in that deep struggle between the real and the ideal which fills so conspicuous a place in his life, and which is so graphically portrayed in the poem published as a preface to the third edition of the *Buch der Lieder*. It is in the light of this conflict, too, that we may best understand his social relations. Heine was essentially sociable and convivial, needing companionship, indeed, as all glad natures need it, as may be plainly seen in his numerous friendships in Germany, no less than in his happy intercourse with the lighter-hearted French. Yet his exquisitely fine sensibilities, which shrank back from every disagreeable impression and uncongenial quality, rendered him easily antipathetic and quarrelsome. Though, as he himself well knew, a true German in poetic sentiment and imagination, his susceptible nature was quickly wounded by contact with the rougher and coarser material of his average fellow-countryman; nor did it escape contusion during his brief sojourn among the severely preoccupied, self-contained inhabitants of our own metropolis. Finally, the same opposition is traceable in his not very deep, though genuine, religiosity. While the laughter of life made him for the most part deaf to the voices of spiritual aspiration, he betrayed especially in his later years a true instinct for religion, even though his unalterably gay and playful character lent an odd appearance of irreverence to his treatment of the subject. The explanation of Heine's deepest trait was an antagonism between the two impulses to enjoy the real and to yearn after the unrealised; and the rarity of his character is due to the clearness and fulness with which each of these tendencies manifested itself, as well as to the rich assemblage of intellectual and emotional attributes in and through which it expressed itself. Of these last the most striking qualities are certainly, first of all, the singular fancy which, though truly German in its affinity with all that is mysterious and weird in nature, has a swiftness of movement, a grace of play, and a lightness of touch which are anything but German; and, secondly, the no less characteristic humour, which is exquisitely refined, tender, and sportive, and only rarely manifests the grimness and caustic dryness with which we are more familiar in German literature.

Heine's life, too, studied in connexion with this rare temperament, has a singular charm. From the very first he came under influences which prevented him from becoming simply a German in sentiment. Born of a Jewish family, he was nurtured in a strong antipathy towards that vulgar spirit of contempt for his race from which his own kindred, along with others, had frequently suffered. Then, too, as a young boy, he came in very agreeable contact with French influences, his native town of Düsseldorf being at this time included in a duchy made over by Napoleon I. to his brother-in-law Joachim Murat. Heine's ardent mind was excited to enthusiasm for Napoleon and his *régime*, one important element of which was an honourable treatment of his Jewish subjects. Thus it happened that, though Heine's genius was largely moulded by the traditions of German poetry, his early intercourse with the French, and his acquaintance with their language and literature, gave a decided bent to his artistic tastes. His exquisite feeling for form and style, in prose no less than in poetry, must probably be ascribed in part to this influence. Heine's life was by no means a sunny one externally, and the fact that he retained so much buoyancy, and even hilarity, of spirit to its close shows plainly enough the innate quality of his disposition. First of all he had, like many other youthful aspirants to literary fame, to force his way through numerous family objections before he could take up his chosen profession. Then his Jewish extraction proved a hindrance to his pecuniary and social advancement; and, with much bitterness of heart, he renounced the creed of his fathers, and formally adopted that of Christianity. Even when he left Germany in despair of Government recognition, and found a highly congenial residence in Paris, his troubles did not end. Quarrels with German refugees of the ultra-Radical sort lacking all refinement, repeated disappointments and pecuniary losses through the narrow and severe censorship of the German press, petty disputes with jealous and exacting relatives concerning money matters, and finally seven years of intense bodily suffering in a "mattress grave," served to surround the latter part of his life with many gloomy shadows. Yet his experiences in Paris were, on the whole, happy ones. In the first years of his residence there he enjoyed with his natural intensity the brilliant social intercourse which the city provided him, and entered with characteristic ardour into its stirring artistic and political activity. And through the period of his suffering his home was made glad for him by the presence of his beloved grisette wife.

A brief glance at Heine's writings will suffice to show the manysidedness of the poet's mind. Englishmen who know only his lyric poems, and perhaps the more familiar portions of the *Harzreise*, will be surprised to see from Mr. Stigand's work what a profusion and variety of literary productions flowed from his pen. His poems are no doubt his best and most durable work; but much besides has a real value. Whether he took up as a subject his travels, or the history of German literature, or the political movements of his time as he witnessed them not only in Germany but in France, and for a short period too in England, or, finally, contemporary music and painting, he shows clearness and penetration of mind, fineness of sensibility, and an irrepressible fund of gay humour. His literary criticisms deserve special mention on account of the breadth and catholicity of taste which they betray. Heine appears to stand almost alone among German critics as one who was able not only to render their due to German poets, to Goethe and Schiller, to Novalis and Jean Paul, but also to recognize the peculiar stately grace of the French classical poets. In his musical criticisms, too, Heine showed a large and refined musical susceptibility. His accounts of Liszt, Chopin, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, and others are very graceful and discriminating. Among many other striking criticisms we may mention his comparison of Berlioz to Martin the "wild Briton" in pictorial art, in "his feeling for the monstrous, the gigantic—for material immensity." Though Heine attentively watched the progress of French politics during the reign of the "Citizen King," and sent full reports of his observations to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, he was not a profound politician. His sympathies were mainly with intellectual and artistic progress, and he estimated the value of political parties and forms of government according as they seemed to him to be in harmony with this spiritual movement.

Such, then, is the very attractive material which Mr. Stigand has chosen to treat. The ground, moreover, selected is comparatively virgin soil so far as English writers are concerned. Excepting a few translations of Heine's poems, and very fragmentary notices of his life and reviews of his writings, no account of this fascinating poet existed in our language. Finally Heine's own countrymen have supplied ample data for such a history as Mr. Stigand here undertakes, the excellent work of Adolf Strodtmann, *Heinrich Heine's Leben und Werke*, being a very full and complete account

* *The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine.* By William Stigand, Author of "Athenais: or, the First Crusade." London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

of the poet. It is natural therefore to inquire whether Mr. Stigand has made the most of his opportunity, and has really supplied English readers with a clear and adequate record of Heine's life and writings. Notwithstanding the fulness and the interest of Mr. Stigand's work, it cannot, we fear, be regarded as a literary success. It is rather a copious selection of material for a critical biography than such a biography itself. First of all, the work of selection has not been carried far enough. Heine wrote very rapidly, especially in his more ephemeral productions, and though these nearly always contain brilliant strokes of wit and choice conceits of fancy, they do not merit full reproduction. The many lengthy translations from letters, newspaper articles, &c., sometimes extending to several pages, are really so much padding, serving simply to fill up Mr. Stigand's two large volumes. So, too, we could well dispense with the long account of the satirical poem *Atta Troll*, which was called forth by the vagaries of a little group of obscure German poets styling themselves the Tendency poets, and has really lost nearly all its interest. In addition to this absence of a just discrimination between the important and the unimportant, there is a conspicuous want of arrangement of material. Mr. Stigand frequently returns to the same subject, and even quotes repeatedly from the same works. But the worst element of disorder in the book is the amount of digression. Anybody who comes into brief contact with Heine must have his portrait taken, and the accounts of events, political and other, which happened to be contemporaneous with Heine's life and work are expanded to quite tedious dimensions.

Moreover, apart from this want of due selection and arrangement, Mr. Stigand's account of Heine suffers from the constant intrusion of a very uncritical element of powerful sentiment. We look, of course, for a certain amount of enthusiasm in a biographer, and Mr. Stigand's admiration for Heine's personality and creative genius does not exceed the bounds of propriety. Indeed he manifests on the whole great fairness of judgment in dealing with his hero; his remarks on Heine's so-called immorality and on his apparent irreverence in dealing with religion being quite temperate in tone. It is when touching on national traits that the author shows a seemingly ungovernable element of feeling. Mr. Stigand evidently dislikes Germany and the Germans with a cordial antipathy, and in no less a degree he is enamoured of France and the French. Accordingly he devotes many pages to enumerating the deformities and vices of the former, and the charms and amiabilities of the latter, with a view apparently of delivering Englishmen from their present prejudice in favour of Germany. Now this is not only a great blemish in a biographical work, but is a particularly unhappy feature in an account of Heine. It is quite erroneous to suppose that the poet really became a violent foe of Germany when he adopted France as his home. So far from this, Heine, as Mr. Stigand himself points out, insisted to the end on being regarded as a German poet. It is one delightful feature of Heine's character that he at once appreciated and assimilated the best qualities of the German and the French mind, and while he pokes fun at the clumsiness of the German intellect and the heaviness of style of most German writers, he does not refrain from pointing out the limitations of the French mind—as when, for example, he refers their political weakness to their faculty of forgetfulness. Heine would never have said anything so silly as this:—"What can be thought of a people's capacity for wit and humour who have not produced one single comedy which can be called tolerable?" (Vol. I. p. 257). Heine was philosopher enough to know how the forms of humour vary with national temperament. One is inclined to ask, too, whether Mr. Stigand has ever seen *Minna von Barnhelm* fairly put on the stage. Indeed, in one case his anti-Teutonic mania leads him to make assertions which are clearly opposed to the opinions of Heine himself. He gives us a quotation of nearly three pages from the infallible utterances of a correspondent in the *Daily Telegraph*, who seeks to show that, since young Germans do not indulge in open-air games, there is no love of amusement in the German nature. Let the reader, after perusing this cogent argument, read what Heine writes during his brief sojourn in London on the heaviness, the gloom, the stern severity of our English life, and the effect will be not a little droll. Mr. Stigand appears not to know that the Germans, like the French, regard Englishmen (not wholly without reason perhaps) as incapable of pure amusement; and might they not point to our vaunted national games—for example, our University boat-races, with their preliminary training—as illustrating the fact that sport only becomes interesting to us when it is transformed into a solemn business?

A word must be said in conclusion on Mr. Stigand's literary style. He comes before us as a profuse translator of Heine's poems and prose, and it is natural to ask how he has accomplished his purpose. We cannot, on the whole, congratulate him. Heine is no doubt one of the most difficult poets for translation, his charm residing so much in an exquisite choice of words, many of which have no exact equivalents in our language. Yet the achievements of previous translators, among whom Mr. Leland deserves special mention, clearly show that something better is attainable than, for example, the following rendering of the first verse of the well-known song beginning "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten":—

> This sadness what doth it betoken,
> This sadness which weighs on my brain?
> A weird tale, with glamour unbroken,
> Keeps haunting my soul with its strain.

It is only fair to add that this is one of the worst specimens; at the same time, the want of ear for Heine's music, and of for his simple, forcible ideas, which we see here, is to in different degrees in nearly all the translations. In his own prose Mr. Stigand is for the most part clear, direct, and vigorous. Sometimes a very thin thought is clothed in language disproportionately massive and ornate. The worst faults of Mr. Stigand's style are certain Continental and other forms of speech clearly opposed to the English idiom. Among a host of these we may mention—"I remember me"; "I am in the country since"; "but need only"; "the conversation rolled upon" a subject; "imaginational" (for imaginative); and errors in spelling, as "Galeotti" for Galotti, which occurs more than once.

STUBBS'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.—VOL. II.*

(*Second Notice.*)

THE second volume of Mr. Stubbs's great work forms four chapters, divided according to the two periods which, as we have already pointed out, are embraced by his present subject. In each a chapter of narrative—of constitutional narrative, that is—is followed by a chapter of comment. The titles of these chapters are significant. Mr. Stubbs is not a man to give his chapters sensational headings; but, in the case of the earlier narrative chapter, a heading which is almost sensational makes itself. The narrative chapter of Mr. Stubbs's heroic period is headed, "The Struggle for the Charters." Great as were the men of that time, the events were greater still, and the chapter is called from the events. But the second narrative chapter has nothing in the same way to mark it. Though the men are smaller, there is nothing but the men to call it after, and Mr. Stubbs's sixteenth chapter has to be called nothing better than "Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II." But, when we come to the chapters of comment, it is the other way; a personal name comes in the earlier one, while there is none in the later. The fifteenth chapter is headed "The System of Estates and the Constitution under Edward I.," while the seventeenth is headed "Royal Prerogative and Parliamentary Authority." In the former case we see the distinct personal agency of a single man. In the second case, though both men and events are on a smaller scale, yet the results are greater. These four chapters make up the present volume, which opens with a vigorous sketch of the eighty years which followed the Great Charter, that Great Charter which, in Mr. Stubbs's words, "closes one period and begins another." The reign of Henry the Third has often been dealt with before in its general outlines, and those general outlines may be summed up in a few words with enough of truth for ordinary purposes. But there is always a temptation to run on to the later stages of the reign, to the career of Simon, to the Parliament of Oxford, to the warfare of Lewes and Evesham and Kenilworth. There is a temptation to pass over the long and, it must be allowed, from some points of view, dreary years which slip away, one hardly knows how, before Simon becomes the chief actor. Dr. Shirley, in his preface to the Royal and Historical Letters, called attention to the real constitutional importance of this time. It is now worked out more fully by Mr. Stubbs. The early years of Henry the Third were the second minority in English history, the first since the Norman Conquest. Dr. Shirley enlarges mainly on the extraordinary powers exercised during this time by the Papal Legates Walo and Pandulf—Legates, it must be remembered, of the lord whose man John had become. Mr. Stubbs seems to dwell by preference on the English statesmen of the same day, the great Earl Marshal and Hubert of Burgh, and on the constitutional principles which first came to the front during a minority. We now first come across "an inner royal council, distinct from the curia regis as it existed under Henry II., and from the common council of the realm." We now first hear the claim of the common council of the realm distinctly to elect the great officers of state:—

> It is probable then that the events of Henry's minority had a considerable effect in creating the idea of limited monarchy, which almost immediately springs into existence. It is at all events not improbable that the constitutional doctrine that the king can do no wrong, and that his ministers are responsible to the nation, sprang up whilst the king was a child, and the choice of his ministers was actually determined by the national council.

Mr. Stubbs also brings out the acts of some men of this period who are apt to be passed by. He makes us remember that Richard King of the Romans had once, as Earl of Cornwall, been an English patriot. He shows us good Archbishop Edmund in his true light—a light very unlike that in which he seemed to the blinded pilgrims of Pontigny a year or two back. And he brings out a hero who was so early cut off that it is not wonderful if he is forgotten, the Earl Marshal Richard, who "might, if he had lived, have anticipated some of the glories of Simon de Montfort." In this part of the book Mr. Stubbs has some fine epigrammatic points which ought to be remembered:—

> Hubert taught the boy that personal gratitude must give way to state policy. Henry was an apt scholar in learning the lesson of ingratitude; policy he could not learn.

> Like Hubert Walter and Geoffrey Fitz Peter, Hubert de Burgh had served the king too well to please the nation, and had spared the nation too much to please the king.

A little later our author brings prominently forward the scheme

* *The Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development.* By William Stubbs, M.A. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1875.

of reform in 1244, which "whether or no it were more than a paper constitution, anticipates several of the points of the later programme of Simon de Montfort, and some at least of those which for centuries afterwards were the chief subject of contention between king and people." This scheme appointed four councillors chosen in Parliament, to whom the royal power was to be practically handed over. That is to say, as in so many other of these early schemes of reform, it was proposed to do openly and directly what in later times we have found a way of doing stealthily and indirectly. At this time, says Mr. Stubbs, "no great signs are apparent of the action of any one leader; Simon de Montfort may have taken part in the councils of Grossetesto, who, both in his writings and in Parliament, constantly opposed the tyranny of the king and pope alike; but he must have led a quiet life on his own estates until 1248, when Henry sent him to govern Gascony." But if Mr. Stubbs takes pains to make out clearly what the great Earl did and what he did not do, it must not be thought that he is in any way unjust to him. Perhaps his praises do not come quite so naturally to Mr. Stubbs's mouth as the praises of Edward the First; but there is nothing that any one can quarrel with. Unlike Edward's special panegyrist, Mr. Stubbs sees that admiration for the two is perfectly consistent, and he brings out how truly Edward carried out what Simon began. What Simon really did is well expressed also. Mr. Stubbs says:—

> The idea of representative government had, however, ripened in his hand; and although the germ of the growth lay in the primitive institutions of the land, Simon has the merit of having been one of the first to see the uses and the glories to which it would ultimately grow.

It is with Edward the First, both personally and politically, that Mr. Stubbs is most thoroughly at home. Here he has at least come to a King of whom he can not only draw the portrait, but can unreservedly admire the portrait when he has drawn it. In painting the great King, his thoughts naturally go back to the greatest subject of his earlier portraits. Edward "had all the powers of Henry II. without his vices, and he had too that sympathy with the people he ruled, the want of which alone would have robbed the character of Henry II. of the title of greatness." "He was a law-abiding king, one who kept his word." Yet Mr. Stubbs does not fail to mark the spirit of over-legality which was the weak point of Edward's character; he asks, however, in fairness, that he should be compared with the Kings who went before him and who came after him. If so,

> we shall see cause not so much to justify his conduct as to wonder at the greatness of his moderation, at the wise and temperate use of the position which he had made for himself.

There is something striking in a history of the reign of Edward the First in which there is hardly any mention of Scotland or Wales. But this is in truth just as it should be. It is highly important to have the strictly English place, the strictly constitutional place, of Edward thoroughly drawn out, as it is here drawn out by Mr. Stubbs. Hallam quite failed to do justice to Edward; and, on a smaller scale, the writer of the *Annals of England* shows a special and bitter prejudice against him. On the other hand, the sworn panegyrist of Edward, the author of the *Greatest of the Plantagenets*, though his books form a useful answer to many popular errors and calumnies, certainly goes too far the other way, and will hardly allow any merit in any man who withstood Edward. Even in Mr. Stubbs's narrative we do not feel quite comfortable over the part where he deals with the Earls of Norfolk and Hereford; we must venture to think that he is a little hard upon them. Still we have here the constitutional work of Edward, the work which it is hardly an exaggeration to call the completion of the English Constitution, traced out in a fulness and with a strength such as have never been brought to bear upon it before. The great merit of Mr. Stubbs's treatment of such a subject as this is the combined breadth and calmness of the view with which he looks at it. With him it is not merely that such or such an enactment was made, that such or such a gradual change took place in England, in such a year or such a century. In discussing such matters, Mr. Stubbs looks backwards and forwards and round about. He shows how the state of things at this particular time rose out of the state of things in times that went before, and bore on the state of things in times which came after. He deals primarily with England; but he compares the working of causes and their effects in England with the working of causes and their effects in other countries. He compares the development of the representative system under Edward with the development of the representative system in France, Spain, and elsewhere, and he traces out the causes which made the later history of those countries to be so different from that of England. He shows how, though the main principles of the Constitution were laid down under Edward, yet it was only by a very gradual process that every detail was fixed, and that every element in the State finally settled down into its proper place. He traces out the gradual growth of the two orders of peerage and commons, by what delicate steps the barons drew near to the earls and parted off from the knights, and how by steps equally delicate the knights drew near to the citizens and parted off from the barons. He shows how near we were more than once were to having distinct orders of merchants and of lawyers; and he works hard at the hardest of all branches of his subject, the anomalous position of the clergy in their Convocation. Very feeble is the glimmering of light which even Mr. Stubbs is able to throw on this darkest of all subjects; but it is at least light as far as it goes, in contrast to the blackness of darkness in which every one before him has left us. We do begin to see, if we have not misunderstood Mr. Stubbs's meaning, that Convocation is strictly an ecclesiastical synod, which became clothed with some Parliamentary powers because the clergy obstinately refused to act in their strictly Parliamentary character of an estate of the realm. We cannot, of course, undertake to abridge the whole of Mr. Stubbs's exposition of all these constitutional points; but we may remark that some of the most valuable things in his book come out in the form of small casual remarks. Thus he tells us in a note:—

> Many of the lines of distinction which separated the baron from the knight, such as relief and other matters of taxation, might have been made to separate the earls from the barons, but these points become more prominent as the ranks of the lords are marked out by new titles, duke, marquess, viscount.

So, again, he remarks that the knights of the shires "formed a compact body, which neither the Crown nor the sheriff could diminish as they could diminish the number of barons summoned or of the representatives of the towns." This is really a most important point. We must, as we remarked in our former article, always bear in mind the fluctuating condition of things in these times. Some barons were always summoned in their own persons; some towns were always called on to send representatives; but it did not follow that the list of barons so summoned, or of towns so called on, would be exactly the same in every Parliament. The sheriff was bidden to cause members to be sent by each city and borough in his shire, a formula which different sheriffs interpreted according to different circumstances; but the shires themselves were a fixed number which everybody knew. The barons and the towns might fluctuate, but a shire could be no more deprived of its representative knights than an earl or a bishop could be deprived of his personal summons. Mr. Stubbs strongly brings out the great truth that there is in a legal sense no nobility in England, and the vast importance of this distinction between England and Continental countries:—

> The hereditary summoning of a large proportion of great vassals was a middle course between the very limited peerage which in France co-existed with an enormous mass of privileged nobility, and the unmanageable, ever varying, assembly of the whole mass of feudal tenants as prescribed in Magna Carta.

Another point which Mr. Stubbs brings out, and which he may be said to have set at rest, is that the knights of the shire were elected in full county court, and not only by the tenants in chief of the Crown. He shows how the election of knights of the shire for Parliamentary purposes was merely one application of the earlier custom of choosing select knights for various local purposes, and in these cases it was always the full county court which chose.

To follow Mr. Stubbs through the whole of his volume would be beyond our space. It may be better to confine ourselves to the two earlier chapters which deal with the time which has evidently been most of a labour of love with the writer, and which is likely to be so with his reader. As we ended our former article by calling attention to the eloquent, but solemn and almost sad, pages which end the whole volume, we will end this article by calling attention to the pages, no less eloquent, but this time not sad or solemn but brilliant, with which Mr. Stubbs winds up his great chapter on the Constitution under Edward the First. The policy of Edward is there discussed, and the points of likeness and unlikeness between him and the other great royal lawgivers of his day are commented on. We see how our Edward rises, not only above Alfonso of Castile, but above the Wonder of the World, above St. Louis himself. Then comes the survey of the baronage, the baronial families, the earls in their own persons, Simon, "the genius, the hero of romance saved by his good faith and righteous zeal," hovering above them all. Then comes the action of the clergy in that thirteenth century which "is the golden age of English churchmanship." Mr. Stubbs tells us with evident satisfaction that "the age that produced among the earls one Simon produced among the bishops Stephen Langton, St. Edmund, Grosseteste, and the Cantilupes." He vindicates—yet surely at this time of day it was hardly needful to vindicate—the great churchmen of that day from the charge of seeking nothing but the selfish aggrandizement of their own order. By this time Englishmen have surely learned that men like those on Mr. Stubbs's list had their place alongside of barons and commons, almost before barons or commons, in building up the freedom and greatness of England. Of the commons, from the knights downwards, there is naturally less to say personally. Their work we see mainly as the work of masses. The time had hardly yet come for their leaders to stand out alongside of bishops and barons. But we see that they had leaders both in the knightly and in the burgher class, and the action of knights and burghers as classes stand out in every page of the history of the struggle. The harmonious working of all classes of Englishmen in the same cause is well brought out in a passage with which we will wind up our notice of the great work before us:—

> It was well that the barons and the bishops should furnish the schemes of reform, and most fortunate that barons and bishops were found to furnish such schemes as the people could safely accept. The jealousy of class privilege was avoided and personal influences helped to promote a general sympathy. The real share of the commons in the reformed and remodelled constitution is proved by the success of its working, by the growth of the third estate into power and capacity for political action through the discipline of the parliamentary system; and the growth of the parliamentary system itself is due to the faithful adhesion and the growing intelligence of the third estate.

TAYLOR'S DRAMATIC POEMS.*

SIR HENRY TAYLOR, though he has always had friends among the critics, and indeed commands the sincere respect of intellectual readers, has never attained to the position of a popular poet; and it will be interesting to observe whether the republication of his works will have any effect in extending the circulation of his writings. The mere popularity of a poet is in itself no doubt a very imperfect, and often misleading, test of his poetical capacity; otherwise we should have to place Mr. Tupper in the first rank of modern bards. At the same time it may reasonably be doubted whether any one can be reckoned a successful poet whose works, if they have had anything like a fair chance of attracting attention, do not excite that general sympathy which makes them what in the common phrase is called popular. Whatever may be the fate of Sir Henry Taylor's poems in the future, it must be admitted that, in spite of the honour which is paid to them in certain quarters, they have as yet failed to acquire popularity; and it therefore becomes an interesting question whether this is due to any defect of public taste, or to something wanting in the poems themselves. For our own part we are disposed to think that the form in which they have been cast rather stands in the way of an appreciation of their best qualities; and also that a prejudice has been created against them by the dogmatic tone in which they have occasionally been praised for merits which do not belong to them. It is not every man who is a judge of where his strength lies. The tragedian sometimes yields to the delusion that his chief power is in comedy, and comedians have been known to make a similar mistake. This is very much what has happened to Sir H. Taylor. He has chosen the dramatic form as the favourite vehicle of his muse, and he could scarcely have chosen one in which it would move less naturally and do less justice to his peculiar genius. *Philip von Artevelde* is called a dramatic romance, *Isaac Comnenus* "a play," and *Edwin the Fair* a "drama," while *St. Clement's Eve* and *A Sicilian Summer* are left to be classed by the reader at his own discretion. All these pieces are cast in the shape of plays, with scenes and characters, and raise an expectation of that vivid and passionate representation of human nature in its external workings, which is supposed to be the special function of a play. If this were not insisted on, and promised by the fashion of the works, it would not be looked for, and so far, therefore, disappointment would be avoided. There are no doubt dramatic passages in *Von Artevelde*, and also in *Isaac Comnenus*, but, as a rule, it is just in this respect that the writer most signally fails. Dramatic effect, if it means anything, must mean, not merely a philosophical analysis of character, but the exhibition of character as if in actual movement and vitality. It is not enough to show by explanatory talk what sort of a character is meant, or what kind of act is being performed; but the reader must be put in the position of an eye-witness, who is not merely told, but sees what is happening. In order that this may be thoroughly accomplished, attention must be concentrated on one or more principal figures and lines of incident, for the simple reason that to distribute the interest over a number of detached or accidentally connected objects is necessarily to break it up and dissipate it. Hence a dramatic work in order to fulfil its object must contain some strong central idea which is carefully kept in view throughout, dominating and colouring even those scenes in which it is not directly exposed.

When we apply these principles to Sir H. Taylor's dramatic poems it will be seen at once why their hold on the reader is so feeble notwithstanding the high intellectual qualities which characterize them. *Von Artevelde* was once played for a few nights by Macready, but it was from the outset an obvious failure; and none of the other pieces have ever been attempted on the stage, though perhaps *Isaac Comnenus* is, on the whole, less unsuitable for such a use than *Von Artevelde*. It is true, however, that a play may not be fit for theatrical purposes and may yet be thoroughly dramatic, although meant only to be read. But Sir Henry Taylor does not succeed even here, simply because his treatment is not sufficiently objective, and the reader is annoyed by stage directions which serve only to remind him of the deficiencies of the artist. In Von Artevelde we have a picture of a mind rather than of a man; his soul is laid bare, and his most secret, subtle impulses are subjected to a searching analysis. This is no doubt admirable in itself, only it is not dramatic. In a drama people expect to see the characters moving about in the flesh, not trepanned and dissected on the operating-table for the purposes of philosophical instruction.

Isaac Comnenus is, we should say, on the whole, decidedly the most complete and successful work which Sir H. Taylor has produced. The central figure is steadily and consistently portrayed, and stands out in bold, clear lines. As a study of character nothing can be better; but here again, except perhaps in some of the earlier scenes, the dramatic element is conspicuously weak. We get only glimpses of the shadowy creatures who surround Prince Isaac, and the Prince himself is too introspective for the stage. *Edwin the Fair* presents a vivid idea of the conflict between the monks and the secular power; but though we catch the general lights and shadows of the time, there is a want of that clear and well-marked personality which is essential to dramatic effect. Edwin and Elgiva, Athulf and Leolf, and even Dunstan himself, are rather described than exhibited; and there is so much overcrowding and confusion that individual character is lost. There is, however, one part of this so-called drama which indicates that the author is not without dramatic instincts, though he is apparently unable to give form to them in a sustained manner. We mean the seventh and eighth scenes, in the first of which the members of the Synod, ecclesiastical and secular, are seen passing into the chamber, the chief figures being touched off in a running commentary by some of the lookers-on, while the next scene shows the Synod in hot debate. All this is worked out with spirit, and general dramatic animation; and if the writer had concentrated his powers on compressing the whole piece into half-a-dozen scenes of a similar kind, he might have achieved a triumph even on the stage. As it is, however, he sacrifices personal interest to general impressions, and we have a sort of historical panorama rather than a play. What must strike any one who studies Sir H. Taylor's writings from this point of view is the fluctuating and unequal manner in which he draws his characters. They are either elaborated by long soliloquies or descriptions, excellent as poetry but unsuitable for the stage, or they are shown for a moment in a dim, blurred way, and then suddenly withdrawn. In *Isaac Comnenus*, for instance, the author expends all his force on Isaac, and it may even be said on one aspect of Isaac's character, leaving the rest in shadow. No attempt is made to do more than just to indicate the tigerish passion of the Caesarissa, without making it clear whether it is love or policy which moves her, the proud confidence of Isaac's sister, or the devoted love of his cousin, Numa. In *Edwin the Fair* some good characters are utterly thrown away by the hasty, fragmentary manner in which they are treated.

It appears from the preface to the *Sicilian Summer* that it was written with a view, not to repeat the form of the Elizabethan comedy, but to revive the romantic and poetic spirit which animated it. The poet turned, as he confides to us, with some sense of pain from the "oppressiveness of pure tragedy," and, on the other hand, he found the comedy of manners and repartee too narrow and artificial as a representative of human life. His conception of the highest comedy was that, without losing a prevailing character of "lightness and sweetness"—an anticipation of Mr. Matthew Arnold's characteristic worship—it should be in turn serious, pathetic, and, still more, "eminently wise." Hence the experiment of *A Sicilian Summer*, which, however, though full of charming passages, cannot be said to be satisfactory from a dramatic point of view. The story is loose and scattered, the characters are too numerous and sketchy, and the incidents are often hurried on without sufficient preparation or development. There is no central idea in the piece, and several plots are mixed up together. Wisdom and pleasantry are no doubt there, but the work wants the straightforward simplicity and directness of a drama. *St. Clement's Eve* is perhaps less known, or at least less spoken of, than his other works, yet it is in some respects one of Sir H. Taylor's best. It is a graceful and romantic story, illustrating the disordered condition of France under Charles VI. The King suffered from intermittent madness, and the affairs of the country were practically swayed by his brother, the Duke of Orleans, and his uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, between whom there was perpetual rivalry and strife. Among other expedients to relieve his affliction it was proposed, in accordance with an old tradition, that a virgin to whom no sinful thought had ever occurred should cross his brow with water from a holy reliquaire. In this instance, however, the remedy fails, because the young nun who is chosen to apply it has happened to be befriended by the Duke of Orleans, and, without knowing who he is, or that he is married, has conceived an affection for him; and, to appease public clamour at the failure, she is condemned to the stake. There is here no doubt some of the oppressiveness of tragedy, but the subject is certainly not treated in a harrowing manner. Indeed the main incident may be said to be subordinated to the general picture of the period which the author has in view.

It is unfortunate that a writer of so much intellectual power and literary culture should have so persistently adhered to a form of writing which, from what it promises, naturally produces disappointment. An appreciative reader, however, will find ample compensation in the high poetical qualities of Sir H. Taylor's works. He has the genius of a philosophical poet, if not the especial gift of the dramatist; and, though he is in some degree deficient in the fresh spontaneity of song, this is atoned for by matured thoughtfulness, keen insight into character, graceful humour, and large and manly eloquence. Any one who is content to take these writings as they are, and for what they are worth, without caring whether they are dramatic or not, will have reason to be abundantly satisfied. He will find the essence of history compressed into graphic and vivid verse, a profound analysis of human nature and emotion, and much wise philosophy. The poem in blank verse called the *Eve of the Conquest*, in which Harold reviews his career on the night before the fatal battle, is marked by nobility of thought and chastened vigour of expression, and makes one regret that the poet did not adopt more generally the form of composition in which he is most at home. In these days of hasty and superficial literature, a special value attaches to poems which, if less sparkling than current wares, are of richer and more genuine ore.

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* *Edwin the Fair; Isaac Comnenus.* By Sir Henry Taylor. Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

A Sicilian Summer; St. Clement's Eve; with the Eve of the Conquest, and Minor Poems. By Sir H. Taylor. Henry S. King & Co.

Philip von Artevelde. A Dramatic Romance. Smith, Elder, & Co.

SCOTTISH EPITAPHS AND INSCRIPTIONS.*

CHURCHYARDS, tombstones, and the tales they tell, cast a never-failing spell over minds of a reflective and melancholy cast. They furnish perpetual themes to the moralist and the poet, and have inspired a style of literature quite their own, of which *Meditations among the Tombs* and Gray's *Elegy* are at once, though in widely different ways, the masterpieces and the types. But even less celebrated persons than Hervey and Gray find a certain melancholy pleasure in strolling through a churchyard or cemetery and making themselves acquainted with the names, ages, and special virtues of persons to whose existence during life they were quite indifferent. The craving for gossip inborn in every human mind finds food in each commonplace detail, while vanity suggests that virtues and gifts of which we are at present quite unconscious may one day be thus made patent to the world by our admiring and sorrowing survivors. The same sort of interest, though in a less degree, we feel in turning over the leaves of a printed collection of epitaphs. It is like looking through a friend's album, where we are brought face to face with strangers on every page. Yet we cannot get rid of the notion that the originals of both epitaphs and photographs were probably strikingly unlike their pictured or lettered semblances. Mr. Jervise's book, however, is no mere barren collection of epitaphs. It contains also many topographical and archæological notes, of which we need only say that they are as interesting as the reputation of the writer, and his thorough knowledge of the antiquities and local history of the district here treated of, would lead us to expect. It was intended in the first place to be a reprint of a series of articles which appeared in the *Montrose Standard*. To these Mr. Jervise has, however, added corrections and additions, and many curious particulars concerning several well-known families; these have been chiefly obtained from the hitherto unpublished papers of the Panmure family.

The epitaphs and inscriptions, which are the main features of the book, are comparatively modern in date, and range over the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Jervise does not enter into the vexed question of the meaning of the symbols on the sculptured standing stones, or of the Ogham inscriptions found on some of them. Setting these aside, the oldest inscribed stone which he has found is a slab in the church at Insch, on which is a cross, and in Irish characters the words "✠ Orate . pro . anima . radulfi : sacerdotis." As a certain Radulph, chaplain to the Bishop of Aberdeen, witnessed a grant of land to the monks of Melrose somewhere about the year 1172, he may very probably be the priest here commemorated. If so, the stone must date from the twelfth century, and is one of the oldest of the kind to be found in Scotland. No other inscription in Mr. Jervise's collection can lay claim to such antiquity. The next in order of age are on the monuments of the Hays and Montifixes at Cupar-Angus, which Mr. Jervise ascribes to the fourteenth century. But, as Mr. Jervise himself draws the reader's attention to these and other monuments of special interest in the preface, we need not dwell further upon them.

The punning and humorous epitaphs retailed by would-be wits along with good stories and repartees will be sought for in vain in this collection. The Scotch national feeling as to the sanctity of all the adjuncts of death is far too strong to encourage such ill-timed jesting. The churchyard which contains the ashes of their ancestors is to them in a twofold sense hallowed ground, and the Jews themselves could not cling with a more superstitious reverence to the custom of having family bury-places. Even the very poor will bring the bodies of their kindred great distances that they may be gathered to their forefathers. We have known instances of the "Scot abroad" who carried about with him a handful of earth from the family bury-ground to the intent that wherever he died it might be sprinkled on his coffin. With a people to whom the idea of death is at once so familiar and so sacred, anything like a joke upon a "head-stane" would be looked on as profane. Still the inscriptions to their relations not unfrequently provoke a smile from their very solemnity, long words and hard to be understood being as much in favour on tombstones as in sermons. "Here lies the *mortal* remains of as much as could die" is a very favourite formula in most churchyards, although we have not met with it in Mr. Jervise's book. This reverent spirit, however, is shown only towards the "yaird," and does not extend to the inside of the church, for nearly all the racy anecdotes of which every district of Scotland has an endless store centre round the pulpit and the minister. Mr. Jervise enlivens his pages with some of the best of their sort. He tells us how, when the bell of Mary Kirk was cracked by Cumberland's soldiers, the precentor in the middle of the service handed a slip of paper to the minister, who unsuspectingly gave out that "the prayers of the congregation were requested for Mary Bell in great distress." Still better is the story of the old minister who took a fearful revenge on one of his heritors who had spoken of him as too infirm for the parish. The very next Sunday he preached "two turns of the hour-glass," and was beginning a third when the offender rose to go. "Will ye say noo, Tilwilly, that I canna insist?" (Anglicé preach), shouted the old man after him as he left the church.

But the minister was not always allowed to have his say without protest, if it happened that he and his flock were not of like mind. One Royalist divine, who during "the Forty-five" was praying "that the rebels might be scattered like mist upon the mountains," was stopped by the laird's wife, who started up and shook her fist at him, calling out, "Will ye say that, and my Charlie amang them?" What the state of feeling between Highlanders and Lowlanders in the beginning of the last century was, we gather from the account of the death of Michael Dunbar in 1722. Michael had been captain of his parish and the head of the league, offensive and defensive, against the Caterans:—

> When upon his death-bed, Mr. Miln, the parish minister, paid him a visit; and, while exhorting Michael upon the rough life he had led, and that he had much need to repent of his sins, Michael replied—"Repent o' my sins! What the deevil cou'd I doe whan thae Heelan' thieves cam' doun to take awa' our nowt?" "Ah, but Michael," said the parson, "that'll a' stand against them at the day o' Judgment." "Weel, weel," quo' Michael, "ilka chiel' 'll get's ain then!" And, grasping a dirk which lay beside him in the bed, he exclaimed, to the terror of the minister, who, it is said, made a quick retreat—"That's the hand, an' that's the dirk that loot oot fifteen sauls o' them a' in ae nicht!"

Yet this man was a Romanist and a staunch supporter of the Stuarts, and, had he lived long enough, would have been "out" in "the Forty-five" fighting side by side with those very Caterans.

From the Panmure papers Mr. Jervise gives some very curious letters, interesting from the light which they throw on the social state of the country in the seventeenth century. There is also an inventory of the "furnishings" supplied to the young Earl of Kinghorn when a student at St. Andrews. "The turkie carpet," "velvet cusshens," "imbroudered velvet courtaines," and other articles enumerated, show that all Scotch students did not, even at that early date, cultivate Greek upon a little oatmeal. More curious still is the account of the expenses incurred at the funeral of Miss Arbuthnott of Findourie, in 1704. The funeral must have been one of the most fashionable of the day, and the amount of money spent in flesh and fowl, ale and wine, plum-cakes, sweetmeats and spices, shows how much eating and drinking the mourners required to enable them to support the burden of their grief. Indeed the long list of delicacies provided at once suggests that only a change of name was needed to make the "funeral baked meats" very fitly "furnish forth a marriage table." If such entertainment was common at funerals, we cannot wonder at such stories as the one Mr. Jervise gives of a funeral which had reached the churchyard before it was found out that the coffin had been left at home. The poor woman who thus almost missed being buried had been the victim of a mishap somewhat of the same sort on her wedding-day, when the bridegroom brought her home on a pillion after the fashion of those times:—

> When the bridegroom arrived at his house, he called to the friends, who had assembled to welcome the pair home—"Tak' doun the gudewife, sirs!" "There's nae gudewife here!" was the reply, to which the bridegroom, after a short pause, answered—"I'll wager yon was her 'at gaed kloit i' the burn o' Aul' Rayne!" Messengers were despatched in search of the lost bride, who was found in a house, near the scene of the disaster, drying her garments by the side of "a blazin' ingle!"

As the district over which Mr. Jervise ranged in the present volume was the stronghold of episcopacy, we have the sufferings of the episcopal ministers after the "troubles" brought out in strong relief. The fortitude with which the clergy of that persecuted Church endured their trials was truly heroic, though it is to be hoped that not many of them showed their martial spirit in the same way as Mr. Troup, of Muchalls, who, when arrested for reading the service in defiance of the prohibitory Act, took his bagpipes with him, and marched to prison, playing "O'er the Water to Charlie" as he went. But Mr. Jervise does full justice to all denominations, and we find in his pages the epitaphs of the martyrs of Dunottar, and of the Apologist for the Quakers, as well as those of Romanists and Episcopalians. What sect he himself belongs to we are at a loss to determine, when we find him writing, with reference to an extract from a baptismal register, that this

> is a noticeable instance of the curious custom which prevailed in Scotland during Episcopal, and even in later times, of having godfathers and godmothers present at baptisms, who bore the same Christian name as was conferred upon the child.

We can assure Mr. Jervise that this curious custom may still be witnessed daily in every Christian country.

Mr. Jervise has lighted on a curious prophecy, which he quotes in connexion with the Tait family monuments. It was written by Richard Burbage in 1601, and is certainly literally fulfilled in our own day:—

> A Scot our King? The limping State
> That day must need a crutch.
> What next? In time a Scot will prate
> As Primate of our Church.
>
> When such shall be, why then you'll see,
> That day it will be found,
> The Saxon down through London town,
> Shall burrow under ground.

We cannot part from Mr. Jervise without expressing a hope that he may be induced to publish the rest of his collection of epitaphs, of which he tells us the present volume contains less than a fourth. At the cost of much labour he has here given us a book which is at once interesting to the historian and to the antiquary, and is likely to be extremely useful to all persons interested in family history, as a help towards tracing the history of collateral relations whom they have lost sight of.

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* *Epitaphs and Inscriptions from Burial Grounds and old Buildings in the North-East of Scotland.* By Andrew Jervise, F.S.A. Scot. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1875.

THE CHRONICLE OF SIR HARRY EARLSLEIGH, BART.*

THERE is one characteristic which is in some sort common to the many varieties of novels that cumber our tables in these days, and that is want of simplicity. The writers of fiction, whose name is legion, seem all to agree with the most popular playwright of modern France, that the time for turning the inventive faculties to so trivial a purpose as that of recreation is past. It is no longer the novelist's mission to give relaxation to tired brains; he deems it rather his business to stir his readers to fresh efforts of thought, either in following involved analyses of character or in making a way through a maze of bad grammar, according to his calibre. In the many cases where merely bad writing is a stumbling-block to readers, it may be that the trouble given to them is unintentional, but the effect of finding a work of labour where one hoped for a solace from care is the same whether the book is overweighted with purpose or entirely destitute of thought. The anonymous writer of *Sir Harry Earlsleigh* has been singularly unhappy in combining an evident moral purpose with an equally evident want of the commonest requirements of a novelist. The book aims at showing that it would be an excellent thing if marriage with a deceased wife's sister were rendered legal; and it is no doubt possible to find some amusement, though hardly of the kind intended, in the means by which it is attempted to convey this moral lesson.

The writer has been lavish in the matter of lively incident wherewith to attract the reader's attention to the graver questions which he is to consider. In the first chapter there is a hairbreadth escape from death threatened by fiery and unmanageable steeds, which reminds one of a like incident in *Lewis Arundel*. In the third there is an encounter with an angry bull, followed by one with two yet more angry dogs. The fourth, which contains a daring leap on a dangerous horse over a closed gate, recalls the adventures of Charles O'Malley and other heroes of Lever, in whose works the author seems to be particularly well read. In the eighth we have a rescue of the heroine from the dangers of drowning, and in the tenth a severe fall punishes the hero for trying to gather a fern for her from an insecure piece of rock. All these adventures, which take place in the first volume, are mere excrescences on a plot which is as striking and original as they are. A prologue to the novel represents a wife dying in the presence of her husband and her sister, of whom these words are written: —"Is that an angel's face? she is not an angel; but if chastity, if virtue, if intense affection, go for aught, she is not far from being an angel. And very shortly she will perform an act of self-devotion which, placed in her place, an archangel could not excel." We are presently told what this act of self-devotion is. It consists in yielding to a request made by the dying wife, "a request as natural as woman can make to woman, a sacrifice as great as soul can ask of soul." This request which is so natural is that the surviving sister should marry the widower, and be a mother to his orphan child. Cases have, we believe, been known of women taking care of their sisters' children without marrying their sisters' husbands; but in this particular instance no such way out of the difficulty occurs to the people concerned; and the result, which we cannot but deplore, of this "sacrifice" being demanded and made, was that it became possible to write the *Chronicle of Sir Harry Earlsleigh, Bart.*

This young man appears in the first chapter of the novel when the prologue is over, as Mr. Earlsleigh, a barrister, who, in language which seems meant to be humorous, tells an imaginary person, whom he constantly addresses as "Sir," how hot he was on a summer evening in the Temple, and how he received a letter from an old friend, a landowner at Killarney. This letter begins with a phrase from which one may guess pretty clearly that the novel is the work of a woman's pen. "What in the name of mystery have you been doing with that dear old self of yours for the last twelve months?" There is no reason why women should not write novels. It has been said, in the main with truth, that this is the one branch of art in which they have excelled. But there is every reason why, in the first place, they should learn that the art of writing does not come by nature as the practice of domestic duties does; and in the second, that if they must write novels, they should deal with matters of which they have some actual or acquired experience. Such considerations as these have apparently not troubled the writer of this particular novel. Its hero accepts the invitation given to him in the letter just quoted to go and stay with his old friend Seymour at Killarney, and there the remarkable adventures of which we have spoken befall him. He meets there a Miss Harcourt, who is the other principal figure in these perils. After the first of them—the upset of a carriage—which occurs immediately after their first meeting, he, after he has been employed in "disengaging her robe from the vehicle," and has taken her out of the car, "could not forbear pressing the dear girl to his heart for one short moment." In the course of his next adventure, with the angry bull, he says to her, "I shall always be delighted to afford Miss Harcourt amusement, even if it be at the risk of being gored to death by an infuriated bullock"; and the same tone of light and graceful gallantry is kept up between them for some time. A little while after this, Mr. Earlsleigh is bitten by a dog, when, in order to bandage the wound, "with a gentleness that was most truly womanly, the dear girl rolled up the sleeves of my tattered coat and shirt. A bright blush overspread her beautiful face as she disclosed my somewhat muscular arm." This is an unusually favourable specimen of the love-making carried on in the book, in the course of which it may be noted that the heroine is in the habit of addressing the hero by his surname alone. Things would probably have gone on happily enough but that the hero's cousin, Sir Alfred Earlsleigh, an aristocratic villain of the transpontine type, appears on the scene, and immediately devotes himself to compassing everybody's ruin. He first attempts to kill his cousin, and then, when his intended victim attempts to interfere between him and a peasant girl, threatens him with "crushing damning humiliation." This threat receives additional point from an old crone in whose hut the hero and heroine take shelter during a storm, and who curses them both with great vigour, prophesying to the hero, whom she addresses as "boy," that the worm now feeding on his happiness will eat its way slowly to his heart, after which, by some hitherto unknown process, his heart is to turn to stone. This incident, which again recalls Mr. Lever's novels, makes such an impression on Mr. Earlsleigh, that, having been employed till then in making desperate love to Miss Harcourt, he immediately asks her to forget him. His subsequent explanation of this conduct, which is due to his suddenly remembering the misfortune of his birth, has the merit of being remarkably plainspoken. Unluckily, during his period of forgetfulness, Mr. Earlsleigh has drawn his coat-of-arms in an album on Seymour's drawing-room table, and this gives an opportunity for the "crushing damning humiliation" with which Sir Alfred has threatened him. Sir Alfred observes that there is an omission in the shield, and on Earlsleigh saying with singular denseness, "I must confess I fail to perceive to what you allude," replies, "I will show you":—

> So saying, he drew a small and elegantly-jewelled pencilcase from his pocket, and with a bold hand began some alteration of the shield which I could not see, remarking while he did so, "A distinction so remarkable should scarcely be left out, good coz."
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> Wondering to what distinction he could allude in a tone so bitterly sarcastic I did not answer. I had not long to wait, for almost immediately after his pencil had touched the paper he handed the book back for our inspection, remarking as he did so, "I think, good coz, I would advise you to change the motto also, for, with that appendage, it is slightly anomalous."
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> As my eyes fell upon the book the blood rushed to my face; every vein I had seemed bursting, and with hands clenched, and bosom heaving as though from some great exertion, I gasped for breath. There, drawn diagonally across the face of the escutcheon, was a broad, deeply-pencilled line, a sign in heraldry known as "The Baton Sinister," the mark of illegitimacy, the badge of shame.

The result of Sir Alfred's pleasantry is that his "good coz" nearly strangles him, and then, having beaten him with a whip, runs out into the fields and faints, after which he makes his way back to London, where yet more adventures await him. He gets the reputation of having ruined the peasant girl whom he has tried to save from his cousin, and, having taken no steps to clear himself from the charge, is greatly surprised at finding himself cut by his old friends. He becomes a successful advocate by one of those happy chances which more frequently occur to brietless barristers in novels than in real life. The reader is treated to an account of a debate in the House of Commons on the question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister which no doubt resembles some real debates in its extraordinary dulness. It is perhaps needless to say that at the end virtue, in the person of the hero, is rewarded; but the way in which this is brought about is peculiar. It consists of proof being forthcoming that his father's first marriage was void, and that he is therefore a legitimate son. The writer has attempted to relieve this singularly unpleasant and silly story with what are intended to be humorous passages. These in great measure consist of old stories gathered from various sources and spoilt in the telling. One of them is a reduction to the imbecile of a really funny anecdote of an electioneering trick told by Lever in *Charles O'Malley*. Another is a long drawn-out and ill-managed version of an incident, which in itself has no great merit, to be found in a novel by Cockton, called *Sylvester Sound*. Of those stories which seem to owe their existence to the writer it is enough to say that their feebleness is matched by their vulgarity.

* *The Chronicle of Sir Harry Earlsleigh, Bart.* 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

OLD DERBY CHINA.*

THE author of this book has the great advantage of being himself a china-painter by profession. He is consequently an authority upon the subject of glazes, marks, imitations, paste, and firing, and writes from the point of view of an adept as well as that of a collector. Notwithstanding Mr. Haslem's careful researches, the early history of Derby china still remains very incomplete. What is known on the subject is chiefly derived from the recollections of the late Samuel Key, who in 1785 was apprenticed to William Duesbury, the founder of the manufactory. The works had then probably been in existence about thirty years. At that time ceramic art had attained a high point of excellence on the Continent. The Furstenburg manufactory had been established, and at Florence the beautiful specimens of Doccia ware had attracted much attention. The celebrated Capo di Monti china was gaining a well-deserved reputation under the patronage of Charles III., and much fine porcelain was produced in France, although the royal establishment of Sèvres had not yet been founded. William Duesbury was an energetic man, and made rapid progress in his works. He bought up the "plant" at Chelsea and at Bow, when the manufactories there were discontinued, and transferred some of the best

* *The Old Derby China Factory; the Workmen and their Productions.* By John Haslem. London: George Bell & Sons.

hands to Derby. He seems to have spared no trouble or expense to procure good modellers, designers, and painters. In 1773 he opened a depôt in London at 1 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, and in the same year published a catalogue in which are enumerated two hundred different articles, some of them useful and some ornamental. We find mention made of "choice biscuit groups and figures in a grotesque style," of "a pair of Mazarine blue and gold Chelsea jars," as well as of horns, altars, tripods, and cats. Boswell tells of a visit which he and Dr. Johnson made to the factory in 1777. They were delighted with what they saw both in the moulding and painting rooms, but Johnson complains that the china, though very beautiful, was too dear, for it cost its weight in silver. At the present day the pieces he saw would bring their weight in gold, if they could be identified. William Duesbury died in 1786, and his son, who was also named William, reigned in his stead. The second Duesbury inherited much of his father's talent and industry; but his health was not equal to the strain of superintending so large an undertaking, and he was obliged to seek for a working partner. This he found in Michael Kean, who seems to have been a very successful miniature-painter. He was an Irishman, but had come to London, and there found plenty of employment. In some ways the partnership did not turn out well, as family feuds arose out of it, and in 1797 Duesbury died, leaving a son William, who, being only ten years old, was incapable of taking part in the affairs of the firm. Michael Kean, who is credited with the invention of the celebrated "biscuit body," married the widow, and the works were carried on for some years under the name of Duesbury and Kean. William the third did not inherit his father and grandfather's tastes, and, although he was a clever landscape-painter, and discovered the use of baryta as a substitute for white lead, he never took to the business of porcelain-making. When he was three-and-twenty the works were sold to Robert Bloor, who, besides certain annuities to the family of the late proprietor, agreed to give 5,000*l.* in instalments. The new owner had not the technical knowledge or artistic talent of his predecessors; but he determined to make money. The patterns became more gaudy, and large quantities of ornaments were made in imitation of Japanese designs. A great number of pieces which had been put aside as imperfect were brought into the market, and sold by auction. The novelty of the thing took, and they realized large prices, in some cases more than would have been charged at the manufactory for similar specimens in perfect condition. After working incessantly for about seventeen years, Bloor became deranged, and then for twenty years the business was carried on by a manager; but it was finally given up in 1848, and the plant removed to the Staffordshire Potteries.

Mr. Haslem has taken up the greater part of his book with biographies of the different artists who were employed in designing and painting the china. Many of them are extremely interesting, for a certain singularity of temperament seems to have been not uncommon, and several of these men were remarkable in their own way. Billingsley was perhaps on the whole the most skilful designer of groups of flowers, and he was certainly unrivalled in the painting of roses, which he executed in a way peculiarly his own. There was some mystery about his life, and he assumed the name of Beeley for about twenty years. His great talent never enriched him, and he had many domestic sorrows, amongst others the loss of both his daughters in the same year. He worked at Derby from 1774 until 1796, when he entered into partnership with Mr. John Coke, and started the Pinxton works. Then we find him superintending the porcelain at Nantgarw, now so much prized, and afterwards at Coalport, Worcester, Chelsea, and other places. He does not seem to have done much painting after he left Derby, but was mainly occupied in overseeing others. His style was correct and delicate in drawing and pure and sweet in colour, but he was never satisfied with anything he did, and always saw before him an ideal to which, with all his efforts, he never attained. But William Pegg, the man who replaced him at Derby, was a still more remarkable person. He was the son of a gardener, and evidently a lover of natural beauty. As a child of eleven he had listened to Wesley, who was then eighty-three. His father brought him up in the most gloomy Calvinism, and could afford him but a very meagre education. At ten he went to work in the pottery, and at sixteen was toiling fifteen hours a day at china-painting, and trying to improve his mind and compose poetry in the few spare hours he could snatch from his busy days and tired nights. His mind was a morbidly religious one, and in after years he chronicles his regrets that his youth had not been better employed:—

> Worship, of whatever kind,
> Oft was banished from my mind.
> Then I broke my old connexions,
> Placed on drawing my affections;
> Dedicated all my powers
> To the arts in leisure hours;
> And in times of relaxation
> Painting still engross'd my passion.

Many were the vicissitudes in the forms of his belief. He left the Calvinists to turn Baptist, and afterwards became a strict Quaker, but in all these changes he remained a God-fearing and conscientious man. After having spent about five years at Derby and there executed some beautiful work, he became convinced that his profession was a sinful one. In reading Foxe's *Book of Doctrinals* he came upon a passage in which the commands given to the Jews in the fourth chapter of Deuteronomy are spoken of, and it appeared to him that it conclusively proved that it is forbidden to Christians to make the likeness of anything in heaven or earth, or under the earth. He burned all his drawings except a few flower pieces, committed even Watts's hymns and psalms to the fire, considering them to be "engines of will-worship," and then betook himself to the business of making stockings. But even that apparently harmless employment brought no peace to his sensitive soul, and he complains:—

> I was employed in making neat silk stockings, but I felt uneasie at that kind of work, because the hose were more for show than use. I often blush'd with guilt when I reflected on it, considering that I was as much wrong in that kind of work as in painting china. But I gave it up and took to cotton-work, in that I was more easy, but I had to put some ornaments (for what was called clocks) in the cotton hose, that gave me uneasiness, but I prevailed on my employers to let me make the stockings without the clocks, and that gave me relief.

Unfortunately stocking-making was at best but very poorly paid, and the cotton hose which William Pegg could alone conscientiously make brought him but starvation wages. His mother, who had been accustomed to be supported in comfort on the fruits of his china-painting, rebelled, and led her poor son a dreadful life. In 1806 he determined to go and see London, and walked there all the way. He was delighted, and calls it a "paradisiacal" place. Kensington Gardens particularly charmed him, for there, he says, "One may enjoy such retirement without being interrupted with the foolish and unmeaning expressions of 'How do you do?' 'Good morning!' 'Good night!' &c." The visit seems to have been as inexpensive as it was pleasant, for Pegg only spent two pounds during the twenty-one days he remained in town. But the expedition appears to have again unsettled his mind, and when he returned to Hinckley he tried several ways of bettering his condition. First, he employed people to work for him in the stocking trade, but they cheated him and stole his cotton. Next, he set up a school in which he taught reading, writing, and spelling for the sum of threepence halfpenny for each pupil per week; but even this he was not paid, and he says, "I have not less than thirty names on my list, but half of them do not attend regularly, and the other half do not come at all." After this he suffered from another season of great mental depression and well nigh despair. Death became more desirable than life, and the buffetings of Satan were almost more than he could bear. For a year or two longer he struggled with poverty, mental anguish, the coldness of friends, and the reproaches of his mother. At last his views modified a little, and he determined to return to his old work at Derby. But his drawings had been burnt, his hand had lost its cunning, and his health was impaired by semi-starvation. After losing twelve of the best years of his life, he had to begin anew without hope, youth, or peace of mind. He married, but neither did this bring him happiness; and no sooner was he again getting on well than doubts began to assail his mind as they had formerly done. His wife was now a thorn in his flesh, as his mother had been, and could not any better understand his scruples. His eyesight began to fail, and finally in 1820 he for ever relinquished the profession in which he was so well calculated to succeed. The miserable pair set up a small huckster shop, and struggled on through many years of poverty, and sometimes of absolute want. William Pegg did not die until 1851, aged seventy-six years; he had no children. As a painter of flowers he was unsurpassed. A specimen of his work may be seen on a large oval-shaped soup tureen now in the Geological Museum. Perhaps the fact of his having been brought up amongst flowers enabled him to give to his designs the simple and natural grace for which they were remarkable. One day when taking a walk on the Nun's Green he saw a thistle which took his fancy and of which he made a careful drawing. This he afterwards reproduced in a plate which was kept at the Derby manufactory until it closed, as a model of masterly design and execution. This plate was to be seen at South Kensington last year, but it was in a very battered condition, from constant use in the painting room. William Pegg was likewise very successful in his rendering of autumn foliage, and his colouring was singularly delicate and true; his feathers and insects were also much admired from the firm free way in which they were handled.

There is one chapter in this pleasant book which we cannot recommend to collectors. It will give them indigestion, and destroy their happy confidence in those precious marked specimens of which they are so proud. It is the one on imitations and marks, from which it seems that only a china-maker ought to be a china collector, for he alone can detect the clever impositions now so common. Mr. Haslem tells how, two years ago, he saw in a shop in London a tea service painted with landscapes and small insects. The ware itself was Old Derby, and had the conventional mark in red, but the painting had been done quite lately, and the pieces bore proof of recent refiring. A large price was asked for this coarse and slovenly attempt at deception. Mr. Haslem also tells how he once painted some miniatures in the style of Petitot, and afterwards saw them exhibited at South Kensington as being genuine examples of that artist's work. There is scarcely any china for which a large price is offered that is not imitated so as to deceive any one except a person who thoroughly understands the subject of pottery and porcelain. It is not possible here to follow Mr. Haslem through all the intricacies of marks and imitation marks, or to go into the subject of the prices given for pieces of china when they were made and when they had acquired the factitious value of rarity. We need only say that those who want information on the subject will find it in this book, as well as a great many details about the different

methods of gilding, firing, modelling, and colouring practised in the manufactory at Derby.

The workmen were as a rule Liberals, so much so that when in 1813 the "True Blue" club of the town wanted a handsome jug made, they would not employ such "a set of radicals," but sent to the rival manufactory of Worcester. This jug was exhibited at Derby in 1870, but is of more value historically than as a specimen of ceramic art. After the passing of the Reform Bill the workmen clubbed together to present a pair of fine royal purple jars decorated with views of Windsor Castle to William IV., as a "testimony of their affection and loyalty." But although the vases were made and the inscription written, they were never presented, His Majesty's Ministers deeming them to be an expression of political sentiment. They were sold, and the money was returned to the men. A portion of one of them may now be seen at the Geological Museum. The chromo-lithographs from Old Derby pattern-books are very good, and will be of interest to those who already possess specimens of the ware. The book concludes with an excellent index.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

IN *The American State* * Mr. Dix has elaborated a paradox which may perhaps find some believers among a certain class of English admirers of democracy. There are those who know enough of American constitutional law to be aware that the State, and not the Union, is actually and legally the fountain of authority, and the possessor of immediate and practical sovereignty, but who from strong party feeling refuse to accept the logical consequences of this fact. They will not admit that the interference of the North with slavery, and its determination to compel the seceding States to submit to Federal authority and to treat their citizens as rebels, were aggressions pure and simple, aggravated by distinct violations of public faith. But few of the admirers of Northern institutions have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the real bearing and history of the American Constitution; and those who have not will be dismayed and repelled by Mr. Dix's clear admission that it is a Federal, and not a national, bond. Americans who will welcome his vigorous assertion of American nationality will be still more revolted by this confession; for they know that the Union exists only in virtue of the acceptance of the Constitution by the several States which were in existence when it was framed, and cannot venture to rest their claim to be a nation on the repudiation of the very bond which holds them together. Mr. Dix's theory is that the colonies were a nation before the War of Independence, that they waged that war as a nation, and that they were recognized as a nation and not as a Confederacy. Yet no one who reads the story of Washington's difficulties, of the independent action and perverse disloyalty to the common cause of many of the States under the original Confederacy, and of the impotence of Congress, can fail to see that the Thirteen States were less closely united than the German Bund before 1866. The history of the struggle clearly shows that each colony or State acted as a single and sovereign Power. The treaty which terminated the war did not recognize the Union as a sovereign Power, but the United States as thirteen sovereign States, each of which was named as such, the Union being a matter of arrangement among themselves with which we had no concern. And when the Confederacy was dissolved by the secession of the States which formed the new Union, the sovereign and independent character of the States was distinctly acknowledged by the clause providing that the new Constitution should take effect as soon as nine States had agreed to it, but only as between those nine, the other four being left outside as long as they pleased in absolute isolation. Two States did so remain outside for some time. Mr. Dix has misrepresented history, therefore, and could not have ventured to present his theory without directly mis-stating the form of the treaty which recognized the Thirteen States. But his interpretation of the Constitution is frank and honest, and is well worth the attention of the English believers in that "national" doctrine which he upholds; especially as he shows—what many writers on this side of the water have repeatedly pointed out in vain—that the theory of State sovereignty was held not in the South only, but in the North also, by an overwhelming majority, and was asserted in turn by all parties, and not least by that Republican faction which only became Unionist when the Union became a convenient plea for waging war on the South. It follows that the only "rebels" in the South were the Unionists of Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee; that, whether or not, Virginia and her sister States had a right to secede, they had, according to the Constitution and the invariable traditions of the people of both sections, a paramount claim to the allegiance of their citizens, as the King of Prussia had to the obedience of his subjects when he revolted from and waged war upon the German Bund.

Van Horne's *History of the Army of the Cumberland* †, though disfigured by the usual misrepresentations of Southern members and the usual libels on Southern generals and statesmen, is a valuable contribution to the military history of the Civil War; and its interest and the convenience of its readers are greatly promoted by the collection, in a thin additional volume, of all the plans and maps needed to illustrate the operations described in the text. The army of the Cumberland formed a very important part of the Western forces of the Union; and though its own separate operations were of minor consequence, it was included in the greater army which, under the command of Grant, drove the Confederates from Kentucky, captured Fort Donnelson and Island Number 10, gained the fruits, if not the honour, of victory at Shiloh, and gave a death-blow to the Southern cause by the capture of Vicksburg; and which afterwards, under Sherman, broke up the "shell of the Confederacy" and prevented the possibility of maintaining the contest after the fall of Richmond. It is a pity that the generally accepted history of such a force should give currency to a wanton calumny on the unfortunate chief of the Confederates. Every one, unless we are to except the author, knows that the motive of Mr. Davis in quitting the army of General Johnstone, where he would have been protected by the capitulation, was not personal but public; that he thought it possible to make head against the enemy beyond the Mississippi, and to extort terms for his country, if not to prolong the struggle. We should have thought it impossible that party spite should at this date have deliberately suppressed this obvious and notorious explanation, and represented Mr. Davis's flight as directed simply to procure his own safety which it evidently imperilled and actually sacrificed.

The principal purpose of Mr. Goodrich's Life of Columbus * seems to be the destruction of the fame of its subject. It purports to show that the Genoese mariner was in no sense the discoverer of America, and that, on the whole, the European opinion of his own age, which named the continent of the New World after Vespucci rather than after Columbus, was just and reasonable. That the Northmen of the middle ages did penetrate, by way of Iceland and Greenland, to the coasts of America is quite possible; but the tradition on which their alleged discovery rests is somewhat dubious, inasmuch as it brings them to a country whose reported character argues a much lower latitude than any they were likely in the first instance to reach, and suggests that they founded a colony there. Now it is obvious that sailing north-westwards, or even due west, the Northmen would come on the ice-bound coasts of Labrador or Hudson's Bay; and not until they had sailed along that frozen coast, utterly unpromising as it was, for hundreds of miles, would they come to any country that can be identified with their delightful "Vinland," which resembles Southern France more than England, and Virginia more than Canada or New England. And the total disappearance of the alleged colony is in itself a suspicious point. But even if the story were true, it hardly seems to detract from the honour due to the later adventurers, as they certainly did not know of it. There is more force in Mr. Goodrich's argument that Columbus was in possession of suggestive hints, if not of actual information, respecting the existence of land to the west of the Canaries, and in his attempt to prove that the part of the Pinzons in the expedition has been grossly underrated. It is also obvious that Columbus entirely mistook his position. He fancied that he had reached India or China, an idea which shows that he utterly misconceived the size of the globe. Mathematicians and astronomers had by that time acquired a knowledge of the truth which suggested the great probability that a continent might lie between China (Cathay) and Spain, and rumours of its existence were floating in the air. Again, Columbus only discovered the West Indies, not America. And, finally, Mr. Goodrich points out that the peculiar relations of Ferdinand and Isabella, the close alliance between his patroness, the Queen, and the monks who were the chief historians of the time, and the course of Columbus himself, secured for him the favour of those who had in their hands the distribution of posthumous fame, if not of immediate honours, and gave him a tremendous advantage over his rivals. To these latter Mr. Goodrich devotes the larger part of his space, and there is certainly much in their character and in their achievements that excites the sympathy and admiration of Englishmen far more than the easier performances, the more boastful and less simple nature, and the very dubious conduct of Columbus himself. The book, like most books of controversy, is somewhat dry and sometimes tedious reading, and can by no means be skimmed, but it is on the whole worth the study it demands. Still Mr. Goodrich and one or two other writers who have recently taken the same view write as the partisans of a new theory; it would be desirable to have the history of the Spanish, Portuguese, and English discoveries of the sixteenth century rewritten by some impartial inquirer in the light of late investigations.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne's *Saxon Studies* †, having already appeared in an English periodical, are probably well known to our readers. We need not describe his treatment of the subjects, or rather victims, of his merciless vivisection; it is enough to say that the book might be more fitly entitled, "Follies, Vices, and Meannesses of the Saxon Character." The entire volume is one long tirade against a people who are probably fair average representatives of the German nation, whose love of flowers and

* *The American State and American Statesmen.* By William Giles Dix. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *History of the Army of the Cumberland; its Organization, Campaigns, and Battles.* Written at the request of Major-General George H. Thomas, chiefly from his private Military Journal and other Documents furnished by him. By Thomas B. Van Horne, U.S.A. Illustrated with Campaign and Battle Maps. Compiled by Edward Ruger, late Superintendent Topographical Engineer Office, Headquarters Department of the Cumberland. 2 Vols. and Atlas. Cincinnati: Clarke & Co. London: Lockwood & Co. 1875.

* *A History of the Character and Achievements of the so-called Christopher Columbus.* By Aaron Goodrich. With numerous Illustrations and an Appendix. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Saxon Studies.* By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

appreciation of scenery prove them by no means inferior in æsthetic sensibility to Mr. Hawthorne's own countrymen, and whose military prowess is a strong proof that neither beer, nor the habit of throwing much hard work on women, has impaired their manhood. We incline to suspect that Mr. Hawthorne has acquired in his own country a strong antipathy to the "Dutch," and has never attempted to judge the Saxons by any but American standards of taste and feeling, nor yet to realize the conditions of life in a poor and overcrowded agricultural country.

A vehement denunciation of Opium-eating*, coupled with a fierce protest against De Quincey and a disposition to make all possible and impossible excuses for Coleridge, proceeds from a writer who has neither medical knowledge nor wide experience to make his opinions valuable. The most interesting part of his work is that which relates his sufferings in Confederate prisons; but there is so little detail and precision in this part of the book that it might just as well be pure invention as cruel reality. We fear, however, that it is the latter; especially as the author's fearful sufferings under over-doses of opium and morphine appear to indicate a shattered constitution. The value of his experience is almost *nil*; for he evidently belongs to that class of persons to whom opium is altogether poisonous, and these very rarely become opium-eaters. Not only does he know nothing of the more usual course of opium-poisoning—at first apparently harmless and pleasant, afterwards growing on the victim, so as to lead him to excesses which then exact a terrible retribution—but he seems never to have tried it in any but the common American form, sulphate of morphia, which is to many opium-eaters almost as intolerable as to himself; and he has never tried to relieve himself from its tyranny in the most obvious way—namely, by gradual reduction, not by sudden disuse. His relation, truthful and frightful as it is, is too obviously that of an exceptional case to be effectively deterrent; whereas De Quincey's book, which he denounces, serves to warn the reader how dreadful are the ultimate consequences of the habit even in a specially favourable case, and therefore is about the most telling work of the kind that we know.

Miss Dickinson, at less length and with tenfold more common sense than usual, urges on the American people that intelligent attention to national and local politics, to the reform of obvious practical abuses, and the completion of the system of national education, would prove a *Paying Investment*.† It is shown that, besides negroes and foreign-born citizens, there is a vast body of illiterate native Americans, and that, without the excuses which exist in Europe, American parents are as prone as Europeans to profit by their children's work rather than pay for their children's schooling. Also, that the state of the county gaols is scandalous, and that the confinement therein for long periods—sometimes twelve months—of untried prisoners and distrusted witnesses is carried to a point far beyond anything that we could have conceived, while men of means have seldom any difficulty in getting out on bail, or in escaping by forfeiting their pledge. On politics proper Miss Dickinson has nothing to say that is not notorious, but she says it strongly and well. Her plea that a majority of women should be allowed to rule a minority of men, who of course neither admit their right nor need fear their power, is utterly silly; she might have learnt by experience that no laws can be enforced which have not on their side an overwhelming superiority of physical strength, energized by moral determination. Even a Maine Law passed by men for men is broken down by the resistance of the few and the indifference of the many. What would become of a Maine Law passed by women over the heads of five-sixths of the men, if it were conceivable that women would be allowed to make such use of their votes against the will of those who support them, and will always in the last resort claim therefore to control them?

Childhood ‡ is a very amusing and readable collection of anecdotes of the sharpest and the most naïve sayings heard from or ascribed to clever children, *enfants terribles*, and simple-minded children whose literal interpretation of metaphorical phrases or explanations intended to put off or silence, not to solve, the questions they have asked is perhaps more puzzling and awkward to the adult offenders against their simplicity than the wilful wit or misplaced frankness of either of the former classes. The moral of many of these stories is appropriate and true; that of many others is foolish and impertinent, especially those favourite anecdotes of a certain class of preachers in which the conversion of intellectual sceptics—that is, the solution of historical or ethical perplexities—is imputed to some simple outburst of childish piety. In particular, the folly of giving untrue or evasive answers to troublesome inquiries is illustrated by a few really childlike and probable objections. But the essays and comments whereby this readable collection of infantile *bons mots* is converted into a pretended didactic work, decorated with the ridiculous second title which calls the childhood therein displayed "the Text-book of the Age," are little better than rubbish, which people will do well to skip.

Footnotes * relate some of the experiences and impressions of that very exceptional character, an American walker. The author is chiefly familiar with the scenery and people of New England, and his notes are readable enough. If he had given us rather more facts and a good deal less of sentimental reflection and description, they would have been much better.

An elaborate and well-illustrated description of the Centennial Exhibition of Philadelphia † is probably meant as a public record of the work and a sort of anticipatory monument of the celebration rather than a readable and saleable account of the intended performances or guide to the building. Its form, elaboration, and costliness render it wholly unsuitable for the latter purpose, as it is very large, much wider than it is long, and unbound, while printed and illustrated in the most effective style, evidently "regardless of expense."

A descriptive book on American Interiors‡, contrasting some of the finest libraries and dining-rooms of American gentlemen with the old halls and rooms of mediæval Europe (chiefly English), is professedly meant to improve by example the popular taste in decoration and furniture. But it is not likely to be much read by the public; to architects and upholsterers, and to a few men of fortune, with good but uninstructed taste, intending to build or improve their mansions, it may be welcome and useful. To reach the many, even of the richer classes, it should have been much smaller, simpler, and cheaper. One or two of the plates are interesting, on account of the names with which they are connected.

A much more practical and immediately useful treatise is a collection of Essays on Hospital Construction§, sent in to and published by the Trustees of the Johns Hopkins Fund for the building and endowment of a great hospital at Baltimore. As most American hospitals, in common with all old, and most new, English ones, are scandalously ill constructed, both as regards convenience and sanitary considerations, as the principles of construction are clear and simple, but the details to be studied many, and not always quite easy to reconcile, a variety of counsels and a multitude of counsellors may well be of service, provided it be left to one man finally to profit by all the suggestions, and embody them in a single and original conception.

We need do no more than mention the Transactions of the New York Medical Society for 1875‖; a large and carefully edited volume. Two minor medical books are intended for popular use. That on the Care of the Sick¶ is compiled in the form of a sort of dictionary or directory, explaining the symptoms and treatment of trifling disorders, the value of sanitary precautions and the consequences of their neglect, the action of various poisons and chemical substances in common use, and generally the proper course to be taken by laymen in case of accident or illness where a doctor cannot, or until he can, be called in.

A so-called Anglo-Saxon Grammar ** would be more promising, and probably more useful, if its author had that perception of the real history of his native tongue, and the relation of the English of Alfred to the English of Victoria, which would have prevented his giving his work a popular, but not the less erroneous, name.

A new and cheap edition of Agassiz's *Geological Sketches*†† deserves mention; as also a number of fresh volumes of the excellent duodecimo series of American classics (so to speak) brought out in rapid succession by Messrs. Osgood.‡‡ In a similar form appears the first volume of a series of selections from the works of Swedenborg§§, freely translated, and arranged with a care and judgment wanting to the original.

A Guide to Seaside Resorts‖‖, Canadian and American, will be useful to a people so much given to this kind of holiday-making as the Americans; and some of the visitors to the Philadelphia Exhibition will probably find something useful in a multitude of

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* *Opium Eating: an Autobiographical Sketch.* By an Habituate. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

† *A Paying Investment.* By Anna E. Dickinson. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *Childhood: the Text-Book of the Age.* For Parents, Pastors, Teachers, and all Lovers of Childhood. By Rev. W. F. Crafts. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Lee, Shepard, & Dillingham. London: Trübner & Co.

* *Footnotes; or, Walking as a Fine Art.* By Alfred Barron ("Q.") Wallingford (Conn.): Wallingford Printing Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

† *Centennial of the Nation: International Exhibition at Philadelphia.* New York: Julius Bien. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

‡ *The Book of American Interiors.* Prepared by C. Wyllys Elliott from existing Houses, with Preliminary Essays and Letterpress Descriptions. Illustrated in Heliotype. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

§ *Hospital Plans.* Five Essays relating to the Construction, Organization, and Management of Hospitals, contributed by their Authors for the use of the Johns Hopkins Hospital of Baltimore. New York: Wood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‖ *Transactions of the Medical Society of the State of New York for 1875.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

¶ *Plain Directions for Accidents, Emergencies, and Poisons, and the Care of the Sick.* By a Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, &c. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

** *An Introduction to the Study of the Anglo-Saxon Language; comprising an Elementary Grammar, Selections for Reading, Explanatory Notes, and a Vocabulary.* By Stephen H. Carpenter, Professor of Logic and English Literature in the University of Wisconsin, &c. Boston: Ginn Brothers. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

†† *Geological Sketches.* By L. Agassiz. Second Series. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

‡‡ *Mosses from an Old Manse.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

§§ *The Swedenborg Library.* Vol. I. Edited by B. F. Barrett. *Death, Resurrection, and the Judgment; from the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg.* Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

‖‖ *American Seaside Resorts: a Guide to Health and Pleasure Seekers.* Edited by Charles L. Norton. New York: Printer Brothers. London: Trübner & Co.

cheap guide-books to various parts of the Union published on this side of the water by Mr. Trübner.

A biographical and descriptive *Cyclopædia of American Literature* *, in two ponderous quarto volumes, is a valuable work of reference, which should be found in great public libraries, but is hardly suitable or attractive to private purchasers.

* *Cyclopædia of American Literature; embracing Personal and Critical Notices of Authors, and Selections from their Writings, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day.* By Evert A. Duyckinck and George L. Duyckinck. Edited to date by M. Laird Simons. 2 vols. Philadelphia and New York: Zell. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

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OF

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THE GOVERNMENT AND MR. CAVE'S MISSION.

MR. DISRAELI'S careless answer to Mr. CARTWRIGHT'S question as to Mr. CAVE'S Report probably ruined a considerable number of speculators. It is true that in Stock Exchange gambling the loss of the seller is generally the gain of the buyer, and that a discouraging statement in many cases only precipitates a fall in prices which was already inevitable. Nevertheless a prudent Minister would not willingly cause a disturbance of the money market, or incur the resentment of losers, which is not balanced by any gratitude on the part of the winners. The most irritating circumstance in the whole transaction consisted in Mr. DISRAELI'S evident unconsciousness that his statement could have serious consequences. It may be doubted whether his excuse for withholding the Report was literally exact. According to Mr. DISRAELI, the Government, on seeing the Report, thought that in some respects the publication of the document might be disagreeable to the KHEDIVE. On inquiry this suspicion proved to be well founded; and it would evidently have been impossible, after asking the KHEDIVE'S consent, to disregard his protest. Dealers in Egyptian stocks not unnaturally formed the conclusion that the most objectionable part of the Report was not any criticism which may have been passed on the KHEDIVE'S administration, but the balance sheet by which the credit of his Government might have been tested. It seems improbable that the scruple as to publication originated with the English Government. Nothing would have been easier than to edit the Report in accordance with the everyday practice of the Foreign Office and of other public departments. Mr. CAVE, who has both official experience and knowledge of business, can scarcely have included in a document intended for publication any scandal which it might perhaps be his duty to communicate confidentially to the Government. There can be little doubt that the KHEDIVE himself raised the objection which he is supposed to have only adopted; and his demand for secresy is the more unsatisfactory because the facts which are withheld from the House of Commons are not improbably known to some of the financiers with whom he has lately been negotiating.

No explanation which may be devised will acquit the Government of imprudence. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who in such matters commands more serious attention than the PRIME MINISTER, had already stated that the Report proved the solvency of the Egyptian Government. It is impossible to defend the non-publication of the details which prove the truth of an official declaration. It is certain that a fortnight ago the Government had not considered that the results of Mr. CAVE'S mission were in any degree the property of the KHEDIVE, either to publish or to suppress. Any mistake on the subject must have been caused by failure in the first instance to arrive at a clear understanding with the Egyptian Government. In the early debates of the Session the Government explained the origin of Mr. CAVE'S mission. The KHEDIVE had asked for the assistance of two English experts in finance; and it was not understood why a simple request might not have been granted or refused. Mr. DISRAELI and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE were unable to understand the exact position which a couple of Treasury clerks might hold in Egypt; and they consequently sent a colleague of their own to Egypt with a regular and numerous staff. For that time the Stock Exchanges of London and Paris have devoted themselves to the collection of gossip and of rumours about Mr. CAVE'S relations with the KHEDIVE, and afterwards about his own financial conclusions. The Report has been conjecturally discounted again and again on the general understanding that it was to be published, either as soon as it was received or on Mr. CAVE'S arrival in England. If there was really any sufficient reason for withholding the result, the Government ought to have anticipated inquiry by giving some plausible explanation of their change of policy. The unfavourable inferences which were drawn from Mr. DISRAELI'S injudicious language were inevitable, even if they were not well founded. A potentate much in want of a loan could, it might have been thought, scarcely object to an independent and trustworthy certificate that his creditors might safely trust him. If Mr. CAVE had arrived at an opposite conclusion, the objection of the KHEDIVE to publicity would be intelligible; but the English Government ought to have reserved its liberty of publication.

Although the Report itself is now treated as private and confidential, Mr. CAVE some time since communicated its substance to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who considers himself at liberty to state in the House of Commons his general conclusion. On Monday last he repeated the declaration that the condition of Egyptian finance was not irretrievable, and that the necessary practice of economy would insure the KHEDIVE'S solvency for the future. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE added the remark that some change might have taken place since the date of Mr. CAVE'S Report; but the only serious cause of fresh embarrassment must have been the high rate at which money may have been borrowed in the meantime. In this respect also the English Government would have done a service to the KHEDIVE by an early publication of the Report. It is true that no advantage which could have been obtained would justify a violation of confidence; but there would probably have been little difficulty in obtaining the KHEDIVE'S previous consent to publication if the Report proved to be on the whole satisfactory. It is now stated that the KHEDIVE is prepared to withdraw his objection if the English Government will consent to be represented on the Finance Commission. It is highly improbable that any negotiation on this subject will be encouraged by the English Government. The mischief which followed from the announcement of publication and from Mr. DISRAELI'S subsequent statement has by this time been done. It is not the duty of the Government to provide information for speculators, or even to facilitate the contraction of loans which may perhaps increase the dependence of the KHEDIVE on French financiers. It may be conjectured that Mr. DISRAELI, when the mission of Mr. CAVE was first proposed, vaguely expected that the result would be an increase of English influence over the financial transactions of Egypt. The popularity which his Government had acquired by the Suez Canal purchase may have suggested further interference in Egyptian affairs.

More than one recent miscarriage in the conduct of Parliamentary business raises a doubt whether Mr. DISRAELI'S influence in the House of Commons may not be seriously impaired. He has for many years deserved the favour of the House by his tact, his temper, and his skill in the management of a party; but till his last accession to office he had never found himself, whether in or out of office, charged with the direction of a majority. His want of knowledge of details, and his imperfect sympathy with

public feeling, have become more prominent as his responsibility has increased. The strange series of blunders which he committed during the debates on the Royal Titles Bill indicated a fundamental defect of knowledge and judgment. It was peculiarly unfortunate that he should have disregarded the established understanding that the Opposition should to a certain extent be taken into council in questions affecting the Crown. In the discussion of the Bill Mr. DISRAELI had the good fortune of being encountered by adversaries who were themselves singularly wanting in discretion; but, except at the division, he derived no advantage from the general irritation against Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE. Mr. DISRAELI's speech on the third reading of the Bill was at the same time frivolous and rash, nor was it certain that he was more serious in his wanton challenge to Russia than in his reference to school-girls and almanacs. In answering questions on Egyptian finance he has been equally trivial and equally imprudent. It would have been sufficient to state to the House that the proposal of a Joint Commission had been rejected, without adding the vague declaration that a more active form of interference might perhaps not have been equally objectionable. A more judicious Minister would have answered Mr. CARTWRIGHT's question by a simple statement that the publication was delayed until the KHEDIVE's consent had been obtained. Although the Session has lasted only six weeks, the popularity of the Government has declined, almost entirely through Mr. DISRAELI's fault. If he is well advised he will entrust to his colleagues the duty of answering questions on matters which they understand better than himself. The extraordinary mismanagement of the Royal Titles Bill, commencing with Mr. DISRAELI's neglect of the usual communication with the leader of the Opposition, could not have been avoided by any delegation of duties.

THE ROYAL TITLES BILL.

IT was impossible that anything very new could be said on the title of Empress in the Lords. Efforts were made by more than one peer to show that party spirit had nothing to do with his opposition, and Lord GREY has certainly earned the right to say that for twenty years he has blamed every Ministry with inflexible impartiality. Still, in point of fact, the debate was a party one, and Lord SALISBURY, with his usual incisive clearness, stated why the Ministry consider the opposition to be a mere party move. As very many of those who are most adverse to the assumption of the new title are not conscious of any party bias, and are not in the habit of approving or finding fault with successive Ministries merely because they do or do not belong to a particular political section, it is not uninteresting to understand why Lord SALISBURY considers their opinion in the present case to be of not the smallest importance. That the country is not adverse to the change Lord SALISBURY argued very legitimately from the very large majority by which the Bill had been supported in the Commons, and from the absence of petitions against it, or the artificial character of such petitions as have been presented. But then, as Lord GREY had said, any one mixing in society would find that nine men out of ten were against it. That this was true, or at least true to a very great extent, Lord SALISBURY admitted. But, he asked, why should a Ministry take any notice of what society thinks? Society, as its scornful critic says, is a very interesting body, but it has the characteristic of being in need of excitement. It happens that it is a dull time of the year just now, and so society has invented for itself the amusement of being pane-stricken by the notion of the QUEEN being called Empress. The whole imagination of harm arising from the change of title is the creature of the busy brains of club gossips. It may be useful to realize how much truth there is in this. It is not true as a description of the people who object to the title of Empress, but it is true of their number and importance. Those who object to the new title on the grounds of history and of remote political consequences are not at all fairly described as club gossips, or as mere echoes of a society in search of excitement. But it is quite true that the number of those who care about a measure being unconstitutional, and who attempt to look forward and see the distant fruits of bad precedents, is comparatively small. Lord SALISBURY is only using language which was freely used by Mr. GLADSTONE in the days of his supremacy. The number of those who objected to the use of the prerogative to reverse the decision of the Legislature as to the abolition of purchase was small, and their criticisms were wholly ineffectual. The country did not in the least mind, as it did not in the least understand, that exercise of high-handed power. A part of the London press might object, but, as Mr. GLADSTONE said, he did not care about the London press. It was the provincial press which was the true and only guide of Ministries, and all he could say was that he was just as much the "People's WILLIAM" after the Royal Warrant as before. In the present case we may go further, and say that with a large class in the country the Bill is distinctly popular. The main objection to the Bill is that the title will soon extend to England; but very many people wish that it should extend to England, and will set themselves to make it extend as soon as possible. The LORD MAYOR has already begun to call the QUEEN Empress. There are many ways of earning a baronetcy, and this may be one of them. Portsmouth has signalized itself by an illumination in honour of the PRINCE OF WALES as our future Emperor. The clergy seem on the alert, and are beginning to enjoy the tickling pleasure of calling the QUEEN by a double title, as if they had got two half-crowns in their pocket instead of one. The very danger of the Bill lies in the title which it sanctions becoming popular. If people like to call the QUEEN Empress, and to give themselves the gratification of speaking of the Royal Family as Imperial, why, it may be asked, should they not be allowed to do so? In the same way it may be asked why, if people choose to live on their capital instead of their income, should they not do so? The only objection is that present ease will entail future pain. This is the objection to the Titles Bill. The Crown will be living on its capital. There will be more effusive loyalty than ever; adulation will delight itself with Imperialism; and even society, in search of a new excitement, may amuse itself with increasing fervour of prostration before its Czar. It will be thought natural that an Emperor should do things denied to a King. But then there will come a reaction. An Englishman is at once the most obsequious and the most independent of human beings. If encouraged to set up an idol, he will first get the handsomest idol that money can buy, and then burn it. Imperialism will be confronted with democracy, and it is not Imperialism that always wins. These are the objections to the Bill, and persons who have no party ties whatever think them serious and well-grounded objections. But, as Lord SALISBURY suggested with much truth, those who care whether at some period after their death England may be the battle-ground of a struggle between Imperialism and democracy are few, and the mayors and the clergy and the illumination-makers are many.

It was to be expected that some light would be thrown in the Lords on the effect which the Bill will have in India. There are members of the House of Lords who are specially qualified to speak of India, and both Lord NAPIER and Lord LAWRENCE took part in the debate. Both agreed that it was desirable that a new title should be assumed, to mark the paramount authority of England, that this was a suitable moment for the change, and that the change would be acceptable alike to the princes and the people of India. On the other hand, both agreed that it was quite unnecessary that Empress should be the title, and that it was a mistake to choose a title which excited opposition in England. But they differed as to the best substitute. Lord LAWRENCE adhered to what certainly seems the simple and effectual means of escaping all difficulty—namely, that the title which most properly, in the most appropriate Oriental language, designates paramount sovereignty should be selected, and that the QUEEN should be called by this title in India. Lord NAPIER objected to this on the singular ground that it was somehow unchristian. The QUEEN would be thought to be abandoning her religion if she took a title that had ever been borne by a Mussulman. But the QUEEN's new title must be translated somehow. It may be an objection to the particular word Padishah that the title was borne by such a creature as the last King of OUDE, or it may be thought that the natives would soon forget Oude and think only of England. But if Padishah is rejected, it must be rejected in favour of some better word; and whatever is the best word as a translation of Empress might have been used as a substitute for it. But, in point of fact, the question has got beyond the stage of argument. The Ministry hardly condescends now to reason at all. No references to the grand secret motive of the Bill as a challenge to Russia could provoke any

reply from a Minister in the Lords. It was perfectly immaterial to the Cabinet whether, for the passing amusement of the House of Commons, the PRIME MINISTER had invented one fantastic argument for the Bill or another. Perhaps the new title was a challenge to Russia, and perhaps it was not; but at any rate the Bill had been brought in by a Conservative Ministry, and was beyond discussion by any Conservative who did not mean to forsake his party. The most effective part of Lord GRANVILLE'S speech, which throughout was marked by great tact, good sense, and good feeling, was a demonstration that it would be entirely impossible to keep the Indian title out of English official life. Every writ, every order to the most petty municipality, must run in the name of the Empress of India. There was no attempt to meet this statement. The CHANCELLOR merely contented himself with repeating the general assertion that it would be only in formal documents that the QUEEN would be designated as Empress. That these formal documents would penetrate into every region of public life was a statement undeniable perhaps in point of argument, but one which might easily be passed over in contemptuous silence. Turks strangle consuls while they prate, and majorities can silence arguments by votes. We must, we suppose, take human nature as we find it, and own that all Ministries are very much alike. The Titles Bill is the Royal Warrant of the Conservatives. Unfortunately there is one difference between the two cases. The issue of the Royal Warrant was an isolated act, and its repetition can be prevented. The mischief of the Titles Bill will be permanent and continuous, and will not offer any one point at which it can be resisted.

A subsidiary discussion has been started in the Commons as to the absence of the QUEEN on the Continent during the sitting of Parliament, and it is so far connected with the Titles Bill that the spirit which appeared in the questions addressed to Mr. DISRAELI probably borrowed some of its asperity from the excited feeling which the discussion of the Title Bill has provoked. This is unavoidable. Imperialism has its losses as well as its gains. It has its unpopularity as well as its popularity. The exultations of mayors and clerical toasts and flattering illuminations will be answered by sharpened criticism; and sharpened criticism will be met less and less by appeals to affectionate reverence, and more and more by appeals to the necessity of swimming with the tide. The precedents for the absence of the Sovereign on the Continent during the Session of Parliament are so very few and of such slight value that no weight could be attached to them if the absence really needed justification. The objections to this absence are two. One is that the Sovereign, as a branch of the Legislature, and in order to aid in the due despatch of public business, ought to be at hand while Parliament is sitting. But this objection applies even more strongly to the QUEEN'S residence at Balmoral during what is always the busiest and often the most critical time of the Session. Balmoral causes all the inconveniences of Baden, and the QUEEN habitually goes there in May, whereas she is not likely to go often abroad. It is generally remembered that the QUEEN is not only a Queen, but a woman, and has to lead a burdensome life as well as she can, and that if her health requires her to go to Scotland in May, her subjects can only acquiesce in respectful silence. The other objection is founded on the old feeling that it is a bad thing for the Sovereign to be much on the Continent, lest alien habits of thought should be formed; and in the early days of the Hanoverian dynasty there was a constant fear lest the King, being a German Prince, should, by residing in Germany, become too German. This objection applies equally strongly to the visits of the QUEEN to the Continent at any time of the year, and has nothing to do with the sitting of Parliament. It may now be considered a pure anachronism. The QUEEN is not in the remotest degree more likely to become less English in feeling whether she goes to Baden or not. The very mention of such a notion shows its absurdity. That there are many inconveniences in the absence of the QUEEN during the sitting of Parliament from London or its neighbourhood is unquestionable, but it must be taken for granted that the QUEEN has some good reason for going, and the assurance of this ends discussion.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

THE German press has in the last few days been much exercised by the news received from Russia. It finds reasons, and perhaps valid reasons, for uneasiness. It is indeed the thought of Russia that weighs down the spirit of every German who tries to forecast the future of his country. Over France and Austria Germany exercises perpetually something of the influence of a conqueror. They have felt her strength, and have no mind to provoke a new contest unless under conditions far more favourable than those under which they suffered defeat. With England and Italy Germany may hope to preserve a not very ardent, but still steady, friendship of that solid sort which is founded on permanent identity of interests. But Russia is at once a very close neighbour and an unconquered rival. There is a general presentiment in Germany that a Russian war will one day come, and that, if it does come, it will tax the resources of Germany very severely, while even victory can offer no prospect of advantage. For the moment, however, a war with Russia may be regarded as too remote an evil to press heavily on the German mind. Nor is it any prospect of the kind that now disquiets the German press. What is thought of is not a state of war, but the state of Europe while peace is preserved. The one absorbing aim of Germany is to keep intact that settlement of European affairs which she was able to establish by her victories of 1870. The great instrument of upholding this settlement, as Prince BISMARCK has over and over again declared, is the alliance of the three EMPERORS. Conflicts, and even differences, were all to be avoided by personal and friendly arrangements between the chiefs of the three EMPERORS. This system has been put in practice, and has proved by no means unsuccessful. There have, indeed, been some little ruffings of the smooth surface. The German press was last autumn allowed to menace Austria with rather more freedom than seemed compatible with a friendly and equal alliance; and Prince GORTCHAKOFF went a little out of his way to claim the success of the efforts made by Russia to preserve peace last May as a diplomatic victory over Prince BISMARCK. But these are slight things, and Prince BISMARCK has been able to announce to his countrymen at periodical intervals that everything was going on well, that the EMPERORS were the best friends in the world, and that peace was assured. The ANDRASSY Note may be looked on as the latest embodiment of the policy on which the Alliance was founded. Difficulties were to be avoided by the three allied Powers taking the matter of the Turkish insurrection into their own hands, settling precisely what was to be done, and then announcing their decision to the Porte, after inviting the assent of the more remote Powers. Sensible Germans did not of course expect that a mere Note and a few Turkish promises would end an insurrection. That must really depend on what those on the scene or near it were prepared practically to do. But the concert of the allies which had enabled them to decide on one common step might enable them to take others also as events might require. Provided that the pillar of German policy as guided by Prince BISMARCK, the Triple Alliance, stood firm, it did not seem to make much difference how the quarrel between the Porte and the insurgents ended.

Suddenly a piece of news has arrived which has deeply agitated Germany. It is said that the Emperor ALEXANDER is weary of the heavy burden of power, and wishes to resign his sovereignty into the hands of his son. As a preliminary it is stated that he will shortly leave Russia for Ems, and make his son Regent during his absence, with full powers. What makes this important to Germany is that the Triple Alliance was in a great measure based on the personal regard of the CZAR for the German EMPEROR, to whom he is connected by family ties the force of which cannot be equally felt by a member of another generation. The Emperor ALEXANDER, too, is believed to hate war. He began his reign amid the miseries of the Crimean struggle, and he learnt the lesson of moderation which the war was meant to teach his father. He has indeed found an outlet for the energies and ambition of his subjects in the extension of his Asiatic territories; but the great events of his reign have been peaceful changes and internal reforms. His son, on the other hand, is commonly supposed to incline to what are called the views of Young Russia—that is, to a policy which aims at crushing into a common form of complete Russification all the few remains of

internal independence, and at extending by all means, and even at the risk of war, the paramount influence, and perhaps the direct dominion, of Russia over the Christian populations in the Turkish Empire. How keenly the Germans feel the possible consequences of a change in the direction of Russian policy may be gathered from the feverish eagerness with which it is debated whether the CZAREWITCH is really so much the enemy of Germany as is supposed; and it has even been discussed what amount of influence his wife is likely to exercise over him, and whether the Princess DAGMAR will set herself to redress the wrongs and avenge the humiliation of Denmark. These are in part the idle disquisitions of people in a panic. Great nations do not suddenly change their policy because a lady is sorry for the misfortunes of her father; and heirs-apparent, as long experience may have convinced Englishmen, by no means follow on the throne the counsels to which they listened with pleasure in their days of expectancy. Even if the Young Russians are the friends of the CZAREWITCH now, he may hereafter throw them over as quietly and completely as GEORGE IV. threw over the Whigs. But the Germans are probably right in attaching much more importance to personal influence in the countries with which they have immediately to deal than we should be inclined to do with our modern English notions. The Emperor NICHOLAS personally invented the Crimean War, just as the Emperor NAPOLEON personally invented the War of 1870. The alliance of the three EMPERORS is no doubt founded in a great measure on the real interests of the three nations concerned; but it is also in a great degree founded on the personal influence of Prince BISMARCK and the personal dispositions of the Emperor ALEXANDER. If the alliance were endangered, and were found not to be answering its purposes, Prince BISMARCK would have to look out for a new basis for his foreign policy; and the mere notion of Prince BISMARCK looking out for a new basis of foreign policy is enough to make Germans apprehend that a time of trouble and anxiety may be at hand.

It is impossible, too, for Germans, or for any one else, not to notice that, just at the moment when the news of the CZAR'S retirement, whether temporary or permanent, from the conduct of public affairs has been announced, a most remarkable change has come over the utterances of the Russian press as to the Turkish insurrection. It would seem as if Russia now meant to say that her patience was exhausted, and that she really must at length show herself in her real character as the one trustworthy friend of oppressed Turkish Christians. Even an official paper announces that the dangerous position of the insurgents is to be attributed to Austria's unhappy partiality for Turkey. This certainly is not much in keeping with the spirit of the great alliance of which Austria was supposed to be acting as the authorized organ. What would Prince BISMARCK say if an Austrian official journal announced that the difficulties of the situation were much aggravated by the unhappy solicitude of Germany for the interests of Prince CHARLES of Roumania? When a Russian official paper speaks in this way, it is not surprising that journals which less compromise the Government should follow eagerly in the same path. One journal proposes that the Turks should retire from Herzegovina, and the province be handed over to Montenegro, and it very kindly invites the co-operation of England for the attainment of this desirable end. We may remark in passing that the Russian press still speaks with studied admiration of the boldness of England in what is called laying its hands on Egypt, as this is thought to be a good precedent for other people to follow; but it is considered to be a sad descent when it is proposed to frighten Russia by calling the QUEEN an Empress. Other journals assure those subjects of Turkey who have not as yet joined the insurrection, but may feel inclined to do so, that although Russia may not for the moment see its way to giving them active assistance, it will take care that no other Power interferes with them. In other words, the natural desire of Austria to keep things quiet shall be effectually controlled, so far as they are concerned. This may be a mere momentary and insignificant effervescence of the Russian press; but it is also possible that it may mean much more. It may be an indication that Russia is prepared to break away from the alliance and act for herself. Russian journals could not say such things unless they were permitted to say them, and it would not be possible to say them unless some persons with great influence wished they should be said. As this has taken place at the moment when the withdrawal of the EMPEROR from the seat of Government is announced, it cannot be called unnatural or fanciful in Germany to connect the two things together, and to suppose that the EMPEROR retires because he finds he cannot combat a policy to which he is opposed, or which he is personally engaged not to favour; and if this supposition is correct, it must be admitted that the Germans are quite right in apprehending that events of a very serious character may be at hand.

THE IRISH DEBATES OF THE WEEK.

THE division on the Irish Borough Franchise Resolution was more instructive than the debate. The 166 members who voted with Mr. MELDON probably included in their number all, and more than all, of those who approved of the motion. The Government was only able to command the petty majority of 13 against a measure which is disliked by all their supporters and by a large section of the Opposition. Since the intermittent process of reduction of the franchise first commenced, it has been difficult and invidious to resist each successive change; and in the present case the demand for an assimilation of the Irish to the English franchise is both plausible and scarcely susceptible of a plausible answer. In reply to one of the opponents of the motion Mr. BRIGHT said, with perfect truth, that the same reasons have been urged against household suffrage in England. It had in the controversy of 1866 and 1867 often been observed that an existing constituency was in a certain sense disfranchised when it was reinforced by a larger number of voters of a class previously excluded from voting. It is also fair to ask Parliament to maintain its consistency by once more overruling an unpopular argument. One of the Irish speakers in the debate felicitously referred to Norwich in illustration of the advantage of promiscuous enfranchisement. As he forcibly contended, the Irish householders could not be more corrupt than the new electors of Norwich; and it was at least possible that they might be less eager to sell their votes. The utter indifference with which the proposal is apparently regarded by the small borough householders of Ireland proves that they have not, up to this time, looked forward to a profitable mode of exercising the franchise. Commonplaces about the integrity of the poor are not especially convincing; but few members like to denounce, especially without proof, the weaknesses of any class of the community. It is possible that bribery may not be the evil which is most to be apprehended from an extension of the borough constituencies of Ireland.

Lord MAYO in his Irish Reform Bill of 1868 adopted the 4*l.* rating franchise with the approval or acquiescence of both Parliamentary parties. The difference between the Irish and the English franchise was defended on the ground that the poorer residents of Irish boroughs are lower in the social scale than ordinary English householders. Mr. BRIGHT indeed ingeniously argued that, in consequence of the low rents of Irish houses in towns, a house rated at 4*l.* might be as good as a 6*l.* or 8*l.* house in an English borough. If the majority of the unenfranchised householders were actually rented at 4*l.*, Mr. BRIGHT'S argument would be difficult to answer; but a previous speaker had explained that houses ranged downward from 4*l.* to rents of a few shillings. It is impossible to deny that all considerations of symmetry are on the side of Mr. MELDON and his allies; nor is ostensible equality or uniformity a small merit in legislation. It is necessary in a free country not only to pass good laws, but to make their goodness generally intelligible. As household suffrage is irrevocably established in England until it is superseded by some wider franchise, the Irish may be easily persuaded that their more limited suffrage involves an injustice to those who are excluded. It is only surprising that the Home Rule members have not raised a more formidable agitation against an ostensible anomaly. One explanation of their neglect or failure may be the comparative insignificance of Irish boroughs. There are only three or four large towns in Ireland; and it was stated in the course of the debate that they contain an overwhelming proportion of the whole borough constituency. The proportion of voters in the large towns and the rest of the boroughs would not be greatly altered if household suffrage were substituted for the present rating; but the borough constituencies, which would long since have been abolished if

they had been in England, may perhaps look more presentable when their actual numbers are increased.

It has been not unreasonably suggested that the best mode of removing the anomalies disclosed in the debate would be to abolish borough representation in Ireland, except for three or four towns; and to merge the constituencies in the counties. The defect of the scheme is that it would involve larger changes than those which were proposed by Mr. MELDON. It would also create a remarkable contrast between Great Britain and Ireland; and the Home Rule party would consequently be furnished with a new pretext for agitation. Half the population of England live in towns, and the boroughs are represented more largely than the counties. Conventional justice requires the assumption that there is the same proportion of towns in Ireland; and, by lowering the franchise, they may be made to appear comparatively populous. If the counties returned nearly all the members, the borough constituencies would complain that their former franchise was raised, unless, indeed, household suffrage were extended to the counties, while it is not yet established in England. A simpler mode of satisfying the demand of the Home Rule members would be to grant their request. The narrow majority of Tuesday last against the motion of a private member may be considered as a defeat of the opponents of the proposal; and if the opinion of the House is not changed when it is again introduced in a future Session, the Government of the day may fairly give way. It is consoling to reflect that the borough representation cannot be greatly deteriorated, except perhaps in two or three constituencies where the lower class of the population includes a large proportion of Roman Catholics. It matters little whether the Home Rule party is reinforced by a few recruits, while, on the other hand, it would be deprived of an ostensible grievance. The whole question would be uninteresting if the division were not ominous of the future reception by Parliament of more serious proposals for rendering the electoral system more democratic. Members are always unwilling to profess an unfavourable opinion of the electoral qualifications of a possible constituency.

The question whether the extension of the franchise would raise the character of the representatives or promote the good government of the kingdom had little interest for the supporters of the motion. Mr. BRIGHT, indeed, believes in the comfortable doctrine that the suffrage is good for the electors, if not for the country which they indirectly govern; but, on the whole, the value of machinery is most satisfactorily tested by investigation of its fitness for its purpose. That toothed wheels and cylinders and levers are interesting or beautiful in themselves is to a scientific observer a secondary consideration. The motion and debate of Wednesday furnished a valuable illustration of the tendency of the proposal of Tuesday. There is no doubt that every householder who would be enfranchised by Mr. MELDON'S project would support candidates pledged to Mr. BUTT'S scheme of spoliation and to its future extension. The poorer classes, indeed, in Irish boroughs are not generally occupiers of land; and their chances of obtaining farms, if they desire them, would be greatly diminished by the abolition of leasehold tenure; but whether the petty borough householders might be directed by the priest or by the demagogue, all their sympathies would be on the side of their social equals, and they would regard the landlords as legitimate objects of plunder. Mr. BUTT proposes to exaggerate Mr. GLADSTONE'S interference with property by a measure which is altogether inconsistent with the rights of ownership. The danger of the precedent established by the Irish Land Bill was generally recognized but a large Parliamentary majority, with the approval of the country, held that the evils to be mitigated by agrarian legislation outweighed the possible mischief which might result from a partial limitation of the landlord's rights. Mr. BUTT asserts, probably with truth, that the occupiers are still discontented; and he proposes to satisfy them by transferring the freehold in every instance from the landlord to the tenant. For the present, the owner is to be allowed to receive his rent, and even to recover it by legal proceedings in case of dispute; but no tenant is henceforth to be evicted, and the former owner will merely retain a kind of rent-charge on the land. It may be hoped that the Opposition will assist the Government in resisting a project which must be decided by votes rather than by arguments. No specious demonstration that a redistribution of land or other property would be beneficial can alter the convictions of those who regard property as an ultimate fact. Communist institutions may perhaps be practicable, but they are not consistent with the laws and customs on which existing society is founded. Mr. BUTT and his opponents waste their time in controversy because they have no common basis on which they can reason.

THE FRENCH LEGISLATURE AND THE CLERGY.

THE elections have worked a greater change in the ecclesiastical than in the political temper of the French Legislature. As probabilities go at present, the new Government will have little difficulty in securing a working majority in the Chamber of Deputies as well as in the Senate. The revolutionary passions of which M. BUFFET stood so much in terror have been glutted by the appointment of M. DUFAURE as Vice-President of the Council, and of M. RICARD as Minister of the Interior, and it will be generally conceded that an appetite which is so easily appeased can never have been really ravenous. But though the Chamber of Deputies promises, socially and politically speaking, to be scarcely less Conservative than the Assembly, there is a marked difference between the two in their attitude towards the Church. In the Assembly the Left was as much hated on the score of its religious opinions as on the score of its political opinions. In the Chamber of Deputies the majority seem ready to take M. GAMBETTA as their ecclesiastical leader. The Government has already shown its appreciation of this fact by introducing a Bill to modify the law establishing free Universities, and in the debate on the Pontivy election the Chamber itself has gladly accepted his guidance. M. DE MUN, the successful candidate at that election, has been variously described as a Roman Catholic counterpart of HEDLEY VICARS and of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE. He is admitted to be extremely eloquent, and some even of his enemies would probably be sorry if the inquiry which has been ordered should result in the loss of his seat. It does not appear whether the clerical pressure which was undoubtedly brought to bear during the election was really needed to ensure M. DE MUN'S return. It is not improbable that it was exercised *ex abundanti cautelâ*, in the conviction that if a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. Perhaps the fact that his adversary was a priest made it the more incumbent on the ecclesiastical authorities to prevent their simple flocks from being misled by an impudent pretender. But for this M. DE MUN'S name might have been well enough known to good Catholics to make his election certain; but when the Abbé CADORET came into the field the electors might have been puzzled to know on which side the sympathies of the bishop and clergy really lay. As it was, they were not long left in doubt. The bishop of the diocese canvassed for M. DE MUN in person; the Archbishop of PARIS canvassed for him by letter; even the POPE himself seems to have been appealed to, and to have allowed it to be understood that, in voting for M. DE MUN, the Catholics of Pontivy would be doing their best to soothe his voluntary captivity. M. DE MUN, who, as is the custom in the French Legislature when the validity of an election is impugned, defended his own cause, seems to have puzzled the Chamber by the excessive frankness of his admissions. To every accusation of having won his election by clerical influence he replied, in effect, Certainly; why not? The Bishop of VANNES had done no more than was necessary to point out to the electors which of the two candidates had his support. The Archbishop of PARIS had intervened in his favour, just as M. GAMBETTA had intervened in the return of one of the candidates for Paris. If the fact that he wore a decoration conferred by the POPE influenced the electors to vote for him, were not the walls of Paris still placarded with letters from GARIBALDI recommending his official candidates to Radical support, and might not the POPE'S name be invoked in an election as innocently as GARIBALDI'S? The French clergy, he contended, are not mere functionaries of the State. They are paid for the services they render, but they have not sacrificed their independence, and they had a right to accept M. GAMBETTA'S challenge delivered before the elections, and to prove that Pontivy, at all events, is still thoroughly Catholic. The Church has been threatened on every side, and she has a right to defend herself with the weapons that lie nearest to her hand. In this case the weapons were Catholic votes, and it was

nothing more than natural that the clergy should do their utmost to ensure that these should be given to a thoroughly Catholic candidate.

M. DE MUN made a very favourable impression on his hearers, whose breath seems for the moment to have been taken away by the boldness of his line of defence. As the *Journal des Débats* says, the Left had not calculated on this entire forgetfulness of laws, of Concordats, of Organic Articles, of pledges given by the Holy See—this assumption, in fact, that a bishop is no more a public personage than M. GAMBETTA himself—and their want of preparation showed itself in their first attempt at an answer. If the vote could have been taken when M. DE MUN sat down, it is possible that the proposal for an inquiry into the circumstances of the election might have been rejected. M. DE MUN had managed to present the issue as a conflict between the friends and the enemies of religion, and though the new Chamber is very much less influenced by the clergy than the Assembly was, its members are not prepared to hear themselves denounced as Free-thinkers or Atheists. Even among the Republicans there must have been many who felt that to accept M. DE MUN's association of the Republic with irreligion would be exceedingly injurious to the success of their cause, since it would be to admit the very charge which their enemies are most accustomed to bring against them. There was scarcely a married deputy in the Chamber who would not have felt that there was discomfort in store for him at home if he had to tell his wife that the issue between the Republic and religion had been fairly raised, and that he had given his vote against religion. M. GAMBETTA'S speech was exactly fitted to meet this temper. He argued in favour of the proposed inquiry with so much moderation, with so much courtesy towards M. DE MUN, and with such a careful determination not to confound religion with the clergy, or the French clergy as a body with the Ultramontane minority, that the anti-clerical deputies at once saw their way made plain for them. No one, said M. GAMBETTA, need defend religion, for no one has either attacked or threatened it. When the Left speak of the clerical party they have in view neither religion nor those who sincerely practise religion. Even among the clergy themselves there are many who regret that the defences which former Legislatures have set up against the usurpation of the Vatican should have been allowed to fall into disuse. It is not of these men, the true French clergy, that politicians are afraid, but of that ecclesiastical party which has Rome, not France, for its centre. In the Pontivy election the question of religion was not even raised. Both the candidates were Catholics; one was a priest, the other was worthy to be a priest. But the Chamber had a right to know, and was bound to inquire in order to know, whether these two candidates solicited the votes of their fellow-citizens with entire liberty and entire equality. By showing a calm determination to restrict the clergy within the limits proper to their functions, and to no longer allow them to make the pulpit a political engine, the Chamber would assert freedom of election, and restore peace to those who at present import into politics the party passions derived from their religious divisions.

If M. GAMBETTA could really effect the object which he thus held up to the Chamber, it would be cheaply bought by the invalidation of any number of elections. It must be remembered, however, that this object is very much more difficult of attainment than the apparently parallel one which Parliaments and Judges have from time to time endeavoured to secure in Ireland. It does not seem to have been alleged in this debate that any coercion was used at the Pontivy election. The grievance of the Left is not that the priests forced the electors to vote against their consciences or their wishes, but simply that they, being priests, did what is only permissible to laymen. They behaved themselves as thoroughly energetic partisans, and this, according to the principle which M. GAMBETTA wishes the Chamber to take as its guide, cannot be tolerated in men who have no concern with the affairs of the world. But unless M. GAMBETTA can succeed in moderating the language often used by members of his party, there is not much chance that the French clergy will keep themselves completely apart from politics. The distinction which he draws between attacking religion and attacking the political influence of the Church is as much disregarded by the Extreme Left as by the Extreme Right. It is possible that the clergy may be originally to blame for this confusion, and that it is their unscrupulous use of political weapons that has made religion so hated by certain politicians. But this does not alter the fact that the clergy have at present good grounds for believing that, if the extreme Republican party were at the head of affairs, their religious liberty would be curtailed as well as their political liberty. Before M. GAMBETTA can make them contented with the part which he wishes to assign them, he must at least convince them that, if they do not meddle with politics, politicians will not meddle with religion; and in order to do this he must impose on the anti-clerical passion of his followers a bridle to which as yet they show but little disposition to submit.

LORD CARNARVON'S SOUTH AFRICAN POLICY.

LORD CARNARVON'S courteous and argumentative despatch to the Government of the Cape will not convert the local Ministers, because it is impossible to conciliate opponents who are bent on a quarrel. Mr. MOLTENO is consciously or unconsciously employed in reducing the difficult and novel theory of the internal independence of colonies to a practical absurdity or dead-lock. The experiment has only been tried within the last quarter of a century, and it has hitherto succeeded as well as could be expected; but a responsible Minister who devotes his energies to the object of taunting and thwarting the Imperial Government enjoys, among other facilities, the advantage of absolute impunity. Lord CARNARVON may satisfy impartial critics that Mr. MOLTENO is neither wise nor well bred, but until the majority of the Colonial Parliament is shifted, the Ministers may set both the Governor and the SECRETARY of STATE at defiance. The anomaly of a vote of censure on the Home Government proposed by the local Ministry is censured with dignified moderation in Lord CARNARVON'S despatch. After paying Mr. MOLTENO a personal compliment, Lord CARNARVON expresses his opinion "that it can only have been from a failure to understand "the relations which must, both in language and in "practice, subsist between the Imperial Government "and the officers of a Colonial Government, that "he overlooked the fact that the terms of his motion "were such as are, to the best of my belief, without parallel or precedent even in cases which have "been far more open to controversy than this can be said "to be, and for obvious reasons are not adopted by persons "continuing to hold office in the colonies under the representatives of the QUEEN." Nevertheless Mr. MOLTENO will probably persevere; and there is no reason to suppose that his majority will decline to follow him. His complaint is in substance that Mr. FROUDE on many occasions attacked the policy of the local Government, while he was known to enjoy Lord CARNARVON'S confidence. It is useless to explain to angry politicians that, in consequence of the failure of the project of a Conference, Mr. FROUDE bore no official character. Lord CARNARVON reminds the malcontent Ministers that all his own despatches were addressed exclusively to the Governor; but he is not careful to disguise his full approval of the measures which were eloquently advocated by Mr. FROUDE. Opinion in the colony is divided on the important subject of South African confederation, and it will not be known before the next election whether the Cape is in favour of union. Mr. MOLTENO has exhibited some adroitness in substituting the issue between himself and Lord CARNARVON for the more important question of forming a Confederacy.

It will be a cause of regret if the most important of the South African communities continues to reject Lord CARNARVON'S moderate proposals. There is reason to hope that Natal, Griqualand, and the two outlying Republics will send delegates to the Conference which is invited to meet in London. It is not intended that the representatives should have power to pledge their constituents to any measure of which they may themselves approve; but Lord CARNARVON hopes that misunderstandings may be removed and difficulties smoothed by preliminary discussion. Although the various Legislatures will reserve the right of independent action, the nomination of delegates may perhaps be considered to involve an admission of the principle of confederation. If the Government of the Cape thinks fit to abandon its attitude of opposition, it may at any time take part in the Conference; but as long as Mr. MOLTENO remains in office he is not likely to profit by the opportunity. One important adherent to the plan of a Conference has been already secured. Mr. BRAND, President of the Orange Free State, is about to visit England, having obtained from

the Volkraad, or Assembly, full powers to act according to his judgment on behalf of his State. Lord CARNARVON openly declares his wish that "the two Republics may see "their way on fair and honourable terms to resume their con- "nexion with the British Crown, from which they were unfor- "tunately separated many years since." The Imperial Govern- ment perhaps attached too little importance at the time to the ominous commencement of the process of curtailing the frontiers of the Empire; but the secession of the Dutch communities which now constitute the two Repub- lics could probably not have been prevented. When the farmers first left the English territory attempts were made to follow them with a claim of continued allegiance, but their answer to the proclamations of the Colonial Govern- ment was a further withdrawal. The causes of the irrita- tion which then prevailed have become obsolete, and expe- rience has shown that all the South African settlements have interests in common. If all the provinces were independent States, they would almost certainly find it expedient to unite for various purposes, and especially for the adoption of a common policy towards the for- midable tribes of the interior. The union may be as easily and as usefully accomplished under the British Crown, and, as long the colonies maintain a nominal dependence, it can be effected in no other form. Mr. MOLTENO'S proceedings may satisfy the authorities of the Free States that the Minister of a colony is as fully at liberty to use strong language as if he were President of a Republic.

One among many reasons for urging confederation at the present time is founded on the untoward result of Marshal MACMAHON'S award as to Delagoa Bay. It is believed that the Portuguese Government will make offers to the Free States for an access to the Eastern coast which would render their trade in a great measure independent of the neighbouring colonies. If a convenient route by Delagoa Bay is established, it would be desirable in the interest of all parties that it should be used by the in- habitants of all the neighbouring provinces. Although new democratic communities in all parts of the world seem to have an invincible antipathy to free trade, any in- fluence which the Imperial Government may possess will be exercised in accordance with sound economic prin- ciples. Even protective duties will be less mis- chievous in proportion to the extent of territory which may be included within a common frontier. Large areas of country can bear vicious tariffs with com- parative immunity from suffering, because internal trade is absolutely free. There are many objections to the juxtaposition of independent European settlements in new countries. The acquisition of the Dutch settlements on the Gold Coast, and the proposed exchange of territory with France in the same region, were suggested by experience of the difficulties which sometimes arise from too close neighbourhood when it is also necessary to deal with un- civilized races. The Kafirs of South Africa are warlike, and naturally intelligent; and their numbers are unknown. Their friendly or hostile relations with the Free States necessarily affect the interests of the adjacent colonies. Other causes of dissension have already arisen. The dis- covery of the diamond fields has given rise to a territorial dispute which urgently requires a settlement. The Government of the Cape has supported the occupation by English immigrants of lands which are claimed by the Free State. As Mr. MOLTENO and his colleagues impute the blame of encroachment to the Imperial Government, it may be inferred that the Free State has really suffered a grievance. Lord CARNARVON may perhaps succeed in effect- ing a compromise; and confederation would go far to render future collisions innocuous.

At home there will be little difference of judgment on Lord CARNARVON'S South African policy. A Secretary of State for the Colonies who is only anxious to lead a quiet life may avoid or adjourn troublesome questions if he de- termines habitually to abstain from interference. Some of Lord CARNARVON'S predecessors have encountered the oc- casional petulance of colonists by intimations that the mother-country could dispense with a connexion which caused more trouble than advantage. Others have, like Lord CARNARVON himself, encouraged a genuine, if capricious, loyalty by expressing on all suitable occasions the pride which an Imperial Government ought to feel in regarding prosperous and growing dependencies. Lord CARNARVON, not content with the mere forms of courtesy, has desired to mark his term of office by the promotion of a scheme which conduces greatly to the benefit of the South African Colonies. The attempt to unite a number of provinces into a dominion which may hereafter become powerful and independent is not a proof of the zealous and usurping policy which Mr. MOLTENO perversely attributes to the SECRETARY of STATE. In ancient times it was thought that division facilitated external control. The charge of unconstitutional conduct which is preferred by the Cape Government shows how soon political systems may be acclimatized and taken for granted. Mr. MOLTENO perhaps fancies that the relations of a Colonial Secretary to a self- governing colony are as fully ascertained and understood as the traditional rules of the English Constitution. It seldom occurs to impatient colonial patriots that, as long as any trace of dependence remains, the Imperial Government must sometimes make its authority felt. It is still uncer- tain whether it will be possible permanently to govern great colonies and at the same time to let them govern themselves. The justification of a system which may seem paradoxical is that there is no practicable alternative. The control which still remains to the Crown must be suspended whenever it is seriously resisted. Long before responsible government was established at the Cape the Colony peremptorily and successfully refused to admit transported convicts. It will be still more easy to reject a beneficial scheme of confederation; nor has the Imperial Government any selfish interest of its own in securing a great advantage to the South African Colonies.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL.

IF divisions went by argument, the success of Mr. PLIMSOLL'S proposal to substitute a system of com- pulsory survey of merchant ships for the system of optional detention which the Government wishes to make perpetual would have been secured by Mr. REED'S speech on Monday. The real distinction between the two pro- posals is, that the Bill does at haphazard, and with the maximum of inconvenience to all concerned, what com- pulsory survey would do regularly, and with the minimum of inconvenience. The distinction which the Government tried to set up between making themselves responsible for the seaworthiness of ships and leaving the owners respon- sible has no existence. The Bill is a Bill empowering the Board of Trade "to detain ships provisionally for the "purpose of being surveyed." If the owners are to remain responsible for the soundness of the ships they send to sea, what business has the Board of Trade either to detain or survey them? To hold a man responsible for what he does is to say to him, Do this or that if you like, but remember that you do it at your peril. If the Government care about consistency, they ought to strike out the clauses giving their officers power to detain unsafe ships, and pre- scribing a procedure for regulating their detention, and trust entirely to the operation of the clause which makes it a misdemeanour to send an unseaworthy ship to sea. All that the officers of the Board of Trade would then have to do would be to remind the owner of a suspected ship that, if he persisted in sending it to sea, and it was afterwards proved to have been in an unseaworthy state, he would incur certain penalties. To do the Government justice, they have too much regard for the lives of sailors to leave ship- owners alone in this fashion. Accordingly, they take the re- sponsibility of a suspected ship off the shipowner's shoulders and lay it on their own. It is true that they proclaim all the time that no such transfer is being effected, and protest against the notion of compulsory survey as something altogether destructive of the principle of their measure. But the survey of a ship under the provisions of the Bill is in all respects as compulsory as it would be under Mr. PLIMSOLL'S Amendment. The detaining officer gives the shipowner no choice in the matter. He does not go to him and say, I believe that your ship is not fit to go to sea; will you let her go, and take the responsibility of what- ever befalls her, or will you make over the responsibility to me, and let me decide whether she is fit to sail? On the contrary, in the case of every ship which a detaining officer chooses to survey the owner has no choice whether he will have his ship surveyed or not. In fact, it is inaccurate, though convenient, to speak of compulsory survey in con- tradistinction to the survey provided for in the Bill. We ought rather to speak of systematic survey as opposed to random survey. As Mr. REED put it, "The Government

"do not say, We decline to survey ships and determine their "seaworthiness. They undertake this duty; but, instead of "taking the initiative, they wait till somebody brings to "their notice the fact that a ship alleged to be unseaworthy "is proceeding to sea, and then the Government, who now "say it is not their duty to do these things, readily and "cheerfully step in and do them." They will not relieve shipowners of responsibility of their own mere motion, but they are perfectly willing to relieve them of it at the suggestion of the man in the street. Why the Government should have taken up this position is incomprehensible. They can hardly hope to have conciliated both the shipowners and the public, inasmuch as, if the Bill is really carried out, the former will be subjected to all manner of annoyance; while, if it is not really carried out, the latter are certain to be dissatisfied. The only explanation is that they have a genuine admiration for the symmetry of their proposed legislation, which sustains them against criticism. It is to be hoped that it will prove equally efficacious in sustaining them against the unpopularity which is certain to follow upon criticism.

The means by which the Government propose to prevent unseaworthy ships from being sent to sea have now been in operation for about half a year, and the same newspapers which report the debate on the clause of the Bill which makes sending an unseaworthy ship to sea a misdemeanour report a trial under the identical clause in the temporary Act of last year. From the proceedings in this case, therefore, we may learn what kind of influence this threat which the Government think so terrible is calculated to exercise on shipowners. The prosecution was instituted by the Board of Trade against one HOWELL for sending a ship called the *Leader* from Plymouth to the Mersey on the 19th of November, 1875. The ship reached the Mersey in safety, but the Board of Trade thought they had reason for suspecting her seaworthiness, and caused her to be surveyed. She was then found to be "utterly rotten "wherever she was opened," and the surveyors gave evidence which induced the counsel for the defence to say that he would not attempt to contend that she was seaworthy. The facts on which the prosecution relied to bring home guilty knowledge of the ship's condition to the owner were that the master and crew had been held blameless for abandoning the *Leader* at sea in July 1875, on the score of the proved rottenness of her masts and rigging, and that after this report HOWELL had never employed any surveyor to examine her, but had been content with spending some 50*l.* in repairs, which, as the event proved, were utterly insufficient. In fact, as the ship, after being surveyed by the Board of Trade, was sold at the "break-"ing-up price" of 105*l.*, it may be surmised that she was really not capable of being repaired. If these facts had been stated hypothetically in the House of Commons on Thursday night, we imagine that Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY would have said that this was precisely one of the cases against which the Bill is intended to guard. But the precisely similar Act of last year is plainly insufficient to guard against them, for the jury found HOWELL not guilty. Whether, in spite of the testimony of the surveyors, they believed that the *Leader* was seaworthy, or whether they believed that HOWELL had used all reasonable means to insure her seaworthiness, does not appear; but on one ground or another the prosecution broke down. And as this prosecution failed, the majority of them will probably fail. Perhaps this may be some comfort to Lord ESLINGTON under the rejection of his Amendment on Thursday. The clause, as it stands, makes the sender of an unseaworthy ship to sea guilty of a misdemeanour, "unless he proves" that he used all reasonable means to make her seaworthy. Lord ESLINGTON proposed to make him guilty of a misdemeanour "if it be "proved that he made default in using" such reasonable means. The adoption of this Amendment would have destroyed even that semblance of efficiency which the Bill now possesses. The fact that a ship has been found to be unseaworthy is, as Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY said, strong presumptive proof against the owner, and it is no hardship to call on him to rebut this presumptive proof. If a shipowner is so unfortunate as to possess unseaworthy ships which he believes to be thoroughly seaworthy, it will no doubt be difficult for him to prove that he used all reasonable means to correct a defect of the existence of which he had no suspicion. But there are probably few shipowners in this melancholy position, and if there be any, the effect of the Act will be to encourage more frequent surveys. As regards the owner who knows that his ship is unseaworthy and makes what he thinks to be sufficient repairs in her, it will be very much more easy for him to prove that he did such and such things than for the prosecution to prove that he did not do them. The bills for the work done will remain, and from them it will be possible to form a fairly accurate estimate of the extent to which the ship was repaired. If the work thus shown to have been done was obviously inadequate to the needs of the ship, there will be no injustice in condemning the owner. If it was presumably adequate to those needs, he may confidently count on an acquittal.

It is difficult to feel much interest in the further progress of a measure which is plainly doomed to be inoperative. We do not say that, if the Board of Trade are prepared to prosecute every owner of a ship which is proved to have gone to sea in an unseaworthy state, and to detain every ship preparing to go to sea which is suspected of being in an unseaworthy state, something will not have been done even by this Bill to protect sailors against avoidable loss of life. But it will have been done in the most cumbrous and costly manner, and even then the principal value of the Act will be that it has demonstrated the necessity for an Act of a different character. When the Board of Trade have grown tired of striving to obtain impossible convictions, and of wasting money on conjectural surveys, they will at last come to the conclusion that the easiest way of preventing unseaworthy ships from going to sea is to prevent ships from becoming unseaworthy.

NOXIOUS VAPOURS.

THE Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND has rendered an important public service in moving an address for a Royal Commission to inquire into the working and arrangement of works and manufactories from which sulphurous acids, sulphuretted hydrogen, and ammoniacal or other vapours and gases are given off; to ascertain the effect produced thereby on animal or vegetable life, and to report on the means to be adopted for the prevention of injury thereto arising from the exhalations of such acids, vapours, and gases, and upon the legislative measures required for that purpose. It is satisfactory to know that the Government is prepared to act upon this Resolution, with the exception of the part relating to legislative measures. The Duke of RICHMOND was very indignant at the idea of a Royal Commission invading the province of the Government in regard to proposing any new legislation; but he perhaps forgot the great number of Royal Commissions which are at present in existence for the express purpose of devising a policy for a Government which has got none of its own. The Slave Circular Commission is a striking illustration of this weakness of the Ministry, and it is certainly curious that, while so abjectly dependent on outsiders for advice on great questions, it should be so sensitive as to receiving a hint or two on little ones. It is needless to say that the Report of a Royal Commission does not commit the Government in the slightest degree. The advice may be taken or left, but it is usually that of a competent adviser who at least deserves to be heard. The Duke of RICHMOND perhaps thinks that on occasions when the Government is represented by three Dukes rolled into one it ought to be treated with more awe than when represented only by a Minister in the Lower House. Happily, however, it is not of much consequence whether the Royal Commission makes any suggestions or not as to changes in the law. The main thing at present is that there should be a thorough inquiry, and that the facts should be ascertained in such a way as to form a basis for legislation. It seems that in the first instance the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND intended to confine his proposal to the Tyne district, which is no doubt bad enough; but he found that the complaints of poisonous atmosphere were so wide and extended to so many different kinds of works, that it was necessary to enlarge the terms of his motion. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who followed in the debate, was able from his own experience at Lambeth to give ample confirmation of the necessity for an extension of the inquiry. He anticipated the criticism that he was speaking for himself by remarking that he was not confined to residence at Lambeth, but could go elsewhere, and that it was the poor, and not the rich, who were the real sufferers in such a case. This is a very important observation, and goes to the root of the whole question. It is quite certain that no person of means who could afford to live anywhere else

would choose Lambeth for a residence; but there is unfortunately a very large class of poor people who cannot find accommodation anywhere else, and who have a right to claim some consideration. The ARCHBISHOP explained that he had nothing to say against the potteries, which supply a livelihood to a large number of the inhabitants; but he contended that manure-heaps, though right enough in their place, ought not to be piled up in the midst of a dense population to sicken and poison them.

This was a subject in which the late Lord DERBY took a great interest, and he was instrumental in setting on foot some useful legislation. He only started the subject, however, and it has since been found to require more stringent treatment. The Duke of RICHMOND, speaking on behalf of the Local Government Board, stated his belief that the local and sanitary authorities throughout the country already possess sufficient power to deal with such cases, and that, on complaint being made from any place, it is the duty of the Board to order an inspection to be made, and, if there is cause, to have the law put in force. There is, however, the DUKE explained, sometimes a difficulty in discovering exactly what gas or emanation it is that corrupts the air, and who is responsible for it. He also stated that, in various ways something has been done to render the operation of the law both more specific and comprehensive. For instance, the amount of muriatic acid allowed to be emitted has been diminished, and a competent inquirer has been directed to ascertain generally what nuisances arising from manufactures are dangerous to health, and how they can be abated. This inquiry is not yet concluded, and it is reasonable that the Government should wait for it before doing anything. At the same time, it is obvious that, if a process of manufacture is shown to have results detrimental to public health, there is always one way in which it can be at once abated, and that is by simply suppressing it; and there ought to be no hesitation in doing so when the case is clear. There is an idea widely prevalent among trading bodies, such as manure-mongers, bone-boilers, knackers, and other dealers in filthy refuse, that they have a right to carry on their business irrespectively of public convenience, simply because it is one which is profitable to themselves. The Railway Companies have in like manner an idea that the question of not killing people on their lines is to be determined by their own financial necessities. It is very much to be wished that Parliament should take up a strong and resolute position on these questions, and make people understand that no one has a right to jeopardize the lives or health of the community for his own private advantage, and that if his business infringes on public rights of this kind, he must either give it up or take it where he can carry it on under harmless conditions. It is a common plea in cases of nuisance that the nuisance was on the spot first, and population came afterwards; but it should be held to be a fixed principle that the population has a right to settle where it can, and that if population comes the nuisance must go. It is obvious that the conditions upon which alone a nuisance can be tolerated—that it is carried on in such a way that it does no injury to any one—cease to exist as soon as it becomes the centre of a crowded neighbourhood. Any one who goes by railway to a Greenwich dinner must know the atmosphere which is created by the bone-boilers and filth-collectors of Bermondsey, and which outdoes the wildest fancies of DANTE'S Hell. It is quite intelligible that at one time, when Bermondsey and that region was comparatively open, it was a very good place for such abominations. But when the claim is set up that population makes no difference to the rights of the proprietors of these places, it is necessary to ask what these rights amount to. Can it be contended that because a man becomes possessed of a particular bit of property he is entitled to use that property so as to render uninhabitable a large area of land around it, which belongs to other people, and with which he has nothing whatever to do? It is impossible to imagine a more preposterous proposition; yet it is a plea which is constantly advanced by persons interested in operations which are injurious to public health. It is surely no violation of the rights of property in land to say that such a use shall not be made of it as to be directly offensive and hurtful to the public. Even where bad smells do not kill people, they cause an annoyance which makes life miserable. It is usually only a question of expense whether there shall be any nuisance in this way or not, and it is no answer to say that the profits of trade will be reduced if measures have to be taken to mitigate or remove the evil.

Lord ABERDARE, who hankers after what he calls a middle course, admitted that a case had been made out for inquiry, but remarked that he should be glad to hear that the inquiry was to be conducted by persons competent to deal with it. This of course is an obviously essential condition of any interference, and there is no reason why it should not be fulfilled. At the present moment the difficulty is that, though the law condemns nuisances, there is great difficulty and expense in putting the law into operation, and nothing effectual will be done until some machinery is devised for enabling private persons to compete with the rich persons who have a commercial interest in perpetuating these abominations. Lord WINMARLEIGH pointed out, as the Archbishop of CANTERBURY had done before, that the chief sufferers are the poor, who have to live where they can. He said he could mention instances where whole villages and towns were covered with these noxious vapours, but the wealthier part of the inhabitants, who profited by the labour of the workpeople, were able to build villas in healthy spots away from the miasma, while the humbler classes were exposed to the poison.

MR. LOWE AND THE CIVIL ENGINEERS.

IT is to be hoped that the House of Commons fully appreciates the compliment which is implied in the fact that, when Mr. Lowe has anything sensible to say, he chooses the House as the place to say it in, while, when he has a display of ignorance or absurdity of any kind to make, he commonly chooses some other field. But it is hardly respectful to the Civil Engineers to pick them out as a class of hearers to whom any kind of fallacy may be safely addressed year after year. A Civil Engineer need not, as a Civil Engineer, have gone through the kind of research which is needed fully to expose the grotesque shallowness of Mr. Lowe's talk; but we might suppose that a man of eminence in any profession must have mother wit enough to see how one fallacy of Mr. Lowe's contradicts another. Mr. Lowe's hatred of sound learning reaches such a pitch that, so that he can say something to its discredit, something in praise of his beloved ignorance, it is wholly indifferent to him if the *Encomium Moriæ* of one year supplies the readiest of answers to the *Encomium Moriæ* of another year. It is not so long ago that Mr. Lowe was full of contempt for ancient Greece, and of admiration for modern Europe. This time he is all for ancient Greece, except so far as he is for ancient Rome, while he looks on the events which called modern Europe into being as a "hideous catastrophe," "a frightful gulf in the history of mankind." England, France, Germany, America, do unhappily exist; that Mr. Lowe cannot hinder; his only comfort is that "such a calamity" as that which created them "can never overtake mankind again." We certainly hope that Mr. Lowe is right; but we cannot share his seeming regrets that the state of things which existed in the third or fourth century of our era did not go on to our own time. As King Alfonso wished that he had had to arrange the creation of the world, so Mr. Lowe would have been well pleased to have been intrusted with managing the history of the world. On the whole, judging by the result, we are inclined to think that things have been managed better than Mr. Lowe would have managed them. We cannot calmly acquiesce in an arrangement of history which would have shut ourselves out from all share in it. We—we, that is, in a very wide sense—we, the nations of modern Europe and America, are, we freely confess it, mere barbarians. We did—we cannot deny it—come in like a "cataclysm" (we copy the hard word humbly) on that ancient and better state of things which Mr. Lowe would have liked to keep on. Still we have done something in our time. We have at least produced Mr. Lowe. And we have also produced the House of Commons and the Institution of Civil Engineers, in order that Mr. Lowe may have fitting fields for the display alike of his wisdom and his folly.

Let us then turn aside for a moment from the sad prospect of that modern world whose existence Mr. Lowe has not been able to hinder, and look back to those brighter times which have so lately won Mr. Lowe as their votary. Not a word now about the folly of thinking about things that happened so long ago; not a word by way of despising petty States; not a word about the insignificance of the petty slaughter at Marathon compared with the glorious destruction done by a "good railway accident." Mr. Lowe has turned Greek; to be sure, he has become a Greek of rather an odd school; still, he has become a Greek of some kind. He has found his hero, and his hero is one who was received with such worship at Athens that Mr. Lowe can certainly never speak disrespectfully of Athens again. Mr. Lowe will have nothing in any case of "small grammatical researches" of "bad poetry," of "execrable histories and biographies." "All this" is "rubbish to be read by the few and thrown aside by the many"; all the rubbish, we may guess, of Athens in the days of her glory. But Mr. Lowe looks with respect on the "extraordinary development of engineering talent" of which he takes Demetrius—we assume that Poliorkêtês is meant—and Archimedes as his examples. To be sure Mr. Lowe may seem to ordinary minds to be

a little confused as to his chronology; but a man who thinks that the whole course of human affairs has gone wrong may perhaps have the right of rearranging the particular centuries in any order which he may like best. Otherwise we might have thought it an execrable history, rubbish which did not deserve to be read even by the few, which should place Demetrius and Archimedes after Socrates and Plato. Yet this would seem to be the arrangement of things contemplated by Mr. Lowe—a better arrangement possibly than that which really happened, but still one which, when stated as a matter of fact, sounds a little startling. "It looked," Mr. Lowe tells us, "at one time as if the physical philosophers were about to carry the day. There was an extraordinary development of engineering talent in the ancient world—witness the names of Demetrius and Archimedes. But somehow the personal character of Socrates and the eloquence of Plato overpowered the tendency towards physical science, and people gave themselves up to hazy metaphysics instead of looking into the sources of nature to better the condition of the human race."

One might ask at this stage what Mr. Lowe has now to say about one writer of whom he certainly once knew something, one who managed to combine the study of nature with that study of mind which Mr. Lowe so despises, and to add some attention to poetry, which Mr. Lowe may perhaps set down as bad, and to history, which he no doubt scorns as execrable. Ethics, politics, rhetoric, logic, physics, metaphysics, even small grammatical researches, were none of them either above or below the mind of Aristotle. But, leaving this parenthetical question, leaving too the chronological puzzle, it is something to know the kind of man whom Mr. Lowe delighteth to honour, the kind of man whom he looks upon as likely to better the condition of the human race. We have him in Demetrius Poliorkétés. Well, Mr. Lowe might have made a worse choice among all the Macedonian captains; he might have taken Kassandros, or Polysperchôn, or Ptolemy the Thunderbolt. Still, on the whole, one might think that Socrates did more in the way of bettering the condition of mankind than the great Besieger. There is no doubt that Demetrius was a man of engineering genius; so—to leap on to days after the sad cataclysm—was Richard the Lion-Hearted. As for their bettering the condition of mankind, we get a little puzzled, till the remembrance of Mr. Lowe's favourite railway accident again comes to our help. Men like Demetrius and Richard, in common with good railway accidents, certainly do a good deal in the way of bettering the condition of mankind, if by bettering their condition is to be understood improving them off the face of the earth.

But now comes the unlucky thing of all. Just as the world had this one happy chance of flourishing under the care of Demetrius and Archimedes, Socrates and Plato stepped in with their barren study of mind; and Socrates and Plato seem, in some strange way, to have been in league with Attila, Genseric, Alaric, and such like barbarians. This odd union of Attila and Alaric seems to be modelled after the type of Mr. Layard's classification of "Goths, Huns, and Vandals." Before we come to them let us try to make out into what age of the world—the world, as unluckily it really was, not as Mr. Lowe would have reconstructed it for the better—Mr. Lowe has brought us. He tells us that "it is not too much to say that, if the school of Archimedes had triumphed over the school of Plato, the frightful catastrophe which overthrew the Roman Empire and condemned mankind to a thousand years of barbarism and misery would have been averted." Applause naturally followed this; Englishmen are so fond of wiping themselves out of history that this proposal to get rid of them altogether by the help of Archimedes could not fail to draw forth the loudest of cheers. When people deal with millenniums, we must not ask too minutely about the years or the centuries; but we should like to have some little notion when the thousand years began and ended. But from the flourish about Attila, Genseric, and Alaric, we may guess that they began somewhere about the fifth century. Mankind then were in darkness and misery from the fifth century till the fifteenth, perhaps till the Medici and Pope Alexander the Sixth came to make them happier and better. Lord Chatham said long ago that the words "omnis liber homo" in the Great Charter were worth "all the classics." Mr. Lowe seems to be coming round to "the classics"; but he only comes round to the classics at the expense of the Great Charter. From that and other like works of ignorance and misery a greater predominance of the school of Archimedes might have saved the world. Mankind might have gone on under the beneficent despotism of the Roman Cæsars; the art, the literature, the political growth, of European nations and European colonies might all have been checked, and Mr. Lowe, if in such a state of things there could have been such a being as Mr. Lowe, would have been quite happy. Mr. Lowe believes that, if there had only been enough engineering, "that hideous catastrophe," the birth of modern Europe, "would have been avoided, that frightful gulf in the history of mankind" which contains, among other things, the birth of the English nation, the English language, and the English constitution, "would never have opened up." No man who has given any attention to those execrable histories which Mr. Lowe so despises will think this kind of talk worthy of any other thought than a passing wonder that a man of his ability can take a pleasure in thus making a jest of himself and his hearers. That Mr. Lowe can really have reached the portentous depth of ignorance which his words, taken literally, would imply, is simply impossible. The state of mind is a strange one for the student of human nature to muse upon, and that is all that can be said.

Still it is always pleasant in these cases to see a man fall into his own trap. Mr. Lowe would, by help of engineering, have kept the nations of modern Europe out of the field of history. Now a little study of execrable histories might have taught him that engineering was just the thing which was tried against those nations, and which failed to keep them out. Did Mr. Lowe ever see a Roman aqueduct, a Roman wall, a Roman road, a Roman bridge? Till he arose to teach us better we had always thought that in the whole life of the Roman Commonwealth and the Roman Empire, down at least to the beginning of the thousand years of misery, there was a good deal more of the old school of Demetrius and Archimedes in the world than there was of the school of Socrates and Plato. The lessons which those times teach is exactly the opposite to that which is drawn from them by Mr. Lowe. If engineering, if material force and mechanical skill, was all that was needed to keep an empire safe, the Roman power might have gone on for ever, and the sad sight in Mr. Lowe's eyes of modern European civilization might never have cumbered the world. According to Mr. Lowe, matter is everything and mind nothing. Yet the moral force of the so-called barbarians contrived to overcome the material force of the Empire, and, where it was not so, the consequences were hardly for the advantage of mankind. To Mr. Lowe Attila, Genseric, and Alaric are all the same. Yet one might ask whether it was for the general good of mankind when the Vandal kingdom in Africa was overthrown by Belisarius. A Teutonic kingdom at Carthage might have been better able to withstand the Saracen than an outlying Imperial province. The greater part of Spain was doubtless conquered far more quickly than Africa; but, while all civilization, Roman and Teutonic, was swept away from the African province, in the Gothic kingdom of Spain a remnant lived on which in the end won the land back again. We ourselves may perhaps ask, without the risk of being misunderstood, whether Mr. Lowe thinks the history of Eastern Europe a brighter and happier one than that of Western Europe. In the East the cataclysm was put off till the end of Mr. Lowe's thousand years, and then it came, not in the form of the Goth and the Frank, but in the form of the Turk. Here the very thing happened which Mr. Lowe wishes to have happened all over the world. The material strength, the engineering skill, the strong walls, and the Greek fire, preserved the Roman dominion, and kept off the hideous catastrophe, the gulf, the cataclysm, and all Mr. Lowe's other metaphors. Yet, if we are to amuse ourselves with his diversion of reconstructing the history of the world, it might perhaps have been better if the material and mechanical skill of the Eastern Rome had been somewhat less. If so, she might have received a Teutonic or Slavonic conqueror, who might have united the material force of the old Empire to the moral force of the younger nations, and so have kept out the common enemy of all. According to Mr. Lowe, the profession which he is extolling "has not only benefited its members by the riches they have derived from its pursuit"—how contemptible, then, by the side of it are the small grammatical researches, the bad poetry, the execrable histories and biographies, which do not so directly lead to riches!—"but has been the means of securing the world against the most awful calamity that could befall it, after a far advance in civilization a relapse into barbarism." Loud applause of course greeted this eloquent wind-up. And the loud applause doubtless drowned the thought, if it occurred to the mind of any one there, that the material "science, skill, and intelligence" which prolong the life of a decaying power may sometimes, by checking the advance of that healthy barbarism which is the infancy of the highest civilization, pave the way for the triumph of the darkest and most hopeless barbarism of all.

PRIVATE VIEWS.

TWO days of this week are annually devoted in London to the visitation of the minor studios. This yearly custom is very strictly observed, and people who have not the fear of the Decalogue before their eyes add a third day to the programme. Sabbath-breaking in studios is a shade less sinful than sabbath-breaking on the river. No awful warnings can be drawn for the Sunday school from the artist's atelier, as they can from the ball-room or the rowing-boat. No one has been drowned in Mr. Hook's most tempestuous sea. No one has fallen from Mr. Crowe's longest ladder. No painted ships have sunk in a painted ocean. But to our country cousins these visits are occasions of great enjoyment. When a little innocent wickedness can be combined with sight-seeing, so much the better. Sunday in a studio will have an almost tragic significance as described amid the depths of rural piety at home. Those dear, naughty artists in their velvet jackets and their short pipes will figure in many a fireside romance. Strange visions of Bohemian life, with its happiness, have flitted before eyes hitherto unsophisticated. Odd devices for tables and chairs, unlooked-for things of beauty, rare embroideries and ancient lace contrasting with old clothes and theatrical properties—here a half-burnt G. B. D. stuck in the ghastly jaws of a skull, there a daffodil hanging down its head from the edge of a piece of delicate crackle—such wealth, such poverty, such untidiness, such taste, are all new and wonderful to the country cousin. Private views cannot be had in the country. We may hunt there, and shoot, but we cannot see pictures before they are sent in. Pursuing wild animals pales beside the gratification of making a round

of the studios. The Kensington country, with its maze of newly-named streets; St. John's Wood, where every second villa is an artist's; the dingy but productive neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square—all these have to be mapped out, the exact addresses carefully noted, and traps of deep ingenuity laid for introductions, so that the day's round may be as complete as possible. No artist is so obscure that he may not be surprised by a visit, none so great that an introduction may not be obtained. Sometimes it is the prosperous man whose hit two or three years ago has secured him notice and commissions, whose house is daintily furnished, whose wife drives her carriage, whose children are walking models, and look as if they had stepped straight off his canvas. Sometimes the visitor is ushered into a great uncared-for room, warmed by a stove and lighted by a skylight, which serves as dining-room, dressing-room, and studio all together, and in which the great easel helps to conceal the camp bedstead. Woe unto the young man who has still a finishing touch to add. What terrors invade the rash painter who put out the face of his principal figure yesterday, and whom the fog has robbed of his last moments of work! Troops of strangers tramp through his gallery and shake his easel. Heedless ladies get into his light. The day is short in any case, and it is further shortened by his visitors. Few artists attempt to work, except in secret, during these last days, and it may be charitably hoped that all like the cessation of labour and enjoy the pleasure of seeing their friends and patrons.

With that delicate regard for the feelings of its clients which has always distinguished the Royal Academy above all other bodies corporate, little or no public notice is given of the important functions upon which the Committee entered last Monday. The artists, however, well knew that the first two days of last week were appointed for receiving the pictures of outsiders, and deep and loud was the wail with which this year the announcement was received. A week earlier than usual was the time appointed. A precious week of work was cut off. Much despair has been the result. Perhaps a few imprecations were even launched by misguided youths at the loved and venerable heads of their profession. But by Tuesday night it is probable that some four thousand pictures were safely lodged in Burlington House, and some eight or nine hundred artists entered on a period of comparative idleness and intense anxiety. It is well for those who turn at once to fresh work. In perhaps as many as three cases out of four, anxiety will only be relieved by disappointment; but the man who has least time for indulging hope, who is most occupied with new employment, and who is soonest back at his easel, will suffer the least when the arbitrary, and, it must be allowed, sometimes apparently unjust, decree is known. It is mortifying to the man who believes in his own powers to see inferior work preferred by the judges. It is hard for a young artist to show any independence or originality, knowing as he does that it will be called "eccentricity," and that his pictures will be rejected. He may know that he is right. He may choose rather to starve than to paint "pot-boilers"; but his strong consolation is in the private view. Then his friends and admirers circle about him; he hears candid opinions, sometimes praise, sometimes criticism; and, if he is earnest in his art, the sympathy and encouragement of those whose tastes he can trust is a full set-off against official obtuseness. It may be asked why does he send to the Academy at all? And, as a matter of fact, the greater men of the so-called "eccentric" schools do not send; and some of our ablest living artists, men to whom our posterity will point as conspicuous representatives of a great revival of art among us, never exhibit except in "private views," and are less known to the general public than if their lives had been passed in the seclusion of a cloister. It is, indeed, a subject of constant regret to all those who have the interests of our insular school at heart, that some of our best painters should hold aloof from the national Academy; nay, that if they could be persuaded to come forward, it is more than a question whether they would be received.

But the privilege of visiting these studios is one accorded very sparingly. The ordinary round of the present occasion comprises pictures of a very different character. The artists, too, differ like their pictures, and the studios differ like the artists. Here is the great Stodge, so celebrated by *Punch*. He has built himself a picturesque pavilion in a garden. Its walls are gorgeous with the tapestry of ancient looms, its beams bristle with mediæval armour. The family ensigns of the Stodges—for Stodge is an aristocrat and boasts of blue blood—are blazoned in every window but that from which the easel is lighted, and the great man himself receives you at the garden door, offers you refreshment, gives you the titles of his pictures, introduces you to his daughter, and finally dismisses you with the air of an earl who had condescended to show you over Barearcres Castle. Of quite another class is Mr. Chrome Green. He paints landscapes in the country, and only comes to town for a few days for the private views. His house is almost bare of furniture, and you ascend what seems an interminable staircase. At the top Mrs. Green receives you. Green has grown faint with the smoky air and has run away into Wales, leaving his wife to do the honours. The studio is absolutely without ornament. No artist's properties are necessary for pure landscape. The fossil skeleton of an umbrella sketching tent lies in the corner. On the chimney-piece is a view of Llangollen painted during a shower. Beside it on the wall is chalked a sunset effect in black and white. The same scarecrow figure has served Green faithfully for many years, and he has no idea of discarding him now; and if you wonder to see so little comfort in the studio, you must remember that Green has acquired his greatness by abolishing comfort, by being able to paint in a snow storm, or on the summit of a Scottish coach, or while sitting up to his waist in water, or on an Antrim peak in a north-east wind. At little Inigo Brown's, again, in Fitzroy Street, all is changed. Our friend has afternoon tea ready for us in cups of the most wonderful blue. Burnt sack in Venetian glasses with jewelled stems is offered as an alternative to the tea. The talk is all of rare hangings and embroidery, of precious enamelling and wrought-iron. You sit on a divan of the latest Parisian upholstery in a frame of the stiffest "Queen Anne." A heavy odour of perfumed cigarettes pervades the apartment in which neither easel nor pictures can be seen. A few dark screens are artfully disposed; and before you take your leave Inigo languidly, and as it were quite incidentally, wonders whether you would care to see what he intends to send in. Then you are shown the pictures you came to see; but the host has left you to receive another visitor, and you seek in vain for the interpretation of some profound allegory, and weary your eyes gazing into mysterious depths of dark colour and treble coats of varnish. Still more amusing, especially if you care to see pretty faces, is a visit to the fashionable portrait-painter. Not a rush through his rooms, with a glance at the pictures; here you must stay and wait till a few of his lovely sitters have come and gone, so that you may judge for yourself of his amazing talent in a most difficult walk of art, that of making a flattering likeness. The sweet young viscountesses want dignity. Dignity he gives them, enough for duchesses. Their mammas want youth and amiable looks. He makes them Madonnas. Of course he succeeds, and he deserves his success; but here, perhaps more than in all your visits, have you to encounter one constantly recurring difficulty. You must "say something." If through any defect of early education, or otherwise, you have the misfortune to be ruled by a conscience, "saying something" is often painful. If you are a country cousin you suffer doubly in this way. Country folk are supposed to be devoted to truth. How then can you tell Stodge or Inigo Brown that you like his pictures? You do not in the very least understand them. They are awfully mysterious to you, perhaps awfully ugly. It is well if you have no views on the subject of art. Then, indeed, you can take refuge in a new interpretation of the formula, "Omne ignotum pro magnifico." But should you unfortunately know your own mind, should you indulge in an opinion on art, should you think, as some do, that ugliness is sinful, or should you have an eye sensitive to want of harmony in colour—or above all, should you have been brought up with old-fashioned notions about pictures being painted to give pleasure rather than to give displeasure—it may be better for you to perform your usual devotions on Sunday morning, and to avoid the private views.

CAMBRIDGE ON ITS OWN STUDIES.

AT the close of the academical year 1875 a Syndicate was appointed at Cambridge to consider "the requirements of the University in different departments of study." Its Report has just appeared, and contains much important matter in the shape of appendices, in which the various Boards of Studies state their requirements in the way both of public teachers and of buildings. Without entering upon a detailed examination of the requirements specified by the Boards, the Syndicate think that they may be partially met (1) by an improved organization of the present intercollegiate system; and (2) by the establishment of a new class of University teachers. We here see how widely and rapidly the system of intercollegiate teaching has grown, and we find some intimations of the course which is likely to be taken to give it greater organization. We must say, however, that what has most struck us in reading the appendices, which are full of information, is that the efficiency of the system has come very much from its freedom, and from the fact that those who are interested in the welfare of the men, the College tutors, have been left at liberty to work in an informal way. The teaching in a University must be such as the Undergraduates accept as giving them what they want; and what they want is determined by examinations. Hence it will be most important to bring the teaching and examinations into accord. The private tutor has come into existence by recognizing this need. The College lecturer takes rather higher ground, but he has to acknowledge the University examinations as embodying the intentions of the University. Professors have sometimes ignored the public examinations, but then they are themselves ignored by the students, except in the case of the natural and experimental sciences, where there is something to show. Looking at the elaborate system of lectures proposed by some of the less practical Boards of Studies, we think they must either have conceived that they could make students attend lectures by Act of Parliament, or else they must have considered the endowments only as professorships for men of learning, who in many cases, if the plan were carried out, would, so far as teaching engagements might go, be as little occupied as any of the holders of those idle fellowships who are shortly to cease to exist.

Each Board, except those of classics and mathematics, recommends a teacher of every separate department, whether there is any demand for such teaching or not. A conversation class may answer in some subjects, like History; but students seem to have lost the power of listening to a formal sermon-like lecture. Germany is cited by outsiders as a place where what is called the professorial system flourishes; but a little investigation on the spot dissipates the idea, and shows that there, as here, an experimental pro-

fessor of great skill obtains a class, while the literary professors are scantily attended. "I have usually a dozen or more students," said Professor Delius, the great Shakspearian scholar at Bonn near ten years ago, "but they are seldom the same two days running"; and Bonn students have got the same idea that prevails in England. "We can get all we want in half the time," say they, "from a *répétiteur*." It may be well to maintain in the University some person as an authority in each special branch of learning; but he must not expect to have a class. He must consider himself a *savant*, not a teacher, and should be chosen for his science, rather than for his capacity of teaching. These qualities are by no means commonly found together.

The organization of the system of teachers is only lightly touched on in the Report; but on this the practical success of the arrangement must depend. The weak point of what is called a professorial as opposed to a tutorial system is that the teacher has no personal responsibility for the pupil; he does not care whether he learns or not; he has done his duty in telling him what he ought to know, and he has done with him. The tutor (according to the Cambridge idea of the office) has an interest in his pupil; he has received him from his parents' hands; he or the college incurs disgrace from his failure, credit from his success. Hence, in any Board providing, teaching, or organizing study, those who care for the pupils—namely, the tutors—must be largely represented. The Boards which make these Reports have as yet been ineffective from failing in this respect. They have done as little as they could, and we can hardly hope that their present suggestions will go far to set up their reputation for practical wisdom. Their deficiency arises in part from their knowing nothing of the wants and ways of an undergraduate, and not caring much about him; what they understand is *learning*, not *learners*. It does not seem to have struck them that they are going to set up "mills without markets." The University is really a place where intellectual articles are fabricated to meet public wants. But the University can no more turn out a number of Naturalists or Orientalists when they are not wanted than a mill can turn out fabrics for which there is no sale. The abler men wish to dispose of their abilities to the best advantage. If the youths do not themselves consider this, their parents do. They invest so much money in sending them to the University, and they look for a return. The tutor may say, "Your son has a great turn for geology"; and the parents will say, "How is he to get his bread by being a geologist?" The University to a certain degree makes its own market by its reward. You must pay people to learn, or they will not learn anything not wanted for professional practice. All this looks very mercenary. Young men, it is said, should love learning for its own sake; but young men are like their elders—they must have a motive. Do lawyers or physicians pursue their science for its own sake without regard to the profits? There may be one who does so out of a thousand, and so there will be one undergraduate in a thousand who loves learning for itself, apart from the interest of conflict and the hope of getting on by its means. Why should we expect more from young people than from old ones? From this it must follow that, if the Universities cease to make their own market by giving prizes, there will be no high, liberal cultivation in the Universities or the schools which are led by them, unless perhaps in the case of a few persons of private means; and the effects of this paralysis of culture will be no less calamitous to the country in general than to the places directly damaged by the change.

Whatever, then, the Commissions which are to override the Universities may do, they must see that a reward for cultivation is to be got somewhere sufficient to induce young men to do their best with their faculties. This is for the increase of the intellectual wealth of the country, and is therefore a legitimate application of endowments. The existing rewards are excessive in amount, but too few in number as compared with the large number of Honour Schools. Indeed some Boards demand such for their special studies. With some ten different branches, or Triposes, the rewards, even at the moderate rate of (say) 200*l.* a year for five years, must be alike numerous and costly on the sum total.

Money, however, will not be so abundant as is expected, unless the College system be altogether crippled. Very large sums are wanted in the Universities for building. The lecture-room accommodation for the present Intercollegiate Lecturers is insufficient, and the University towns are now so crammed with students that the lodging-house-keepers are in a degree masters of the situation; and the lodging system is showing its mischief more and more every day. To save money and build rooms on a cheap plan would be a far better use of college funds for some years to come than to retain about the Universities proficients in various outlying branches of science merely for show. Moreover, the grave question of "retirements" has not yet been considered. Tutors are no longer clergymen, and therefore they do not look to livings. They rate their expectations higher than they did; they will often be married men, and will not stay in the University unless they see their way to a good permanent provision. There may be no need of their beginning at so high an income as they now get soon after taking their degree; but they will look to receiving as much eventually as they would get at a public school, and, if there be not a comfortable retirement provided, the tutor will hang on after he is incapable.

The growth and success of the lectures given by Colleges in common show what may be done in a college—in fact, what cannot be done without something like it. There must be provision for directing the student's course and for seeing that he has learnt what he professes to have been learning from the Intercollegiate Lecturer. The professor or lecturer does not know the undergraduate by sight, does not care for him, has no responsibility for him. The tutor has a personal interest in the youths who stand, or should stand, in a family relation to him. Hence in every college there must be, besides persons to maintain moral discipline and influence, others to whom the students can have free access, who can help them by advice as to their reading, who can resolve their difficulties, and who should give them papers to answer or essays to write, so as to see how they are getting on. In each of the disciplinal studies every college will want some such person, and each college should take one or more specialities, and provide a tutor to take charge of the studies of the pupils in the subject chosen. Moreover, the college must take full charge of the passmen. Without some such provision as this being supplied by the college, the students will get out of hand altogether; some will read in absurd ways, and many will turn absolutely idle—as must have been strongly felt and remarked upon by those who care to ascertain what has gone on in Germany. Such functionaries, we hold, ought to be actually resident in the college, and accessible of an evening, the only part of the day when an undergraduate has time to do papers or have them corrected. An undergraduate will not go out into the town and ring at the tutorial bell. Hence a tutor, married or not, must reside in college to be thoroughly one with his men; and here again we want money for building residences for married tutors—that is, for one at least in each college, and more in the larger ones. We are loth to run counter to the matrimonial tendency, but we would suggest that young men in other callings can rarely marry till they are about thirty years of age, and there can be no more hardship in celibacy being made a condition for holding such college offices as require presence in college, and would naturally fall to young men, than attaches to service in the navy on board ship. The incomes of college lecturers now commence at a high point, and scarcely increase at all; this want of gradation is bad, while of course the apparent wealth which is showered on juniors makes them in a hurry to marry, disregarding the future. If they began at a moderate stipend, and proceeded gradually to a higher income, they would be more nearly in the position of people elsewhere, and might be content to postpone marriage till they had acquired sufficient means. It is remarked that the requirements of the various Boards and others who represent departments of learning are exorbitant in the inverse proportion of the students who take to such studies. Those who represent classics and mathematics are reasonable in their demands and in their remarks, while those who have to do with abstruse subjects seem to think that the spreading of their particular subject is the *raison d'être* of the whole University. We must not be supposed to object to the providing of a teacher in some recondite language because he will have but few pupils. It is the very object of endowments to provide such teaching, because without them no instruction could be got out of the common run. But it may not be necessary to maintain permanently a teacher of such branches of learning. The University might often obtain all that it requires by subsidizing a teacher from elsewhere, who should come and give lessons three times a week in Cambridge. The Report throughout speaks of teachers and teaching, but if what it recommends were adopted it would really bring about an endowment of research. Opinion is favourable to this in the University, supposing that guarantees can be found for its being only given where it is deserved.

THE WORKING-MAN AS HE IS.

IN the political as in the financial world there are some fancy stocks which were a good deal run after a few years ago, but are just now rather at a discount. Among them may be reckoned the worship of the working-man, which rose to such a height during the last Reform agitation. In the cant of those days, the working-man was the perfection of human virtue and wisdom. Directly a man rose from fustian to broadcloth his moral nature began to decay, and his mind was suddenly corrupted. Lord Palmerston's good-natured theory about babies, that they were all born good and only became wicked as they grew up, was applied to the working-man. He was born good, and as long as he remained in his primitive state his instincts were pure and unadulterated. It is probable that some of the orators who talked in this way are now rather ashamed to remember it. Mr. Bright, for instance, when it suited his purpose, was very anxious that the Trade-Unions should take up political agitation, and suggested that Mr. Lowe's description of the working classes should be hung up in every workshop as an incitement, we hardly like to say to what, but certainly to something very different from moral self-reform. But Mr. Bright has since shown that he can see through the working-man, and understands the effect of the *residuum* at Norwich and elsewhere. The working classes themselves have indeed been at great pains to dissipate any delusion as to their superiority to the rest of the community in morality and intelligence. In the course of an unparalleled run of industrial prosperity what have they done for themselves? what gain remains with them? There has been a general rise of wages throughout the country, hours of labour have been shortened; but have the working classes really profited by these supposed advantages? The present deplorable condition of the industrial world supplies a

conclusive answer to the question. The increased wages have been squandered in drink, prices have everywhere risen, and production has been seriously diminished. At the present moment the working classes are practically poorer than they were, less fit and less willing for their work, and there is also less work to be done. And this they have brought on themselves by their own folly and perversity. When trade was at its best, and when the universal demand for labour secured good wages, they made up their minds to shirk work as much as possible, to keep down production, and to frighten off customers by exorbitant prices. Of course we do not mean to say that the whole responsibility for the collapse of trade and the continued stagnation rests with the operative class. There has also been recklessness and mismanagement on the part of the employers; but the difficulties of the latter have been greatly increased by the action of the men; and, indeed, scarcely any degree of prudence or foresight in the conduct of business would have availed to counteract the unfortunate temper of the men. In other walks of life, when people have a good market before them, they set themselves to make the most of it; but the working-men, under the dictation of the Trade-Unions, perversely chose this lucky period for an outbreak of idleness. Everywhere the hours of labour were shortened, and the workers took to "playing" with the time which otherwise they might have coined into money. Instead of putting forth all their strength and energy in order to make hay while the sun shone, they preferred to spend the bright hours in idling and drinking on the assumption that they would last for ever. It was entirely left out of account that the development of trade depends upon certain causes, and that if these causes are arrested in their operation trade must give way too. The root of the mania which has had such a disastrous effect on the material prosperity of the country, and, above all, of the working classes, is the idea that the amount of work to be done is a fixed quantity, quite independent of any efforts which may be made to encourage and stimulate demand, and that, therefore, the best course is to spread it thin in order to make it go as far as possible. As long as there is only a higgling of the market between employers and employed, the latter have no doubt a chance of securing a larger share of the profits without affecting the commercial price of the commodity. But, as soon as this price is touched, the effect is at once seen in a falling-off of demand. Customers cannot be coerced in the same way as employers, because there is always a wide margin within which they can reduce their consumption of an article or obtain it elsewhere; and even with employers there is a point where their own interest compels them to abandon an unremunerative speculation. There could hardly be a more glaring act of fatuity than the behaviour of the Welsh miners, who, at a time when they might have accumulated good wages against a bad season, madly gave up work, knowing all the while that the fund which they thus deliberately annihilated could never be recovered. The coals remained in the hands of the owners to be dug up at their convenience, but the time of the men was wholly lost to them. And the conduct of the miners in this case is only an example of the conduct of the Trade-Unionists generally.

There is, of course, nothing in what we have said which is not perfectly well known to all who pay attention to such matters. Yet it is well that the facts should be kept distinctly in view, not only in the hope that working-men may themselves begin to understand them, but because there are other people who, out of an honourable tenderness for the poorer classes, try to excuse and palliate the errors which they commit to their own detriment and that of the public. There was too much of this weakness in the debates of last Session, and there can be little doubt that the mistaken concessions which were then made, and the disposition to set aside the real and hard issues of the case, have had a very bad effect. It is not a question of the right of working-men to do what they think best for themselves, but whether encouragement should be given to what is, in reality, a conspiracy against free industry. Even when the Trade-Unions confine themselves to strictly legal methods of enforcing their false and pernicious theories they do immense harm. There is some confusion in the use of the phrase lower wages as applied to the incomes of the working classes. It is true that wages, in the sense of so much per hour or day, are being gradually brought down from the excessive point which they reached at an exceptional period; but the aggregate income of the workers is reduced only because, and in so far as, they refuse to work for it. In some cases, we believe, the miners have already discovered this, and have agreed to go back to their old hours of work in order to prevent a reduction of income; and there can be no doubt that those who have acted thus have done wisely. Unhappily the great body of working-men still cling to the delusion that it is possible by artificially checking production to make labour more valuable. The coal and iron trades are still demoralized by the inflated wages, shortened hours, and relaxed discipline of 1872 and 1873; and this is the evil which has now to be corrected. When a reduction of hours was first proposed, a great deal was said about the working-man's need of leisure to improve his mind, and the increased energy which he would put into such work as he did; but experience has shown very different results. It is certainly not surprising that ignorant men should not all at once appreciate the value of intelligent study or recreation, and it might be hoped that, in the course of time, they would make a better use of their new-found leisure. But it is not merely that they misuse their time; the main evil is that they are taught by the Unions that it is only by deliberate idleness and shirking of work that they can force up wages. Many of the men have, no doubt, a love of idleness for its own sake, and when this is indulged it grows terribly, and is shaken off with difficulty; but the majority decline to work more than a short time, not so much from a dislike of labour as with the object of making labour artificially scarce, and, as they think, consequently dear. Within certain limits this may perhaps be accomplished, but these limits have long been overpassed; and what the workingman has to consider is whether he will be content with a small income for little work, or whether he will do enough work to yield a satisfactory income. From every part of the country, and in regard to every branch of industry, we hear the same complaint that the industrial power of the nation is more or less paralysed by the caprices of the men. Not only are shorter hours insisted on, but during the hours of supposed work the great object is to take care that as little as possible shall be done. A good day's work, as it was once known, is never heard of. The men dawdle about in the factory during their comparatively brief attendance, and take continual holidays. In some trades it is scarcely possible even for the most liberal masters to get their hands to stick steadily to work. As soon as they have got a little money, they go off to spend it, and come back in distress. They are quiet and subdued for a little while, recover their spirits as they find themselves once more in funds, and then off they go on other bouts of dissipation. It is impossible that such men can be good workmen. They have no heart in their work, and are constantly being corrupted by their bad habits and dishonourable evasion of honest labour.

It must not be supposed that we are drawing a sweeping indictment against a whole class of men, or that we attribute the misconduct which is gradually gaining ground among the labouring population to some inherent immorality on their part. There are, no doubt, still workmen who would be glad to secure a stable position for themselves and families by steady continuous work; but they too suffer from the spirit which is spreading among their class, and which is deliberately cultivated by the Trade-Unions. They are overborne by the wave of class opinion, and have to swim with the current in order to avoid being dashed on the rocks. It is the poisonous nonsense of the Trade-Unions which is the root of the evil, and the only chance of striking at it is by opening the eyes of working-men themselves to their own suicidal folly. It is possible that their recent experiences may have had some effect in this direction, and anything which shakes the ascendency of the fanatics and adventurers who rule them will be for the public advantage. Mr. W. R. Greg, who has already done much to impress upon the public mind the importance of this subject, has just published, under the title of *Mistaken Aims and Attainable Ideals of the Artisan Class* (Trübner), a collection of articles which he has written at different times pointing out the injury which this class inflicts on itself by its foolish proceedings, and its neglect of the natural means of improving its position; and it would certainly be worth the while of any philanthropist to circulate this work, or at least parts of it, for the benefit of those whose errors and delusions it so clearly and decisively exposes. It is only justice to Mr. Greg to say that he writes in the interest of, and with a keen sympathy for, the artisans, though he does not adopt their point of view. In his preface Mr. Greg points out that within a recent period the manufactures of England have enormously increased; the aggregate wealth as well as the number of the productive classes has augmented in a vast and rapid ratio; the weekly wages of artisans and mechanics have risen from twenty to twenty-five per cent.; their instruction has been unquestionably, perhaps materially, improved; while they have also obtained an extraordinary increase of political power. Yet during this period "it is impossible to say that we can trace any corresponding or parallel growth either in their sobriety, in their treatment of their own wives and children, in the sentiments of friendliness with which they regard their employers, in the sense of justice and consideration which they manifest towards their fellow-labourers, in the sagacity with which they manage their own affairs, or in the wisdom with which they contribute to the affairs of the nation." "The working-men," he adds, "of 1875 (taken in the aggregate, and allowing for large exceptions) do not appear to be less easily misguided, less unwise in pursuit of their own interest, less blind followers to mischievous agitators and leaders, and assuredly neither less brutal nor less temperate, than those I lived amongst in 1850." And then he addresses himself to the latest outbreak of the conspiracy of Trade-Unionism against justice and fair play. He shows that in the movement against piecework they have not only displayed a curious blindness to the very elements and conditions of England's industrial success, and declared war on her prosperity, but, "what is far worse, have set themselves in opposition to the simplest and most obvious dictates of equity and freedom; forbidding men to do as well as they can or to work as hard as they wish; declaring that labour shall not be paid according to its real value; exercising an oppression upon more rational and honourable workmen than themselves, which few other people would endure at the hands of even a legal and established Government; throwing thousands of unskilled labourers out of work who have no concern in their quarrels nor any share in their funds; and without scruple, or apparently any sense of the adjectives by which these proceedings should be characterized, robbing the industrious man of his industry, the able man of his superior skill; and by the one and same stop wasting the earnings of the workman laid by as a security against sickness, old age, or failing trade, and

the capital of the employer which should be spent in finding occupation for the artisan." Who can say that this picture is not a true one? Unfortunately, one of the chief misfortunes of the working classes is that the political power which has rashly been bestowed on them tends to a tone of sickly adulation and sycophancy in addressing them; they are bribed with flattery, if not with baser coin, and are apt to forget the conditions of the world in which they live. Still they are not without a certain degree of shrewdness, and it is much to be desired that such a paper as Mr. Greg's, "The Proletariat on a False Scent," should attract their notice.

THE NEW AMERICAN CHURCH IN ROME.

THE telegrams report the consecration on Saturday last, the feast of the Annunciation, of a new American church in the Via Nazionale at Rome, with considerable ceremony. Several bishops and clergy, both of the Anglican and American Churches, were present, as well as the English Ambassador and the United States Minister, with the Secretaries of both Legations, and many Italian senators and noblemen, and "the church was densely crowded by the *élite* of the English and American society in Rome." There was a procession of bishops and clergy through the streets, witnessed by an immense concourse of spectators. The service was entirely choral, under direction of the organist of York Minster—or, as the *Times'* Correspondent prefers to phrase it, "York Cathedral"—and it closed with an ordination, probably the first of the kind ever held in Rome. The church itself is reported to be a fine Gothic building, erected from Mr. Street's design at a cost of 30,000*l.*; and another, designed by the same architect, is to be built for the English congregation at a cost of 20,000*l.* Altogether no such display of Anglican, or indeed of any other than Papal, worship, has before been witnessed in Rome since the gods of Paganism yielded to the Cross. The Bishop of Long Island, who preached the sermon, appears to have thought "the remarkable occasion which had brought them together" one that called for a sort of public manifesto. And accordingly, after vindicating the civil and ecclesiastical right of his co-religionists to a place in the Eternal City, he proceeded to define the position they propose to assume there:—

> Controversy would not be invited, but neither would it be declined if the interests of truth demanded it. The Church would strive on peace with all men, and the true unity of Christ's body. It would become all before all in maintaining the purity and unity of the Catholic Church and the written word of God, the unerring source of all that is necessary to be believed. But the written word of God must have interpreter. Where, asked the Bishop, is that interpreter to be found? Under what conditions and by what tongue does it speak? It was impossible for any living branch of the Church to be silent under the portentous conflict of opinions which these questions have excited.
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> After stating the essential points upon which there is no debate, the preacher set forth fully the rival theories of infallibility, the extreme Protestant, the Romish, and the Primitive, and, lastly, he considered the attitude maintained by the several leading branches of Christ's Church towards the genius and drift of modern civilization.

We shall not enter here on any discussion of the details of the sermon or the ceremony; still less shall we follow one of our daily contemporaries in contrasting "pure and uncorrupt Catholicity" with the spurious "Romanism" which it is now for the first time permitted to confront on equal terms under the very shadow of St. Peter's. This is not the place for theological controversy; but a wider question, by no means deficient in interest, is at once suggested by the altered relation towards rival creeds and communions at its headquarters which has now for the first time been forced upon the Papacy. What may be the ultimate results of the change it would be rash to predict, though it is not unnatural to indulge in curious speculation on the subject. But that the change, in whatever light it may be regarded, is an important one, and can hardly fail to be fruitful in results, may be affirmed with tolerable confidence. And we may add that sincere Roman Catholics are the very last persons who ought to assume that those results will be unmixedly evil. Montalembert, if we may judge from his posthumous essay on Liberty in Spain, would have maintained precisely the reverse.

Protection has come in modern times to be a word of ill omen. But our forefathers thought otherwise. And history shows, what it is not at all difficult to explain, that of all interests the religious has most tenaciously clung to that now exploded system. We are not speaking especially of the Roman Catholic Church, nor would it be fair to do so. Those who first broke off from obedience to Rome in the sixteenth century were in general as little disposed to allow any differences of opinion as the Church they had discarded. It was only by slow degrees, as they began to split up into rival sects at issue with one another, and often found themselves reduced to the position of standing minorities, that they drifted from the necessity of the case into a plea for toleration which was afterwards erected into a principle; while the old Church, which still continued dominant in many parts of Europe, and for a century or more did not abandon all hope of recovering lost ground in the rest, was naturally the last to recognize the need for taking this course. So entirely is this the true account of the gradual progress of religious toleration that, as Mr. Mill points out, it has seldom, if ever, been practically realized, except when indifference has added its weight to the scale; and even now there are comparatively few religious persons, of whatever creed, who admit the duty of toleration without some tacit reserves, varying according to the bent of their own most cherished convictions. Some *e.g.* are tolerant of dissent in matters of Church government, which they regard as unimportant, but not in doctrine, or at least not in the particular doctrines which they hold to be fundamental; some, like the late Dr. Arnold, would include all but Papists and Unitarians in their comprehensive system; others draw the line at belief in revelation, and others again at theism. It is not twenty years since an Under-Secretary of State, when addressing his constituents about India, observed that, while "toleration was the great corner-stone of the religious liberties *of this country*," it was not to be "abused" by misapplying it to cases where it was really quite unsuitable; "it meant freedom of worship *among Christians, who worshipped upon the same foundation*; it meant toleration of all sects and denominations of Christians *who believed in the one mediation*." And therefore toleration of "the superstition called religion" in India had been a grievous mistake. Now this speaker, who at the time held a high Government office, and would probably have passed for a tolerant and enlightened Englishman, evidently held just the same view of toleration as that commonly ascribed to the Roman Church, though his detailed application of the principle differed with his difference of creed. There was to his mind no fundamental distinction among those who united in the worship of Christ, and he would accordingly tolerate all forms of Christianity, but no religions beyond the Christian pale. Rome draws the line, not at Christianity, as commonly understood, but at Catholicism, and would tolerate no form of heresy. There is a considerable theological difference between the two views, but in the principle of toleration, or rather of intolerance, they are identical. Both would allow freedom in matters of opinion merely, but would recognize no liberty of error in essential points of faith. Now we are not engaged here in examining the true grounds or limits of religious toleration, but are simply explaining how it actually came into vogue as a principle more or less consistently professed and acted upon throughout the modern world. That it may be justified, as a principle, by much better reasons than can be plausibly alleged to account for its historical development we fully believe, but it would take us too far from our immediate subject to enumerate and defend them now. One point, however, it will be much to our purpose to insist upon, which has a direct bearing on the probable consequences of the newly introduced rivalry of communions under the shadow of the Vatican.

The Bishop of Long Island, as we have seen, disclaimed any intention of using the American church in Rome as a focus of controversy and propagandism; and we sincerely trust that his wishes in this respect will be carried out. But two powerful communions like the Roman and Anglican—for we may confine ourselves for the present to these only—can hardly be brought into close and continual contact in the very centre and headquarters of the Papacy without exerting some influence on each other. And whether we regard one of them as in exclusive possession of the truth, or each as having something to learn from intercourse with the other, it will certainly be their own fault if the result is not beneficial. There can be no doubt, for instance, that since the Roman Catholic Church has been free to develop its resources in this country, without hindrance from legal penalties or restrictions, it has to a certain extent both influenced and been influenced by the great national communion which overshadows it, in spite of the jealous antagonism which holds the two apart. And it is obvious to remark that the same sort of almost unconscious interchange of reflex action may be looked for still more at Rome, where rival ecclesiastics are less likely to hold aloof from one another than in England, while the novelty and strangeness of a liturgical service not wholly dissimilar to their own, yet with marked differences, cannot fail to strike the minds of Italian Catholics who had scarcely realized the existence of any Christian worship other than that with which they are familiar in their own churches. All this indeed is too obvious to require being dwelt upon. But theologians on both sides may argue—Ultramontanes will certainly insist—that they have nothing to learn from their rivals. Be it so. We wish to point out that, even so, the withdrawal of "protection" may be of great advantage to the hitherto protected creed. When no freedom of discussion is tolerated, men are very apt to forget, not only the grounds, but the meaning, of their professed convictions. Their faith becomes, in theological language, material instead of formal—that is to say, they accept the letter without really grasping the purport and spirit of their creed. If our memory serves us rightly, Dr. Newman has somewhere suggested that this is often the condition of members of the Eastern Church, owing to the stagnation of all intellectual life among them. But surely the same may be said of many members of his own Church also in countries where it has been protected from all adverse criticism, and especially in Rome, where till within the last few years even books placed in the Index could not be introduced or procured with impunity. Creeds, however definite and however orthodox, are liable under such circumstances to lose their moral power; "instead of a vivid conception and a living belief, there remain only a few phrases retained by rote; or, if any part, the shell and husk only of the meaning is retained, the finer essence being lost." It does not at all follow that creeds and formularies are therefore useless; for, as the writer we have just quoted has elsewhere observed, they serve to enshrine and perpetuate the genuine substance of belief, and the full meaning, which has for the time been obscured or lost, may always under more favourable circumstances be recovered. It may be an exaggeration to say, with him, that "not one Christian in

a thousand guides or tests his individual conduct" by the doctrines he professes to believe; but there can be no doubt that in the early days when Christianity was put on its trial, and had to undergo the double ordeal of philosophical criticism and civil persecution, it was more intensely realised than is now generally the case. Doctrines which are coldly acquiesced in or quietly dropped in our own day were then, to use the words of a learned apologist of Christianity, "heard issuing from out the midst of the fire, and lisped by the quivering lips of women and children while writhing on the rack." Supposing then that the received Ultramontane belief is not only true, but the whole truth—which is, of course, the contention of those who most vehemently denounce the liberty of worship and teaching now established, in spite of them, in the capital of Christendom—it ought in the end to gain rather than lose by the vigorous cross-questioning and competition to which it is exposed. If it be objected that such views are unchristian, since unity, and not division, is the normal condition of the Christian Church as designed by its Divine Founder, a twofold reply may be offered, without at all questioning that unity is the ideal state of Christendom, and that it is right, so far as circumstances permit, to strive for the realization of the ideal standard. In the first place, we must deal with facts as we find them, and there is no reason to forego any incidental benefits which may be derived from the existing state of religious discord because it is not the highest condition and is encumbered with serious disadvantages. In the next place—which is still more to the purpose—the dangers of narrowness and stagnation of belief are far greater in the separate communities which make up a divided Christendom, and which are apt to become all the narrower and more intolerant from their isolation, than in a "world-Church"—to use a German term—necessarily embracing the widest diversities of national, social, and intellectual life. We may illustrate our meaning by a story told some years ago of a learned and able divine of what would now be called strong Ritualistic, if not Romanizing, sympathies, who visited Rome for the first time, full of hope that his lofty aspirations would find in that great Catholic centre their adequate encouragement and satisfaction. He returned, however, a sadder, if not a wiser, man, and his criticism was reported to be, what in his mouth was a very severe one—"Rome after all is narrower than the Scotch Episcopal Church." Will the zealous Ultramontanes who most fiercely resent the overthrow of the Temporal Power and all which it involves venture to assure us that Rome has found that narrowness an element of strength?

ASSIZES.

THE ancient system of assizes is likely to be greatly changed by the indirect operation of other legal changes. As regards the counties near London, whether properly belonging to the old Home Circuit or not, it is often more convenient to bring the parties and witnesses to London than to the county town; and if the courts in London can be kept open almost continuously, the choice of the place of trial will depend chiefly on accessibility. If judges are not employed in the country, they can sit in London, and accordingly one of the judges of assize who sat at Maidstone on Wednesday in last week sat the next day at Westminster. But, if it is easy in many cases to bring the parties and witnesses to London, it is also easy, and sometimes it may be desirable, to send judges to the assize towns; and as regards criminal business it is to be hoped that no departure will be attempted from the ancient practice of sending commissions of oyer and terminer and gaol delivery into every county.

For several centuries up to the year 1830, the whole of England was divided into six circuits, to each of which the judges of assize were sent twice a year. Previously to that year the Welsh counties and the County Palatine of Chester were independent of the courts at Westminster, and their peculiar judges and assizes were appointed by the Crown under several statutes. This separation of jurisdiction being found inconvenient, the number of judges of the Superior Courts was increased, and it was enacted that commissions should issue for Wales and Chester in the same manner as for the English counties. Since that date, therefore, throughout England and Wales, except in London and Middlesex, where the administration of justice was regulated by peculiar customs and Acts of Parliament, the assizes have been held twice a year upon a uniform system; and about the same time a third assize for the trial of criminals began to be held in the Home Counties. The arrangements of the circuits remained unaltered until 1863, when the county of York was severed from the Northern and joined to the Midland circuit, and some minor changes were made; and thus matters continued until the present year, when fresh arrangements, consequent on the passing of the Judicature Act, have been made of which the full effect has probably not yet been felt. The term "assizes" will still continue to be used, although its original meaning and the legal history which it embodies will gradually be forgotten. The ancient "writ of assize" lay for the recovery of lands or tenements of which a man or his ancestors had been disseised, and the trial or "taking of the assize" upon this writ could only be in the Courts of Queen's Bench or Common Pleas or before the justices in eyre at their septennial circuits. To remedy the delay and inconvenience thus arising, it was provided by Magna Charta that the judges should visit each county once a year to take assizes. A statute of King Ed. I. made further provision of the same kind by enacting that the justices of assize for each county should be two sworn judges, associating to themselves one or two discreet knights, and they were directed to take the assizes not more than three times in every year. By the same statute authority is given to them to determine other matters besides those in respect of which the "writ of assize" issued, and this was the foundation of the jurisdiction of assize courts down to the present time. If a case arose in Cornwall, a jury of that county must come to Westminster to try it, and the sheriff was commanded to cause a jury to come accordingly, unless the justices of assize should first come (*nisi prius venerint*) into his county, as in due course they did. The old writs of *venire facias* and *distringas* continued to be issued down to 1852, and although the form of process was altered at that time, the idea which had shaped it still prevailed. The judge of assize was regarded as a sort of commissioner sitting to try certain questions or "issues" sent down from the court at Westminster, and, when he had tried them, the "record" with the finding of the jury was returned to the court, and the court when it sat next term, if no motion were made for a new trial, gave judgment according to the verdict. One of the most important changes made by the Judicature Act is that the judge sitting at *nisi prius*, whether in town or country, is himself the court, and not a mere commissioner, and he may himself give judgment if he thinks fit to do so. But, although the term "nisi prius" has become in its primary sense obsolete, it will probably be always used as a synonym for jury trials in civil cases, and a barrister who has aptitude for that kind of work will still be called "a *nisi prius* lawyer." Perhaps, too, when one legal member of the House of Commons wishes to sneer at the speech of another legal member which he cannot answer, it will still be possible to exclaim, "Let us get out of *nisi prius*."

The county of Surrey has been taken out of the Home Circuit, and the remainder of it, and the larger part of the Norfolk Circuit, have been formed into the South-Eastern Circuit, and we have now had an opportunity of observing how the business of this new circuit is affected by recent changes. At Lewes, the first place on the circuit, there was rather a heavy calendar of prisoners, and there were seven civil cases. The business occupied two judges three days each, and they were assisted during part of this time by two Queen's Counsel sitting as commissioners according to ancient practice. At Maidstone there was an average calendar of prisoners and four civil cases, and the work occupied two judges for three days. At Chelmsford, again, there were four civil cases, and all the business, civil and criminal, was finished in two days. At Hertford there was only one civil case and two days' business, and this is the last place on the old Home Circuit. At Huntingdon, on the old Norfolk Circuit, there was no civil case at all, and there were only five prisoners. The remaining places on this circuit are Cambridge, Ipswich, and Norwich. The county of Surrey, which has been taken out of the Home Circuit, has been provided for by a separate commission. The remaining portion of the Norfolk Circuit has been transferred to the Midland, to which part of it formerly belonged. Yorkshire has been taken from the Midland Circuit, and, together with Durham and Northumberland, it forms a new circuit called the North-Eastern. These are all the changes that have been made, and it may be doubted whether it was worth while to make some of them. The supposed reason was the saving of judicial time, but it would be easy to arrange that judges when not wanted in the country might sit in London, and in fact one of the judges of the South-Eastern Circuit has sat in London in the intervals of circuit work. Whether the old arrangements and names of the Home and Norfolk Circuits had been preserved or changed, the same amount of judicial time would be required to do the business. Whether four judges are occupied half their time, or two judges are occupied all their time, comes, as far as the public are concerned, to the same thing, because those judges who are not employed in the country may be employed in London. It seems, therefore, that the arrangements of the circuits concerned chiefly the counsel practising on them, and they would probably have for the most part preferred that things should be left as they were. It seems unnecessary to take Surrey out of the Home Circuit and then to send two judges down there under a separate Commission, just at the time when the judges of the Home Circuit would have been ready to go there under the old arrangement. In this, as in other matters of detail, we cannot help thinking that the Judicature Act has been worked with a want of common sense. It seems as if some changes had been made for change's sake.

At Northampton, which has been transferred from the Norfolk Circuit to the Midland, there were two civil cases and forty-one prisoners, but half of them were charged with larceny and might have been tried at sessions, if an adjourned sessions could have been held shortly before the assizes. When the judges come to an assize town under the usual commission, they are bound to "deliver the gaol"—that is, to try all the prisoners they find there; and in order to prevent their time being wasted on trivial cases, it is the practice in some counties to hold sessions, which are an adjournment or continuation of the last regular Quarter Sessions, in the week before the judges come. This practice might be adopted everywhere. The time of the judges ought not to be unnecessarily expended, and, on the other hand, their time ought to be available to try serious cases without that long detention in prison before trial of which we often hear complaints. To quote Baron Bramwell's favourite phrase, "It is all an affair of railways," and there is now no reason why justice with adequate theatrical properties should not be forthcoming in any county where cases are

awaiting trial. Even in the time of King Edward I. it was contemplated that assizes might be held thrice in the year, and as we have made such enormous increase in wealth and population since his time, our judicial machinery ought to be equal to as much as that. It has been sometimes proposed to constitute certain centres at which the assize business of a considerable district might be transacted, instead of sending the judges into every county. Without in any way favouring this proposal, we may remark that it would only be reverting to the ancient practice by which jurymen and witnesses were required not only to leave their own counties, but to travel all the way to London, *unless before* the appointed day the judges should come into their county. Before the circuits were established, the necessity for what was then a long and dangerous journey frequently arose. It is probable that when the circuits were arranged, and for some centuries afterwards, business was pretty equally distributed among them. But now there is a vast disproportion between Manchester with 69 civil cases and 64 prisoners and the chief towns of agricultural districts which largely constitute the South-Eastern and Midland Circuits. At Stafford there were 23 civil cases and 45 prisoners, and this number of prisoners is the more considerable because 50 had been disposed of at an adjourned sessions held immediately before the assizes. At York it appears that the help of a commissioner was needed in trying civil cases, and it is suggested that when the judges want assistance of this kind the official referees appointed under the Judicature Act should be available to give it. In cases suitable to be dealt with by those referees it would certainly be sometimes convenient that they should sit at an assize town or other place near the site of the dispute or the residence of the witnesses. Not long ago one of the judges consented to sit at a place distant from any assize town, but easily accessible from London, and he thereby saved considerable expense to the parties. This, again, was an example of getting the most in the shape of judicial facilities out of railways. The practice of joining the Queen's Counsel and serjeants belonging to the circuits in the commissions with the judges is almost as old as the circuits themselves, and there is another officer always named in the commission and called "associate" from this circumstance. The country gets in this way a considerable amount of judicial work done for nothing; while the counsel who do the work gain from it experience and reputation which may afterwards be useful to them. We observe that at Brecon there were no civil cases at all; but even there the single judge who takes the South Wales Circuit was helped by a commissioner. At Oakham there was only one civil case, and there were only five prisoners, and we remember to have heard that in the small county of Rutland there is some difficulty in finding tenants for the gaol. At Stafford the business was only disposed of by the help of two commissioners just in time to open the commission at the next town in the circuit. At Nottingham there was considerable business, and at Leeds there were eighty-six civil cases. It thus appears that at many, although not at all places in the circuits, there is a large quantity of work, and we would urge that it should in general be dealt with on the principle of bringing the judges to the business, and not the business to the judges.

THE PUFF PRELIMINARY.

IT is announced in the *Daily News* of Monday that "another addition is proposed to be made to the places of recreation in and about London." It is possible, however, that this intimation may not be received with the enthusiasm which the writer seems to expect. It may perhaps occur to some minds that there is at present an abundance of so-called places of recreation, and that what is wanted is not so much an increase of their number as an improvement of their quality. The Royal Aquarium, for instance, which has lately been added to the list, does not appear to have as yet contributed much to the enjoyment of the public or the fulfilment of the hopes of its shareholders. It has, indeed, been obliged to confess that its name is a misnomer, and that it is still unable to provide either water or fishes for its tanks. Its Picture Gallery, however, is in its way quite as much an imposture as the empty tanks, and it is a pitiful degradation of art to see an eminent musician "playing in" customers to the drinking-bars. It may be remembered that this singular institution was, as the reporters call it, "inaugurated by a *déjeuner*" presided over by the Duke of Edinburgh, and a dreadful rumour has since been spread to the effect that the exigencies of the banquet led to the mysterious absence of the fishes in the form in which they were expected to be exhibited. We should hardly have thought that this ill-omened experiment would have encouraged rivalry; but it appears that the new place of recreation which has just been introduced to public notice is to combine, as the writer beautifully expresses it, "the advantages of a museum with the interest attaching to an aquarium, and various other sources of entertainment," among which we may perhaps safely include a rink. "Baths of fresh sea-water, brought up by steamer every morning," are also, we are told, to form an important feature of the establishment; and it is added that "it seems to be, above all, the intention of the promoters to provide a particularly cheap place of pleasure resort." If the charge for admission, including steamboat fare, is to be only sixpence, the entertainment will certainly be cheap, though it remains to be seen how far it will be pleasant. It is needless to say that when any speculation of this kind is got up, it is considered indispensable to drag in the memory of the late Prince Consort. The Duke of Edinburgh has stated that the disguised tavern he was "inaugurating" was a "natural result" of the part taken by his lamented father in regard to the Exhibition of 1851. And now, again, we find that the title of this new place of recreation is to be Victoria and Albert Palace; that the "site suggested"—so the project has at least got as far as the suggestion of a site—"is the one originally selected by the late Prince Consort for the Great Exhibition of 1851"; and that the building is "intended to be constructed largely of glass and iron, after the style of the Crystal Palace." If the persons engaged in this project desire to emulate the dismal fate of that unfortunate institution, they certainly cannot do better than adopt the same style of construction; but it might perhaps be well to ask what the latter costs for daily repairs. The *Daily News* asserts that "it has been found out, as a matter of fact, that people will not go out of their way to the British and Kensington Museums, and it is hoped to combine something of instruction with recreation on the convenient situation proposed for the Albert and Victoria Palace." It is no doubt a matter of fact that there is no beer to be had at the British Museum, though this is one of the features of South Kensington; and it may be supposed that the recreation offered at Battersea will be more lively than looking at ancient marbles and stuffed animals.

It will be observed that this project is, as described in the account we have seen of it, of a somewhat hypothetical character. A site has been suggested, an intention of building in a certain style is vaguely entertained; but the matter does not seem to have got much further. What the promoters appear to be chiefly in want of at the present moment is, we gather, "moral support." Indeed, the *Daily News* tells us that it was "with a view of obtaining moral support" that "the association"—whatever it is —"gave a dinner at the Ship Hotel, Greenwich, on Saturday to a considerable number of guests"; and it is of course needless to say that the reporters were entertained "in a style fully sustaining the well-deserved reputation of the house." It is surely time that respectable journals should give up this sort of puffery; but at least there is thus much to be said, that the dinner was no doubt real, while the project in honour of which it was held seems to be still, in a large degree, a matter of imagination. However, the Royal Aquarium had its *déjeuner* while its fishes were still, as they are now, somewhere in the clouds, and the promoters of this other Aquarium saw no reason why they should not also celebrate their scheme, though it has developed no further than "suggestion" and "intention." In this case, if the fishes fail, the tanks will at least be available for bathers. However, to return to the main object of the gathering, moral support was obtained by dining a number of Irish members, chiefly of the Home Rule party, who seem to have responded with characteristic enthusiasm to the various toasts. When we have mentioned that Major O'Gorman was one of the speakers, the good humour of the company will be understood. Mr. Roebuck, oddly enough, presided, and referred approvingly to the new title of Empress, which "was received with cheers," and it need not surprise any one that people who call a booth a palace should relish calling a Queen an Empress. In proposing the toast of the evening, Mr. Roebuck said "he had been told" (he did not apparently mention who told him) "that they would have a magnificent structure on the banks of the Thames, near Battersea Park." He also "spoke highly of the advantage of being able to obtain a fresh-water bath for twopence, and a sea-water bath for sixpence, from which both rich and poor might derive great benefit." He is not reported to have dilated on the civilizing influence of aquariums, and he had the good taste to let the Prince Consort alone. There is, it seems, "a confidential Report" of the Company, in which a hope is expressed that the building may be opened in May next year; and of course it may, and may prove to be as magnificent as Mr. Roebuck was told it would be. Only it may occur to some people that it might have been as well to postpone the celebration of the event until it happened.

There is of course no reason why Irish or any other members should not accept an invitation to dinner at Greenwich, or why the promoters of a speculation should not invite their friends to wish them success. The question arises why an entertainment of this kind should be reported in respectable newspapers as a means of procuring funds for a mysterious speculation. When this Company is openly formed, and has published its "confidential prospectus," and is able to say that it has really bought a site and made a contract for the construction of a building, there will be time enough for the press to deal with it. Even then, indeed, as is pointedly demonstrated by the example of the sham Royal Aquarium, it might be well to suspend judgment until the exhibition is actually completed. But here are a number of people, who dine together in order to talk over a mere speculative idea, buzzing *in cæcuo*, and it is put before the public as a substantial project. It is all very well to say that the promoters only want moral support, but they would be in a much better position to obtain this if they had opened their exhibition, and demonstrated in a practical way that it deserved moral support. If, after all, the Victoria and Albert Palace should prove, like some other undertakings of the same kind, only a public-house under a grand name, it may be a very honest and legitimate enterprise; only it should be left to take its chance like other shops and taverns. It is quite clear that the members of Parliament who attended the dinner had nothing more to go upon than a vague assurance that some speculative person had promised that a magnificent

palace was about to be erected at Battersea. It may be assumed that something or other will be done in this way, but it is impossible to say what it will turn out to be till it is actually in existence. If ever it is opened it will no doubt advertise itself largely, and this will be good for the newspapers in which it advertises. But it is surely a degradation of the press that it should lend itself to puff empty schemes on the chance of extending its advertising connexion. We have certainly no wish to prejudge the merits of this exhibition, or whatever it is to be; but this method of introducing it to public notice seems to us to be hardly calculated to encourage public confidence. At present it appears to be only an idea, which has found favour with a convivial party entertained at the expense of the promoter, whoever he may be; and it is certainly not pleasant to those who have any respect for the House of Commons to think of any section of its members lending themselves to this sort of tap-house propagandism. It is perhaps impossible to place any restriction on members of Parliament giving their support to any speculation; but there is a question of good taste which cannot be excluded from consideration. In the same way it may be worth while for the conductors of certain journals to consider whether they can expect to retain public confidence in their criticism of public amusements if they give up their columns to puffing reporters who are ready to sound the praises of any project, even when it exists only in the imagination of the inventors, and has not been reduced to a practical form.

LOSS OF THE *STRATHMORE*.

THE wreck of the *Strathmore* presents features which nowadays occur rarely. She struck on a rock in the Southern Ocean on 1st July, 1875, and forty-nine of her crew and passengers landed on one of the Crozet Islands of which the rock formed part, and remained there living in huts and feeding on wild birds until 21st January last, when they were rescued by an American whaler and put in the way of reaching Point de Galle. The ship was lost through miscalculating her position, caused by thick weather which prevented observations being taken. On the night of the 30th June, the captain thought he was about eighty-seven miles from the Crozet Group, but he must have been mistaken, as the ship struck about 3.45 A.M. on the 1st July. There was the usual confusion and difficulty in launching boats. On day breaking two boats were got off under the direction of the second mate, who, as the captain and chief mate had been washed off the ship soon after she struck, was left in command. The two boats went towards the rocks, which were seen in front about a hundred yards distant, rising like a wall several hundred feet out of the water. Late in the afternoon the gig returned and took away five passengers. As she could not return again that night, those who were left in the rigging passed another night of misery and terror. All their sustenance was a few biscuits, and they were wet and almost frozen. After daybreak the gig came back, and took them all off, and they joined those who had already landed. Besides the two boats already mentioned, a third boat had reached the shore. They found a desolate place, a refuge for sea-birds and without trees. The island on which they had landed was about two and a half miles long and half a mile broad at the broadest part. When they first arrived they slept on the bare rocks, but they soon built huts of stones and turf. They found albatross on the island and a sort of grey bird. They subsisted on these for some time, and then they had a flock of molly hawks. After these came penguins, whose eggs were a great luxury. Their skins were used for fuel, and also to make clothes and boots. The boats had been lost on the third night after their arrival, but before this happened they had taken from the wreck two barrels of gunpowder, one cask of port wine, two cases of rum, two of gin, one of brandy, and one of provisions, and a case of eight tins of sweets. The liquor lasted four or five weeks, being served out at first night and morning, and afterwards at night only, till it was reduced to a small quantity, which was reserved for medical purposes. The tins in which the sweets were packed were used for pots and lamps. A few matches had been saved from the wreck, and they kept a lamp, fed by fat from the birds, burning continually. It is seldom that we meet with a modern narrative of fact that so closely resembles Robinson Crusoe's account of the stores he obtained from the wreck and what he did with them. It may be thought, however, that he was made rather too comfortable by the author, who herein showed the way to those modern novelists who provide parks and palaces, landed estates and three per cents., costly pictures and splendid furniture *ad libitum* for their characters. The escaped crew and passengers of the *Strathmore* underwent much hardship, and, although the wrecked vessel contained provisions and stores in abundance, almost the whole was lost with her. The party arrived on the island at the beginning of winter, and suffered much from ice and snow. They had plenty of fresh water, and for vegetable food the tops of a tuber resembling carrot tops. On the first night there was one death from exposure. A young man died of lockjaw, caused by injury to his foot. Two other men and a child of three years old died, and thus the number saved from the ship, which was 49, was reduced to 44. When the ship left Gravesend she had a crew of 38 hands, and carried 50 passengers, so that 39 persons perished when she struck. Among the saved was a woman, Mrs. Wordsworth. A ship passed within two miles of them on 13th September, and three other ships were sighted, but these either failed to see or would not notice them. The American ship *Young Phœnix* was cruising for whales when she saw their signals, and took them off on 21st January. Their feet had been made very sore from using albatross-skins to cover them, and, indeed, the fatal case of lock-jaw already mentioned is ascribed to this cause. The ship carried no surgeon, and the second mate, who was left in command by the death of his superior officers, does not seem to have been equal to the position, which perhaps is not surprising.

The situation of these islands may be roughly indicated by saying that they are in the latitude of the southern extremity of New Zealand, and due south of Madagascar. They were discovered in 1772 by the French navigator, Marion du Fresne, and were named after his second in command, Crozet, who informed Captain Cook of their existence. The nearest islands to them are Prince Edward's Island and Marion Island to the west, and Kerguelen Island to the east. The group is of volcanic origin. It was visited by Sir James Ross in 1840, but it appears to offer no temptation for settlement, and therefore is little known. Yet it might be thought that an island where boats land easily in moderate weather, and which is well supplied with water, might be convenient to whalers. There are so few islands in the belt of twenty degrees of ocean which stretches from South America to New Zealand, that it might be thought that those which exist would have been in some way utilized by man. Both animals and vegetables good for food would probably thrive if it were worth while to introduce them, as was done in the island of Tristan da Cunha, in the same ocean. We believe that this island, which lies considerably to the west of the Crozet Islands, is frequented by whalers in want of fresh provisions, and perhaps no other station of the same kind is needed. It is satisfactory to learn that there are still a few uninhabited, and almost unknown, islands left, and there does not seem to be any influence at work which is likely to make it worth anybody's while to occupy these islands. The whaling in the Antarctic Sea is hardly likely to increase; but, on the contrary, unless some disciple of Mr. Buckland can obtain protection for the breed of whales, they will gradually diminish in number, as they have done in the Arctic Sea.

In 1776 Captain Cook sailed upon his last voyage, and after making the Cape of Good Hope, he steered south-east, and thus, as we are told, he arrived at some islands which had been discovered by the French four years earlier. These, no doubt, were the Crozet Islands, and Cook at the same time gave the name of Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent, and father of the Queen, to an island which he discovered to the west of the Crozet Islands. One of the objects of Cook's voyages was to introduce English animals and plants in the regions which he visited; and we are told that, in his last voyage, he had two horses with him which were landed and ridden by him and another officer in Otaheite. In this, as in other respects, he was a type of his class; for sailors, as we know, will always get on horseback if they can, and an admiral is at this moment the first authority on the Turf. We do not know what became of Cook's horses, but there is little doubt that the pigs and rabbits which abound in many islands of the Pacific were introduced either by Cook or his contemporaries, to the benefit of the natives, if there are any, as well as of possible European visitors. It has been said that the pig is the great civilizer of the Pacific, and that no preaching against cannibalism has been so effective as placing before the natives a more dainty dish than man. In some parts of New Zealand pigs have become a nuisance, and some districts of Australia are eaten up with rabbits. This is too much of a good thing, but it would still be useful to propagate these animals when there is not likely to be any cultivation with which they could interfere. As there is a Society for everything else, we would recommend that one should be formed for stocking uninhabited islands with pigs and rabbits. The carelessness of modern seamanship makes shipwreck possible anywhere and at any time, and as iron ships do not last long among rocks, and there is therefore little time to get out provisions and stores, it is highly desirable that some resources should be provided wherever land exists. Although penguins may amiably invite us to knock them on the head, yet they are not pleasant food, and for our own part we should prefer on landing on an uninhabited island to meet a sleek comfortable pig who would welcome with cheerful grunt the advent of civilization with its machinery, including perhaps a sausage-mill. We learn that, if the boats of the *Strathmore* had not been lost soon after the landing of those who escaped from the wreck, the party might have been transferred to Hog Island, which seems in every way worthy of its name. There are pigs and rabbits there, and as it has been used as a sealing station, it also possesses the accommodation of a hut and boiler. An imaginative and benevolent person might take pleasure in breeding pigs and rabbits in some island where their natural enemies could not follow them, nor any vivisection threaten their tranquillity. Huts and boilers might be placed on these islands on the same principle that similar conveniences are provided among the high Alps. They are not often useful, but they are sometimes; and if the boats had not been accidentally lost, the party from the *Strathmore* might have passed a tolerably comfortable winter. It is stated that her crew were an indifferent lot, and she had lost her captain and first mate. It is not wonderful under these circumstances that proceedings in the island were not so orderly and exemplary as they might have been if the same accident had happened to a man-of-war. There was some approach to that state of nature where the strongest take, and they keep who can; and it was fortunate that

penguins and molly hawks came abundantly for all, and there was little else to quarrel over. But this and other recent instances of shipwreck have shown how desirable it is that the officers, seamen, and passengers of merchant ships should, if possible, be to some extent instructed in their respective duties, so that danger may not necessarily involve destruction. In this case we cannot help thinking that better management might have saved more lives. The captain seems, when the ship struck, to have in effect given up command, and left everybody to shift for themselves. We must allow, however, that some skill was shown in finding a landing-place, and some of the men who had gone first handsomely came back to fetch their comrades who had remained in the rigging of the ship, although, perhaps, they may also have had an eye to the brandy and other stores which the ship contained. This story is in many ways remarkable, and not least so for the light it throws on one of the controversies of the day. Can any reasonable man doubt that this party had a better chance of life and comfort on the island after they had brought to it all the wine and brandy they could save from the wreck? There used to be a book called *The Swiss Family Robinson*, which was a very mild copy, with additions, of Defoe's veracious history. We should recommend the Alliance to spend some of its abundant money in getting a pretty tale written of a serious abstaining family, which, being cast upon a desert island, and having the opportunity of taking stores out of a wrecked ship, left all the brandy, wine, and tobacco on board, and lived harmoniously on penguins and cold water until relief came.

THE POLICE MASQUERADE.

THE paragraphs which appear from time to time in the press headed "The Police and the Public" are apt to offer a strange contradiction to the boasted love of order and regard for authority in which the English are supposed to be so superior to Continental people. It is natural enough that there should be a certain class of the community who look upon the police force with so little liking that the sight of a blue uniform acts upon their senses as that of a red flag does on a bull's, although they are in most cases fortunately deterred from giving vent to their feelings as the bull does. It is not so easy to explain the animosity which occasionally shows itself among some of the more respectable classes against the police—a body of men who, as a general rule, execute trying duties with singular success. To enforce order without any offensive flaunting of authority, and to preserve an equal mind under an immense variety of irritations, are by no means easy tasks, and they are among the most common which policemen discharge, and for the most part discharge well. In a certain number of cases where policemen have been accused of gross blundering, of locking up a man desperately ill whose symptoms they have mistaken for those of drunkenness, or of arresting an innocent bystander at a disturbance instead of the real offender, the accusation has no doubt been well founded; and it has also happened that policemen have been convicted of grave offences against the law which they are supposed to preserve. But it is too much to expect that a man on being enrolled in the police force, and assuming the regulation helmet and uniform, should at once be endowed with wisdom and discretion far above that of his fellow-men; and it is inevitable that among a large body of men there should, in spite of all precautions, be found some of base metal. It would be surprising, indeed, if every policeman were to exemplify the virtues of honesty, forbearance, and courage, which we cannot but think are exhibited by the force as a whole. It is, however, of the utmost importance that the standard of the force should be kept at as high a level as possible, and this object can only be secured by the most searching investigation of every case where there exists clear evidence of a policeman having overstepped the limits of his authority in what he may take to be the cause of order. And when it is plain that a member of the police force has taken advantage of his position to indulge in the amusement of assaulting an inoffensive person, it becomes the duty of every one in whose power it lies to press for the discovery and conviction of the offender, in order that his fate may be a warning to any disposed to follow his example. It can hardly be thought that a proper amount of trouble was taken to attain this end in the case which was heard before Alderman Sir W. A. Rose at Guildhall on Monday last, when James Brigg, metropolitan police constable 450, was summoned for violently assaulting Mr. William Palmer on the occasion of the Queen's visit to the London Hospital.

The proceedings opened with a certain amount of liveliness, which was kept up more or less by the presiding Alderman throughout the hearing of the case. On a previous occasion, Sir Robert Carden, who was present on the bench, had expressed a strong opinion that the case ought not to be dropped until the offending constable had been detected; and, whether because he thought this opinion too forcibly expressed, or for some other reason which we cannot hope to fathom, Sir W. Rose, when he ordered the witnesses in the case to retire, added that he "would go further, and say that Sir Robert Carden ought to be out of court also." To this Sir Robert Carden naturally objected, and when his brother Alderman observed that he could—or, according to a corrected version, could not—order Sir Robert Carden out of court, Sir Robert replied with perfect justice that he might as well order Sir W. Rose out of court. Fortunately for the dignity of the Bench the matter was not carried further; but it must by this time be obvious to Sir W. Rose that, apart from any privileges which the title of an alderman and magistrate may be supposed to confer, Sir Robert Carden had a perfect right to be in court as one of the general public. After this preliminary skirmish of words the case was heard, and it appeared from the evidence of Mr. Palmer that, on the day of the Queen's visit to the East End, he was returning to the City and found the road he had chosen as the nearest barred by a line of policemen. He asked a constable to let him pass, but was not allowed to do so, and, according to his statement, was pushed backwards and forwards among the police, until one of them struck him in the eye across the shoulder of another so violently that the eye bled. Unfortunately neither he nor the four witnesses who saw the blow given were able positively to identify the man who gave it. That this should be so is, when the circumstances are considered, not altogether surprising. The witnesses were not certain as to all the figures of the number on the constable's collar, and, taking into account the crowd and excitement around them at the time, this perhaps is not very strange. Two of them, however, asserted that the number was 450 E, one believed it was 450 E, and the fourth was sure that it ended with 50 E. Mr. Palmer himself thought that the number was 250 E, and the day after the assault the matter was brought to the notice of Colonel Henderson, who naturally considered it serious, and referred Mr. Palmer to Guildhall for a summons against 250 E, who, however, as it was found, was not in Aldgate, where the assault was committed, on the day of its occurrence. A few days afterwards Mr. Palmer went to Bow Street Police station, when the men who had been on the spot were paraded in uniform, in order that he might identify the man who struck him. In order to assist him in this identification a very curious method was adopted. "He saw," to quote from the reports of the case on Monday, "in 450 E uniform"—the uniform thought by the witnesses to have been worn by the man who struck the blow—"a man who to the best of his belief was 173 E. Police constable 173 E, having been called in, was identified by the complainant as the man referred to. The next day he heard about the change of uniforms, and after that saw Chief Inspector Harris. Subsequently he identified the defendant in Inspector Harris's room."

Mr. Palmer's identification did not, however, seem satisfactory when the case was heard on Monday, and with that of course we cannot be further concerned. But the extraordinary proceeding of the change of uniforms cannot but be a matter of general concern. The recognition even of people whom one is constantly accustomed to see depends more than might be supposed without experiment upon the clothes they wear. In this case the person to be recognized drew attention to himself for a moment among people who were probably somewhat excited, and whose natural impulse was to look rather at the number on his uniform than at his face as a guide for future recognition. Mr. Palmer, who was chiefly interested in the matter, was, according to his statement, "startled," as most people would be by receiving a violent and unexpected blow in the eye; and it was therefore more difficult for him than for the bystanders to take any accurate note of what occurred. He, however, agreed with them so far as to think that his assailant wore a badge ending with the number 50, and his attention, when he saw the men paraded before him, would of course be caught first by the wearer of a badge ending with that number. That on such an occasion the coat bearing that number should have been worn by another man will appear to most people suspicious. Colonel Henderson is of course not personally responsible for this disgraceful proceeding. Chief Inspector Harris, speaking for him on Monday, said that he had given Mr. Palmer "every facility to identify the man complained of, and had even furnished him with their private reports to assist him. Mr. Palmer attended at Bow Street and failed to identify the man in consequence of the numbers of one of the men having been changed—a proceeding which Colonel Henderson disapproved, although he believed it was done without any sinister motive."

It is difficult to see what motive except a "sinister" one, which we may take to mean a desire to throw dust in Mr. Palmer's eyes and screen the offender, can have prompted such an extraordinary action. We are driven therefore to conclude that it was done, as perhaps the assault was committed, out of pure love of fun and light-heartedness, and it is no doubt pleasant to think that the guardians of law and order are not such stiff pedantic characters as, from the severity of the examinations proposed for their steps to promotion, they might be imagined to be. It is also refreshing to find that the keen sense of humour suggested by this masquerade can be fully shared by Sir W. Rose, who ended the proceedings on Monday last with a singularly entertaining speech. After he had dismissed the case and Mr. Straight had remarked that "the mystery remained the same—a constable had assaulted his client, and he was unable to discover who it was," the presiding Alderman delivered some words in praise of the general conduct of the police. With what he said on this matter we are disposed in the main to agree. There is no doubt, however, that a more appropriate occasion might have been chosen for eulogy of the police than the very moment when an inoffensive citizen had failed, under the circumstances detailed, to identify a policeman who had assaulted him violently and without provocation. Sir W. Rose went on to say that forbearance was necessary on the part

of the public towards the police, and that had been hardly considered. If Sir W. Rose thinks that the necessary forbearance consists in submitting to brutal treatment without attempting to seek redress by lawful means, his statement may be accepted as correct. But fortunately the people of London have something better to rely on in the cause of order than the discretion of the police and their own forbearance. Sir W. Rose "considered it a duty to the police" to say that on the day of the assault, feeling that a responsibility rested on him as a magistrate, he took particular pains to ride from the Embankment to the London Hospital, and that he was bound to say, knowing something of military matters, that the arrangements were of the most complete character. What the responsibility resting on Sir W. Rose on that day was is best known to himself; it is consoling, however, to know that he did not shrink from the particular pains of riding from the Embankment to the Hospital in order to fulfil it, and that his military knowledge enabled him to admire the "complete" arrangements of the police. What is yet more consoling is that this admiration was the result of "a very extraordinary coincidence which enabled him on that day to have personal observation of the conduct of the whole of the police." This coincidence is indeed extraordinary, and of course, if the assault complained of did not come within the scope of Sir W. Rose's comprehensive observation, it must have existed only in Mr. Palmer's imagination. The Alderman finished his brilliant speech by expressing his great satisfaction in dismissing the summons, an announcement which was received with a burst of applause from the body of the Court, which, it is instructive to note, "was densely crowded, principally with Metropolitan Police constables in plain clothes."

SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE geographical area of art is from year to year extending; as civilization advances, fresh countries rise into the position of art-producers and consumers, and, as commerce becomes more and more world-wide, the number of foreign pictures annually imported into London is ever on the increase. The Twenty-third Exhibition in the French Gallery, Pall Mall, of "the Contributions of Artists of the Continental Schools," once more proves that the supply is practically inexhaustible. This Gallery was first French, then Flemish also; now it is little short of cosmopolitan, containing representative works, not from France and Belgium only, but likewise from Italy, Spain, Germany, Holland, and Sweden. England likewise may be added to the list, by virtue of a few works of foreigners who make it their pleasure and their profit to take up their abode among us. The only omission of magnitude is the entire hemisphere of the New World; the artists of the United States of America have, with very few exceptions, no market or reception either in England or on the Continent of Europe; they greatly owe their persistent existence and prosperity to a kind of mutual admiration society among themselves. These aboriginal painters have the further privilege of being borne up to a seventh heaven by an aboriginal press. The "French Gallery," still the chief of its kind, notwithstanding formidable competitors, has become, after the continuous efforts of twenty-three years, less commendable for its exceptional value than for its variety. The interest of these recurrent collections no longer centres in some large master-work, such as "The Horse Fair" by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, but is diffused over a good average of cabinet pictures, closely packed together, so as to epitomize distinctive and national schools. Recruits are from time to time pressed into the service, wheresoever rising talent may declare itself with promise and with cheapness.

Some old names, such as MM. Gérôme, Hébert, Breton, Meissonier, and Duverger, still cling to the Pall Mall walls as their former habitat. These geniuses, including Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, have been so often passed under review as to need no further comment, especially when their performances are little more than the small by-play of the studio. But several French pictures come with the credential of having obtained honour in the Paris Salon. Thus may be mentioned "Setting Fire to a Barricaded House at Villersexel, January 9, 1871" (121); the work is but a second-rate example of the greatest battle school in Europe—that of Paris. In the Salon we remember to have taken a dislike to M. Gérôme's "L'Eminence Grise" (73). Here Père Joseph, the confidant of Louis XIII. and the unscrupulous tool of Richelieu, is seen in his monastic robes, reading his breviary while descending the great staircase of the palace. A train of gaily dressed prelates, nobles, and officers at the same moment ascend. One and all salute with low obeisance the "grey monk," who, with immobile disdain, does not condescend even to recognize their presence. The situation just suits the withering sarcasm of a painter who is accustomed to look on life as a jest and to study history for irony. The execution, unpleasantly smooth, ill suits the keen satire of the sentiment; more in keeping is the detestable colour, gay as flowers, yet harsh as with a metallic ring. Nevertheless, not strange to say, all things considered, the picture obtained in Paris the "medal of honour." The renowned M. Hébert favours us with a small segment of his circumscribed art; a "Water Carrier" is evidently a mere extract from the oft-repeated picture in the gallery of the Luxembourg. M. Breton, the art apostle of Brittany, exhibits "La Saint Jean" (157), a picture of decadence, which almost as a matter of course gained applause in the Salon. The painter here surrenders a strong honest naturalism for a weak and false sentiment. The motive is pretty enough. A circle of Breton girls, lusty in limb and clumsy in bouncing movement, dance about a torch-lit fire. It is a scene of revelry by night. A pupil of M. Breton, M. Billet, retains with manifold advantage the master's earlier manner in "A Shepherdess, Normandy" (145). The figure is almost statuesque in immobility, and grand and Sibyl-like in power, in repose, and in thought awaiting utterance. And yet the subject is merely a shepherdess. Another Parisian painter who of late has been making himself prominent is M. Bertrand. He became a few years ago much talked about in consequence of a lachrymose composition, Virginia cast by the waves on a sandy beach. His lines were then horizontal. He now has gained sufficient strength to make them perpendicular in a couple of sentimental figures, trite as they can be, "Marguerite" (149) and "Lesbia," the dead sparrow and the empty cage of course included (168). But these creations—not of the imagination, but of memory merely—scarcely having innate force to stand on their legs firmly, the artist once more betakes himself to the safer horizontal attitude of the human form divine in a full-length life-size "Magdalen" lying prone on the bare ground without a scrap of drapery as a symbol of her return to chastity. The picture is little short of despicable. All the works we have seen by M. Bertrand are distinguished by a soft nerveless handling corresponding to a mawkish sentiment which seems to suit precisely the tastes of our English connoisseurs and purchasers.

A few gleanings here gathered with discriminative eye from foreign lands will further indicate the varied contents of this so-called "French" Gallery. We hardly expected to encounter landscapes by the Swede M. Wahlberg, an artist seen on a large scale and in great power in the national picture gallery of Stockholm. We have long been of opinion that the landscape art of Scandinavia—seen chiefly at the capitals of Copenhagen and Stockholm—might with advantage be introduced to the English public. Take, for example, the local landscapes of forests and of fiords painted by the Norwegian M. Morten Müller. We scarcely like to mention that they were formerly sold on the spot at ridiculously low prices. The style affected by the best artists in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark is borrowed from Düsseldorf; but the subjects are for the most part national. Herr Knaus, professor of painting in the Dusseldorf Academy, whose early work, "The Thief in the Market," we remember many years ago by virtue of its knock-down force, has changed, and not improved, his manner in his latest achievement, "Point de rose sans épine" (56). He loses the vigour of his touch, and his colour becomes gay, crude, and artificial. This great master of naturalism obtained one of the four "grands prix" accorded to nations foreign to France in the International Exhibition of 1867. England was then excluded; such is the estimation in which our first artists are held upon the Continent. Pictures by Professor Knaus are comparatively rare in this country; one reason being that his works are bought up eagerly by his own countrymen at high prices. We are happy to renew acquaintance with Professor Diez; "A Horse-Fair in Bavaria" is even more in miniature than Meissonier; the handling is smart, with somewhat of the *chic* of an etching. As examples of the composite phases assumed in Continental schools may be quoted Signor Pasini, an Italian (21), and Señor Palmaroli, a Spaniard (69). Both these painters have done well to study in Paris, and yet they have not quite sold their birthright. The best chance for the revival of the cognate arts of the sister peninsulas of Italy and of Spain is not by contact with Germany or with England, but by companionship with France, by far the foremost school in Europe. In this eclectic Gallery landscape art is represented by a few distinguished names—MM. Lambinet (19) and Corot (88), both Frenchmen; M. Clays (43), a Belgian, and M. Munthe (49), Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. But we notice as a little strange that not a single landscape finds a place on the line; the plea is that landscape does not tell in Exhibitions. This seems a more cruel snub than even the Royal Academy has yet inflicted.

The Marine Gallery, New Bond Street, has a character of its own; its domain is the wild ocean ruled of old by the daring and dashing "sea kings." Denmark, a kingdom which stands as a Jutland and breakwater between stormy and conflicting waves, has of late years given birth to a race of painters as brave as her own Vikings and fishermen. MM. Sörensen, Melby and Neumann have won European renown in international exhibitions by studies of ocean local in Northern colour and in crisp and cast-iron articulation of wave-forms. Whoever has sailed in the Mediterranean and then in the Baltic will know how "dark and true and tender is the North," and how "bright and fierce and fickle is the South." Unfortunately the small art community in Denmark is riven asunder between two hostile camps, one boasting of the name "national," the other suffering obloquy under the term "anti-national." Temper and mutual hatred work the destruction of so small and dismembered a kingdom as Denmark. Yet these sea pieces, not to be approached in London since the days of Clarkson Stanfield, prove that marine-painting cannot die among a nation of mariners.

The General Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings—"the twelfth"—might be curtly dismissed as the worst ever seen in the Dudley Gallery. Nevertheless we gladly proceed to do justice to some of the best works in it. At the outset let us pay tribute to the management for the fair play shown to landscapes. We have before stated that "in the French Gallery" not one landscape was allowed a place on the line. Here in the Dudley, on the contrary, about thirty landscapes obtain that distinction, the reason no doubt being that, while the French Gallery is natu-

rally strong in the figure, the Dudley is weak. These thirty landscapes may be reckoned as a third of the total on the line, two-thirds being accorded to figures. Roughly, the relation between landscape and figure in this collection of 592 works is, numerically, one-third landscape to two-thirds figure; therefore the hanging would seem to respond to the claims of the constituency. The artists deservedly made prominent are Mr. J. C. Moore, Mr. Clifford in portraiture, Mr. Henry Moore in sea pieces, and Messrs. Fahey (253), Frank Walton (568), Stocks (106), and Aston (343) in the way of miscellanies. We cannot compliment Professor Poynter on "Michelangelo" (527), a character whom he is supposed to affect to understand. The Slade Professor shows himself a plagiarist from his grand original; the figure is evidently inspired by the Jeremiah in the Sistine; the architectural niche would seem to be suggested by the marble stalling which cribs and cabins "the Moses." The worst part, the drapery, is the most original. The figure and the treatment lack the dignity and elevation innate in Michelangelo.

The Society of Lady Artists, "re-organized in 1865," manages to live partly by the pecuniary aid of donors and life subscribers. We have long been unable to understand why this Exhibition should exist at all except as a charity, seeing that there is not one of the very many London exhibitions that does not acknowledge, at least in art, "the rights of women." But, perhaps a little unfortunately, "rights" hitherto have grown up out of merits; hence the need of an exhibition on the basis of demerits, for the benefit of "lady artists" possessing little else than the ardent ambition of making themselves conspicuous. Few persons—except contributors who come to see and admire their own performances—could care to visit this out-of-the-way Gallery, were it not that about half-a-dozen "female artists" who have made a mark elsewhere kindly come to the rescue of an unknown sisterhood. Works by Miss Thompson (3-4), Mrs. Jopling (2), Miss Sophia Beale (1), Miss Edwards (9), Madame Bisschop (492), and Miss Hilda Montalba (240), have something more than promise to commend them. But what are these among a multitude of six hundred and sixty-six performances, with the audition of three or four hundred rejected abortions.

In conclusion, we may cast a retrospective glance at the oil-pictures, drawings, and engravings of the late Mr. Walker, Mr. Pinwell, and Mr. Houghton—three kindred painters united in art, and not separated in death. These collective works have in posthumous exhibitions and auction marts commanded, as they deserved, consideration from an appreciative public. The three comparatively young painters, though akin, were not identical. Walker was most of the artist, Pinwell most of the poet, Houghton most of the storyteller. And yet they had much in common; they looked at nature in the same way, they loved her in her simplicity, and yet they raised her above commonplace. Especially they hit by a happy accommodation on the innate relation between landscape and figure; the expression in the figure was often not so much in the face as in the attitude, and the angles or graceful bends in the drawing of men, women, and children found responsive harmonies in the growth of trees or in the detail of foregrounds. Moreover, the remarkable and often eccentric compositions of these painters were removed from the atmosphere of common day; nature was seen through a flood of light and a fever of colour which seemed to transport a dun London model to the region of the tropics. Such hot-bed art appears, as we said when recently treating of the short-lived Fortuny, to perish as a frail plant in the effort of blooming. Aspiring artists who offer things "new and strange" die first, while established Academicians who have long worn out their last idea live for ever.

REVIEWS.

PRIDEAUX'S LETTERS TO ELLIS.*

HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX, Dean of Norwich, and the earlier John Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, both bore the same foreign-looking name, and both came from the same part of England. Yet we are told that the Bishop was of humble birth, while the Dean was of an ancient and honourable family. Genealogists may settle the seeming paradox; but it is certain that, in the case of very great families, it almost always happens, from whatever cause, that the name is common among smaller folk in the neighbourhood. It is so at Alnwick; it is so at Berkeley. Whether the Dean's branch of the house of Prideaux was so great as all this, we do not know; but the contrast between the alleged ancestry of two divines of the same century whom one might have rashly taken for father and son is anyhow remarkable. Our present business, however, is not with Bishop John, but with Dean Humphrey, and Dean Humphrey's letters are a memorable proof that love of learning does not exclude either love of gossip or of plainness of speech in retailing gossip. It may even seem consistent with a certain share of spitefulness, or at least love of fault-finding. But so much the better; if Prideaux had been more inclined either to keep things to himself or to tell them in a more solemn fashion, he would not have written such amusing letters as he has written.

Prideaux's name is still well known by his works, the *Connexion* and the *Life of Mahomet*. This last is a specimen of the way in which in his day it was thought to be the duty of a Christian controversialist to do nothing but revile and misrepresent the founders of the rival religion. In Mahomet Prideaux can see nothing but a "wicked impostor"; indeed his book itself is "the True Nature of Imposture displayed in the Life of Mahomet"; and it is accompanied by a "Letter to the Deists," to prove that Christianity is not open to the same charge of imposture as Mahometanism. There is a long distance between this and the Life of Mahomet by Sir William Muir, though the modern author is clearly as firm a believer in Christianity as the Dean himself.

Here however we have to deal with Prideaux only as the correspondent with John Ellis, who lived from 1645 to 1738, and employed the greater part of that long time in various offices in the public service, including a seat in more than one Parliament. He himself left no descendants; but two peerages, those of Normanton and Clifden, belong to descendants in the female line from one of his brothers. Both he and Prideaux were Westminster scholars and Christ Church students, and their friendship must have begun at Oxford. Prideaux's letters fall into two divisions, those which were written at Oxford, and those which were written in his later life at Norwich, where he was first Prebendary, and afterwards Dean. And certainly both at Oxford and at Norwich he made it his business to tell his friend all that was going on around him. If any one wishes to see something of the personal details of the University, and even of the city of Oxford, and afterwards of the church and city of Norwich and the county of Norfolk, he cannot go to a better source than these letters of Prideaux. The worst thing is that, if we are to believe the writer, his lot was cast at both places among an unusual number of worthless and contemptible people. We can well believe that both at Oxford and at Norwich there were many things that might have been better; still Prideaux's accounts always read as if he were disposed to make the worst of everybody and everything. Let us hope, at least, that Dean Fairfax of Norwich, "our brutish Dean," "this horrid sot which we have got for our Dean," "one of the greatest beasts of nature," may not have been quite so bad as the zealous Prebendary makes out. Better-known people at Oxford do not fare quite so badly as this; but Prideaux has something to say against most people there also. Every one knows the lines of which the burden is "I do not like you, Dr. Fell"; and Prideaux, when at Christ-Church, seems to have been much of the same opinion. Prideaux took much interest in the University Press, with which Fell had much to do. Here is a specimen:—

> We have got another booke of Dr. Willises in the presse, beside which nothing is to be expected from us that is worth the publicke vew, Mr. Dean at present dealeing in most vile small businesses. I must confesse most of his designes are shallow, and I am sure will conduce very little to the advancement of learneing and knowledge. We have scarce as yet set forth any booke of worth, neither can I perswade Mr. Dean to attempt any, his answare to all my proposals beeing, it will not sell. A Bible hath lately come forth from us; if you hear anything of it pray inform us. I must confesse, since Mr. Dean hath taken the liberty of inventeing a new way of spelleing and useing it therein, which I thinke will confound and alter the analogy of the English tongue, y^t I doe not at all approve thereof; and I could hartyly wish that he would be a looser by the experiment, that we may have noe more of it.

What changes the Dean would have made in spelling does not appear, but Prideaux's own spelling was certainly of the laxest. A little before this he complains that "now all our faculty places are filled with *tosts*, and those which formerly had the learnedest and most eminent men in the University are become the refuges of dunces and knaves." This sounds odd when we read just before that "Lock hath wrigled into Ireland's faculty place." By faculty place Prideaux means the few lay studentships of Christ Church, whose holders took degrees in law or medicine; and "Lock" is no other than the famous John Locke, with whom one might have expected Prideaux to have more fellow-feeling. Nor do our "greezy townsmen" fare any better. In 1679-80 he writes that "we have gotten here a very od fellow Mayor of the Town, who seems to have been put into this office to serve the Presbyterians," "in which office he acteth to the utmost folly of phanaticisme, molesteing both the University and town." Other places are not much more approved of than those in which Prideaux lived himself. In 1675 the town of Northampton was burned, as may be remembered by any one who has seen the statue of Charles the Second over the portico of All Saints' Church there. Large collections were made everywhere for the rebuilding of the unlucky town, on which Prideaux thus speaks his mind:—

> Our town affords little news worth your knowledge; y^t which is most talked of at present is what each colledge contributeth towards the rebuilding of Northampton. Our schollars are ridiculously liberal to this phanatical town. If all others should equall them in their contributions, North Hampton would get double what it lost by beeing burnt. Such ridiculous pride and emulation in giveing much having soe possesst all our schollars, y^t poor rogues that are scarce worth 40^s thinke themselfes undervalued if they give not 20. Most of our fellows of houses are in this humour; but I thought 5^s as great an almes as I could give or that rogny town deserve.

All this certainly shows a carping spirit on the part of the writer, or at all events the spirit of one who blurted out to an intimate friend everything that he thought; but in some of the stories which he tells it is plain that there was a deal in many [illegible] of the University which needed reform. In 1674 [illegible], President of Trinity, was [illegible] of Baliol was Dr. Thomas Good, [illegible] and understands business well enough, [illegible]

* *Letters of Humphrey Prideaux, sometime Dean of Norwich, to John Ellis, sometime Under Secretary of State.* Edited by Edward Maude Thompson. Printed for the Camden Society: 1875.

guilty of absurdities which rendereth him contemptible to the young men of the Town." "Out of a desire to be a fool in print," he published a controversial dialogue, and he certainly seems to have preached in a very odd way. The present members of his college will be inclined, like the Homeric heroes, to boast themselves better than their forefathers when they read:—

There is over against Baliol College a dingy, horrid, scandalous alehouse, fit for none but draymen and tinkers and such as by goeing there have made themselfes equally scandalous. Here the Baliol men continually ly, and by perpetuall bubbeing ad art to their natural stupidity to make themselfes perfect sots.

The Master rebukes his men, telling them "of the mischiefs of that hellish liquor cald ale," upon which one of them, "not willing so tamely to be preached out of his beloved liquor, made reply that "the Vice-Chancelour's men dranke ale at the Split Crow, and why should not they to." The old man "immediately packeth away" to the Vice-Chancellor, but, finding that that dignitary thought well of ale and did not care to stop his men from drinking it, he went back again and told the Balliol men that, "since the Vice-Chancellour gave his men leave to drinke ale, he would give them leave to; soe now they may be sots by authority."

It is plain from a great many of Prideaux's stories that drunkenness was in his day a most prevalent vice in the University. It is pleasant to turn from these scandals to his accounts of the doings at the University Press and of his own studies. Prideaux was a diligent student, and some of his judgments on books show real discernment, though others sound nowadays a little startling. He lived in an age when perhaps more was done for the sound study of English history than at any other time down to our own day; but on such labours he looked with scorn. He did indeed allow some merit to the collection of Gale; it would be, he says, an "acceptable work" to carry out the design of printing "Guildas, and other of the most antient British and Saxon authors, several of which have never yet been printed." But directly after he says that "Tony Wood, our antiquary, having pored so long on old monkish storys, at last dotes on them and is turned papist." He then comments on the folly of spending time "on rakeing togeather such dotages," and adds "And this is Dugdale's case who on the same account hath embraced the same religion." The charge was quite untrue with regard to either Wood or Dugdale; but that it should have been brought on such grounds shows the notions of the times. The editor adds in a note that, when the Monasticon was first published, "some looked suspiciously upon that work as a means to further the restoration of the monasteries, preparatory to the re-establishment of the Romish religion." When we remember that ideas of this kind lived on long enough to affect in some degree even the mind of Hallam, we shall hardly be surprised at finding Prideaux speaking in this way. Yet Prideaux was a scholar, and, like most men of his age who read at all, he read further within his own range than men commonly do nowadays. Besides the Pavian Chronicle, which he published in his Marmora Oxoniensia, he was set to work on John Malelas, whom he did not like at all. But he persuaded Dean Fell to print the Greek Fathers, and we find him busy with the Anecdotes of Procopius. To his correspondent, as a lawyer, he remarks, "I doubt not but that the relation he giveth of the founder of your civil law will surprise you." He does not enter into the question, which to some may seem more surprising, whether this book of gossiping and impossible libels can really come from the pen of the great writer who brought back Greek historical composition, after so many ages, so nearly to the level of its best days. In another letter he sketches a course of reading for a friend of his correspondent, who wished for "a method for reading the Greek and Latin histories." He begins amusingly enough:—"If he be a gentleman, Dr. Hoel's universal history in English will be sufficient for him; but, if he be a scholar, and desires to read the best historians in the original," he is to begin with Herodotus and go steadily to Ammianus. Prideaux clearly had no notion of a later fashion in his University, which stopped at the sacrifice of Tissaphernes and started again with Tiberius or Galba. With regard to the last name on his list, he exactly hits the truth when he says that Ammianus, "although to his language is very barbarous, is however a most excellent author." Some of his judgments are curious. "In reading the Roman history, it is to be observed the faithfullest narrators of it are the Grecians, and that more is to be learnt from them than the Roman writers themselves. He therefore holds that "Dionysius and Dio in those things they treat of are to be preferred to Livy and Tacitus." For Dionysius he has an admiration which is almost startling:—

The original and first foundation of the Roman Empire is noe where better treated of then in this author, which I thinke to be much the best of any that relates the actions of ancient times and the most diverting.

But there is something in this more than one might think at first. It is only about Dionysius being diverting that there need be any difficulty. A modern reader would probably say that Dionysius is diverting, though in another sense than that which Prideaux meant. But once believe in the early legends of Rome as a real political history, and we can at once see why Dionysius should be preferred to Livy. Livy, with all his faith, never forgot that he was telling a beautiful story. Dionysius thought very little about mere story-telling; he was far too much in deadly earnest for that. To him the institutions of Romulus were just as much, and just in the same way, matters for political study as the institutions of Kleisthenes. Prideaux had most likely not begun to doubt, and to one who mistook legend for history we can quite understand that Dionysius would seem to give a more instructive account than Livy. No one will dispute Prideaux's judgment when he says, "As to the life of Alexander, I judge it not written by Arrian." But his notions of the last days of independent Greece are a little shallow:—

What comes after are actions for the most part soe obscure as that they deserve noe historian, and I know none they have except Polybius, and his relations are reather of the Roman then Greek affaires, Greece in his time being made a province of the Roman Empire.

Some may perhaps think that Prideaux was more at home with Greek and Latin authors than with English. Here is a piece of criticism:—

He [Sir Richard Willis] likewise showed me an Italian romance, called Archadia De Sanizara, to which Sr Philip Sidny was beholdon for his, that beeing as he assured me only a bare translation of this. Accordeing to my judgement of his peice, I thinke it could not have been much worse if he had made it himselfe, although it hath the luck to be in soe high esteem among women and fooles, who know not how better to bestow their time then in reading such like foolish trash. As for my part, I must confesse myselfe to be utterly ignorant on what account Sr Philip Sidny hath soe great repute among us, I knoweing nothing of him that may in the least deserve it, only the world conceived great hopes of him, which, if he had lived, perchance he would never have satisfyed, and bee er this as little remembered as other men.

Directly after we read about the Duchess of Cleveland's sojourn at Oxford, and her putting one of her sons into the hands of Dean Fell:—

Her [thir]d son was with her, who beeing, she told Mr. Dean, born in Oxford among the schollars, shall live [som]e considerable time among them, especially since he is far more apt to receive instructions then his elder brother, whom she confesseth to be a very kockish idle boy. The morneing before she went she sate at least an hour in her coach, that every body might se her.

The "kockish" boy was Charles, Duke of Southampton; the one of better promise who was born among the scholars was George, Duke of Northumberland, who was actually born in Merton College. Elsewhere we hear how "old Cartret of Ano" (Cartwright of Aynho) has left behind him "a vast estate, which hath been collected togeather by much thryft and niggardlynesse," and how "2 little girles will have 25000[l] a peice, which before they are marriageable will grow to a much greater sum. I suppose," he adds, "the King may put in for some of his bastards." He comments on "y[t] which he hath here with us," namely, the Duke of Southampton, who "is kept very orderly, but will ever be very simple, and scarce, I beleive, ever attain to the reputation of not beeing thought a fool." "Nel Gwyn" figures in another story, told on the authority of an Oxford alderman.

The whole book is curious. Prideaux had at all events the great merit of writing exactly as he thought.

HOMERIC SYNCHRONISM.*

THIS work is grounded on the discoveries which seem to have been most recently made in two very distinct quarters, both of which may be found to reflect some interesting light on the date of the Trojan war, the one directly, the other indirectly indeed, but hardly less instructively. The one is the presumed identification of certain remains long hidden deep below the soil at Hissarlik in the Troad, the other the fragmentary record of events connecting at a very primitive era the history of the Greeks and Trojans with that of Egypt. Both these discoveries—for such we may assume them to be, however imperfect and immature as yet—do undoubtedly assist in determining the date of the war; but we are not sure that they give us any such help in ascertaining the time of Homer, understanding "Homer" in the sense which Mr. Gladstone attaches to the name, as the master who composed, not substantially only, but in almost every detail, the Iliad and Odyssey as we now possess them. For such is the contention of Mr. Gladstone, which he has enforced with vast learning and ingenuity in many previous works, and which every one must admit to be worthy of the highest consideration, though a great number, perhaps a majority, of modern critics still profess themselves unconvinced of it. Our present object is only to indicate briefly some of the points in which the recent discoveries bear upon this question.

That "Homer" was a Western and not an Asiatic Greek, and that he lived before the "Return of the Heraclidæ" or the Doric invasion of the Peloponnese, which ejected the descendants of Agamemnon from Argos, and reduced the Achaian name from the general appellative of the Greek nation to that of an obscure tribe or a narrow strip of sea-coast, is Mr. Gladstone's standpoint. The question has been abundantly discussed, and there can be little doubt that, granting "Homer," the well-known arguments in its favour strongly predominate. Assuming the time of Homer to have been within one, or at most three, generations from the war, he might very well have possessed himself of minute and accurate knowledge on all its particulars, and have visited and examined the site while its genuine traces and traditions were still fresh; and this, if we remember correctly, is a point on which Mr. Gladstone has particularly insisted, along with other believers in Homer, in his former publications. It is since his latest writing on the subject that Dr. Schliemann has made the excavations which have given so much fresh interest to the ancient debate. From these we can, it seems, actually determine the real site of Troy; and,

* *Homeric Synchronism: an Inquiry into the Time and Place of Homer.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

after uncovering the remains of two, or, we believe, three later cities, the traces of which are clearly too recent to be those of the ancient hold of Priam, we light at last upon a still earlier *couche*, or stratum of ruins, bearing marks of destruction by fire, and comprising the foundations of walls, gates, and towers corresponding in character with those of a suitably primitive era, and containing a vast number of objects, in gold, in copper, and in baked clay, more or less clearly marked with lines and figures some of which may be thought to bear reference to the mythology of the presumed Trojan epoch. There is found abundance of copper, but very little bronze; and those accordingly who maintain, with Mr. Gladstone, that Homer lived within a generation or two of the war will be confirmed in their constant rendering of the Homeric χαλκός by "copper." But, on the other hand, there is also a vast amount of stone knives and hatchets; and in the entire absence of allusion to weapons of stone in the poems we seem to find ourselves in a period earlier than "Homer," not by generations only, but by centuries. The rude gravings which appear on clay and metal indicate also an antiquity of hundreds of years, as compared with the references contained in the poems to works of skill and objects of æsthetic taste. To this we must add that these remains present us, as yet, with no specimens at all of many objects which hold an important place in the "manners" of the Iliad, such as the parts and furniture of chariots. Mr. Gladstone's explanation of this untoward circumstance is rather far-fetched. He suggests that the best and most valuable articles were exhausted in the long course of the war, while stone implements, too mean to be noticed, remained in store. He is obliged to contend that the sculpture of the shield of Achilles, exquisite in design and in execution as it is represented by the poet, is due to his own imagination wholly, and that he actually saw nothing more advanced in art than almost shapeless scratches. We apprehend, however, that the plain inference from these facts is that "Homer" belongs after all to a period quite indeterminate, but long subsequent to the war, and that the familiarity with the locality and other circumstances with which our sanguine critics so freely credit him is to a great extent imaginary in themselves.

We fear that we may be doing Mr. Gladstone some injustice in passing so lightly over matters on which he has thought long and found occasion to express himself decidedly. But our remarks must be taken at their worth as cursory impressions rather than as critical judgments. The second part of the book before us will tend, however, if our view of the facts brought forward is correct, to confirm the apprehension that the records of Egyptology will extend rather than contract the interval between the War of Troy and the composition of the Homeric poems. For in this case, as in the other, the recent discoveries, if such they really are, seem to throw back the war to an earlier epoch than has hitherto been supposed. Thus, for instance, the inscriptions, as now interpreted by certain French inquirers, place the commencement of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty about 1462 B.C., and the accession of Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, about 1410. Monuments, it appears, can now be deciphered which point to a combination of various peoples in Asia Minor against the powers of this mighty conqueror, in the fourth year of his reign, 1406, among which we may discover names which it is supposed can only stand for the Lycians, the Dardanians, and others which occur in the Iliad in alliance against the Greek invaders. Now, to follow the precise statements of Homer, the Dardanians first gave their name to the people of the Troad, who in the third generation received from Tros the appellation of Trojans. From thence five more generations bring us to the death of Hector and the fall of Troy, and from these data Mr. Gladstone calculates that "the settlement of Dardania was probably founded between 1466 and 1406 B.C., and the overthrow of Troy, on the same basis of computation, would probably fall between 1286 and 1226 B.C.," that is, from one hundred to forty years earlier than the data commonly received.

If, however [he continues], we are to read the inscriptions as meaning that these Dardanians were Dardanians of Ilion, as appears to be held by a writer of authority (M. Lenormant), a new and rather important element is introduced, and we at once reach the time of King Ilos. We must then suppose that the rivalry of the Dardan and Trojan names for territorial supremacy had lasted for one generation longer; and the combination against Rameses II. thus operates with a corresponding difference on the date of the foundation of Dardania. For, as Ilos was not founded until some ninety years, more or less, after Dardanos, it follows that if the name of the city was known in 1406 B.C., the epoch of Dardanos is thrown back to 1496 at the latest; . . . thus the epoch of the Troica is thrown back at least to about 1316 B.C. . . . According to this piece of evidence, the overthrow of Troy might have been as late as 1226 B.C., or as early as 1316.

We have allowed Mr. Gladstone to speak for himself, because he depends in his calculations on the exact accuracy of the Homeric account of the generations of the Trojan rulers, on which our readers may perhaps place less implicit reliance. If, however, we may accept his conclusions on this point, they would seem to corroborate the inference from local discovery that the war is of much earlier date than that usually assigned to it. The monumental inscriptions at Karnak are now said to furnish further testimony to the same effect as that which has just been referred to. It was in the reign of Thothmes III. (1600—1550) that the power of Egypt was at its climax, and extended over the Greek peninsula and the islands. After that era the maritime ascendency of this great people was abated. In the next generation after Rameses II. Egypt was herself attacked by a combination of foreigners, among whom we read the names of the Achaians and Laconians, as well as the Tyrrhenians and Sicelians, at a date which may be placed about 1345. Now it will be found, on examination of the Homeric poem, that this era exactly coincides with the period when the Achaians held that ascendency among the tribes of Greece which Homer so evidently assigns to them, but which certainly passed away very soon afterwards. This, then, must be a close approximation to the epoch of the Trojan war, and that event must again be fixed within such limits as the interval between 1345 B.C. and 1285.

It has been shown already that the recent local discoveries indicate a great interval of time between the war and the composition of the poem. The new historical discoveries tend apparently in the same direction. That the author possessed some vague traditionary knowledge of Egypt, which shaped itself in very exaggerated forms and colours in his imagination, is clear enough; but can we suppose that such remarkable facts as a recent supremacy of Egypt over Greece and Asia, and a strong reactionary movement against her both east and west, could have occurred within two or three generations before the war, and have passed into such complete oblivion within two generations after it that "Homer," not poet only, but national historian as he is, should make no reference to it whatever? This seems to us quite inadmissible; and it is important to observe how both the local and the historical discoveries seem to concur in discrediting it. Without pretending to put forth a definite theory of the composition of the Homeric poems, we should be emboldened by the result of these double investigations to insist all the more strongly on the indications of a much later origin for them, in their present form, derived from the manners they depict, and still more from the language in which they are delivered. We are free to admit that we have as yet met with no satisfactory solution of the problem of their existence at all; it is far easier no doubt to pull down theories in this case, as in many others, than to build one up; but the very novelty of the views to which these recent inquiries introduce us may dispose us to wait patiently, and not without hope, for further light, and to receive with the greatest satisfaction the contributions to our knowledge which a book like this of Mr. Gladstone's puts so clearly and vividly before us.

WYLLIE'S EXTERNAL POLICY OF INDIA.*

THIS volume is a reprint of essays written in the intervals of business by a young member of the Bombay Civil Service, who was prematurely cut off from what, we doubt not, would have been a very distinguished career. The editorship of Mr. W. W. Hunter is a guarantee that the work is all that literary accomplishments can make it. The chief interest, however, lies more in the character and services of the late Mr. Wyllie than in the writings; and from the introductory memoir, as well as from a few other independent sources, we select the following facts, which may have attraction both for friends and relatives, and for aspirants to those advantages which, coupled with frightful drawbacks, the Indian Civil Service now holds out to a competing public. The son of a military officer of the Bombay Establishment distinguished in Cutch, Afghanistan, and Sindé, young Wyllie was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, at Cheltenham College, and at Oxford, where he gained one scholarship at Lincoln and another at Trinity College. After obtaining a first-class in Moderations, he was led by domestic reasons to compete for an appointment in the Indian Civil Service, gained the eleventh place when twenty-two were successful, and reached India towards the close of 1856, just after the attainment of his majority. After a short residence at Sattara, he was appointed Political Assistant in Kattiawar, and when he had learnt district work for two years and a half in that province and in others, he had the good fortune to be selected, for his merit and capacity, for employment under the Chief Commissioner in Oudh. This involved the unusual occurrence of a transfer from one Presidency to another, and the selection is in itself a clear proof that young Wyllie's talents had already been appreciated by his superiors. His work as a district officer in that splendid province, which in just twenty years has passed from the middle ages to the close of the eighteenth century, led to an appointment first in the Oudh and then in the Calcutta Secretariat, the dream of many another ambitious young civilian. This was in 1862. In the remaining five and a half years of his service he passed through the Home, Financial, and Foreign Departments, six months of some years being spent at Simla, and the remainder at Calcutta. But it was in the latter department that his talents were matured, his experience of external and internal politics acquired, and his natural aptitude for periodical literature stimulated and developed. Yet, in spite of the attractions of the Calcutta Foreign Office, the old hankering after University honours returned to him, and he took advantage of a trip to England of nearly eighteen months' duration to reside at Trinity College and to take his degree. We are by no means certain that this course ought to be held up admiringly as a precedent, or that we can conscientiously recommend it to other competitioners. In Mr. Wyllie's peculiar case it was rendered feasible, and it may have been right. But in the majority of instances a Civil servant who has begun to grapple with one of

* *Essays on the External Policy of India.* By the late J. W. S. Wyllie, M.A., C.S.I., H. M. India Civil Service; sometime Acting Foreign Secretary to the Government of India. Edited, with a brief Life, by W. W. Hunter, B.A., LL.D., H. M. India Civil Service. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1875.

the most complex and attractive problems of modern times had far better spend his vacation in travel or recreation than in competing for honours with men eight or ten years his juniors. There is one period of life for examinations and another for active work, and official capacity is a matter not to be gauged by stiff papers and columns of marks. On his return to India, Mr. Wyllie was fortunate enough to secure the confidence of the Viceroy, Lord Lawrence, and he passed the latter part of his career in studying Central Asian and frontier politics under a statesman of consummate experience, in mastering, analysing, and replying to the mass of correspondence which is entailed on the Indian Secretariat, and in making those contributions to an influential political journal which are the justification of the present work. Early in 1868 Mr. Wyllie was compelled to take three years' furlough, and he never saw India again. His contest for Hereford, where he defeated the late Attorney-General, Sir R. Baggallay, is probably more easily recalled to the minds of many readers than his Indian career. He gained the second seat for the borough by a small majority, took his place in the House of Commons, but was unseated on petition, owing to what Mr. Hunter truly terms "the excessive zeal of an indiscreet supporter," who, before taking the Liberal electors to the poll, had given them a breakfast. The rest is soon told. Excluded from the House, and unable to return to a profession which he had advisedly abandoned, he paid a visit to Paris; and after a year died of cold and inflammation, which were too much for a frame already weakened by malarial fever. It may be said, indeed, that he had never been actually free from disease since first attacked in Goozerat. His Indian service had previously been acknowledged by a Companionship of the Star of India.

That the late Mr. Wyllie was a man of solid education, considerable accomplishments, engaging manners, and most estimable character, must be readily acknowledged by all who knew him. Nor do we wish to impugn the merit of several of the papers of which the volume is made up. But, while we would have young civilians imitate Mr. Wyllie's honesty and love of work, his geniality, his wide sympathies, his skilful combination of official diligence with literary grace and brilliancy, we think it most desirable that ambitious public servants should not be tempted prematurely to desert the path of Indian duty for the fascinations of English controversy and Parliamentary debate. The House, if it is to be, as Mr. Roebuck deemed it, an epitome of English life everywhere, may well afford a few seats to Indian and Colonial celebrities. But they should be *emeriti*. Bad health may be a very good reason for throwing up a service where only one man in fifty can discharge his duties in a hill climate. But independence in worldly affairs, which Mr. Wyllie does not appear to have possessed, is surely a condition precedent to the desertion of a fine service and to a Parliamentary candidate-ship. This may appear somewhat ungracious, but those who deliberately adopt an Eastern country as their own ought not to be encouraged to abandon it for such an uncertainty as politics in England.

The articles selected by Mr. Hunter for reprint are by no means all of equal merit. There are two from the *Edinburgh Review*, two from the *Fortnightly*, an early essay from the *Calcutta Review*, and a long official note or *précis* on a recondite and exquisitely Oriental but suggestive topic, exhumed from the Calcutta Foreign Office. We have no present intention of going deeply into the various questions as to our duty or our policy in Central Asia which these papers raise. But we desire to draw attention to Mr. Hunter's mode of dealing with articles in which their late author expresses views which time has not only not confirmed but has disproved, and which the editor cannot endorse. Students of Italian paintings are very familiar with the *prima*, the *seconda*, and the *ultima maniera* of certain artists. The foreign policy of the Government of India, which is the subject of the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, is in Mr. Wyllie's first manner, and it is also in his best. He then had a storehouse of accurate facts to resort to, and a sense of responsibility to guide his pen. The paper is, in consequence, excellent in language, convincing in statement, and admirable in tone. The first of the reprints from the *Fortnightly Review* brings us to the second stage. The author had not yet lost all the traditions of his service in the Foreign Office or the seal of official reticence and moderation. He still sees his way clearly through the tangled web of Afghan politics; he stigmatizes the wild proposal to occupy Quetta with just reprobation, as untenable on political, strategical, and financial grounds; and he sums up by showing clearly that it was the wisest course to allow Shere Ali to fight his own battles, and to help him by money and munitions only when he had recovered his paternal throne by sheer pluck. Mr. Hunter remarks that the author, had he lived, would probably have revised his opinion, and that he would not have expressed himself with so much certainty as to the impolicy of an outpost at Quetta. Of course a change in affairs at Kabul may modify the opinion of statesmen older than Mr. Wyllie and almost as wise and experienced as Mr. Hunter; but the main arguments against occupying an outpost at a frightful expense and facilitating Russian advance by meeting it half way, remain just as tough and unassailable as ever. But this review will stand examination far better than the second reprint from the *Fortnightly*, to which its author was unhappily induced to give the sensational title of "Mischievous Activity." We read with some surprise Mr. Hunter's statement that he has reprinted it "with omissions and modifications of expression," such as the author "would have himself made, had he lived to reprint it at this date." Surely this is a violation of a very well-understood literary canon. Reprints of exploded theories, discredited opinions, and prophecies scattered to the winds, may be extremely valuable. But then we require the very form and pressure of the time which has been described. And Mr. Hunter, admitting that he has touched up the picture, goes on to tell us that, after all, the likeness is a bad one, and that "in every point dealt with, from the instability of the Amir's rule and the danger of his administrative reforms, to the Seistan complication, and the evil effects of the Ambala Durbar in Russia and Persia," the events of the last five years have falsified the predictions of the essay. Mr. Hunter, with unconscious irony, has dealt a severe blow at those who sneer at the official mind, and he adds no less than nine foot notes to show indisputably where and how the writer went astray. The truth is that this paper had far better have been omitted. Released from official restraint, barred from reference to dull but exhaustive and accurate sources of information, and misled by the crude reasonings of "advanced thinkers," Mr. Wyllie surrendered his usual sound judgment, and penned what we are quite sure he would now have been the first to commit *flammæ sive Mari Hadriano*.

The essay on Western China (*Edinburgh Review*, April 1868) is just the kind of useful paper which a clever author can put together from abundant materials regarding a country of which he knows nothing from actual observation or travel. It contains much valuable information, but we must point out that the writer's estimate of the "decadence" of China is entirely at variance with that of Sir Rutherford Alcock, who, we gather from his recent work, has a firm belief in the recuperative vigour and the undiminished resources of that enormous empire. The remaining paper about the Rao of Kutch and his kindred is one over which even the Prince of Wales's visit to India will hardly shed a gleam of interest. But it is an excellent specimen of the sort of "Note" or "Précis" which a young Under-Secretary will often have to draw up. In Indian official parlance, officers of the Secretariat write "Notes." Viceroys, Governors, and Councillors write "Minutes." But, on nearly all vexed, unpleasant, and complicated subjects the "Note" of the Secretary or Under-Secretary is usually the commencement of a paper warfare by the Indian Cabinet, and possibly the core of a Resolution which eventually discloses the Imperial policy to the outside world. The point may arise in this way. Some Resident or Political Agent writes a despatch to say that the relations between the Jam, or Rao, or Rana, or Maharaja of some out-of-the-way principality and his nobles, never cordial, have been again unsettled. The little State is threatened with financial discredit, open warfare, or ruinous intrigues. The *Senaputti*, or Commander-in-Chief, sides with one party because he is related to one of the Thakoors by marriage. The *Muntri*, or Prime Minister, takes the opposite view because his grandfather had a dispute on a point of caste with the grand-uncle of the Senaputti, the merits of which no one but Sir John Malcolm ever professed to understand. Matters have reached such a pitch that the Paramount Power is bound to interfere. On receipt of this alarming despatch, the dusty records of the Foreign Office, extending from the era of Lord Wellesley to that of Lord Lawrence, are brought out of their pigeon-holes. The dispute, it seems, has never failed to come up at intervals under various phases for a period of seventy or eighty years. Lord Wellesley had sent Colonel Close to investigate the matter on the spot. The Marquess of Hastings had brought the inexpressible charm of his manner to bear on the disputants of his day, and had prevented an outbreak even in all the excitement of the Mahratta and Pindarrie wars. The quarrel revived in the time of Lord Auckland, who patched it up somehow, until our reverses at Kabul gave him something to settle besides the right of two claimants to nominate the priest of a certain temple, or to invest the successor to a fief by marking his forehead with a long streak of white paint. Lord Dalhousie, to whom this legacy had been bequeathed by Lord Hardinge, reviewed the correspondence of fifty years in a masterly minute, held that the sound rule of Lord Wellesley should never have been abandoned, reminded the combatants that neither of them could draw a sword or fire a matchlock without incurring the grave displeasure of the British Government, and carried with him, by his sagacious reasoning, his colleagues in Council, the whole Court of Directors, and the President of the Board of Control. After the Mutiny, the Prince and his turbulent barons had again to yield to the dignified remonstrances and the stately presence of Lord Canning in one of his imposing Durbars. Lord Elgin handed over the correspondence on this inflammatory topic, more bulky than ever, to Major-General Durand and to Sir Henry Maine; the former as being deeply versed in political precedents, and the latter in international law. In short, the case is found to resemble one of those old and interminable Equity suits in which every Lord Chancellor, at some period of his career, had held a brief or passed an order. In a comprehensive "Note," the Under-Secretary points out the landmarks of the Imperial policy, arranges the prominent facts, sends adrift all superfluous references, selects an important despatch by Colonel Tod, a warning administered by Lord William Bentinck, and a compromise in writing agreed to by the ancestors of the claimants, brings down the quarrel to the very last telegram from the Agent, and then leaves it to His Excellency in Council to say whether the subordinate of a subordinate noble is to have his forehead daubed by his immediate feudal superior, or whether this grave, time-honoured, and indispensable ceremony can be performed only by the Maharaja himself. "Forms are things with Orientals," said a master of this kind of statecraft; and on the right and timely settlement of some mysterious point of etiquette may hang not

merely the credit of a clever young official, but the contentment of a dozen "Barons," and the tranquillity of a province. The *précis* of Mr. Wyllie, which really differs little from the above sketch in scope or substance, is an excellent specimen of what a young man who has just gained his first in Moderations may be engaged on in a few years' time.

What we have felt it right to say regarding the not very judicious republication of one of the essays of Mr. Wyllie must not be taken as a dissent from the eulogy passed by Mr. Hunter on his friend. Heartily welcomed by the older race of Civil servants, honourably distinguished even amongst the clever men of his own generation, Mr. Wyllie, in his too short career, had already surpassed expectation, and had given reason to hope that he would eventually win some of the highest posts in the political or executive departments which it is in the power of Indian Government to bestow.

ERASMUS ON PILGRIMAGES.*

THE first edition of this book appeared, we believe, more than thirty years ago, and Mr. Nichols had begun revising it, with a view to bringing out a second, a few months before his death. The present editor tells us that he has made some further emendations; and he considers that the time is opportune for a republication, because, while at the period of its first appearance pilgrimage, in England at least, was a thing of the past, we have since witnessed a revival of the practice, though under altered conditions. We agree with him that these treatises of Erasmus are worth reprinting, and many of the illustrative notes are useful and appropriate; but there is too evident an attempt at book-making about some parts of the volume. Long extracts from Murray's Handbooks and some thirty pages of the *Times'* reports of pilgrimages to Pontigny, Paray-le-Monial, and Lourdes are quite out of place in such a work. Nor can we congratulate the translator on his success in carrying out his rather needlessly ostentatious disclaimer of writing "in any polemical spirit." There is throughout a too obvious disposition to make controversial capital out of the satirical comments of Erasmus, who certainly was not, as his translator is obliged to admit, a Protestant in the ordinary sense of the term—still less, like himself, an extreme Protestant. Erasmus censured roundly the superstitious and abuses prevalent in his Church at the time, as many sincere Roman Catholics would no doubt be ready to censure them now if the reins of ecclesiastical discipline were not drawn so much tighter than they were in the sixteenth century. But a writer who himself composed prayers to the Virgin, one of which is quoted here, entreating her to use her irresistible influence with her Divine Son, can hardly be said to conform to any Protestant standard of orthodoxy. The real interest of these Colloquies of Erasmus is historical, not controversial, and in this aspect they derive considerable interest both from the author and the subject-matter, which is not diminished but increased by the circumstance already referred to, that Erasmus continued to the last, as there is no reason to doubt, a sincere Roman Catholic. And if "it is easy at Rome to praise the Romans," the greater weight must attach from that fact to his censures. His main design in composing his "Pilgrimage" is very clearly summed up by himself in the following passage:—

> In the "Peregrinatio Religionis ergo" I censure those who have violently ejected all images from churches: and then such as run mad upon pilgrimages undertaken under pretext of religion, for which now even associations are formed. Those who have been to Jerusalem are called knights, and they call one another brothers, and on Palm-Sunday seriously act a ridiculous farce, dragging along an ass with a rope, themselves being not much different from the wooden beast they draw. Those who have been to Compostella imitate the same thing. Such performances may be allowed indeed as an indulgence of men's fancies; but it is not to be borne that they should claim any pious merit in them. In this colloquy those also are stigmatised who exhibit doubtful relics for real, who attribute to them greater valt than they are worth, or sordidly manufacture them for gain.

This view of the matter is fully borne out by the examination of William Thorpe, the Lollard, before Archbishop Arundel, about a century earlier, a part of which is here reproduced by Mr. Nichols. We subjoin one short passage:—

> And again, I saide, as their workes show, the most parte of men and women that goe now on pilgrimages have not these foresaide conditions, nor loveth to busie them faithfullie for to have. For, as I well know, since I have full oft assaid, examine, whosoever will, twenty of these pilgrimes, and he shall not find three men or women that know surely a commandment of God, nor can they say their Pater Noster and Ave Maria, nor their Creed readily in any manner of language. And, as I have learned, and also know somewhat by experience, of these same pilgrimes, telling the cause whie that many men and women go hither and thither now on pilgrimage: It is more for the health of their bodies then of their soules; more for to have riches and prosperitie of this world then for to be enriched with vertues in their soules; more to have here worldlie and fleshlie friendship then for to have friendship of God and of his saintes in heaven. For, whatsoever thing man or woman doth, the friendship of God, nor of any other saint, cannot be gat without keeping of God's commandments.

To which, and a good deal more to the same effect, the Archbishop rather oddly replies:—

> And the Archbishop said to me, Lewd losell! thou seest not far inough in this matter, for thou considerest not the great travalle of pilgrimes; therefore thou blamest that thing that is praisable. I say to thee, that it is right wel done that pilgrims have with them both singers and also pipers; that when one of them that goeth barefoot striketh his toe upon a stone, and hurteth him sore, and maketh him bleede, it is well done that he or his fellow begin then a song, or else take out of his bosom a bagpipe, for to drive awaie with such mirth the hurt of his fellow; for with such solace the travaile and wearinesse of pilgrimes is lightly and merrily borne out.

The short Colloquy of Erasmus on Rash Vows points in the same direction, as may be gathered from his own defence of it in his *De Utilitate Colloquiorum*, published at Basle in 1526, which is worth quoting:—

> The Colloquy on visiting Sacred Places checks the superstitious and extravagant fancy of certain people who imagine it the height of piety to have seen Jerusalem; whither, over such wide distances of sea and land, run old bishops, leaving their flock, which ought to be tended; thither go men of rank, deserting their families and their estates; thither go husbands, whose children and wives require some guardian of their education and their modesty; thither young men and women, not without great danger to their morals and chastity. Some even go again and again, and indeed do nothing else all their lives; and all along the name of religion is given to superstition, love of change, folly, and rashness; and a man who, contrary to the doctrine of Paul, deserts his own, will carry off the credit of sanctity, and flatter himself that he has fulfilled all the requirements of devotion.

The "Pilgrimage" itself occupies about sixty pages only, nearly three hundred more being devoted to Notes and Introduction. It describes, in the form of a dialogue between Menedemus and Ogygius, the pilgrimages actually made by Erasmus to the shrines of Our Lady at Walsingham and St. Thomas at Canterbury, and should be read through, as it stands, to be appreciated; no selection of extracts would do justice to the general impression produced on the reader's mind. The most interesting of the notes, though they do not contain much that is new, are those which concern—to borrow the phraseology of Henry VIII.'s Proclamation in 1538—"the death, which they untruly called martirdome, of Thomas Becket, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury"; an event which must always have an important place in the civil and ecclesiastical history of England, whether we regard the murdered prelate as a patriot and a saint, or, according to the Royal declaration, "rather esteem him a rebel and traitor." Mr. Nichols makes no secret of his own hearty adherence to the Tudor view of the matter. We have said that this is the most interesting portion of the notes, but here an important reservation must be made. For two minor tractates of Erasmus, of very considerable historical interest, are embodied in these notes; indeed, to our mind, they are more deserving of a permanent place in literature than the *Peregrinatio* itself. We mean the sketches of Dean Colet and of Archbishop Warham. Colet was an intimate friend of Erasmus, and was in many respects like him both in character and tone of thought, though a man of much deeper moral and religious earnestness. He was a reformer in the same sense that Erasmus was a reformer, and though he died several years before the beginning of the English Reformation, there is nothing to show that he would have gone along with the religious changes introduced, when the movement passed beyond the correction of practical abuses, any more than Erasmus did himself. In the correction of prevalent abuses and superstitions, however, the good Dean displayed, not, like Erasmus, a mere literary enthusiasm, but an active and resolute zeal; nor did he preach to others what he did not himself consistently practise. Thus we are told that, on being appointed by Henry VII. to the Deanery of St. Paul's, which then, as now, was "the foremost dignity of its kind in England," he considered himself "called to labour, not to dignity merely, amended the decayed discipline of his Chapter, and, what was then a new thing, began to preach on every feast in his church, besides the extraordinary sermons which he gave sometimes at Court, and sometimes in various other places." A large congregation collected to hear him at St. Paul's, among whom Sir Thomas More was one of the most regular attendants. His manner of life was simple and devout, and he spent large sums in charitable works. Of these, far the best known, of course, is the foundation "of a new school in the limits of St. Paul's, which he dedicated to the Boy Jesus," perceiving, observes his friendly biographer, that "the chief hope of the State consisted in the judicious education of youth." The masters were well endowed, that they might teach gratuitously, and the number of boys in the school was limited to 153:—

> He divided it into four apartments. Into the first boys enter as catechumens, but no one is admitted that is not already able to read and write. The second receives those who are taught by the under-master; the third those whom the upper-master instructs. These two parts are separated from each other by a curtain, which is drawn, or withdrawn, at pleasure. Above the master's chair is a seated figure of beautiful workmanship, the Boy Jesus, in the attitude of teaching, whom the whole flock, on entering and leaving the school, salutes with a hymn; and above is the face of the Father, saying, IESUM AUDITE! for these words he inscribed at my suggestion. In the fourth or last apartment is the chapel, in which divine service may be performed. The whole school has no corners or closets, so that it gives no room for eating or sleeping. Every boy has his own seat on benches, gradually rising, and at fixed intervals. Every class has sixteen, and the boy who heads his class has a seat a little raised above the rest. Nor is any applicant admitted indiscriminately, but a choice is made of dispositions and capacities.

Colet placed his new institution under the control of "certain married citizens" (the Company of Mercers) of approved character, for reasons of which Erasmus has elsewhere given rather a curious explanation in his dialogue *De Pronunciatione*:—

> *Ursus.* Thus John Colet, a man worthy of perpetual remembrance, when he had added a school for boys to the church of Saint Paul's, found his greatest difficulty in determining to whom he should consign the government of the institution. The bishops deem such a matter unworthy of their care. The schoolmen fancy their calling is rather to collect fees than take

* *Pilgrimages to St. Mary of Walsingham and St. Thomas of Canterbury.* By Desiderius Erasmus. Newly Translated [illegible] and Illustrative Notes, by J. G. Nichols, [illegible]. John Murray. 1875.

charge of schools, and think they have filled their office fairly if they do not tithe the schoolmaster. In colleges of canons the worse part almost always bears away. The magistrates either want judgment, or favour private interests.

Leo. What plan did he at last adopt?

Ursus. He set over his school a married man, and who was rich in children. He entrusted its superintendence to certain lay citizens, of whose integrity he thought so highly that he had good hope it would descend to their next heirs.

It is difficult for a man who has been trained in a one-sided or defective system, and has become alive to its weaknesses, always to preserve the balance of his judgment; and there is certainly an absence of all moderation in the language applied by Colet to the writings of Thomas Aquinas, though it may only mark a natural recoil from the almost idolatrous reverence paid to them during the later middle ages. "Why do you preach up that fellow," he replied to Erasmus, "who, if he had not great arrogance, would not have defined everything with so much rashness and so much dogmatism, and, if he had not possessed some worldly spirit, would not have so contaminated the whole doctrine of Christ with his own profane philosophy?" But this impetuosity of tone was very unusual with him. There is for the most part a judicial calmness about his estimate of men and things which, in an age of fierce controversy and sharp transition, is very remarkable. We are told, for instance, that he was not favourably disposed towards monasteries, and gave them very little, not that he disapproved of the religious orders—for he had entertained the idea of joining one—but because their members did not live up to their vows. To take again what has become a burning question in our own day, "whilst he strongly approved of secret (or auricular) confession, asserting that he had never derived from any other source so much spiritual consolation and support, he equally strongly condemned its anxious and too frequent repetition." It is amusing to find that one of the charges brought against him by his persistent enemy, the Bishop of London, who accused him to the Archbishop of heresy, was "that, when in his sermons he had said that some preached from book (*the lifeless practice followed by many in England*), he had obliquely reflected upon the Bishop, who, on account of his age, was accustomed to do so." This shows that the custom of preaching written sermons did not, as is often supposed, come in with the Reformation, and is rather an English than a Protestant peculiarity. The Archbishop treated these malicious charges against Colet as they deserved, and this leads us to notice in conclusion the character which Erasmus has left of him.

Warham, that "true primate, not only in rank, but also in every kind of merit," has hardly had justice done to his memory. He was eclipsed during life by the commanding figure of Wolsey, and the dignified quiet of his uneventful primacy is thrown into the shade by the stormy vicissitudes of the erratic career of his successor. Nevertheless, Archbishop Warham presents a graceful example of that special type of *mitis sapientia* which has in later days been admired, or its absence deplored, as the appropriate ornament of his high office. There is a story told of the late Dr. Candlish once having occasion somewhat reluctantly to seek an interview, on some matter of business, with Archbishop Howley. His Presbyterian prejudices were strong, and he was prepared to encounter a "prelate full of pride" when he entered the uncongenial precincts of Lambeth Palace; but he was agreeably disappointed. On his return he was heard to observe that the Archbishop seemed to move unscathed amid all the pomp of his surroundings (which at that period was still considerable) like the Three Children in the midst of the fiery furnace, and that he had never so truly felt himself in the presence of a man of God. We are reminded of this anecdote by Erasmus's description of his genial and munificent patron:—

> Whilst very many others treat me with marked kindness, so chiefly does that my especial Mæcenas the Archbishop of Canterbury,—or rather not mine only, but the patron of all the learned, among whom I take the lowest place, if any at all. Almighty God! how felicitous, how copious, how ready, is the genius of that man! what skill in conducting the most important business! how extraordinary his learning! But then what unheard-of courtesy towards every one! what pleasantness in address! so that, in a manner truly royal, he dismisses no one from him depressed. Moreover, how great and what ready liberality! Lastly, in such an eminence of fortune and dignity, what an absence of pride! so that he alone appears to be unaware of his greatness. In protecting his friends no one is more faithful or more constant. In fine, he is a true primate, not only in rank, but in every kind of merit.

And after describing how Warham discharged the high and onerous duties of the Chancellorship, he thus proceeds:—

> But at the same time he was so vigilant and attentive in matters relating to religion and his ecclesiastical functions that you would say he was engaged in no external concerns. He found time sufficient to discharge religiously the solemn duty of prayer, to perform mass almost daily, to be present besides at two or three services, to hear causes, to receive embassies, to advise the king if any thing of importance had arisen in court; to visit his churches, wherever his presence was required; to receive his guests, often amounting to two hundred; and lastly his leisure was given to reading. For occupations so various he found one life sufficient, no part of which he bestowed on hunting, none on dice, none on empty tales, none on luxury or pleasures. In the place of all these amusements he had either some agreeable reading, or conversation with a learned man. Although he sometimes had bishops, dukes, and earls as his guests, yet dinner was always finished within the space of one hour. In the midst of a sumptuous table, as his dignity demands, it is incredible to say how he abstained from all delicacies. He rarely tasted wine, but generally, when already a septuagenarian, used to drink very weak ale, which they there call beer, and even that very sparingly. Moreover, when he had taken the smallest quantity of food, yet with the kindness of his looks, and the cheerfulness of his discourse, he enlivened the whole table. You perceived the same gravity either before or after dinner. He abstained entirely from suppers, or if some of his intimate friends, of which number we were, happened to be with him, he sat down, but scarcely touched the viands; but, if no such company were there, he spent the time of supper either in prayer or in reading. And as he abounded himself in very happy pleasantries, but far removed from bitterness or indecorum, so he was pleased with the more free jests of his friends: yet he shrunk as much from scurrility or detraction as any would do from a serpent. Thus this excellent man made those days abundantly long, of the shortness of which so many complain.

We have given somewhat copious extracts, as the best means of indicating to our readers what is chiefly of interest in this volume. It might have been compressed with advantage; but they may be content to overlook a good deal of superfluous padding—which is easily left on one side—for the sake of the really solid matter, in the shape of reprints and illustrations, which it contains.

BRIGHT'S ENGLISH HISTORY FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.*

SOME years ago, as we learn from Mr. Bright's preface, at a meeting of public school masters the want of a useful book of English history for school teaching was spoken of. Against the books ordinarily used were objected—"first, the absence of historical perspective, produced by the unconnected manner in which the facts were narrated, and the inadequate mention of the foreign relations of the country; secondly, the omission of many important points of constitutional history; thirdly, the limitation of the history to the political relations of the nation, to the exclusion of its social growth." It was suggested to Mr. Bright, who as Historical Lecturer in three Oxford Colleges, and late Master of the Modern School in Marlborough College, is well qualified to judge what are the requirements of teachers and learners, that he should "attempt to supply this want"; and the first instalment of the work thus undertaken, covering the period from 449 to 1485, is now before us. Mr. Bright tells us that "it was at first intended to approach the history almost entirely on the social and constitutional side"; but a short trial proved, what indeed we should have expected, that to do this would require such a constant employment of allusions, and so much previous knowledge on the part of the reader, as to be unsuitable for a school book. Constitutional history, in fact, is neither interesting nor even intelligible until the actual course of events has been thoroughly mastered; and still more is this the case with social history, which is, moreover, to a great extent a work of imagination. The stages of the growth of society are not recorded in chronicles or in State papers; and history socially treated is, in truth, the historian's opinion upon the mass of facts before him. When the laws of social science have been satisfactorily settled, we may hope to see some agreement among our philosophical and social historians; but at present the view they take of the growth of society depends very much upon their respective idiosyncrasies. Mr. Bright, however, lets us know that the decision "to limit the description of the growth of society to a few comprehensive chapters and passages" was taken against his inclination, although he adds that he can no longer regret it, "as the social side of our history has been so adequately treated by Mr. Green in his *History of the English People*." It may be easily supposed that a work on a plan approved by the united wisdom of a meeting of public school masters is a more steady-going and less new-fangled production than that of the brilliant writer to whom this compliment is paid, Mr. Bright half apologizes for being so far behind the times as to retain the usual division into reigns, rather than "disturb the knowledge boys have already gained by the introduction of a new though more scientific division." And so we are allowed to keep to a method of division which, if not "scientific," at any rate rests upon facts, and not upon theories. On the other hand, the modern school will be conciliated by finding the starting-point of the book taken at A.D. 449, and not B.C. 55. For constitutional or social history this is undoubtedly right, and the author truly remarks that the Roman rule has had little or no influence upon the development of the nation. Still a question might be raised whether in a narrative history it is not useful to have a slight preliminary sketch of the British-Roman period. We should be sorry to see the next generation grow up in ignorance of the "British warrior queen," though it is well that they should be warned that it is not her posterity who sway "regions Cæsar never knew." If we open the Old-English Chronicle we see that its compilers, though assuredly they were well aware that they themselves were Englishmen and not Welshmen, yet thought good to begin with the Britons and "Caius Julius, the Emperor." Mr. Bright dashes straight into his story without stopping to explain who the people then dwelling in Britain were:—

> The dominion of the Romans in Britain had been complete. The country, as far as the Frith of Forth, had been brought under Roman civilization. But in England, as elsewhere, the continuance of that form of civilization had produced weakness; and the unconquered Britons of the North, known by the name of Picts, broke into the Romanized districts, and pushed their incursions far into the centre of the country. On all sides the nations outside the Empire were breaking through its limits and threatening its existence. The danger which threatened the very heart of the Empire, from the advance of the Goths into Italy, compelled the Romans in 411 to withdraw their legions from Britain, and leave the inhabitants of the island to fight their own battles with the Picts.

* *English History for the Use of Public Schools.* By the Rev. J. Franck Bright, M.A., F[illegible] I. Mediæval Monarchy. From the Departure of the Romans [illegible] and Plans. Rivingtons:

Still this opening has the merit of brevity and decision, and would be clear, as far as it goes, was it not for the mention of *England* in Britain before the English came there. We may here note a remarkable entry under the year 1137, in the table of contents—"Last national effort of the English." It is really sad to think that for seven centuries we have never roused ourselves to make another national effort. However, to return to our heroic days, Mr. Bright gives a good description of the English conquest of Britain, and lays due stress on the point that it was "not only a conquest, but a re-settlement." When he unhesitatingly represents the first recorded trial of strength between Welsh and English, the battle of Aylesford, as an English victory, he enters upon debateable ground, as is evidenced by a recent critic having taken Mr. Green to task for holding the same view. These writers have, however, only followed the lead of Florence of Worcester, who says:—"Licet in ea pugna Hors occisus esset, Hengest tamen victoriam habuit; et post hæc cum filio suo Æsc regnare cœpit." This may be merely an inference drawn by Florence from the language of the Chronicle, but it is at any rate not the invention of modern authors. Mr. Bright is seen at his best when giving an account of the general tendencies of a reign or a period, or when weighing one political force against another. In such passages his remarks are usually just and thoughtful, and clearly expressed. Thus, at the end of the reign of Edward IV., there is an excellent summary of the state of the nation under that prince, and the character of the monarchy he developed. The Introduction also, which gives a rapid sketch of the political growth of England, is in many points good, though we cannot see why "monarchy by Divine right" should be called "the logical offspring of feudalism." The tendency of feudalism was to destroy the central authority in all but name; and "Divine right" is traceable to clerical and legal rather than to feudal influences. Later on Mr. Bright shows that he understands the hostile attitude of the Norman kings towards feudalism, and he gives the true interpretation of the oath exacted at the Salisbury Gemót of 1086, which has so often been thought to mark the introduction of the feudal system. The elaborate chapter on the "State of Society" from 449 to 1066 would, however, have been better without such frequent reference to "feudalism" and "the feudal system" before any explanation of those terms has been given. The narrative is for the most part dry, and in one or two places it reads as if it had been hastily abridged, rather to the injury of the story. Thus, in the account of one of the many crimes of Eadric Streona, we read:—

> Eadric had of course joined the victorious party; but again his persistent treachery was the destruction of the country. He attracted to a meeting at Oxford, Sigeferth and Morkere, Thegns of the Five Danish Burghs. The wife of Sigeferth was kept a prisoner, and taken in marriage by Edmund Ironside, Æthelred's son. This Prince thus acquired possession of the Five Burghs, and secured an influence which enabled him to take up a position in opposition to Eadric.

Here one of the main incidents of the story, the murder of Sigeferth and Morkere by Eadric, is left out, and it is never even hinted that Sigeferth's wife was a widow when she "taken in marriage" by Eadmund. There is a worse break between the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., where all mention of the acknowledgment of Edward of York as King is omitted, and the reader is left to guess that "the young Earl of March" in one page is the same man as "Edward IV." in the next. In addition to its being a necessary link in the chain of events, the election or acknowledgment of Edward IV. by the lords in council and the people of London has a constitutional importance which should have prevented its being overlooked. So King Eadwig is introduced casually into the narrative without any explanation as to how he came to succeed Eadred. Nor do we think the relations between the young King Eadwig and Ælfgifu are fairly stated when the latter is described as one of the leaders in "a palace intrigue" and as having "obtained influence over the lad." The brief notice in the Chronicle, "In this year Archbishop Odo separated King Eadwig and Ælfgyfu, because they were too near akin," implies a marriage, though an uncanonical one, of which Mr. Bright gives no hint. Bishop Birinus, the evangelist of the West-Saxons, should not have been reckoned among the missionaries from Lindisfarn. He had been consecrated in Italy, and came "cum consilio papæ Honorii" into Britain. From the dates, indeed, it would seem that he had begun his work among the West-Saxons before Aidan established himself in Lindisfarn. And as Aidan's presence in Northumberland was solely in consequence of King Oswald's application to the Scots for a bishop, it is rather unfair towards the sainted King that an unfortunate arrangement of tenses should make it appear as if, on coming to the throne, he had found Aidan already labouring among his people.

Neither the text nor the table of contents is by any means free from those slips of the pen or errors of the press which are of no great importance in themselves, but which are likely to mislead or puzzle learners. *Essex* occurs twice when *Wessex* would seem to be meant (pp. 20, 21); "Orford in Kent" is put for Otford, as the scene of one of Eadmund Ironside's victories over the Danes. The Earldom of Mercia, which is said at p. 23 to have been restored to Ælfgar after Godwine's death, should have been the Earldom of East-Anglia. And it is almost enough to make Mr. Freeman feel that he has lived and laboured in vain when Harold's foundation at Waltham is twice called an "Abbey," even though the offence is mitigated by the further statement that it was "occupied by secular canons." Æthelred the Unready's accession is in one place dated 975, instead of 979. William of Normandy's first conquest of Maine should have been dated 1063, not 1073. The day of his landing at Pevensey is not absolutely certain, but Mr. Freeman gives the weight of his authority to the date of the 28th, not, as here, the 29th of September. "Swend of Norway," at p. 45, should be Swend of Denmark; "King Robert," at p. 56, should be Duke Robert. The "Dictum of Kenilworth" should be dated 1266, not 1267. The "Extinction of the Scotch royal family" during the reign of Edward I. is dated 1282, four years before the male line was extinguished by the death of Alexander III. The great Statute of 1275, though rightly named in the text "of Westminster," appears in the table of contents as the "Statute of Winchester." Confusion on this point ought to have been the more carefully avoided because there exists a real Statute of Winchester, passed ten years later. In the text our attention is called to the form in which the Statute of 1275 is enacted. "The present statute [of 1275] was said to be enacted 'by the King by the advice of his Council and the assent of Parliament.'" This no doubt gives the sense, but it does not literally translate the formula, and therefore should not have been placed between inverted commas. The phrase "assent of Parliament" does not appear in the original, which, omitting unnecessary words, runs thus:—"Ces sunt les Establisemenz le Rey Edward . . ., fez a Weymoster a son primer parlement general . . ., par son conseil par le assentement des Erceveskes, Eveskes, Abbes, Priurs, Contes, Barons, et la Communaute de la tere ileokes somons. . . ." The provisions of the Statute of Mortmain, 7 Edw. I. stat. 2, are described twice, in slightly different words:—first, that by this statute "it was forbidden, without the King's consent, to leave property to religious corporations"; secondly, that by it it was enacted "that no property should be given or left to the Church without royal permission." These statements seem to betray the common confusion between the 7 Edw. I. stat. 2. and the Geo. II. c. 36, also known as the Statute of Mortmain. There is nothing said in the 7 Edw. I. about leaving property. It forbids any transaction whereby lands and tenements may any wise come into mortmain. Again, it is not, as Mr. Bright states, the Statute of Westminster (3 Edw. I.), which is renewed by the Statute of Stamford (2 Edw. II.), but part of the "Articuli super Cartas" (28 Edw. I. stat. 3). The Black Prince died in 1376—the year of the Good Parliament—not in 1377; and the omission of a figure—August 6 for August 26—antedates the battle of Crécy by twenty days; while Henry V. is said to have died September 21, instead of August 31. The date given in one place for Richard II.'s marriage with Isabel of France—1495, instead of 1396—is so obviously an error that it will probably not mislead any one. John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, who was beheaded after the affair of Hexham, was not "the third Duke of Somerset who had died in these wars," but the second. His brother, Edmund Beaufort, appears in the genealogical tables as "Edmund Beauchamp"; Edmund, Earl of Richmond, the father of Henry VII., is elevated to the rank of Duke, and Henry Courtenay, Marquess of Exeter, is called "Edward Courtenay." "Lord John Howard," afterwards the "Jack of Norfolk" who perished with "Dickon his master," at Bosworth, should be John, Lord Howard, his rank being then that of Baron. Nor had he, as stated in the text, "married into the Mowbray family." His connexion with the Mowbrays was, as Mr. Bright's own genealogical tables show, through his mother. Sir John Oldcastle is said to have been "put to death, not as a traitor, but as a heretic." He was put to death as both. The sentence is to be found in the Rolls of Parliament:—"q̄ le dit John, come Traitour a Dieu, & Heretik notorement approvee, & adjugge . . .; & come Traitour au Roi & a son Roialme; soit amesnee a la Tour de Loundres, & d'illeoqes soit treinez p my la Citee de Loundres, tanq; as novelles furches, en la paroche de Seynt Gyles hors de la barre de Veille Temple de Loundres, & illeoqes soit penduz & ars pendant."

These are matters which may easily be set right in a second edition, but the main fault of the book lies deeper. In plain words, it is very dull reading. A history which contains a great deal of precise information in a small compass can never of course be entertaining; but it might be sharper and more spirited than Mr. Bright has made it. His anxiety to crowd in as many facts as possible has probably a good deal to do with its general dreariness; the canvas is so full that no figure stands forth distinctly. No boy, however intelligent, could possibly regard it as anything but a dry lesson-book; and with all deference to the public school masters, this strikes us as a serious objection. As M. Jourdain said of the serenade submitted for his approval, "Je voudrois que vous la pussiez un peu ragaillardir par-ci par-là."

TWO BOOKS ABOUT AUSTRALIA.*

ALL books may be divided into three classes. The first and most honourable class are the books which are written; books which spring into existence in obedience to a genuine inspiration on the part of the writer; which express definite ideas of the literary kind that must clothe themselves in the shape of a literary work. Secondly, there are the books which are made; volumes supplied often quite independently of the capacity and taste of

* *The Queen of the Colonies; or, Queensland as I Knew it.* By an Eight Years' Resident. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1876.

Sketches of Australian Life and Scenery. By One who has been a Resident Thirty Years. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

their producers, merely to satisfy some popular craving. And, lastly, there are the *biblia abiblia* of Elia, books which are no books; written, that is, with no literary aim, but only as a vehicle for conveying the opinions or information of the author, just as a scientific treatise, or a blue-book, or a sermon, might be. As we have not all of us the idiosyncrasies of a Charles Lamb (indeed the world would be quite an unworkable concern were this the case), these *biblia abiblia* have a perfectly definite place in our literature. We criticize them on different ground from the books which are books, and we expect different things from them. It is only necessary to indicate in which class the work under notice is to be placed. When we say, therefore, that the *Queen of the Colonies* will be read, if read at all, simply for its information, we at once put aside all questions of style or external adornment. It is impossible to say how many people beside "intending emigrants" may want to know about Queensland; but those who do will not be disappointed if they turn to this book. The author gives a very clear and practical account of the present condition of that rising colony, especially as regards its wonderful agricultural resources.

The large supplies of Australian beef which are now consumed throughout this country ought to bring the agricultural districts of the colonies especially home to men's business and bosoms, and disabuse them of the still prevalent idea that the wealth of Australia consists chiefly in gold. This is very far from being the case in Queensland. There are indeed gold-fields and productive ones at Gympie, but the colony possesses much surer sources of wealth in her soil, her beautiful climate, and a coast more favourable to navigation than that of any other part of Australia. In respect of climate she is particularly fortunate. Though, as lying further to the north than any of the sister colonies, she has a greater degree of the sun's heat, this disadvantage is more than counterbalanced by a breeze which every day during the whole summer blows inland from the sea. "It usually begins to be felt about 9 A.M., before which time it will be hot. But as soon as the toiler feels the cooling breeze playing about his forehead he is sensible of a wonderful change. Although the sun rises higher and higher until it shines down the chimneys into the pots on the fire, the cool breeze tempers its rays and makes them bearable. Were it not for this breeze, we believe it would be almost impossible for the European to do much manual work in Queensland." As it is, he can work with as much comfort as in the Southern colonies, and with more safety. The climate so favourable to health is not equally so to agricultural purposes. Like all the other colonies of Australia, the farmer has much to fear both from drought and from floods—from the former chiefly if his farm is on the higher land called the forest, from the latter if it is on the rich alluvial soil at a less elevation which is called the "scrub." Perhaps it would on the whole be more correct to say that the farmer, or "settler," suffers most from the flood, and the cattle-feeder, or "squatter," from the drought; for the industry of Queensland is chiefly divided between these two pursuits, the neighbourhood of the coast being occupied as a settled or agricultural district, and the rest of the colony being the unsettled or pastoral country. With the growth of the colony the tendency will be to convert the latter into the former, and all the sympathies, as well as most of the information, of the writer are on the side of the settlers. At present, however, the profits on capital invested in squatting are very great. "Mr. Daintree, the Agent-General for Queensland, himself a squatter, and therefore speaking by the book, in his excellent handbook gives a statement showing that on a capital of 20,600*l.* there is an annual profit of 3,795*l.*, or 17½ per cent., on fat cattle sold, without any calculation as to the natural increase, while on a larger capital the profits would be considerably more." A great impulse has been given to squatting by the introduction of meat-preserving. Of course, the land occupied in this way is enormously greater than that which is settled. In the settled districts, which are marked out by the Land Act, free selection for cultivation is lawful, while in the unsettled the land is leased from the Crown. Not less than twenty-five square miles can be taken in one block, the lease being in all cases for twenty-one years. For this area the annual rental is only 6*l.* 5*s.* for the first seven years, 12*l.* 10*s.* for the second, and 18*l.* 15*s.* for the third.

As has been the case in all the colonies of Australia, the prosperity of Queensland has often been impeded by sudden fluctuations in the labour market. Originally a penal settlement, the labour employed when squatting first began to be followed on the Darling Downs in 1829 was what was called "assigned" labour—the labour, that is to say, of convicts assigned by the Government to the squatters and paid for only by rations and clothing. The squatters being themselves the magistrates of the district, it may be imagined that this system was open to all kinds of abuse. An unscrupulous squatter might, if a valuable servant were nearing the end of his term, trump up a false charge against him, or at least exasperate him to some attempted act of violence, hurry him before a brother magistrate, and have him reassigned for a fresh term. In fact, the convict labourers were much in the position of serfs, and when in 1842 the district of Moreton Bay was thrown open to free immigration, and the convicts removed, the old squatters were not more pleased than the nobility of Russia after the recent emancipation. Many schemes for the introduction of cheap labour were tried without success; Chinese were brought in, and coolies were proposed. But there can be no doubt that the productiveness of the country would have easily met the increase in the price of labour, had it not been for the English cotton famine of 1863, which flooded the colony with thousands of factory hands totally unused to agricultural work; in four years the population rose from 38,198 to 94,710. The Immigration Act not having provided for the exportation of factory hands, the country was for a while impoverished; and the difficulties of the farmer were further increased by the discovery of the Gympie gold-fields in 1867-68, and the rush consequent upon that discovery. These circumstances led to the introduction of Kanaka labour, a measure which has been the cause of the greatest possible stir in Queensland. The Kanakas are the Polynesian islanders, who, according to the Polynesian Labourers' Act which was passed in 1868, might be engaged for a period of three years at the rate of 6*l.* per annum, besides food and clothing. It may well be supposed that the passing of this Act was looked on with the greatest disfavour by the poorer class of immigrants, and with suspicion by philanthropists and by the Government at home. Nor were the employers and exporters of black labour long in giving tangible grounds for these suspicions. It was found that many clauses of the Act might without much difficulty be evaded, especially that which provided that the agreement with the Kanaka was to be witnessed "by a consul, missionary, or *some other respectable person*, who would be requested to sign a document stating that the natives came willingly, and understood the nature of the agreement." As, moreover, in the South Seas each chief is absolutely master of the lives of his subjects, it was suspected that, by a judiciously arranged present to the chief, a certain number of his tribe could be induced to agree to the terms proposed, however unwilling they might really be to surrender their freedom. These facts were quite sufficient to rouse the indignation of the philanthropists, and we confess that from some of the stories told in these pages there seem to have been strong enough grounds for putting an end to the traffic, quite apart from those personal ones which influenced the more ignorant labouring classes against the labour which competed with them in the market. Many members of the Government of Queensland were, however, interested in the black labour trade, and it is improbable that they would themselves have assisted in its suppression. At length, in 1871, a circular from the Colonial Secretary obliged the Queensland Government to put in force the clause of the Act providing for the sending of a Government agent in each vessel. Since then, owing to the pressure of public opinion, the black labour trade has gradually died away. Such is in outline the writer's account of this interesting question; and it will be seen by those who have read Mr. Trollope's book on Australia that the opinions of our author differ materially from his. The real question, however, which must decide the desirableness of introducing black labour is whether the European is capable of doing the work required for some forms of agriculture, especially that of sugar-growing; and this is a question which can only be answered by those who are well acquainted with the Queensland climate. These chapters on labour form perhaps the most novel and instructive portion of the book. Those on the Gympie gold-fields are also well worth reading. On the whole, though it is arranged in rather a disjointed way, there is a great deal of useful information in the *Queen of the Colonies*.

Sketches of Australian Life and Scenery is a book of a different kind. It belongs to the order of books which are made, and may be looked upon as dedicated to a peculiar class of readers. Beside those who read books of travels for the sake of definite information, there are others who seem to exist almost entirely upon this kind of literature. With a sort of Puritan contempt for fiction, and yet not studious enough to undertake severer studies, they are under immense obligations to those—and your traveller is just such a one—who can offer them an intellectual food which, without putting too great a strain upon their attention, shall still afford a solid nourishment of fact. For them especially spring into existence those somewhat hybrid works called "Sketches," "Journals," "Trips to the Antipodes," and the like—books which, while they profess not to relate anything very new or striking, do nevertheless give the actual experiences of the writer. The only other feature in a book beside that of fact which these readers demand is that the events narrated should have taken place a considerable distance off. Given these two conditions, they are content not to be overnice about power of description or delicacy of style, or even about the novelty and excitement of the incidents related. Perhaps it is the certainty of an appreciative audience that produces the self-confident garrulousness so distinctive of books of this class. Doubtless the author knows that from the moment he lands upon the new shore, when in all probability "the calling of the coolies, the swearing of the troopers, the neighing of horses, and the cries of the women, combined to produce a scene which may be more easily imagined than described," they will follow his career with interest; that they will not weary of the record of how Captain Brown shot his buffalo on Monday, and Dr. Robinson returned with an empty bag on the Wednesday; everything, so long as it really did happen, is fish for the basket of such readers as these. The "actual objective existence," as the philosophers say, of Tito Melema, or of Rebecca Sharp, is unfortunately even less than problematical; but that the coolies did on that particular occasion call out in the manner hinted at, seems beyond all reasonable question.

Now, as the existence of any product of nature is justified rather by its fitness for the function it has to fulfil than by its inherent beauties, we are rendered diffident in our criticism of such a work by our imperfect knowledge of the mental constitution

of those for whom it is written. When, therefore, the author tells us that "an irresistible impulse" prompts him "to speak out and tell of the motley characters, strange incidents, and changing circumstances which make up the episode of colonial life," and asks us, as he does more than once, "Why should I not try?" we feel at once that we have no valid objection to offer. An "irresistible impulse" is not to be gainsaid, and we can only hope that an impulse equally irresistible will compel an appreciative public to buy and read his book. No carping criticism of ours, we can assure him, shall interfere with so satisfactory a result; the less so as the book really seems rather good of its kind than bad. The author cannot indeed quite rid himself of the garrulousness which distinguishes his order. The keenest appetite for facts would, we imagine, scarcely care to be informed that at Melbourne as elsewhere people are liable to be bitten by mosquitoes. "I do not forget the astonishment with which I beheld my face in the glass next morning. It was covered with crimson blotches, of various sizes; one eye swollen and painful. I had not thought of mosquitoes when I decided to occupy a bedroom abutting on the river." Nor can we consider Dr. Lay's coachman Thomas deserving a place in a gallery of motley characters. Too much of the book is of this character, but there are left very tolerable pickings for those who have the leisure and the taste for such narratives. The author has really lived through a remarkable period in the history of Australia, and describes his experiences sufficiently well to make many of them very striking and suggestive. He has, as he tells us, seen three phases of Australian life:—

> The easy-going, comfortable times when the squatters were kings, and used their wealth right royally.
>
> The bustling days of excitement, when the diggers were kings, and used their wealth right madly.
>
> The settled, prosperous times when the banks and merchants are kings, and use their wealth right prudently.

And the social changes which these three phases embrace are greater than most countries pass through in a century. In spite of all the hints and gleanings we may get from historians or romancers, English and American, the era of the gold fever in Australia still wants its *vates sacer*; so perpetually interesting from all points of view, moral, social, and political, must be the spectacle of a society subject to a sudden fluctuation or acquisition of wealth. The second phase of Australian life therefore furnishes the author with his best stories and most striking descriptions. Unfortunately these pages form but a very small portion of the book. After about the first third, which is supposed to take us through thirty years of the writer's colonial life, we are landed upon the present time, ushered in by the arrival of the author's half-sisters from England, and the rest of the book drags to a close with the very slightest of love stories which we ever remember to have read. Matrimony must be sadly on the wane in the colony if the author can place the marriages of Jessie and Margaret and the events which led up to them in the category of "strange incidents" to which he has been a witness. But we rather fancy he holds a theory which we have always secretly attributed to Mr. Henry Kingsley—namely, that no human being can ever be expected to read a book through to the end, so that the construction of its latter half is of the smallest possible consequence.

LASLETT'S TIMBER TREES.*

AMIDST an abundance of interesting and useful books on ornamental trees and timber, there has been a scarcity of succinct handbooks upon the commercial and domestic aspects of dendrology. Treatises on shipbuilding and naval construction are as uninviting in form to the general reader as stiffly scientific botanical works; and Mr. Laslett has obeyed a sound instinct in striking out a new path, and trying to convey information respecting the properties, strength, and preservation of the chief timbers in use, whether for ship or house building, joinery or cabinet-making, along with a lucid account of the trees which yield such timber. It is not indeed to be expected that such a book should be either amusing or untechnical; it is enough if it presents matter for the curious to digest, and gives a zest to the work of the amateur planter not unconnected with thoughts of prospective profit, assuring the latter of the unapproached superiority of British oak, and interesting the former with details of African, Australian, American, and New Zealand trees, which supplement, if they cannot supplant, the native commodity. From the nature of Mr. Laslett's life-long occupation, and the opportunities he has had, in the service of the Admiralty, of seeing the forests of the Old and New Worlds, it is clear that he possesses great qualifications for his task; and, whilst we leave his figures and tables to practical and professional readers, it may be worth while to cull from the volume a few points of interest for the general reader touching the growth, structure, strength, and weakness of trees, which are closely connected with the interests of man by land and water.

The introductory chapters place before the reader a clear idea of stem-growth in trees, of the pith or centre, or, in the tree's converted state, its innermost layer of heart-wood, and of the medullary rays through the contact of which with the annual layers the sap ascends; of the conversion of "alburnum" or sapwood, into "duramen" or heart-wood, and other processes of tree-life. In computing the age of a tree by its rings or circles of lignine, Mr. Laslett seems disposed to leave open the question whether in tropical climates each of these represents a year's growth, or whether in such regions three or four layers may not have been formed in the same period of time. Generally, however, he accepts the rule as a guide to a tree's age at the time of felling—that is to say, where the rings are clearly defined and concentric; whilst in other cases recourse must be had to historical and traditional records. The evidence which these circles afford of the duration of life in trees is one of the curiosities of vegetable longevity. As indices of deterioration in trees past maturity (discernible of course by examination after felling), our author notes a white or yellowish-red colour at the butt, the latter passing into a red or "foxy" hue, which betokens extensive decay. A more visible token, however, is when the topmost branches grow stunted and "stag-headed," for which reason trees should be chosen for felling which have their top branches strong, pointed, and vigorous. Upon the question of growing such trees as the oak in sheltered places or in the open ground or hedgerow, it is found that the former make the softer wood, through lack of breathing-space, but "have the compensating advantage of being very free from local defects." The latter are more productive of the "cracked uns," as the woodman calls them, which contractors covet for navy purposes, and which are, with all their lower lateral branches, much the harder and more compact. Mr. Laslett shows, what would at first sight seem paradoxical, that trees improve in form, shapeliness, and straight growth not so much when young as later on in years, and then very gradually. He also notes a fact which is the basis of one or more of his subsequent theories, that variations of temperature, violent storms, and nearness to seas or large rivers affect the quality and rate of growth of trees. It is a plausible conjecture that these have to do with that particular defect in trees which is called "cup-shake," and which consists in the separation—mostly in the region of the roots—of two of the concentric layers, from defect of cohesive matter. Cup-shake is often limited to partial disjunction of this nature; but where it is complete it is apt to pervade the tree to its serious detriment in the timber-market. Other "shakes" are the *heart-shake*, extending in various bad splits from the pith to two-thirds of the diameter of the tree, and *star-shakes*, or clefts, which radiate from the centre or pith to the circumference of the tree, and render it useless for boards or small scantlings. This last defect is commonest in trees grown on a sandy or rocky soil; but all the three limit the convertible quantity of timber in a tree where they occur, as do also excrescences, and external swellings arising from over-close pruning of branches, though the burrs on the oak from the puncturation of insects do not affect its quality, and in Austrian and Turkey walnut-wood is enhanced in value by a mottled figuring, which is prized for veneering. It is by giving the details of these defects and hints, and showing how to detect or prevent them, as well as by a tabular record of experiments on larger scantlings instead of smaller pieces of wood, as was the old fashion, that Mr. Laslett aims at enabling the engineer or architect to select the species most suited to his purpose, to determine the scantlings, and to economize the process of conversion.

Among the three distinct species of British oaks, the rare Quercus pubescens or Durmast oak is interior, and of comparatively small account, and as to the vexed question of superiority between Q. pedunculata (with footstalks of flowers and acorns long, and of leaves short) and Q. sessiliflora our author is clearly of opinion that it is made too much of (as the difference can only be traced in timbers by access to the converters); but he holds the preference accorded by current belief to Q. pedunculata as so far fortunate, as it is most abundant, and highly deserving of perpetuation in future plantations, though the Sessiliflora, with its greater length of clear stem, yields the best return commercially. Fine specimens of the latter may be seen in Dean Forest, but Pedunculata is less subject to cup-shake. Perhaps the greatest merit of both is a wonderful toughness and hardness, with scarcely the slightest tendency to splinter or warp. If kept wholly under water, this toughness of the oak is endless. On the other hand, its powerful pyroligneous acid prevents its general use in immediate contact with iron, as in such a case the iron corrodes, and the wood suffers waste and deterioration. It is on this account that the teak tree, of which the chief forests are now in Burmah and Siam, and of which the resinous oil resists the action of water and also keeps iron from rusting, and the acidless Angelique from French Guiana are preferred in English and French dockyards for the backing of armour-plates in ironclads (see pp. 114 and 149). Although, of course, the last-named fashion in ships of war might seem an extinguisher to oak, as far as shipbuilding is concerned, it is interesting to learn from Mr. Laslett's statistics of the timber-stores at Woolwich that the total quantity of loads of it maintained there in 1865 was more than five times as large as in 1845. In these storings a preference has long prevailed for winter-felled over spring-felled oak, as trees cut down when the sap is quiescent are better in quality and durability. Mr. Laslett's experience, however, goes to show that premiums for winter-felled timber offered a few years ago were comparatively impotent, being outbidden by the consideration of the bark.

It is impossible to say more here of the experiments on the strength of the standard British oak, which serve as a guide as regards the strength of its substitutes, and of the Dantzic fir, which Mr. Laslett takes as a standard of all the soft or white woods, than that they are directed towards testing the transverse strength, the tensile strength, and the vertical strength (or resistance to crushing force applied in the direction of the fibres) of these and other kinds of timber, and that he claims to have extended the

* *Timber and Timber Trees, Native and Foreign.* By Thomas Laslett, Timber Inspector to the Admiralty. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

previous range of these experiments, which are as difficult and tedious as they are important. The results are shown, page after page, in the comparative estimates of the woods passed in review in the course of this book, but the general reader breathes more freely when he escapes from the region of tables and statistics. We find that the French oak of the North-West provinces is said to have all the good points of British, except length, and uniform breadth; it is more tapering in form, and generally shorter and smaller, but is less apt to split. The best Italian oak, less elastic and a little heavier than ours, but hard, horny, tough, and strong, is unfit for planks, boards, and small scantlings by reason of its "shakes," but excellent for the *framing* of ships of war, for which purpose it is used to nearly the full growth of the tree. For the same purpose the American Live-oak (Quercus virens), a smaller evergreen tree from the Southern States of America, which is of much the same character as the Italian, with logs usually crooked or *compassed* in shape, is also suited, by reason of its great strength; but it is limited to ships of such burden as require only small scantlings. The Italian oaks are all hard to work, as, according to Mr. Laslett, temporary sawyers at the dockyards know, and show that they know. Our Royal dockyards got a great deal of it in 1860-3, before the advent of ironclads, much of which is still on hand and perfectly sound. Dantzic oak, so called from the port of shipment to which it is brought from Polish forests down the Vistula, is straight grown, moderately strong, hard, and rather porous, and has medullary rays in its timber so bright and distinct as to qualify it, for the same reason, though not in the same degree, as the Riga oak timber, for wainscot, ornamental, and cabinet purposes. Though used for building merchantmen, Dantzic oak is only used for the decks of our men-of-war, for which it is a speciality, because it stands the wear and tear of gun-carriages. One of its merits is that, besides being straight-grained, clear, and knotless, it is pliable when boiled or heated; a property which the white American oak, also very elastic and capable, when steamed, of being brought to any curve, shares with it. This latter thrives in Maryland, and is spread over a large tract between 28° and 46° N. latitude. It is a disparagement to the Dutch and Rhenish oak that the parcels of it which have come to the London market gave token of having been dressed to produce a greater curve than was natural, with a view to make them seem adapted for shipbuilding. The bait did not take (p. 98), but the fact is an index to the appreciation of crooked trees for navy purposes. Of other European oaks, Belgian and Piedmontese appear nearest to the standard of English and Western French. The Spanish is small and soft, apt to shrink, and much given to star-shake. Of the Turkey oak, or Broussa timber, Mr. Laslett complains that it is hard to form a thorough estimate, as the lazy Turks select the "mildest"—that is, those easiest to work—specimens in their dockyards. A far better supplement to our native store than any of the last named is found in the American oaks at which we have glanced, the Live-oak being probably stronger than any oak known. This, however, is far from being the case with the Baltimore oak, which is not as strong as the best fir or pine, and will soon decay without paint. The Canadian oak (Q. rubra) is of superior dimensions, and in much request with the cabinet-makers, but without strength or durability for architectural or engineering works. For such purposes the white American oak is better adapted, as it has little shrinkage, and will bear almost any exposure. Mr. Laslett pronounces it "by far the best foreign oak timber of straight growth and large dimensions for constructive purposes that has ever been imported."

Of the Indian teak tree there is no fear of exhaustion, seeing that Siam and Java will keep up the supply if Burmah fails. In the East Indies its high growths make lower masts for ships of two thousand tons burden, but the Burmese import it in short logs to avoid duty and the difficulties of forest and steam transit. To make it ready for use on delivery in England, they "girdle" (or cut through and remove a complete ring of the bark and sapwood) the tree three years before felling it, which renders the timber brittle, and extends heart-shake. In Burmah, too, there grows a straight clean-stemmed acacia of eighty feet in the clear, and of large girth, called the Piengadu, or Iron-wood tree, which combines the properties of wood and iron, and is said to be quite ball-proof. It seems fit for any work of construction demanding extra strength, as does the Bornean Chow, which is of lesser dimensions, and has been approved at Woolwich. In the Philippine Islands the Lauan wood is so tough and ball-proof that it furnished the outside planks of the old Manilla and Acapulco galleons. The African teak is a very valuable timber, and a link between our oak and the Indian teak, but is depreciated by the awkward shape in which it is brought to market. A more curious tree, and one among several valuable productions of Guiana and the West Indies, is the Greenheart or Nectandra Rodiæi, which furnishes timber of from twenty-four to fifty feet long, and twelve to twenty-four inches square. There is a virtue in its bark, in that it possesses an alkaloid which is quinine without its headachy results; and it is also an almost imperishable wood, hard, heavy, tough, elastic, and waterproof. It is also singularly knotless. Tried by transverse or tensile strain, or by crushing force in the direction of its fibres, its strength is exceptional. The last-named test exhibits in it a peculiarity shared only with the *Sabicu*, a hard wood of twisted fibre from Cuba. As Mr. Laslett puts it, "it bears the addition of weight after weight without any signs of yielding, and, when the crushing force is obtained, it gives way suddenly and completely with a loud report, nothing being left of the pieces but a loose mass of shapeless fibres." The Sabicu, like the Greenheart, will stand any exposure to weather; but is found, on conversion, to be liable to a singular cross fracture, the longitudinal fibres of the early and middle age of the tree being broken, while the outer woody layers of the duramen and alburnum are perfect. Mr. Laslett inclines to the opinion that this is attributable to the storms and hurricanes which sweep the island, snapping, but not breaking off, the stem, whilst the later growth strengthens and conceals the defect.

As a match for the Greenheart in being proof against time and weather, mention must be made of the Australian Tewart, a variety of the Eucalyptus, or Gum Tree. It is found in the districts of Swan River and King George's Sound, is of straight and noble dimensions, and yields timber of much the same bulk as the Greenheart. Close-textured, of twisted grain and thorough soundness, it has the great advantage of neither shrinking nor splitting. It is probably too heavy for domestic uses, but excellently adapted for piles or dockgate framing. Other varieties of the Eucalyptus are subject to the "shakes," and so not very solid in the centre. Perhaps the most popularly known of them is the Eucalyptus globulus, or Blue Gum Tree, which grows abundantly in Australia and Tasmania up to two hundred or three hundred feet, with a diameter of from six to twenty-five feet. It is used for keels, beams, and planking in ships, as well as for fencing and other purposes in civil architecture. It is almost needless to add that it is the famous "disease-destroying tree," which has wrought such wonders in the fever-stricken districts of the Cape, in Algiers, and in Cuba, and which, if it can be acclimatized in other than hot climates, promises to banish fever and malaria.

Enough has been said of Mr. Laslett's handling of the subject, so far as relates to British and foreign oaks, to satisfy those who examine the part of his book dealing with miscellaneous native and foreign deciduous trees, as well as of the firs, pines, and larch which play so large a part in the timber-yards and in works of naval and civil construction, that they will find it treated with a masterly experience and intelligence. He is very clear in explaining the distinction between the British oak and Spanish chestnut, and assists the novice in arriving at the now general conclusion that what was once deemed to be the later in our oldest and best specimens of civil architecture was really the earlier. He gives a handy rule of precedence and quality in the purchase of foreign deals and battens, and enforces the golden advice that "the larch is the most profitable tree to plant on a poor soil." He fires our longing for Douglas pines at home like those from Oregon and North-Western America, which cannot compete with Canadian and Baltic firs in the London market because of the heavy freight charge. "Visent ea poma nepotes!" And lastly he works up our wonderment to the highest point by his account of two giant specimens of the Kauri pine in New Zealand—one forty-eight feet in girth at three feet from the ground, and the other seventy-two, and measuring respectively sixty-six and eighty feet to the branches. Of exceptionally slow growth (an inch of wood in seven years), these trees are computed to be 1,300 and 2,000 years old. Of course they are almost impossible to move, if felled; but more manageable samples are exported by private adventure, in spite of the great costs of working and freightage, and serve for masts and yards, decks of yachts, and joiners' and cabinet-makers' purposes, being unrivalled as well in lightness, elasticity, strength, and durability as in knotlessness, pleasant odour, and a sort of satinwood lustre about the planed boards.

But we must not ramble on, though the subject is unexhausted. Suffice it to say that the practical timber-buyer and the amateur timber-grower, the man who contemplates standing trees for pleasure and eye-service, and the man who inspects them, when felled and converted, with an eye to profit, will alike derive advantage from the study of Mr. Laslett's book.

DIANA CAREW.*

THE character of an *ingénue* requires more subtle and delicate handling than perhaps any other in that queer storehouse of fancies where authors keep their lay figures. The innocence which is not silliness, the ingenuousness which is not conscious pretence, the impulsiveness which is real and not the result of rapid calculation as to the effect which it will produce and the appearance which it will have, all are qualities of exceeding difficulty to portray with grace and skill. To the uncritical part of Mrs. Forrester's readers her *ingénue* may possibly appear all that is lovely and real, but those who understand the method of workmanship better will probably find her a mass of contradictions, wearisomely self-conscious, and a simulacrum rather than a living person. The author lays stress on the fact of Diana's constancy; we are called upon to note that neither the deep love of a noble-hearted man, nor the frank adoration of a fine-natured youth, nor yet the temptation which wealth and rank naturally offer to a penniless little country girl, could lead her away from the passion which she fashioned for herself out of a pair of blue eyes and a [illegible] insufferably coxcombical manner. We, however, see nothing noble[illegible] either in her love or her constancy. That is [illegible] passion which some writers seem to think the best kind [illegible]

* *Diana Carew; or, for a Woman's Sake.* By Mrs. Forrester, Author of "Dolores," "My Hero," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1876.

that woman can feel is not, to our mind, so respectable as it is sad. We may pity the temperament which is prone to so ignoble a form of attachment, but we cannot idealize it, or hold it worthy of commendation; and the history of a young woman who lets herself love with unmistakable passion a man whose only merit is his beauty has an unpleasant flavour in it which not all Diana's fidelity nor Charlie's after devotion can do away with. "Hot love," with no deeper root than physical beauty on both sides, and opportunity to aid in the fascination of the senses, is not the most delightful form under which to paint the passion that has made men and women heroes and saints; but it is apparently the best that the author has been able to depict. The manner in which this story is told is not more to our taste than is the motive. When an author writes "Neither Colonel Fane nor I are," and the hero says "Let Miss Carew and I have our little secrets"; when a good-looking young cornet speaks of boys as "so lungeous," and a high-born lady says of a youth whom she has known, so far as we can make out, for about twenty-four hours, yet whom she calls by his pet name of "Curly," "I'm sure you would not swagger about a thing you could not do, and if you dance as well as you ride I should not mind waltzing all night with you"; when one married woman makes herself seductive to young men, and another meets her former lover in secret, and bewails her sad fate as represented by her husband—we know what we have to expect further on.

The characters of Lord Rexborough, Lady Gwyneth Desborough, Mrs. Huntingdon, and even Captain Montagu himself, Diana's idol and Mrs. Forrester's hero, are all simply odious; while Sir Hector Montagu is a monstrosity, apparently taken from life as to the leading lines, and tortured by exaggeration into a caricature. Lord Rexborough, it seems, was once a good, honest, but rather uncouth fellow, by name Jack Blount, who, without a sixpence, falls in love with the horsey Lady Gwyneth, the portionless daughter of an impecunious earl. He receives his dismissal, and she marries Mr. Desborough, who is generally called a "cad," by way of special description; though one does not see why he should be singled out for a term of opprobrium which would be more or less appropriate to all the characters alike. After she has married her cad, whose real name is Puggins, some obstructive relatives go to the bottom of the sea, and Jack Blount becomes Lord Rexborough. But in the brutal "satyr," who talks of Diana as a "clean-limbed and thoroughbred filly" whose "looks he likes," who stares with "bold eyes," and talks in a style "such as I should imagine," says Diana, "a commercial traveller might adopt to a barmaid," who makes love as much by personal violence as by impudent words, disgusting leerings, "hot breath," and the rest of it, we fail to see a trace of the rough and honest lover which we are expected to believe he had been in the days gone by; just as we fail to see in Lady Gwyneth one solitary trace of beautiful womanhood or the possibility of past sweetness. We have no kind of sympathy with the woes of young women who sell themselves to hateful husbands. They make the bargain with their eyes open, and the morality which pities them and finds excuses for their bad behaviour afterwards is fatally false and unjust. The horsey Lady Gwyneth, bold, fast, unwomanly, unwifely, with her inextinguished passion for her brutal Orson whose merits not the most charitable critic can discover, makes a picture wherein there is not a single trait to be commended; and Mrs. Huntingdon, though more lightly sketched, is no better. Lady Gwyneth is impudent, Mrs. Huntingdon seductive; but neither one nor the other is a fit companion for the *ingénue*, suddenly carried away from "nurse," papa, and the chickens, to be launched in the midst of very bad society, and that too by one who is spoken of as a womanly and very charming woman. We scarcely think, too, that such a person as Mrs. Warrington, who is meant to be all that is sweet and gracious, would have asked an Eton boy of fifteen, and his sister three years older, to meet such a questionable set as she had gathered round her. The Lady Gwyneths, Mrs. Huntingdons, Lord Rexboroughs, and even Charlie Montagus of the fast world are not usually given such prey as Diana and "Curly" Carew; and that Mrs. Warrington should have invited the two kinds of people together shows a strange want of perception in the author. The scenes where Diana is subjected to Lord Rexborough's peculiar method of love-making; those where Lady Gwyneth tries her hand on Curly; where Curly gets drunk; and where Diana shows her passion for Captain Montagu, are all in the worst possible taste, the "bad flavour" predominating in some, with infinite silliness in others.

When we come to life as it passes at Alford Court, with Sir Hector Montagu and his sons, we wonder still more from what odd depths the author has fished up her hideous models. Sir Hector is as great a brute in his way as Lord Rexborough is in his. He bullies his wife, who lives in tears and submission; is a demon to his servants, an autocrat to his sons; but in return those sons abuse him roundly to his young guest, and ask their mother "Don't you long and pray for the old man's death?" It is handsome Charlie who says this, with more to the same purpose; mimicking his father's manner, saying confidentially to "the Mater," "What on earth made you marry the Governor?" asking Diana what sort of time she has had—"Has my father d—d the servants much?" and offering, with her help and countenance, to "make the old gentleman an apple-pie bed," to hide his brushes, tie a string to his bed-clothes, or "practise any other witty little joke of the kind." Even solemn Hector, who is the *preux chevalier* of the story, follows suit, and thinks it no shame to show his hatred of his father to the girl whom he wishes to make his wife. If this is the author's experience of the gentry of England, we think it would have been more patriotic had she kept it to herself. Let us hope, however, that her country baronet is as purely her own invention as her *ingénue*—and her grammar, and that a Sir Hector Montagu, whose "lady was the Fetish he banged and battered incessantly," belongs to the world where the Japanese mermaid and the heraldic griffin are mainly to be found.

The ingenuousness of Diana is again one of those circumstances of a novelist's fancy which have no foundation in fact. She is eighteen when she pays her first visit to Mrs. Warrington; and at eighteen most young women, however innocent, have certain provisions of reticence and caution which prevent them from making absolute fools of themselves. But Diana is far too much of an *ingénue* to feel her way with anything like tact; and her confidences to Colonel Fane, who takes her in a manner under his protection, are odd, to say the least of them. When it comes to Charlie Montagu, with whom she falls in love solely on account of his beauty, her candour is of a kind that would more likely have alarmed that gentleman than pleased him. This is a small sample of the beginning of things:—

> I feel and probably look crestfallen, for Captain Montagu laughs lightly and says—
>
> "Don't look so frightened! Looks don't kill, you know! Come in, won't you?"
>
> I shut the door and go forward as I am bidden.
>
> "And how did you like the dance last night?" he asks in a tone the passage of which I might resent from anyone else.
>
> "Very much," I say, taking off my hat and looking fixedly at it, to prevent my eyes straying as they long to do to his face. "It was the first I ever was at."
>
> "Really!" (with languid curiosity). "Oh then you must have enjoyed it intensely!"
>
> "Must I?" I say, still not looking at him. "Why?"
>
> "Because I believe it is delightful to do anything for the first time—anything pleasant at least. At all events it can't bore you, and being bored is the curse of most people's lives."
>
> "Are you often bored?" I ask, looking at him with a great desire and curiosity to know something of his real feelings.
>
> "Very often" (smiling). "I was bored last night when you forsook me for the cornet."
>
> "Were you?" I say eagerly. "So was I." And then smitten with shame at my youthful sincerity, I bury my face in a book of photographs.

A little further on we come to more candour of the same kind:—

> "Of course it's impossible for any of us always to do right," I say, anxious to defend him even against himself.
>
> "But I am always doing what is wrong," he answers (maliciously making the worst of himself to vex me, I believe). "Somehow I seem to fall into it naturally. Ask my brother. He would tell you I wasn't at all fit company for such a good, well-brought-up little lady as you."
>
> "I should not believe him," I say with some warmth. "I do not believe you—you only say it to tease me."
>
> I stop, horribly ashamed of my *naïveté*. Oh why was I suddenly let loose from my rustic life upon society without any preparation?
>
> "No?" he says softly. "Would it really tease you to think I was a miserable sinner?" And all this time he has never once taken his eyes off me.
>
> "I should be sorry to think anybody was a miserable sinner," I answer confusedly.
>
> "Oh!" (in a disappointed tone, probably feigned), "then you are only a general missionary—you don't take any particular interest in me? You would be as sorry for the footman or the gardener if they were in a similarly unconverted state!"
>
> "Don't laugh at me, please," I say, looking imploringly at him. "You know I am only a little country girl, and I do so hate to be made fun of."

This edifying scene is broken in upon by Mrs. Huntingdon, who is flirting with the handsome Captain, and who calls him Charlie. Diana consoles herself for the lady's evident familiarity by the following reflection:—

> But I recover myself when I remember a fact that I have forgotten for the moment *she has a husband!* Blessed thought! It restores peace to my mind.
>
> Her fish has come out of the sea; she has hooked, devoured him; he purveys her with rich garments, with much store of worldly wealth, for which she requites him with frowns and sulks; but my fish is still in his native ocean. I have not even baited my hook yet. I may angle for a triton or a minnow, and catch—who knows?
>
> They are starting; I watch them jealously from behind the curtain, such a pair as limner might desire to paint or poet to immortalise in love-songs. The frown has gone from her brow, nay she smiles as she looks up at him. Yes, she is *very* handsome, I tell myself reluctantly.

The main thread of the story is the love of Hector Montagu for Diana, while she loves his younger brother Charles because he is "so beautiful," and therefore will have none of the elder and nobler, but sterner and less winning, of the two. In the beginning Charlie does not love her, though he makes love to her and "leads her on," by virtue of his proclivities which cause him to make love to every pretty woman with whom he comes in contact. As time goes on his simulated passion becomes a reality, and he breaks his promise to his brother not to try and win Diana, with that happy unconsciousness of a higher law and a purer morality which is characteristic of all the people in this book. When Hector becomes the baronet and owner of Alford Court, and finds that even now he can make no way with his charmer, he first of all tries drink and dissipation, then reads an old legend telling how a "sad knight" dies "for a woman's sake," underscores certain passages, wraps the book in paper, and directs the inner cover "For my sister-in-law if her name be Diana," the outer only "For my sister-in-law." After which he goes away and flings himself into the sea to save a boy who falls overboard, has cramp, and is drowned, "with the strange irony of Fate"—Mrs. Forrester is fond of capitals—going out of life "fighting his hardest to keep it when all these days and weeks past he had been longing for death,

and not knowing how or where to find it." Of course on this Diana marries Sir Charles, and "lives happy ever after," and the last page closes a story of mingled silliness and vulgarity such as we seldom have the ill fortune to read, or the disagreeable task of reviewing.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. MAXIME DU CAMP'S volume * leaves on the reader an impression of sadness in spite of the brilliant flashes of wit which appear in it from the first page to the last; for it is impossible to forget the fatal consequences of the revolution of 1848—a revolution accomplished by surprise, and the only result of which was to place the destinies of France for a short time in the hands of ambitious but incapable men. If ever any episode in the history of our neighbours was calculated to show the utterly mischievous character of the National Guard, it is certainly the narrative of the five months which ended in June 1848. The citizen-soldiers wanted to "give a lesson," as they said, to Louis-Philippe; but whilst the unfortunate King paid smartly for his extraordinary weakness, the lesson in his case was as transient as it was unprofitable, whereas the Paris *bourgeoisie* is still suffering under the effects of the reform banquets of 1848. We do not know what the admirers of MM. Louis Blanc, Ledru Rollin, Caussidière, and Odilon Barrot will think of the unceremonious way in which M. du Camp treats their idols; but we do not remember having ever read so curious and so bold a criticism on modern French revolutionists.

M. du Camp asks, by way of conclusion, whether it really was worth while making in February 1848 a revolution of which the necessary consequences were the riots of May 15 and of June 23, all for the sake of transforming M. Odilon Barrot into a Prime Minister. M. Barrot's own memoirs † supply a negative answer to this question; and it is some satisfaction to know that the politician who with Lamartine was chiefly concerned in the events of 1848 openly acknowledges his mistake. The introductory chapter of M. Odilon Barrot's third volume begins by stating that the new Republic could not live, because the vices of its organization were complicated by a series of imprudent and foolish acts; a declaration which implies the condemnation of M. Barrot's own conduct, and of all revolutionary Governments framed according to the same theory. The book now before us takes us from the election of Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic to the dismissal of the Liberal Cabinet in 1849; it includes, of course, a description of the *emeute* of June 13, and it is amusing to find the cause of order upheld by the very man whose whole career till then had been an apology for the revolution. M. Odilon Barrot does full justice to the efforts of the Constituent Assembly to correct and nullify the egregious blunders committed by the Provisional Government. So far, the Legislature which sprang into power after the downfall of Louis-Philippe deserves all praise; its mistakes began when it found itself face to face with a President whose ambition it suspected, and whose ulterior designs it dreaded. Cavaignac's loyalty was beyond doubt, and, besides, he had saved society from impending anarchy; accordingly the Assembly felt no scruple in giving up to him the power with which it was entrusted by the nation. Louis Napoleon, on the contrary, had the misfortune of arousing distrust in the minds of all true friends of liberty, and the Assembly, as M. Odilon Barrot remarks, stood in the position of an enemy who can only annoy, and whose ill-will is puerile because it is harmless.

M. Paul Allard is already favourably known by his translation of Messrs. Northcote and Brownlow's work on the catacombs of Rome. He now attempts to deal with the question of slavery ‡, and to show what was the share of Christianity in destroying one of the principal elements of heathen society. After the learned productions of MM. Wallon, Yanoski, Cochin, Möhler, and others, it might be thought that M. Allard's volume was hardly wanted; but we must not forget that a new historical school has sprung up in France, represented just now chiefly by M. Havet, which seeks to demonstrate that Christianity has really had very little, if anything, to do with civilization. In a solid work, betokening much careful reading and prefaced by a good introduction, M. Allard shows the fallacy of M. Havet's argument, and proves that the gradual abolition of serfdom is really due to the Church, and subsequently to the influence of Christian ideas leavening public opinion.

The readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* will not have forgotten M. Julian Klaczko's interesting articles published under the title *Deux Chanceliers*.§ Collected now in a handsome volume, these sketches will be favourably received as a valuable contribution to the history of modern politics. The complications which brought about the Franco-German war are intelligible to any one who has studied the careers of Prince Gortchakoff and Prince Bismarck, and accordingly the two parallel biographies written by M. Klaczko appeal with special force to the attention of French readers. The author takes in the first place a kind of retrospective view; he describes the family antecedents of the Russian and Prussian statesmen, and shows how they were led to play the important part which has been their share in the history of the nineteenth century. M. Klaczko says plainly in his preface that his readers must not expect from him anything *inédit*. The documents he quotes or summarizes have been long before the public, and his only duty has been to explain and comment on them. Anecdotes abound in this volume, which reminds us more than once of M. d'Ideville's *Souvenirs d'un diplomate*.

M. Mailfer undertakes * to defend democracy against the ultra-democrats, and to prove that what he describes as the transformist, dynamist, and evolutionist theories of the day are in flagrant contradiction to true republican principles. If mankind occupies no higher rank than the material creation, it follows that we are no longer responsible beings, and we fall under the empire of force. But the so-called dynamists, with a want of logic which is creditable to their better feelings, confess that man is endowed with the faculty of reason, for we could not otherwise penetrate into the regions of the unknowable; and, this concession once made, the notions of responsibility and liberty follow as a matter of course. The previous question being thus cleared up, M. Mailfer proceeds to show how the modern principle of democracy has affected the conditions of international law, and he discusses historically the views held by publicists and lawyers on the right of war, conquest, annexation, occupation, and colonization. As we have said, this book is written from the democratic point of view, but the postulate which M. Mailfer puts forth is one which politicians of every school must readily accept. The work is evidently the production of a scholar and an experienced political thinker.

Like M. Mailfer, the author of *La démocratie contemporaine* † is a decided Republican; he begins by saying that the theory of the *jus divinum* leads necessarily to that of "providential men," and is only fit for times of barbarism; he then takes for granted that the principle of equality is a direct result of the laws of nature, and that therefore forms of government are made for the people, and not *vice versâ*. It is not our business here to point out the flaws in M. Beaure's logic; we merely state the cardinal axiom from which are deduced all the applications contained in his volume. The various branches of the public service pass successively under review, and the last chapter is devoted to a brief survey of the present state and probable future of European nations. The picture here drawn will strike some of M. Beaure's readers as slightly fanciful, but the wonderful elasticity with which France has recovered her position so soon after the war may well call forth feelings of pride in the minds of Frenchmen.

The third volume of Messrs. Hachette's edition of Molière ‡ is now before us, containing *Les fâcheux*, *L'école des femmes*, with its accompanying *Critique*, and *L'impromptu de Versailles*. These three plays are certainly not among the best productions of the author, but they are historically most interesting. The *Fâcheux* is the first, chronologically speaking, of Molière's *comédies-ballets*, and we know, besides, that it was composed for the magnificent entertainment given to Louis XV. by Foucquet, and which led to the *surintendant's* disgrace. The *Ecole des femmes* marks another epoch in the author's life. It was the greatest success he ever obtained, and his enemies took the opportunity of showing their spite by a deluge of pamphlets, in which he was attacked, not only as a writer, but personally. The *Impromptu de Versailles* may be considered to be Molière's refutation of his accusers. He held them up to the ridicule of the Court, and Boursault, in particular, was treated with an amount of severity which was perfectly merited, although it went beyond the bounds of strict moderation. All these details of literary history, and many others, are fully given in the excellent introductions and notes with which M. Despois has illustrated the several comedies published in this volume.

It would be difficult perhaps to mention two poets more totally different from each other than Molière and Théophile Gautier.§ Both have shed upon French literature a lustre which will not perish; and, if the author of *Tartuffe* holds the first rank on the list of classical writers, the romantic school has not a more illustrious name to boast of than that of the genius who forty years ago gave us the *Comédie de la mort*. Up to the present time the poems of Théophile Gautier had never been carefully edited, and even now it seems that many of his lyrics, buried in the *feuilletons* of the Paris daily papers, or in the columns of reviews and magazines, have escaped the patient researches of the friend to whom we are indebted for the two volumes now before us. We heartily welcome this new and important addition to the *Bibliothèque Charpentier*. The first volume contains the poems published in 1830, the legend entitled "Albertus," and the fugitive pieces composed as late as 1838; in the second we find the *Comédie de la mort*, the posthumous works, and a certain number of lyrics which were found in manuscript amongst the author's papers. We can thus follow the entire development of Théophile Gautier's poetical genius, and study the character of that wonderful artist, who, notwithstanding his cynical pretensions, has given throughout his writings so many proofs of genuine feeling.

The notion of publishing a yearly handbook of the stage and of musical performances is not a new one, but it has never before

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* *Souvenirs de l'année* 1848. Par Maxime du Camp. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

† *Mémoires posthumes d'Odilon Barrot*. Vol. 3. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Les esclaves chrétiens*. Par Paul Allard. Paris: Didier.

§ *Deux Chanceliers*. Par M. Julian Klaczko. Paris: Plon.

* *De la démocratie dans ses rapports avec le droit international*. Par H. C. Mailfer. Paris: Guillaumin.

† *La démocratie contemporaine*. Par A. Beaure. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Œuvres de Molière*. Publiées avec des notes, etc. par M. E. Despois. Vol. 3. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *Théophile Gautier: poésies complètes*. Paris: Charpentier

been carried out with the completeness which distinguishes M. Sarcey's volume.* Let no one imagine that a work of this kind is easily prepared, and that it requires nothing but the dull exactness of an almanac. If you wish to do more than give a dry nomenclature, you undertake the duties of the [illegible] and, as M. Sarcey remarks, a readable and impartial *pré* [illegible] the touchstone of an experienced writer. We have [illegible] Sarcey in connexion with the *Annales du théâtre*: but [illegible] no more correct to say that he acts only as the chaperon of MM. Edouard Noël and Edmond Stoullig; he is, however, responsible to a certain extent for the [illegible] dramatic [illegible] whom he introduces, and the collaborateurs [illegible] the volume, which exhausts the wide subject of drama and music for the year 1875.

The second volume of M. Daniel's *Année politique*† is in certain respects a decided improvement on the first; besides giving a very full and impartial sketch of the history of France during the last twelve months, it has allowed a larger space to State papers and other official documents, and it is completed by a table of synchronisms.

M. Louis Figuier's year-book‡ is also an old friend, and the information it supplies as to scientific discoveries, publications, inventions, &c., renders it very valuable. Many rival works have from time to time aimed at supplanting the *Année scientifique*; but none has succeeded. A glance at the contents of the volume for 1875 shows that in the various applications of natural philosophy and chemistry there has been no lack of useful activity during the last twelve months; the biographical notices, summaries of the meetings held by learned Societies with the table and alphabetical index, are, as usual, very correct and very complete.

Why should M. Ch. Desmaze take so desponding a view of the University of France, and pronounce, so to say, its funeral oration in his new volume?§ That the State should no longer claim a monopoly of teaching does not affect in the smallest degree the existence of our author's *alma parens*, and he ought to know that as late as the eighteenth century the various religious corporations, the Jesuits and the Oratorians, for instance, had schools over which the State had no control whatever. If the University of France is worthy of its fame, the competition of other educational centres will do it good instead of harm; and it seems to us singularly illogical that the most ardent friends of liberty on the other side of the Channel should be at the same time so eager to deny its application to intellectual training. Setting aside, however, all controversial topics, M. Desmaze's book may be usefully consulted as a work of reference; within the limits of three hundred and fifty pages it would have been impossible to give more than a few statistical details; and by suppressing a number of particulars referring to the polemics of the day, the author would have been able to present his readers with a still more satisfactory sketch than that which he now places before us.

M. Xavier Marmier‖ is so thoroughly experienced in the art of travelling that he speaks with authority when he discourses about foreign climes. The duodecimo which he has just published is a series of summaries of books of travel; but he is able to bring the result of his own experience either to confirm or to refute the assertions of tourists, and thus his criticisms have an exceptional value. In the last chapter, which touches more particularly on emigration, and in the introductory one, devoted to the question of colonies, he endeavours to point out how far the French share in the love of locomotion which is so general just now. Whatever may have been the *casanier* habits of our neighbours formerly, they are certainly much improved in that respect, for some of the ablest books recently issued from the Paris press are books of travel—witness M. de Carné's volume which M. Xavier Marmier reviews in this work; witness also the amusing description¶ of M. Meignan's overland journey from Paris to Pekin. China, let us add, is not the country respecting which M. Meignan gives us the most striking details; Siberia has chiefly attracted his notice, and he endeavours to rehabilitate in public opinion a country hitherto regarded as a kind of wilderness, on the threshold of which the famous *lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate* might appropriately be engraved. If we may believe M. Meignan, Siberia is a thriving country, and its principal cities—Tomsk, for instance—are commercial centres capable of holding their own against the busiest emporiums of more civilized nations. The district of Transbaïkalia boasts of gold mines so abundant that, compared with it, California itself is an exhausted land, destined to be very speedily abandoned by the diggers. Of course between town and town there extends a large tract of desolate and uninhabited steppes; but as the Imperial agents are compelled in the discharge of their duties to travel on an average more than thirty thousand miles a year, there is an amount of activity which contrasts singularly with the ideas of exile, of stagnation, and of misery current in Western Europe with those who talk or write about Siberia. Then, as far as political offenders are concerned, it is no doubt extremely annoy[illegible] that you are not at liberty to leave the district assi[illegible] within those limits the persons consi[illegible] fullest liberty, and in Siberian society, which consists [illegible] of men of business, they are the literary, intellectual, an[illegible] element. M. Meignan is at any rate an amusing guide for the traveller who may feel disposed to face the asperities of the climate—and to spend forty consecuti[illegible] on the list of literary celebrities, and he has no pretensions to originality; but it is pleasant to hear what an accomplished scholar thinks about Lucretius and Rabelais, Bossuet and La Fontaine, and one is always sure of learning something in the society of the editor of the *Temps*. English readers who take up these *Études critiques*‡ will naturally turn to the chapters treating of the works with which they are most familiar, and the articles on Shakspeare, Milton, and Sterne will probably attract them in preference to those on Machiavel and Goethe, they will find in M. Schérer a critic who has thoroughly studied their national literature. Thus the various points of view from which Shakspeare has been appreciated in France and in Germany are well described, beginning with the comments of Lessing and of the romantic school, and ending with the biographical explanations of Professor Rümelin. Under the singular title *Le cabaret du Mouton Blanc*, M. Schérer has endeavoured to give a sketch of Boileau's friends, and to contribute a page to the gossiping history of the seventeenth century. Molière and La Fontaine were, as is well known, somewhat less regular in their everyday habits than in their compositions; but, on the other hand, Boileau and Racine are names which are commonly identified with decorum, method, and stiffness almost carried to excess. Our author shows that such a notion is untenable, and that if we wish to know Racine and Boileau thoroughly, we must watch them as they carouse together in the dingy taproom of the "Mouton Blanc."

It is impossible to analyse a volume of detached thoughts, and M. Agénor Gasparin's book falls under this category; but we can at least state the impression it has produced upon us, and as La Rochefoucauld's Maxims may be defined the code of selfishness, so the *Pensées de liberté*† are the outpourings of a mind in which Christianity and liberty have joined in a natural and happy union. Like his friend and fellow-religionist, M. de Pressensé, Count de Gasparin has always seemed to French Republicans a champion of freedom spoilt by Puritanism, a kind of Don Quixote in pursuit of an ideal which cannot be realized in this world. The fact is that he is guilty of telling Liberals that they are not always true to their principles, and of honestly pointing out the less admirable side of the French character.

M. Lavollée is not the first French writer‡ who has taken Channing as the subject of his studies. M. Laboulaye and M. de Rémusat had preceded him in composing biographical sketches of the American preacher and philanthropist. The difference between M. Lavollée and the writers we have just named is that he has undertaken to carry out a programme set by the Académie des Sciences morales et politiques, which invited a study of Channing's character, considered chiefly as an abolitionist and a friend of education. It is often said that the truths advocated and enforced by Channing are mere commonplaces; but, as M. Saint-Marc Girardin well remarks in his work on Rousseau, the notion of duty deserves that appellation more perhaps than any other, and yet would the greatest optimist be bold enough to say that it can ever be superfluous to enforce moral obligations? M. Lavollée's volume, completed as it is by translated extracts from Channing's works, deserves to be popular in France.

The novels of the past month are neither worse nor better than usual. M. Alphonse Daudet's *Contes du Lundi*§, pleasantly written, have no pretension to be more than simple sketches, where history and fancy, poetry and satire, hold equal places. M. Hector Malot's *Auberge du monde*‖, after having begun in a manner which promised well, has dragged its way through four distinct episodes, each of which is inferior to the previous one, the last, entitled *Thérèse*, ending amongst the horrors of the siege of Paris. George Sand's recent tales¶, without being in any way remarkable, still show that wonderful command of language which is unsurpassed by any French writer of fiction. The *Ménages militaires*** of Mme. de Chaudeneux** are interesting descriptions of a class of society very little known to most readers; it was rather dangerous, perhaps, to challenge a comparison with Alfred de Vigny's celebrated volume, but the author has, we think, made good her claims as an original and clever novelist.

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* *Les annales du théâtre et de la musique.* Par E. Noël et E. Stoullig. Avec une préface de M. F. Sarcey. Paris: Charpentier.

† *L'année politique* 1875. Par André Daniel. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *L'année scientifique et industrielle.* Par Louis Figuier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *L'université de Paris.* Par Charles Desmaze. Paris: Charpentier.

‖ *Les pays lointains.* Par X. Marmier. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *De Paris à Pékin par terre.* Par Victor Meignan. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Études critiques sur la littérature.* Par E. Schérer. Paris: Lévy.

† *Pensées de liberté.* Par le comte Agénor de Gasparin. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Channing, sa vie et sa doctrine.* Par R. Lavollée. Paris: Plon.

§ *Contes du Lundi.* Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Charpentier.

‖ *L'auberge du monde; Thérèse.* Par Hector Malot. Paris: Dentu.

¶ *La tour de Percemont; Marianne.* Par George Sand. Paris: Lévy.

** *Les ménages militaires* Vols. 1 & 2. Par Ch[illegible] Chaudeneux. Paris: Plon.

THE

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THE BUDGET.

THE addition of a penny to the Income-tax, which is the only important part of the Budget, is unsatisfactory and disappointing. One of the effects of the change will be the revival of the agitation against the principle of the tax, which is only just when it is permanent and equable, and which is only tolerable when it is low. The present increase may perhaps continue for one or two years, and in that time it will have deranged the due proportion of burdens between earnings and incomes derived from property. The taxpayer whose income is worth five years' purchase will, if the additional penny is levied for a single year, have paid six or seven times his proper quota in comparison with a fundholder or landholder. After many years of controversy, economists, if not popular orators, are agreed on the proposition that a permanent and unvarying tax on income falls equally and justly on earnings and on property. Mr. HUBBARD, indeed, can never be convinced that it is not the business of financiers to readjust the relations of different classes of the community. Because a trader is less rich than a landowner of equal income, he asks the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to redress the balance of fortune. An extension and logical application of the principle would lead to an equal division of property. If Sir S. NORTHCOTE had not added a penny to the tax, perhaps Mr. HUBBARD would not have taken occasion to propound his fanciful theory, nor would Mr. SAMPSON LLOYD'S constituents have already begun to agitate for a total abolition of the tax. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER himself gave undue encouragement to the prejudices which it was his business to correct. Unfortunately, Chancellors of the Exchequer never allow five years to pass without some more or less capricious alteration of the rate. When Sir S. NORTHCOTE proposed his first Budget there seemed reason to hope that a sounder system was about to commence. It is to be regretted that he then disposed of a surplus of six millions, and that he now thinks it necessary to impose an increase of fifty per cent. on the burdens of the payer of Income-tax. It is true that there are strong objections to any plan of a temporary addition to indirect taxes. The derangement of trade which might result from an increase of the spirit duties would perhaps be more mischievous in practice than a change in the percentage of Income-tax. The necessity for an increased provision of revenue ought to be vigilantly watched when a Finance Minister can only choose between two inconvenient and objectionable taxes. It is now too late to object to former reductions of taxation which have for the present year created an estimated deficiency. It would perhaps have been prudent to establish the rule that in ordinary years there should be an estimated surplus of from one to two millions. The excess of receipts over payments would, under the provisions of the existing law, have been applied to the reduction of debt; and in unfavourable seasons the surplus would have operated as a reserve fund to render taxation equal and regular.

A small margin would have obviated the necessity of a change in the Income-tax percentage. The estimated deficiency was 774,000*l.*, or, after the abolition of a [illegible] tax on servants occasionally employed, it reached 800,000*l.* Of this amount no less than 570,000*l.* is required for the Sinking Fund instituted in 1875; while 150,000*l.* is provided for interest and Sinking Fund on the Suez Canal purchase. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER expressed a decorous confidence that the Khedive will, in performance of his contract, pay the sum to the English Government; but it is thought expedient to provide against possible failure or delay. It unluckily happens that a new Post Office which will cost 100,000*l.* is urgently required at Manchester; and if these three items had been excluded from the Estimate the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER might without additional taxation have presented an equilibrium to Parliament. The ordinary growth of revenue has, as if for the purpose of justifying fresh taxation, been estimated at a sum far below the average increase. But for the Sinking Fund, it would have been possible to postpone changes for the present year; and probably they might at the end of the time not have been found necessary. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE shares with the House of Commons, and especially with the members of the last Government, the responsibility of adopting and applying the modern doctrine that it is necessary to pay off or reduce the National Debt. If the principle is admitted, his machinery is simpler and more economical than Mr. GLADSTONE'S plan of disguising the process of payment; nor would it be possible to carry much further the system of Terminable Annuities, which are almost unsaleable in the open market. The present Budget will perhaps diminish the zeal which has been exhibited for the reduction of Debt. No financial skill or knowledge is required for the appreciation of a burdensome increase of taxation which is extracted from the pockets of the community to be invested at 3¼ per cent. There is much force in Sir S. NORTHCOTE'S appeal to the House of Commons not to abandon in the second year a great experiment which was initiated in accordance with popular or Parliamentary opinion; but there was no kind of necessity for providing any Sinking Fund beyond the current surpluses of prosperous years.

The poorer class of payers of Income-tax receive a bonus which will prevent them from joining in agitation against the increased percentage. The limit of exemption is raised from 100*l.* to 150*l.*, to the theoretical relief of artisans who never paid at all, and for the more substantial benefit of more needy and more solvent contributors. The return to Sir R. PEEL'S original limit is probably justifiable. Sir S. NORTHCOTE is the first to allow a large deduction on incomes of no less than 400*l.* Up to that amount the taxpayer will only be charged on the excess of his income over 120*l.* The recipient of 400*l.* a year will therefore, as Mr. LEWIS calculated, pay, at the rate of 3*d.* in the pound, only 3*s.* 4*d.* more than at the former percentage of 2*d.* Exemptions and reductions have certainly been now carried far enough, nor would it be prudent to approach more nearly to the vicious system of a graduated tax. It is not desirable that taxation and representation should be absolutely and finally dissociated. A penny in the pound during the last year produced 2,000,000*l.*, to be compared with 750,000*l.* received when the Income-tax was first imposed. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER estimates the tax after the proposed exemptions at about 1,800,000*l.* for each penny, and he will probably find that the higher rate diminishes the proportional return. Between 1,400,000*l.* and 1,500,000*l.* will accrue during the financial year, leaving a surplus of more than 300,000*l.* There will as usual be supplementary estimates in the course of the Session, and probably the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER hopes to meet unforeseen demands by means of an elasticity of revenue which he has not professedly anticipated. The general fall in wages and the dulness of trade [illegible] their natural effect in diminishing the consumption

of beer, spirits, and tobacco. It is surprising that the receipts for Excise duties have not fallen off more considerably, while the Customs duties have increased. The productiveness of the Stamps may possibly be attributed to a casual increase of the Succession duties, but the revenue returns in general show that the national prosperity is not seriously impaired.

For the increased expenditure which renders new taxation necessary the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is only responsible as a member of the Government. In adding to the pay of the army, and in providing for an additional outlay on the navy, the Ministers have acted in accordance with general opinion and feeling. The large increase which has taken place within two or three years in the Civil Service Estimates is, according to Sir S. NORTHCOTE, exclusively due to the growing demands for education and to the subsidies which have, at the instance of large majorities of the House of Commons, been granted in relief of local taxation. Experience sufficiently proves that the national expenditure has a tendency to become larger and larger. Prices have risen greatly, and the Government is the largest of consumers, while the sphere of its activity is constantly enlarging. Few members share Mr. RYLANDS's regret for the failure of Mr. COBDEN's favourite scheme of putting the Government on an allowance. Mr. PERCEVAL had anticipated the modern economist by attempting to conduct the Peninsular war at a fixed charge; but the result of the experiment was not encouraging. Private persons, who necessarily regulate their expenditure by their incomes, are compelled to dispense with many useful and agreeable things which money would purchase. There is no reason why the country at large should practise self-denial, except where the cost exceeds the advantage. Additional taxation will perhaps stimulate the virtue of frugality; but an unsatisfactory Budget teaches other things besides the expediency of checking the growth of Army and Navy Estimates. When the apparently irrepressible elasticity of the revenue is once more illustrated by a surplus, the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day will do well to resist reductions of taxes to the whole extent of the disposable margin. It may be hoped that next year the fifty per cent. addition to the Income-tax may be repealed; but no other impost urgently requires either reduction or abolition. The natural growth of the public income ought to keep pace with the constant increase of expenditure.

MR. CAVE'S REPORT.

IF the object of Mr. CAVE's mission was to furnish the English public with a little trustworthy information about Egyptian finance that object has been attained. No reader, on laying down the Report, can say that he has not learned much about Egypt which he did not know before, or knew only in a vague and untrustworthy way. The general result may be stated as follows. Egypt owes seventy-five millions sterling, and has a reasonable prospect of being able to pay seven per cent. interest on the amount, and to provide a sinking fund by which in fifty years the debt would be paid off. The first questions that suggest themselves are, how does it happen that Egypt owes seventy-five millions sterling, and how can it be shown that interest on this amount could be provided? The answer to the first question is very simple. With the exception of the comparatively small sums raised by the KHEDIVE's predecessor, and by the present KHEDIVE to pay his predecessor's debts, the money borrowed has gone to help the Suez Canal. It is true that a sum so considerable as thirty millions sterling has been laid out by the KHEDIVE on other public works. In railways alone he has spent thirteen or fourteen millions, and he has got 1,210 miles of railway actually at work. But the excess of revenue over expenditure has been sufficient to provide the money. It was mainly the Suez Canal that made him a borrower, although perhaps some of the premature schemes on which he entered for improving his estates helped to swell the amount borrowed. The loans have produced much less than the nominal amount borrowed, and the interest and redemption of the loans have had to be met by fresh borrowings. When this process is carried on for a series of years at a charge never less than twelve per cent., it is easy to see how the cash which the KHEDIVE has had for the purposes of the Suez Canal has been very much less than the nominal amount of his indebtedness would suggest. At the same time it must not be supposed that, if the Suez Canal had not been made, the KHEDIVE could have done all the other things he has done and yet kept clear of debt. In seven years, from 1864 to 1871, the revenue increased fifty per cent., and a large part of this increase must be put down to the stimulus given to Egyptian trade by the construction of the Canal. However, as time went on, the financial difficulties of the KHEDIVE went on increasing, as the difficulties of every one increase who meets the requirements of old loans by borrowing again. In 1873 a great effort was made to put things straight once for all, and a gigantic loan for thirty-two millions sterling was launched. But he had got into the webs of the spoilers. The loan was not a success, and the demands of financiers were very heavy. The KHEDIVE found himself a debtor, and went on from hand to mouth, borrowing at any rate demanded by any one who would lend him the money. Last autumn bankruptcy stared him in the face, and was only averted by the sudden purchase of the Canal shares. Four millions, however, was far too small a sum to put him anything like straight. He still has a floating debt of twenty-one millions, or rather this was what he owed when Mr. CAVE made up his figures. As it is said that he is paying twenty per cent. for some of the money he owes, even a week makes a considerable variation in the real figure.

The statistics by which Mr. CAVE shows what Egypt can do to meet its liabilities are made somewhat complicated by an arrangement entered into by the KHEDIVE for the conversion of half the Land-tax. The redemption of this half is purchased by instalments extending over fourteen years. When these instalments are all paid, the revenue will be diminished not only by their discontinuance, but by the permanent reduction of the Land-tax. Whilst they go on they serve to pay off two loans of short dates not included in the seventy-five millions. But, taking into account the natural growth of the revenue, Mr. CAVE is still able to show that the interest which he proposes should be paid on the debt might be provided for. The result is so much more important than the steps by which it is reached that it is unnecessary to go into details. But what is most necessary to notice is the assumption which evidently possessed Mr. CAVE's mind during the whole of his stay in Egypt. His whole Report is framed on the supposition that Egypt would somehow be treated for the future like a native Indian State. He does not say this in so many words; but he continually points out that what is really wanted in Egypt is the presence of a body of officials like those who administer affairs in India. He has before his mind the vision of a trustworthy, omnipotent staff of persons exactly suited to the task, who should not only see to the application of the revenue, but who should keep the native officials in strict subordination, should ascertain that even the humblest labourers were protected from extortion, and should take care that the KHEDIVE did not exceed the handsome allowance that would be made him for the ornamental purposes of State. There is not the slightest value in Mr. CAVE's figures or calculations unless his fundamental hypothesis be granted him. What his mission may really have been no one unacquainted with the secrets of the Cabinet can undertake to say. But there cannot be the slightest doubt what Mr. CAVE himself conceived to be the nature of his mission. He had only one thought, and that was to make it clear to himself whether, if Egypt were placed under an English protectorate, it could be made to pay its way. As his figures gradually unfolded themselves before him he had the satisfaction of ascertaining that this could be done. The bondholders would have had to make a slight nominal sacrifice, for the date of the redemption of their bonds would be postponed. But Mr. CAVE rightly judged that they would readily sanction an operation by which the market value of their bonds would be at once raised to par; and that he assumed that the market value actually would be so raised is evident, as he sees no difficulty in paying off the twenty-one millions now owing in cash by the issue of new bonds to the same amount. There is no reason to doubt the correctness of Mr. CAVE's views on this head. Seven per cent. interest would be a very sufficient inducement to capitalists if the receipt of the stipulated sum were ensured by the establishment of an English Protectorate. It thus appears that Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not at all go beyond the truth when he said that Mr. CAVE's Report showed that, under good management, Egypt could pay its way. The only

thing he forgot to add was that by good management was meant the exclusive management of all Egyptian affairs by English officials, with recognized indisputable authority. What he said was quite correct; but then what he omitted to say was equally important, and this omission was no doubt the innocent cause of very considerable perturbation and confusion on the Stock Exchange.

Without the effectual aid of a foreign Power Egypt is, on Mr. CAVE'S showing, hopelessly and unavoidably bankrupt. She owes twenty-one millions plus the accumulations since Mr. CAVE framed his Report, and cannot possibly get the money to pay them. The question of the moment is whether any Power will come to her aid. Our Ministry has, we may suppose, at last made up its mind, and will stand aloof. The grand visions which floated before the mind of Mr. CAVE, and perhaps of those higher still whose ideas Mr. CAVE at least fancied he was reproducing, have died away before the common sense of the ordinary English world. It remains to be seen whether France will take the place which England has left vacant. It may seem surprising that the notion of so hazardous an undertaking should be entertained for a moment by the French Government. But very great pressure is brought to bear on it. A serious financial crisis in France is apprehended if aid is withheld. The French are the great holders of Egyptian stocks; the recent purchases of those stocks have been made almost entirely on French account; and the bankruptcy of Egypt would involve the bankruptcy of many French societies of great standing, and the ruin or distress of thousands of French families. The Government, which has by no means a secure or comfortable position in the present state of French politics, may naturally be dismayed at the thought of having to face the catastrophe of a great financial panic, for which the unreflecting indignation of sufferers would hold it, however unjustly, accountable. Nor is the pressure put on the Government a merely financial one. Political feelings intervene. There is an anxiety, as to the depth and extent of which Englishmen cannot pretend to judge, that France should seize the opportunity of showing that she is not to be ousted from her supremacy in a country which for eighty years she has considered as her own special dependency. The feeling to which M. DE LESSEPS so successfully appealed when he wished to get the original capital for the Canal subscribed still survives; and the triumph of eclipsing England in the East would be sweet to many patriotic Frenchmen. The real difficulty is, that to do a little would be almost the same as to do nothing. Egypt would be no further forward if a few millions were got together with immense difficulty and at an immense cost, and the bulk of the floating debt left unpaid. The only effectual course is to give investors the guarantee of the administration of Egypt being altogether under French direction. The French Government must either take over Mr. CAVE'S Report with its engagements, or have nothing to do with the risks of the Egyptian racecourse. To buy the protectorate of Egypt is a very big and serious thing, even for a country with money and spirit like France. Nor is it quite certain that the KHEDIVE would prefer a protectorate to bankruptcy. It is a choice of evils, and he may think a protectorate the greater evil of the two.

THE LORDS AND THE ROYAL TITLES BILL.

ALL that could be said for the unhappy Royal Titles Bill was said by the LORD CHANCELLOR. His mission was to make things pleasant. He endeavoured to show, and, so far as an amiable sort of special pleading could show it, he did show, that it was the title of Queen that would reflect glory on the Empress, and not the other way. Emperors and Empresses are poor creatures, but necessary after their sort; but now they may hold up their heads, for Queen VICTORIA has condescended to join their humble throng. For the Oriental world the CHANCELLOR spoke in a vein of Oriental imagery. The natives are invited to take notice that a beneficent lustre is going to be poured over their Sovereign. The QUEEN will, as it were, irradiate the Empress for their benefit. And every precaution will be taken that the irradiating process does not act in the wrong way. The LORD CHANCELLOR expressly announced that in all writs, commissions, patents, and charters intended to operate within the United Kingdom the Royal style is to continue as it is, without any addition. This is really what the Opposition has gained by its long and apparently fruitless struggle. Nor is the gain at all to be despised. The introduction of the title of Empress under protest will be a very different thing from what its introduction without protest would have been. A danger has been run which the Ministry, with a little tact and good sense, might have easily avoided altogether. But no one can fairly say that there will not be some safeguard in the public recognition by the Ministry that "Empress" is a word alien to the traditions, and one that ought to be always alien to the feelings, of Englishmen. It is conceded that this objectionable word is never to appear in any writ, commission, or patent operating in territory where the higher title of Queen is held sacred; that people who calculate in rupees may have a title for the Sovereign which at least one Commissioner, one almanac-maker, and the compiler of a school-book have offered them already, but that we, with our different habits, may keep to the title to which for a thousand years England has been accustomed. Things no doubt look a little brighter than they did. Very much, no doubt, depends on the course taken by those in high authority when the change of title first comes into operation. The Proclamation itself may offer an occasion for a good start, and it may safely be conjectured that the Proclamation will be framed with much more care and much more sensitiveness to criticism than if Parliament had not spent so much time in discussing the mischiefs of domestic Imperialism. But it will be in little things and by slight signs that those who can give a salutary direction to effusive loyalty will find their influence for good greatest. If it is but once known that the QUEEN is very much prouder of being Queen of England than Empress of India, and has taken to heart what may be termed the beneficent-lustre theory of her CHANCELLOR, courtiers will be awed into decency, and even illumination-makers into something like sense. The CHANCELLOR himself might do much to help. If, when a Lord Mayor spoke of an Empress in his presence, he would but look as grave and shocked as if an oath had interrupted the flow of ordinary discourse, the delinquent would despair of any beneficent lustre ever irradiating his humble head. The language of the Ministry in the earlier debates was like its language about the cattle plague before Mr. REED resigned. The language of the CHANCELLOR last Monday was like the language of the Ministry about the cattle plague after Mr. REED resigned. There is a firmness and heartiness in the present dislike of the Cabinet to sick cows which is supposed to be very comforting to farmers; and the public that dislikes Imperialism may now perhaps hope that its position will not be much worse than that of those for whom Mr. REED sacrificed himself with so much glory and success.

Lord SELBORNE followed the CHANCELLOR and did all that skill in advocacy could do to establish the proposition that even for India Empress is the wrong title and Queen the right one. He naturally noticed that the CHANCELLOR had been far too cautious to repeat Mr. DISRAELI'S astonishing argument for the new title, that it was a cheap way of defending ourselves against Russia. Lord CAIRNS is not the sort of person to pick up a hot coal because a rash friend has dropped it in his way. Lord SELBORNE also took a curious legal point, and suggested that, if the promise of the Ministry should be carried out, and writs run as heretofore after the title of Empress has been assumed, the Courts might hold them bad on the authority of a case in the time of CHARLES II., where a writ was held bad because it did not set out that the KING was King of Scotland. But all this was only the garnishing of Lord SELBORNE'S main argument. He contended that "Emperor" was in itself inappropriate; for, properly speaking, an Emperor meant an elective military chief, and scarcely ever implied a ruler of rulers. Of no country can it now be said that the Emperor is a ruler of rulers except Germany; and although it is not implied in the title of King that he is a ruler of rulers, yet the history of France shows that such a position is quite consistent with the title of King. This appears to us to be riding the antiquarian hobby rather too hard. We cannot go back to CESAR or the early CAPETS; we must take the words as used now. If it were perfectly certain that we in England should know nothing of the new title, and that it would never in the least degree affect our language or ideas, and if the bare question had to be resolved whether Empress or Queen was, if tried by the standard of modern usage, the most appropriate title for the Sovereign of India, we believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred impartial men of any nation in Europe would at once say "Empress."

If nothing were at issue but a mere verbal nicety, if we were in the position of little boys making Latin verses, and had to look out in the Gradus and choose between two epithets, the choice of Empress seems a better choice than that of Queen. It is precisely because we are not dealing with a verbal nicety affecting India, but with a question of what may be very practical policy affecting England, that we regret the decision of the Ministry. Empress is a word slightly more accurate than Queen as describing a ruler of rulers in India. But it also happens to be a word which, from a combination of causes, is a very bad word for the Sovereign in England. Again we go to modern usage, and we find the recent history of the word vulgarized by association with upstart rulers, and with the pretensions of rulers who affect to be greater rulers than Kings. Therefore, as the Ministry, making its final utterance through the CHANCELLOR, owns that it is not a fit word for the Sovereign of England, the only question is whether it was of any use, for the sake of a mere verbal nicety, to run the risk of this inappropriate word being used here.

As to India, who can doubt that Lord LAWRENCE spoke a piece of plain undeniable truth when he said that the natives would like the QUEEN to assume a new title, but would be absolutely indifferent as to whether the particular title chosen was Queen or Empress of India? The whole question is non-existent to them except to the handful that may read or hear something of what has been said in Parliament. The title, to have any meaning for the mass, must be in an Oriental language, and this Oriental title they will get anyhow. A few, a very few, will have a dim idea of the arguments for and against "Empress" that have been used here. They will learn that some great Englishmen said that the word Empress was a grand word; and possibly some Oriental expressions may be found adequate to reproduce the magniloquence of Lord CARNARVON, who said that he claimed the word Empress as the "record of "that triumphant power which is the result of a long "emblazonment of historic successes." Lord CARNARVON has too refined a taste to believe that this is English, but he was probably translating back from what he thought would be the Hindustani for what he meant to say. The natives will further hear that other great Englishmen say that Empress is a bad, objectionable word, and they will learn that the inventors of the title agree so far in this opinion that they have undertaken to keep the word as far as possible out of English use. Lastly, it is to be hoped that they may get to understand the beautiful theory of the CHANCELLOR. The more educated natives are fond of studying systems of philosophy, and their knowledge, which, if shallow, is extensive, will suffice to suggest to them that the history of philosophy [illegible] where it started. There is a system started. There is a diametrically opposite system which reconciliates and blends the two, and makes the perfect ball again. Such a theory of reconciliation has been suggested by the fertile brain of Lord CAIRNS. Standing alone, there would not be much to be said for it. But it will not stand alone. Queen will [illegible] before it, and Queen will irradiate it with its benevolent lustre over it, make it sweet, bright, and good. If the word does not thrill Baboos with delight, we may be sure that nothing Englishmen could think of would do it.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

MANY weeks have passed since the acceptance by the Porte of the Austrian Note; but the prospects of the pacification of Herzegovina are still obscure. One or two skirmishes of more or less importance have since occurred, with results which seem, on a comparison of doubtful evidence, to have been favourable to the insurgents. The loud declarations of the chiefs that they would listen to no overtures of peace were of course not to be accepted as final. General RODICH is still holding interviews with representatives of the insurgents; and the Prince of MONTENEGRO has, for the purpose of facilitating negotiations, agreed to victual a Turkish fort from day to day. The Turkish generals and the insurgent leaders refuse to hold communication with one another for the purpose of arranging an armistice; but in the meantime both parties keep within their own lines, so that a truce practically exists. It is impossible to trust the reports which are freely circulated by all parties to the dispute, and by strangers. The Slavonic imagination is fertile of inventions. According to one account the Prince of MONTENEGRO considers war inevitable; but it is also stated that he expects an accession of territory as a reward for his neutrality. The Servians, who are at the same time arming and assuring the Austrian Government that they have no warlike intentions, are, perhaps not without good reason, jealous of Montenegro. Probably all the petty States and divided factions are waiting to ascertain the policy of the Great Powers before they determine to gratify the hostility to Turkey which they all feel in common. A powerful section of politicians at Constantinople would welcome an immediate rupture both with Servia and Montenegro, in the confidence that neither a single Principality nor [illegible] united could withstand the power of the Porte, both financial difficulties which impede at every point the [illegible] of the Government are not fully appreciated by its advisers.

The insurrection has in some degree justified its long continuance. Nine months ago it seemed [illegible] possible that the insurgents could offer effective resistance to the Turkish armies; but the dilatory and feeble manner in which the contest has been conducted has [illegible] unexpected weakness on the part of the [illegible] unexpected collapse of the Turkish Empire [illegible] Government. The period has hitherto been assigned [illegible] has long been predicted to an indefinitely future period. The more sanguine [illegible] now persuaded themselves that [illegible] of the insurgents have has already commenced. [illegible] process of dissolution which perhaps coincided [illegible] confession of insolvency, rection, has encouraged only by accident with the insurthe hardships which have been suffered by the Turkish forces, though they are probably results of habitual faults of administration, are attributed to the financial difficulties of the Government. Up to the present time the insurgents have not had to encounter on a large scale the opposition which may perhaps prove to be more formidable than the operations of the regular troops. The Government has succeeded in restraining the Mahometan population of the insurgent provinces from active participation in the struggle. Some acts of violence may have resulted from local animosity, but the struggle has not generally assumed the form of a civil war conducted in every village and district by two hostile sections of the community. Western philanthropists have undervalued the difficulty of expelling or exterminating one-third of the inhabitants of Herzegovina, including the owners of the greater part of the land. It is probable that if the attempt were made the Mahometans of the neighbouring provinces would anticipate the attack which would afterwards be made upon themselves. Invading hordes which have been settled in a country for hundreds of years are not likely to evacuate their possessions without resistance, and it happens that the Mahometans of Bosnia and Herzegovina are not less ancient denizens of the country than the Christians.

If the accounts of the able *Times'* Correspondent may be trusted, notwithstanding his strong and undisguised partiship, the conference between the Turkish representatisand Baron RODICH at Ragusa is not likely to lead to tives agreement. The alternative proposals of arming the any settlement or of disarming the Mussulmans of Herzegovina Christians are summarily rejected by the agents of the Porte; nor is that [illegible] invited to return to their [illegible] safety of refugees from a well-known friend of the insurgents. It is possible that [illegible] may have been [illegible] improbability in a statement which [illegible] finally withheld [illegible] and indifference to officials serving under the [illegible] but there is no vernment. One of their number, though he is a Christian of intelligence and experience, is said to be not less unreasonable than his Mahometan colleague.

All speculations on the issue of the insurrection must be dependent on the maintenance or dissolution of the boasted alliance of the three Imperial Courts. From the commencement of the troubles in Herzegovina the Russian Government ostentatiously allowed the initiative in diplomacy to Austria, as the Power most immediately concerned in the restoration of tranquillity. The task of drawing up the Note or statement of the terms to be imposed on the Porte was entrusted to Count ANDRASSY; and the document, after it had been approved by Germany and Russia, was tendered jointly by the three Governments for the approval of England, France, and Italy. General IGNATIEFF has

supported at Constantinople all the proposals of Austria, with the professed intention of asserting the sovereignty of the Porte. Nevertheless, within a few weeks an entire change has taken place in the language of the Russian journals which are controlled or inspired by the Government. The influence of a press which has no liberty is frequently mischievous, and its tone is habitually perplexing. When half a dozen semi-official papers at St. Petersburg and Moscow suddenly advocate a new line of policy, it may be inferred, not necessarily that the Government has changed its purpose, but that it is thought expedient to disturb the impressions which had previously existed. The Russian press has now renewed its chronic antagonism to Turkey; and it encourages Servia and Montenegro to take the aggressive course which they had hitherto been forbidden by the Russian Government to adopt. It is no longer thought expedient to insist on the necessity of maintaining the triple alliance; and Austria as well as Turkey is held up as an object of national jealousy. It is worth while to observe that England is simultaneously threatened with Russian aggression in Asia. One journal announces the necessity of an advance towards the Persian Gulf, and informs the English nation that, if it objects, it must take the consequences.

The intimation of a change in Russian policy is thought to confirm a rumour that the Emperor of RUSSIA meditates either temporary or final retirement from the anxieties and labours of government. ALEXANDER II., although the boundaries of the Empire have been widely extended during his reign, is believed on ordinary occasions to favour a prudent and moderate policy, and to regard war with aversion. He is also strongly attached, both from reasons of State and through family feeling, to the German alliance; and in later years he has renewed friendly relations with Austria. In his absence, or after his abdication, supreme power would devolve on his son; and it is thought that the CZAREWITCH belongs to the Old Russian party, and shares its dislike of the Germans as well as its ambitious aspirations. His supposed sympathy with the wrongs of Denmark, which is attributed to the influence of his wife, is probably not beyond his control; but there is no doubt that the national or exclusively Russian party is also the most turbulent and aggressive in foreign policy. In a readjustment of international relations a Russian Emperor might perhaps be disposed to prefer the alliance of France to that of Germany; and he would necessarily pursue objects which would be inconsistent with the interests of Austria. The coldness which existed between Vienna and St. Petersburg for many years after the Crimean War was but a continuance of the personal animosity with which both ALEXANDER I. and NICHOLAS had constantly regarded METTERNICH. The temper and inclination of an absolute Sovereign are to be taken into account in the calculation of political probabilities, but the apprehensions or hopes which are founded on the opinions of the CZAREWITCH are premature, and perhaps chimerical. It is not yet certain that the Emperor ALEXANDER intends to abdicate, and it is scarcely probable that a Regent would, during his temporary withdrawal, venture on the introduction of a new and dangerous system of policy. The difficulties which have hitherto impeded the ambitious projects of Russia still remain. Austria will long bar the way to Constantinople, and on this point Hungary is even more thoroughly in earnest than the Western portion of the monarchy. War on the Eastern question would not have been so long postponed if the conquest of Turkey had been an easy undertaking.

STATE SUPERVISION OF CONVENTS.

OF all the fanciful measures which are annually or periodically proposed by private members, the Bills for the supervision of convents are the oddest. Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS has for the present year undertaken the task which was formerly wont to devolve on Mr. NEWDEGATE. Perhaps the mover may by this time be convinced that a No-Popery agitation is no longer practicable in England. The alarmists who are troubled by the existence of convents persuade themselves that they are exempt from religious prejudice, or even that they feel a meritorious sympathy for victims who hold a creed which they detest. It would be pleasanter for themselves, and less troublesome to others, if they would reflect that the miserable condition of recluses is a just punishment for their superstitious errors. The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, decline to ask protection for their sisters and daughters against evils which, if they exist, have been voluntarily encountered. The preamble of Sir T. CHAMBERS's Bill recites the expediency of inquiry respecting the increase and character of monastic and conventual institutions in Great Britain, and respecting their property and income, and matters connected therewith. A Committee which sat a few years ago collected ample information on all the points with which Parliament can be supposed to have any concern; and it was stated more than once during the debate that a Catholic Directory containing a complete list of convents may be bought for a shilling. There are a few establishments of monks, and several of nuns, and the collective property of all the communities is insignificant. The Commissioners who were to be appointed by the Bill were, amongst other matters, to ascertain whether the laws of mortmain or superstitious uses were violated. They would have found, as Sir T. CHAMBERS must know, that conventual property is carefully secured by trust-deeds drawn by experienced lawyers according to the best precedents of conveyancing. Another duty of the Commissioners would have been to report on any regulations which might be needed respecting convents in Great Britain. If justices or Commissioners were empowered to hold visitations of convents for the protection of the inmates, it would become a point of honour with the most contumacious nun to give no information to the heretical intruders. It is highly probable that a peevish or tyrannical Superior may make those who are under her control extremely uncomfortable; but interference from without would be as unanimously resented as in a private family.

The Government had, with superfluous courtesy, granted papers in preparation for Sir T. CHAMBERS's Bill, consisting principally of letters from English Ministers abroad in answer to communications from the Foreign Office. The various Governments to which they are accredited, with only one or two exceptions, inform them that there have been no recent regulations or laws affecting monastic or conventual institutions. The Duchy of Hesse and two of the Swiss Cantons have suppressed convents, or have forbidden them to receive new members. The Minister at Rome reminds Lord DERBY that all institutions of the kind have been suppressed in Italy; and the Minister at Stockholm reports, not for the first time, that monastic institutions are not tolerated in Sweden and Norway. It is difficult to understand the object of printing several pages of familiar or useless information. If all the States of Europe prohibited monastic institutions, it would still be inconsistent with the principles of English legislation to interfere with the establishment of voluntary clubs. It may probably have been necessary in Italy and in some other Catholic countries to dissolve associations which were pernicious to society or hostile to the Government. It was not for the protection of nuns supposed to be arbitrarily imprisoned, but for urgent political reasons, that the Italian Parliament seized the property of the numerous orders. The prohibition of monastic institutions in Sweden and Norway, where there is scarcely any Roman Catholic population, is an historical relic of ancient religious jealousies. When Lutheranism was established as the only authorized communion in Sweden, the legislators of the time would not have professed the tolerance of Sir T. CHAMBERS or Mr. NEWDEGATE. It is because Governments have wanted money, or because they have apprehended danger, that they have discouraged monastic communities. English nunneries have small endowments, and they are absolutely devoid of political importance. It is intelligible that they should be regarded with disapproval and dislike; but it is the idlest of affectations to cultivate officious solicitude for the welfare of the inmates.

The attempts which have sometimes been made to interfere with monastic or semi-monastic institutions in Ireland have not furnished encouraging precedents. The principles and traditions of English government and legislation are inconsistent with a censorial supervision of religious or secular associations. Trade-Unions, which are far more powerful bodies than monasteries, are at last recognized as legitimate associations, and even indulged with special immunities. All the monastic and conventual institutions in Great Britain, if they were to concentrate their energies on a common object, could effect nothing approaching in importance to a week's strike of colliers or engineers. The coercion exercised by Trade Councils over

the members of the Unions is more stringent than that of an abbess over her nuns; but in both cases the submission is in one sense voluntary, and in the case of convents it is absolutely spontaneous. It is scarcely respectful to the House of Commons to found a demand for legislation on vague rumours of acts of personal violence or restraint of liberty, which, if they could be proved, would admit of remedy without any change in the law. If men or women think fit to subject themselves to a despotic government, they run a certain risk of ill-treatment; but all that can be asked on their behalf is that their contract and its consequences should not be recognized by law. A few seceders from religious orders find that their liberty is sufficiently protected, though they may probably incur social penalties by the assertion of their independence. To women especially the disapproval of religious teachers and of their own families would be more formidable than the fabulous cruelties which once formed the subject of popular calumnies. The public opinion of a sect is, within its own limits, almost irresistible. The theory that the obligation of monastic vows depends upon material force is the shallowest of delusions. Monks and nuns observe their respective rules, either because they think them binding on their consciences, or in deference to the conventional belief of their religious communion. If they chose to leave the cloister the doors would be open, but no law can prevent ecclesiastical or social excommunication.

The unconscious prejudice against Roman Catholic doctrines which suggests an anxiety for the protection of the inmates of convents finds expression in some of the provisions of the Bill which is for the present happily disposed of. Sir T. CHAMBERS proposed that seven Commissioners should be permanently charged with the superintendence of monastic and conventual institutions. Two of the number were to be appointed by the Roman Catholic Poor Schools Committee, a body unknown to the law, which would certainly have refused to co-operate with heretical persecutors of religious orders. A stranger provision was that one member of the inspecting body should be nominated by the Commissioners in Lunacy. It is evident that the framers of the measure thought that persons bound by religious vows were entitled to the same protection which is provided for those who are confined on the grounds of alleged lunacy. They might at least have remembered that both real and alleged lunatics are always eager to escape from confinement, while the members of religious orders would unanimously reject an official order of liberation. In a lawsuit which attracted popular attention some years ago, a nun sued the community from which she had been removed for restitution of conventual rights. The Convents Commission was to have all the powers of the Superior Courts in England or Scotland, and all constables and keepers of prisons were to obey the orders of the Commissioners. It might perhaps have been possible to pass such an Act during the craze of the Papal Aggression, but Sir T. CHAMBERS comes too late. The country has already refused to share Mr. GLADSTONE's fright at the more recent pretensions of the POPE; and, although conventual institutions are repugnant to the national judgment and taste, they are regarded with equanimity or contemptuous indifference. Persecution is not necessarily inoperative; but any persecution which is possible in England would be frivolous as well as oppressive. It would be practically impossible to prevent a number of unmarried women from living in one house, or from abstaining from all intercourse with the rest of the world. The regulations to which they may submit depend entirely on their own choice; and if they think fit to starve or otherwise incommode themselves, no Commissioners can effectually insist on their leading a comfortable and rational life.

FRANCE.

THE election of M. GAMBETTA as Chairman of the Budget Committee is a significant indication of his position in the Chamber of Deputies as compared with his position in the Assembly. Even in the latter body he exercised a great though scarcely recognized influence; but it was rather in virtue of the strength which it was thought he might possess out of doors than from the votes he could command on a division. In the Assembly he was a person outside the Parliamentary system; in the new Chamber he is one of the most important members of that system. He is more and more becoming the recognized leader of the Liberal Opposition, but the divergence between his views and those of the Government is not wide enough to prevent him from giving them a general support. It is already evident that the necessity of securing this support is constantly present to them as an essential element in their calculations. His speech, on taking the chair for the first time, is another proof that the elections have gone precisely in the way in which it all along seemed likely that they would go. In the Assembly M. GAMBETTA had to remember that, though the declared Irreconcilables were few in number, the issue between his policy and theirs had not been fairly presented to the Republican party. Now that the elections have proved that the Irreconcilable minority is as small in the country as it was in the Assembly, M. GAMBETTA speaks with a decision which is necessarily wanting to a man who cannot convey to others the assurance which he feels himself. France, he declares, has at the present moment a wise, orderly, and progressive Republic, which gives security to all legitimate interests, and offers guarantees of liberty which only disorderly spirits can think insufficient. There is no further place for constitutional conflicts; the anxieties and the labours of the Legislature must in future be devoted to the development of the material and moral interests of the nation. M. GAMBETTA could not have more completely dissociated himself from the extreme members of his own party, and he has been enabled to do this by the change which the elections have worked in the composition of that party. In the Assembly there were moderate Republicans who did not, and extreme Republicans who did, recognize M. GAMBETTA as their leader. With the first he had nothing to do; with the last his chief concern was to prevent them from breaking out into open mutiny. In the new Chamber there are moderate Republicans who find their theories of moderation best expressed by M. GAMBETTA, and he is thus enabled to keep under better control the mutinous element among his old followers. His policy from 1873 to 1876 was a prolonged appeal from the Assembly to the constituencies, and the constituencies have answered it by electing a Chamber in which M. GAMBETTA is able to lay aside a militant policy and devote himself to financial details. The rest of his speech was apparently intended to lay to rest the alarm which might be excited by the election of an advocate of an Income-tax as Chairman of the Budget Committee. M. GAMBETTA is not of opinion that the present is the right moment for startling financial changes. In these matters there should be no rash experiments. Time and opinion cannot be hurried: they must be left to ripen of themselves.

The only field in which M. GAMBETTA does not feel disposed to maintain this studied moderation is in ecclesiastical affairs. The mere thought of half-a-dozen bishops collected together in one room seems to be too much for him. The bishops who founded the Catholic University of Paris under the law of last Session have lately held the annual meeting prescribed by the statutes of the University, and a note in the *Union* gives a summary of their labours. They have attended to the ordinary business of the University, including the organization of the three faculties of Arts, Law, and Science. They have gone over the University accounts, and they have created two new professorships. Finding themselves together, they have naturally considered the probable effect of M. WADDINGTON's Bill on the future of the free Universities. They have communicated to one another the astonishment and regret with which the news that the mixed Board of Examiners is to be abolished has been received by the fathers of families in their several dioceses, and the Cardinal Archbishops of ROUEN and PARIS have undertaken to convey to the Government the sentiments of their brethren in prospect of this unexpected attack on a law so recently voted, and on the faith of which so much has been undertaken. It is difficult to imagine a milder remonstrance, considering that it comes from a body which has been collecting large sums of money for the foundation of a Catholic University, and now believes that the object of founding it will in a great measure be defeated by this sudden reversal of the legislation of last year. Of course it by no means follows that the Government ought to pay any attention to their representations. Those who took what they could get from the late Assembly took it in the full knowledge that the Assembly did not represent any opinions but its own, and that, if they chose to invest money in carrying out powers given by it, they made

the investments at their own risk. But unlucky investors are usually allowed to make their lamentations in company, and the privilege which is freely granted to Turkish bondholders might, one would think, have been conceded with equal justice to the directors of a Catholic University. M. GAMBETTA, so far as his views are to be gathered from the journal which is regarded as his organ, is not of this opinion. The bishops, the *République Française* has discovered, cannot legally be absent from their dioceses without the leave of the chief of the State. By meeting to protest against M. WADDINGTON'S Bill, they have brought themselves under the law which prescribes that no national or metropolitan council, no diocesan synod, and no deliberative assembly shall be held without the express consent of the Government. In originating an agitation against a proposed act of legislation they have further violated the article of the Concordat which obliges all bishops to swear that they will not take part in any association which is directed against the public peace. To the first of these charges it has been answered very truly that, inasmuch as the law now allows bishops to set up Universities of their own, that permission must be held to carry with it the permission to meet together for the transaction of University business, and so far, therefore, the law prohibiting the holding of synods or deliberative assemblies has been repealed. As regards the second, it is true that there is a law, dating from the revolutionary period, that no bishop may go outside his diocese without leave. But this same law forbids bishops to be addressed as Monseigneur, and makes it illegal for a priest to wear the ecclesiastical habit in the street. If, therefore, the legislation of the year X. is to determine the present relations of the Government with the clergy, it will not be sufficient to confine each bishop in his own separate cage. Other reforms will have to be effected; in fact, the ecclesiastical history of France for the last three-quarters a century will have to be wiped out. The third charge, that the act of requesting the Archbishops of ROUEN and PARIS to convey to the Government the dislike which certain French bishops feel towards M. WADDINGTON'S Bill involves a breach of the oath not to take part in proceedings against the public peace, is more extraordinary than either of the others. Granting that the bishops have taken an oath not to do anything calculated to cause a breach of the peace, they have only sworn to avoid what it is the duty of every good citizen to avoid without swearing. Consequently, if the bishops have broken their oath by meeting together to oppose a Bill which has been introduced into the Chamber of Deputies, any laymen who meet for the same purpose are equally guilty of an offence against the public peace. When a bishop swears not to disturb the public tranquillity, he does not take on himself an obligation peculiar to bishops; he only takes on himself, in a way peculiar to bishops, an obligation which is common to clergy and laity. If to tell the Government that certain fathers of families are grieved at hearing that mixed Boards of Examiners are to be abolished is a breach of the episcopal oath, it would be a breach of the general duty of a good citizen if the fathers of families had themselves made a similar representation. If this is so, what becomes of freedom of speech and the right of association? If this is not so, it follows that a bishop's oath imposes on him an obligation which is not shared by the laity, and consequently that the laity may, without incurring any blame, take part in meetings directed against the public peace. This is a dangerous doctrine for the Republican party to associate with itself, and on further reflection M. GAMBETTA will probably let it drop.

This parade of concordats, organic laws, and other machinery designed to regulate the relations between Church and State under totally different conditions from those which now exist, will seem to Englishmen almost as absurd as those appeals to the Tudor legislation which are common in the mouths of a certain small section of fanatics in this country. It is possible, however, that M. GAMBETTA may have an object in pointing to these rusty weapons which is less unworthy of a statesman than on the surface it appears to be. He is compelled by circumstances to take up a strongly anti-clerical line, and in doing this he has to elect between appealing to law and appealing to popular passion. It is unfortunate that it should be necessary to make such a choice; but given that it is, he may perhaps think that it is safer to enter upon a probably interminable controversy as to the effect of certain obsolete statutes than to provoke a discussion upon first principles. When theological passions run high the part of Mr. NEWDEGATE is certainly preferable to the part of Lord GEORGE GORDON, and it is well to bear this in mind when estimating M. GAMBETTA'S otherwise inexplicable attitude towards the clergy.

THE *ALBERTA* AND *MISTLETOE*.

THE story of the running down of the *Mistletoe*, sad enough in itself, has also had a singularly unfortunate sequel. It was unfortunate that at the Gosport inquest Prince LEININGEN should, by a flagrant irregularity which the Coroner unaccountably permitted, have introduced a letter from the QUEEN as part of his evidence, and have thus given at the very outset a false turn to the question; and it is not difficult to understand the influences which paralysed the minds of the Coroner and his jury, both on this occasion and at the adjourned sitting when they had the assistance of Baron BRAMWELL. The other inquest had a still more illogical result, for a verdict of accidental death was coupled with a distinct charge of carelessness and recklessness against the navigating officer of the Royal yacht. The irrelevant production of the QUEEN'S letter to Lord EXETER, though subsequently explained, further tended to confuse and embitter the discussion; and it is especially unfortunate that the subject should be revived at the present moment. There has been throughout an obvious hesitation in speaking plainly on this subject, from a feeling very natural and proper in itself—of deference to the QUEEN; but it requires very little consideration to see that, apart from the fact that her own life was in peril, the QUEEN had nothing whatever to do with the accident. In such a case the Sovereign is necessarily in the hands of the officials who have charge of her, and the fact that they acted in a way which not only led to the death of several of her subjects but endangered her own life is certainly not a reason why they should be treated with undue lenity or screened from the natural consequences of their conduct. Nothing can be more mischievous or unfair than to associate the Crown in a personal manner with public controversies. In naval and military, as in political, affairs the officials concerned must bear their own responsibilities. Everybody, however, knows perfectly well that in this case, if Prince LEININGEN and Captain WELCH had been in command of a common steamboat, or engaged in any of the ordinary services of their profession, they would have been dealt with in a very different way from that which has been adopted, and that one or the other would have been tried by an open court-martial in the regular way, or perhaps have had to answer a charge of manslaughter in a criminal court. It appears from the correspondence which has just been presented to Parliament, that, instead of this, these officers were examined by a Secret Committee, the evidence taken by which has never been divulged. On the strength of this private and confidential inquiry, Prince LEININGEN has been acquitted by the Admiralty, and Captain WELCH, though blamed for "not having exhibited sufficient care and attention so as to have avoided all risk of accident," is let off with a formal reprimand, while, at the same time, he is, as a mark of special favour, exempted from the rule of the service as to staff appointments which has just been rigidly enforced in regard to the other officers of the *Alberta*.

It is unpleasant to have to go back on the details of this disaster, but the extraordinary course which has been pursued by the Admiralty leaves us no alternative but to do so. It is laid down among the rules of the road at sea that, if two ships, one of which is a sailing ship and the other a steam ship, are proceeding in such directions as to involve risk of collision, the steam ship shall keep out of the way of the sailing ship; that every steam ship, when approaching another ship so as to involve risk of collision, shall slacken her speed, or, if necessary, stop and reverse; and that any vessel overtaking any other vessel shall keep out of the way of that vessel. The *Alberta*, as far as the published evidence goes, violated every one of these rules in the most reckless manner. The *Alberta* was bearing down on the *Mistletoe* at the rate of seventeen miles an hour, while the latter was moving slowly in a light wind and unable to quicken her speed at will; yet the *Alberta* not only did not get out of the way of the sailing vessel, or slacken speed, but went straight at her, and even when close to her did not stop and reverse, until a collision was inevitable. Captain

Welch in one part of his evidence remarked that, "if a "vessel"—meaning the *Mistletoe*—"had made up its "mind to get under his bows, no skill upon earth could "stop her," and this supposed suicidal intention on the part of the *Mistletoe* was apparently the basis of his defence. We will not, however, speculate as to the intentions of the *Alberta*. Nobody supposes that her commanders deliberately resolved to run down the yacht; and it is indeed tolerably obvious how the accident happened. Both Prince Leiningen and Captain Welch chose to "take it for "granted," as they said, when they first observed the yacht, that, instead of their having to get out of her way, according to the rule, she would get out of their way; and having made up their minds on this point, they turned their eyes away and looked hard in the opposite direction, and did not see where the *Mistletoe* actually was till they were almost on the top of her. Even then, if they had at once stopped and reversed, the collision might possibly have been avoided, or at least its force might have been lessened; but the reversal of the engines was delayed till it had the effect, not of averting, but of precipitating, loss of life. Thus the *Alberta* did not, as she should have done, keep out of the way of the sailing vessel; she did not slacken speed; nor did she stop and reverse till too late. Moreover she also broke the rule as to keeping a proper look-out. Incredible as it may seem, there was no look-out in her bows of any kind. Captain Welch took the whole of this duty upon himself, standing on the paddle-bridge, with his view obscured by the funnel and shelter-house, his attention distracted both by the visits of gossipy members of the Royal *suite*, and by his inability to see both sides of the ship without going from one part of the bridge to another. One of the officers of the *Alberta* asserted in the witness-box that it was necessary that the Queen should travel rapidly; but Captain Welch himself admitted that "it made no differ- "ence whether the Queen was on board or not," and that he was bound to observe "the regular rules of steer- "ing." It is clear, however, that he had no right to assume that the sailing vessel would depart from these rules, which were in fact necessary for her protection, and also that he himself violated them. This is indeed acknowledged by the Lords of the Admiralty, who in their letter on the subject "consider, in accordance with the finding of the Court, "that the course steered by the *Alberta* should have been "such that she could not have been brought into collision "with the *Mistletoe* through any alteration of course made "by that vessel"; and it must be remembered that, except at the very last instant, the *Mistletoe* is not proved to have altered her course in the least.

It is pleaded that Captain Welch, though he was at fault in this case, is a very clever seaman; but this does not affect the question. On this point Baron Bramwell, in his address to the coroner's jury, remarked that a man was guilty of manslaughter "if, though "perfectly skilful, he yet becomes recklessly indifferent "to the lives of persons with whom he is brought "into contact." "Suppose," he added, "a man to "say:—'I am in a hurry, and shall drive through that "'crowded thoroughfare as fast as I can, and people must "'get out of the way the best they can'; if any one was "killed that would be manslaughter, though the driver "might be the best whip who ever sat on a coach-box." It may perhaps be suspected that in Captain Welch's case it was his excessive confidence in himself which led him astray. Soon after the accident a well-known yachtsman published a letter in which he said, in reference to this officer, "We of the Royal Yacht Club have especial oppor- "tunities of admiring his skill and marvelling at his nerve, "when he is bringing his Royal freight into Cowes Har- "bour at full speed through an anchorage blocked with "vessels; often and often I have heard the involuntary "exclamation, 'What a wonderful man that Welch is!'" It may be thought, however, that these wonderful exploits, like feats of mad galloping through the streets, are not exactly compatible with public safety. It is true that Captain Welch has kept clear of accidents till now, but it is going too far to say, as the Admiralty does, that hitherto "his proceedings have given entire satisfaction," for it is known that his dashing style of navigation has long been a source of alarm and danger to yachtsmen frequenting the Solent, who go there, it should be observed, not to see the Queen, but to enjoy their sport at a suitable place.

It is impossible, in reading the very mild reprimand bestowed on Captain Welch by the Admiralty—like the "naughty, naughty" of a fond mamma to an unruly darling—not to think of the severity with which Captain Dawkins was treated for a similar fault of "want of "judgment and want of duty in handling his ship." As far as Prince Leiningen is concerned, the decision of the Admiralty is not perhaps unreasonable; only, if the Prince is to be merely an ornamental person in attendance on the Queen, he ought to keep off the steering-bridge, and not distract the real commander's attention. As it was, the man really in charge seems to have been the boatswain, who tapped his Captain on the shoulder in order to awaken him to the danger they were in. The way in which the Admiralty has condoned Captain Welch's offence is, however, a very serious matter, because it implies either that officers in attendance on the Queen are not expected to obey the rules of the sea with the same scrupulous attention as other navigators, or that these rules are of no great consequence in any case. And it is from this point of view that the public will regard it. Mr. Heywood, who is "highly satisfied," and can hardly find words to express his "grateful acknowledgments" for the "liberal compensation" awarded to him for the loss of his yacht and sister-in-law, has, it seems, "expressed "a hope that all feeling which might have arisen in conse- "quence of this lamentable accident should be allowed "to rest now and for ever." Mr. Heywood has of course a right to be satisfied if he chooses; but, for our own part, we must express a hope and belief that there is still some part of the nation which thinks it important that law and justice should be fairly carried out without respect of persons, and which will not allow an audacious breach of discipline to be passed over in this equivocal manner.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

THE debate on Mr. Dixon's Elementary Education Act Amendment Bill was necessarily wanting in spirit. There are only two things that could have given life to a discussion on so well-worn a subject—a probability that the Bill might be carried, or a prospect of extracting from the Government some indication of their educational policy. Neither of these elements of interest was present on Wednesday. It was well known that the Bill would be rejected; and as Lord Sandon has promised to introduce a Bill of his own later in the Session, there was no chance of his prematurely disclosing the provisions of which it is to consist. Consequently the speeches had no practical purpose in them, and, as everything that can be said about elementary education has already been said many times over, it is impossible either to feel or feign any pleasure in hearing it said again.

Mr. Sandford may claim the credit of having done his best to import new matter into the discussion. It is true that this new matter was only an old sophism re-dressed; but where originality is so hard to achieve a judicious revival is not to be despised. Mr. Sandford is of opinion that the interests of a family will be consulted and understood by the father better than by the State. This might be true if the father could be trusted in all cases to take, we will not say an intelligent, but even a commonly unbiased, view of those interests. As it is, a great number of fathers think a great deal more of their own interests than of any one else's. They want their children's wages or their children's services, and so they keep them at home instead of sending them to school. We do not say that there may not be extreme cases of illness and the like as to which such claims have a right to be heard; we are testing the argument by the ordinary run of tolerably hale and visibly selfish mankind. Does Mr. Sandford hold this matter to be one in which the interests of a family are understood by the father better than by the State? If he does, he ought to have the courage of his opinions and to admit that it is not so much any particular scheme of education that he dislikes as education in general. Of course, if it were an open question whether it is better for a child to grow up in total ignorance or to be able to read and write and cast accounts, it might be fairly argued that a father, though not an unerring judge in the matter, is likely to be at least as good a judge as Parliament. But if it is taken as beyond dispute that every child ought to possess these rudiments of knowledge, it is no longer a matter of doubt whether the State is consulting a child's interests in insisting on his going to school, or the father in keeping him away

from school. Mr. SANDFORD is not even consistent with himself. A little later on in his speech he said that it is the duty of the State to provide a sound English education for those who are not able to afford it. But if a sound English education is only an uncertain benefit—a benefit, that is, for some children, but not for others—why should the State provide it? And if a sound English education is an indisputable benefit to a child, how can the father who rejects it be said to know his child's interests better than the State which offers it? Mr. SANDFORD is at liberty to choose which horn of this dilemma he likes; but he will never succeed in balancing himself on both. It is not only the liberty of the subject that he thinks violated by compulsory education; that equally sacred conception, the labour market, is disturbed. Mr. SANDFORD claims to represent an agricultural constituency, and he is able to testify that his constituents are much opposed to compulsion. We have no doubt they are. But have Mr. SANDFORD'S constituents any right to be heard in this matter? Even on his own plea that the father is a better judge of a child's interests than the State can possibly be, the State may fairly ask for some assurance that the father is not subjected to positive temptation to subordinate the child's interests to his own. But without interference with the labour market no such assurance can possibly be had. A farmer comes to a labourer and asks him to send his boy into the fields instead of to school. The trifle the boy earns will go into the father's pocket, and if he refuses he may be less certain of employment on the farm. Yet all the time he may be convinced that, if he consulted the child's interests, he would refuse the farmer's offer and keep him at school a year or two longer. There can be no more legitimate action on the part of the State than to protect the child and the father's own better judgment against the immediate inducement of the father's own interest. Yet it is impossible to give this protection without interfering with the labour market. The truth is, Mr. SANDFORD has come into the world too late. He ought to have lived in the times when children went to work at five years old, and worked for as many hours as they could keep awake. There was no interference with the labour market then, and every father was left free to do what he liked with his own child. In these days of Factory and Workshop Acts Mr. SANDFORD is simply a survival.

The dignity of the debate was saved by an excellent speech from Mr. BRIGHT. Nothing can be better than his description of what the State ought to see that every child is thoroughly taught. To read so that he may comprehend what he reads, to write so that what he writes can be read, and to be able to keep an account of the little transactions of his every-day life—this is the minimum of knowledge without which no child should begin the world, except through his own fault. Mr. BRIGHT does not say that nothing more should be taught in the State schools. He only means that everything beyond this should be taught rather by way of opportunities afforded to children who are more than ordinarily clever and diligent, and whose parents are willing, if some help is given them, to let them stay longer at school. But the three R's, in that wide sense in which Mr. BRIGHT understands them, can and ought to be brought within the reach of every child in the kingdom; and, if once they were mastered in this thorough fashion, there would be no fear of their being forgotten in after life. A child who can read so as to derive pleasure from what he reads may choose his books badly, but he will not lose the power of reading them. A child who is able to write legibly and cipher correctly will find constant occasions of using the faculty. The vice of so much of the instruction at present given in elementary schools is that it does not carry the scholar far enough to get any permanent hold of him. He learns to read and write, and manages just to satisfy the Inspector in this or that standard. But he never reads or writes well enough to care for doing either when the pressure of school is removed, and the consequence is that he very soon loses the ability to do either readily. The time that he passes at school is really time thrown away, and the money he has cost the community might as well have been spent in other ways.

The main reason of this frequent absence of any useful result from the time and money spent on elementary education is the irregularity of attendance which is inseparable from a system in which compulsion is only applied here and there. Children do not come to school young enough, they do not stay at school long enough, and they are not regular enough in their attendance while they are at school. The reports of School Inspectors are always full of lamentations on this head. Other difficulties can be, and are, in process of being surmounted. School accommodation is now provided for every child that needs it; the supply of competent teachers is greatly increased, even if it is not yet equal to the demand for them; but the absence or the irregular attendance of the children is an evil that nothing but compulsion can touch. The debate on Wednesday showed how much progress the idea of direct compulsion has made among all parties, and if the Education Department will introduce into their promised Bill some machinery for applying compulsion in districts where there are no School Boards, they will, we believe, have the genuine support of a decided majority of both sections of the House. That many of the *à priori* objections to School Boards were imaginary or exaggerated may be as little questionable as that the belief in their all-healing powers was a piece of doctrinaire pedantry. The practical question, after some years' experience of the Education Act, is how they have worked; and upon this point the fact stated by Lord SANDON, that the Education Department is crowded with applications to get rid of them, may deserve consideration. Under such circumstances it may well be doubted whether Mr. DIXON himself, if his Bill had been unexpectedly carried, would not have felt some misgiving as to its working in country parishes. A School Board has great powers of obstructing education as well as great powers of furthering it; and a School Board composed of the delegates of some narrow fanaticism, or of farmers deeply penetrated with Mr. SANDFORD'S theories of individual liberty and the labour market, would probably prove a singularly useless instrument for enforcing school attendance against the interest of its members.

CRUELTY.

IT was said of old, and we are afraid it is equally true now, that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Whether cruelty is an innate element of the "wicked heart," or an acquired habit only; whether it is pursued for its own sake in the first instance, or only as a means to some further end; and what are the main causes or conditions of its prevalence, are questions of much interest, about which very various opinions have been entertained. The subject is one to which we have before now called attention, and we are led to revert to it at this moment by the appearance of a characteristic and suggestive paper "On Cruelty" from the pen of Professor F. Newman, in *Fraser's Magazine* for this month. To what extent we agree with the writer's theory, so far as he propounds any, will appear in the sequel; but he has chiefly concerned himself with tracing out an historical sketch of the practice of this peculiarly odious vice among mankind. He does, however, begin with a vindication of nature, or rather of "the Creator"—for Mr. Newman, we need not observe, is a decided Theist—apparently directed against Mr. J. S. Mill's posthumous indictment in his *Three Essays on Religion*, though his name is not mentioned. Up to a certain point the answer is satisfactory, though we cannot think it covers the whole case; drowning, for instance, is probably not a painful death, but we are not equally sure that "to perish by natural fire," or to be devoured by a wild beast, is generally painless. But Mr. Newman's doctrine is at least more reasonable than that which he assails. If "nature red in tooth and claw" does not "shriek" against all religious creeds, Mr. Mill indubitably "shrieks" against nature in his very shrillest tones. But that is too wide a controversy to enter upon here. As to human cruelty, Professor Newman's view seems to be that it is not an instinctive, but an acquired, taste, which is accordingly not usually found among savages, except accidentally—that is, when it arises from the necessities of self-preservation and the like, or from mere thoughtlessness and "total inobservance how others suffer from their actions." Yet sooner or later, even among savages, a crisis must arise, from the inevitable propensity of one tribe to encroach upon the pastures or hunting grounds of its neighbours; so that it is only in the most inhospitable climates, like Lapland and Greenland, that communities of men live on for centuries in tranquillity without government and without convulsions. But while they remain in that rude condition—and it must of course be a very rude one—they are not cruel, but kind, hospitable, and just. Cruelty in its worst form is, in fact, the child, or at least the ultimate result, of civilization and of religious fanaticism; in later days, also, of science—but to that we shall return presently.

That there is a good deal of truth in this view of the matter we by no means deny. Civilization has undoubtedly in many ways promoted and intensified cruelty, as it has promoted other vices also which savages have learnt for the first time from their European conquerors. But still this does not afford a complete account of the phenomena, which Mr. Newman appears to

have somewhat inadequately weighed. If there is no instinct of cruelty in human nature, how comes it to pass that young children, in spite of the great Palmerstonian dogma that "all babies are born good," so often betray a positive pleasure in the wanton infliction of suffering as well on their own "flesh and blood," in the shape of younger brothers and sisters who can be pinched and scratched with impunity, as on insects, cats, and other creatures weaker than themselves? For the infantile taste for crushing flies was by no means a peculiarity of Nero's. Some boys were taken up only the other day for deliberately stoning a horse to death. How, again, can we account for those abnormal, but at one period not very uncommon, outbreaks of homicidal, and—if we may coin the word—puerocidal, mania, which was not unnaturally regarded by our ancestors as a kind of demoniacal possession? We do not refer merely to lycanthropy and kindred varieties of what may perhaps be regarded as a form of insanity, though that is rather a confession of ignorance than an explanation, but to facts not so easily disposed of by that convenient, but very elastic, definition. Take, for instance, the hideous story, which is far from being a unique one, of the Marshal de Retz in the fourteenth century, who had been a brave soldier and carried the sacred *ampulla* at the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. Without entering into details which are too loathsome to be dwelt upon, it is enough to say that he was condemned to be burnt at Nantes, in 1440, for his crimes, which comprised the torture and murder of several hundreds of children of both sexes, though chiefly boys, from the age of eight to eighteen, who had been enticed into his castles for that purpose. It is true that he was accused of other abominable vices also, but the one charge, even if fully admitted, by no means explains the other. It is clear from his own confessions and those of his accomplices, that numbers of these children were decoyed into his clutches simply for the purpose of being murdered by slow and most excruciating tortures, and that he gloated over their agonies with a kind of sensual gratification, as Queen Elizabeth is said to have enjoyed privately witnessing the torture of "Popish recusants," and James II. watched the crushing of the legs of prisoners in the "boot." The high position of the Marshal, and the large opportunities it afforded him of indulging his murderous propensities, have secured for his name an exceptional prominence of infamy, but his case was not in itself so very exceptional. Many similar examples are on record where the power only and not the will was wanting for an equally extensive indulgence of the same fiendish disposition. We are afraid then that the notion of cruelty being a kind of vice to which human nature, if left to itself, has no instinctive bent, is one of those pleasant delusions which it is easier to cherish than to defend. That its exhibition varies greatly according to differences of race, climate, and other circumstances which influence the formation of national and individual character, is perfectly true; but as much may be said of most other qualities, good or bad.

In tracing the particular circumstances which have mainly helped to develop this evil propensity, we are able in the main to go along with Professor Newman. The exigencies first of war, and then of advancing civilization, under the control of strong despotic monarchies, have been the chief provocatives of cruelty. Tartary and European Russia were ruled by military despotisms while still in a state of barbarism, and all we know of their early history displays them as eminently murderous. In later times Timour, though himself not devoid of cultivation, erected on the ruins of Bagdad a pyramid of ninety thousand human skulls, and, where he met with resistance in Persia, slew to the best of his ability all the males of the district. And when a settled government had superseded a state of chronic warfare, the despotic intolerance of absolute rulers continued to exact its tale of victims. Hence the almost incredible atrocities recorded of Persian and Macedonian queens; hence, again, not a century ago, Agha Mohammed, pretender to the Persian throne, on entering a city which had espoused the cause of his rival, had a basket of human eyes brought to him. But it is needless to multiply examples. Democratic sympathies have no doubt, as Mr. Newman insists, done something to check imperial violence, yet the Greek republics were ruthless in their treatment of slaves and of captives whenever fear prompted them; witness the Spartan crypteia, and the merciful decision of the Athenians to sacrifice only one thousand Mitylenæans instead of the whole population. Fear has indeed always been one of the main incitements to cruelty, and timid rulers are apt to be the most tyrannical. The language current in this country twenty years ago at the time of the Indian Mutiny will illustrate this. And another great incitement has been avarice. This, as Mr. Newman points out, is abundantly illustrated in the history of slavery; and we may add that the present state of things in Egypt, as described by an eye-witness in the April number of the *Fortnightly Review*, only too fully confirms it. Religious zeal has also, no doubt, often prompted deeds of cruelty; but it would involve a longer inquiry than we can find room for here to examine in detail Mr. Newman's views on that point. It is perfectly true that shocking cruelties were perpetrated both in the earlier and the Albigensian Crusades; but in either case reasons of policy might be pleaded for undertaking the war, and the accompanying atrocities were, as a rule, the inseparable accidents of warfare in a rude age. No such excuse, of course, can be alleged for the Inquisition, which is the other instance quoted, but even here it must be remembered that dispassionate writers like the late Dr. Maitland have shown that the severities of the mediæval Inquisition have been immensely exaggerated, while political considerations are largely mixed up with the scandalous history of the Spanish Inquisition. However, according to the old proverb, *corruptio optimi pessima*, it is quite true that religious earnestness has been too often perverted into an instrument of cruel oppression; and, if this applies far more to Christianity than to the ancient national religions, that is easily explained by the circumstance that they were for the most part mere matters of civil arrangement or outward form, while Christianity, even when most deeply corrupted, has been a living faith.

Professor Newman turns, in conclusion, to a branch of the subject which in the present day is assuming a tragical importance—"Cruelty in the garb and pretensions of science." This he describes, in language essentially just though too sweeping in its application, as "a new horror." "Science was going to set Religion right. She held up her torch to illuminate the deformities of superstition, and display the wickedness of Religion, yet now Science has become a rival of the tortures of the Inquisition, and by increase of knowledge has learnt to torment still more ingeniously." In this matter the practice of ancient Paganism may well put us to shame. In Egypt regard for sacred animals was carried to a ludicrous extreme. There are many touching legends about animals in ancient literature, as afterwards in the lives of Christian saints. They were protected more or less by special legislation both in Greece and Rome. The Athenians are reported by Ælian to have actually condemned a boy to death for killing a sparrow which had taken refuge in the Temple of Æsculapius, and a somewhat similar story is related by Quintilian. Latin poetry abounds in testimonies to the affection entertained towards birds and other animals. We have said that the legends of Christian hagiology are full of similar stories, yet a coarse hard feeling grew up by degrees among Christians that animals, having no souls, had no rights, as Italian professors still say when called to account for their brutality. But, as Professor Newman very justly observes, "to cut up a living horse day after day in order to practise students in dissection is a crime and abomination hardly less monstrous from his not having an immortal soul." It might be added that many Christian authorities, like Bishop Butler, have argued in favour of animals having a future life, and they can make out fully as good a case from the Bible as their opponents. And as to the conventional plea for practising these barbarities, as a means of hereafter lessening human suffering, even supposing it to be sincere, it is only fair to reply that "an inevitable logic would in a couple of generations unteach all tenderness towards human suffering, if such horrors are endured, and carry us back into greater heartlessness than that of the worst barbarians." It is a taunt sometimes hurled by the scientific Torquemadas of the day at those who condemn their recklessness of the feelings of animals, that they regard morals as a fixed science which can have no further development. Waiving all the abstract questions which moralists and metaphysicians might raise on this point, the practical answer is a very simple one. Those who most strenuously maintain the principle of development, whether in theological, moral, or any other science, are the first to insist that there is a true and a false development, and that the latter is not conservative, but destructive of the original idea. The true advance of morality here consists in taking up new rights of the weak against the strong, as of women, of slaves, of subjects, of captives, and the like, not in forging the chains of a new oppression. And cruelty, be it remembered, whether it be regarded as a depraved instinct of humanity requiring to be held in check, or as an acquired habit which ought not to be formed, never stands alone. History teaches us that it is the foster-mother and inseparable companion of the vilest impurities and vices to which flesh is heir.

A METHODIST PILGRIMAGE.

WE are familiar enough in all times and places with the pilgrimages of those who go to keep a feast in the places which they deem holy; but there is something which has at least the merit of novelty in a pilgrimage to keep a feast in a place which the pilgrims are bound to deem most unholy. When a body of Ultramontanes go to Pontigny to worship St. Edmund, they undoubtedly come under the head of those who worship they know not what. But the mistake is simply one of fact; they have, through some process of invincible ignorance, mistaken a champion of England for a champion of Rome. But as to the place which the Pope and all his works must hold in the estimation of a body of Wesleyan Methodists one would have thought that there could have been no mistake whatever. Surely he must be Antichrist, or the Beast, or anything else that Frederick the Second and Gregory the Ninth called one another. Surely all that he does—above all, all that he does in the way of religious worship—must come under the head of what our outspoken forefathers prayed against under the name of "the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities." Yet here we have before us a circular advertising a select party of Wesleyan Methodists and friends of the Wesleyan Missionary Society who are going, strictly in their Wesleyan-Methodist character, to keep Easter in the very home and centre of abomination. They are, to be sure, to do other things on the way, and at Rome, on Easter Sunday itself, it is not forgotten that "there will be services in the Wesleyan Chapel, conducted by the Rev. H. J. Piggott, B.A." But the local worship of the place is clearly held out as a counter-attraction:—"On Holy Thursday there are usually special services in the Sistine Chapel, &c., as

also on Good Friday and Saturday." So "on Easter Sunday there are also services of a most important character in the Cathedral of St. Peter." "Services of a most important character" is a phrase of the most beautiful vagueness, and leaves it open whether they are important for good or for evil. Still these important services are clearly held out as amongst the attractions of the place. The slight hint of difficulty that "their exact order and time can only be obtained on arrival at Rome" can only be meant to put expectant pilgrims on their mettle. Now there is something very strange in all this; we cannot think that the prophet Daniel would have announced to the Jews at Babylon that at a certain time and place there would be services of a most important character in honour of Bel, or a great feast of which the Dragon would partake in person. We cannot conceive an apostle advertising services in honour of Jupiter, or Augustine or Paulinus advertising services in honour of Woden. If they had done so they would surely have done it in subtlety after the manner of Jehu, or in open defiance after the manner of Coifi. But here we have a whole Wesleyan pilgrimage going to mystic Babylon in order to partake of the devotions of the Man of Sin. There is of course no reason on earth why a Wesleyan Methodist should not, just as much as any other man, go to Rome, and see St. Peter's and everything that goes on in it, if he does it simply as a man and not as a Wesleyan Methodist. But here is a party of Wesleyan Methodists, distinctively organized as Wesleyan Methodists, a party who will have nobody in their company except Wesleyan Methodists, or, at the very least, friends of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who set forth on purpose to keep Easter, with the Pope himself if he chooses to turn out of his supposed prison, at all events with those who may appear to act in his stead. The thing is the very oddest that we ever came across. "Care," we are told, "has been taken in framing the plan that the Sundays should be spent at suitable resting-places." Rome therefore is a suitable resting-place for Sunday, and especially for Easter Sunday; or rather, which is perhaps nearer the truth, it is a suitable place for a Sunday without rest. On the other Sundays in the course of the pilgrimage rest is distinctly spoken of. Sunday, April 2nd, "will be spent as a day of rest at the delightful locality of Mentone." Sunday, April 9th, "will be spent as a day of rest at Naples," and there will be services at the Wesleyan Chapel by the Rev. J. W. S. Jones. But on the Sunday which is to be spent at Rome there is no mention of rest. Between the services in the Wesleyan Chapel and the services of a most important character in the Cathedral of St. Peter, there will most likely be no time for rest. And, after once getting to the bad place of all, the rest of the programme seems to be in some measure tainted. Sunday, April 23rd, will indeed be "spent as a day of rest at Venice"; but there is no hint of any Wesleyan services, while there is a hint that "the fine old churches of the city can be visited." In short, it would seem to be a painful truth that even Wesleyan Methodist pilgrims, when they once get into such Babylonish quarters, are tempted to do at Rome as Rome does, and that some traces of the evil habits picked up at Rome are likely to stick to them, at least as far on their homeward road as Venice.

The whole thing is about as funny as it can be. The "proposed tour of a second select party of Wesleyan Methodists and friends of the Wesleyan Missionary Society" is advertised in the most artistic fashion of advertising, with lines of various lengths and letters of various forms. The largest letters of all announce that the object of the tour is "to visit the French and Italian missions under the care of the Rev. John Wesley Close and others." The faithful are invited to the tour as "affording both ministers and laymen an opportunity of visiting our missionaries, and encouraging them in their work carried on in the Italian cities." But it would seem that the mention of the Italian cities was too much for the writer of the circular. There are indeed Wesleyan missionaries in those cities, and they are carrying on a work; but the mention of the cities themselves seems at once to put to flight all remembrance of the missionaries and their work. Immediately after the word "cities" comes a dash, and the advertisement goes on, in a somewhat spasmodic style, as if its composer had felt, like Gray's bard, the visions of glory crowding too fast upon his aching sight. Our extract ended at the word "cities"; the advertisement goes on—of course we do not attempt to reproduce the typographical varieties—with a sublime contempt of all ordinary punctuation. "Crowded with historic memories, and surrounded by associations possessing a living interest. Comprehending the grand natural scenery of the Riviera; the orange groves of Sorrento; the islands of the Bay of Naples. Visiting the most renowned cities of Italy. Viewing the wonders of nature and art; A picnic to the world-famous Vallambrosa [*sic*], the paradise of Italy. And returning by the Mont Cenis tunnel to Paris and London." And so, when we come to the more detailed account of the proposed journey, it is sad to see how much the latter part of the programme prevails over the former. There must surely be some degree of backsliding when there is so little about the missionaries and their work, and so much about the renowned cities of Italy and other such-like worldly attractions. In fact, though, as we have seen, there is an occasional reference to Wesleyan chapels and services in them, there is not a single reference to the Wesleyan missionaries and their work. That work, it seems, is carried on, among other places, at Milan. But how can the pilgrims visit the mission in that city when they arrive there on Monday afternoon? "When the Grand Cathedral"—does St. Ambrose pass for another Cathedral which is not grand?—"the finest and most elaborate Gothic edifice in the world," will be visited. On Tuesday "the party will leave Milan by morning train, and arrive at Turin so as to afford time for visiting the principal attractions of that city the same day," as they start again for Macon at 9 A.M. on Wednesday. This really leaves very little time indeed for the missionaries at Milan to take any sweet counsel with their pilgrim brethren. Nor do matters seem to be any better at the other places, Paris, Florence, Naples, and Rome, where it seems that missionaries are also quartered. In short, as soon as the cities, the picnics, the wonders of nature and art, have once come in sight, the missionaries pass away, or at most only turn up on Sundays as a counter-attraction—a feeble one we fear—to the "important services" at Rome and the "fine old churches" at Venice. Instead of the pilgrims being in any way constrained or invited to visit the missionaries, it would seem to be only on the Sunday to be spent at Naples, when "the services at the Wesleyan chapel by the Rev. J. W. S. Jones" have no counter-attraction held out against them, that there would be a moment left for the most zealous pilgrim to visit any missionary, if he should feel ever so much inclined to do so. We really think this is hard on the missionaries at Paris, Milan, Florence, and Rome, who are thus in a manner put out of the synagogue by the pilgrims who so unkindly hurry past them.

The programme itself is in no way different, except in the occasional mention of days of rest and Wesleyan chapels, from any other ordinary tourist programme. Strike out those one or two notices, and all, it would seem, might be done just as well by a party which was not entirely restricted to Wesleyan Methodists and the friends attached to Wesleyan missionary institutions. In fact, Wesleyan Methodists seem to go about in very much the same way, and to go and see very much the same things, as people who are not Wesleyan Methodists. This is in truth nothing very wonderful. We know of no reason why a Methodist should not behave himself at home or abroad in exactly the same way as any other man. Only, if so, why should there be this amazing pother about Wesleyan Methodist tourists? Why should there be a party entirely restricted to Wesleyan Methodists, got together for the object of visiting Wesleyan missions, but which after all seems not to be going to visit any Wesleyan missions, but is going to do exactly the same as tourists of any other denomination or of no denomination at all. People of quite different religious views often meet in the course of their travels, and sometimes even deliberately set out to travel together. Experience shows that people who must look on one another as highly heterodox can go through the renowned cities of Italy without finding their religious differences trouble them in the least, and without wishing to exchange their companions for others who might be ready to take their own particular test. Why should people make picnics to Vallombrosa, and carriage trips to the more distant points of Rome, in the special character of Wesleyan Methodists? This state of mind is beyond us. We do not know whether there is any special meaning in the fact that the tour is to be managed, not by Messrs. Cook and Co., but by "the eminent Tourist Directors Messrs. Gaze and Sons," and it is highly satisfactory that the promoters of the scheme are able to announce that "the terms quoted are at the lowest possible figures." It was Messrs. Cook who took another party of pilgrims to Pontigny; so one is tempted to think that they are perhaps not looked on as orthodox enough to "conduct" a party entirely restricted to Wesleyan Methodists. But this notion seems inconsistent with the fact that the important services of St. Peter's are held out as attractions. One might have thought that those who had led the first band of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Edmund would be better qualified than any one else to lead the present band to the threshold of the apostles.

One other proposal must be mentioned in order that we may part on good terms with our pilgrims, and give them, on one point at least, a sincere blessing as they go. One paragraph of the circular runs thus:—

> The termination of the connexional year, in the following August, associated as it will be in many cases by the separation of Pastor and people, this scheme affords an opportunity to the latter of a kindly appreciation of the exhaustive labours of the former among them by offering a means of acknowledgment which is again presented, and of which it is hoped many congregations will avail themselves.

The grammar here is a little hard to parse; "the termination of the connexional year" does not give us so clear an idea as it doubtless does to the pilgrims themselves; but we guess that the meaning is to suggest to congregations that they should supply their pastors with the means of joining the pilgrimage. Now this is really a very good hint for congregations of any denomination. We can hardly conceive a more reasonable "testimonial of respect" than for a congregation to frank its pastor through the renowned cities of Italy, or through any other lands whither health or study may lead him. A sensible pastor would, we think, value such a tribute more than being loaded with teapots and slippers, or than receiving, what some pastors have received, a presentation pew or a presentation doctor's degree.

THE MANOR OF TYBURN.

SIX centuries ago Tyburn was a peaceful village on the road from London towards the west. The traveller who had crossed the Fleet, climbed the steep ascent at Holborn, and passed the gallows by St. Giles's Pound, entered the manor and parish at the

highest level of the road. Thence a slight descent took him to the narrow bridge over a brook, which, winding through meadows on the right and left, here flowed by the lonely church and churchyard of St. John of Tyburn. The name which calls up now so many unpleasant associations was then innocent of gibbet and stake. A "tigh," or enclosure by the burnside, where the Marylebone Vestry Hall stands now, may, according to Mr. Waller, have given its designation to the church. In an ancient charter at Westminster we have the earliest form of the word. A gift by Offa to the Abbey two hundred years before is recited in this document, which dates from 951, and the northern boundary of St. Margaret's is mentioned as "Teoburne." In Domesday it is "Tiburne," and the manor was assessed for five hides, and valued at fifty-two shillings. We further read that it "always lay, and lies, in the church of Barking"; a form which recalls another possession of the same abbey, Ingatestone, which was described in the Survey as having been owned "semper Sanctâ Mariâ." The brook divides it from Lylleston on the west, and may still be easily traced. It crosses Baker Street at Mme. Tussaud's, and enters High Street at South Street, finally leaving the parish where Barrett's Court opens into Oxford Street. But while the abbey held the manor, and for centuries later, a bridge crossed the stream at this point, and until the year 1400, the parish church stood on the eastern bank, a little above the bridge. It would be difficult now to conjure up the scene. A high, narrow, pointed bridge, a stream winding through green fields, a church surrounded by its churchyard, and, in a background of woods, the red-roofed houses of the village peeping through the trees, half a mile to the north—such was Tyburn in the fourteenth century; but it must by no means be confounded either with the later Tyburn, the Tyburn of history, nor yet with the modern Tyburnia. When Bullocksmithy, celebrated by Thackeray as the seat of a bishopric, turned itself into Hazelgrove, it followed a very ancient precedent. When Rugeley, ashamed of Palmer, applied to the Premier for leave to change its name, and Lord Palmerston laughingly proposed his own, it only sought to do what Tyburn had done in the first years of the fifteenth century. The old church by the brook was removed. St. John's became St. Mary-le-bourne. The old churchyard, perhaps the original "tigh," was closed, and a new cemetery was opened near the new church. Everything was removed half a mile towards the north, and Bishop Braybrook sanctioned the change because the loneliness of the situation had twice tempted thieves to steal the holy vessels, and the site was far from the village street. Henceforth Tyburn as a name was inseparable from the gallows, and only applied to a district of the neighbouring manor of Lylleston. Only the narrow lane by the brook-side led from the Tyburn Road to the High Street of St. Mary's; the newly named parish repudiated all connexion with the gallows, and looked the other way as the fatal cart, approaching from St. Giles's, followed the western road to Lylleston. In later years the field which the City had made the place of execution became the Conduit Mead, and at an annual visit of the Corporation the springs were inspected, the dinner, without which no civic ceremony was or is complete, was eaten in the Banqueting House at Stratford Place, and then the Lord Mayor and his attendant aldermen hunted a hare in the adjoining park of St. Marylebone. In 1562 a hare was hunted before dinner, and a fox after dinner, and the fox was killed in St. Giles's. But in 1737 the manly instincts of the City magnates had declined. Hares were no longer hunted by Aldermen, and water was no longer brought from Conduit Mead. The cisterns were arched over and hidden, and the Banqueting House was pulled down. The bridge over the brook was widened at the same time; and though Pennant relates that Mr. Carew Mildmay remembered to have shot a woodcock in Conduit Street, there is little now left to remind us of green fields and running water. In the dull season, every second year or so, somebody writes to the papers to announce the discovery of a walled-up cistern, and the same futility and fertility of guessing are displayed on each occasion. A stone used to mark the situation of one of these conduits at the junction of Marylebone Lane with Wigmore Street. Another was opened in North Audley Street last year. A third was discovered in Davies Street not long ago, and two are said to be under Aldborough House, the mansion at the end of Stratford Place. All were probably fed by the Tyburn; and it is owing to their former value to the citizens that the Corporation of London still owns the ground in which they stood.

The Abbess of Barking let the manor successively to some of the greatest nobles, and before the church was removed the lease had been the property of the Veres, the Lisles, and the Fitzalans. Its later history is almost peculiar from the number of its subdivisions. As early as 1415, on the death of Thomas Fitz Alan, fifth Earl of Arundel, his estates were divided among Berkeleys and Nevilles, Stanleys and Howards. All the best families in England seemed to have a share in St. Marylebone, as it was newly called; but Thomas Hobson, whom we have formerly noticed as holding what is now the Portman estate in the adjoining manor, the pseudo-Tyburn, bought up one share after another, so that when in 1544 his son exchanged with the King, he had narrowly escaped becoming the founder of a great territorial family. But the Crown kept only a portion, that which was hunting-ground, and the rest was at first let and afterwards sold. Before the end of the seventeenth century the manor increased so much in value that what in the reign of the first William had produced fifty-two shillings, in the reign of the third William brought in a rental of 900*l.*, and was sold by Sir John Austen for 17,500*l.* But before another century had gone by the value of the estate had been multiplied by a hundred at the least, and, as an example, Wicklow House, in Cavendish Square, may be adduced; five or six years ago this one tenement was sold for 20,000*l.*, being 2,500*l.* more than the whole estate originally cost the ancestor of its present owner. The subleases gradually fell in towards the close of the last century, and when Regent Street was made, White, the architect of the Portland estate, and who deserves to be remembered, made the suggestion that Marylebone Park should be taken up and properly laid out as Crown property. Few of the former leaseholders are now remembered, though one of them, Peter Hinde, gave his name to Hinde Street, and another, Lord Foley, was able to stop the way when Regent Street was carried northward towards the new Park. The street which bore his name has disappeared, as well as Foley House, but it was in order that the view from the windows might not be interrupted that Portland Place was made so wide, and the Langham Hotel now benefits by his obstinacy.

By far the largest part of the old manor is now occupied by the estate which Sir John Austen sold so cheap. The buyer was John Holles, Duke of Newcastle. In the statesman's transept of Westminster Abbey there is a well-known monument in which the virtues, but especially the honours, of the Duke are set forth. His effigy is supported by Wisdom and Sincerity, but the hand of Sincerity, which held a serpent, was broken by the scaffolding erected for the coronation of George IV. On the pedestal appears the name of the sculptor, "James Gibbs, Architect," and it is better known now than that of the Duke, though his titles and offices would fill half a column; and the cause of them all is but modestly alluded to, for we read that to his honours "his personal merit gave a lustre that needed not the addition of the great wealth he possessed." This cenotaph was erected by his daughter, "the Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley," who carried the manor of Tyburn to the Harley family, and whose daughter Lady Margaret brought it to the Bentincks. It is necessary to put all these names together to account for Harley and Holles, Henrietta and Margaret, as names of streets in the district; and, though Bentinck Street is one of the least of them all, it will be remembered because Gibbon lived at No. 7, and the preface to the *Decline and Fall* is dated "1 June, 1776, Bentinck Street." A hundred years have not made any very serious changes in the district. Gibbon's house is much as it was when he wrote to Lord Sheffield that "No. 7 in Bentinck Street is the best house in the world." His library was at the back, as we gather from an expression in another letter. He writes from Lausanne that his books have been "arranged in a room full as good as that in Bentinck Street, with this difference, indeed, that instead of looking on a stone court twelve feet square, I command an unbounded prospect." A greater library than Gibbon's had been bought with some of the money Lady Henrietta brought to the Harleys. Near the top of the Marylebone High Street was the old Manor House, and a few hundred yards to the south the famous Harleian Collection long remained in a library built for its reception. Edward Harley, son of the Lord Treasurer, and second Earl of Oxford, spared neither pains nor expense in its formation; and that he was not a mere collector of the sort fashionable a hundred years later may be gathered from his letters to the agents who sought at home and abroad for manuscripts, and his remarks on those he had bought. Great as the collection was, and priceless as it would be accounted now, the Trustees of the British Museum were able to acquire the manuscripts in 1753 for 10,000*l.* It cost Lord Oxford considerably more; but no calculation can arrive at more than a guess as to the sum, for the first Earl of Oxford also collected, and the gradual accumulation was spread over a great number of years. The building of Cavendish Square and the surrounding district was still in progress when George II. came to the throne. At first the square was called after the Lord Treasurer, Oxford; but this name was eventually confined to the street which, leading from St. Giles's towards Tyburn, had been hitherto known either as the Tyburn or the Uxbridge Road. Oxford Street, now one of the longest streets in London, then reached only from Stratford Place to Tottenham Court Road, perhaps not quite so far. There the village of St. Giles diverted it towards the South, and New Oxford Street is a recent improvement.

The Manor House of St. Marylebone came to base uses. The gardens were celebrated for their beauty, and for the resort which eventually gave them so bad a name. Though Pepys praises them, in Gay's time they were in disrepute. It is nearly a century since they were closed, and it would be very difficult to recall their fashionable bowers in the dingy brickwork of Beaumont Street and Devonshire Street. There is still a little of the picturesque about the so-called "Parish Chapel," immortalized by Hogarth in his picture of the "Rake's Marriage." It contains a monument to Gibbs, whose monument to the Duke of Newcastle we noticed above, but who is best remembered now by the beautiful portico of St. Martin's, which he designed. Small as the church was, it was once all that the parish possessed, and a melancholy account has come down to us of the duties of the curate in the early years of the last century. A manuscript, preserved appropriately enough among the Harleian Collection, gives some account of the funeral of Mr. Randolph Ford, who became curate in 1711, and continued to hold the office until his death thirteen years later. An anecdote was related at the grave, in which it was stated that on a single Sunday Mr. Ford's duties were as follows:—He began the day by marrying six couple—perhaps Hogarth's Rake among them

—then he read service and preached, churching six women after service. In the afternoon he again read the prayers and preached a sermon, and then the real duties of the day may be said to have commenced. He baptized twenty-six children at the font, and proceeding to the houses of six parishioners, baptized as many more privately. Finally, he buried thirteen corpses, reading the service separately over each of them; and reached home at length at nine o'clock.

The two manors of Lylleston and Tyburn, comprised in the one parish of St. Marylebone, have gone through so many vicissitudes, and have so completely changed both their names and their characters, that it is not easy to find traces of them now. In St. John's Wood we have a recollection kept up of the Knights at Clerkenwell. In the great highway, the greatest perhaps in the world, of Oxford Street, we preserve the memory of Queen Anne's Minister. The vestry still stands where it stood when St. John's lonely church by the brook-side was robbed five hundred years ago. But, instead of one church, there are now thirty-five, besides chapels; instead of a village and "unum messuagium," there are eight populous districts, electing one hundred and twenty-five members to their local vestry; there are single houses whose annual rent is greater than that of both manors two hundred years ago; and only the patient geographer, who will brave bad smells and pursue his objects among crowded alleys and through bustling streets, can trace the wanderings of the bourne which has twice given its name to the parish.

SKATING-RINKS

OLD people who lived before the age of steam find it difficult to become accustomed to the startling rapidity with which a new fashion, whether in dress or amusement, now travels, not only from London into the country, but to Madras and Melbourne. At the beginning of the century the shape of a bonnet was almost forgotten in Paris before it had reached Dublin or York, while in Devonshire short waists were only becoming general when long ones had again become the rage. Now, what with railways and cheap literature, the daughter of an Orkney farmer is only a few months later in discarding her petticoats, and injuring her health by tight lacing, than the Lady Gwendoline in Grosvenor Square; while the doctor at Penzance is just as early in the field with his spelling bee as his brother practitioner in Brook Street. The latest London madness has infected the country at once, even so far north as Aberdeen; and soon no provincial town will be without its rink, nor any one so poor, so stiff, or so unhappy, that he may not glide smoothly through at least a part of his sublunary existence. Should skating, instead of remaining a mere pastime like dancing or lawn-tennis, take its place as a substitute for walking, the appearance of our streets will become much more animated and amusing than it is at present. No longer will City men crouch in rows on the knifeboard of an omnibus, their brows wrinkled with care, their cheeks flabby from want of proper exercise. They will be spinning along the concrete at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, their eyes bright, their cheeks rosy, able to despise the fickle turn of Fortune's wheel whilst their own revolves without impediment. Regent Street will be a shopping rink, Kensington Gardens a baby rink, Columbia Market a costermonger's rink. Part of the Channel tunnel will be reserved for skaters, and by the aid of sails and artificial wind they will be able to cross from Dover to Calais as quickly as passengers by the *Castalia*, and with even less fear of sea-sickness. Perhaps Mr. Ruskin may allow tourists to approach Windermere on wheels, provided they are not driven by steam nor heralded by too loud a whistle. Whether there are to be rinks in his Arcadia, as well as dancing-schools, we have not yet heard. Fashionable physicians, no longer able to keep a carriage because all their patients are free from the complaints produced by idleness, will wheel about disconsolately, while a surgeon will be stationed at the corner of every street to attend to the casualties caused by the collisions of careless skaters. There will also be a policeman to decide upon the amount of damages to be paid for a broken nose, a lost tooth, or a general concussion of the brain and spine. The Tram and Cab Companies had better pause before they invest much money in building stables which may have to be turned into skating-rinks like those near Oxford Circus.

It is easy to understand that the skating-rink should be full of fascination for the young and vigorous; that they should delight to rush swiftly through the fresh air. There seems to be a natural craving for rapid motion, especially in children; and who does not know the exhilaration of a drive in a light dog-cart with a fast-trotting horse? A healthy girl will waltz herself out of breath round the schoolroom table; and as young women ought to be just as fond of exercise as their brothers, it is not surprising that they eagerly seize the opportunity afforded by skating-rinks to obtain the healthful glow which comes from vivid motion and the active play of all the muscles. Many girls, it is true, skate not because they care for exercise, or for one form of exercise more than another, but because at present it is accounted the proper thing to do. The rich, the idle, and the ignorant, who form so large a part of what is called society, are ever seeking some new method whereby they can rid themselves of their useless mornings and objectless afternoons. Skating-rinks have been a most valuable addition to the ways by which time, that bugbear of the empty-headed, can be supplied with wings. And within their walls we find all the well-known types with which every one is already so familiar in the ball-room. We see the same weary, hard-worked chaperons, the same crushing crowds of unmarried women. There is an equal amount of husband-hunting, rather less courtesy of manner, if that were possible, the same struggle to reach a higher rung on the social ladder, more time in which to concoct scandal, and more opportunity of circulating it. But in one point the skating-rink can claim a great advantage over the ball-room. Partners are by no means a necessity. A plain girl, therefore, does not find herself at the same disadvantage as at a dance. She need not wait beside her chaperon for partners who may never come, nor has she the mortification of contrasting the empty blank of her own card with the well-filled list of her pretty neighbour. In the rink she can buckle wings to her feet and pursue eldest sons as swiftly as her fairer sisters. She can exercise equally far-sighted calculation, and manage to fall as picturesquely and as helplessly when the heir to twenty thousand a year passes her by in a lonely corner. If she has small feet she can have her skates put on in public, or invent a dozen excuses for requiring a strap tightened or loosened by the men she meets. If these devices fail, it is easy to pretend a preference for skating alone or with those of her own sex, or else to set up as a good-natured coach to the inexperienced. Should a girl, however plain, become more than commonly accomplished on the wheels, she may be able to attract and retain as much attention as if she were good-looking, which is, no doubt, a great consolation. Married men, too, find the rink a not unpleasing place of amusement, independently of the exercise. There are plenty of pretty girls who want instruction, many helpless little hands held out to be steadied, fair damsels to be rescued from an ignominious position on the floor, and to be condoled with on skinned elbows or sprained ankles.

Indeed there is a great deal more freedom and intimacy in the rink than would be possible in a drawing-room, or than a wise mother ought to allow. How any refined lady can like to see her daughter exhibiting her paces in a crowded skating-rink is a mystery to these old-fashioned people who cling to the exploded idea that a girl's chief charm is modesty and purity of mind. An involuntary wish to rescue a pair of happy country maidens from the polluted atmosphere seizes one as they glide down the long, narrow slip of concrete hand in hand. It is their first season, and they are friends as well as sisters. Their short life has hitherto been spent in the schoolroom, the garden, visiting the village poor, or scampering along green lanes on a shaggy pony. They have looked forward to being presented as to a religious ceremony, and to their first ball as though it must decide their whole future life. Their adoring mother has kept them as long as she could in a well-guarded Eden of her own manufacture, from which the tree of knowledge was conspicuously absent. They know as little as possible about any world but their own, a world of family love, tenderness, and faith in each other. But their mother never thinks of resisting the call of custom and fashion, and from this atmosphere they pass without preparation to the London marriage market. Emancipated from the drudgery of the schoolroom, they revel in the liberty which they taste for the first time. New dresses are a boundless pleasure, the Opera a realization of fairy-land, and skating an endless delight—a pastime only too brief, an exercise to be taken without measure. But one of them looks at her watch; they have been hours on the wheels, and where is the poor mother? Does she not tire of sitting under a tree, even with *Daniel Deronda*? They beg her to come home; they protest they have had enough, as if that were possible; they are sure she is tired, which indeed she is; but no, she smiles lovingly while she bids them enjoy themselves as long as possible, and with pretty mendacity asseverates that she is not in the least fatigued. The younger daughter, with an innocent but highly unfashionable ardour of gratitude, will perhaps kiss her mother, and calls her a dear, delightful, unselfish old darling, and slide away for another turn. As she waves her hand by way of good-bye she hears the good-natured remark, "How can girls think to take men in by such ridiculous exhibitions of mock amiability? Lord Wideacres, for whose benefit this demonstration was evidently got up, is too old to be caught by such well-worn tricks." Our pretty skater has tasted of the forbidden but bitter fruit; the angry blood rushes to her very finger-tips, and she can hardly keep the tears out of her eyes. Her pleasure is spoilt for the day, and she almost persuades herself she is an impostor. But one season's blighting influence will thicken her skin; her blushes will not be so ready to protest against injustice, and her belief in girlish innocence will be much the same as that of her detractor. She will be able in the giddiest maze to remember which of the Guardsmen present are eligible, and will be intimately acquainted with all the unsavoury scandal of *Vanity Fair*. She will watch with interest and amusement, instead of disapprobation, the doings of women of many seasons, and listen with well-bred composure to the questionable stories told her by fast married men. If she does not marry, she may, alas! follow in the footsteps of a painted and powdered girl who stands sipping her coffee at a small table alone. Her dress is painfully scanty on her body and uselessly voluminous on the floor. She is bored to death, and waiting to catch some one with whom she can amuse herself by flirting outrageously. Presently she espies a distinguished-looking youth like a Peri at the gate. He is leaning against the low paling trying to see the skaters, and has beside him a beautiful collie dog. The girl, without a moment's hesitation, skates towards them as if by chance, stoops over and pats the dog, saying in a meaning tone, and with a glance at the handsome stranger, "Poor Bow-wow! Is he here all alone?

I would bring him in if I could." So by means of the dog she manages an introduction, and it is not her fault if the oddly made acquaintance does not ripen into a very warm and satisfactory flirtation. This is no hypothetical case. Such things do occur, and others of the same kind, and no wonder if girls who are kept in order at home think Prince's a glorious land of liberty and enjoyment. They drag their wretched parents from place to place till exhausted nature fails, and then start for the rink with a French maid as duenna. Still more unpleasant to the unsophisticated looker-on are the children who appear in French costumes and air their spindle legs and monkey tricks in public. There are always silly people ready to praise their rude speeches as if they were witty, and applaud their precocious imitations of the insolent or toadying manner of their elders. Such children make any one unaccustomed to them shudder at the thought that some day they may be wives and mothers in their turn. Fortunately there seems to be an interval in their lives when they are too old to come as children, and are not admitted because they have not yet been presented at Court; so that a place of improvement may be provided for them, for aught one can tell.

In amusing contrast to the aristocratic skating club is a rink where no annual subscription is required, no presentation at Court, no member's ticket, only a small payment at the door. Such places are springing up in all directions. They are the cause of much distress to the proprietors of dancing-rooms, but it is difficult to understand how they expected to evade the necessity of obtaining licences. Evening is the time to see such an establishment at its best, or worst. The room blazes with gas, but ventilators have been left out of the design. A smell of music-hall cigars, stale sandwiches, and cherry brandy pervades the air. The heat is suffocating, the glare blinding, the smell unsavoury. A combination of the barrel-organ and piano, uniting the more repulsive features of both instruments, and conspicuously labelled "For Sale," does duty for a band, and does not violate the provisions of 25 George II. cap 36. The whirr of wheels is like the sound of machinery out of gear, and the sight of figures gliding round and round makes the spectator giddy. But the skaters, who are apparently mostly of the shop-keeping class, seem to enjoy themselves. They are as silent as automatons, and busily occupied in keeping their heads from contact with the floor. Shop-boys are not as a class remarkable for personal charms. Their beauty is not of the type approved by artists; but no one who has not seen a second-class skating-rink knows of what contortions the human body is capable. Arms and legs fly about like the sails of a windmill, or like the figures in a magic-lantern. In the middle of the room and at the corners difficult feats are performed with ingenuity if not with grace, and one or two men secure the admiration of less skilful skaters by assuming the character of animated teapots. The young women may be seen, some clinging at the borders of the throng, where they eat sponge cake and drink lemonade at the expense of their respective young men, others showing a strong resolve to take the worth of their extra money out of the floor. Healthy as skating may be in the open air, it may be doubted whether these close and reeking rinks are more wholesome than the dancing pavilions which they seem destined to supersede, and whether there are not already too many of such establishments in London.

FASHION IN CRITICISM.

WE have frequently had occasion to comment upon the evils which result from the indiscriminate rush into authorship that belongs to these days. It is not every man who thinks that he can practise successfully as a barrister or a physician without any training; but a vast number of men and women appear to believe that nothing beyond the capacity for forming letters is necessary to the pursuit of literature. Probably the persons who suffer most bitterly from this strange creed are the critics, who for one first-rate or even decently good book have to encounter a large quantity of dull absurdity or limp commonplace; and it is no wonder if critics are sometimes possessed with despair or goaded into ferocity by the depressing nature of their tasks. At the same time it is they who are in a measure responsible for the toleration extended to the rubbish which constantly assumes the name of literature.

In literature, as in other things, there are fashions which change with the changing times. One cast of thought and expression first struck out by some man of original force comes into vogue, and is thought for a time to dwarf all other styles into insignificance. Its first appearance, when it is received by the majority with hesitation or utter disapproval, gives to certain people an opportunity for forming themselves into a select few. To them it is given to discern the beauties which are of too fine a structure for the faculties of the common eye. Theirs it is to cherish and expound the articles of the new faith. By degrees the world outside this charmed circle discovers the merits which have for a time been the special property of a few devotees; and when these have become a common possession, the pride of holding a secret treasure above the appreciation of the mass is lost to the self-constituted priests, who straightway search for a new idol. Meanwhile those who have followed in their wake, anxious to prove that they too have a fine apprehension, have lashed themselves into an extravagant admiration which ends in satiety. And this result is the more surely reached because any original style is tolerably sure to be imitated by writers who with their shallow perceptions reproduce its defects, and help to call public attention to them.

The reaction from an excessive admiration has been strikingly illustrated in the varying estimation of Byron's poetry. To a generation which not only delighted in the marvellous flow of his verse and the vast splendour of his imagery, but fell also into adulation of his false and unhealthy thought, which was found the easiest part of his work to emulate, succeeded one which was as indiscriminate in blame as its forerunner had been in praise. These concentrated so much attention upon the poet's faults that there was none left for his beauties; his eloquence was bombast, his imagination tinsel. The nature and simplicity of the Lake school were recognized; and presently the cry for nature degenerated into a thoughtless gabble. The imagination which, like the lakes themselves, could catch the forms of nature and mirror them with new beauty in its depths, was no longer needed. The cry was for simplicity, and not seldom drivel was accepted in its place. To the craving for fiery stimulant succeeded a longing for spoon-meat.

Nowadays these conditions are somewhat modified. Cultivation has spread so widely that it is possible for several poets of different styles to exist together, and even to be admired by the same people. This, no doubt, is good; but as there is danger in narrow, so is there in extensive, sympathies, especially if their constitution is so feeble that, in order to cover much ground, they must be very thinly spread. There is a large class of people who love to play Maecenas at little cost by bestowing the patronage of lazy approval upon followers of the arts. Endowed with a few wits which they have well nigh muddled in the attempt to be well informed without any trouble, they believe themselves gifted like the girl in the German story, so that whatever falls from their lips is golden. They would tell Milton, Farinelli, or Gainsborough with equal affability that their last performance was "really charming," and that "it must be so delightful to be an artist." The original sin, however, of pride in an admiration which the vulgar cannot share has by no means died out. Of late years it has taken a somewhat singular form. Those who looked around them for some startling development of imagination to set up as the central figure of a literary belief found what they sought in the morbid ideas of such writers as Gautier and Baudelaire, from whom they might have imitated what was good, but that would not have served their purpose so well. They were best pleased to find loveliness in the brilliancy which struck terror into most who saw it, the fevered brilliancy of disease; the exaltation which attracted them was the cry of delirium that broke through all accustomed trammels of speech. It seemed good to them to cast a lurid glow of fancy over the most sodden vice, as one may see the muddy bed of a river lit up by the glare of torches. The ring of melodious verse was more tuneful in their ears if by its means some story that should have been hidden was told. They found sermons, not in stones, but in the reptiles crawling in the dark beneath them. There are some who once trafficked in such things, and who have shown since that true power ends by shaking itself free from the evils that may threaten at first to obscure it; but there are others also who, like jays and parrots, have caught up the first utterances of a new style, and will long continue to repeat them with empty pretension.

It would not perhaps be difficult to point to a multitude of fashions in present-day criticism; but it is only needful to speak of a few. At one time the slashing style was in vogue; the critic imagined that he resembled Apollo in the far reach of his sight and the directness of his aim; and felt bound to carry the resemblance out by acting from time to time the story of Marsyas. His position was a safe one; he pointed out with unerring accuracy how ill certain work was performed; and it might be supposed that one who possessed such a keen eye for faults, and inferentially such a just conception of beauty as he did, could do the same work much better himself. If he were challenged to attempt it he could, if he pleased, reply with perfect truth and fairness that it was his business not to make, but to examine; that the creative and critical faculties were rarely allied, and that it was a notorious fact that artists failed in appreciation of their own works. Or he might even take higher ground and say that he had sometimes thought of showing by example how original work ought to be done, but that the services which he rendered to the arts by pointing out their professors' defects were too valuable to be abandoned for any selfish consideration. As a thoroughly admirable work of art is seldom produced, it would have been strange if such critics had failed to find victims in plenty to make stalking-horses for their own cleverness; and so the method continued until there came a reaction, of which the effects are not altogether wholesome. From thinking that it was not desirable to blame with unsparing ferocity, people grew by the usual process of exaggeration to think that it was desirable not to blame at all, until it might be said that, instead of trying to discover a blockhead in whatever genius might appear, they were bent on finding a genius in all the blockheads who do appear. Toleration is carried to excess when it not only admits, but bepraises, works which have no originality, grace, or even decent care to recommend them. How many novels, to take one branch of art, are now published which have neither plot, characters, nor grammar; and to how many of these is toleration, if not praise, extended? The critic who looks only or mainly for faults is not fair; but the evil which he does is probably less than that worked by one

who, discarding all notion of severity, encourages mediocrity or incompetence. True talent will triumph over undeserved sneers; but the standard of performance, once lowered by careless praise, will not soon reach its right level again. Thoughtless good nature, the easiest of virtues, when applied to criticism, perpetuates the bad habit of writing; and its practice bears a double fruit, for the more that there is written the more there will be to criticize.

There is another fashion of criticism of which the effect is less important, but which has grown so much that it must attract attention. This is in some sort allied to the school of poetry of which we last spoke, and has caught from it one of its worst tricks, that of jingling words together without any regard to their sense. Not only are its adopters contented if they can produce a sounding period, however little meaning may be contained in it; but they even go out of their way to make unnatural combinations of words, just as some French writers have done to discover unnatural fancies. They find their best opportunity in the criticism of pictures, in describing which they will talk of "a large quiet," or of the grace with which "the softer melodies of the landscape are relieved by the shrill staccato of a red cloak." They go about to find some new and finely æsthetic point of view from which to regard the things submitted to them; and in pursuit of this idea they will, for instance, discourse most exquisitely of the "strong personality" which runs through an artist's work. Whether it is meant by this phrase that an ordinary artist's performances appear as if they were done by some one else, we need not perhaps hope to discover. There is one phrase which has been for a long time in common use among various kinds of writers, but which yet belongs to the class of discordant combinations. In praising a writer's descriptive power it has been customary to talk of his skill in word-painting. The methods of the writer and of the painter in conveying the effect of a scene differ so entirely that it would be hard to find a more unhappy expression than this which confounds the two arts. The writer produces his impression by a slow process of detail, carried on under his reader's eye; and the reader makes the combination of the different portions for himself. The painter presents his spectator with the complete scene, and leaves him to discover if he will how its various parts were worked into a whole. The one process is the reverse of the other; and it would be as appropriate to speak of a painter's colour-writing as of a writer's word-painting. It might be easy to heap up instances of "æsthetic" (which is with some people a synonym for affected) phrases mistakenly employed by writers either with or without talent. "But enough of these toys."

THE BATTLE OF THE WHISKIES.

A FRESH Irish grievance has cropped up. Just as English or Scotch settlers intermarried with the Irish and produced a race more troublesome to rulers than the natives, so now English gin or Scotch whisky is "blended" with the "pure spirit" of the Emerald Isle, and it is alleged that the compound makes those who swallow it riotously and madly drunk. There are of course two sides to this, as to every other question, and the Scotch aver that what they call "silent spirit" is imported into Ireland to improve the native whisky. It is perhaps due to the quality of the spirit which he drinks that, as has been often noticed, the Scotchman when drunk is silent, while the Irishman is noisy. This "silent spirit" is brought to Dublin, and, either because it is better or because it is cheaper, it is mixed in bond with Irish whisky, and, said Mr. O'Sullivan in the House of Commons, "It is a shame that the State should be a party to this practice, particularly as it gains nothing by it." Previously to the Union, he said, this tampering with Irish whisky was unknown, and an Act of Parliament provided that any cask which had been partially emptied should not be filled up. We should say that on the proper construction of this statute whoever broached a cask of whisky would be bound to finish it, and disobedience to this enactment would of course be a misdemeanor. But now this and other legislative safeguards have been swept away, and, besides, there is at Somerset House an enemy of Ireland who issues at the public expense, in the shape of a Report of the Board of Inland Revenue, a crafty composition describing the "silent spirit" as a colourless and flavourless spirit well adapted for mixing with other spirits.

Thus Ireland suffers by a combination of Scotch cupidity and English indifference or malevolence, and various remedies have been proposed. One speaker in the debate considered that nothing short of an Irish Parliament and an Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer would give relief, while another thought that a Select Committee of the existing House of Commons should be appointed to inquire into the practice of "blending" and "into the effect of using new-made spirits," and the expediency of detaining all spirits twelve months in bond. It is objected that the Select Committee could satisfactorily inquire into the effect of using new-made spirits only by themselves drinking it, and the prospect of having twenty-one members of the House of Commons afflicted with *delirium tremens* in the discharge of duty would be alarming, even if the Committee were impartially selected from both sides of the House, or contained a large proportion of Irish members. As regards detaining spirits twelve months in bond, Sir Wilfrid Lawson would prefer to make the time twelve years. Another speaker suggested that the debate was got up by certain distillers in Dublin as an advertisement, and we are much struck with the novelty and beauty of this idea. It might perhaps be an improvement on the old plan of "keeping a poet" if some great house of business were to keep a member to call attention by an annual motion to its manufactures. Amid the confusion of various statements and opinions, we can discern that the Irish think their own whisky the best in the world, and it also bears a high reputation beyond Ireland. Spirit is brought from Scotland, mixed with whisky made in Ireland, and exported. As Government allows this to be done in bonded warehouses which are under its control, it seemed proper to require that the article thus produced should be marked "blended," and this has been done. There never is an end to anything Irish; but, if this were an English question, we should have thought that these marks, provided they were legible, would have settled it. People who are curious in whisky would know what the marks mean, particularly after two or three annual debates in the House of Commons; and to the rest of the world the whole subject seems, so far as anything Irish can so seem, unimportant. Mr. O'Sullivan, by way of imparting a moral flavour to the discussion, asked what would be said if Government were to allow deeds deposited in the Registry Office to be tampered with for the purpose of private gain? We may admit that the comparison is so far appropriate that even old deeds are probably capable, under the process vulgarly called gin-spinning, of producing spirit. The Irish, of course, assert that their whisky is made out of pure corn, while the Scotch is derived from rice, potatoes, beetroot, and refuse generally. The Scotch retort that, although the Irish have corn, they don't know how to make it into whisky, and that their product contains much fusel oil, which is rank poison. The Irish champion tells the House of Commons that drinking Scotch whisky is like a torch-light procession down a man's throat, to which his Scotch antagonist answers that a glass of Irish whisky is full of headaches to the brim. An English listener to the debate might perhaps be tempted to exclaim, "A plague on both your houses." If it be true that 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 gallons of spirit are annually imported into Belfast, we can only say that the fashions on which business depends are wonderful. It may of course be that this spirit, mixed with Irish whisky, makes a better article than could be made either by Ireland or Scotland unaided. Or it may be that the spirit made in Scotland is good, but consumers fancy it is better if it comes to them from Ireland. Probably much the larger part of consumption is supplied by retail dealers, and as they had no representative in the debate, the blame of pernicious adulteration was shifted upon them. Whether they are thus culpable we do not know, but if they are capable of changing the nature of an article after it comes to their hands, they would also be capable, we may suppose, of changing its name. Nevertheless it seems to be thought worth while to carry Scotch whisky to Ireland in order that it may be called Irish, although with the qualification that it is "blended."

As might be expected, Belfast, which is not so much Irish as English or Scotch, is the chief seat of this "blending" by which the beauty and purity of the native usquebaugh or water of life is deformed and vitiated. Identical in race, and scarcely differing in language, the Irish of the North and the Scots of the Western isles kept up a close and increasing intercourse at a time when Ulster was less known to Englishmen than Central Africa is now. Rather more than three centuries ago some thousands of Scottish families emigrated from Bute, Arran, and Argyleshire to find settlements on the thinly-peopled coasts of Antrim and Down. The Irish chiefs sought their friendship, intermarried with them, or made war on them, as the humour of the moment prompted; but their numbers steadily increased, whether welcome or unwelcome, until they became objects of alarm both to the native Irish, whom they threatened to supplant, and to the English, whom they refused to obey. Sometimes they joined the native Irish against the English, and they were always accounted the more dangerous foe. Shan O'Neil, with the help of several thousand Scotch marauders, made war on the Earl of Sussex, Lord-Deputy under Queen Elizabeth, and almost got the better of him, near Armagh. The historian who describes a skirmish in which the English, outnumbered by ten to one, drove back a howling crowd of Irish, adds that fortunately there were no Scots among the latter. A few years later another Irish rebel or patriot, Fitzmaurice, went up into Ulster, collected 1,500 Scots, and came down upon the Shannon. His first step was to burn Athlone. Thence he moved to Portumna, and crossed the river into Limerick. Sir John Perrot, who then commanded for Queen Elizabeth, desired nothing better than to have Fitzmaurice within reach of his arm; he hurried up to the woods in which he was reported to be lying between Kilmalloch and the Shannon. The waters were out. The horses could not travel. The men splashed along the shaking tracks of the bogs. But he got at the Scots at last, cut them in two, hurled half of them into Lough Derg, and chased the rest into Tipperary. There a few days later he overtook and would have destroyed them, but his army took the opportunity to mutiny, and told him that they would do no more fighting till they were paid their wages. So his prey escaped him, but his allies, the Butlers, killed one hundred followers of Fitzmaurice, sent their heads to rot on the gates of Limerick, and made a final end of the Scotch invasion. Perrot in this campaign had slot and cut in pieces 800 Irish and had drowned some hundreds of Scots, while the Butlers accounted for 400. We have dwelt upon these early passages of Scotch-Irish history rather than upon the later and better known transactions of the colonization of Belfast and the adjacent district from Scotland and England, and it thus ap-

pears that for four or five centuries the Scotch have largely occupied Ulster, and some of them have become more Irish than the Irish themselves. But they have always loved the theology of their own land, and it now appears that they are equally orthodox in liquor. They consider that Scotch malt whisky is the best in the world, and it is cheaper than Irish whisky, as well as, in their judgment, incomparably superior.

There is, or was, an Irish whisky dealer who sold his commodity under the name of the Lord Lieutenant, and it appears that a "blender" now advertises whisky as "bottled under the immediate supervision of the officers of Her Majesty's Customs and Inland Revenue." This we take to be merely the Irish way of saying that the bottling has been done in a bonded warehouse; and when a speaker in the debate complains that the Scotch whisky imported into Ireland is filling lunatic asylums and sending men to untimely graves, we understand this only a strong way of expressing dislike to an article that is 2*s.* per gallon cheaper than the native product. We do not enter into the controversy between pot and patent stills, and when one side calls the Scotch whisky "vitriolic," and the other claims that it has "improved the native spirit," we can only conjecture that it is neither very bad nor very good. What one party calls "blending" is naturally regarded from the opposite point of view as "adulteration," and we should not be surprised to find that the Scotch colonization of Ulster is described in equally conflicting terms in reference to its supposed influence on the native population. But we cannot help thinking that these Irish distillers are upon dangerous ground when they propose for sanitary or moral reasons the prohibition of "blending" of Scotch whisky with their own. The precedent might be used for "protecting the lives, health, and sanity of the public" by prohibiting alike native and imported whisky. Outsiders may be apt to think that "pure spirit" and "blue ruin" are equivalent terms. We cannot help comparing this dispute to those which originated the saying that orthodoxy is your own doxy and heterodoxy is another man's doxy. It all depends on the point of view. But let the Irish distillers be consoled. The facts of which they complain only prove in a new and striking way the invincibility of Ireland. Who would have believed that the round and rosy of Normandy would have stooped to imitate a proud chivalry [illegible] They are [illegible] a barbarous equivalent? Yet their knightly names to as[illegible] heads [illegible] changed into McSweenie, Fitzurse became McMahon, and Ver[illegible]ble to. Casting aside the and Geraldines called themselves McShehies. [illegible] be undiscommanding features of their Norman race, they came to [illegible]ition, tinguished in soul or body, look or dress, language or dispos[illegible] from the Celts whom they had subdued. Invaders caught the national contagion and became *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*. The same potent spell has worked for seven hundred years, and it is a tribute to the fascinating genius of the country that Scotch whisky when imported into it becomes so thoroughly Irish that even Irishmen cannot tell the difference. The Chancellor of the Exchequer could not help these complainants if he would. Vainly did legislation forbid the "Englishry" in Ireland to intermarry with the native races, and the prohibition of blending or adulteration of Irish with Scotch whisky is equally impossible. History repeats itself, and the mingling of Scotch and Irish spirits began when the Earl of Argyll's sister eloped with Shan O'Neil.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER AGAIN.

IT might have been supposed that the hopelessness of attempting to overcome the deep and natural repugnance of the English people to the general confusion of family relations which would be produced by legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, as the first step in a series of similar innovations, had already been sufficiently demonstrated, and that the artificial agitation on the subject had been pretty well exploded. It now turns up, however, in a new form, as unabashed as ever in its impudence and its habits of misrepresentation. On Monday a deputation waited upon the Colonial Secretary to propose that this objectionable form of marriage, which, it is seen, there is no chance of getting directly legalized in this country, should be indirectly legalized in an underhand and crooked way. The speeches were of the usual kind; but perhaps it is better to begin by tracing this new agitation through its primary stages in the official correspondence which has just been published. It begins with a letter from Sir Thomas Chambers, in which he points out to Lord Carnarvon that "nothing can be more disastrous than that questions of legitimacy and inheritance should be left unsettled, to introduce strife and controversy into families, and to be decided years hence, after protracted and costly litigation." Nobody of course will dispute this self-evident proposition. Indeed, as it happens, it was expressly on this ground that the law with regard to marriage with deceased wives' sisters was placed on its present footing in this country, and this is the law which Sir T. Chambers and his friends are now, by every kind of reckless artifice, endeavouring to unsettle and upset, regardless of the disastrous consequences which he himself points out. He then goes on to "assume" that "the Home Government, in advising the Crown to sanction the Colonial Acts, did so in perfect good faith, intending to give full validity in all respects to those marriages which might be contracted under them, whilst it is certain that the colonists confidently expected that every incident of a legal marriage would attach to those so sanctioned." Here are two assumptions which are both purely imaginary; that the Colonial Acts on this subject were intended to apply to the mother-country—for that is what Sir T. Chambers means—and that the colonists as a body are in favour of this kind of marriage. It is notorious that it has hitherto been found impossible in this country to get Parliamentary assent to such a change in the law, and that the majorities in the House of Commons which at one time lent a spurious appearance of support to the proposal have been steadily declining as the hollowness of the agitation, kept up by a few interested persons, has been gradually exposed. As to the colonists, they have no doubt passed the local Acts in question, probably without much consideration or appreciation of the consequences, but the minority which takes advantage of them is very small. It may be suspected, indeed, that these laws had their origin in the intrigues of agitators in this country, and were devised by them as a means of carrying their point by a side wind, and without attracting attention over here. It was perfectly understood when these Acts were sanctioned by the Home Government, that all that was conceded was that the mother-country, while preserving its own rights, was willing not to interfere with the wishes of the colonists, and that the Acts were therefore to be strictly local in their application to the various colonies which adopted them. It is obvious indeed that, if the mother-country had been willing to go any further, there would have been no necessity for the local Acts at all, inasmuch as a general law of the United Kingdom would have included the colonies in its operation. Sir T. Chambers, having invented an intention which never had any existence, characteristically proceeds to say that he "cannot therefore anticipate any objections on your Lordship's part to the passing of a Bill the single object of which is to carry out that intention, by putting the offspring of such marriages on the same footing as regards inheritance, as well as in respect of legitimacy, as the children of marriages lawful in the mother-country." Here again the fact that Sir. T. Chambers thinks it necessary to bring in a Bill to make these marriages lawful in England proves conclusively that they had never been made lawful, and that the various Acts have only a strictly local application. All that the English Government said to the colonies was:—"This is not a question on which we are disposed to quarrel with you. Take your own course, and don't bother us."

There is really something stupendous in the audacity with which an arrangement of this kind is now presented as, in effect, working a revolution in the general law of the United Kingdom. The insidious nature of the proposal is easily discovered; and the Colonial Secretary, after stating that there does not appear to be [illegible] any doubt wi[illegible] actual law on the subject, though it may be expected that questions of domicile will from time to time arise in connexion with marriages of this kind celebrated in colonies where they are legal, points out the way in which the proposed Act would be used by persons who wished to circumvent the existing English law. The proposed Act, it is remarked, "would have the effect of giving validity in the United Kingdom to marriages of this description entered into by residents in the United Kingdom who have simply made a trip to the colony for the purpose of procuring celebration of the marriage, thereby evading the law of this country." In reply to a second appeal from Sir T. Chambers, Lord Carnarvon replies that it is true that the offspring of marriage with a deceased wife's sister in colonies where such a marriage is legal cannot inherit land in Scotland, or, as he believes, in England; but "it does not appear that there is any doubt about this state of the law, and it is not, in his opinion, desirable to alter or interpret the law so as to place the issue of such marriages, if contracted in the colonies, in a better position in England than the issue of similar marriages contracted at home." Such being the state of the case, the question is brought to a very simple issue. There is no desire in the mother-country to restrict the freedom of colonists to do what they like among themselves in regard to these marriages; but, on the other hand, the mother-country has clearly a right to maintain its own laws within its own jurisdiction until it sees fit to change them. Mr. Alderman McArthur, in introducing the deputation at the Colonial Office, remarked that the colonists felt that it was very oppressive that these marriages should be recognized as legal, and the children as legitimate, in one part of the Queen's dominions, while in another exactly the reverse was the state of the law; but the obvious answer is, that it would be at least an equally invidious anomaly that the mother-country should be compelled to abandon its most cherished traditions, in order to please a few eccentric people—who, it must be borne in mind, are only an insignificant minority of the colonists—on the other side of the world.

Mr. Lowe urged that, though an enabling Act ought not to extend to persons who had gone to the colonies for the purpose of evading English law, or to any cases where the marriage might be considered incestuous, it would be safe to invest marriages with deceased wives' sisters with a legal character in England as well as in the colonies. It is evident, however, that this project for the establishment on a legal footing in England of colonial marriages of a peculiar kind is only, like the pretence of confining the change to deceased wives' sisters, the thin end of a dangerous wedge. If these colonial marriages were once recognized in England, there would at once be a cry raised as to the injustice of denying to British residents the privilege enjoyed by colonists. And next, when sisters-in-law had been made legally marriageable, there would

be an agitation to place other relations by marriage in a similar position, and the same horribly confused state of family relations which is now to be found in some parts of Germany would begin to creep in. Mr. Lowe also remarked that the English Government is committed to the approval of deceased wife's sister marriages by sanctioning them in certain colonies; but this is a mistake. No approval has been expressed, nor has any Government ever had the right to express such approval on behalf of the nation. All that has been done has been, for the sake of peace, to let the colonists have their own way if they choose. But we are not going to allow them to impose laws upon us against our will. On their own soil they can do as they please, but then we claim the same right on our soil; and this seems only fair. Whether marriages of the kind in question ought or ought not to be allowed is a question which anybody who has an interest in it is entitled to raise; but it ought to be done in an open and straightforward manner. A change amounting to a revolution in English domestic life ought not to be passed in a quiet, underhand way without the full knowledge and assent of the country, and a clear perception of what is being done.

THE AMERICAN "DOD."

WE have before us a list of the new members of the Congress which is now sitting at Washington, with brief biographical sketches of each, compiled from information supplied by themselves. These sketches are interesting from many points of view. But they are especially instructive as throwing light upon the classes from which American public men are drawn, and thereby affording an explanation of some of the causes of that corruption which the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives is so zealously unearthing, in the hope that the discredit of their opponents may redound to their own party advantage. The position of Congress in the American Union will be borne in mind. It is, speaking generally, recruited from the picked men of the several State Legislatures. The usual course for a man who has made a mark in his neighbourhood as a political aspirant is to enter the popular branch of the State Legislature. The next step in a normal progress is to go to the State Senate. Generally it is from the men who have undergone this preparatory training, and have asserted a superiority over their fellows, that the candidates for the popular Chamber of Congress are selected. For the Federal Senate still more distinguished candidates are sought out; usually they are past or present Governors, or else men of commanding eloquence, like the late Mr. Sumner. Of course there are many exceptions, but the general rule is as we have stated it. And, remembering the presumable superiority of the members of Congress, when we know what kind of men they are we shall be able to form some idea of the average State legislator.

The present Congress is composed of 74 Senators and 292 Representatives, making a total of 366 members, exclusive of the Delegates from the Territories. Of the whole number, 176 are new members, and it is of these that we have before us the biographical notices. What we are about to say, however, may be taken as fairly descriptive of the whole Congress. If, indeed, we were to include the entire Congress in our remarks, the picture would have to be made somewhat more unfavourable; for the new members comprise a large Southern contingent, composed mostly of men who occupied a good social position before the war. But for the present we confine our notice to the new members. And the first observation to be made is that they are, with singularly few exceptions, native-born citizens of the United States. Of the whole number, 176, there are only seven foreign born. And of these seven, two are Canadians. The Europeans therefore are only five, and of these again, three are Irish, one English, and one German. So that there is but a solitary member of the non-British population of the United States. The smallness of the foreign representation may serve to show how exaggerated is the influence generally attributed to the foreign population. Of course we do not mean to assert anything so paradoxical as that the presence of a large number of poor and adventurous immigrants, without the faintest feeling of patriotism, does not supply corruption with serviceable tools. But if the foreign element were actively corrupt, it would not allow all the prizes, as well as all the honours, of political life to be carried off by natives. Passing from nationality to the more important question of education, we find that 69 out of the 176 report themselves as having received a University education. It is necessary to bear in mind, however, that "University" in the United States means a very different thing from what it does in Europe. Some of the American Universities are, no doubt, admirable institutions. But the greater number are to be compared with the ambitious "collegiate" schools so plentifully found in English towns rather than with our Universities properly so-called. For example, several of them are mere sectarian seminaries. Of the real Universities, Yale has the largest number of graduates—six; while its rival, Harvard, has only one. One member, again, is a graduate of the German University of Giessen; and one has studied medicine at Edinburgh. Lastly, two are graduates of Westpoint. Indeed, of the 69 who have been at college, the majority received only a professional training. According to Mr. Gladstone, therefore, they have not had a liberal education. Let us cite a few examples. Here is the early biography of one of the new Senators:—"Born at Warrensburg, Missouri, October 1, 1834; received a common school education, but finished his studies at Chapel Hill College, in Lafayette County, Missouri, an institution belonging to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. As opportunities offered, he worked upon his father's farm, studied law, &c." Here is another sketch, also of a Senator:—"Worked on his father's farm till twenty-one years of age; graduated at Hiwassie College; studied law." Another "was apprenticed to the saddlery trade; was two years in college; did not graduate; was admitted to the Bar." We need add nothing to these extracts. The so-called colleges, in fact, in many cases are merely pretentious schools, which students leave little less ignorant than when they entered. But, apart from the information they supply as to the nature of the education received, our extracts serve to show from how very low a stratum of the population a large proportion even of the better-educated members of the Senate are drawn.

Of the 176 new members there remain 107, who do not profess to have had more than an ordinary school education. Of these some are entirely silent on the subject, and some say that they received a classical, an academic, or a good education—terms so vague as to convey no distinct information. The large majority, however, frankly acknowledge that their early instruction was of the most limited kind. James Haralsson, for example, tells us that he was born in Georgia in 1846 of slave parents; he became free at the close of the Civil War, and settled in Alabama, "and acquired a knowledge of English by his own personal efforts." In 1868 he took an interest in politics, in 1870 was elected to the State Legislature, in the following year was made a justice of the peace, in 1872 was elected to the State Senate, and two years later was chosen a member of Congress. It may be said that the presence of men such as this in the Federal Legislature is an accidental and temporary phenomenon; we pass on, therefore, to the white members. We find one telling us that he gained what little he knows by his own exertions; another that he attended the common schools in the winter; a third that he went to school in intervals of leisure. But the commonest statement we meet with is, "Was raised on a farm, and attended the common schools," or, "Was instructed in the public schools, and worked on a farm." These two phrases are repeated so frequently that it would almost appear to be the normal beginning of a Congressman's career. The next step recorded is usually that the lad who thus snatched instruction as best he could in his intervals of hard work set up a school on his own account. After a while we find the young pedagogue at the Bar or editing a newspaper. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that every large town has a Bar of its own, and that there does not exist the division between the two branches of the profession which obtains in this country. Preparation for the Bar, therefore, does not mean what an Englishman understands by the phrase. In several instances we are told that the intending lawyer had not the benefit of assistance of any kind. In other cases he went into an office. But outside the great cities a lawyer is little more than a country attorney. Preparation for the Bar, therefore, which in Europe would imply considerable culture, in the United States means very little. We are far from implying that a University training is essential to a public man, or from denying that a self-taught man may be a statesman. But, unfortunately, as a rule, American Congressmen are not self-taught. They are untaught.

The facts we have cited undoubtedly prove that careers are open in the United States, that the humblest citizens may aspire to the highest offices. Those who regard this as the principal end of government will therefore consider those facts eulogistic of American institutions. But those who believe the function of government to be the enactment of wise and just laws adapted to the requirements of the country, and their fearless, impartial administration by competent men fairly chosen for their fitness, will take a different view. Unquestionably, careers ought to be open. The State which acts upon a different principle is not merely unjust to a portion of its subjects, but deprives itself of a great fund of talent. But careers ought to be open to the educated as well as to the ignorant; and, as a matter of fact, they are not so open in the United States. For reasons which we need not go into here, political life has become so degraded that men of culture will have nothing to do with it. The way is thus left open for needy and half-educated adventurers who have fluency enough to repeat with effect upon the stump the commonplaces of popular oratory. They engage in log-rolling and wire-pulling and all the other practices by which Transatlantic politicians promote their own interests. Step by step they rise, and at last reach Congress. They have got on by courting the mob, by making themselves useful to men of influence, and availing themselves in turn of the services of aspiring followers. They have no knowledge or culture to grasp the principles of a broad national policy, or to perceive the defects of institutions worm-eaten by corruption. Naturally, therefore, they turn from the strange and uncongenial task of considering laws the merits and defects of which they are alike incapable of appreciating, to the practice of the arts on which they have prospered. Under their influence rings are formed and lobbying flourishes. They sell their support to the executive Government for a share of its patronage. And they sell their votes to Credit Mobiliers and Railway Companies for hard cash. Their influence reacts upon the constituencies, and deepens their corruption. It extends to the Administration, lowers its moral tone, compels it to bargain for support, and surrounds it with tools fit for its purposes. And thus is brought about the state of

things in which Cabinet Ministers barter away the offices in their gift, and the members of the President's family trade in Government posts.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE AT THE HAYMARKET.

IF the performance of *Measure for Measure* at the Haymarket Theatre should prove attractive, it will indicate the completion of a remarkable change in public taste. The play has, no doubt, been produced out of regard rather to the talent of Miss Neilson than to the general capability of the company, and we could wish that some of the fine passages which occur in it might be better spoken. But as a means of popular education this performance, although far from perfect, will be useful, and some persons may be surprised to find that they have been talking Shakspeare without knowing it. Everybody has heard the song "Take, oh take those lips away," and the name of Mariana at the Moated Grange is generally familiar, although the present generation knows her best from a modern poet's gloss on Shakspeare's text. The lady who performs this part looks as if disappointed love agreed with her, and possibly it is from a sense of incongruity that she neither listens to this song nor apologizes for her taste in music by the words

> My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

The stage edition of this play gives the cast at Drury Lane Theatre in 1824, when Macready played the Duke, and the scene at the Moated Grange is omitted. But as it is a short scene, and contains this beautiful song, we should have thought it might have been restored, particularly after the recent success of the musical parts of *As You Like It*, and of Mr. Tom Taylor's *Anne Boleyn* at this theatre. It would, however, have been desirable in that case to provide that Mariana should be rather more doleful, and it would be well also if she were a size smaller, as it is difficult to believe that she could be mistaken, even in "the heavy middle of the night," for Isabella. The wealth of Shakspeare's mind is shown in this scene by the few lines which he puts into the Duke's mouth merely to fill up the time while the two ladies are conferring; and as Mr. Howe can speak such lines as these, we should be glad to hear them, particularly as in these days of Special Correspondents and Royal or Imperial progresses "place and greatness" have more eyes fixed on them than ever. Although the scene of this play is nominally Vienna, the characters and circumstances belong either to England or to all the world. Perhaps the recent popularity of the play in the United States is due, not only to Miss Neilson's fine acting of Isabella, but also to the life-like picture which it presents of England as it was when American colonization began. The Clown and the Constable are English all over, and the prison, with debtors and murderers huddled in indiscriminate filth, is only too truly painted. The laughter which greets Mr. Buckstone's appearance as Pompey proves that the fun no less than the pathos of this play is of enduring texture. The disquisition on dishes, and the "truths" with which he confutes the case against him, are delivered with the cunning which affects simplicity; and, as might be expected, he makes the most of his promotion to be assistant executioner. The disgust of the regular hangman at this discredit to his mystery, and the Provost's rude comparison between his trade and Pompey's, must have always been one of the most popular points in the play. Hangmen, be it observed, are necessarily few in number, and perhaps, if there were enough of them to form a corporation, they might receive more public consideration than they do as individual practitioners. It has been a common practice to recruit these ministers of justice from among condemned criminals; and thus Pompey is offered the place of deputy hangman as an alternative to imprisonment and whipping. The death of a pirate by "cruel fever" in the prison is perhaps the truest feature in the picture; and the murderer "unfit to live or die" may still be found even where gaol fever has been extirpated. In America, perhaps, hangmen are treated with more respect, or at least they ought to be in States where respectable citizens sometimes take the hanging business into their own hands. In Shakspeare's time, if there were not many hangmen, they had a considerable business; and yet he knew what he was about when he made the Provost say that "a feather would turn the scale" between heading, hanging, and other forms of human butchery, on the one hand, and the unmentionable trade of Pompey on the other. The Clown is diligent in his new calling, and he hopes that if ever his master should come to be hanged he may find his pupil yare, "for truly," says he, "for your kindness I owe you a good turn." Such was the interior of a prison in Shakspeare's time, and such it continued for nearly two centuries, until Howard took the work of reform in hand. But although many criminals have lain under sentence of death in prison, there have been few such scenes either in fact or fiction as that between Claudio and Isabella.

It must be owned that Miss Neilson is not altogether fortunate in her assistants. Mr. Harcourt, who lately spoke the lines of Jaques in *As You Like It* with much taste and good effect, is less successful in the part of Angelo; and Mr. Warner cannot be congratulated on his delivery of blank verse, which perhaps was not considered an essential part of theatrical education when he learned his business. Mr. Howe is careful and generally successful in the Duke's speeches. Mr. Conway in Lucio helps the play considerably, and the sight of Mr. Buckstone would suffice to put the audience into pleasant humour even if the clown Pompey had not so many good things set down for him. The play wants, however, several representations to make it go thoroughly well, and when the company are better practised in their parts it ought to be very effective—supposing, that is, that audiences can be found able to feel and enjoy its beauties. Before the curtain has been up five minutes we are listening to some of the best poetry and philosophy in our language:—

> Spirits are not finely touched,
> But to fine issues.

This comes from the grave Duke. Even the airy Lucio teaches that

> Our doubts are traitors,
> And make us lose the good we oft might win,
> By fearing to attempt.

The principles on which justice should be administered are excellently set forth in the dialogue between Escalus and Angelo, beginning—

> We must not make a scarecrow of the law;

and if the condition of the prison shows that the practice of justice fell short of these principles, we are not therefore to conclude that the principles were not strongly held. The administration of criminal law must always be something of a lottery. Claudio says:—

> The sword of Heaven, on whom it will, it will;
> On whom it will not, so: yet still 'tis just.

The man who died of gaol fever in this play was a notorious pirate, but the danger of this death awaited in Shakspeare's time and long afterwards even a prisoner committed on a false charge. Another view of the uncertainty of the law is presented in Isabella's words:—

> Who is it that hath died for this offence?
> There's many have committed it.

It has been suggested that Shakspeare in sketching the character of Angelo had an eye to the Puritan austerity of outward conduct which was just then beginning to prevail. Both the Puritans in New England and the Jesuits in Canada governed society much as Vienna was governed during her Duke's retirement, and it may be questioned whether adult America has profited by the severities inflicted on its youth. In England the strictness of Roundhead *régime* was followed by riot and profanity under a restored King, and rightly or wrongly Angelo has been regarded as the type of a class of actual rulers of the Commonwealth, after whom even Jeffreys under the monarchy might seem respectable.

The defect of this play for acting purposes is that its most powerful scenes occur in the second and third acts, while the fifth act rather drags. After the two scenes between Isabella and Angelo, and the scene between Isabella and Claudio, it is difficult to avoid feeling something like disappointment as the play proceeds. Some critics have ascribed to the actress a failure of energy which we think belongs more properly to the part of Isabella. Yet it is only by comparison with what we have already heard that what we now hear seems tame and dull:—

> Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
> To the end of reckoning.

These words might be fitly applied to many passages of this play, which as long as our tongue is spoken will be quoted as summing up all that can best be said on the course of justice and the influence of mercy. Yet if this were an ordinary play, we should be impressed with the skill with which the fifth act is carried on. The Duke, who in his disguise as a friar has learned the whole story, affects to disbelieve Isabella, and with fine irony he says, in assumed defence of Angelo,

> If he had so offended,
> He would have weighed thy brother by himself,
> And not have cut him off.

Then he leaves Angelo to judge with the help of Escalus his own cause, goes out, and returns in his old disguise, and being asked whether he set on the women to slander Angelo, answers, "'Tis false," adding the lines, more often quoted perhaps than any in the play—

> Respect to your great place! And let the devil
> Be sometime honoured for his burning throne.

Then he says, in apt reference to the suitors and the judge,

> Oh poor souls,
> Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

For this and other offensive speeches the Provost arrests him, and Lucio, aiding the minister of justice, tears off the friar's hood and discovers the Duke, whom he has both abused and roughly handled. The Duke commands Angelo to marry Mariana, and when that is done orders him to execution. His wife entreats Isabella to plead with her for his life, and here occur the lines—

> They say best men are moulded out of faults;
> And, for the most, become much more the better
> For being a little bad.

The censure of Angelo is well spoken by his colleague Escalus, and the Duke still pretends to be obdurate, until Claudio enters alive and well, and Isabella throws herself, with no lack of energy, into her brother's arms. It only remains for the Duke to settle accounts with Lucio, and then he addresses himself to Isabella, but with a vagueness which might perhaps have justified Isabella's mamma, if she had one, in asking what were the Duke's intentions. Some playwright, probably of the last century, undertook to define what Shakspeare has left doubtful, and has made the Duke offer in proper form his hand and heart to Isabella, who gratefully

accepts the same, and the lovers pair themselves accordingly. One would like to have known the man who could sit calmly down and proceed to improve at once Shakspeare and the generation in which he himself lived [illegible] this happy pair resolve "To rule themselves before [illegible] rule mankind." It is wonderful that he did not apply to himself what Shakspeare says about men who assumed to use Jove's thunder.

The comparison of this last act with the fourth act of the *Merchant of Venice* is obvious, and that play exhibits the same defect for stage purposes as this, and more strongly. The beautiful poetry which the author has put into Lorenzo's mouth cannot avert the feeling that he and Jessica are superfluities. But the last act of this play is needed to complete the story, and to justify its title—

Like doth quit like, and measure still for measure.

In the last century it was the fashion to apologize for the indelicacy of the subject of this play, but by the kind assistance of our French neighbours we have cleared our minds of any scruple on this head. There is, indeed, one French comedy, and that one as charming and popular as any, which does not even hint at the seduction of maid, widow, or wife. Those who have not seen *Les Pattes de Mouche* in the original will be delighted with *A Scrap of Paper* at the Court Theatre. We could not have believed that an English version of this comedy could be so amusing as good acting makes it.

REVIEWS.

WYON'S REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.*

MUCH labour and not a little courage needed for the accomplishment of the task which Mr. Wyon has, in some respects successfully, performed. We are not among those who are in the habit of speaking slightingly, or of damning with the very faintest of praise, the historical labours of the late Lord Stanhope; but of his *History of England from* 1701–1713 it must be allowed that it can only serve its avowed purpose of forming a connecting link between Lord Macaulay's work and the author's own *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht* so long as there is nothing better to take its place. Lord Stanhope's narrative of the War of Succession in Spain was one of his earliest productions, and family papers here supplied him with materials which must continue to make this book, the substance of which was of course incorporated in the later work, an authority; and it is properly used as such on occasion by Mr. Wyon. Lord Stanhope had access to some other hitherto unused materials for his History of the reign of Queen Anne, and the spirit of moderation and candour in which he invariably wrote is not absent from this book, where its exercise was signally needed. But the work as a whole seems to lack the necessary vigour of grasp, and the attempt with which it closes to summarize the more general aspects of the period falls very far short even of a lower standard of comparison than that which the author himself invited. There could accordingly be no reason why Mr. Wyon should shrink from a rivalry quite permissible in itself and not rendered futile at the outset by conspicuous success on the part of any previous English historian. It is true that Marlborough is to such a degree the chief figure of this period of English history that, though all the rest cannot precisely be said, in the odd phrase of Lord Stanhope, to "centre around" it, and though Mr. Wyon asserts too much in observing that "the history of those twelve years during which Anne filled the throne of Great Britain is, and can be, little besides a biography of Marlborough," yet a competent biography of him certainly absorbs most of the political, and some of the literary, interest of the age. But Coxe's Life in any case requires to be supplemented even as a biography; and no biographical work can at any time, if true to its own character, as Coxe's must be allowed to be, usurp the place of a comprehensive history. As for contemporary sources, they are in this instance more numerous than trustworthy; but no very deep critical insight is requisite in dealing with a writer so outspokenly partisan as Burnet, or in gauging the veracity of Bolingbroke or the candour of Swift. The historical hacks of the age wear their colours with the most absolute openness; and it is only now and then that some discrimination is needed in interpreting the significance of one of the thousand disguises of Defoe. Much as may yet be forthcoming from the various archives of European States in the way of original evidence, it does not seem as if any material addition were likely to be made to our means of understanding the political history of the age, although, on the other hand, more and more of the statements derived from the doubtful sources of information we already possess are likely to be discredited. In a word, what, in addition to the indispensable element of discrimination, is chiefly needed in an historian of the reign of Queen Anne is the power of combination, construction, and arrangement. Interesting he can scarcely fail to be, for the materials are so many and various that hardly any fresh narrative can fail to give prominence to some that have been less exhaustively dealt with by its predecessors. But he should above all things strive to be clear, and to blend into a perspicuous whole a narrative the main course of which has a singular dramatic completeness of its own. What the ancient critic called the binding and the loosening of the knot are here in outline present to the mind of every reader; there is no difficulty in recognizing the whereabouts of climax or of catastrophe; the only danger is lest, in attempting to trace the several complications and to illustrate the progress of the action, the historian should contrive to deepen the obscurity he is seeking to remove.

Mr. Wyon has shown little disposition to achieve a notable success in the direction we have sought to indicate. His book gains in clearness, as indeed it seems to us to gain in other respects likewise, as it proceeds; and when towards the close he moves in the troubled waters of English politics at the period immediately preceding the death of Queen Anne, he steers his course with praiseworthy decision and not infelicitous boldness. But his opening sketch of the general situation of European politics at the time of the beginning of the great war, and of the progress of French aggression in particular, is poor: and he seems unacquainted with such works as that of C. von Noorden, which might have set him an example of a method of historical survey to which he is obviously a stranger. Indeed Mr. Wyon's acquaintance with German historical literature can only be supposed to be on a par with his special knowledge of German political history. Wurtemberg, we may inform him, was not a kingdom in the year 1703, and is not, on the other hand, a mere duchy at the present day; while, again, it is incorrect to speak of Swabia as a State. These, however, are trifles to which we only refer incidentally. A more serious objection to Mr. Wyon's method of workmanship lies in his too persistent adherence to a purely synchronistic plan of narration; so that the reader is taken backwards and forwards from England to Scotland, and from home transactions to the events of the war abroad, without the slightest attempt on the part of the author to mitigate the severity of the process. Nothing but a general index, and a couple of fly-leaves supplying the dates of the years, is vouchsafed to give coherence to the narrative; and a reader not already well acquainted with the general outline of events will not find it easy to keep the thread in hand. How serious a defect this is in a History of this kind will, for instance, be found by any one who tries to gain from Mr. Wyon's book a connected account of (say) the transactions in Scotland with reference to the Union, or of the successive attempts to negotiate a peace which preceded the Congress at Utrecht. Both these series of transactions are detailed by Mr. Wyon with much ability and judgment—the former, as it seems to us, conspicuously so—but it requires some patience, and some mental tension, to keep together his several statements and observation with regard to either subject.

To one other defect in this History we feel bound to advert, before dwelling on some points which appear to us to call for notice in the course of the narrative. In a book representing so large an amount of conscientious labour, and displaying qualities deserving cordial acknowledgment from the historical student, it would be ungracious to dwell on little faults of manner or trivial slips of composition. But we have always raised our voice against a particular tendency which seems on the increase among historical writers who cannot plead ignorance as to what befits the dignity of the branch of literature to which their works claim to belong. An historian of the reign of Queen Anne, above all, ought to have profited by the warning examples which the historical literature of that age only too abundantly supplies. We do not object to occasional strong language in the expression of decided views and sentiments, whether or not we may be ready to subscribe to the views or sentiments in question. We do not, therefore, for instance, quarrel with Mr. Wyon's remarks on the education of the Old Pretender, which, he says, "had been of that sternly religious character from which a boy of vivacious intellect generally emerges a monster of depravity, and a boy of ordinary parts a superstitious dotard"; though we cannot help remembering the results to which an education of a directly opposite character led in the case of the Old Pretender's son. Nor, on the other hand, if an historical writer is gifted with wit, even though that wit may be less ready than Macaulay's, or with humour, even though its vein be less rich than that of Mr. Carlyle, do we know why he should suppress the occasional use of these enlivening qualities of style. Mr. Wyon may therefore be indulged in such a sally as that of relating how Queen Anne (after the great storm) "proclaimed a general fast to be kept on the 19th of January for the purpose of deprecating the divine vengeance, and imploring the Almighty that he would avoid sending such high winds in future." Defoe was rather wittier on the subject of this very storm than Mr. Wyon; but his epigram took a more special turn. When, in his concluding summary of the character and capacities of good Queen Anne, her historian says that "she was a Tory, and imagined, with probably a great many kitchen wenches in her dominions, that the Whigs were a party who wanted to destroy the Church," he really very successfully describes both the depth of the Queen's convictions and the quality of her political intelligence. It is not with such instances of vivacity that we find fault, but with the many passages in Mr. Wyon's book where, seeking to be vivacious, he only succeeds—for the word must out—in becoming vulgar. We do not intend to inflict them upon our readers; as a specimen it will suffice to cite the observation added to a not very refined description of Queen Anne's personal appearance, that "it is to be hoped that her husband, the party principally concerned with these charms, held them in proper appreciation." Playfulness of this sort does not enliven a sober history, even in the sense in which "the

* *The History of Great Britain during the Reign of Queen Anne.* By Frederick William Wyon. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1876.

struggle between the Church and Dissenters," in Mr. Wyon's elegant phrase, "enlivened the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

Mr. Wyon appears to us to have seized with a vigorous grasp and (in so far as his method made it possible) to have narrated with satisfactory clearness the main parts of the story once more retold by him. On the whole he has succeeded in showing at the same time what were the national interests involved, or supposed to be involved, in the great political questions of the reign of Queen Anne, and what was the way in which party politics caused these questions to be viewed and treated in the successive stages of their development. If it is easy for an historian of the present day to abstain from writing as a political partisan, and if a modern Whig or Tory who identifies his party with that which bore its name in the days of the Junta deserves no sympathy, except that which is given to hopeless aberration, it is not so easy to keep out of court those political theories of which the application seems all but unavoidable to such a period as that of the War of the Spanish Succession, the Scottish Union, and the Occasional Conformity debates. To take one example only, the historian of the reign of Queen Anne must ask himself and ask his readers whether or not the political legacy which William III. left to Marlborough, and which directed the policy of Marlborough till that policy was overthrown by the Tories who supplanted him, was in reality a true or a false guidance. The answer to this question must determine our judgment not only of the conduct of Marlborough at the successive crises of the struggle, but also of the whole question of war and peace whenever, as it repeatedly did, that question came to be reopened, and when at last it came to be settled by the statesmen to whom the Peace of Utrecht was due. Mr. Wyon, we think, at the close of his first chapter fairly states the motives which induced England to enter upon the great war, though we cannot agree that it would have been better "to wait until Louis gave proof that he entertained the ambitious projects ascribed to him," nor accept the position that "a war undertaken merely upon suspicion cannot be justified to heaven or to man." For the proof would have been merely a repetition, in favour of the now acknowledged King James III., of the active support so often accorded to his father; and the "suspicion" in this case was a conviction impressed upon those who entertained it by a long series of experiences. As to the question of intervention in general, it might have been "cheaper," but what close observer of the policy of France from 1688 onwards could have deemed it "equally safe," "to entrust to time and to differences of race and religion the work of readjusting the balance of power in Europe"?

Very different from these were the questions as to the most effective method in which the struggle could be carried on by England, and as to the point at which it might be justly regarded as having compassed the results to achieve which England had engaged in it. As to the former, Mr. Wyon has done good service in showing the difference of opinion which from the first existed, and the persistency of Marlborough in making the Low Countries a theatre of the war. As to the latter, he has discussed with much good sense and impartiality the attitude taken up by Marlborough towards the French overtures for peace on successive occasions. It appears to us that history cannot but condemn the rejection of the French offers in 1708–9 and in 1710. Mr. Wyon does not, like Lord Stanhope, suspect the sincerity of Louis XIV. on the latter occasion, which there seems to us no good reason to doubt; but he refers to the quasi-apology which has been set up for Marlborough, and which is naturally made the most of by Coxe. The historian prefers to pass by without comment the Duke's "frequent profession that he was determined to be guided solely in his conduct as a plenipotentiary by the instructions he received from home," and that, as for his own mind, it was "blank paper." Marlborough, and Cowper at home, doubted whether the dishonour which it was sought to inflict on Louis would be submitted to by him. Cowper was silenced by Somers; but the Duke might beyond a doubt have caused his view to prevail, had the moral timidity which was, after all, the worst flaw in his character, permitted him. Never has the policy of inaction avenged itself more bitterly, for the time was already at hand when Marlborough's voice was really to become powerless, and he was to see the nation dishonoured by the Peace of Utrecht. With all his impartiality Mr. Wyon does not disguise his opinion of that Peace under this aspect, though at the same time he sufficiently accounts for the altered sentiments of the nation at large which made it acceptable at the time.

Upon the whole, this History does justice to the genius and character of Marlborough, and, while abstaining from dwelling at needless length upon one of his weaknesses in which satire has at all times found a promising theme, illustrates the qualities which made him what he was, not only the first general, but the most skilful diplomatist of his age. Mr. Wyon is even disposed to give him credit for patriotic as well as personal motives in his attempt to become what Bolingbroke called "a perpetual dictator." The Duchess, on the other hand, as presented in these pages, is a mere caricature. The remaining chief actors on the political scene of this reign are sketched with more moderation, and in general with greater success. We agree with Mr. Wyon in holding that, if Harley's abilities "were once extravagantly praised, on the other hand it seems now too much the fashion to underrate them." The leading Scotch politicians of the reign—from the intriguing Hamilton, whose pliability removed one of the great difficulties out of the way of the Union, to the outspoken Fletcher of Saltoun, the chartered libertine of Scotch Anglophobia—are vividly brought before the reader; and indeed, as has been already observed, the account of Scottish affairs given in these volumes is both careful and effective. Certain other episodes, such as the whole of the Sacheverell agitation, relieve the general course of the narrative by the vivacity with which they are related; and it is only in relating the military transactions of the reign that Mr. Wyon, having nothing new to tell, infects the reader with some of the weariness which may perhaps at times have overcome the writer.

In conclusion, we should like to advert to two questions, connected with one another, as to which Mr. Wyon holds views likely to excite some controversy. He emphatically asserts and re-asserts his opinion that in England the number of Jacobites proper was in this reign extremely small. He says that "since the banishment, or, to use the legal term, the abdication, of James, the prominent anxiety of at least nineteen out of every twenty Englishmen had been lest, by foreign arms or internal treachery, he or his son should regain the throne." Elsewhere he observes that "the charge of Jacobitism which the Whigs brought wholesale against their adversaries had little foundation in fact. Indeed, the more closely this evidence is scrutinized, the more insignificant appears that party in England which was really desirous to see a restoration of the Stuarts." In a later part of his book he allows that "innumerable consciences halting between devotion to hereditary right and the dread of Popery would have hesitated no longer when the cause of James seemed likely to be the winning one"; but he doubts whether the hankering after a restoration so observable in the Tory literature of the period may not have had its chief cause in a wish to "despite the Whigs and Hanoverians." And once more he maintains that "it was really the wish of nine-tenths of the Tory party that the Act of Settlement should be carried into operation." If, as we believe to be the case, the balance of testimony is in favour of Mr. Wyon's view, his subsequent speculations on the real motives of the policy of the Tory leaders at the close of Queen Anne's reign acquire a greater degree of probability than they might seem at first sight to possess. For our part, we think that the time has come, and we thank Mr. Wyon for boldly avowing his opinion to that effect, to cease enveloping the proceedings of Oxford and Bolingbroke with a mystery resembling that with which they were themselves fain to surround them. Mr. Wyon, in our opinion, speaks the language of common sense, and need stand in no fear of being controverted by circumstantial evidence, when, after describing the "puzzling" behaviour of Oxford, he writes:—

> All this admits of easy explanation. The tactics of Oxford were the same as those of Marlborough; but he had not the same good fortune. The great soldier had contrived to inspire a belief of his sincerity in the successor who had every chance of winning. Oxford's hopes in that direction were almost desperate. Yet he could not bring himself to espouse the cause of the Pretender; nor is it likely that he ever entertained the subject seriously. The chances of success on that side were comparatively insignificant; and the penalty of failure, he knew, would be a death on the scaffold. The little energy his mind possessed was benumbed by the difficulties and uncertainties of his position. He did nothing; he was content to let matters drift on their course. He continued his assiduities to the Court of Hanover; he was careful not to push matters far against the Whigs, who would soon be his judges. But at the same time he continued to receive the visits of Jacobite emissaries. The omission in the royal speech of the customary sentence about the Hanoverian family was a slight, and, as he may have deemed, a harmless concession to the Stuarts.
>
> The steady hand and determined will of Bolingbroke might perhaps have piloted the Administration safely through its perils had he been at the helm. But he was only a subordinate, and one with so little power that the Jacobites appear to have thought it scarcely worth their while to bestow much pains upon him. With the Queen he had no influence. Her simple mind had been entirely captivated by the decorous exterior and high moral character of the Treasurer, and it was with him alone that she would vouchsafe to converse on matters of business. Bolingbroke was expected to be contented with the position of a superior clerk, to negotiate treaties, to correspond with ambassadors, and, in a word, to transact all the work of government, without being admitted to a greater share of the royal confidence than his colleague chose to dole out to him. His resentment against Oxford was natural. He felt that he was coupled with a fool, a mere lump of lead, who, by his incapacity and inertness, was dragging the whole body of Ministers to ruin. His own plans are sufficiently clear from his correspondence. He was desirous of obtaining a much firmer hold over the country by removing every Whig in authority from office, and supplying the vacancies thus created with men who were at least not political enemies. If, contrary to expectation, such a change in public feeling should occur as to render possible the restoration of James, then the opportunity might be seized. At all events the Elector and his Whig advisers would, he conceived, hold their heads a little less loftily, and would be more open to an arrangement, if they saw the Tories in a position to throw some impediments in the way of the Protestant succession.

In a word, neither Oxford nor Bolingbroke believed in the probability of a Jacobite restoration; on the other hand, both of them, each after his kind, as Marlborough again after his kind, could not regard such a contingency as an impossible event. Had it been otherwise, it is difficult to conceive why Bolingbroke should have allowed the control of affairs so easily to slip out of his hands when at last the crisis came.

We are glad to part from Mr. Wyon with a reference to the concluding chapters of his History, which are in our opinion among its most successful parts. As a whole, the book is a creditable endeavour to perform a task of which the difficulties are at least equal to the attractions. To some of the latter Mr. Wyon has turned a deaf ear; and he has not sought, in writing the History of Great Britain during the reign of Queen Anne, to avail himself to any large extent of the illustrations of manners, society, and intellectual life which the literature of the age so copiously supplies. Here and there he refers to the political labours of a man of letters—as in the case of Defoe, whom he, however, introduces most inadequately—or incidentally adds a de-

scriptive touches to manners and life. He gives a brief account (not particularly appropriate) of Bath, and indulges in an odd rapture concerning the architectural beauty of Queen Anne's churches, fearlessly asserting that "a steeple rising above a Greek portico will be admitted by such critics as are not firmly wedded to classical prejudices to be an improvement on the Parthenon." But in general he has not attempted to go beyond the usual range of the political historian. As such he has shown both industry and sagacity; and, though we cannot prophesy an enduring position for his book, we think that it is likely to hold its own against its predecessors.

BURMAH AND CHINA.*

A GLANCE at the map of Asia is sufficient to explain the motives which induced the Indian Government to sanction the two expeditions of which Dr. Anderson writes. The Western provinces of China are only separated from English soil by the narrow strip of territory belonging to our ally the King of Burmah; and were a road once made through this into Yunnan, English vessels in search of the products of Western China might avoid the delay and danger incurred by a voyage up the storm-tossed China sea, and would find in Rangoon, after a considerably shortened passage, a port much nearer the producing districts than any of the trading depôts on the coast of China. Nor would England be the only gainer by the adoption of such a route. The increased trade would be as beneficial to the Burmese Exchequer as to the Chinese merchants and officials of Yunnan. But unfortunately a strong prejudice exists on both sides of the frontier against any footing being allowed us either in Burmah or China. To the Eastern mind, unable as it is to appreciate the change of circumstances, our conquest of India is but an instance of the manner in which we would treat any Oriental State in which we might succeed in establishing ourselves. This doctrine is probably more universally held in China than in Burmah; but as the Chinese Emperor exercises sovereignty over the Court at Mandalay, the King is compelled to adopt the Chinese policy, which in this instance chimes in with the narrow view he holds as one of the principal traders with Yunnan.

The political difficulties therefore in the way of our opening up a communication with Western China are considerable, and the physical difficulties are at least equally formidable. The mountain ranges which form the western boundary wall of the Central Asian plateau extend southwards over the eastern portion of Burmah and the whole of Yunnan west of Tali Foo. These formidable barriers are crossed by paths which serve as trading routes, but which are for the most part of a kind to offer foothold only to practised mules and steady-headed coolies. Of course these difficulties might as surely be overcome by engineering skill as the others will be by patient perseverance. But at present they offer serious obstacles to any great extension of the native trade now existing. This in 1855 amounted in annual value to about 500,000*l.*, and probably does not now much exceed that figure. On the outbreak of the Panthay rebellion, however, the traffic ceased altogether, and so difficult was it to obtain information of what was going on in the sealed-up province of Yunnan, that the Indian Government determined to send Colonel Sladen, accompanied, amongst others, by the author of the work before us, to inquire into the causes which had led to the cessation of the trade.

The task thus undertaken by Colonel Sladen proved to be no light one. The Burmese, for political reasons, were opposed to the expedition; the Chinese merchants, from more sordid motives, were leagued against it; and the mountain tribes, fearful lest they should incur the wrath of the Chinese Government if they lent their aid to the travellers, showed every disposition to hold aloof. Under these circumstances, Colonel Sladen determined to take the bull by the horns, and to open communication with the Panthay authorities at Momien. This course had at least the merit of immediate expediency, since the main object of the expedition was to reach the territory occupied by the rebels; but there was one obstacle to its success, and that was the presence of an Imperial force, under the command of Li Hsieh-tai, on the line of road between the Burmese frontier and the Panthay outposts. The answer received by Colonel Sladen from the Panthays at Momien was a hearty welcome, but at the same time he was warned that a journey thither would be impossible until Li Hsieh-tai, the common enemy of the expedition and of themselves, had been driven off the line of communication. Meanwhile, Colonel Sladen started from Bhamo on the 26th of February. But before he could move he was obliged to make agreements with the native chiefs occupying districts on the road, who turned out to be but the mere tools of hostile Chinamen and intriguing Burmese. This alone would have rendered dealings with them difficult, but they added in their own persons other elements of discord, for they showed themselves to be both dishonest and drunken. The most prominent among them was Sala, the Kakhyen chief of Ponline, who was always either in a state of sulky sobriety or of dangerous intoxication, and who, whether drunk or sober, was always extortionate. It was on this man that Colonel Sladen had in the first instance to depend for transport, and it was therefore at no little cost of time and money that he succeeded in reaching Ponsee, the first town of importance within the Chinese frontier. Here the first definite rumour of armed opposition reached him, and when he refused to pay the 2,000 rupees which Sala assured him would convert the reported enemy into an ally, his muleteers all forsook him and fled. Their flight was, however, of no immediate importance, as he had received news that it would be necessary for him to remain where he was until the result of a Panthay expedition against the forces of Li Hsieh-tai should be known. Fortunately the Imperialist leader was utterly defeated, and with him fell all opposition to the progress of the mission. The villagers renewed the supplies of food and vegetables, which they had ceased to furnish as soon as the hostile disposition of their chiefs became apparent, and no difficulty was found in getting beasts and men of burden to carry the baggage on to Manwyne, although this was at the cost of 500 rupees, or, in other words, of about 50 rupees a mile.

The people of Manwyne, more especially the Chinese inhabitants, were at first inclined to be rude to the strangers, but when they found that the officials received them with hospitality, they likewise showed themselves friendly. Here the travellers first met with the Shan dwellers from the neighbouring mountains. These, unlike the Kakhyens, who occupy the ranges on the Burmese side of the mountain belt, are a fine and good-looking race, and their women seem particularly to have aroused the admiration of Dr. Anderson, who thus describes their dress:—

> The headdress was a long blue turban, curled in crescent-shaped folds with neat precision, towering nearly a foot above the head, and inclined backwards in an inverted cone, displaying the back of the head adorned with large silver discs. Add to this, neat little white or blue jackets slashed with red, fastened with enamelled silver brooches, and exposing plump little arms, adorned with heavy silver bracelets, blue petticoats with deeply embroidered silken borders, fanciful gaiters and blue shoes, and the reader can imagine that the curious crowd of Manwyne was picturesque.

The Chinese, on the other hand, were an ill-favoured class, as inferior to the Shans as regards their dwellings and habits as they were in personal appearance, and it must have been with a feeling of relief that the members of the expedition left the filthy, stilling streets of Manwyne on their way to Momien.

Beyond this point the travellers entered on the districts occupied by the Panthays, by whom they were received with rejoicings. The people lined the roads and waved them on with shouts of *Kara! Kara!* "Welcome! Welcome!" The officials *en route* showed them every civility, and they reached Momien without any adventure beyond an attack by Chinese robbers on part of their baggage train, in which unfortunately two Panthay officers were killed. The road from Bhamo gradually ascends along the course of the Ta-peng river until it reaches Momien, which city is situated on the edge of the great plateau of Yunnan, at an altitude of more than five thousand feet above the level of the sea. This was the furthest point reached by the expedition. The Panthay rebellion, which up to this time had flourished, was then at a standstill. The desire for rest engendered by thirteen years of constant fighting had caused the rebels to lend a ready ear to the voices of their prophets, who counselled them to rest on their laurels until the appointed time should come for them to annihilate their oppressors. Thus it came to pass that the Sultan Suleiman hung up his sword in his palace at Tali Foo, and his lieutenants contented themselves with acting on the defensive. This inactivity gave new life to the Imperialists, who kept up a guerilla warfare, carrying off stray cattle and small parties of Panthays as they fell into their hands. To have proceeded further into the country would only therefore have been to have courted danger, and consequently Colonel Sladen made up his mind to gather together such information as he could pick up with regard to the state of the province at Momien, and then to return whence he came.

The disturbed state of the country made it very difficult for the expedition to learn much about the products and trade of Yunnan. The bazaars at Momien were sufficient evidence that the province was rich in "gold, silver, lead, iron, copper, tin, mercury, arsenic, and gypsum"; but the circumstances above mentioned compelled them to draw their conclusions almost entirely from that which came beneath their immediate notice. Since 1868 several travellers have visited Yunnan, all of whom have added to our knowledge of the province, but there is yet much to learn concerning it. It is a district full of interest to the geologist and ethnologist as well as to the trader. It contains a greater variety of mineral wealth than any other known district of similar extent, and a survey of its riches would therefore be of extreme value and importance. With the main features of the Panthay rebellion Colonel Sladen made himself acquainted, and he received from the leaders an expression of an earnest desire to open up a trade route to British Burmah and to receive English merchants into Yunnan. Having thus accomplished as far as was practicable the objects of his mission, he returned to Bhamo after a residence of six weeks at Momien.

The political circumstances under which Colonel Sladen's expedition was undertaken were unfortunate, and to the Panthays it proved fatal. In spite of Colonel Sladen's asseverations, the Mahomedan chiefs insisted on viewing his mission in the light of an official recognition of themselves as an independent Power; and that they might gain the moral support as well as the friendship of the British Government, the Sultan Suleiman sent his adopted son, Prince Hassam, in 1871 on a special mission to England. While on this bootless errand news reached the Prince that the Chinese Government, alarmed at the interference of foreigners in the affairs

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* *Mandalay and Momien: a Narrative of the Two Expeditions to Western China of 1868 and 1875, under Colonel Edward B. Sladen and Colonel Horace Browne.* By John Anderson, M.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

of Yunnan, was redoubling its efforts to suppress the rebellion; and on his return to Rangoon he was met by the intelligence that Tali Foo, the Panthay capital, had fallen into the hands of the Chinese, that his adopted father, while in the act of surrendering himself to the Imperialists, had committed suicide, and that the city had been given up to the sword. Thus ended the Panthay rebellion, which at one time had threatened the existence of the Chinese Empire, and which might have carried out the threat but for the strange fatalism which seems to be inherent in the Mahomedan creed.

With the restoration of peace caravans began to find their way over the mountain ranges and through the hilly gorges between Tali Foo and Bhamo; and as things gradually became more settled in Yunnan, the Indian Government deemed it advisable to send another expedition to treat with the successors of the Panthays for the opening of a foreign trade route into the Western provinces of China. The command of the mission was given to Colonel Browne, and Dr. Anderson was again appointed to accompany it as scientific commissioner. A hundred and fifty Burmese soldiers and fifteen Sikhs formed the escort, and Bhamo was again made the starting-point. Here were renewed the scenes of higgling and bargaining for means of transport with the Kakhyen and Shan chiefs which had occupied so much of Colonel Sladen's time, and finally, on the 3rd of February of last year, the expedition started with the intention of ascending the valley of the Ta-peng, as on the previous occasion. Down this same valley Margary had travelled, a few days before, at the conclusion of his unprecedented march across China, and with him he brought hopeful accounts of the country, tinged it may be with the reflection of his own bright, chivalrous spirit. But clouds began to gather round the expedition. Reports of opposition from all sides—from the King of Burmah, from the Bhamo Chinese, from the mountain tribes, and from the redoubted Li Hsieh-tai—reached the leader. On arriving at the frontier a rumour was current that the Chinese were preparing a force at Manwyne to oppose his entrance into China. To Margary, who but a short time before had been hospitably received at this place, the report seemed so improbable that he volunteered to go ahead to inquire into the truth of it, and in an evil moment Colonel Browne decided to send him, accompanied only by his Chinese servants. The next morning brought an encouraging report from Margary of the road as far as a town called Seray, which was about fifteen miles from the encampment, and about six from Manwyne, to which town Margary announced his intention of proceeding at once. On receipt of this news Colonel Browne advanced to a clearing in the neighbourhood of Shitee, where he ordered the camp to be pitched, while he, taking with him the Sikh guard, rode on to Seray to consult the chief of that place. The manner of this man and of his followers was so suspicious that Colonel Browne was unwilling to trust himself further in the country, and so, having requested the chief to forward letters to Margary, he returned to the encampment. The next morning news was brought him that Margary had been murdered at Manwyne the day before, and at the same time a Chinese force which had been observed moving along the mountain ridges opened fire on the camp. But though the numbers were vastly against them, the discipline of the fifteen Sikhs, and the steadiness of the Burmese guard, supplemented by the guerilla aid of a Kakhyen chief whose friendship was bought on the spot for the, to him, unheard of sum of 10,000 rupees, proved amply sufficient to rout the enemy, who fled in all directions. Having gained the day, Colonel Browne gave the order to retreat. The mules were promptly loaded, and Colonel Browne turned his back upon China. In his haste he outstripped the baggage, and, fearing lest the Chinese should renew the attack, he pushed on to the frontier without drawing rein. Finally he arrived at Bhamo, and his baggage followed him.

The subject of our relations with Burmah and Western China has recently occupied much of the public attention, and will be of increasing interest. In the political and social conditions of the frontier Burmese and Chinese, and of the intervening mountain tribes, together with the physical aspect and resources of the region, Dr. Anderson has had a rich mine of material from which to draw. His presence with two expeditions to Western China has placed him in a position of advantage over all other writers on the subject, and he has made himself well acquainted with the experiences of the few other travellers who have visited different parts of Yunnan. The result is that he is able to give us a clear and trustworthy account of this strange corner of the earth and all that pertains to it, the interest in which is heightened by the concise and graphic style in which he writes.

NORMAN MACLEOD.*

MR. DONALD MACLEOD has achieved a difficult task with much tact and delicacy. In his Life of his brother, Dr. Norman Macleod, he has wisely avoided the plan of making, as some biographers do, a selection of characteristics and putting them together so as to realize a preconceived ideal. He honestly produces all his facts, shows us his brother as he was, not merely on this side or on that side, but all round, and makes him, indeed, as far as possible speak for himself. Hence there is in this Memoir a sense of vivid reality and of close

of itself is a rare quality in this branch of literature, and the interest of this style of treatment is further enhanced by the character of the subject. One of the chief difficulties of a biographer in such a case is that the peculiar influence which Dr. Macleod exercised was, in a great degree, inseparable from his presence. His genial enthusiasm and keen humanity are no doubt reflected in his published works; yet the impression of his power which is thus conveyed is very inadequate. It is necessary to have constantly in view the handsome, manly figure, the bright eye, alternately twinkling with humour or flashing with passionate feeling, the hearty sympathy of look and manner, in order to understand the full measure and source of his strength. There can be little doubt that in any walk of life he would have distinguished himself, and if it had not been for the influence of family ties, he would very likely never have entered the pulpit. He was born, however, of a line of ministers, and marked out for the same course almost from the first, and he accepted it as a matter of natural duty; but it was not till afterwards that either he himself or others discovered his remarkable aptitude for the work he had chosen. Norman Macleod came of a good Highland stock, and inherited not only the devotional ardour, but the courage and spirit, which marked his race. The quiet and reserved ways which are characteristic of most Scotchmen commonly tend to disguise the *perfervidum ingenium* which underlies their nature; but in Macleod's case this impulsiveness was open and conspicuous, and in his early years he seems to have had some trouble with it. As a lad he was a bright, active fellow, with a constant flow of animal spirits, and irrepressible fondness for fun and adventure, which was anything but welcome to his family. It is hard to say whether it is something in the blood or in the prevailing religion of the Scotch which inspires them with a superstitious fear of anything approaching to demonstrative glee, or very high spirits, as if it were a departure from the humble state of mind suitable to fallen man, and likely to call down some kind of check or chastisement: but there can be no doubt that this is a deeply-rooted feature in the national character. Norman Macleod himself, with all his external frolicsomeness, was by no means free from this feeling, and we find him constantly suffering from a reaction when thrown back on himself. But this of course was not visible in public. As a child, we are told, his tongue was never still; and when he grew up to be a young man he was fond of rattling off the wildest paradoxes and then covering his retreat under a stream of ludicrous retorts and fanciful images, or perhaps breaking out into some burst of improvised doggrel or snatch of song. He had also, says his brother, from the first a strong tendency to throw a romantic colouring into common life, and schoolboy expeditions became under his leadership fanciful and heroic enterprises, in which some ideal part was assigned to each of his companions. Mackay, the actor—afterwards identified with Bailie Nicol Jarvie—having passed through Campbeltown, where Norman lived, the latter caught the histrionic enthusiasm, and got up a theatre and company of his own. Even when he was a student at Glasgow University, his father wrote to rebuke him for his "want of calmness and seriousness," and his "buffoonery of manner in tone of voice, and distortions of countenance, which are not only offensive but grievous," and to implore him, "by the tenderness of a father, and by the authority of one," to assume "a more manly, sedate manner." His mother also laments his "ugly habit of arguing." Afterwards when he became tutor and travelling companion to the son of a wealthy Yorkshire landowner, he plunged gaily into the social amusements which were opened up to him, especially at Weimar. He was as keen a waltzer as any *attaché* at the Court, and threw himself with a varied sense of enjoyment into the gaieties of the little capital. He fell in love with a lovely Baroness, and even went in court-dress to the Grand Ducal Sunday dinners, though he left when the card-playing began. His father and mother, we are told, frequently warned him against going too far in all this; and he often reproached himself for what he deemed his want of self-restraint when in society. Yet we may accept his biographer's assurance that the experience then gained was of immense practical importance to him, and that his nature was too pure and healthy to yield to evil influences. In the midst of this excitement he did not forget the scenes of his boyhood. "Many a time," he writes to his mother, "I shut my eyes and, while whistling a Highland tune, carry myself back to fishing at the loch, or walking about the old castle at Aros; at other times I am in the glen or on the hill. I often think those days must have been paradise. Every person has his ideal. That was mine; a plain manse is my only one now."

It was certainly a curious change from the gaiety and freedom of life at Weimar to the sober, hardworking life in the "plain manse." Though his manner was still as cheerful and genial as ever, he was settling down to a serious view of life. "Those," says his brother, "who knew him only in society, buoyant and witty, overflowing with animal spirits, the very soul of laughter and enjoyment, may feel surprised at the almost morbid self-condemnation and excessive tenderness of conscience which these journals display, still more at the tone of sadness which so frequently pervades them. For while such persons may remember how his merriest talk generally passed imperceptibly into some graver theme—so naturally indeed that the listener could scarcely tell how it was that the conversation had changed its tone, yet only those who knew him very intimately were aware that, although his outer life had so much of apparent abandon, he not only preserved the habit of careful spiritual self-

* *Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D.* By his Brother, Rev. Donald Macleod, B.A. 2 vols. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1876.

culture, but was often subject to grave mental depression, and was ever haunted with a consciousness of the solemnity, if not the sadness, of life." The biographer frankly admits that though he "had deep spiritual affinities, he had also a temperament to which both the world and the flesh appealed with tremendous power; his abounding humour and geniality had, as usual, their source in a deeply emotional religion, rendering him quickly susceptible to impressions from without, and easily moved by what appealed strongly to his tastes." It was, in fact, this rich vein of human feeling which, by making him many-sided and sympathetic, constituted his power, though it also laid him open to peculiar trials. Mr. Macleod has quoted largely from his brother's journals and letters, and there is certainly no better way of giving an idea of his character. The general impression which is derived from them is that of a warm, generous nature, given to sudden transitions from grave to gay, not very profound or philosophical in thought, but strong in instinctive love of truth, common sense, and genuine good-heartedness.

Before entering on the ministry, Macleod had of course to complete his academical education at Glasgow, and he appears to have been a diligent, though rather discursive, student, reading a great deal, but not very systematically. In 1838 he was ordained, and began his ministerial life in the parish of Loudon, where he passed the next five years in hard and conscientious work. The population under his charge numbered about four thousand, of whom the great majority were hand-loom weavers, and the rest farmers and labourers. Many of the farmers were Covenanters, among whom swords and pistols which had been used against Claverhouse were prized as heirlooms, and helped to keep up the old spirit. The weavers, on the other hand, were violent Chartists, with a leaning to infidelity. They were shrewd, fond of reading, and deeply interested in public affairs, but led astray by wild ideas of the rights of man. The general morality of the parish was very low, and Macleod was shocked by the profanity and coarseness which confronted him on every side. He set himself resolutely, however, to his work, and by his courage and earnestness made an impression on the people. We get incidentally a glimpse of the curious relations which subsist between the Scotch clergy and their flocks. The latter are quite willing to exalt the authority of the minister, but at the same time they assume a right to criticize his doctrines and conduct very sharply, and to enforce their own conceptions of orthodoxy. The minister is, by his office, over them; but, as a man, he has to submit to their supervision and control. In some of the more backward Highland districts there is still a class of self-elected lay preachers called "The Men," who in church wear a distinctive dress, consisting of a long blue cloak with a red handkerchief round their heads, and who take upon themselves to sit in judgment both on the minister and the congregation, denouncing all who do not happen to meet with their approbation. Some of these fanatics are honest, if not intelligent, while others are mere noisy impostors. There were no "Men" at Loudon to trouble Macleod, but he had to submit to the catechizing of such of his parishioners as chose to put him through his facings. On his first "diet of visitation" at one of the villages in his parish he called on an old pauper woman who was one of the chief lights of the Covenanters, and who received him formally, seated in the midst of a group of neighbours, and, putting her tin trumpet (for she was very deaf) to her ear, said, "Gang ower the fundamentals"; so he had to bawl his theology until the old dame was satisfied. In another case, a Chartist insisted on discussing the "seven points" with him, and, having propounded his dogmas in a very pompous manner, asked the young minister what he thought of them. "In my opinion," was the reply, "your principles would drive the country into a revolution, and create in the long run national bankruptcy." "Nay—tion—al bankruptcy!" said the old man, who had got a sixpence, meditatively taking a pinch of snuff. "Did—ye—think—sae?" Then briskly, after a long snuff, "Dod! I'd risk it." That Macleod should have been able in a short time to overcome the suspicion and hostility with which he was received on both sides is perhaps the best proof of his peculiar qualities. He made a point of knowing everybody. He opened classes and established a Sunday school. For those who excused themselves from not going to church on account of want of suitable clothes he began special evening services. Some of the Chartists attended in order to make a noise, which he bore patiently at first, but afterwards he appealed to the audience to support him, and the disturbers were ejected. He also got hold of the would-be philosophers by a series of lectures on geology, and brought many of them to church.

The Disruption movement of 1843 was of course a period of difficulty and anxiety to Macleod as to others; at first he took little part in it, but, when the thickening of the storm compelled him to take a side, he shut himself up at Loudon with all the literature of the controversy, and thought it out for himself. The result was that he joined the "Forty" who endeavoured to take a middle course between the two extremes. The general features of the struggle are so well known that it is unnecessary to go over them. One result of the secession was that Macleod received a number of offers from other parishes, one of them in Edinburgh; but he chose Dalkeith, for the sake of a quiet country life, in preference to the excitement of a town. He gradually became known, however, in the General Assembly and elsewhere, as one of the most active and stirring men in the Church, and in 1851 he quitted Dalkeith for the Barony parish, Glasgow, which he held to his death. He had, of course, only the rank of an ordinary parish minister; but his ready eloquence and enthusiasm, his practical tact and sagacity, and genial sympathies, made him an important—one may say, indeed, the foremost—man in all Church matters, and brought upon him a great deal of labour and responsibility. Without any official authority, he exercised a powerful influence, which was the more valuable because it was invariably used to counteract every tendency to narrowness and intolerance. He was exposed to much acrimonious abuse for identifying himself with the centenary festival in honour of Burns, though he took care to mark his sense of the poet's faults, and also for speaking out frankly on the Sunday question. The straiter part of his brethren professed to be shocked and alarmed by his boldness of speech; but there can be no doubt that he infused a new life and energy into the Church. A remark which he made in regard to the Thanksgiving in St. Paul's for the recovery of the Prince of Wales indicates the liberality of his views:—

"I thank God," he said, . . . "for a National Church, without which we could not have such an expression of the national religion. It is all worthy and right. We could not do this in Scotland. Our Presbyterianism is too unvaried in its methods—healthy enough as bringing the soul to deal with the personal God, but there should be room in a Church, which professes to be national and historic, for such a service as this."

His singular activity and capacity for work involved, however, a strain which ultimately proved too much for him. He never recovered from the injury inflicted on his constitution by his visit to India on behalf of the Church; and the demands made upon him in other ways were dangerously exhausting. Here, for instance, is a passage from his diary in 1870:—

Friday, 31st September.—Left Glasgow for Aberdeen at nine, P.M., arrived at Aberdeen at three, A.M.

Saturday, 1st October.—Left for Balmoral. Dined with Her Majesty.

October 2.—Preached a sermon on "War and God's Judgments," which the Queen asks me to publish, and to dedicate to herself, as soon as possible—not a line having been written.

October 3.—Joined my wife in Perthshire, dead beat.

October 4.—Rested my chariot-wheels and greased them.

October 5.—Returned to Glasgow, and answered twenty letters; wrote long Minutes for Sealkote and Calcutta; had prayer-meeting in the evening.

October 6.—Commanded by the Prince of Wales, and left at seven, A.M., for Dunrobin, 220 miles off. Dined at half-past nine, left the drawing-room at half past one, A.M., and smoking-room at half-past three. Left per train at six, A.M., and never halted five minutes, being fast time, until I reached Glasgow at half-past six P.M.

October 7.—A weary Saturday, to prepare two new sermons for Sunday amidst manifold interruptions.

October 8.—Preached twice.

October 9.—Again dead beat, and went to see my old mother the first time for six weeks.

This continued excitement and fatigue necessarily told on him, and towards the end of 1872 he began to have a weary and broken-down look. His sixty-first birthday was in June, and his worn and shattered aspect, his sad, tender bearing, suggested painful forebodings. He died on June 16. His character, both as a man and as an ecclesiastical leader, has perhaps been summed up by none better than by Dean Stanley, who has thus spoken of him:—"If Campbell was too much of a ghost, Norman Macleod is undoubtedly a man of flesh and blood. Of course I have known men of greater abilities and character, but if he be what he seems, I know no one who unites such thorough good sense, honesty, manly independence, with such working, stirring, devout energy, and power of appealing to the masses."

LEAVES FROM A WORD-HUNTER'S NOTE-BOOK.*

IT is hard to tell what to say of this book, which certainly shows some reading and some ingenuity, but which is put together in an odd fashion. Mr. Palmer tells us in his preface that "every page of the volume bears witness to the title that these are truly 'Leaves from a Note-book'"; and he assumes that, "if they are found to be at all interesting and not devoid of information, the candid reader will not be so unjust as to condemn them for not being other than they pretend to be." Now, as long as they remain "leaves from a note-book," no one would think of condemning them on any such score. As long as they stay in the note-book, they do not pretend to be anything but leaves of the note-book; and no one would condemn them for not being something else. But when the leaves come out of the note-book into print, when they are no longer leaves *in* the book, but leaves *from* the book, we are inclined to say that they do, by the very fact of migrating from private into public, pretend to be something more than mere leaves. We doubt whether the most eminent of scholars would have any right to give us mere leaves from his note-book during his lifetime; his literary executors might, or might not, do wisely in giving us such leaves after his death. And again, if these are mere leaves from a note-book, Mr. Palmer's note-book must surely be very unlike other men's note-books. He tells us just before:—

I should perhaps apologize for printing here the rather long chapter which treats of the superstitious beliefs connected with the West and North as regions of darkness. That discussion, though it belongs rather to the province of folklore, was suggested by the preceding chapter on the word "Night," and arose naturally out of it. The interesting nature of the subject may perhaps render its appearance excusable.

Now every man keeps his note-book as he finds conduces most to

* *Leaves from a Word-Hunter's Note-book; being some Contributions to English Etymology.* By Rev. Abram Smythe Palmer, B.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

his own instruction, and no two men will keep it in exactly the same way. Mr. Buckle wrote down in his note-book the most elementary pieces of knowledge; and we never said a word against him for writing them down, but only against those who published them as if they had been something remarkable. But Mr. Palmer's note-book, to judge from the present leaves from it, contains full discussions of difficult points and passages, wrought up with a splendour of diction which seems startling to those whose notion of a note-book is something whose style is perhaps one degree more adorned than that of a telegram. However, we must take things as we find them, whether or not we go along with Mr. Palmer in all his ideas, whether we think that it was worth while or not to put forth his ideas in this particular form and with this particular title. It is certain that Mr. Palmer, from one quarter or another, has got together a good deal which may well set us thinking. It is, in fact, the kind of book in which it does not very much matter whether one agrees with the author's conclusions or not; in either case we are sure to meet with something curious on the way. Mr. Palmer clearly has read a good many books, though we are not clear that he always takes in the difference between one book and another. But, in getting together a good many extracts bearing commonly on some odd or out-of-the-way point, some instructive matter is sure to be brought to the front. Mr. Palmer's subject is professedly etymology; but we are not sure whether he quite distinguishes etymology in the strict sense, the tracing up of cognate words to a common root, from the tracing out of analogies in the history of words which have no etymological connexion. Thus, to take an instance which Mr. Palmer does not dwell on, it is one process to trace *sir*, *sire*, *monsieur*, and a crowd of like words, up to *senior*, and further to trace *senior* back as far as it will go; it is another process to trace the analogous history of *presbyter*, *alderman*, and *sheikh*. We think that Mr. Palmer sometimes mixes these two processes together, and his lists of cognates or synonyms are sometimes too much in the style of Mr. Wedgwood. Cognates without regard to their degree of cognation, and words which are not cognates at all, are often ranged all together without distinction.

This comes out in the very beginning of Mr. Palmer's book, about the word *body*. This is a word about which there is no mystery at all. *Bodig*, *body*, is a perfectly good English word, though its modern use has slightly departed from its original meaning. In Old-English, as Dr. Bosworth says, "the whole body is generally denoted by *lic* or *lichama*, and the chest or trunk by *bodig*." Having got thus far, any one may trace out the Teutonic cognates of *bodig*; he may then see what further cognates they have in the other Aryan tongues, and whether they can all be traced up to any known Aryan root. Then, if any one chooses, he may go on and see whether the Aryan root has any possibly cognate Semitic root. This is the scientific way of doing business. But it is a great deal too long for Mr. Palmer. He rushes at everything at once. "'Body' is (A.-Sax.) *bodig*, (Gaelic) *bodhacy* (O. Ger.) *botah*." Thus "Anglo-Saxon," Gaelic, and Old German are made all to stand in the same relation to modern English. Then come a number of Teutonic cognates to show that *body* strictly means *cask*, mixed up with illustrations of the same idea from other languages. Then we are told:—

> If the above account were not so satisfactory as it is, we would be tempted to see in "body" only another form of "bothy," Gaelic, *bothag*, *both* (a hut, cottage), Welsh, *bod* (a house), *bwth* (a booth). In this case it would be connected with (Irish) *both*, *both*, (Ger.) *bude*, (O. H. Ger.) *boda*, (Polish) *buda*, (Lith.) *budà*, (Scand.) *búdh*, (Dut.) *boede*, (Icel.) *bud*, (Bohem.) *bauda*, *budka*, (Russ.) *búdka*, (Pers.) *bud*—all meaning a house, hut, or dwelling-place, and traceable to the root *bhû* (to exist).

Then Mr. Palmer runs off with a crowd of extracts from all manner of writers in all manner of tongues, illustrating the metaphor by which the body is spoken of as the house of the soul. Then he goes off with the same idea as illustrated by the word *carcase*, a hard word enough certainly, and one about which Diez does not seem nearly so certain as Mr. Palmer. He suggests that it has something to do with *caro* and with *capsus*, which would in truth quite fall in with Mr. Palmer's own notions; but he discreetly avoids committing himself. Mr. Palmer, however, having got together the various Romance forms of the words, goes on to pile words together in this fashion:—

> All these words are connected with (Welsh) *carchar* (restraint, prison), (Gaelic) *carcair* (prison, coffer), (Ir.) *carcar*, (Goth.) *karkara*, (Ger.) *kerker*, (Gk.) *kárkaron*, (Lat.) *carcer* (an enclosure, or prison), (Sans.) *cárukà*, *kárágara*, from the root *kar* (to wound, punish).

This is the way in which Mr. Palmer jumbles words together. Now it is plain that the Teutonic forms must come from the Latin, while, as to the Celtic forms, it is a question for Celtic scholars whether they do or not. But a Teutonic word, cognate with the Latin *carcer*, could not begin with a *c*; and the reason why the Goths or any other Teutonic people should adopt the Latin word is perfectly plain; a prison was a new thing to them. But Mr. Palmer is not satisfied with grouping Aryan languages after a fashion which sets Grimm's Law at defiance; he has, like so many other people, a hankering after the dear Jews:—

> It is curious, though perhaps only a coincidence, that the Talmudic word for the *case* in which written rolls were commonly kept is *carcâ*.

Then we come to *coat*, *hood*, *chasuble*, to show how words which first meant house come to mean clothing. And, lastly, we come at the end of the chapter, to a little preaching and an extract from Pearson on the Creed. In all this there is the same mixture of a good deal of ingenuity and a good deal of out-of-the-way reading with notions of etymology which are quite unscientific, and with the thorough confusion of which we spoke between the province of etymology and the province of purely literary illustration. But in some of the other chapters Mr. Palmer goes off into wilder flights. He wishes to make out a connexion between *tree* and *true*, and, in so doing, he treats us to pages on pages of fine writing, partly his own, partly copied from Mr. Ruskin, so mixed up together that it is not easy for the uninitiated to see at first sight how much is Ruskin and how much is Palmer. And once or twice we meet with little bits of very homely etymology which strike us as odd. He has got among flunkeys and henchmen and legates *a latere*, and generally people who have anything to do with other people's sides or elbows. But among them he puts "compare our sidesmen, parish officers appointed to assist the churchwardens." We had always thought, but we may be wrong, that *sidesman* was a contraction of *synods-man*; at any rate, this latter derivation is so commonly received that the other should hardly have been taken for granted without mentioning it. Then we are told, with a reference to the travels of Sir Thomas Herbert in 1668, that "Booby was once the name of some species of bird noted for its stupidity." Now in a much more recent book, the History of the Mutiny of the Bounty, there is a great deal about boobies and noddies, and Bligh and his companions, when crossing the Pacific in their open boat, were very glad to catch either bird. In another place Mr. Palmer makes *dumbledore* mean a cockchafer, but surely the dumbledore is the same as the *bumblebee*,

ὥσπερ μελιττ' ἡ βομβύλιος εἰσέρχεται.

which is now more delicately written *humble bee*. And, without at all denying that Titus had his brain preyed upon by a gnat which entered his nostrils, we cannot forget that the same story is told of Nimrod, with the addition that to obtain relief he had his head beaten with hammers for four hundred years. So long a time would be quite inconsistent with the few years between the taking of Jerusalem and the accession of Domitian, while to Nimrod the chronologer may give any number of years or centuries that he thinks good. The following note is a little puzzling:—

> *Cf.* (Lat.) *auster*, the warm south wind. Austria, (Ger.) *Oesterreich*, is said to have been so called from its being the *eastern* part of Charlemagne's dominions. *Cf.* Australia (the southern regions).

Did any man before Mr. Palmer ever doubt as to the derivation of any of the endless *Austriæ*? But what has this to do with "Auster" and "Australia"? To be sure, in several names the Latin *Auster* and the Teutonic *East* sometimes get a little confused; we have known some practical confusion arise at the posting of a letter for Australia at an Austrian post-office; and we have even known it asked by way of a pun whether

> Auster,
> Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ,

had anything to do with an Austrian Lloyd steamer? But we hardly looked for a serious question about Austria and Australia as cognate names.

Mr. Palmer has much to say about the derivation of "clever" from the older "deliver," used in nearly the same sense as some of the earlier uses of "clever." Here, whether we follow him or not, he appears to much better advantage. He is better able to trace the history of a word in a single language than to do the strictly etymological work of tracing cognates in various languages to a common root. In the last two chapters, about "Night," "East," "West," &c., he goes off into comparative mythology and other kindred subjects. But is there such a word as "eerie"?—"how *eerie* and solemn a thing the night is." Mr. Palmer certainly uses it in his text, and we think we have seen it in the writings of Miss Brontë; but surely it needs explanation quite as much as any word that Mr. Palmer has formally talked about. Then he refers to the dear old story in Procopius about the souls of the dead being ferried over to Britain, and tells us that that island "was anciently regarded by the Galli and Germans as 'the island of the dead.'" But there is no such phrase in Procopius as "island of the dead," nor anything answering to "Galli and Germans," unless Mr. Palmer has got it out of the words Φράγγων κατήκοοι. But he quotes "Procopius, Goth. Bell., *vol.* iv. *p.* 20," instead of book and chapter, which looks a little as if he came by his Procopius secondhand. There is a prodigious deal of fine writing in this chapter, and Mr. Palmer ends with what we take to be an expression of a belief almost more unpleasant than that attributed to "the Galli and Germans," namely, that the devil does live somewhere in the North:—

> In conclusion, we can scarcely fail in the course of our inquiry to have been struck by the strange unanimity with which mankind have conspired to regard night upon the one hand, the west and the north upon the other, the season of darkness, and the regions of darkness, as having been submitted to the more immediate and deadly influence of the Prince of the power of the air; and without indulging in any flights of transcendental mysticism, we may fairly hold it probable that an element of truth must lie at the bottom of a belief which is almost universal.

THE MANCHESTER MAN.*

MRS. BANKS'S novel, although rather old-fashioned in plot and occasionally so in style, is well constructed and has a good deal of varied incident. The story is rapidly carried from point to point, and some of the scenes, such as the "massacre"

* *The Manchester Man.* By Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1876.

of Peterloo and the cruelties of the handsome Laurence Aspinall to his young wife, are described with remarkable vividness and intensity. The novel has, however, a higher claim to attention as a contribution to local history. It is designed as a picture of Manchester life and manners during the first thirty years of the present century. In order that we may have no doubt as to the writer's more serious intention, an appendix to the last volume authenticates many of the incidents of the tale, and even identifies some of the imaginary characters. Old inhabitants of the town must still remember the real personages introduced, one of whom indeed is yet living. Assuming that the work is done, as it is in this instance, with perfect good taste and competent knowledge, there is much to be said in favour of fiction based upon the incidents of recent local history. Mrs. Banks has woven into the story her own reminiscences of Manchester, as well as the recollections of relatives who were eye-witnesses of the occurrences described. Possessing apparently an observant eye and a retentive memory, she has reproduced with unusual success the outward aspects of the cotton metropolis during the period of the French war, the later years of George III., and the earlier years of George IV.'s reign. It cannot be honestly averred that Manchester made picturesque history in those days. The occurrences were mostly of a commonplace kind. But the place had distinctive social features, which differed greatly from those now prevailing there, and which, in view of the future growth and importance of the town, have more than a merely antiquarian interest. In the setting of her story Mrs. Banks has managed to give us the very atmosphere of the time and locality, and this we are disposed to regard as the pre-eminent merit of her book.

The plot, as we have intimated, is simple. The hero, Jabez Clegg, a foundling rescued from a flood in the river Irk, adopted by a poor tanner, Simon Clegg, and his daughter Bess, and educated as a Blue-coat boy on the old foundation of Chetham's Hospital, rises by slow degrees from a humble position in the employ of a small-ware manufacturer to the post of confidential manager, and then to a partnership in the firm, ending at last, so far as the story is concerned, like Hogarth's industrious apprentice, by marrying his former master's daughter. It is an old and well-worn theme, but relieved from the commonplace in this instance by the very slowness of the rise, the minuteness with which the successive stages are described, and the "moving accidents" by which the youth's career is throughout attended. The narrative of the lad's advancement furnishes the novelist with the opportunities she needed for the presentation of the several phases of social life and manners. Thus, the privation and sufferings of the working people during the Napoleonic wars are depicted with quiet force in connexion with the characters of Simon Clegg and his daughter, and the daughter's lover, Tom Hulme, the soldier. The hero's school-days at Chetham's Hospital and the feuds between the Blue-coat lads and the boys of the Free Grammar School bring into appropriate prominence the two great educational foundations of Bishop Oldham and Humphrey Chetham, which link the Manchester of that time and the present with the considerable village of three centuries and a half ago. The Grammar School has altered much of late, but amidst all the changes of the last half-century Chetham's Hospital has managed to retain its primitive, old-world character, and is much the same now as it was during the pupilage of Jabez Clegg. His career as an apprentice illustrates the revolution which has taken place in the relationships of mercantile life. When George III. was King, the Manchester manufacturer lived in the town, generally in a part of the same building in which he stored his goods and carried on his business. Old houses are, or were lately, standing in Mosley Street and Faulkner Street, in the heart of the city, which were once both the warehouse and the home of the merchants who first occupied them. Now they are warehouses only, used during the day, locked up, dark, and silent during the night and on Sundays. The apprentices in Jabez Clegg's time lived in the house. They did not form part of the family, but they were under the same roof and the eye of the master or mistress. Mrs. Banks tells us that

> Jabez went, with his new outfit, to his new home under good auspices, inasmuch as both master and mistress were prepossessed in his favour, and they stood in the foremost ranks of those who began to recognize that English apprentices were not bond-slaves in heathendom. Instead of being crammed to sleep like dogs in holes under counters; left to wash at a pump and wipe themselves where they could; obliged to sit at a table in a back-kitchen, and dip their spoons into one common dish of porridge or potatoes and buttermilk; to eat such scraps and refuse as sordid employers or ill-disposed cooks chose to set before their primitive pre-Adamite forks—instead of a system like this, from which apprentices (of whatever grade) only emerged at the beginning of this century, the Ashton's apprentices had a comfortable dormitory in an attic, there was a coarse jack-towel by the scullery sink for their use, they had their meals with the servants in the kitchen, where was an oak settle by the fire for them when work was over. But work did not end with the close of the warehouse. They were expected to keep their attic clean and in order, to cleanse the wooden or pewter platters, or porringers, from which they had dined or supped; to rinse the horns which had held their table-beer; to fetch and carry wood, coals, and water, for servants too lazy to do their own work; and it was not much rest any apprentice had from five or six in a morning until eight or nine at night, when he went to bed.

In the Manchester trade the apprenticeship system has long been dying out, and is now little more than a name. Just as the master has abandoned the town, and now lives in a country suburb ten or fifteen miles from his place of business, so the apprentice has lodgings of his own, and in his leisure hours is free from all control save that imposed by his own good sense. It is idle to lament a change which in many respects is for the worse, for the conditions of the Manchester trade have undergone an entire revolution within the last fifty years, and arrangements which were possible in the commercial infancy of the town are utterly impracticable now. When the house was next door to the warehouse, it was not unfrequently the custom for the wife to assist in the business. Thus Mrs. Banks says:—

> Mr. Ashton employed a number of young women, and Mrs. Ashton might be found most days in the warehouse, either "putting out" or inspecting the work brought in by them, with a gingham wrapper over her "silken sheen." If the footman announced visitors, the wrapper was thrown aside in a moment, and she stepped into her drawing-room as though fresh from her toilet, and with no atmosphere of dozens, grosses, or great-grosses about her.

In a few country districts in Lancashire the manufacturers' wives do not even now disdain to help in the mill and workshop. The centre of Manchester, however, is no longer the scene of such manufactures. It has become the emporium, storehouse, and exchange of the surrounding towns; the old order has yielded place to new.

The chief of the real personages in Mrs. Banks's book is the Rev. Joshua Brookes. He was perhaps the most remarkable figure in the history of Manchester during the last ten years of the eighteenth and the first twenty of the nineteenth century, and in many respects he was a typical Lancashire man. Chaplain of the then Collegiate Church of Manchester from 1790 to 1821, he is believed to have married, baptized, and buried more persons than any other clergyman in the kingdom. His figure was so odd that the boys of the Grammar School, where he was for many years assistant master, gave him the nickname of the Knave of Clubs; his manners were rough and uncouth, his ways were eccentric. Innumerable anecdotes are told of his strange doings. At both weddings and christenings he was wont to be very arbitrary. He had an antipathy to certain Christian names, as well as to any that were indicative of peculiar opinions. "Name this child," he said on one occasion at the font. "Charles Edward," replied the godparents. "Charles Edward!" exclaimed the irritable chaplain; "I'll have none of your Jacobite names here. George, I baptize thee"—and he calmly proceeded to the end. Another time, as recorded by Mrs. Banks in her appendix, one Cowdroy, a printer of Republican tendencies, gave the name of "Citizen" to his son. "Citizen!" growled the parson, "that's no name. I shall not give the child a name like that!" "I've a right to call my child what name I please," responded Mr. Cowdroy. "Oh, you may call him Beelzebub if you like!" testily replied the Chaplain, and this time he yielded without further demur. His conduct at weddings was equally unusual, especially at Easter, at which season it was then, and continued long after to be, the custom in Manchester for very large numbers to present themselves at the parish church with a view to matrimony. As many as a hundred couples would be married in a single morning. Mrs. Banks has described the scene with much animation, and yet without in the least exaggerating the manner of the officiating clergyman:—

> They elbowed their way into the church, and reached the choir just as Joshua pronounced the benediction over some twenty couples closely packed around the altar. Then there was a jostle and a scramble for "first kisses," amidst which rose the rough voice of the chaplain, "Now clear out, clear out! Do your kissing outside. There are other folk waiting to be wed. Do you think I want to be kept here all day tying up fools?"
>
> That instalment of the married having been hustled away to sign the church books, with their attendant witnesses, Joshua called out impatiently to the waiting couples, among which were Bess and Tom—
>
> "Come, come! How long do you mean to keep me standing here? Do you intend to be married or not? Oh, it's thee, is it? [to Bess]. Well, thah's waited long enough. See that you make her a good husband [to Tom]. Kneel down here," and he placed them, not roughly, almost in the centre of the altar, pulling others to their knees beside them, with scant ceremony.
>
> "What do you want here?" in his very harshest tones he asked a very youthful-looking couple.
>
> To be wed," was the prompt answer of the young man.
>
> "Ugh!" grunted the Parson, "what's the world coming to? I used to marry men and women—now I marry children! Here, you silly babies, take your places."
>
> Another file of candidates being ranged (after some pushing and pulling) in pairs around the altar, Joshua took his book and the service began.

The reverend gentleman was not deterred from an exhibition of his impulsive eccentricities even by the solemn surroundings of the graveyard. He had large, shaggy eyebrows, and the boys when they passed him in the street would draw their fingers across their own foreheads, to his immense annoyance. On the occasion of a funeral, a young sweep seated on the church wall executed the eyebrow movement full in the Rev. Joshua's sight, just as he reached the passage in the Burial Service "I heard a voice from Heaven saying." "Knock that little black rascal off the church wall," he shouted, and as the beadle ran after the urchin he proceeded with the ceremony, imperturbable himself, and perfectly indifferent to the shocked amazement of the mourners. His oddities, however, did not make up the whole of his character. He was an accomplished, if not a profound scholar, an intense lover of books, guileless in all his relations with his fellow-men, an excellent and indefatigable minister of religion, a devoted though sorely-tried son, and a self-sacrificing, warm-hearted friend. Mrs. Banks has drawn a faithful and altogether admirable portrait of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, appreciative alike of its humorous and its serious aspects.

We have dealt mainly with the realistic and historical features of *The Manchester Man*, because the distinctive excellence of the book is to be found in them, and not in the story. The story, nevertheless, has considerable merit. It is vivacious, and often powerful; the characters, too, are life-like, and not mere puppets.

They serve very well to embody the writer's chief purpose—her presentation of manners and of modes of life that have passed away, yet still linger in the memory of many living people; her description of the painful years of a large manufacturing town at a time of much distress, of its growth despite adverse circumstances, and of customs which seem quaint and odd to us, even at this distance of only half a century. It is an interesting study, lacking, no doubt, the higher imaginative art of the novelist, but still interesting us by the keen interest which the writer herself shows in the personages and subject of her story.

KIRKMAN'S PHILOSOPHY WITHOUT ASSUMPTIONS.*

MR. KIRKMAN will have done excellent service even if he shall have succeeded only in compelling us to take stock of the scientific knowledge of the day. We are most of us disposed to forget that coins passed into currency are not necessarily genuine, while for philosophers, as for other men, there is the temptation to regard their geese as swans. The caution that arguments and trains of reasoning should be subjected to the most rigid scrutiny may seem to be no better than a truism, obvious and worthless; and yet there is no warning the repetition of which is more needed. The writer who points out any spurious metal in the philosophic currency of the age deserves the gratitude of disinterested thinkers. The exposure of any single assumption may be the removal of a stumbling-block, and may lead possibly to results of incalculable importance.

That the world of thinkers is at the present moment divided into two hostile armies, the one holding that the foundations of law, morality, and religion are being assailed and undermined by the other, is a fact which few will venture to question. The impression may be right or wrong, but it is both deep and general, that a philosophy which makes thought the material product of molecular action in the brain, which exhibits man to himself as a fortuitous aggregate of sensations and impulses changing from moment to moment, which represents the action of the will as a mechanical process, and limits that action to the present life, leaves no room for faith in God and scatters to the winds the ideas of responsibility and duty. And here clearly we have to decide two points. The fears thus felt may be unfounded, and must be so if the charges are unjust; but if they should be in any measure brought home, it remains to be seen whether, or how far, the philosophy thus arraigned is genuine science or a fabric resting on assumption.

Mr. Kirkman's contention is that the systems of some at least among the philosophers of the age are based on not a few assumptions. Such a charge can scarcely fail to awaken a feeling of resentment in the thinkers thus assailed, whatever may be the moderation of the accuser. The irritation must be increased if the shafts aimed at them do not altogether lack gall. It is quite possible that Mr. Kirkman's satire may be sometimes too pointed and his sarcasm too biting; but for those who are impartial witnesses of a conflict on which the well-being of mankind may depend for ages the one question to be determined is the truth or the falsehood of the charge. The form into which it is thrown is of the least possible importance; and they who feel that interests of infinite value are at stake may be pardoned if their words flow less sweetly than honey. They who hold that man is responsible to his Maker, and that he is so responsible because within his own limits he is an actual originating cause, are at least justified in showing no favour, while they grant a fair field, to theories which represent men as capable of education only because they are machines. No sarcasm could well bite more deeply than that of Dr. Lionel Beale when he dismisses this proposition with the remark that no machine, however perfect and elaborate in its construction, can be trained and educated even to the degree possible in the case of the most stupid dog. Nor is that writer's satire altogether without bitterness when he asserts that people generally "will feel quite convinced that the living leaders of scientific thought are certainly not machines, as no machines could exhibit the inconsistencies and contradictions which characterize their labours"; still more when he affirms that "the very 'machines' which profess to be influenced only by observation and experiment have discarded their professions, and have become somehow transformed into sceptical machines which trust the imagination only and believe and teach fiction." The truth is that we find ourselves in the thick of a battle which is not likely to be lazily contested or to be ended soon; and it is absurd to treat either army as thin-skinned, or to suppose that the conflict can be carried on without hard knocks.

Mr. Kirkman is therefore fully justified in submitting any or all of the forms of modern thought and philosophy to the most rigid tests and the most searching scrutiny; nor can any reasonable objection be taken if he applies these tests with special care to the science now known as psychology. It is easy to treat the inquiry as a gratuitous attack on Mr. Herbert Spencer; but the answer is as little to the purpose as to dismiss exceptions to Grimm's Law as a personal assault on Grimm. Mr. Spencer is the great prophet of the psychological school, nor is it to be supposed that he would wish to evade the responsibilities of a distinguished position. From the point of view of those who do not disguise their adherence to the old belief of human duty to an Infinite Ruler who knows that He is a ruler, Mr. Kirkman is amply excused if he brings all his force to bear on a system of philosophy which juggles a man at once out of his will and his subsisting personality. The charge is a serious one; our business is to ascertain, if it be possible, whether or how far it may be true:—

> Considered as an internal perception [says Mr. Spencer, speaking of the alleged freedom of the human will], the illusion consists in supposing that at each moment the Ego is something more than the aggregate of feelings and ideas, actual and nascent, which then exists. A man who, after being subject to an impulse consisting of a group of psychical states, real or ideal, performs a certain action, usually asserts that he determined to perform the action; and, by speaking of his conscious self as having been something separate from the group of psychical states constituting the impulse, is led into the error of supposing that it was not the impulse alone which determined the action. But the entire group of psychical states which constituted the antecedent of the action also constituted himself at that moment.

It is impossible to deny that Mr. Spencer here asserts the following propositions:—(1) The so-called personal Ego is nothing more than the aggregate of the feelings and ideas of the moment; (2) the impulse leading to an action consists of a group of psychical states; and (3) it is this impulse alone which determines the action. To the uninitiated the first proposition will probably seem much like mere assertion, even if the further objection that it asserts a negative be not taken into account. The second will appear to involve the contradictory statement that an impulse, which must be dynamical and active, consists of a group of states which are passive. Here at once the will vanishes away, and the thinker of the one moment is not the thinker of the next, the fancy that he is so being the illusion which it is Mr. Spencer's special mission to dispel. On this point no room is left for ambiguity. "Psychically considered," the man at any given time "is at that moment nothing more than the composite state of consciousness." If this does not assert that between the Ego of the moment and the state of the moment there is no relation but that of pure identity—or, to speak more strictly, no relation at all, identity excluding altogether the notion of relation—then words have no meaning. But if the words are taken as they stand, it is not too much to say, as Mr. Kirkman says, that, if this be so, "what we call our conscious personal identity from moment to moment is a ridiculous fiction, and the loudest testimony of our inmost consciousness is a perpetual lie" (p. 199). Indeed Mr. Spencer would probably allow that, although the phrases may be strong, yet this is precisely what he meant. But this is not all. Mr. Kirkman puts the argument to the test of a mathematical formula, and it is not easy to see on what grounds he may be fairly debarred from doing so. Mr. Spencer, he tells us,

> speaks and thinks "of a man who is subject to an impulse consisting of a group of psychical states," and the man is a psychical Ego. Let E denote this Ego, and let G denote this group of states. Now at the moment of the consciously received impulse E is by Mr. Spencer's definition identically G; and his conception of the fact of that moment is that G is subject to and conscious of the impulse G. But since the receiver of an impulse must be there to receive it, Mr. Spencer's thought seems to be that G finds itself assaulted by G before G is either assaulted or born.

We cannot, however, stop here, for Mr. Spencer has a further argument for the abolition of the persistent Ego:—

> Either [he tells us] the Ego which is supposed to determine or will the action is present in consciousness, or it is not. If it is not present in consciousness, it is something of which we are unconscious—something, therefore, of whose existence we neither have nor can have any evidence. If it is present in consciousness, then, as it is ever present, it can be at each moment nothing else than the state of consciousness, simple or compound, passing at the moment.

This last sentence is simply amazing. It asserts that the Ego is "ever present" in consciousness; and from this assertion it follows irresistibly that it must therefore be something separate from any transitory and changing conditions of which it may be the subject. Yet the fact which forces us to this conclusion, and to this conclusion alone, is seriously given as the reason for believing that the Ego is identical with the changing conditions of each moment, or with the state made up of these conditions. If this be so, then there must be other conditions in the Cosmos which furnish an analogy to this seeming freedom of the human will which really is not free; nor is Mr. Spencer at a loss to provide the illustration:—

> A body in space [he informs us], subject to the attraction of a single other body, moves in a direction that can be accurately predicted. If subject to the attractions of two bodies, its course can be calculable. If subject to the attraction of three bodies, its course can be calculated with still less precision. And if it is surrounded by bodies of all sizes at all distances, its motion will be apparently uninfluenced by any of them; it will move in some undefinable varying line that appears to be self-determined; it will seem to be free. Similarly, in proportion as the cohesions of each psychical state to others become great in number and various in degree, the psychical changes will become incalculable and apparently subject to no law.

The illustration is not less astounding than the argument which it is supposed to strengthen. Mr. Spencer's astronomical mistake is easily accounted for; though it is not therefore excused. The moon comes exactly under his description, as a body in space surrounded by innumerable other bodies at innumerable distances, some of them belonging to our solar system, others lying beyond it, yet all contributing something to its motion and aiding to determine its path. Mr. Kirkman may well express his surprise that none among Mr. Spencer's friends should have pointed out to him "that the moon does not seem free one bit, that she does not appear self-

* *Philosophy without Assumptions.* By Thomas Pennington Kirkman, M.A., F.R.S. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

determined, that she is not rambling in any undefinable varying line, that her motion is not apparently uninfluenced by any of the other bodies, although he has actually written and printed about her and every other planet all those incredibly foolish things" (p. 218). What then are we to say when Mr. Spencer brings us to his final alternative? "To reduce the general question to its simplest form, psychical changes either conform to law or they do not. If they do not conform to law, this work in common with all other works on the subject is sheer nonsense; no science of Psychology is possible. If they do conform to law, there cannot be any such thing as free will." The dilemma is not so terrible for others as it may seem to be at first sight. Mr. Spencer talks about conformity to law; his remarks about the movements of bodies in space show, to say the least, that his notions of law are singularly vague, and scarcely entitle him to be regarded as a safe guide. His account of the genesis of what we call moral action involves a contradiction; and, if the truth must be told, Mr. Spencer has fitted the cap to his own head. He has talked nonsense. Yet this fact by no means proves that the building up of a science of psychology is an impossibility. It teaches us only that Mr. Spencer has been building on a wrong foundation, as all must who shut their eyes to the distinction between our active and our passive consciousness, and who refuse, not merely to start from, but even to take into account, the one fact of which alone we have immediate knowledge.

We have taken a single instance, and cannot attempt to follow Mr. Kirkman through the chapters which are designed to show that Hume, Mill, and others have committed themselves to precisely the same errors which vitiate the method and the conclusions of Mr. Spencer. It is enough to say of this negative portion of his task that he has brought against these writers no charge which does not call for the most serious consideration. Of the positive, or constructive, part of his work we must content ourselves with remarking that his philosophy has in it everything to cheer, and nothing to startle, those who believe that they and their fellowmen are the creatures of an Infinite Mind and an absolutely righteous Will.

MEMOIR OF CAROLINE HERSCHEL.*

THE documents collected in this volume make up a long-delayed record—and now the only possible one—of a life given to work which, if done for itself alone, would have been enough to keep alive the name of the worker in after times. But Caroline Herschel's was one of those labours of self-renouncing love and devotion, not wrought for fame or reward, which justly command admiration and sympathy even from those who know nothing of their immediate objects or results. Astronomy can bestow the fitting meed of praise on the diligent observer and calculator, and store up with due honour the fruit of her nightly toil. All men can prize the memory of the sister whose unbounded affection and unremitting zeal made her the constant helpmate of her illustrious brother's research, and an unwilling associate in his renown.

The aid given to Sir William Herschel by his sister is thus described in the Address delivered to the Astronomical Society by its Vice-President in 1828, when the Society's gold medal was presented to Caroline Herschel:—

> Who participated in his toils? Who braved with him the inclemency of the weather? Who shared his privations? A female. Who was she? His sister. Miss Herschel it was who by *night* acted as his amanuensis: she it was whose pen conveyed to paper his observations as they issued from his lips; she it was who noted the right ascensions and polar distances of the objects observed; she it was who, having passed the night near the instrument, took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the following morning; she it was who planned the labour of each succeeding night; she it was who reduced every observation, made every calculation; she it was who arranged everything in systematic order; and she it was who helped him to obtain his imperishable name.

This was the bare truth; yet she was averse to the public mention of it even on an occasion when it was appropriate and almost necessary. Writing in the course of the same year to John (afterwards Sir John) Herschel, she said:—

> I have no time or inclination to think much on this subject, else I could say a great deal about the *clumsy speech* of the V. P. Whoever says *too much of me* says *too little of your father!* and only can cause me uneasiness.

Her tone in speaking of her own work was always the same. She insisted on calling herself a mere tool, or putting herself at most on a level with a trained dog. Thus she writes, in an earlier letter to her nephew:—

> You ask, as it were, if I were satisfied with the way in which you have mentioned me in that paper? If I should answer honestly I should say not quite, for you set too great a value on what I have done, and by saying too much is saying [*sic*] too little of my brother, for *he* did all. I was a mere tool which *he* had the trouble of sharpening and to adapt for the purpose he wanted it, for lack of a better. A little praise is very comfortable, and I feel confident of having deserved it for my patience and perseverance, but none for great abilities or knowledge.

Yet she had discovered several comets on her own account, and she did much useful work on star-catalogues, although she was no longer an observer, for some time after Sir William's death. The whole of her correspondence with Sir John Herschel, extending from her return to Hanover in 1822 to within a year or two of her death, at the age of ninety-seven, in 1848, is full of pride and interest in her brother's astronomical fame and everything bearing on it, not unmixed at times with a jealousy which in her case, if ever, was pardonable and almost laudable. She took pleasure almost to the last in Sir John Herschel's continuation of his father's work. She lived to receive a copy of the Cape observations, completing the Survey of the Nebulous Heavens. Her devotion was throughout a personal one. She does not seem to have had, comparatively speaking, any passion for the stars for their own sake. When the King of Prussia sent her a gold medal as a gift for her ninety-sixth birthday, it was accompanied by a letter from Humboldt, in which he referred to the then fresh discovery of Neptune. It does not appear that this part of the letter excited any particular response; one may even fancy, perhaps, that the new planet appeared to her in the light of an intruder, disturbing the landmarks set to the solar system by Herschel's telescope. But nothing can be safely inferred from her silence at this time, as writing had then become difficult to her, and a few months afterwards had to be given up. A letter written by a niece to Sir John Herschel a few days after Miss Herschel's death goes indeed so far as to say:—"She looked upon progress in science as so much detraction from her brother's fame, and even your investigations would have become a source of estrangement had she been with you." This impression was presumably derived from personal intimacy; yet we prefer to think it exaggerated, for it is certainly not borne out by the letters. We do undoubtedly find there a considerable indifference to the doings of later astronomers, except in so far as they tend to reflect lustre on the name of the elder Herschel; but we find no trace of any feeling amounting to positive dislike to the advancement of knowledge beyond the point where Sir William Herschel left it.

The later correspondence to which we have already referred is perhaps the most important, as it is certainly the most interesting, part of the present volume. The various letters and extracts from diaries that make up the substance of the earlier chapters appear to have undergone but a slight process of selection and arrangement; in fact, they have been brought together without any serious attempt at the exercise of literary skill; and the result is a certain heaviness at the outset which puts the book in some danger of failing to do justice to its subject. At one or two points it may be charged with positive dulness. The mistake has not been avoided which is the most natural and the most common one to fall into in editing a work of this kind; the desire, in itself a most proper one, to miss nothing material has led to the reproduction of many documents and entries which after all are not relevant to the main purpose of the narrative, and have no other than a strictly personal interest. We are by no means sure that it would not have had a better effect, in a literary point of view, to treat the correspondence with Sir John Herschel as the principal part of the work, explaining it only by a prefatory chapter in which a limited selection from the former years might have been introduced. As it is, the points of astronomical interest—which, as we said at the beginning, in this case coincides with a wider human interest—are somewhat scattered in the record of Caroline Herschel's residence in England. The thing which comes out most strongly from the first, and which is the strangest to us in these days of elaborate scientific appliances, is the elder Herschel's forced reliance on the work of his own hands. Most of his instruments were made by himself and under his immediate direction; and his sister's help was not least in these difficult and, to her, uncongenial labours. We find him working hard at Bath in 1775, hardly persuaded to take needful food in the intervals of polishing mirrors. The same private manufacture, though on a larger scale, went on after their removal to Slough. For a long time, indeed, he went on making telescopes for sale, his own astronomical pursuits being unremunerative. Various passages in the diary show that the mechanical operations of the observatory were not only laborious, but occasionally dangerous. After noting how she was laid up for six weeks with a wound from an exposed hook belonging to the machinery of the great telescope, on which she had fallen on a dark night, Miss Herschel adds:—

> I could give a pretty long list of accidents which were nearly proving fatal to my brother as well as myself. To make observations with such large machinery, where all around is in darkness, is not unattended with danger, especially when personal safety is the last thing with which the mind is occupied; even poor Piazzi did not go home without getting broken shins by falling over the rack-bar, which projects in high altitudes in front of the telescope, when in the hurry the cap had been forgotten to be put over it.

Again she says, a year or two later:—

> It would be impossible for me, if it were required, to give a regular account of all that passed around me in the lapse of the following two years, for they were spent in a perfect chaos of business. The garden and workrooms were swarming with labourers and workmen, smiths and carpenters going to and fro between the forge and the forty-foot machinery, and I ought not to forget that there is not one screw-bolt about the whole apparatus but what was fixed under the immediate eye of my brother. I have seen him lie stretched many an hour in a burning sun, across the top beam whilst the iron work for the various motions was being fixed.
>
> At one time no less than twenty-four men (twelve and twelve relieving each other) kept polishing day and night; my brother, of course, never leaving them all the while, taking his food without allowing himself time to sit down to table.

An alarming accident is chronicled further on, in 1786:—

> *Sept. 22nd.*—In taking the forty-foot mirror out of the tube, the beam to which the tackle is fixed broke in the middle, but fortunately not before it was nearly lowered into its carriage, &c., &c. Both my brothers had a narrow escape of being crushed to death.

* *Memoir and Correspondence of Caroline Herschel.* By Mrs. John Herschel. London: John Murray. 1876.

The real test of Caroline Herschel's perseverance and devotion, however, was not in these extraordinary casualties, but in the constant toil, watching, and discomfort which fall to the lot of an observer under the most favourable conditions. One of the minor difficulties on winter nights was that every now and then, as she was writing down observations, the ink was frozen in the bottle. There is a little incident in 1805 showing what a habit of unwearied and unceasing industry she had acquired. William Herschel went away on a summer excursion, and Caroline, who stayed at Slough, employed the vacation in "undertaking an amazing deal of work," among which, as she proceeds to set down, she catalogued and arranged the library.

Some miscellaneous anecdotes and allusions occur which deserve special mention. The astronomical education of princes in the last century is shown in a curious light by the following note:—

> The Prince of Orange has been at Slough to call at Mr. Herschel's and to ask him, or if he was not at home to Miss Herschel, if it is true that Mr. Herschel has discovered a new star, whose light was not as that of the common stars, but with swallow tails, as stars in embroidery. He has seen this reported in the newspapers, and wishes to know if there is any foundation to that report.—Slough, the 8*th* of *August*, 1798.—W. Prince of Orange.

Writing to Lady Herschel in 1840 (within a few months of her ninetieth birthday), Caroline Herschel reverts to the old glories of the forty-foot telescope. She tells how a whole company sang "God save the King" in the tube, and adds this postscript:—

> One anecdote of the old tube (if you have not heard it) I must give you. Before the optical parts were finished, many visitors had the curiosity to walk through it, among the rest King George III., and the Archbishop of Canterbury, following the King, and finding it difficult to proceed, the King turned to give him the hand, saying, "Come, my Lord Bishop, I will show you the way to Heaven!"

In this and other passages the English reader must bear in mind that Miss Herschel's English was an acquired language. We may finally note, as a kind of link between the Herschels and the newer physical astronomy, a letter of Sir J. Herschel's in 1842, mentioning "the sudden appearance of three purple or lilac-coloured flames, which seemed to break out from the edge of the moon," in a total eclipse of the sun. These are the *rose-coloured prominences* which have since been questioned by the spectroscope, and compelled to yield up to us the long-guarded secrets of the solar atmosphere.

HEATHCOTE'S REMINISCENCES OF FEN AND MERE.*

A CASUAL traveller through the Fen country by the Ely and Peterborough branch of the Great Eastern Railway might doubt the interest and attraction of so flat and dull a topographical study; yet not the less is that district an instructive memorial of English enterprise and perseverance. In order to appreciate it one ought to compare the past with the present, and observe the wonderful improvement wrought by engineering power upon miles of country which were once deadly swamp, but are now covered with waving grain as far as eye can reach; and where also the human figures that vary the seemingly monotonous landscape are now strong and lusty, and not, as of old, a lean haggard race, carrying on their faces the tokens of frequent arrest by the Bailiffs of Bedford and Marshland, as the attacks of ague and the inundations of the Ouse were dubbed with a grim, but not inapt, personification. No longer does the Fen border maintain in the precarious trade of "fishing and fowling" a half-starved race of fen-slodgers; the phrase of "Cambridgeshire Camels" (a synonym for stilt-walking to sight flocks or game across the dead level) is no longer illustrated in the Fen district. Rheumatism has been put to flight; and in the towns and country good drainage and a copious fresh-water supply, along with plenty instead of semi-starvation, have brought about a change in the frame of the Fenman for which the idea of it current among strangers would certainly not prepare one. What this idea is the author of *Fen and Mere* shows in an anecdote of the House of Commons Committee on the Middle Level Bill:—

> Mr. Talbot, our counsel, once came up to us and spoke of his notion, when about to receive evidence from the Fens, that they were the seat of ague and fever, and that the inhabitants would bear marks of general bad health. He expressed his surprise to find such robust and healthy-looking men as our chairman, and regretted to admit that he and his colleagues of the long robe were the cadaverous parties.

How this change has been effected Mr. Heathcote, a native landowner, familiar with and fond of his home, has undertaken to describe in the book before us. Though it is scarcely put together with the skill of a practised writer, he has brought to his task a vast quantity of information got at first hand, having himself taken no small part in the great improvements of the district, being in sympathy with its scenery, sports, and old associations, and cherishing an enthusiastic confidence in the future in store for fen and mere. Zeal, observation, intelligence, and personal interest impart to his work a character of reality which fully atones for any lack of compactness or any occasional incoherence of parts.

Mr. Heathcote has called to the assistance of his own observation the oral testimony of old inhabitants and the evidence of various histories of Fen improvement. His book is a record doubtless of delays, difficulties, and drainage of pockets as well as of marsh lands; but the broad fact that within thirty-five years the annual rental of 250,000 acres, or one-third of the area of the Bedford Level, has increased 100 per cent., is an encouraging one for the Fenmen and other people similarly circumstanced. It is interesting to follow Mr. Heathcote as he brings out the picturesque, if unsatisfactory, features of the former state of things, as well as the substantial improvements which have substituted fertility with a good average rental per acre for haphazard subsistence and casual gains by favour of flood, drought, or frost, as the case might be. He describes the Fenlands as a horseshoe-like bay, bounded by highlands, from Hunstanton in Norfolk to Wynthorpe in Lincolnshire; and it may be said that they contain an area of from sixty to seventy miles from North to South by from twenty to thirty broad. Considerable changes have occurred during the lapse of ages as to climate, flora, and fauna, as might be seen, among other examples, by the discovery of late years at Whittlesea Mere of a perfect soil and swaths of grass at eight feet deep through the moor, lying as they were first mown down (p. 2). From this and like facts Dugdale concludes that this vast level was once dry firm land, but that ages ago some great land flood obstructed at its natural ostiaries seaward, by silt choking them after long drought, spread over the whole of it, and the waters ever after covering the same produced a moor, now grown to this thickness. Without dwelling on the data given by the author in the first and third Parts as to fossils, which illustrate this view, we may just glance at the characteristics of the Fen country in the eleventh, twelfth, and later centuries. In 1070 a young Fenman is described as crossing the Fens from Crowland to Spalding with a fir-pole, with an iron ferule and spike at the end, to leap the ditches and test the boggy ground. He would encounter kingfishers and wild ducks, herons and cygnets. He would have a causeway to cross in summer, but in winter a complete morass; and the Isle of Ely is described as a dead flat with here and there an eminence standing up from it as a detached islet, when the spring and autumn rains swelled mere and stream, and covered the flats. Eels were in consequence so plentiful as to be current coin with the monks of Ely, Ramsey, and Peterborough. Pike, tench, and carp abounded in the rivers and meres, and there were swarms of waterfowl and other birds and beasts. In this dead flat, which Adam Mercer in 1505 calls "one of the most brute and beastly of the whole realm," a land of marshy ague and unwholesome swamp, and which, in 1620, first certain undertakers, and then the King, undertook to drain by a system of sewers, several of the prominent islets or oases, occupied at first by religious solitaries, were germs of the afterwards familiar Benedictine convents and abbeys, Ely, Crowland, Ramsey, Thorney, and others. Of these Mr. Heathcote gives an account, and also some capital drawings on the anastatic process. But though there is an antiquarian interest in the passages relating to Crowland, with its quasi-Venetian streets bordered by willow-planted canals, and built on piles, and finally united by a curious triangular bridge (see p. 16); and also in the accounts of Connington, with its associations with Sir Robert Cotton and Mary Queen of Scots, and of Ramsey Island and Abbey—the latter still represented by a ruined gateway, the refectory walls and arches, an oak door, and deeds in the muniment room—we cannot say that the book will suffice for the traveller as an archæological guide. Mr. Heathcote does not mention, for instance, that with the monks of Ramsey is connected the cultivation in early days of the Hebrew language in England; but it is more to his purpose to state in reference to the Connington estate, that in the year 1800 its drainage was begun by the then owner, Mr. J. Heathcote; not before it was needed, if we may judge by his having to get into a gunning-boat for coot-shooting from the dining-room window on the ground floor. But this is only of a piece with Dugdale's description of the environs of Crowland in his day:—"In August they drive 3,000 ducks into one net, and call their pools their fields. No corn grows within five miles of them."

The Great Level of the Fens, some 750,000 acres, was subdivided by a corporation in the reign of Charles II. into Middle, North, and South, with a view to drainage and reclamation. A separation of these levels has been one great work of this century, the other has been the drainage of Whittlesea Mere and the adjoining lands. In the account of this latter undertaking we must be contented to follow Mr. Heathcote very cursorily. Over its area of 1,870 acres of water, now drained—a space of 3½ miles from east to west by 2½ from north to south, and from 2 to 7 feet deep, though depth and area were gradually reduced in 1835 and 1844 by improved drainage and outfall—rich crops have superseded the occupation of amphibious fishers, skaters, boatmen, and reed-harvesters. And part of the interest of Mr. Heathcote's book consists in descriptions of the state of things before the land was laid dry; part in the marvellous transformation after the application and development of engineering skill. Take the earlier aspect of the district. In 1805 we read of a cutter from the Norfolk Broads water-stressed in the Mere, and actually sold *in situ* because, the water sinking, it could not be got away. The Mere was utilized thenceforth for sailing and fishing parties, and one chapter in Part II. gives full particulars of trimmer-setting, and of the take of pike, eels, and perch on special occasions. Some notion of the supply which the Mere contained in those years may be formed from the results of a drought in 1826. The fish perished and lay like heaps of snow on the north shore:—

> The season was dry, and a large proportion of the bed of the Mere was without water. In the mud were large cracks and fissures, and when about a hundred acres of water remained, a great hurricane of wind came and blew most of it into the cracks and fissures, and it disappeared. Many tons of

* *Reminiscences of Fen and Mere.* By J. M. Heathcote. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

eels, carp, pike, and perch were taken. The water returned in the winter, but there was no fishing for five or six years. The Mere, however, was stocked with fish from the rivers, especially from Bevill's Seam.

The author mentions a picture of a giant pike taken in Whittlesea Mere weighing fifty-two pounds. Amongst other forms of sport, which the undrained Mere afforded, were coot-shooting with a large gun (sixteen at a shot), from November to March, and wild-duck-shooting, which did not yield so much amusement, as the birds got away by diving unless killed at once. Mr. Heathcote quotes Lord Erskine's simile for the minorities in which Ministers were left in 1810. "They were like wild-ducks shot on a large lake—easy to knock down, but very hard to get out." Another excitement was snipe-shooting, which Lord Monteagle pleaded in abatement of the heartiness with which he should otherwise have accepted the conduct of the Middle Drainage Bill through the Lords in 1844. This sport brought many visitors to the Fenland public-houses, where they might haply find as distinguished artists in quest of subjects of the Dutch school as congregate for mountain scenery at Bettws-y-Coed or the Teifi-side, or in the Lake country. Many rare birds—grey shrikes, bitterns, didappers, buzzards, falcons, and fork-tailed kites—have quite disappeared with the advent of good drainage. But snipes, plovers, and wild-ducks were especially the birds of the Fenland, the first being found mostly in boggy pools and short-cut sedge; they were followed with the jumping-pole, with a maximum success of twenty-five couple a day, though the decoy plan for wild-ducks, practised about fifty years ago, sometimes yielded two hundred dozen in a week. When the Fens were frozen, duck-hunting was conducted with a stalking-hedge or a stalking-sledge, the latter process being where a man knelt on a sledge (16 feet by 3 feet) fixed on four marrow-bones and fronted by a fence of reeds, through which projected a long duck-gun's barrel, while the stock rested on dry sedge. The man suitably accoutred knelt at the back and punted himself with two iron-pronged sticks. Thus, unperceived by the wild-fowl, he approached the islands of sedge which harboured them, and the gun, charged with a pound of shot, dealt wholesale slaughter. The aquatic plants and general botany of the Mere are the subject of an interesting chapter, though perhaps a detailed account of the appearance and over-spread of the Anacharis alsinastrum is superfluous, and "Scirpus palustris" need not have been printed *stirpus*, nor Potamogeton *Hotomogeton*. By the way, the inscription on the supposed statue of Alwyn (p. 31 of Brayley's *Huntingdonshire*) is thus concluded by Camden—"Hujus (sacri) cœnobii miraculosus *fundator*." The omission of the last word by Mr. Heathcote must be an oversight.

There is much to interest in the accounts of the turf-harvest, the reed-mowing, the skating-matches, the ice-races, and the regattas held of old on Whittlesea Mere in their respective seasons; but it is time we should pass on to a glance at the change which came over the Fenlands about 1844. Till then, a chief device, imperfect at best, for draining off the water of the fields in a district divided into ditches, was the "Old Fen Mill," turned by sails, and consisting of a large wheel round which horizontal boards were placed at right angles, revolving in a narrow space of woodwork connected with the drain, which scooped up the water from the lower level, and delivered it into the main river. The higher level was protected by banks, between which a stream, with a fall of three inches a mile, found its way to the sea. But this device often failed when the land was very wet and wind was wanting. The drainage then was at a stand for weeks, and the whole country would be drowned in consequence. The Old Fen Mill survives now only in the pictures of the quasi-Dutch school by Mr. E. W. Cook, an enthusiastic admirer of the Fen country. Up to the time of its supersession the worthlessness of all makeshifts for drainage had been evidenced by the comparatively insignificant value of land. In 1844, on the basis of two former proposals of Sir John Rennie to make a catchwater drain below the range of hills to the west, running along the border of the lowlands to Peterborough (no flood highland water to pass into the Fens, and the outfall to be at Wisbeach), and after certain auguries of future fertility had been drawn from experiments of the effect of tidal deposit of soil, Mr. Walker's scheme for separating navigation and drainage was adopted by the House of Commons Committee, and the Act, with some mutilation, became law. Mr. Heathcote states that the Engine Drain, with a cutting 50 yards wide and 8 or 10 feet deep, near the termination of the Holme Lode, which meets one of the main rivers at the engine house, was made "to carry away the waters of the Mere" (75). First, a passage was procured for the water on each side of ground ultimately the central and deepest part of the channel. This was at last cleared, and the black mud and soil wheeled by a wooden stage to the bank. Here solid clay was found at from six to twenty-five feet deep. A hard gravel road has since been made for two or three miles beside the drain, and a further excavation of some hundred yards. The clay taken out was removed in trucks along a temporary tramway, and the adjoining fields covered with it to the depth of four to six inches.

The erection of Appold's centrifugal pump, at the head of the Engine Drain where the Mere waters were to be discharged into the river for passage thence to the sea, followed without delay; and it did its work so well that it finally drained the bed of Whittlesea Mere in 1850, and when in 1852 a flood burst the banks, and once more "drowned" the Mere, it again discharged the water effectually in a given time. Passing over the curious finds in the strata below the Mere bed, we may just add that, after claying and warping the whole area, it was found that, as the soil was rich in animal matter, it was fit for wheat by 1853. The depression of soil since the drainage shows a subsidence of nine inches a year. Fenlands repay claying where clay is found less than five feet below the surface, and though the cost of dry warping is considerable, the statistics in pp. 92–3 show it to be remunerative. Not to follow further the curious facts and experiments recorded by Mr. Heathcote, we think he has established (especially in the case of the North Level) that the essential conditions of successful draining are the best possible drainage, completest natural outfall, and reduction of pumping power to a minimum. Though, between private expenditure and public taxation, the cost of reclamation in the three Levels has been enormous, instances might be multiplied where what was once nothing but snipe-ground has been made to yield in wheat and potatoes no less than 27*l.* per acre. If any doubt still lingers as to the advantages of natural drainage, deep tillage, universal claying, and use of superphosphate in the Fen districts, Mr. Heathcote is at any rate entitled to the credit of having been one of the first to adopt and advocate a spirited and enlightened policy.

THE RED HOUSE BY THE RIVER.*

THE *Red House by the River* is a Scotch novel which does not lose by not being very Scotch. Some of the best-known of our Scotch novelists overload their pages with the broadest and roughest provincial dialect, which is sure to sound uncouth in Southern ears when it is not absolutely unintelligible. The greatest master of the craft wrote too artistically to fall into such an error, and in the Waverley Novels, with all their marvellous fidelity to nature, the national and local forms of speech are rather indicated than forced upon one. We need hardly say that it is only in this respect that we liken Mr. Douglas to Sir Walter Scott; yet Mr. Douglas has written a readable story, which he has made life-like by conscientious attention to details. The scenes are laid in that fertile farming district which lies between the bleak range of the Lammermuir and the troubled waters of the Firth of Forth. The characters are taken from that well-to-do provincial middle class which Galt and his imitators have delighted to depict. It does not perhaps furnish the most favourable specimens of the Scotch people at their best. The men, although decent and respectable to a fault, set more store by money than intellect or cultivation; and, in spite of the impressive warnings of their ministers, consider it the first duty of existence to heap riches together for those who are to follow them. The women are good wives and daughters, and highly estimable in ordinary social relations, but they are worldly notwithstanding their primitive ways, and are vulgarized by ill-regulated social aspirations. No doubt Mr. Douglas, having chosen his theme, was bound to be true to its unattractive realities. But, as we should scarcely care to associate in the flesh with small provincial "swells" of magnificent pretensions, or to mix familiarly in a society whose spoiled darlings are dashing underbred medical students, such associations must sometimes jar upon us in fiction. As for the young ladies who inhabit the Red House, their personal attractions go far to conciliate the too fastidious judgment that is outraged by their boisterous spirits and unconventional indiscretions. We see every reason to suppose that Mr. Douglas is at home with the habits of the people he is writing about. But it startles us far more than it apparently startled her parents and brother when a young lady makes an appointment for a long day with her lover in the city of Edinburgh; travels with him by train; shows herself with him in an open fly in the principal thoroughfares; and is ready indeed to consent to be married offhand, were special licences to be purchased like wedding-rings, as the pair in their innocence fondly imagined. We can conceive a gentleman irresistibly tempted by a vision of beauty slumbering in a hay-field, and rousing her by the audacious kiss he lightly dropped on her lips. Whether she was sufficiently fascinated to forgive him the freedom was a matter that might be settled between themselves. But, the gentleman being a gentleman and a man of the world as well, we can hardly imagine his signalizing his introduction to a pretty girl of some position by rough practical joking; nor can we understand her grown-up brother entering into the spirit of the thing when paper streamers had been attached by fish-hooks to the luxuriant back hair of his pretty sister.

The story is characteristically unconventional in the way in which it opens. Madge Rosewell, the heroine, has dropped into the workshop of Robert Heron, the hero, on a friendly visit. Robert Heron is a carpenter in a good way of business, and Miss Rosewell has come ostensibly on a business errand. But the pair are conversing on the easiest possible terms, and the conversation has turned on playing the fiddle. Robert is strictly respectful at first, notwithstanding the encouragement he receives; but Madge's pretty gestures and captivating attitudes are too much for his philosophy as she makes unsophisticated attempts at bringing something like melody out of the instrument. She is profuse in apologies when she has let his cherished Cremona fall; he is kneeling at her feet, where he has stooped to pick it up, when suddenly he is overpowered by temptation and opportunity. "It was 10 long step from Heron's knees to his feet; he put his arms round her waist, rose, and kissed her." Alarm, if not repentance, follows

* *The Red House by the River.* By G. Douglas, Author of "Brown as a Berry." Tinsleys. 1876.

quickly on the rash act; he fears he has offended past forgiveness. But he had quite mistaken the young lady he had to do with; and indeed, unluckily for himself, he never does come to understand her. Madge in reality was rather taken by his spirit, nor did she greatly object to the embrace. The result is that they begin to argue the matter, and she leaves the workshop the carpenter's betrothed. With an engagement entered into on the threshold of the romance, it is clear that the course of their loves cannot be intended to flow smoothly. It is true that Heron is no common carpenter. He is come of an old family that has been decaying for the last generation or two; but his father is schoolmaster of the town, and is believed to have been accumulating property in the course of a penurious existence. And Robert himself has been saving money, and launching out in speculations in timber. But then old Mr. Rosewell is the provost of the town, and prides himself on his fortune and his style of living. In his case, moreover, "the grey mare is the better horse," and Mrs. Rosewell is looking high for her pretty daughter. And we are inclined to agree with the lady in seeing something objectionably incongruous in the notion of the carpenter from next door presenting himself solemnly at the stately Red House as suitor for the hand of the provost's beautiful daughter. For though, in the words of the bard, a man may be a man for a' that, yet the Rosewells have taken their stand on their gentility, and worthy Robert Heron shows to great disadvantage in the sombre Sunday suit that sits so awkwardly upon him, brightened though it may be by a gorgeous necktie. So, if he has set his heart on the volatile Madge, we feel that he has been more fortunate than might have been expected when he wins her parents' reluctant assent to the engagement, although they stipulate for a probation of a couple of years. Other conditions that are imposed on him sound unreasonable, and even unnatural, as coming from a prudent man like Provost Rosewell, except indeed for the purposes of a novel. Heron is to renounce the flourishing business which promises him a speedy and handsome independence; and as a step to fortune is sent out to America by his future father-in-law to inspect some Canadian oil-wells in which the latter is deeply interested. However, his temporary absence gives the young lady the opportunity of being untrue to him, besides agitating us with a variety of episodes more or less dramatic and sensational. The steamer on which he embarks founders at midnight in mid ocean. His cousin Edna—by the way, she sails in his company unchaperoned, although young and handsome and hopelessly in love with him—signalizes her devotion by a sublime sacrifice which saves his life at the cost of her own. He makes a long ocean voyage in an open boat, going through all the extremities of privation, and escaping a death of agony by the skin of his teeth; and finally he makes his unwelcome reappearance in his native country, scaring Madge and her family like a ghost from the other world.

Take him all in all, Robert Heron is decidedly the best character in the book. Though a sensible man, he constantly does foolish things, but then his passion for Madge is at the bottom of them all. He is straightforward and manly, and resolute to a fault, except where she is concerned. The greatest of the mistakes he has made was in permitting himself to think of her in earnest. We can see from the beginning, what he wilfully blinds himself to, that she never really cares for him. She accepts his admiration because it is the first that has been offered to her in earnest; but, although she is quite capable of enjoying a flirtation with a carpenter, it seems to us somewhat forced to make her think seriously of marrying him. She has been brought up by a vain and empty-headed mother who has done everything in the world to spoil her; and she is vain and volatile enough herself in all conscience. Perhaps poor Robert Heron might be right in thinking he consulted his mistress's taste when he disfigured himself with a flaunting tie. But she was just the girl to be extremely sensitive as to the creases in the ill-made Sunday coat that was only produced on high days and holidays. No one of his speeches appealed more strongly to her feelings than that in which he held out the hope of being able to provide her with a little vehicle of her own; but for that very reason we cannot understand how she should ever reconcile herself to the humble position of his wife. But, if Heron is deluded, the reader knows well what is coming; and when Mr. Maule, Lord Oulhawk's new "factor," appears on the scene, we feel sure he has only to throw the handkerchief to her. So it proves; and when once this Mr. Maule has leisurely made up his mind the courtship makes rapid progress. One of its incidents is extremely characteristic. When it is known in the Rosewell family that this well-connected gentleman admires Madge, her brother, the medical student, playfully forges an invitation to Madge from Maule; she drives to her admirer's country house, accompanied only by a younger sister, and, when mutual explanations clear up the mistake, the girls remain and have a merry time of it. The author evidently means to make Maule an unpleasant character, and he succeeds; but we doubt whether he intends the agent to be in such bad style as he undoubtedly is. Maule might well have fallen a victim, like Heron, to the fascinations of Madge; but before he knew her he made himself happy in the company of those unlicked and underbred cubs her brothers. He is given to swaggering offensively on the strength of his superior position, and does not at all impress us with the idea of a man who has lived in the best London society. We see enough of Edna Heron, whose life is blighted by Robert's blindness to her feelings (she has been brought up under the same roof with him), to know that she deserved a better fate; yet with all her merits and charms we are made to understand easily enough how her cousin should have failed to be attracted by her. Old Mr. Rosewell, a weak, well-meaning man, a fond father and henpecked husband, is very true to nature as husband, father, friend, and citizen. But, although he is represented as shrewd, and we find him in possession of a good fortune, our faith in his business qualifications is entirely shaken in the course of our acquaintance. We have seen how he encouraged Heron to throw up a good business, by way of qualifying himself, in a worldly point of view, for the hand of his daughter; and we learn subsequently that this canny Scotchman has sunk every shilling of a very considerable fortune in the bottomless depths of Canadian oil-wells. Mr. Douglas, by the way, makes free use of contemporary topics of sensation, transferring their distinctive features to his pages precisely as recent events have familiarized us with them. The scandal of the Canadian wells story is given in exact detail; all the author has done is to suppress the real names of the parties mixed up in it; while the collision which sinks the American steamer *Vicksburg*, with her abandonment by the vessel that caused the catastrophe, is borrowed from the affair of the *Northfleet* and the *Murillo*. What he excels in is his local descriptions; we seem to recognize the thriving little town in the Lothians, looking out over the broad prospect of the firth, with the ancient abbey converted into the parish church. And although the country in the immediate neighbourhood is too highly cultivated to be picturesque, yet he makes pleasant pictures of the Cramonds' farm of Newbarns, with the yellow light falling on the hay-fields and the farm-buildings, on the hills behind and the firth in front; with the honeysuckles creeping round the narrow casements, and the tall hollyhocks in the old-fashioned garden. To sum up, we should say that Mr. Douglas has good gifts of description, with the happy knack of telling a story pleasantly—a knack which will probably develop with the experience which will advantageously increase his knowledge of the world.

ERRATA.—*In last week's* SATURDAY REVIEW, *page* 422, *column* 1, *line* 6, *for* "after" *read* "before." *In p.* 433, *c.* 2, *l.* 2, *for* "not" *read* "best."

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SESSION TO EASTER.

THE only political section which can derive satisfaction from the conduct of affairs from the meeting of Parliament to the Easter recess must consist of members of the Opposition who may be injudiciously eager to return to office. In its own interests the Liberal party had better wait for a time, though its organization has been partially restored by the blunders of the Government. On more than one occasion Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE have proved their ability to compete with Mr. DISRAELI in the art of offending and irritating the feelings of the House of Commons; but rashness and imprudence are more readily condoned when they are committed by independent members. Two party contests on the Fugitive Slave Circular and the Suez Canal purchase awaited the Government at the beginning of the Session. The announcement in the QUEEN'S Speech of a Bill for altering the Royal Title at first attracted little attention, though it was destined ultimately to produce the gravest embarrassment which Mr. DISRAELI has encountered since his accession to office. The debates on the Fugitive Slave question and on the Commission of Inquiry proposed by the Government confirmed the universal impression that both the successive Circulars were objectionable. Lord DERBY, on the first night of the Session, violated a laudable rule by attributing the responsibility of the first Circular to the Law Officers of the time at which it was issued. Lord PALMERSTON'S unvarying practice of shielding all his advisers and agents was more prudent, as well as more generous. Mr. DISRAELI more adroitly affected to adopt the responsibility of the document, although he at the same time declared that he had never seen it before it was published in the newspapers. If the Ministers had not been in haste to devolve on their subordinates the blame which attached to themselves, the candour of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL would have relieved them from the necessity of disclaiming any share in the Circular. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL maintained in the House of Commons the same doctrine which he had embodied in the first Circular; and if his interpretation of the law was questionable, his consistency contrasted favourably with the timidity of his colleagues. The second Circular was, as Lord DERBY stated in the House of Lords, issued under the high authority of the LORD CHANCELLOR. The propositions of law which it involved were still in some respects doubtful; and it has never been shown that there was a sufficient reason for any publication of the kind. Some points of international law are most conveniently left in obscurity, especially in cases where the claims of foreign nations conflict with English opinion or prejudice. The assaults of the Opposition on the Government would have been more effective if it had not been shown that the Indian Government under Lord NORTHBROOK, and the Foreign Office when administered by Lord CLARENDON, had anticipated the policy which the present Government vainly attempted to disclaim. In the closing debate on the subject the LORD CHANCELLOR surprised the House of Lords and the country by adopting the extreme anti-slavery doctrine in the expression of a hope that foreign States should be warned, before an English man-of-war entered their ports, that it might become an asylum for fugitive slaves. The agitation on the subject, which had always been in some degree artificial, has since subsided.

In the debates on the Suez Canal the Government had a winning game to play, though the subsequent course of events in Egypt has abated the satisfaction with which its was at first regarded. The extraordinary incapacity to understand public feeling which seems to indicate Mr. LOWE'S ignorance of human nature was conspicuously exhibited in an elaborate criticism of the financial operations by which the money for the purchase had been provided. An inquiry into the details of the transaction, though in itself perfectly legitimate, was utterly irrelevant to the main issue on which the House of Commons was required to decide. In his eagerness to censure the Government Mr. LOWE left Mr. DISRAELI and his colleagues in possession of the credit of a political measure of seasonable boldness. Mr. GLADSTONE committed the same error of directing his attack against the machinery of the purchase, while it was evident that his main objection was to the principle of an active and ambitious policy. The feeling of the House was so heartily in favour of the Government that neither of the ex-Ministers ventured to proceed to a division. In a later stage of the business the Foreign Office committed the grave indiscretion of publishing a confidential correspondence with Sir DANIEL LANGE, who has long represented the Suez Canal Company in England. The publication was unnecessary and useless, except for the purpose of proving that the Liberal Government had declined an unauthorized overture for the purchase of the Canal. Both Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI aggravated the grave error which had been committed by defending in either House a deliberate violation of the plainest rules of official morality. M. DE LESSEPS had already furnished a sufficient comment on the violation of confidence by peremptorily dismissing the agent who had displayed undue regard for English and commercial interests.

The miscarriages of the Admiralty provided occasion for a not uninstructive debate. Mr. GOSCHEN discussed the loss of the *Vanguard*, the court-martial, and the discontinuance of further proceedings, in a full and temperate speech. Mr. WARD HUNT'S defence was spirited and effective, though it has not altered the general opinion that a second court-martial ought to have been held. The House of Commons has since been occupied on more than one occasion with scientific controversies on ironclad and unarmoured ships, large and small, with the result of feeling a conscious inability to decide between Mr. REED and three or four skilled critics who partially or wholly dissent from his opinions. The increased estimates for the navy were adopted without serious opposition, and Mr. HARDY'S proposals of increased pay to the army had been approved by anticipation. The Budget was the necessary consequence of the large expenditure which had been already sanctioned by the House. Although the receipts of the last year have exceeded the estimates, the elasticity of the revenue has since the winter no longer maintained itself; and it has been thought necessary to impose additional taxation on the Income-tax payers, who are now habitually expected to supply all deficiencies in the national income. They have reason to complain that no Chancellor of the Exchequer has the courage to provide a reserve fund out of the proceeds of prosperous years.

The House of Commons has been for some time past engaged on the details of the Merchant Shipping Bill, which has fortunately not been treated as a party measure. Mr. PLIMSOLL has obtained some concessions from the Government, but his proposal of a compulsory official survey of unclassed ships has not been adopted. In the House of Lords the CHANCELLOR has completed the fabric of the Judicature Act by the establishment of a Supreme Court of Appeal. The House of Lords, which nominally retains the jurisdiction, is reinforced by Lords of Appeal holding official peerages,

who will also fill vacancies which may occur among the paid Judges of the Judicial Committee. The compromise between the claims of the House of Lords and the schemes of more thoroughgoing law reformers has on the whole been received with satisfaction. Lord SALISBURY has carried his Oxford University Bill through its successive stages without serious opposition, though its provisions have been freely criticized. His anxiety to promote the study of science will be more popular in the House of Commons than his solicitude for the preservation of clerical endowments. One of the most animated debates of the Session occurred on Lord HALIFAX'S motion in censure of Lord SALISBURY'S interference with the Government of India. In language of unusual severity the SECRETARY of STATE had reproved the VICEROY and his Council, both for passing their Budget at Simla and for reducing other taxes without dealing with the Customs duties on cotton. In the same despatch Lord SALISBURY required that all important measures should in future be submitted to himself before they were proposed to the Council; and Lord HALIFAX and the Duke of ARGYLL strongly remonstrated against the project of governing India in Downing Street. Lord LAWRENCE added that he would not have obeyed such an order if he had received it as Governor-General. Lord SALISBURY quoted despatches both from Lord HALIFAX and from the Duke of ARGYLL which seemed to be not less imperious than his own; but it was doubtful whether his systematic assertion of supreme power had been anticipated by his predecessors. The general impression produced by the debate was that it would be convenient not to define too strictly the limits of power between the Secretary of State and the Viceroy. In case of collision the authority of the Government at home must prevail; but restrictions on the power of the Viceroy ought to be carefully and habitually disguised.

The unfortunate Royal Titles Bill and Mr. DISRAELI'S still more unlucky speeches are too fresh in general recollection to be profitably recapitulated. From the first introduction of the measure to the recess, the unpopularity of the project constantly increased, nor could the wonderful blunders of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE change the current of opinion. Mr. LOWE in the first debate took occasion to remind the House that India might at some future time be lost. Mr. GLADSTONE was profoundly disturbed by the dread of interference with the independent Indian potentates, of whom not a single specimen can be found. A more casual illustration of Mr. GLADSTONE'S strange ignorance of all external affairs was furnished by his expression of a doubt whether the German EMPEROR was still King of Prussia. That a Prussian Parliament regularly meets under the KING is known to every newspaper reader in England; but, as Mr. GLADSTONE lately repeated, London newspapers are only to be treated with contempt. Whatever nonsense might be talked by his opponents, Mr. DISRAELI improved on their blunders. Not perhaps finding himself at liberty to explain his motives for introducing the Bill, he defended it by the wildest extemporaneous reasons. In the least wise speech ever delivered by a Minister, he stated that the title of Empress was used in a school-book and in an almanac; and then, observing that the House was offended by his frivolity, he suddenly devised the theory that the assumption of the Imperial title would operate as a salutary defiance to Russia. Mr. DISRAELI'S colleagues in the House of Lords naturally abstained from reproducing his fantastic arguments. The LORD CHANCELLOR exhibited his well-known forensic ability in the most plausible apology for the Bill which has yet been delivered; but the division on Lord SHAFTESBURY'S motion was more significant than the debate. Eight dukes and many habitual courtiers voted in the minority of ninety-one against one hundred and thirty-seven which protested against a vulgar and impolitic innovation.

EGYPTIAN FINANCE.

ALTHOUGH the relations of the French Government to Frenchmen asking for its assistance are very different from anything known here, and things can be done at Paris which would be thought impossible in London, yet the French Foreign Office is now managed with far too much caution and good sense to permit a serious danger to be lightly incurred. The French Government has done far more to help the KHEDIVE than the English Cabinet could have ventured to do in face of the sharp Parliamentary criticism to which it would have been exposed, and in view of the reluctance of the English public to see England assume vague responsibilities with regard to foreign finance. The request of the KHEDIVE for the appointment of Commissioners by England, France, and Italy was met at Paris with a prompt acceptance, and the French Government even went so far as to use its influence with Paris bankers to send to London the sum necessary to meet the payment of the April coupons of Egyptian bonds. A Government which uses its influence in this way has to pay for using it, and directly or indirectly any loss sustained by the bankers in the transaction will have to be made good by the State. But when the really critical moment came, and it had to be decided what France would do to save Egypt from bankruptcy, prudence prevailed. If England would do something, then France also would do something; but if England buttoned up her pockets, France would be equally cautious. All the preliminary arrangements had been made for the issue in France of a new gigantic Egyptian loan, large enough to relieve the KHEDIVE from the pressure of the floating debt, and to re-establish the credit of the French societies, who are holders, it is said, of this debt to the amount of one-third of the total. But it is one thing to issue a loan and another to get it taken, and it is obvious that an investor must have some very strong motive to take bonds at par which at the very best can be only on an equality with others which he sees quoted at a discount of fifty per cent. Some change must be introduced totally altering the mode in which a possible investor would regard the investment. Such a change could be introduced only in two ways—either by France assuming a protectorate over Egypt, or by the French Government so encouraging investors that they would be sure that they would be protected against loss. The first plan was one of enormous hazard. It is impossible not to see that sooner or later a collision between France and England would be inevitable if France bought that kind of control over Egypt which could alone save her from the reproach of having made a financial blunder. Even a joint protectorate would in the long run have been almost as dangerous as the sole protectorate of France, for endless causes of dispute would arise when the details of administration came to be carried out. As, however, England declined altogether all suggestions of anything approaching to a joint protectorate, these remoter risks had not to be considered, and Duke DECAZES scarcely needed to consider before rejecting the plan of France acting alone. The other course open to the Government was to give such encouragement to the new loan that investors would have a reasonable right to say that, if a disaster happened, those who had led them into it must indemnify them. This is not an imaginary case. Under the Second Empire a Mexican loan was brought out so strongly supported by the Government, so crammed down the throats of the rural public by zealous functionaries, that after the collapse of MAXIMILIAN the French Government had to compensate the bondholders. But what was possible then is not possible now. The present Government has the virtue and the timidity of a Government which knows that it is on its good behaviour, and it is too honestly Republican to think of rivalling the audacious feats of Imperial finance. The investors, too, would remember that the Empire had a promise of durability, and that the sovereign who got the Mexican bondholders into a scrape lived to be the sovereign who got them out of it; whereas now a Ministry may change any day, and the successors of the present Government might not think themselves at all bound by the foolish and unauthorized acts of those who had gone before them.

The French Government made it sufficiently clear that its final decision was not to commit itself irretrievably in any rash support of the KHEDIVE. But it is probably also true that the KHEDIVE himself ultimately summoned courage to act for himself and to take what he considered to be the best line for his own interests. He appears to be sincerely anxious to pay his debts, and he may with satisfaction compare his past history with that of his Suzerain, and reflect that he spent the money he borrowed on his country, and not in the main on himself. He also is said to be now willing to retrench—to stop works, reduce his army, reform his civil service, and generally to be as good a Khedive as he knows how to be. One great on his resources has been stopped by the collapse of

Turkey, as it seems to be agreed on all hands that the favour of the Porte is no longer worth his buying. Nor is he indisposed to let it be known what money he gets in and how it is applied. He has no objection to even the straitest sect of European accountants. But he naturally does not relish being protected. He is willing to act rightly, but he wants his right actions to be looked on as proceeding from himself, and not forced on him. He would like to settle his floating debt, and yet to keep up some show of independence. Under these circumstances it is not perhaps very strange that he should have started on his independent course by selecting a mild and gentle form of beginning his bankruptcy. He has simply ordered that the Treasury Bills maturing now shall stand over for three months, and carry seven per cent. interest. If he can treat a part of the floating debt in this way, he may be able to treat the whole in the same way. He may convert the floating debt into a permanent seven per cent. loan by the easy process of ordering that it shall so be converted. This is, no doubt, a species of bankruptcy. He may perhaps, by doing this, be making the best provision for his creditors generally that it is in his power to make; but he will not the less have promised one thing and performed another. If a ruler can by a stroke of his pen fund at a moderate rate of interest Treasury bills of a short date bearing a very high rate of interest, he may go on and alter to his advantage the rate of interest which the different classes of his funded debt at present bear. Perhaps, however, there is no other way out of his difficulties than that which he has begun to adopt. He can only pay as much as he can. It will need very good management and much self-control on his part to pay seven per cent. to his creditors all round, and perhaps the best and fairest thing he can do is to divide equally that which his revenues permit him to distribute. In the course of time, if the stipulated interest should be regularly paid, and if he made it evident that he was doing everything in his power to reduce his expenditure, increase his revenues, and pay his creditors, while all that he professed to do was vouched by the testimony of trustworthy European accountants, he might so far restore his credit that the securities now held by his creditors would increase in value until the price represented something not far distant from the sums actually advanced to him.

An unexpected and perhaps premature discussion was raised on Tuesday by Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF as to the management of the Suez Canal. It appears to pain him to find that a Conservative Government is, after all, not much bolder and grander in its foreign policy than a Liberal one; and he thinks that the Ministry has been unduly frightened by the criticisms of the Opposition. The Cabinet would get on very well if it would think only of its ardent and faithful majority; but it may get into great discredit if it listens to the counsels of its weak-kneed friends—a description which, if meant to apply to Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE, is equally picturesque and original. The particular act of audacity, however, which Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF advocates is, we are glad to find, not the bolstering up of a rotten state of finance, but merely the further purchase of Canal shares regardless of expense. He is also of opinion that England ought to have a much larger share in the management of the Canal than, so far as is known, is likely to be accorded her by M. DE LESSEPS. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE replied with much cautious good sense. He reminded the House that in much that refers to the use of the Canal there are many different interests to be consulted, and that the assent, not only of the KHEDIVE, but of the SULTAN, may have to be obtained. Towards the close of the debate he gave a conditional undertaking, which Sir DRUMMOND WOLFF seems to have construed into a distinct pledge, that before the meeting of the Canal shareholders in May an opportunity would be afforded to Parliament of considering the position in the administration of the Canal to which England may be held to be entitled. The Government must be supposed to know its own business best, but it would seem to be likely to throw great difficulties in the way of a satisfactory arrangement if its terms were debated in Parliament before they are concluded. Ardent Conservatives might be expected to have as much confidence in their leaders as is felt by the general public, and to credit them with a capacity for settling how many English Directors there shall be, and what sums shall be spent on current repairs and improvements. So long as there appeared to be any of the Ministry passing beyond the mere purchase of the shares already bought, and entering into any combination or plan for raising the price of Egyptian securities and making the KHEDIVE happy at the expense of England in spite of his bygone imprudences, attention was keenly fixed on their acts. But when they are merely engaged in making the purchase they have effected with general approbation as beneficial to England as circumstances will admit, even the strongest-kneed of their friends might be content to let them alone.

AMERICAN POLITICS.

THE rejection by the American Senate of the nomination of Mr. DANA as Minister to England will in some degree console Mr. BUTLER for the suspension of his own political career. No Senator can have doubted that Mr. BUTLER'S charge against Mr. DANA was the result of personal resentment. At a time when Mr. BUTLER was the trusted adviser of the PRESIDENT and the leader of the Republican party in the House, Mr. DANA gave expression to the convictions of all respectable Americans by opposing him as a candidate for one of the electoral divisions of Massachusetts. The party organization proved too strong for an independent candidate, and Mr. DANA was no longer formally recognized as a Republican; but his protest had probably some effect in stimulating the reaction which produced the defeat of BUTLER at the election for the present Congress. When, in consequence of recent scandals, the PRESIDENT thought it expedient to appoint a man of character and education to the vacant post, his attention was naturally directed to the opponent of BUTLER, and the majority of the Senate felt that, by ratifying the nomination, they would affirm the doctrine that personal merit was a higher qualification than party orthodoxy. The issue was raised between honesty and independence on one side, and corruption and faction, as personified in Mr. BUTLER, on the other. The decision of the MORTONS and CONKLINGS could not be doubtful; but still it is surprising that the Senate should unnecessarily advertise its preference of that class of politicians of which Mr. BUTLER is the notorious type. The PRESIDENT has for the most part acted in perfect harmony with the dominant section of the Senate. No functionary in the Union is less open to the charge of puritanical scruples; but Mr. MORTON, Mr. CONKLING, and Mr. CAMERON thought it necessary to remind him that he was not at liberty to deviate in any single instance from his accustomed path. It is not impossible that the scandalous adherence of the Senate to the precedents of political corruption may cause a schism in the Republican party. The Democratic Senators lost a great opportunity when they factiously concurred in the vote by which the nomination of Mr. DANA was rejected.

About the same time the Republicans of the State of New York held their Convention at Syracuse for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Presidential Convention at Cincinnati. The friends of Mr. CONKLING, having a majority of the State Convention, proposed at the first meeting that the Convention should adopt the Standing Orders of the New York Assembly. The meaning of the Resolution was that debate might at any time be stopped by the process of moving the previous question. The minority proposed an amendment to the effect that the Convention should be governed by the rules of the New York Senate, which admit of no previous question. The stronger party, having succeeded in the preliminary trial of strength, then nominated a Committee on Resolutions. It was intended that the Committee should report in favour of an instruction to the delegates to support Mr. CONKLING at Cincinnati; but the opposition had produced some effect on the members; and ultimately Mr. CONKLING was only recommended to the choice of the Federal Convention, while the delegates were allowed to exercise their own discretion. Mr. CURTIS, the principal opponent of Mr. CONKLING, was considered to have achieved a triumph; and probably the delegates will profit by the license which has been conceded to vote for any candidate who may seem likely to succeed. Mr. CONKLING may not improbably secure a considerable number of votes, even if he fails to obtain the nomination. Few politicians represent more faithfully the political system which has for many years past prevailed in the United States. Since his election to the Senate Mr. CONKLING has disposed of the Federal patronage in New York, and he is consequently supported by office-holders and expectants of office. No candidate for the

place may be more implicitly trusted to discourage any organic change in the mode of appointing public functionaries. The framers of the Constitution, who were bent with almost pedantic eagerness on the object of rendering the Legislature independent of the Executive, and the constituency independent of both, would be astonished to learn that the holders of office now in a great measure control elections. Mr. CONKLING some months since organized the Federal officeholders in New York for the re-election of General GRANT. Since it has been known that a third term is impracticable, Mr. CONKLING has become the legitimate heir of the official vote. The State Convention, which supports his claim to the Republican nomination for the Presidency, represents almost exclusively the incumbents of Federal offices. An old-fashioned rotten borough was scarcely more independent of public opinion than the managers of the enormous mass of voters who elect the President of the United States. Those Republicans who have now for a long time disapproved of the corrupt tendencies of the party have taken warning by their defeat at the last Presidential election. There will be neither a Convention of dissident Republicans, nor an attempt to form a coalition with the Democrats. The Cincinnati Convention will formally represent the party; but it is not certain that its recommendations will be adopted by the constituencies. If the Democrats could select an upright and creditable candidate, they would be reinforced by many seceders from the Republican ranks. Unfortunately Mr. TILDEN, who would be the most respectable candidate for the Democratic nomination, is thought to be too honest and too plainspoken on the question of currency. While the Republicans are comparing the respective merits of Mr. CONKLING and Mr. HARTRANFT, the Democrats are engaged in the more arduous task of composing a declaration of principles. The West will not vote for a supporter of specie currency, nor the East for an advocate of inflation. But for the currency difficulty the Democrats would almost certainly succeed; but their internal divisions are deeper than the mere personal schisms of the Republicans.

If the contemporaneous domestic history of the Union is not flattering to the national self-complacency, the results of the Washington Treaty may still be regarded with patriotic satisfaction. The damages which were extorted from England under the Geneva Award were professedly assessed on evidence of losses sustained by private citizens. It was expressly ruled that neither Government could, under the Treaty, recover damages against the other. The agents of the United States asked on behalf of private claimants, and recovered for their clients, 3,000,000*l.* on proofs satisfactory to that remarkable tribunal. As soon as the litigation was concluded it occurred to some members of the House of Representatives that it would be a masterpiece of smartness to repudiate at home demands which had been successfully preferred by the American representatives at Geneva. The claims, which were probably in many cases unfounded or extortionate, were for the first time subjected to a rigorous scrutiny, and there is still a large undivided balance which must apparently have been paid in excess of just demands by the unfortunate English Government. A member of the House of Commons, not unnaturally shocked by a paradoxical proceeding, has asked a question about the undisposed surplus, but it is not necessary for the English Government to trouble itself with the obliquities of American politics. If one rule was applied to England and another to the native claimant, the anomaly is not discreditable to the English Government. A more difficult question may probably arise through the delay of the United States in complying with the provisions of the treaty in the matter of the Canadian Fisheries. Mr. HAMILTON FISH cannot be persuaded to take any active steps, and the Canadians in vain complain that no redress can be obtained either by their own exertions or through the representations of the Foreign Office. The SECRETARY of STATE has lately devised the remarkable excuse that the English Government has not complied with the provisions of the treaty by recommending to foreign Governments the notorious Washington Rules. As the Government of the United States is equally in default, the audacity of the pretext requires no comment. American diplomacy has often been tortuous and overbearing; nor is it likely to have become more deferential or accommodating since the submission which was extracted at Washington. It is also possible that, like every other branch of American administration, the Department of State may be influenced by the approaching Presidential election. A high-handed denial of justice to England and Canada would be more certainly popular than any domestic policy.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THE visit of Lord DERBY to Duke DECAZES on his way from Germany through Paris was awaited with the last faint flutters of a dying hope by those who persuaded themselves that, when the two Ministers met, something wonderful would be contrived to help Egypt and allay the terrors of the Bourse. This result of the interview was not attained, simply because it was impossible. Egypt and those who have helped or spoiled Egypt must go through their very unpleasant quarter of an hour as well as they can. But Lord DERBY'S visit was not altogether fruitless. If it did not cause, it at least coincided with, a significant change that has passed over the spirit of French journalism. The notion that to help Egypt was to annoy England, and was therefore a course of action made desirable by considerations of patriotic pride, died away after it had for a very short time found expression in the utterances of ardent journalists. That, under circumstances in which French susceptibility might have been easily awakened, there was so little response to the appeal made to the national jealousy of England, marks how times are changed. It really seems as if the famous last cartridge of Waterloo had been burnt. It cannot be said that there is any ecstatic friendship between the two nations just now, or any of that enthusiasm for a common purpose which awakened a temporary union during the Crimean war. Special alliances generally leave something of coolness behind them, and the experience of the Crimean war is not likely to make us very anxious to look on companionship in arms as the best means of cementing our friendship with France. Nor did the part we played during the German war win for us much of the affection of France. The private benevolence of Englishmen was energetic and profuse in its endeavours to relieve the suffering which the war caused, and it is very much to the credit of the French that they were grateful for what was done, and showed themselves above resenting kindness. But the political action of England was too impartial to please those who were suffering all the evils of war. The feeling of France to England, and the feeling of England to France, is not that of friendship and intimate union so much as that of a good-humoured wish to get on well together. Under the influence of habit and of increasing intercourse, the old idea that whatever the one nation gained the other lost has gradually died away. A conviction has sprung up that there is room for both in the world if they will but take things pleasantly as they come. It is found that for the most part these wishes are substantially in harmony. The same causes in a large degree determine the policy of both countries, and each constantly exercises a strong, though not very lively, influence on the other.

To the adoption by France of a moderate and sensible foreign policy since the war no one has contributed more than Duke DECAZES, and Lord DERBY adequately represents what has now become the traditional foreign policy of England. Whatever may be the Ministry, it deals with foreign questions on the same principles and in much the same way. There are of course some things that one Ministry will do and another will not do. Within narrow limits each may show its own special kind of courage. The last Ministry had the courage to settle the *Alabama* difficulty by getting arbitrators to fine England, and the present Ministers had the courage to buy the Canal shares. But acts like these only betray minor differences amidst a general agreement. We have settled down into a general wish to hold our own, promote commerce, and try to keep things quiet among our neighbours. At first sight this sort of foreign policy may seem a departure from the old spirited policy of the PALMERSTON days. But this would be to misread the character and history of Lord PALMERSTON. He had to deal with a very different Europe from that in which we now live. All that England is anxious to see upheld was then attacked; it is now left at peace, and allowed to thrive as it can. By a vigorous policy, by constantly showing Russia and France, and, in a less degree, Austria, that he was not to be bullied, he broke down, or at least helped to break down, a vast system of despotism, repression, and arrogant interference. England is peaceful now, because she has got what she

wants, and can afford not to interfere when interference is generally discredited. France has been imbued with a like spirit of moderation, partly by the calamities which she has suffered, and partly by the increase of good sense among all classes, except Socialist and Ultramontane fanatics. Every precedent of a difficulty being settled by the use of a little patience and right judgment makes it easier to settle other questions in a similar way as they arise. When, more than thirty years ago, the QUEEN paid her first visit to LOUIS PHILIPPE, French patriotism grew excited, because it was thought that the KING had lowered his country by going to meet a Sovereign who was not only a guest, but a lady. That even the silliest French journalist should trouble himself about such a matter seems now as impossible as that he should be unhappy about the customs of an African tribe. Those who love to look on the dark side of things are fond of questioning the boasts of general progress; but it cannot be denied that the world has made an advance in the art of treating things sensibly. When we treat a matter of business with France, we simply wish to treat it as a matter of business, and neither give nor take offence. England was able to be of some use to France last spring at Berlin by simply dwelling on notorious facts, and exploding the ridiculous notion that France was arming for an immediate war of vengeance. We may even boast that we have got to that pitch of business-like good sense that we do not mind being laughed at when we feel we deserve it. The Russians have naturally been diverted by Mr. DISRAELI'S quaint notion of baffling them in Asia by giving the QUEEN a new name, and, with a sense of humour which does them credit, they purpose, it is said, welcoming the adoption of the title of Empress of India by a solemn declaration that they quite approve of it. To patronize us by applauding our new engine of hostility towards them is a fair retort on their part, even if it is to amuse themselves at our expense.

In spite of our increasing communications with all the world, and of the rise of other Powers to the front rank, France still remains the only foreign country which really interests Englishmen. Every day the telegraph brings to London a summary of French news which equals the amount of English news in many provincial papers. The career of M. GAMBETTA is followed here perhaps with more attention than that of any English statesman. A murder or an accident in a French department is made as much of here as a murder or accident in Lancashire or Wales. A whole host of benevolent busybodies are on the alert to gain the first intelligence of a French river rising above its usual level, and so win the honour of calling a meeting and starting a subscription. The current literature of France has not perhaps as great an influence in England as it used to have; but this is not because England is not ready to undergo the influence, but because France does not produce a literature adequate for the purpose. What may be said of France on this head may, however, be said of other countries as well. The absolute dearth of youthful genius throughout Europe is one of the most curious features of the age. There is not, so far as our recollection serves, a writer anywhere who has made himself famous at the age at which Lord BYRON died. We ourselves look almost exclusively to one or two novelists and one or two poets of old standing for works of imagination. All we can say is that, if France would but be kind enough to give us a new writer of genius, we should welcome him as gladly as if he had been born in London. On the other hand, we may have the satisfaction of observing that the influence of England on France becomes every day more noticeable, not only in the sphere of commerce and in economical questions, but in the far more important sphere of general politics. For a long time it seemed as if all Frenchmen were like the BOURBONS, and would learn and forget nothing. They appeared to be able to do nothing except very foolish things in the sacred name of Order, or very foolish things in the sacred name of the Revolution. At last they seem to have taken a start, and in what may be fairly termed an English direction. The recent elections were the work of men who seemed anxious to have it understood that they were not quite so childish as had been supposed. It is needless to say that nothing more than a start has been made. The French are far enough still from the days of free but courteous discussion, and of an amiable Conservative Government gently following out Liberal principles. But, in spite of much petty injustice and of the shortsighted triumphs of party violence, they have, it may be hoped, got so far on the right road that, instead of copying the mere forms of Parliamentary government, they have begun to see its real meaning, and to see that it, or whatever may be deemed worthy to replace it, can only rest on the desire of men at once to act for themselves and to make fair allowances for others.

PETITIONS TO PARLIAMENT.

PETITIONS to the Houses of Parliament supply a convenient text for constitutional disquisitions, because, like many other institutions, they survive from an earlier political epoch, and are gradually passing into the stage of fictions. There was a time when a petition to Parliament was the only safe mode of expressing a wish for the redress of a grievance. In times of excitement public meetings held on the pretext of preparing petitions served the purpose of exhibiting the local strength of a party, sometimes not without a secondary purpose of intimidation. It is now more than thirty years since the House of Commons found it necessary to prohibit by Standing Order the debates which formerly arose on petitions as they were presented. At an earlier time the Orders in Council which practically suppressed neutral trade were mainly defeated by BROUGHAM'S pertinacity in denouncing them night after night in speeches in support of petitions. A practice which may even in BROUGHAM'S time have been endurable was necessarily abandoned when the number of Parliamentary speakers multiplied tenfold. FEARGUS O'CONNOR'S Chartist petition in 1848 was perhaps the last attempt to employ the old-fashioned machinery for purposes of agitation; but the form of collecting signatures, and of presenting a large number of petitions on the same subject, is still observed by the promoters of compulsory abstinence, of inspection of convents, of deceased wife's sisters, and of many other minor projects of legislation. A Committee on Petitions performs the modest and useful function of examining all documents of the class, and of reporting to the House their substance, the number of signatures, and any special matters which may call for observation. From time to time petitioners either attempt dull practical jokes, or take the opportunity of venting their passions and prejudices in violent language. It then becomes the duty of the Committee to call the attention of the Speaker, or of the House, to the impropriety; and if the liberal rules of Parliament are violated, the petition, after attaining more than its due share of notoriety, is formally rejected. As might be expected, sectarian bigotry is one of the most fruitful sources of such infringements of Parliamentary order. One or two Dissenting congregations, or perhaps impostors assuming their names, had included in a petition, in support of Sir T. CHAMBERS'S inquisitorial Bill, libels on conventual establishments which were offensive to Roman Catholic members. Mr. NEWDEGATE, who appeared to have presented the petitions, was unacquainted with their contents, and he believed that his name had been used without authority. The petitions were rejected, and the SPEAKER properly reminded members that it was their duty to take care that their petitions were conformable with the rules of the House.

The questions which arise on the Boulogne petition are, if possible, of less practical importance, while they are perhaps more attractive to votaries of curious and useless political knowledge. Many of the respectable inhabitants of Boulogne, including the MAYOR, joined with a number of English residents in a petition to the House of Commons for the elevation of the English Vice-Consulate in the town to the rank of a Consulate. The proposed change is properly within the competence of the Foreign Office, and it is generally not desirable that the House of Commons should interfere with official details. Parliament from time to time proposes restrictions on the cost of public establishments, as when an ill-advised Committee twenty years ago caused the withdrawal of the Embassies from Vienna and St. Petersburg. A motion for increase of rank or salary, though it may not transcend the powers of the House of Commons, is evidently more objectionable. It would be highly inexpedient that public officers should look to Parliament for promotion or advantage. In the case of Boulogne the question was not whether the prayer of the petition should be granted, but whether the petition itself should be received. It is surprising that the SPEAKER, who is the vigilant and accurate guardian of Parliamentary propriety, should in the first instance have inclined to favour the claim of the petitioners. There is no doubt that

foreigners within English jurisdiction are entitled, if they think fit, to petition Parliament for the removal of any grievances which they may suffer, or for any privileges which they may desire; but, if aliens were to take part by petition or otherwise in domestic affairs, their intrusion would be resented and, if necessary, checked. A foreigner residing abroad has nothing to do with English administration, although he may happen to have dealings with an English Consulate. A still stronger objection to his claim to petition is that, in recognizing his pretensions, Parliament would seem to assert rights of its own over the subjects of a foreign Government. If the citizens of Boulogne want anything which the English Government can grant, their regular course would be to apply to their own Government, which can at its discretion direct its Ambassador to make any representations which may be deemed advisable. It may be admitted that the French Government is not likely to express its jealousy of the conduct of the Boulogne petitioners, but matters of form ought always to be regulated by the strictest and soundest principles. A precedent might be found for the Boulogne petition in the ancient practice, which existed within living memory, of appointing at the beginning of every Parliament certain Triers of Petitions from Gascony. When GEORGE III. at the time of the Irish Union tacitly discontinued the claim of his predecessors to the crown of France, a remnant of the not less obsolete claim to the dukedom of Gascony or Aquitaine was still retained for a time.

One among many reasons for rejecting the Boulogne petition is the inconvenience of establishing a precedent for reciprocity. There have been several instances of applications by English subjects to foreign Governments for purposes which were always impertinent, and sometimes seditious. In 1848 Irish agitators organized deputations to the Provisional Government of France; and it was only in deference to the vigorous remonstrances of Lord PALMERSTON that LAMARTINE, then Foreign Minister, answered with a rebuff Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN's requests for aid against the English Government. The mission of members of the Peace Society to the Emperor NICHOLAS, on the eve of the Crimean War, was less culpable in intention; but it was universally and justly disapproved. Many years afterwards a small section of Liverpool politicians applied directly to the Emperor of the FRENCH with the same disregard of sound and established rules. It was lately stated in the House of Commons that three millions of American Irishmen were about to petition Parliament for an amnesty; but a better informed member explained that the petition was addressed not to the English House of Commons, but to the American Congress. Some of the petitioners are probably subjects of the Crown resident in the United Kingdom, but it is not likely that Congress will hesitate to acknowledge their right of petition. An impracticable request is perhaps appropriately addressed to an Assembly which has no power to grant it. Direct relations between English subjects and foreign Governments have always been discouraged. No Englishman can properly accept a foreign order without leave of the Crown, and permission to wear foreign decorations is rarely accorded to civilians. A petition to the House of Commons may be considered to be by one degree more serious and practical than a riband and a star.

The characteristic tenacity of English customs will probably long prevent Parliamentary petitions from falling into desuetude, but the effect which they were formerly intended to produce is now attained by means more consistent with modern habits. Newspapers, in addition to many other functions, serve to some extent the purpose of petitions, by presenting to Parliament both the opinions and the arguments of different political parties. Letters of constituents to their members probably receive more attention than petitions transmitted for presentation, especially when they require an answer. The return of a member to support the Government or the Opposition is equivalent to a petition by the majority of electors for the measures which are respectively proposed by one or the other party. A vote, and the reasons for which it is given, have the advantage of not being submitted to the censorship either of the Committee on Petitions or of the Speaker. The NEWDEGATE petitioners are at liberty to vote for any candidate, if they can find him, who professes to believe in the scandalous figments of their prurient imaginations. The inhabitants of Boulogne are unfortunately not in a position to vote for English members; but they must console themselves with their contribution to the ranks of their own Senate and Chamber of Deputies. On the present occasion they have had the opportunity of calling the attention of the House of Commons to their urgent need of an English Consul. Frenchmen are too patriotic not to admit the force of the objection which has been raised to the interference of foreigners with the public affairs of an independent State. It is only in a figurative and inaccurate phrase that Boulogne, or any other French town, is called an English colony. As THACKERAY said, an untravelled Englishman who wishes to be impressed by the contrast of foreign countries with his own ought to land at Boulogne or Calais, and then come straight home. He will in a few hours have seen a community which is different from Englishmen in looks, in language, and in modes of thought; and which cannot even petition the House of Commons.

FRENCH PARTIES.

THE Chamber of Deputies has sat for a month and has annulled fifteen elections. The majority are probably of opinion that this is not an unprofitable use to put their time to. Most of these fifteen vacancies will be filled up by men of sounder Republican views than the deputies who have been unseated, and the majority, which already has very sufficient power in the Chamber, will have it more abundantly. Of course there is nothing to be said for this mode of deciding disputed elections. It makes a question which should turn entirely upon comparison of evidence, turn entirely upon a comparison of party strength. But, given that the system exists, this particular instance of its exercise has perhaps caused more outcry than it fairly deserves. M. BUFFET made no secret of his determination to manage the elections; and when after all his management they went against him, it was not surprising that the victorious party should scrutinize pretty severely the manner in which he had carried out his resolution. No doubt the fact that a Bonapartist or a Royalist had been returned was the indication of irregularity that first seized on their attention. But among the fifteen elections which have been annulled on the plea of official pressure, there are probably none in which official pressure was not freely exercised. It is always difficult to say which of two parties should make the first step towards mending their ways, but in the present case it would have been hardly reasonable to expect the Republicans to set the example. They had suffered too long under M. BUFFET'S rule not to have many grudges to gratify when they found themselves in power. And among all their grounds of quarrel with him none had been so bitter and persistent as his control of the municipalities. He had been implored to relax his hold on them before the elections, and he had as good as replied that it was only for the sake of the elections that he cared about the politics of a Mayor. There is a special pleasure doubtless in making M. BUFFET see that even in the few places where his plan succeeded it only succeeded for a month. The opportunity for the Republicans to show that they are better than their adversaries will come when the verification of powers has been completed. If the Government are well advised, they will scrupulously abstain from exerting any pressure on the elections which must be held to fill the vacant seats. One side or the other must set the example in this respect, if any real improvement is to be effected, and it is plainly the party in power who have the ability, and ought to have the will, to make a beginning. M. GAMBETTA will be doing a better service to the State if he keeps a close watch on the doings of the Administration as regards the elections than if he devotes his whole strength to out-manœuvring the priests. So far as the clergy pass beyond the region of strictly spiritual influence, they probably do more good than harm to the Republic. Every instance of resort to unlawful means of returning a Legitimist or an Ultramontane is an implied admission that their candidate would have been defeated if only lawful means had been employed. When the illegality is on the side of Republican administration this argument can be employed with still more damaging force.

M. RICARD is about to make a further change in the composition of his official staff. When this has been accomplished, something like five-and-twenty prefects will have been dismissed, besides a still larger number who will have been sent to turn over a new leaf in a new department. It is greatly to be regretted that the Government did not feel itself strong enough to dispense with this display of Re-

publican virtue. France might well have been spared the additional element of demoralization which the practice of dividing the spoils must inevitably introduce. It is strange that M. GAMBETTA, in deference to whom these changes may be supposed to have been made, should not see how immensely the power of an unpopular Government is increased by the practice of dismissing what in England is known as the permanent staff at every change of Ministry. A really popular Government does not need, and consequently does not profit by, these accidental supports; but to an unpopular Government the fact that its subordinates know that their interests are indissolubly associated with those of the Administration is a very great source of strength. If the principle is rigidly carried out, the additional votes that its application secures count for something, and the influence that an official is likely to exercise when he is working for his own interest as well as for that of his employers will be of a more searching and effectual, and, at the same time, of a less easily detected, kind than that which he exercises when he is merely acting in obedience to orders. It is true, of course, that at present only a few specially obnoxious prefects and sub-prefects have been removed, but the system is one which can hardly fail to be applied universally if it is once accepted as applicable to the higher ranks of the service. The same desire to make a change of Ministry felt which now animates the Republican party at Versailles will extend itself to the Republicans in every commune, and the Government will find it difficult to resist the pressure brought to bear upon them by their local supporters to give them the chance of an appointment.

M. RICARD and M. RAOUL DUVAL have exchanged thrusts in the Chamber, with the result of greatly delighting the Left, and very much shocking those who expect Parliamentary business in France to be carried on with as much calmness as in England. The Report of the Amnesty Committee was presented on Tuesday, and the Government proposed to adjourn the discussion of it till after the Easter holidays. The Bonapartists insisted that it ought to be taken at once, and upon this motion M. RAOUL DUVAL made a speech, the principal object of which seems to have been to extend the patronage of the Bonapartists to the Government, with the view probably of damaging them in the eyes of the Left. You and your Republic, he said in effect, are on your trial. If you behave well we shall not oppose you; we may even in time come to give you active support. The MINISTER of the INTERIOR rightly enough saw in this an intimation that the Bonapartists would be ready under certain circumstances to withdraw their claims in favour of the Republican Government, and he was equally assured that to allow this offer to pass unnoticed would be to sow the seeds of discord between the Republican Government and the Republican party. Accordingly he interrupted M. DUVAL with the words, which promise to become famous, "Les partis "déchus n'ont pas à abdiquer." Thank you for nothing; an offer to abdicate can only be in place when the sovereign is still on the throne. After he has been deposed he has no longer any power to give away. He cannot take off with his own hand the crown which has been snatched from his head by others. This is now the position of the Bonapartists. NAPOLEON III. was deposed by a vote of the Assembly, and the Empire had fallen still earlier. It will be time enough for the friends of his son to talk of abdicating in favour of the Republic when they have something to hand over to their successors. The Republic exists in virtue of the national vote, not by the sufferance or support of a deposed party. M. DUVAL said truly enough that he was not accustomed to hear this language from the lips of a Minister; and it has been objected that, in using it, M. RICARD rejected allies who might hereafter have been useful to him, and intensified divisions which it would have been better to heal. This notion of French parties making peace all round and promising to dwell together in unity for evermore may be a pretty theory, but for a long time to come it can be nothing more than a pretty theory. The Bonapartists may talk of abdicating, but we may be quite sure that nothing is further from their thoughts. Their desire has probably been to associate themselves with the Ministry, in the hope that the Left, disgusted at the Imperialist leanings of the nominally Republican Government, would break out into some open manifestations of dissatisfaction, and enable the Bonapartists to draw the moral that the Republican party is not sufficiently homogeneous to have the conduct of affairs entrusted to it. If this was M. DUVAL'S intention, it has signally failed. M. RICARD'S speech has made it clear that the Government will under no circumstances look for support to the Bonapartists, and the cheers with which M. DUVAL'S speech was received by the Right seem to show that the Conservative Opposition is content to bear a distinctly Imperialist character. Nothing could be better for the Ministry than both these results. The discontent of the advanced Republicans will be greatly modified by the discovery that there is no secret alliance between the Cabinet and the Bonapartists, and they may be proportionately less exacting in their demands for proof of genuinely Republican dispositions on the part of individual Ministers. The country will see that the choice which there was supposed to be between the Republic and some undefined form of Conservatism is no longer open, and that the only Government that can replace the Republic is the Government of NAPOLEON IV.

NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

IT is to be hoped that any indiscretions into which Mr. ANDERSON may have fallen in bringing the case of the *Alberta* before the House of Commons will not be allowed to prejudice the consideration of what is undoubtedly a very serious question. There can be no justification for introducing the name of the QUEEN on one side or on the other; and the best way of dealing with the subject is, in fact, to regard it as simply an ordinary case of running down at sea. The singular course which the Admiralty has chosen to adopt makes it difficult to ascertain the exact position of the question. It is known that there has been a private inquiry into the circumstances of the disaster; that this inquiry resulted in what amounted to a verdict against Captain WELCH; and that the Admiralty has accordingly reprimanded that officer. The evidence, however, on which this decision is based is withheld; nor is it known what is the nature of the reprimand which has been bestowed on Captain WELCH. It is possible that the Admiralty, having thus passed sentence, cannot conveniently re-open the question and order a court-martial, though the FIRST LORD says that, if Captain WELCH asks for one, he can have it; but, even on this assumption, it cannot be admitted that there is *nothing* more to be done, and that the question is finally closed. It is clear that there is a *primâ facie* case of manslaughter against one, if not both, of the commanders of the *Alberta*, and no one can doubt that, under ordinary circumstances, these officers would before this have had to answer a criminal charge. Whatever excuse there may have been for delaying this step for a time, there is none now. It cannot be pretended that in such a case the authority of the Admiralty excludes or overrides the jurisdiction of the criminal tribunals, or that the circumstance of an officer being connected with a Royal yacht places him beyond the reach of the law. The case of the *Alberta* and *Mistletoe* is, in fact, very similar to that of the *Franconia* and the *Strathclyde*. In both cases a vessel in broad daylight blindly runs down another vessel. Yet, while the Captain of the *Franconia* is at the present moment in prison awaiting sentence, the officers who were concerned in the other disaster are exempted even from trial. It is true that the offence of the Captain of the *Franconia* was aggravated by his cowardly desertion of his victims, and that nothing could have been more gallant than the conduct of those on board the *Alberta* in this respect. This, however, does not affect the question whether the commanders of the latter should be screened from a criminal prosecution. It is absurd to suppose that the public will accept the result of a private inquiry as a satisfactory settlement of such a question. Nor indeed is it enough that we should know the evidence on which the Admiralty has acted; it is indispensable to the proper administration of justice in such a case that there should be a full and open judicial investigation. It is all very well to say that substantial justice has been done, and that there is no need to rake up unpleasant facts. But the public has at present no means of judging whether the justice is substantial or unsubstantial. It may perhaps be argued that it is not the business of the Admiralty to go beyond its own jurisdiction in dealing with officers; but it is at any rate the duty of the Government to see that the law is equally enforced in all cases, without respect of persons. As far as the public has any evidence before it, a mere reprimand is a very inadequate punishment for such misconduct as

that imputed to Captain WELCH by his own official superiors, and it is necessary to protest against an evil precedent.

All that Mr. WARD HUNT could say in defence of his course in this matter was that it is usual to have confidential inquiries for the benefit of the authorities; but he apparently overlooked the fact that the only object of these inquiries is to guide the authorities as to whether further proceedings shall be taken, and that they ought not to be used as a substitute for such proceedings. For instance, it may have been reasonable enough that a private court should inquire into the question of personal responsibility as regards the command of the *Alberta*; and if it advised that Captain WELCH, and not Prince LEININGEN, was responsible, the Admiralty can hardly be blamed for acting on that opinion. But when the court further decided that Captain WELCH was not only responsible, but to blame, it was plainly the duty of the Admiralty to send him before a court-martial at the earliest opportunity. It must be evident to everybody except Mr. WARD HUNT that private inquiries for the purpose of providing the authorities with confidential advice do not answer the same purpose as the regular processes of judicial inquiry. Yet this is an hallucination which has dangerously pervaded Mr. HUNT'S administration of naval affairs. It is not only in this one case that he has assumed the right of exercising the functions of judge on private information, and disregarding the usual formalities observed on such occasions. The truth is that Mr. HUNT has systematically quashed all public inquiries since he has been at the Admiralty. We have from time to time called attention to his extraordinary proceedings in this respect, and Mr. GOSCHEN on Monday summed them up very clearly. Mr. GOSCHEN, indeed, as a former First Lord, is somewhat tender to his successor. He thinks that Mr. HUNT was justified in overriding the judgment of the court-martial in the *Vanguard* case; but here again Mr. HUNT acted on private evidence, without waiting for or permitting further inquiry by the same or by another court-martial. Again, when an accident happened to the *Iron Duke*, after a misleading official communication had been published to throw dust in the eyes of the public, the matter was remitted to a private court of inquiry, and to this day nobody knows exactly who was to blame, or whether any one was punished for a scandalous oversight which might, under other circumstances, have led to the loss of a second ironclad. Soon after, the running down of a Norwegian bark by the *Monarch* was hushed up in a similar way; and Mr. HUNT now wishes to apply his favourite process to the case of the *Alberta*. It is obvious that if this sort of thing is tolerated, it will gradually harden into a system, and the navy will find itself in the hands of a despot who condemns or acquits entirely at his own personal discretion, and on the strength of secret information. It does not require much consideration to see that this is a very serious innovation, and equally injurious to the service and to the public interests. It is, in fact, Imperialism in its worst form. Hitherto the impartiality of judicial administration in the navy has been secured by open courts-martial in all important cases; but according to Mr. HUNT'S system questions of the gravest character, going to the very roots of discipline and affecting the efficiency and loyalty of the service, are disposed of by secret and mysterious processes which render any check or supervision impossible.

The most impressive speech in the debate was that of Admiral EGERTON, who spoke with the authority of a practical sailor, and no doubt expressed the feeling of the main body of his profession. He said he could not sit quietly and allow the extraordinary theories in regard to responsibility which had been placed before the House to pass unchallenged. In his opinion the principle on which Prince LEININGEN was released from responsibility would involve an entire change in the instructions given to naval officers, and it was unfair both to the PRINCE and Captain WELCH that they should not have had an opportunity of defending themselves before a court-martial. The state of things on board the *Alberta*, as far as the published evidence goes, was certainly remarkable. There was no look-out whatever in the bows of the Royal yacht. Prince LEININGEN and Captain WELCH were both on the steering-bridge, each fancying he was looking out, though neither saw the danger of the *Mistletoe* till the quartermaster roused the Captain by a slap on the back to a sense of his position; and then both the PRINCE and the Captain rushed over to the telegraph bell, and, as the PRINCE himself admits, came into personal collision over the handle of the instrument. It should be added that the view from the bridge is obstructed by the funnel and the shelter-house, and that it was open to any members of the Royal suite—even, it is said, ladies—for gossiping purposes. If loyalty has to be appealed to on such a subject, it ought to excite strong indignation that the life of the QUEEN should have been endangered in this almost incredibly reckless manner. Instead of extra precautions being taken, the most ordinary precautions appear to have been neglected. Most people will share Admiral EGERTON'S regret that some further steps have not been taken to vindicate public justice in this case; but it may be hoped that it is not yet too late to bring the Admiralty to its senses.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE AT MELBOURNE.

THE recent struggle in the Parliament of Victoria shows that our Australian fellow-subjects would be fully able to hold their own against the stoutest combatants in the United States Congress. The unsuccessful attempt of Mr. BERRY to stop the supplies, and the successful counter-attempt of Sir JAMES M'CULLOCH to silence the minority, are quite worthy of the days when "Old THAD "STEVENS" gave the tone to debate at Washington. Where so much political passion has been evoked, it is painful not to be able to sympathize unreservedly with either party. The only way in which spectators can share the rapture of the strife is by heartily espousing one side or the other; and if there is anybody in this country who can bring himself to feel that great issues hang on the success of the Ministry or of the leader of Opposition, he may be congratulated on the stirring sensations which the account of the conflict will excite in him. Most reasonable Englishmen, however, will see almost equal cause for regret in the discreditable tactics of the Opposition and in the high-handed measure by which these tactics have been defeated. Mr. BERRY is probably one of those politicians who care nothing for Parliamentary institutions except in so far as they can be made to serve their own purposes. Had he been anything better he would have withdrawn his opposition to the voting of supplies rather than allow so dangerous an expedient as the *clôture* to be introduced into Victoria. It was evident that the Ministerial majority was large enough to carry Sir JAMES M'CULLOCH'S Resolution; and if Mr. BERRY had really valued freedom of debate, he would not have left it to sustain a check which, whatever assurances the Minister may give to the contrary, admits of being repeated whenever a majority feels unable to answer, or is irritated at failing to convince, an obstinate minority. Possibly Mr. BERRY foresees a time coming when the weapon which Sir JAMES M'CULLOCH has now forged may be used with equal effect to silence the present majority. Mr. BERRY'S "policy" is apparently summed up in a system of taxation which shall redress, as far as fiscal expedients can do it, the inequality between rich and poor; and some of the recent elections seem to show that this policy has a large number of supporters in the colony. Should it triumph at the next general election, Mr. BERRY will probably be quite as eager to put down the factious opposition of those who have something to lose as Sir JAMES M'CULLOCH has been to put down the factious opposition of those who have everything to gain.

The immediate cause of this singular conflict was the proposal of the Ministry to impose an Income-tax, instead of supplying the deficiency in the revenue and gratifying the popular desire for Protection by further additions to the Customs duties. The Opposition insisted that a scheme of this startling kind ought not to be adopted without an appeal to the electors, even though the Government might happen to command a majority. In fact, Mr. BERRY'S contention is that the Legislative Assembly no longer represents its constituents. It is plain that, if a majority could use this plea whenever they are outnumbered in a division, the conduct of public business would become impossible. Dissolution would follow upon dissolution with no longer interval between them than such as sufficed for the discovery of some colourable plea that the opinion of the electors had changed since the last contest. If the members do not reproduce with sufficient rapidity the variations of those whom they represent, there is no help for it but to wait until the Assembly has come to an end, whether by accident or by efflux of time. Mr. BERRY is

not of this opinion, and when it appeared that a Minister with a powerful majority behind him was not disposed to give the Opposition a gratuitous chance of displacing him, the Opposition delayed by every device known to small Parliamentary tacticians the passing of any votes in Supply. The Government officials remained unpaid for a fortnight, and the date at which they would once more touch their salaries seemed to depend upon the physical endurance of Mr. BERRY and some twenty members of the Legislative Assembly. Under this strain the patience of the majority at last broke down, and Sir JAMES M'CULLOCH introduced a Resolution providing that when any motion has been moved, either in the House or in Committee, a Resolution "that the motion be now put" may be proposed without notice, and that thereupon such Resolution shall be put forthwith without amendment or debate, and no other motion shall be made or question of order raised until such Resolution has been disposed of. If the Resolution be carried, the motion to which it relates shall immediately be put without further debate or question or order. For the purposes of the Resolution each clause or schedule of a Bill is in Committee to be treated as a separate motion. It will be seen that the powers which this Resolution places in the hands of a majority are of the most comprehensive kind. There is no sort of Bill to which it does not extend, and no stage of a Bill at which it may not be applied. Henceforth there will be freedom of speech in the Victorian Legislature for the majority, and for the majority alone. Whenever a majority grows weary of what it considers fruitless argument, it will be tempted to invoke the Resolution, and majorities sometimes consider arguments fruitless as soon as they have failed to answer them. It is true that Sir JAMES M'CULLOCH has assured the Legislative Assembly that the Resolution will only be resorted to to check factious resistance, and that he has no intention of appealing to it for the purpose of interfering with legitimate debate. But who is to determine when the invisible boundary between legitimate debate and factious resistance has been passed? Even in quiet times in England parties have greatly differed upon this point. The very moderate opposition that has been offered to the Royal Titles Bill has been called factious by Ministerial newspapers; and, to go no further back than last Session, the trouble that the Government came to about the Merchant Shipping Bill was set down by their supporters to factiousness taking the comparatively mild form of a profusion of Opposition amendments. When a majority is strong, it more easily gets irritated at the obstinacy of its opponents; when a majority is weak, it is naturally more anxious not to give its opponents the advantage that the chapter of accidents may have in store for them; and either way the temptation to put an end to debate will be likely to have great force.

It may be contended that, weighty as the arguments against the *clôture* may be, they must all yield to the paramount plea of necessity. In the present case, for example, it had become impossible for the Government to go on unless some check could be placed on the recklessness of the minority, and nothing short of the Resolution actually adopted would have had the requisite coercive force. To this it may be answered that, if an Opposition of the kind led by Mr. BERRY does not represent a preponderance of opinion among the electors, its very extravagance is sure to work its defeat. Supposing that Sir JAMES M'CULLOCH, instead of proposing his Resolution, had appealed to the constituencies to judge between him and the politicians who were refusing supplies and preventing the transaction of public business, it is true that Mr. BERRY would have gained a momentary triumph, since a dissolution was the end for which he was professedly working. But this triumph would have been exceedingly shortlived if his demand for a dissolution was not supported by a majority of the electors. The constituencies would have resented the needless trouble of a general election, and the return of a still smaller minority pledged to follow Mr. BERRY'S lead would have shown unmistakably that he had mistaken the road to popularity. Supposing, on the other hand, that the results of the election had shown that Mr. BERRY had read the signs of public feeling aright, and that Sir JAMES M'CULLOCH is holding office against the wishes of the electors, what harm would have been done by the discovery? If the financial policy of the Government is unpopular, the fact cannot long be concealed; and, much as the economical heresies of the Opposition are to be regretted, they are not likely to be converted from them through being kept out of office by the devices of an accidental majority. Probably it was the knowledge that a dissolution would not be granted that made Mr. BERRY so eager in demanding it. The prospect of having to make good his diagnosis of the constituencies at a general election might have been the most effectual way of silencing him.

GREEK IN THE TENTH CENTURY.

WE have before now had occasion to appeal to the light which is thrown on the history of Greek pronunciation by that happy whim of Liudprand which led him to interlard his Latin with Greek words written both in Greek and in Latin characters. If we could conceive such a thing as a Byzantine spelling bee, it is certain that the Bishop of Cremona would have been speedily "ruled out." But this only shows how needful it is to allow a little license in such matters. If Liudprand had spelled all his Greek words right, he might have stood higher among Byzantine scholars in his own day; but it is the fact that he spelled most of them wrong which makes him of such special value to us. He spelled his words wrong; but he spelled them so as to make the same sound, according to the present Greek pronunciation. Therefore the present Greek pronunciation was in use in the tenth century. Q.E.D. But let not the *Fonetic Nuz* claim Liudprand as one of the prophets of its system. It was well that Liudprand spelled his Greek phonetically; but, if everybody had spelled Greek phonetically, we could never have understood the value of his evidence. It is not, however, about Liudprand, or about the sound of Greek in the tenth century, that we wish to speak now, but rather about the tongue itself which Liudprand set himself to spell. A little reading of Constantine Porphyrogenitus will suggest, besides other points for reflection, one or two rather unexpected analogies and contrasts with the history of our own language.

It has often been pointed out that the great phenomenon in the history of the Greek language is one which the classical purist never finds out. He talks about Attic purity, but he has no idea of the wonderful triumph of the Attic dialect which he talks about. In a wider view of the history of language, people have been writing Attic, never mind whether pure or not, for at least two thousand one hundred years, while they have been talking something else. Xenophon wrote as he spoke; Polybios did not; and from Polybios the same state of things has gone on till now. An Ireland scholar might very likely cry out at the Greek of the Imperial geographer; but history cannot always listen to Ireland scholars; and history must claim the Greek of Constantine Porphyrogenitus as Attic. We do not say that he never departs from the orthodox forms of words or the orthodox turns of grammar, as they were understood twelve hundred years before his time. But it is wonderfully seldom that he does so; it is quite certain that he never means to do so. The great Attic writers set the standard of Greek prose for all later ages. Historically the *κοινὴ διάλεκτος* is Attic; so is the Greek of Byzantium; so is the literary Greek of to-day. No one supposes that the learned Emperor spoke as he wrote. No doubt he spoke the natural Greek of his time, very un-Attic indeed. But then Polybios did so also.

But while, with a very few exceptions now and then, the grammar and the forms of words in the Imperial pages would satisfy any reasonable standard of Hellenism, the vocabulary tells another story. If there be a sect with regard to Greek answering to the sect which says that "episcopus" and "imperialis" are not to be used in Latin, such a sect would find plenty of words to shriek at. We open the book at a shot, and find how the Patzinaks *πολλάκις πραιδεύουσι τὴν Ῥωσίαν καὶ ἱκανῶς αὐτὴν παραβλάπτουσι καὶ λυμαίνονται*. Some indeed may be inclined to think well of a people who clearly did some mischief to the Russians, however barbarous may be the language in which their doings are recorded. But *πραιδεύουσι*—with many it would go against the grain to describe the taking of Kertch or Sebastopol by such a word. Why should Constantine have used so horrible a word, when he might have said *ἄγουσι καὶ φέρουσι*, or half-a-dozen other phrases that would have passed muster on the Pnyx? The answer is plain; he talks about *πραιδεύουσι*, and endless other words of the same kind, because he was *ὁ ἐν Χρίστῳ βασιλεῖ αἰωνίῳ βασιλεὺς Ῥωμαίων*. The tongue of the Emperor of the Romans is not without an element drawn from the elder Rome. We turn his pages, and we light on Latin word after Latin word, all of them having that odd look which Latin words in Greek letters always have. The history, the nature, and the extent of this Latin element in Byzantine Greek is the point to which we now want to call attention.

First of all, it must be remembered that Greek was, and is, a living tongue, and not, as those fancy who end their Greek history with the sacrifice of Tissaphernes, a dead one. As such, it could not help in the tenth century, and it cannot help now, taking in words from other languages. It did so in the fifth and fourth centuries the other way; for Xenophon talks about *παράδεισος* and *σαρράπης*, as Herodotus before him had talked about *παρασάγγης*. So in an Empire which had more than enough to do with Saracens at one end and Slaves at another, it is not wonderful if we find a few Arabic and Slavonic words to express Arabic and Slavonic titles or offices. Very odd some of them look in their Greek dress. Things which are now going on may make *βοΐβοδος* clear to any

one who remembers the identity of *bibere* and *vivere*, and a little thought will teach us to see the Commander of the Faithful in the *ἀμερουμνή*, and some lowlier commander in the *ἀμηρᾶς*. But this is only as we ourselves talk of *Emirs* and *Ameers*, spelling them differently according to the parts of the world in which we find them; it is only as we have long talked of the *Shah* and the *Sultan*, and as we have latterly taken to talk of the *Khedive*. A few barbarian intruders like these do not seriously affect the vocabulary of any language. But in Constantine's Greek there is a foreign element of quite another kind, one which does seriously affect the vocabulary, one which supplies some instructive analogies and contrasts to the history of our own tongue. The Imperial pages bristle with Latin words. We soon light on *σάγιττα, φαμιλία, κάμποι, πραίδα, πόρτα, πάκτα, μάγιστρος, κομμέρκιον, μαγιστράτος, ὀστιάριος, στράτωρ, ῥέγων*, and *κουστικουλαρία*. All these easily explain themselves, and *ἀπεκρῆτις* proclaims itself, after a moment's thought, to be *a secretis*. Perhaps, when a man is taken *ὑπὸ τῶν βιγλῶν τοῦ Σολδάτου*, it may need a moment or two longer to recognize the *vigiles*. *Ἐνορδίνως* is more difficult again, but the sense will presently shew that what is meant is *in ordine*. *Δομέστικος, πατρίκιος*, and the like will be familiar to many who have not got on so far as the tenth century. And any man who wishes to dispute about Emperors and Kings, and who does not wish to sink to the level of present and late Prime Ministers and Lord Chancellors, may be supposed to have learned something of the great controversy about *βασιλεύς* and *ῥήξ*. But even this hardly prepares one for *τὸ ῥηγάτον Ἰταλίας ἢ Ἀπουλίας*, for *τὰ πριγκιπάτα* for the Lombard principalities in Southern Italy. *Κάστρον*, we need not say, our *chester*, appears in almost every page, and it sometimes takes the diminutive form *καστέλλιον*.

Thus far all the words are what we fancy that even a purist would acknowledge as classical, whatever he might say to their forms and uses. But *φοσσάτον* for an army, and the adverb *φοσσατικῶς* formed from it, might puzzle him. But, from the *fossa* which surrounded the Roman camp, *fossatum* came to mean, first the camp itself, and then the army, and the word is used in that sense in Latin of the fifth century. So *φλάμουλα, βάνδα, καβαλλικεύειν* in the sense of *cabalticare* or *chevaucher* are all words which some might be inclined to call barbarian; *βάνδα* indeed is most likely actually Teutonic; but they have all got into the living Greek from the living Latin which took them in. Both classical and later words became so thoroughly at home that they could be put to use in forming Greek compounds, and we get *τουρμάρχης* and *ἰδυκαβάλλος*.

Now all these things have a grotesque look. All Western things in Greek letters have. It has a grotesque look even to see Western Kings and Emperors in the Greek dress. We are used to them in every variety of Latin, Teutonic, and Romance, but the Greek dress does not sit easily on them. It has a queer look when we read that certain unbaptized Croatians—far away, be it remarked, from those bearers of the name who are now subjects of Hungary and Turkey—*ὑπήκουσι Ὦτῳ τῷ μεγάλῳ ῥηγὶ Φραγγίας τῆς καὶ Σαξίας*. But get over the grotesqueness, and the whole thing is a most instructive piece of history. Latin words began to creep into Greek to express purely Roman things, as soon as Greeks and Romans had much to do with one another. We see it in the New Testament; we see it in all the Greek writers under the Roman Empire. They translated when they could; they often adopt with an apology; but they could not wholly keep out the Latin element. Here and there a technical word would force its way in. All that we have been going through is the same process carried much further. But it is most instructive to see how far the process went, and at what point it stopped. We may safely say that the Latin words, thick as they are on the ground, are all more or less technical. They all belong to certain ranges of ideas, almost all official and chiefly military. The ordinary vocabulary is not mixed. That keeps its Hellenic purity very little touched, and when it is touched, it is not from Latin or from the West at all. Constantine says *ἄσπρος* for *λευκός*; he does not say *ἄλβος* or *βλάγκος*. The cause of the whole phenomenon is very simple. Latin was for some ages the official language of the Eastern Empire, no less than of the Western. But it was neither the popular, nor the literary, nor the fashionable language. Greek was all those three. Greek displaced Latin as the official language; but in so doing it took in a crowd of official Latin words. We may say that the whole official language is non-Hellenic; if not Latin, it is not Greek. But there was nothing in all this to touch the ordinary vocabulary. Men went on talking the natural Greek of the time, writing the literary Greek of a past age, using the Greek vocabulary of a present or past time. But, in writing on an official subject, it was necessary to use the Latin official words which had no Greek equivalents.

Here is both an analogy and a contrast with the history of our own tongue. The French infusion into English answers in a certain measure to the Latin infusion into Greek. But it does not answer exactly, because the historical circumstances of the two cases do not answer exactly. We have taken many official terms from French, but we have also kept many English official terms. The Sheriff meets the Judge, and the Earl's wife is the Countess. But we have also borrowed crowds of words which are not official. In the Eastern Empire, as we said, while Latin was the official speech, Greek was the popular, the literary, and the fashionable speech. When French and English were struggling in England, English was neither the literary nor the fashionable speech, but it was the popular speech, and French was not the exclusive official speech. The Norman Kings, as distinguished from the Angevin, did not use French, but always either Latin or English, as the official language. Thus, the names of offices and the like sometimes remained English, sometimes became Latin, according to no very certain rule. Here is the difference between the two cases, a difference again springing from earlier causes. Politically the Eastern Empire was simply Roman; it had no Greek political traditions whatever. The Roman Emperor moved his capital to a Greek city, and so brought himself within the reach of Greek influences; but there was no political succession from the Greek. Hence the official language was wholly Latin. In England, though the French-speaking King came in by conquest, yet he claimed to come in by a lawful right; all the English political traditions, and with them many English official names, lived on. The official speech of England was therefore never so purely French as the official speech of Constantinople was Latin; but, on the other hand, as French became the fashionable tongue in England, a great French infusion found its way into the general vocabulary of English, while scarcely any Latin found its way into the general vocabulary of Byzantine Greek.

It would almost seem that Constantine himself did not understand Latin. At least his notices of language are of the oddest kind. We mentioned one some time ago, when speaking of Ragusa, *λέγεται Ῥωμαϊστὶ ὁ κρημνὸς λαῦ*, where *Ῥωμαϊστί* may perhaps mean *Romaïc*, vulgar Greek. So when he says *ἰστέον ὅτι μαστρομήλης ἑρμηνεύεται τῇ Ῥωμαίων διαλέκτῳ κατεπάνω τοῦ στρατοῦ*, the word *ἑρμηνεύεται* must be taken backwards to mean that *μαστρομήλης* (magister militum) is a Latin word. That this is the meaning of *ἡ Ῥωμαίων διάλεκτος* appears from his wonderful account of Zara, and from his saying, strange as the etymology is, that *Σέρβλοι τῇ τῶν Ῥωμαίων διαλέκτῳ δοῦλοι προσαγορεύονται*. Yet elsewhere he tells us *Παγανοὶ τῇ τῶν Σλάβων διαλέκτῳ ἀλάπτωτοι ἑρμηνεύονται*. Yet surely *paganus* is Latin, if anything is. Directly after *τῇ τῶν Ῥωμαίων διαλέκτῳ ἡ χώρα αὐτῶν Ἀρέντα καλεῖται*. But what did he call the tongue in which he wrote? The Slaves in Peloponnesos had *Γραικοί* to their neighbours. The Maïnotes, he distinctly says, are not Slaves. They are Romans; but, because they remained Pagans till the days of the first Basil, men called them *Ἕλληνες. Εἰσὶν ἀπὸ τῆς γενεᾶς τῶν παλαιοτέρων Ῥωμαίων, οἱ καὶ μέχρι τοῦ νῦν παρὰ τῶν ἐντοπίων Ἕλληνες προσαγορεύονται διὰ τὸ ἐν τοῖς πρωταλαωῖς χρόνοις εἰδωλολάτρας εἶναι καὶ προσκυνητὰς τῶν εἰδώλων κατὰ τοὺς παλαιοὺς Ἕλληνας*. The Eleutherolakones were thus called Hellênes for this odd reason, which speaks volumes as to the changes in the use of Latin names. What were the men of Lakedaimonia itself? Romans, Slaves, or what? Clearly not Hellênes, if they were baptized.

FURNISHING.

IT appears probable that a few years hence we may see a strong reaction of taste in favour of extreme simplicity which will influence both dress and furniture. Materials will naturally be more costly and magnificent, but these qualities will no longer be found in mere trimmings. So many people have been bitten with the present madness for decoration—people, for the most part, who have never paused to think what decoration is—that those who have innate good taste, or who have studied ornament on rational grounds, will presently flee in disgust to whitewashed walls and dimity curtains. Such sensitive spirits deserve sympathy. They have been sorely tried. The man cursed with natural or acquired taste walks through the valley of this world as through a place of torture and humiliation. His best feelings are made scourges wherewithal to torment him. After preaching for years the mission of art in the regeneration of the uncivilized, he finds all his pet theories turned against him. He may love Japanese screens where any screens are required, but he might be roasted alive in a friend's drawing-room before he could get one for use. The walls are, so to speak, creeping with Japanese screens, but what cares he how Japanese they be if he has no ladder by him to fetch one down? Blue plates are very well adapted to feed from, and may look very well in the china closet. But, hung on wires in formal rows, they become monotonous. When ladies washed up their own cups after a "dish of tea," as they replaced it carefully in a corner cupboard or on a miniature dresser, it was quite right that such articles of convenience should be as handsome as the porcelain itself. But when ladies no longer tend their own tea-things, it is ridiculous to see sets of cups and saucers ranged on shelves in the drawing-room with a teapot or two in the middle, none of them ever intended for the unhallowed uses of everyday life. Why should slop-basins be studded over the room as thick as spittoons in a bar parlour? They are matter in the wrong place. A pat of butter is none the better for a splendid device on its unctuous surface. Perhaps our lumps of coal will soon be sent up to the drawing-room carved and gilt for the burning. One longs to see ornament in its proper place. Candlesticks that hold no candles, flower-vases empty of roses, copper coal-scuttles of antique form on the tops of cabinets, beer-jugs filled only with dust, such are the contents of modern rooms. Greek tombs, Oriental pagodas, and curiosity shops in Holborn are ransacked to furnish our chambers, and while the shelves are covered with old Worcester and the mantelpiece groans under brazen chargers, our tea is served in Staffordshire stoneware set out on a Birmingham tray. This is turning domestic art upside down and inside out. Though handsomely bound books form the best ornaments for the library shelf, we

seldom think of bestowing, even on what we read, any but the gaudy cloth of the modern publisher. Yet books can be arranged so as to form as harmonious a wainscoting as Indian matting, and are surely a more satisfactory investment than even old oak, while for the purposes of ordinary decoration there is nothing for a moment to be compared with natural flowers. It is in beautifying the things we use that the most lasting satisfaction is to be found, not in buying rows of greybeard jugs or Italian medicine jars.

When a young couple set up house nowadays they are obliged at least to pretend that they wish to furnish artistically. If they have lived outside the circle of art-culture, and have no notion whether they like Gothic, Queen Anne, or Rococo, they send for all the manuals they see advertised about tables and chairs, houses and housekeeping. They study them most assiduously, and make copious notes. But, strange to say, the more they read the further they are from being able to come to any decision as to the colour of the drawing-room paper or the pattern of the dining-room curtains. In the multitude of counsellors there is complete confusion, and they wish in their hearts, though they are ashamed to say so, that they might have the good old mahogany with which their fathers and mothers were happy and comfortable. They do not recognise harmony in colour when they see it. A child in a blue frock holding an orange in its hand gives them no delight; a Greek vase of exquisite proportions has for them no grace. In short, neither by nature nor education have they any taste for art, and they expect to acquire it simply by wishing to be in the fashion. But it is no more possible for a person without natural eye to harmonize colour properly, or choose furniture of just proportions, than it would be possible for any one without natural ear to compose an opera. However, as fashion has to be studied in dress, why should it not be studied in furniture? There are plenty of people who talk glibly about high art and ceramic trade-marks and are only too ready to give advice. Almost every magazine has its articles on the subject. But with a smattering of knowledge the difficulties become greater than ever, and the poor young people, so ready to do what is required of them, become completely mystified and discouraged.

One manual on this subject, written by a lady who has already explained how other ladies may dress on fifteen pounds a year provided they practise strict economy in the matter of under-clothing, looks delightfully practical. There is a list at the end of the various things required in a ten or twelve-room house where two maid-servants and a man are kept. The whole furnishing is to be done for between five and six hundred pounds. Everything seems most complete, and it is perhaps a little hypercritical to remark that two aprons seem a rather small allowance for the butler, and that he must have some difficulty in attending to all the fires with only one coal-scuttle, even though that one be made of copper. Then, too, the cook will be an excellent manager if she can make three bowls serve for beating eggs, mixing sauces, putting by dripping and gravy, storing milk, boiling puddings, and all the other duties for which bowls are required. However, these are small matters compared to the important question as to what is to be the prevailing tint of the room in which the dishes produced in the kitchen are to be eaten. The young couple are advised in small rooms to limit themselves to two colours, for fear the effect should become "messy." Blue is discarded as not being economical and as difficult to manage, because shades that match in daylight do not look well together at night. But some charming combinations are suggested where more liberty is allowed. For instance, a pale primrose wall, a dull canary-coloured carpet, and cheerful green curtains are considered suitable for a room with a "medium aspect"; while "blush-rose walls, a warm crimson carpet, and green curtains, containing a dash of pink," will suit a Northern exposure. The bedrooms may be painted in oak graining, because it is uncommon for a bedroom, but the paper must be "unvexatious." The smoking apartment is to have a "manly pattern" chintz, and the carpet is to be Turkey if possible, because men are such fidgets. Of course it is quite right to have a "manly pattern" in the smoking-room, for even at the Doublesex Club ladies are not permitted to enter the sacred precincts. Our young couple suppose that this is an example of realistic art, and are thankful for the clear definition of a manly pattern as "something in stripes in which red predominates." Having collected all these useful hints, they turn to an æsthetic-looking volume with a fascinating label in white paper. Here they reach a higher, if not a clearer, atmosphere. There are not such explicit directions, but the sentiments are beautiful. In it they find true principles of art decoration; and yet they are allowed to have their "normal surroundings" in harmony with their individual taste, being only cautioned that a "room should be set in a certain key, and, if allowed to fall out of it for the sake of variety, should speedily return into its normal channel." This, they admit, sounds most subtle. How charming to think of colour being harmonized like a glee, and all the things in the room keeping in tune, no matter how much you move them about! But what is to be done with the splendid scarlet table-cover which has been given them, if the drawing-room is to be sage green? It will be like a major chord struck by chance in a minor air, and properly strung eyes will thrill with pain at the sight. But, on reading a little further, the young couple receive much comfort, and find it will not be absolutely necessary to put away all their wedding presents in locked drawers. Even the claims of art, it seems, are to be disregarded when they stand in antagonism to the smallest token of esteem and affection; or, as the writer finely puts the delightful sentiment, "The principle which regards the motive of a gift is deeper than that which contemplates with critical nicety the attributes of the thing given." They are to choose a place as "much in the dark as possible" for the piano, which is a cruel blow, as they sing duets together, but they also find that furnishing should be a thing of the heart as well as of the head, which encourages them amazingly. Presently they come to a passage which dispels half their trouble, for they read that young married people should not scour the country, seeking for the musty old bureaus of defunct ancestors, but have new furniture, and grow old with it. They now make a dash at a bulky catalogue which has been sent them post free, and which they have hitherto been afraid to look at because the things were all new. It seems, however, to combine in the most wonderful manner the practical, the artistic, the useful, and ornamental. It talks of stencilled walls and tinted ceilings, quotes Pugin, Sir Digby Wyatt, Mr. Ruskin, and Mrs. Warren. It is an immense relief to find some one who will take upon himself the responsibility of providing everything from garret to cellar, to whom the furnishing of a house is a "labour of love" for which he will condescend to take money. So it is arranged that the house is to be done up in all the proper tints, to have dados, wainscotings, and varnished floors. "Elizabethan easy-chairs with cabriole legs" and an "elegant walnut Louis-Quatorze lady's cabinet writing-table, handsomely inlaid with marquetrie," are ordered for the drawing-room; Cromwell chairs and "antique carved oak book-cases" for the library. There are to be "baronial" coal-vases with mediæval mountings, an "Athenian hip-bath," an "Eastlake" breakfast service, and Minton tiles in all the fireplaces.

The young couple get into their house at last; they give the finishing touches by placing bits of china and odds and ends of embroidery about the room. They pay their bills, the house is hideous, and they never find it out.

THE PRETENSIONS OF ASSISTANT-MASTERS.

MOST people will agree with Mr. Cross that the discussions which have taken place with regard to Rugby and Eton have not tended either to improve the discipline of the boys, or to encourage parents to send their children to those schools; and a heavy responsibility consequently rests upon those who have thrust such questions before the public. At the same time, if an appeal of this kind is to be made, it is as well that the position taken up by the malcontents should be distinctly understood. "There was no greater mistake," Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen said, "than to speak of Assistant-Masters in public schools as if they were mere teachers in private establishments. After they had acquired houses, they much more nearly resembled the heads of colleges affiliated to a University, or the Masters of a number of small schools incorporated together." Whether or not it is desirable that public schools should be conducted on this principle is, of course, a question which may fairly be discussed; but there can be no question as to the fact that their actual constitution is, and always has been, of a very different kind. The Act of 1868 distinctly lays down the conditions on which both Head-Masters and their Assistants hold office, and they must all be deemed to be fully warned as to the terms on which they are engaged. These terms are that a Governing Body may dismiss a Head-Master at its own discretion, without giving any reasons, and that a Head-Master has in turn a similar power over his subordinates. It may be thought that such a system is liable to be harshly or oppressively used, but at least its existence is perfectly well known, and it is absurd to speak as if it had been started as a surprise. Very strong evidence in favour of this system was given before the Royal Commissioners, and the conclusion arrived at was that the authority of a Head-Master must be absolute over the whole school. If he shows himself unequal to so grave a responsibility, the Trustees can dismiss him; but as long as they retain his services, they are bound to give him the powers which are necessary for their effectual performance. In the case of Rugby, the Head-Master was met, as it were, on the threshold of office by a cabal of Assistant-Masters who resented his appointment, and who set themselves to obstruct him in his work and to degrade his authority. In this attempt they had unfortunately the support and countenance of some members of the Governing Body; and in the end they succeeded in carrying their point and in driving out the Head-Master. A serious blow was struck at the discipline of public schools when the Assistant-Masters of Rugby were allowed to intrigue with impunity against their superior.

Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen only referred incidentally to what happened at Rugby, and grounded his case mainly on the recent dismissal of Mr. Oscar Browning, one of the Assistant-Masters at Eton. This raises a personal question which at the present moment it is difficult to discuss. Enough, however, has already come out to show very clearly the position which Mr. Browning occupied, or attempted to occupy, at Eton. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen asserted as "a certain fact" that Mr. Browning was abruptly dismissed without having any opportunity of knowing and meeting the charges against him, so as to vindicate his character before the public. This, however, is, to say the least, a mistake. For some time the Head-Master had been dissatisfied with the way in which Mr. Browning discharged his duties, apparently thinking that he did not give that sound prac-

dical training to his boys which was desirable, and that he also sought to establish himself in a position of undue prominence, unfair to the other Masters and injurious to the discipline of the school. Mr. Browning was further accused of seeking, in pursuance of this alleged policy, by an evasion or violation of the College rules to obtain a larger number of pupils than was allowed to a single tutor. At last Dr. Hornby, after repeated remonstrances, wrote to him:—

> I must remind you that in your case particular attention had been called to your violation of the rules last winter; that you had in consequence received a reprimand, and very definite instructions in writing as to your future course. . . For two or three years hardly a school time has passed in which I have not been compelled to undertake the very painful task of calling you to account for neglect of work or violation of rules. I feel that I have carried forbearance in your case beyond the limit which I ought to have observed in strict duty to the school.

This was surely explicit enough; but Mr. Browning, in a published letter of his own, gives some further particulars. He says that Dr. Hornby told him he neglected his work, and added:—"Why don't you read Madvig's Latin Grammar? You lecture to ladies; you examine here and there; you give musical parties on Saturday evenings—why don't you stick to your work?" This also conveys a pretty distinct idea, if not to Mr. Browning's or Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's mind, at least to other people's minds, as to what Dr. Hornby regarded as the weak points in Mr. Browning's way of discharging his duties. It will be seen, therefore, that though Dr. Hornby was, by statutory enactment, entitled to act on his discretion and without giving any reasons, he did explain to Mr. Browning the grounds of his dissatisfaction with him. Mr. Browning appealed to the Governing Body; but it had, of course, no power to hear any appeal as relating personally to an Assistant-Master. It had, however, a right to consider whether in such a case the Head-Master had done anything which showed him to be unfit for his post; and as it apparently did not find any reason for forming this opinion, it declined to interfere.

The matter has since been taken up by a number of Assistant-Masters in various public schools, who assert in a petition to the House of Commons that the absolute authority of the Head-Masters under the present system "operates to the detriment of the public schools, by disturbing the cordial relations which have generally existed between Head-Masters and their Assistants, and by discouraging men of high attainments and independent character from accepting and permanently retaining appointments from which they may at any moment be removed by the simple fiat of their immediate superior." In this statement, however, it appears to be left out of account that the Head-Master is himself liable to dismissal by the Governing Body on precisely the same terms. The petition goes on to "disclaim any desire to interfere with the authority of Head-Masters which is necessary for the maintenance of discipline in their several schools"; but it is obvious that if Assistant-Masters were to be at liberty to set themselves up against their chief, and to cultivate the support of sections of the Governing Body, there would be an end to all discipline. The situation is one in which it is impossible to avoid some danger of injustice on one side or the other. If the Head-Master is absolute, he may be hard upon an Assistant; if the Head-Master is to be put on his trial whenever he rebukes or dismisses a subordinate, his life would become intolerable, and his influence as head of the school would be wholly paralysed. And the latter is undoubtedly the greater of two evils. In fact, the plea of the Assistant-Masters might be used the other way, and it might be urged that, if they obtained that power over the Head-Master which they ask for, it would discourage men of high attainments and independent character from placing themselves in so humiliating and helpless a position. We are glad to see, however, that there are many Assistant-Masters who repudiate the demands put forth in their name.

Any one who is acquainted with the working of a public school can see at once the danger which would arise from allowing Assistant-Masters to set themselves up as independent shareholders in a joint-stock enterprise. If this were permitted, the next step would be for them to claim a right to traffic in their proprietary interests, and to sell their shares to the highest bidder. We gather from what has appeared on this subject that Mr. Browning has peculiar ideas as to the proper method of educating boys at a public school. The traditions of Eton—and it may be presumed that they are agreeable to the majority of parents who voluntarily send their boys there—have hitherto been on the side of manliness and common sense. An Eton boy is supposed to be especially equipped against cant, humbug, and insincerity. He may not be very deep or brilliant, but it is supposed that at least he will acquire that sort of tact and cool-headedness which saves a man from making a fool of himself. The great aim is to give a lad a grounding which is solid as far as it goes, and to teach him self-possession, self-reliance, and an abhorrence of pretence and affectation. We do not mean to say that all Eton boys come up to this ideal; but no one who has had an opportunity of knowing them as a class can doubt that, whatever the depth or range of their classical attainments, they do, as a rule, come out of Eton with a peculiar stamp of honest pluck and straightforwardness which is very important to every man, and above all to every gentleman, in his future career. If a boy is a dunce at Eton, he may possibly remain a dunce all his life; but, on the other hand, even though he leaves Eton very imperfectly instructed, he will probably possess certain qualities and habits which will be of immense service to him at the University and in after life. Mr. Browning, however, appears to have thought that there was a great deal of what, in the cant of a certain set, is called "immorality" and "unintellectualism" at Eton, and that it was necessary to give the system a more sentimental and flowery character. If you talk with a Browningite, pupil or parent, you are overpowered with a sense of the immeasurable moral superiority of boys who have passed through Mr. Browning's hands over all other boys educated at Eton. You are given to understand, in fact, that it is really of no use sending a boy to Eton unless it has been arranged that he should get into one particular house there. Within the blessed confines of that establishment "the demon of athleticism"—another "note" of the sect—has been exorcised, while outside is a swamp of materialism and vice. As you pursue the conversation you will probably learn that the reformer of Eton is not one of the ordinary drudging Masters who make boys "grind," and take a pedantic view of grammatical accuracy. He lifts them into a serener ether, a diviner air; he cultivates their talent for universal discussion, and generally inspires them with a fine sentimental enthusiasm. We suspect that old-fashioned people at Eton do not relish what they call this flightiness and taste for flashy accomplishments. They think that what is wanted is to give a boy "bottom," and that the new system tends too much to the development of gossamer wings, which, though pretty to look at, are not good for much. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen is very outspoken on this point. He lately predicted that, if Mr. Browning left the school, "everything which tends to exalt physical, and depreciate mental, culture—nay more, everything coarse, impure, and immoral—in Eton would be directly encouraged." This is, of course, an attack on the general administration of Eton, and when it is thus openly proclaimed there is an obvious danger of its exercising an influence on the minds of the boys. There is a story of one father of a boy at Eton who gravely declared that he did not know or recognize the Head-Master, and that he regarded Mr. Browning as the only person he had dealings with. Mr. Browning, however, was not a proprietor of Eton, but only a servant of the Governing Body. It is clear that it is only by the loyal co-operation of the various members of the staff of a public school that the work of such a place can possibly be carried on; and, on the whole, we think Mr. Oscar Browning's friends had better let this subject alone. There is perhaps no class of men for whom strict discipline and subordination are so much required as for young men who leave the Universities to assume comparatively dignified and lucrative positions in the public schools; and it is obviously dangerous that schoolboys, of all people in the world, should be exposed to the influence of examples of successful insubordination.

THE BRISTOL ICONOCLASTS.

MR. CARLYLE once described the population of the British Isles as consisting of thirty millions of people, mostly fools. And assuredly the recent proceedings with reference to the removal of certain statues at the west porch of the Cathedral of Bristol show that there is a considerable number of the inhabitants of that ancient city who can claim no exemption from the application of the obnoxious epithet, which might have been thought some days ago to be rather sweeping in its condemnation.

A disturbance originating with a few ignorant people, amongst whom, we are sorry to say, was found a sprinkling of what are usually designated as respectable householders, has risen from the rank of a mere local quarrel to the importance of a national grievance. We doubt much whether, even in Bristol, the matter would have been regarded in any other light than as the action of a few fanatics, if it had not been for the recent unwise utterances of Lord Penzance on the general subject of images, processions, and the like. When a judge in a civil court takes upon himself the functions of a theologian, and decides that such and such images, pictures, &c. shall not be used in churches, because they describe events which he cannot himself find in the pages of Holy Writ, there is perhaps some excuse to be urged for less learned persons taking upon themselves to decide that images of ecclesiastics who lived after the canon of Scripture was completed shall not stand at the entrance to their cathedral. At least they might excuse their alarm, whether real or imaginary, that the statues of the four great doctors of the Western Church were likely to be adored by the very religious or superstitious people of the nineteenth century, by pleading the dictum of a judge who avowed his fears of the same, and who certainly could defend himself by the authority of the unknown Calvinist of the reign of Elizabeth who penned the homily on the Peril of Idolatry.

As in the case of many other senseless disturbances, it would not be easy to say when or where this folly precisely originated; neither does it matter much. As regards the persons concerned in it, few probably have ever heard their names beyond their immediate neighbourhood. Iconoclasts have in all ages been more famed for zeal than learning, for promptness of action than for maturity of deliberation. No one, therefore, need be surprised to learn that among the more prominent persons in the fray is one who in a published tract showed himself entirely ignorant of the distinction between St. Augustine of Hippo and his less celebrated namesake of Canterbury, or that another should at a public meeting have seriously argued against Ritualism on the ground that the Sermon on the Mount contained no allusion to music, vocal or instrumental. Indeed, when it is remembered that the churches of the city are almost

without exception held by the Simeon Trustees for the express purpose of promoting Puritanism, one need not be surprised to find that the party has a certain amount of following among the more ignorant of the laity. It was a Bristol incumbent who some years ago brought a charge of "Puseyism" against the quiet-going Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for introducing Romish saints into the Calendar of the Prayer-Book, and who, when challenged to prove his assertion, triumphantly pointed to the 24th of August, and added, "I should like to know who ever heard of St. Barthol." And, now that we have invented all the excuse that we can find for the iconoclastic fury which has led to the demolition of the figures of the west porch of Bristol Cathedral, we must say a few words of the statues themselves and the Chapter who have made themselves so conspicuously obedient to an uneducated clamour.

The restoration of Bristol Cathedral has often been referred to in our pages, but we have no wish now to revive the controversies of a former period. Mr. Wait, a leading citizen of Bristol, and at the present moment member for Gloucester, has contributed munificently to the undertaking, the whole of the new porch, with the statues of the four doctors of the Western Church, being his especial gift. Mr. Street has acted as architect, and the figures were carved by Mr. Redfern. Certainly it would be difficult to fix upon the names of persons more entirely free from suspicion of any Romeward tendencies than those of these gentlemen. The figures of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, and St. Ambrose are treated of course in the usual conventional way. So unimportant were the details that the architect left the particular kind of ornamentation to the sculptor; and we have not heard it alleged that this gentleman is in immediate communication with the Papal authorities. Mr. Street himself observes that, if the objections applied to the emblems, and not to the men represented, it would have been easy to modify them; but probably the objectors did not stop to inquire whether they disliked the saints or the mode in which they were represented, though perhaps the last ounce that broke the camel's back was the triple crown on the head of Gregory the Great. Perhaps there may have been some who would have condoned the rest, if it had not been for the addition of the Papal tiara and the supposed representation of a cardinal's hat upon the head of St. Jerome. It was like the appearance of the hunting-cap which Mrs. Briggs, after having conceded the point of the breeches and the boots, neither could nor would endure, and which was instantly consigned to the flames. It is not, however, probable that many of these gentlemen were capable of distinguishing nicely between the men and the emblems. Indeed one of them is represented as describing the Madonna "with the emblem" in her arms. The whole thing has to be treated, therefore, as an onslaught against images and statues in general. And it is curious to see how far iconoclastic zeal will still in the nineteenth century carry its votaries beyond their own principles. Probably, at the beginning of this century, the respectable Evangelical party who have so sadly degenerated into modern Puritanism would have hailed with delight the statues of these four doctors as representing men whom they rejoiced to honour for the protest they imagined them to countenance against modern Romish innovations. We can remember the time, not so very many years ago, when that party was active in disseminating religious tracts in some of which Gregory the Great figured as a person greatly to be honoured. Not only was there that pretty story of the Saint noticing the Saxon youths, and the conception of the mission of St. Augustine to Britain, but there was the stock argument against the Papal supremacy which has figured in so many books of controversy, that Gregory had declined the title of universal bishop. In fact, Gregory the Great was quite a popular character, and, though now the head and chief of the offence, was far more approved of, because far better known, than the other three. Not but that the three would have been very popular too, if people had but known a little more about them. St. Ambrose also is connected with a story, which has gained a good deal of currency, but whose truth we will not venture either to assert or to gainsay, to the effect that he was, jointly with St. Augustine, the author of the "Te Deum Laudamus" of the Prayer-book. Assuredly, too, St. Jerome is entitled to the lasting gratitude of all Protestants who value the dissemination of the Bible in the vulgar tongue for having been the indefatigable student who first translated the whole of it into a language more widely understood than those in which the Old and New Testaments were written, and which was in fact the vernacular of those on whose behalf he laboured. Lastly, St. Augustine himself is one whom modern Calvinism has always delighted to honour. Without attempting here to decide whether justly or not, the fact is undeniable that Calvin believed himself to be precisely of the mind of St. Augustine; and the Bishop of Hippo is the single father to whom Calvinists for three centuries have been able to appeal as affording some show, at least, of sanction for their doctrines of election and reprobation, and the indefeasibility of grace. As to the communism which did not stop short of mutilating the representation of that Gospel event, the visit of the Magi to Bethlehem—including the destruction of the figure of our Saviour in his Mother's arms, which must surely fall within the category of "Scripture characters" which the Dean sanctions—we had rather not trust ourselves to speak. The frame of mind which it betokens can only be adequately treated in language which had better be thought than printed.

It is no part of our province to enter on topics of theological controversy, but we cannot help thinking that Bristol iconoclasm has somewhat overshot its mark, and will find but little sympathy anywhere in the kingdom. Lovers of art have been terribly scandalized by the spectacle of the four statues being taken down and carted away. But, after all, it will be asked how came it to pass that a set of people who passed noisy and absurd resolutions, prefaced by still more absurd speeches, could succeed in gaining their end? The answer we have to give was forecast by Byron:—

Lo Alaric and Elgin did the rest.

In whatever hands it lay to remove the statues, it is certain that the persons who originated the movement would have been utterly powerless to effect anything if there had been a Dean and Chapter—we will not say equal to the crisis, for there was nothing worth calling a crisis—but possessed of the ordinary amount of common sense; and the promoters of the objection would scarcely have ventured to hound on their adherents to an act of desecration which it seems the Dean and Chapter have undertaken to perform for themselves. What the ringleaders of so-called Protestant opinion in Bristol would hardly have ventured to do has been quietly effected by the Chapter of the Cathedral. We say quietly, for orders were instantly given to erect a scaffolding for the purpose of taking down the statues. The instructions were given in the night, and the next day, when the clerk of the works came to inspect the progress of the restoration, the four statues were gone, and some of the rest of the work, which could not be removed, had been defaced. To their honour be it said, two of the four Canons have entered an indignant, though ineffectual, protest in the minutes of their proceedings, and the names of the three who have sanctioned this monstrous act of vandalism deserve to be handed down to posterity in company with that of the incendiary who set fire to the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus on the night when Alexander was born. The name of Herostratus would never have been immortalized in any manner but for this deed of wantonness. Let the names of the three perpetrators of this achievement should be forgotten, we will give them such publicity as it is in our power to bestow. The name of Canon Reeve is now for the first time famous, while that of his brother dignitary, Mr. Girdlestone, long known in connexion with social questions, seems destined to attain a similar notoriety in our ecclesiastical annals. As to Dean Elliott, all we have to say is that he once was, and is now no longer, Prolocutor of the Convocation of Canterbury. Of course the matter cannot rest where it is. At any time within our memory it would have been incumbent on those who value the character of the Church of England as an institution in harmony alike with Christianity, civilization, and history, and who are, however indirectly, interested in this particular work, to leave no remedy untried which could cancel an outrage which, if unredressed, would seem to commit that Church to proceedings only to be paralleled by the doings of Herostratus or Will Dowsing. But it is still more obligatory now not to sit still after the energy and good sense of the Dean of the adjacent diocese of Exeter—who, although himself a Low Churchman, is not as Dean Elliott—has succeeded in freeing the Church of England from the taint of iconoclastic Puritanism. As to the insult offered to the donor of the statues by the Dean and Canons whose corporate trust he believed himself to be benefiting, we do not say *noblesse oblige*, for we fear that we might be unintelligible.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

ONE feels something like compassion for those who are engaged in the pursuit of betting under difficulties. There is only one University boat-race in the year, and there are only two competitors, whose merits become unhappily too well known during the practice before the race. On the other hand, many persons like to back the University with which they are connected, and there is always the "chapter of accidents," although in recent years it has afforded little encouragement to speculation. A party of fifty representatives of the press, however pleasant in other respects, is perhaps open to the objection of being rather too select. Where everybody has a moderate share of observation and intelligence it unfortunately too often happens that everybody wants to be on the same side, and it is really heartrending to hear a gentleman exclaiming "I should like to lay three to one," when there is not within a hundred yards of him another gentleman young and enthusiastic enough to take the offer. The old-fashioned principle that members of the same calling should not eat each other has been exploded; but as everybody declines to be eaten on any pretext whatever, it comes to the same thing. The carrying capacity of a river steamboat is so limited that it is not possible to provide these wild animals of the press with provender, or, in other words, to supply every hungry lion with a tender and juicy ass. There is a story of a veteran jockey who always referred to a particular day as that on which he lost 500*l.*; by which he meant that, not having sufficient cash about him, he was unable to cover a bet, and thereby missed an opportunity of winning that amount.

There were two facts which inclined the public to favour Oxford before the crews appeared upon the Thames. Oxford won last year, and there were six of last year's men in the boat. For these or other reasons, some of the newspapers propagated the opinion that Oxford were the better crew, and this opinion was adopted to a considerable extent, as is shown by the quotation in *Bell's Life* of the 18th March of 7 to 4 on Oxford as the "latest London betting" on the boat-race. But after Monday, 20th March, when the crews were first seen at Putney, an impression prevailed that there was

not much to choose between them, and, before the week was out, Cambridge seemed likely to become the favourite. This promise was fulfilled within a few days, and the same newspaper on the 1st April quoted 5 to 4 on Cambridge as the "latest London betting." If these quotations represent any considerable amount of real transactions, there may have been a good deal of money made out of this race; but in this, as in other cases, it is the early bird that catches the worm, more particularly as the birds bear always a large proportion to the worms. The persons who laid 7 to 4 on Oxford before the crews came to Putney must have had exuberant confidence in somebody's power of observation and comparison, unless they trusted altogether, as perhaps they did, to the old oarsmen and to last year's victory. There is no impediment, except that opposed by storms and floods, to "watching trials" on the Isis or the Cam, or both; and that which is still opprobriously called "touting" on the Turf has become, in connexion with the river, an important branch of literary art. The vivisection of some unfortunate "No. 3" is performed with that indifference to the patient's feelings which distinguishes the devotee of science; and although many of the older members of the Universities think that too much fuss is now made about these youngsters, it must be allowed that their limbs and the use they make of them are commented upon with a frankness that is not always flattering. So much is now thought, said, and written about this race that it almost seems as if some reaction from the interest excited by it must be imminent. Except the few scores of persons who occupy the attendant steamers, nobody now sees much of the race; but they see as much as they see of the Derby, and they understand more: and if weather favours, the consumption of chicken and champagne proceeds equally at both festivals. Probably the people collected along the banks and on the river are among the last in England to learn the result of the race of which they have seen some part. They must depend generally on the first steamboat which comes down the river after the finish; but on this occasion, unless they were very near the starting-place, they could not be in much doubt as to who would be the winners. Perhaps this suspense, so far as it exists, is pleasant, and therefore we hesitate to suggest that it would be easy to contrive a system of signalling along the course. This holiday differs from others in depending on a single event for its excitement, and therefore it may be good economy to make that excitement last as long as possible. When the race is over and the result is known, there is nothing left but to go home, and the only remaining source of interest lies in the chance that yourself or somebody else in a boat may be run into by a steamer and upset. Considering that all sorts of persons in all sorts of boats go upon the river on that day, and that some of them take more than is good for them to drink, the general immunity from accidents is wonderful. There was at least one case last Saturday of a boat being struck by the paddle of a steamer and upset. The three youths who were in it were rescued without difficulty, and they owed their ducking to their own carelessness and flurry.

What are called Inter-University contests have become almost as great a nuisance as International Exhibitions. There is a billiard match and a chess match, and we know not what other matches, and the newspapers talk of dark and light blue as if all these "events" were developments of the boat-race. The only novelty that remains possible is an Inter-University spelling-bee, and perhaps it might turn out that in such a contest the "form" shown by the "teams" would be as moderate as we are told it sometimes is at chess and billiards. If it is in vain to complain of what is established, we may at least express the hope that the older members of the Universities will strenuously oppose any further extension of these unpleasantly public contests. The time consumed by them is enormous, and parents no doubt feel a burden of which it would be difficult to complain. The crews arrived at Putney on Monday, the 20th March, and the race was rowed on Saturday, the 8th April, so that three weeks have been entirely devoted to this one contest, to say nothing of the time occupied in preliminary practice on home waters. There is mischief not only in this large interference with the pursuits which are still supposed to be more properly part of education, but also in the publicity of all the proceedings of the crews at Putney, and in the mixing up of these young men with what are called the "market operations" of the betting world. We observe that the *Times* makes a sort of apology for recording the daily practice of the crews at Putney, and although we do not expect any newspaper to close its columns to this sort of writing, barren and unprofitable as for the most part it is, yet we think that some good might be done by a general agreement among contributors to the press to put aside the betting element in these contests. The persons who choose to bet 3 to 1 on Oxford or Cambridge can of course do so, but there is no necessity that these transactions should be publicly recorded. *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia.* This principle belongs to an age very far from squeamish, and it at least means this, that not everything that men do need be talked about where boys can hear. Law, and we think public opinion also, has lately set itself against betting, even on horse-races, being made an open business, and it must be remembered that the reasons, whatever may be their value, in favour of permitting betting on horse-races, have no application to the boat-race. The prohibition of betting-offices was enacted by a Parliament which certainly had no intention to prohibit betting; and on the same principle there might be a general understanding not to give more importance than can be helped to this branch of the proceedings at Putney. The boat-race is in this respect more objectionable than the cricket-matches which succeed it, because there is not the same protracted preparation for these matches, and as spring changes into summer the attention of the sporting world becomes conveniently divided. But if there should be any disposition to give additional notoriety to "market operations" on cricket or other matches in which the Universities take part, we would hope that the considerations to which we have adverted may restrain it. To put the matter plainly, the boat-race has been quite sufficiently vulgarized, and the line should be drawn now. We regret to observe that the practice of reporting speeches at the dinner which follows the boat-race, after having almost died away, has been to some extent revived. This matter, at any rate, is within the control of those who arrange the dinner, and they would do well to enforce the rule of non-publicity. It is very difficult for anybody to say anything beyond well-worn platitudes on such occasions, and we clearly think that the Universities lose more than the world gains by reporting the speeches of the captains and the coaches.

The representatives of the press have done their best to observe and record for public use what the public with its own eyes could not see. But there could not well have been a more uneventful race than that of last Saturday. Some critics have dealt more leniently than others with faults of steering which, as they could not have affected the issue of the race, need not be further dwelt upon. Since the river has been kept clear, or nearly clear, of boats and barges, the difficulties of steering have been greatly diminished; or rather the unknown and incalculable class of difficulties have been diminished; and the three weeks spent at Putney ought to impart a considerable familiarity with those difficulties which are permanent, or at least depend on permanent causes, such as winds, tides, and currents. The issue of a close race is no longer at the mercy of an obstinate bargee or clumsy amateur oarsman; but still there are many gifts of nature which go to make up a good coxswain besides that of weighing under 7½ stone. It was generally thought after the first half-mile that Cambridge was going rather faster, and considerably better, than Oxford, and after the first mile that which had been opinion more or less confident became manifest fact. We of course remember races that have been won by the crew which did not lead through Hammersmith Bridge going up stream, and, what is much more remarkable, we could mention one race which was won by the crew which did not lead at the Crabtree coming down stream. But in those years there happened to be two nearly equal crews, which was not the case this year. We could call to mind several years in which the Cambridge boat was as distinctly marked beforehand to lose as this year it was to win. One of the best features of this contest is its evenness. Oxford has still one race "to the good," which she owes to the unbroken successes of those nine years when she seemed to have a monopoly of correct and powerful style. Cambridge men who remember the crews of former years must be greatly struck with the circumstance that there were five oars from the same "small" College in the winning boat. Last year the usual elements of Trinity and St. John's prevailed; but even then the only two "small" College men came from Jesus, which has now supplied the majority of the successful crew. It is a good sign for the interest of rowing generally at Cambridge when it has some University oars not belonging to the two large Colleges. It was said, and probably with truth, that practice was more interfered with at Oxford than at Cambridge this year by floods. The fact is that at Cambridge generally there is a very small river to a great many boats, and it is easier to do with too much water than too little. But, if practice at Oxford was impeded, it is not easy to understand why the Oxford crew were made strong favourites in the betting before the boats came to Putney. It would be an error, however, to suppose that backers are always rational, and we certainly do not pity the losses which folly incurs. Unfortunately, what one loses another wins, and we fear that the appetite for speculation on the boat-race will be sharpened by this year's experience.

LIEUTENANT CAMERON'S EXPEDITION.

THE account given by Lieutenant Cameron of his expedition is highly interesting, and the Geographical Society does good service to the country by receiving and approving his report of African exploration. His journey extended over 3,000 miles, and he was continually, or with very short intervals, on the tramp for two years and eight months, and was exposed to all vicissitudes of climate and all kinds of hardship and danger. As regards vicissitudes of climate, perhaps Lieutenant Cameron had not seen the last or worst of them when he left Africa, and we doubt whether anything could be much more dangerous than the change of weather in London between Saturday and Wednesday last. Sir Henry Rawlinson declares that the observations made by Lieutenant Cameron are of extraordinary value, and he expects that the result of them will be that a definite line will be laid down from sea to sea which will serve as a basis for all further exploration of equatorial Africa. Besides circumnavigating Lake Tanganyika and discovering its outlet into the river Lualaba, he has "as nearly as possible" identified this river Lualaba with the Congo. He collected fresh information rendering it matter, not perhaps of positive certainty, but of the highest probability, that the two rivers are one and the same. It seems that he has also discovered a new political power in the chief Kasongo, the most

powerful potentate in equatorial Africa, and he has thus tracked the slave-trade to its fountain-head; for it is with this chief that negotiations for its suppression must be carried on. The Society have unanimously decided that Lieutenant Cameron is entitled to the first place among the geographers of the time, and they have accordingly presented him with the principal gold medal for the year. Among many valuable services performed by naval officers on shore, Lieutenant Cameron's exploration of Central Africa claims a high place, and, considering that he has travelled 3,000 miles on land, he would be well entitled, among other honorary distinctions, to the Colonelcy of the Horse Marines.

We take up Lieutenant Cameron's narrative at his arrival on the shore of Lake Tanganyika. Such, he says, was the immensity of the view, that he fancied the grey lake to be sky, and the mountains of Ugoma in the distance to be clouds. After cruising on the lake and examining many of its tributary rivers, he landed at Kasengé on the western bank of the lake, and thence commenced a march which terminated on the western coast at Benguela. Thus, he started from Zanzibar on the east coast, and crossed the continent to the west coast by a track which lay generally between 6° and 14° of South latitude. It is difficult to trace his route more exactly without reference to the maps which illustrated his address. But we know that he traversed the watershed between the river Zambesi which reaches the eastern coast at about 18° S. and the river Congo, which reaches the western coast at about 5° S. After leaving Kasengé the first country he reached was Uguhha. The clothing of the people of this country appeared to him remarkably scanty, but, compared with what he saw further on, was very ample. It enabled him to observe elaborate tattooing on the women's stomachs. From Uguhha he crossed the mountains of Bambarra, and on arriving at their foot came into a completely new style of country. The huts were all built in long low streets, and rows of oil-palms were planted down the centre. He was detained three weeks at Nyungwe, and thence went by invitation to the camp of a chief named Tipo-Tipo, about eight marches south of Nyungwe. At Tipo-Tipo's camp he heard of a lake which he believed to be the Lake Chebungo, or Lincoln, of Livingstone. Leaving Tipo-Tipo's camp, he went nearly south, going close along the right bank of the Lomami. At many places the people were very friendly, but at others it had been reported that no caravans came near them for any other purpose than getting slaves, and the villages were consequently deserted, and the party was often in difficulties about food. There were also manifestations of hostility, and Lieutenant Cameron, although proceeding with the utmost moderation and forbearance, was obliged, like other explorers of this country, to kill and wound a few savages for the advancement of civilization. As the party were passing through a strip of jungle some people began shooting at them, and an arrow glanced off Lieutenant Cameron's leather coat. He ran the shooter down and gave him a thrashing, but would not allow any of his people to fire in return. He walked straight up to some natives who were in front of him and tried to make a palaver, in which after a time he was successful, and he went on with these natives as the best of friends. In the afternoon women and children came about the camp selling food, and everybody seemed most friendly, and during the night Lieutenant Cameron's pet goat disappeared. Next morning he went into the village to inquire for the goat, a large body of natives collected and began shouting, and at last Lieutenant Cameron allowed two or three shots to be fired, and one native was wounded in the leg. Then there was a parley, Lieutenant Cameron evacuated that village, was harassed throughout his march, and compelled at the end of it to storm another village to obtain shelter for the night. Only four of his men followed him, two or three remained with the stores, and the rest ran away; but as the natives ran the other way, victory remained with the invaders. He burned all the village except four huts, which he fortified and occupied five days. The guide told him he must shoot some of the natives before he could get out of his prison, and at last he was forced to use his gun. "The report of my heavy rifle they soon learned to respect." Lieutenant Cameron has not shot so many men as Mr. Stanley, nor has he written so eloquently about his shootings; but all these explorations necessarily involve bloodshed. A few natives must be killed for the benefit of the whole race. At the end of five days Lieutenant Cameron made peace, his enemies having been frightened by some of their number being killed and wounded. The result of these interruptions was that he had to content himself with a distant view of the lake.

Shortly afterwards he met a chief named Kwarumba marching with a string of slaves. Fifty or sixty wretched women carried heavy loads of plunder, and some of them had babies in their arms. These women represented as many as forty or fifty destroyed villages, of which the male inhabitants had been killed or driven into the jungle. The Portuguese half-castes and the black traders are brutal in the treatment of their slaves; the Arabs, as a rule, treat them kindly. All the country now traversed was very beautiful with hills and woods, and marvellously fertile, but it is defaced by the cruelty of man. The slaves taken from it are carried, not to the coast, but to Sekilitu's country, where, population being scanty, they are exchanged for ivory, and this is sent to the coast, whence perhaps it comes to England, and, bought with the tears of women, adorns some lady's drawing-room. Here, says Lieutenant Cameron, his party began to rise out of the broad valley of the Lualaba, and, as they came to the height of about 2,600 feet above the sea, the oil-palm ceased to flourish. He crossed the route by which Dr. Livingstone passed from Sekilitu's country to Loanda, and found that the people remembered him from his having had a riding ox. At the town of Bike, which is laid down on comparatively old maps, Lieutenant Cameron reached the verge of that civilization which has been diffused from Portuguese settlements. The chief called himself King Antonio Kaguombé, and he was fully aware of the importance of dress in the ceremonies of a Court. The Royal Guards at the palace gates wore red waistcoats with white backs. Whether they wore anything else Lieutenant Cameron does not inform us. Some had bows, others had spears, and a few had old flint-lock muskets. At the Court only a stool was provided for Lieutenant Cameron to sit upon, so he sent for his own chair, apparently with the laudable purpose of maintaining the dignity of the country which for the time he represented. The royal chair was covered with leather and studded with brass nails. The King wore a suit of black clothes, an old wideawake hat, and a Scotch plaid, but had no boots, and was very drunk. He informed his visitors that he was quite a superior kind of chief, and ought to have a corresponding present; but as Lieutenant Cameron had been long upon the road, he should not expect much then, but must be remembered if his visitor came that way again. He also mentioned that he had finer clothes than those in which he appeared, and that his likeness had been sent to Lisbon. He brought out a bottle of aguardiente, and gave the company a drink round, taking care to have the largest sip himself. It is not surprising to find that a native chief thus familiar with the usages of polite society had European neighbours within a day's march.

These details have only the usual interest of travel in a new country; and as regards the important discoveries for which Lieutenant Cameron was thanked by the Geographical Society, we are obliged to take them for the most part on trust. He believes the main point of his discovery to be the connexion of Lake Tanganyika with the Congo system of rivers. Yet this connexion is merely proved by arguments, and has not been seen. "The Lukuga runs out of the Tanganyika. . . . The levels I have taken prove most conclusively that it can have nothing whatever to do with the Nile." If this is not yet clear, it soon will be, as other explorers are certain to follow in Lieutenant Cameron's track, and perhaps, as the Admiralty have many young and active officers unemployed, they might like to fit out a cruising expedition for Central Africa. It would be easy to give a proper nautical character to the party by equipping it with boats neatly packed for use on Lake Tanganyika and the rivers, and any blunders that might occur would be of a new kind, and that at any rate would be refreshing. That "opening up" of Africa to legitimate commerce which Lieutenant Cameron desires would put an end to the necessity which he, like other travellers, experienced of paying tribute to native chiefs. Perhaps we should rather say that the same thing would continue under slightly different form and name, for even in Europe travellers do in effect pay tribute, whether in the shape of hotel bills or otherwise, to the occupants of interesting localities. Already the African chiefs know a better trick than direct force to exact toll from passengers. They and their people simply disappear, removing or destroying all provisions, and they trust that the strangers must either come to terms with them or starve, in which case there will be a pretty spoil of arms and stores. It appears that the Portuguese, who first introduced the slave-trade into Africa, are now its principal supporters. "The great chief Kasongo" is ready to give any man leave for a present of two or three guns to go and destroy as many villages and catch for slaves as many people as he can, and the necessary bribe is certain to be forthcoming from those who are directly or indirectly interested in the slave-trade. The pictures which Lieutenant Cameron gives of the country through which he passed, and the game he found, will be attractive to sportsmen. One morning he saw a couple of lions six or seven hundred yards distant, trotting quietly home after a night out. If there should be an influx of sportsmen into Central Africa, that would be a civilizing agency, and besides there are missionaries and enterprising traders. If King Antonio Kaguombé wore a Scotch plaid, other produce of Scotland might perhaps find a market in his territory. From various causes it may be expected that our knowledge of the upper waters of the Congo will soon cease to be conjectural.

JOHN BERNARD DALGAIRNS.

THE obituary of the *Times* a few days ago included the name of "the Rev. John Bernard Dalgairns, priest of the London Oratory, aged 57." The announcement will of course have an interest for Roman Catholic readers, while to many others also who remember the Oxford of thirty or forty years ago the name of Dalgairns will suggest cherished recollections and associations of the past. Mr. Dalgairns took his degree in 1839, when his name appears in the same class-list with Professor Jowett, Bishop Fraser of Manchester, Dr. Kay, and Dr. Anderdon, a nephew of Cardinal Manning's, who has since become a Jesuit; and he was one of the first batch of Tractarian converts who followed Dr. Newman in 1845 across the Rubicon. Oxford has passed since then through at least three stages of religious transition. When the advance of the Tractarian revival was arrested for the time by the secession of its principal leaders, there set in a period of theological stagnation, which may be said to have lasted till about 1851. The backwater of this great movement, which Dr. Whately had characteristically christened "Newmania," was still felt, but its first force was spent, and in the turn of the tide "the Oxford of

the *Lyra Apostolica*," as it has been observed with considerable truth, "was slowly giving way to the Oxford whose spirit is best reflected by the poems of Clough and Matthew Arnold." Some exception might perhaps be taken to the coupling of two such incongruous names, though both represent a spirit the reverse of Tractarian; but the statement of fact is substantially accurate. With the second half of the century there began at Oxford what may be considered as a reaction against the movement of 1833, which culminated in 1860 with the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, emanating from seven writers of whom five either had been or still were residents and office-bearers in the University. One conspicuous effect of the change, however little intended by those who were instrumental in introducing it, was a sensible diminution in the supply of Oxford graduates, and especially of classmen, for the ministry of the Church. The party for the time in the ascendant, though far from deficient in men of high ability, can hardly be said to have had a leader in the sense in which Dr. Newman had been the leader of that which it had superseded. Mr. Jowett was for the time its hero, on account of the long quarrel about the endowment of the Greek professorship; but neither he nor Dr. Stanley, who then held a chair and canonry at Oxford, and whose social capabilities are unquestioned, was exactly fitted to wear the mantle which the author of Tract XC. had dropped. On the Broad Church reaction supervened a revival, we will not say of Tractarianism—for the Tracts had become things of the past—nor will we call it by the foolish *sobriquet* of Ritualism, which is at all events singularly inappropriate in describing its academical phase. A High Church revival however there was, by whatever name it may be best designated, the force of which is by no means spent. Mr. Pattison, in a recent article in *Mind*, has contrasted it, with some bitterness, with the original movement of 1833, as substituting for intellect and learning the domination of an "ecclesiastical ring." So far, of course, he is right, that there is no leader now with the transcendent gifts of Dr. Newman; but into that controversy we need not enter further here. Our object has been merely to sketch the successive waves of religious thought which have passed over the life of Oxford since Mr. Dalgairns was a member of Exeter College, and one of the most promising among Dr. Newman's younger disciples.

When the crash came in 1841, and Dr. Newman bowed before the storm of academical and ecclesiastical censure, he did not, as is well known, resolve at once on his final step, but retired for awhile to Littlemore, with a band of chosen friends and followers, several of whom did, while some did not, eventually accompany him in his secession. Conspicuous among these "monks," as they were sometimes rather absurdly called, were Mr. Dalgairns and Mr. Anthony Froude, both of whom took part in the Littlemore series of *Lives of the English Saints*, to which Dean Milman refers in his *Latin Christianity* as admirable for their "research and exquisite charm of style," though he complains of their unhistorical character. It is certainly not very easy to recognize the future author of the *English History* in the biographer of St. Neot, though Dean Milman's charge would be applied by many critics to both works alike. By general consent, however, one of the most popular of these biographies was that to which Dean Milman more especially refers, the *Life of St. Stephen Harding*, written by Mr. Dalgairns, who had already challenged attention by his article on Dante in the *British Critic*. His style, as was natural under the circumstances, bore evident marks of the influence of Dr. Newman, though he could not be said to equal that great master of pure English; while, on the other hand, he had too much originality to be merely an even unconscious copyist. In 1858 Dr. Newman finally quitted Oxford and the Church of England, and of those who went with him the two best known, and best deserving to be known, at the time and since, were Faber and Dalgairns. Faber passed away in 1863, after a long and painful illness; and the grave has now closed over his intimate friend and associate for many years, who succeeded him in the headship of the London Oratory. In some respects the two men were very unlike each other. Faber was naturally a poet and orator, and his impassioned delivery of "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll," in the Harrow Speech-room was remembered long afterwards by his schoolfellows; we are not aware that Mr. Dalgairns ever wrote a line of poetry in his life. As a preacher he lacked the persuasive eloquence and musical intonation of voice which would have made Faber a favourite anywhere, and which helped to account for the large gathering of Protestants, as well as of his own congregation, round the pulpit of the London Oratory whenever he was announced to preach; but in power of thought his sermons were fully equal to Faber's, while in philosophical and historical depth he surpassed him.

There is little of interest to record in Mr. Dalgairns's life after his conversion to the Romish Church. He spent some years abroad in studying theology, and was ordained in France. On his return to England he again joined his old master, Dr. Newman, who was then founding the Oratory at Birmingham; and he was subsequently allied with Faber in the establishment of a branch of the same institution in London, of which he remained a member to the last, though for some years past failing health, induced by overwork of the brain, had unfitted him for active work. To the outer world he was chiefly known as an able and acute, though not prolific, author. Besides occasional contributions on philosophical questions to the *Contemporary Review* and other periodicals, he published two works displaying considerable historical as well as theological research, and an interesting Essay on "Tauler and the German Mystics," which originally appeared in the *Dublin Review*. His earliest Roman Catholic work on the *Sacred Heart* has all the charm of style which won Dean Milman's admiration in the *Life of St. Stephen Harding*; but the Introduction on the history of Jansenism, able and interesting as it certainly is, shows rather the skill of a brilliant advocate than the judgment of a critical historian, though it does not deserve the very severe censure pronounced on it by Dr. Neale, whose strong bias in favour of the Jansenists puts him also out of court as an impartial witness. Both writers require the correction of some really independent authority, such as Mr. Jervis's admirable *History of the Church of France*. The subject of Mr. Dalgairns's principal work, on the *Holy Communion*, offers less scope for religious partisanship, and it contains much of interest to students both of theology and ecclesiastical history, whether they happen to agree with all the writer's conclusions or not. His intellectual tastes seem through life to have lain chiefly in a metaphysical direction, and it is to be regretted that he had not fuller leisure and opportunity for utilizing his familiarity with the general course of modern thought in this subject-matter, and especially his knowledge of the great German metaphysicians. Such acquirements are not too common even in the present day, and are essential for the discussion of many questions which from different points of view have a pressing claim on the attention alike of the philosopher and the Christian apologist. Among English Roman Catholics, Mr. Dalgairns, so far as we are aware, stood almost alone in these, his most characteristic aptitudes. We do not forget Mr. Renouf; but his specialities are not exactly of the same kind, and unfortunately the absorbing duties of a School Inspector leave him little leisure for prosecuting them. It is certainly a noteworthy circumstance that, with the exception of Cardinal Wiseman, all the Roman Catholic writers who have attained any celebrity in this country during the last half-century have been converts, and this remark applies as much to theological as to general literature. It suggests one or two reflections which we must be content, in conclusion, rather to indicate than to work out here.

It has been observed that converts always bring to their adopted faith much more than they gain from it. The statement can at best only be received with considerable qualifications. There are converts and converts, as also there are very great differences between one religious system and another. If "the zeal of a renegade" is proverbial, it is often so entirely disproportioned to either his knowledge or discretion as to be a very questionable acquisition to the cause he has undertaken to support. On the other hand, some systems are so thoroughly rotten that no infusion of fresh blood can be of much service to them, while rival communions are not likely to gain much from the accession of any neophytes trained under them. The Eastern Church, for instance, is probably in want of a good deal of internal reform, but it could not expect much help for that purpose from a contingent of Turkish proselytes. In the particular case we are considering the Tractarian converts, among whom Mr. Dalgairns held a prominent place, did unquestionably bring to their adopted Church an accession of moral and intellectual power out of all proportion to the mere increase of numerical strength. Fresh from the best culture Oxford had to bestow, and having many of them taken the fullest advantage of it, their enthusiasm, however vehement and one-sided, was backed by a solid reinforcement of learning and ability which could not fail to tell. We believe we are correct in saying that about thirty years ago the English Roman Catholics had no single public [illegible] standing. As it happened, two publishers of [illegible] were among the earliest converts, and in every [illegible] easier to do [illegible] literature, from the slender novelette "with a [illegible] at Oxford ladies delight to write as well as read, to the [illegible] logical treatise, convert authors supplied the wares for their [illegible] cus[illegible]. We may add that, again with the solitary exception of C[illegible]man, their leading preachers came to be exclusively conve[illegible] Protestants who would never before have dreamed of enter[illegible] Roman Catholic place of worship—unless it were to hear wha[illegible] used to call "the shilling opera"—came in large numbers to [illegible]en to them. There is of course another side to the picture, which is naturally suggested by the news of the removal of another leading author and preacher of the convert body from the scene. The temporary gain to the Anglo-Roman communion has been manifest enough; but now for several years past there have been very few accessions to its ranks of any importance, if recruits are to be weighed as well as counted. It becomes therefore a question of some interest what will be the net result of the change which has passed over it, when the original generation of converts shall have died out. Even while we are writing, the news arrives from Rome of the death of another of the early Tractarian contingent, Mr. Simpson, whose *Life of Campion* was reviewed in our columns some years ago, and whose literary powers were of no mean order, while his sincere devotion to the faith he had embraced was not darkened by the slightest shade of theological bitterness, and his genial kindliness of disposition and social gifts endeared to him all who knew him. Dr. Newman still remains, and he is a host in himself. But is not his voice as of one crying in the wilderness, and might not the charge he once brought against the Church of his birth be repeated with equal truth against the Church of his adoption?—"Those who would toil for thee thou dost gaze upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loathe as an offence; at best thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them as easily as thou mayest.

Thou makest them 'stand all the day idle,' as the very condition of thy bearing with them." Those who have seen a recent article in the *Dublin Review*, which was noticed at the time in our columns, will be able to supply the comment for themselves.

PRIVILEGED COMMUNICATIONS.

A CASE has occurred lately in which a jury accepted with reluctance a judge's ruling as to what the law calls privileged communications, and it may be useful to illustrate this subject by reference to one or two earlier cases in which it was discussed. In a well-known case the mate of a ship wrote to a friend in London an elaborate and in great part fabulous account of his captain's drunkenness on a coasting voyage. The friend, after consulting two persons well qualified to advise him, determined to show this letter to the owner of the ship. He did show it, and the owner dismissed the captain, who thereupon brought an action against the recipient of the letter for publishing a libel. The judge told the jury at the trial that the occasion and circumstances under which the communication of this letter took place were such as to furnish a legal excuse for making the communication; and that the inference of malice which the law *primâ facie* draws from the bare act of publishing any statement false in fact, containing matter to the reproach and prejudice of another, was thereby rebutted; and that the plaintiff, to entitle himself to a verdict, must show malice in fact. The jury were directed to find their verdict for the defendant if they thought the communication was strictly honest on his part, and made solely in the execution of what he believed to be a duty; but for the plaintiff, if they thought the communication was made from any indirect motive whatever, or from any malice against the plaintiff. The question was argued at great length whether this direction was correct, and one of the judges laid down, in reference to privileged communications, these two rules:—

1. If the defendant had had any personal interest in the subject matter to which the letter related, as, if he had been a part owner of the ship, or an underwriter on the ship, or had had any property on board, the communication of the letter would have been privileged.

2. If the danger disclosed by the letter either to the ship or the cargo or the ship's company had been so immediate as that the disclosure to the shipowner was necessary to avert such danger, then, upon the ground of social duty, by which every man is bound to his neighbour, the defendant would not only have been justified in making the disclosure, but would have been bound to make it.

These two rules would be generally accepted, but the difficulty lies in their application. Another judge said, in the same case, that, if the property of the shipowner was at stake on the one hand, the character of the captain was at stake on the other, and this judge thought that the duty of the defendant not to publish concerning the captain defamatory matter which he did not know to be true was quite as strong as the duty to communicate to the shipowner that which he believed to be true. The Court was equally divided in opinion, and the defendant, who had obtained the verdict, kept it; so that in this case the communication was allowed to be privileged.

In another case, which occurred about the same time, the plaintiff, who was a wheelwright, had contracted for the purchase of some timber, which was just about to be delivered at his yard, when the seller of the timber met the defendant, who told him that the plaintiff was in insolvent circumstances. An action was brought for these words as slander of the plaintiff in the way of his trade, and the judge held that there was no privilege, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff. In this case also the Court was equally divided; but here the plaintiff, having got the verdict, kept it. The judge who tried the case thought that the communication might have been privileged if made *bonâ fide* in answer to inquiries addressed to the defendant as to the credit and circumstances of the plaintiff; but as the defendant volunteered the information, there was no privilege. This opinion ultimately prevailed.

An older, but perhaps more useful, illustration of the same legal doctrine is afforded by a case of an action of slander for words spoken of the plaintiff as a journeyman carpenter on three different occasions. It appeared that the defendant, who was a tenant of a nobleman, required some work to be done on the premises occupied by him, and the plaintiff, who was generally employed by the nobleman's agent as a carpenter, was sent by him to do the work. He did it, but in a negligent manner; and during the progress of the work got drunk; and some circumstances occurred which induced the defendant to believe that the plaintiff had broken open the cellar-door, and so obtained access to his cider. The defendant a day or two afterwards met the plaintiff in the presence of a person named Taylor, and charged him with having broken open his cellar-door with a chisel, and also with having got drunk. The plaintiff denied the charge. The defendant said he would have it cleared up, and went to look for the agent. He afterwards returned and spoke to Taylor in the absence of the plaintiff; and in answer to a question by Taylor said he was confident that the plaintiff had broken open the door. On the same day the defendant saw the agent and complained to him that the plaintiff had been negligent in his work, had got drunk, and he thought he had broken open the door, and requested him to go with him in order to examine it. At the trial it was objected, on behalf of the defendant, that these were privileged communications. The judge thought that the statement to the agent might be so, but not the charge made in the presence of Taylor; and in respect of that charge and also of what was afterwards said to Taylor, the plaintiff had a verdict. On argument of rule for a new trial, the Court agreed with the judge who tried the case that the communication to the agent was protected, and that the statement made to Taylor in the plaintiff's absence was not; but the Court thought that the statement made to the plaintiff, though in the presence of Taylor, fell within the class of communications ordinarily called privileged; that is, cases where the occasion of the publication affords a defence in the absence of express or actual malice. The considered judgment of the Court of Exchequer in this case was delivered by the late Lord Wensleydale, and it is constantly referred to as a standard authority in this branch of law. The defendant, it will be seen, complained of the plaintiff's conduct in reference to work done by him on the defendant's premises. He complained to the plaintiff's employer, to the plaintiff in the presence of a third person, and to that same person in the plaintiff's absence. Supposing he could not prove the truth of that which he alleged, would he be liable in an action? We will not enter into the distinction between written libel and verbal slander, but will content ourselves with assuming that some, but not all, matters which would be actionable if written are also actionable if spoken. Premising this, we return to the judgment of Mr. Baron Parke, who says that in general an action lies for the malicious publication of statements which are false in fact and injurious to the character of another; and the law considers such publication as malicious, "unless it is fairly made by a person in the discharge of some public or private duty, whether legal or moral, or in the conduct of his own affairs in matters where his interest is concerned." In such cases, of which that of giving the character of a servant is the most common, the occasion prevents the inference of malice which the law draws from unauthorized communications, and affords a qualified defence depending upon the absence of actual malice. It will, we think, be easy to apply Lord Wensleydale's rule in most cases which arise in the ordinary affairs of life, and common sense will generally tell us whether that actual malice exists which takes away the usual privilege. Thus, in a case where the defendant was giving his reasons for not signing a memorial for continuing the plaintiff in the office of a sort of trustee or manager of parish lands, he said that the plaintiff had left some place without paying his debts. This was pertinent to the question in hand, and therefore was privileged. But, said one of the judges, if the defendant had stated that the plaintiff was in the habit of beating his wife, it might have been different. "Such communications," said Baron Parke, "if fairly warranted by any reasonable occasion or exigency, and honestly made, are protected for the common convenience and welfare of society; and the law has not restricted the right to make them within any narrow limits."

In the case which occurred a few days ago there was a conflict of evidence, and the jury appear to have ultimately adopted that view of the facts which would obviate any question of privilege. But such a question was discussed in the course of the case, and Chief Justice Cockburn stated the law applicable to it in terms which did not seem acceptable to the jury. The plaintiff was a solicitor who had been employed by the defendant on the recommendation of a person whom we will call A. B. in the business of taking a lease of a public-house. The action was for slander, and A. B. was called as a witness for the plaintiff, and said he asked the defendant how he got on in the matter of the public-house, and the defendant answered that the attorney recommended to him had made a blunder, and that he should sue him for negligence, and he blamed A. B. for recommending him an attorney unacquainted with such business; and A. B. stated that he understood the effect of the defendant's complaint to be a censure upon him for having recommended the plaintiff to him. The defendant gave a different version of the conversation, and the jury said, in answer to the judge, that they thought that A. B. might not have correctly recollected what was said. We do not enter further into the facts, and will treat the case as if it were an imaginary one contrived to illustrate the law. It comes, then, to this, that my friend has recommended a solicitor to me whom I have employed, and who has, I think, blundered in my business; and I complain to my friend that he recommended to me an unskilful and careless lawyer. If an action is brought against me for slander, am I bound to justify my words? Suppose that I meet my friend, and he asks me whether I am satisfied with the solicitor he recommended, and I answer that I am not, and give my supposed reason. It appears that in this case there would be privilege. Suppose, again, that I meet my friend, and, before I am asked any question, I tell him that the solicitor he recommended to me has blundered. It appears that in this case there would be no privilege. The distinction may be thought refined, but there will always be cases which lie very close on one side or the other of any line that may be laid down. Mr. Baron Parke, as we have seen, elaborately discussed similar distinctions in the case of a journeyman carpenter, and he distinguished between complaining to the man himself alone, to the man himself in the presence of another person, and to another person in the man's absence. The recent case was that of complaining to another person in the solicitor's absence, but there was the further element that that person had recommended him. The question seems to be whether there is any interest or duty to make the communication, and if I thought, however absurdly, that I was entitled to compensation

from my friend who had given the recommendation, that would probably suffice, for "the law has not restricted the right to make such communications within any narrow limits." But still it is a good general rule to abstain from voluntary communications, except, indeed, in cases of great apparent urgency. In the case of alleged misconduct of the captain of a ship some of the judges seemed to think that there was, and others that there might be, a degree of urgency which would have justified showing the mate's letter. In the case as to a wheelwright's solvency it is clear that, if what was said had been said in answer to a question, it would have been privileged. But it was volunteered, and that, in the opinion of some judges, made the difference. They would have said that one party to the conversation had an interest to hear, but the other had no duty to state, anything as to this person's solvency. The only safe practical rule appears to be to avoid, as far as possible, voluntary statements affecting other people's character and conduct.

AN EXPLODED IDOL.

THERE is a perhaps not unnatural ambition on the part of a certain class of aspiring minds to be select and peculiar. They cannot bear to be mixed up with the common multitude. That a thing is good in itself is not enough for them, if the good of it happens to be equally clear to everybody else. What they want is something which they can appreciate in a close and exclusive manner, so as to show the superiority of their own taste and discretion over that of the world at large. The misfortune of this class of people is of course that, if a thing is really good, it is so difficult to keep it quiet. By and by the truth gets out, and everybody joins in the worship, which immediately loses its flavour for the select devotees who formerly had their idol to themselves. The best thing to do in such a case is to keep the idol as much as possible in the dark, and to be content to brag about its miraculous character in a vague, mysterious way, without giving any proofs which may be questioned. But after a time this fails to satisfy even the most spiritual minds. The world is usually more or less incredulous, and the testimony of a sect is apt to be not very impressive as far as other people are concerned. Besides, there is much force in the argument, "If this wonderful thing of which you tell us is really so wonderful, why do you keep it shut up? Why don't you give us all the benefit of it?" The natural, and perhaps the logical, answer is that the outer world is not sufficiently educated to appreciate the wonder; that a preliminary course of training and meditation is necessary, and that the dazzling effect on eyes unaccustomed to such splendour would be apt to be blinding. It seems to us that this is a very strong position for the sort of idolaters of whom we are speaking to take up; and as long as they keep to it they are safe. They see what they see in their object of worship, because they bring to the study of it certain prepossessions and convictions which enable them to see it, or fancy they see it. Everybody knows that if in a dreamy way you look in the grate, you can, if you choose, see frowning chasms of pine-clad rock, glorious old castles, or radiant landscapes bathed in the ruddy glow of the setting sun. Only enthusiasts of this kind had, perhaps, better not call the attention of sober, practical-minded people to their romantic fancies. Where one sees a hawk another sees a whale, and the picturesque castles on rugged promontories are detected as mere smouldering cinders. Moreover, this sort of isolated satisfaction rarely contents people. They cannot thoroughly enjoy themselves with merely their own sense of enjoyment, and must have witnesses, if not participators. They would perhaps be sorry to have the vulgar body of humanity making themselves at home in the sacred precincts as they do themselves; but they would like to let the outside world have just such a glimpse of the holy of holies as would make them envy the devotees who had the right of entering into it, and would procure them respect and veneration as they passed through the streets, so that common people should say "Lo! these are they who know the inner mysteries, and who are not as other men." We can understand this feeling. It is, after all, human nature; but it is not the less illogical. Unfortunately logic and enthusiasm so seldom go together.

The professors of these secret mysteries should remember that, as long as they keep their idol behind a screen and are content merely to tell people what it is like, they are safe. Sceptics may doubt what they say, cynics may scoff; but they can always reply, "Yes, that is all very well, but you do not know what you are talking about; we do; we hear a voice you cannot hear, we see a hand you cannot see; and we cannot think of letting ordinary people into the sanctuary." This is the Spiritualists' game. Mediums are invariably passive before unbelievers; they bring out their wonders only in the presence of the faithful; and we must say that they show their worldly wisdom in adhering to this rule. A case has just occurred, however, of a mistake in the other direction, which, melancholy as it is, one may perhaps be permitted to refer to. There has for a long time been a good deal of mystic glorification of Blake, the mad painter. Some authorities have declared that he was the greatest poet who ever lived; others worship him as the peerless one in art. There can be no doubt that Blake was a man of genius. There are some of his lyrical pieces, especially his "Songs for Children," of exquisite simplicity and pathos. And as a painter he had no doubt occasionally a flash of curious inspiration. All the same he was hopelessly mad, and his madness is distinctly observable in the greater part both of his literary and artistic works. There is a story that when friends called upon him they had to be cautious how they approached his domicile, lest they should find his wife and himself in a state of airy freedom, which he himself described as "Only Adam and Eve," but which was apt to be staggering to people less thoroughly imbued with the spirit of primitive simplicity. Mr. Blake's profession was that of an artist, and he was a most industrious workman; but somehow his work was not appreciated by the public of his day. As one of his votaries remarks, we are afraid with too much truth, "he was reverentially admired within a narrow circle, and offered for public acceptance poems and pictures which encountered a superabundance of public rejection." The *cultc* of Blake has, however, descended to the present day. A class of artists who maintain their reputation by, perhaps wisely, keeping their pictures as much out of sight as possible, have taken up Blake as a matter of religion in the nearest approach to that frame of mind of which they are capable. For some years past the innocent public has been practised upon by writers of this kind, who have glorified Blake and insisted that Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, and other painters conventionally regarded as great, are not fit to hold a candle to him. Here alone, we have been told, is real inspiration, real genius. It has happened that very few people have had an opportunity of seeing anything of Blake's, and that the splendour of his achievements has had to be taken pretty much on trust in literary criticism. The possessor of the largest collection of Blakes is said to sleep in the midst of them, and it is of course a delicate thing to invade a gentleman's bedroom. The seclusion in which the works of the great man have hitherto been kept has of course put a good deal in the power of his disciples in the way of exaggeration and mystification. They could say anything they liked, because there was no means of checking their delusions. But this judicious policy has lately been broken through. We have no idea how it happened. It may have been the scheme of some wicked heretic who saw through the farce, and wanted to expose it; or it may have been the suggestion of a fanatic who forgot that other people were not all as infatuated as himself. However this may be—and it may perhaps hereafter be one of the problems of history—it has, in fact, happened that a well-known Club devoted to the interests of art has got up a collection of Blake's pictures and opened it for exhibition to its members and their friends. We ought to say at once that this is a most respectable Club, largely composed of clergymen, and there is no reason to doubt that the Committee has been innocently deluded into opening this singular exhibition, which, we are bound to say, is at once the most grotesque and, to put it mildly, the least suited for indiscriminate inspection that has been seen in town in modern days. The worst of it is that it did not occur to the Committee to give a hint to their members of the nature of the show; and the result, it is said, has been to produce a good deal of consternation among unprepared visitors. The Scriptural simplicity of the pictures might perhaps not be too overpowering for strong-minded gentlemen who could take a quiet look at them by themselves; but it may be conceived that the study of works of art of this peculiar description is rather trying when conducted in the presence of a butterfly gathering of the other sex. We will not go so far as to say that, as soon as the Committee saw the sort of fish which had come into its net, it should have sent them back, because we think it is perhaps just as well that the truth should be known on a subject about which so much nonsense has been talked and written; but the Committee might at least have given some warning of the character of the exhibition.

We must humbly confess that we feel ourselves quite incapable of giving any adequate idea of this startling exhibition; but we have had the advantage of reading an article by Mr. W. M. Rossetti in a weekly contemporary, which may perhaps convey some idea to others, though to us it is highly mysterious. The writer begins by admitting that, without a catalogue, the pleasure he expected to derive from "this extraordinary and splendid spectacle was somewhat diminished," which means, we suppose, that there were a good many things he could not make head or tail of. The critic then goes on to say that "the painter's splendid powers of ideal or mystic invention and imaginative design, and his mastery of the glamour of colour, now in the simplest elements, and anon in wildly arbitrary combinations of richness and force, are amply exhibited in this collection." He admits, however, that Blake's "defects become no less manifest than his excellences; but with these we do not concern ourselves." "We see before us the most exalted, creative, and solitary spirit in British art." And he winds up thus:—"The aureole of immortality brightens with ever-augmenting lustre round the brow of Blake in every instance where his spirit, made palpable to sense, revisits thus the glimpses of the moon." We admit that the moon, in the old sense, has a good deal to do with this worship of Blake; and we might fancy that some of his disciples have a touch of the madness of their master, if we did not know the insidious influence of crotchety vanity on those who are exposed to it. As far as our own observation goes, this exhibition of Blake's works is simply a nightmare collection of pictures of naked men and women in all sorts of grotesque and fantastic attitudes. There are one or two pictures of moderate merit, but, as a rule, the drawing is stiff and unmeaning, and the colouring wild and absurd. The subjects which are chiefly treated, such as "The Spiritual

Form of Nelson guiding the Leviathan," "The Spiritual Form of Pitt guiding Behemoth," "Elohim creating Adam," "Satan, Sin, and Death at the Gate of Hell," and the "Lazar House," show the mystic tendency of poor Blake's mind, while the erotic influence of his insanity is also painfully apparent. A large proportion of the pictures consists of a monotonous repetition of the endearments of Adam and Eve in Eden; and one of the most familiar figures in the collection is a grotesque caricature of the Deity. We do not deny that an exhibition of this kind has a curious psychological interest; but we may go the length of saying that it is not exactly suitable for ladies, and perhaps the Committee will take the hint.

REVIEWS.

MERIVALE'S GENERAL HISTORY OF ROME.*

IT is hardly worth while saying that we ought to have reviewed this book long before; in any case the best practical apology that we can make is to set to work upon it without more ado. Dean Merivale, after having dealt with a considerable and important part of Roman history at full length, has now undertaken to deal in a more summary way with the whole story in its conventional extent. It is curious to see how very different is the execution of different parts of the book. It is admirable in all the parts which Dr. Merivale has treated in his other works; wherever the field is absolutely new, we see signs of haste. That this should be the case is an inborn weakness of human nature. The one part must, from mere familiarity, have long ago become a labour of love; the other, from mere comparative neglect, is likely to be looked on as task-work. But we suspect that the cause of the difference lies somewhat deeper. Any one who reads Dr. Merivale's preface will see that his earlier choice of subjects was not at all a matter of chance. He took to that part of Roman history which best suited his own taste, and to which his powers were best adapted. He divides Roman history into three periods, the Antiquarian, the Dramatic, and one for which he cannot find a satisfactory name, but of which he hints that the characteristic feature is that with it we enter on a history of opinion. The second of these periods is Dr. Merivale's own period, that at which he has thoroughly worked, and which he has already dealt with in two forms. The third he has studied and dealt with, although in a slighter way than the other, from one particular side of it. The first period Dr. Merivale has also of course studied, for without its study he could not have done what he has done for the later history. But there is no sign of his having made it a subject of special study, of such study as he has given to the second period, or even to the third. From the point of view of Dr. Merivale's earlier works there was no reason why he should do so. All that he has as yet written might be perfectly well written without any special work at the earlier times; it might be done without anything more than that kind of knowledge of them which a scholar of Dr. Merivale's class cannot fail to have. While Dr. Merivale has been working at the Emperors, a vast mass of work has been done at the Kings and the early commonwealth, to which it is quite possible that he may not have given any special attention. The case is, in a less degree, like the case of Ranke. While Ranke was working at one end of English history, others were working at the other end, and, as he took no heed to their labours, his early part was simply an utter failure, which it would have been kind to cut out of his book. Now this is very far indeed from being the case with Dr. Merivale; yet one can see almost at a glance that the first part of his book is not equal to the third, and that the third is not equal to the second. The truth is that the three periods have to be written from three very different kinds of materials, and according to three very different methods. We can quite understand that Dr. Merivale's thorough familiarity with one of the three would be a real hindrance to an equal treatment of the other two, especially of the first.

It is easy to see from Dr. Merivale's earlier works, and he may be said to avow as much in his present preface, that the part of Roman history in which he is really at home, the part which is the real period of his choice, is what he calls the Dramatic period. "From the Scipios to M. Aurelius," he tells us, "we seem to traverse a long gallery of national portraits, every one of which brings a real individual man before us." So it is, and in that gallery Dr. Merivale is thoroughly at home. His present shorter sketch is, as he tells us, chiefly abridged from his larger work. He adds, "I hope that in the lighter touch with which they are here treated, I have not failed to preserve the truth and spirit of their portraits." On that score Dr. Merivale need not fear. In all this part he shows no falling off from the standard of his greater work; in some things we even see an improvement. His miniature of Tiberius is, we think, distinctly better than his former full length. Indeed generally compression has made his portraits clearer and more forcible. That Dr. Merivale is in some measure Cæsarian he would hardly himself deny. But, when we come back to him after some writings which have appeared in the meanwhile, it is wonderful to see how mild his Cæsarism looks by comparison. He has no sympathy whatever with the paradoxical school whose greatest exploit is to turn Catiline into a popular hero. Yet, even in this part of the book, there are some curious signs of haste in the correction either of pen or press. Dr. Merivale has suffered once or twice from that odd temptation which sometimes, in cases of strong opposition of ideas, leads a writer to put down the exactly opposite word to that which he means. His meaning is so clear to himself that he forgets which of the two opposite words is the right one to express it. It is only in this way that we can account for a sentence in p. 328, out of which we can get a meaning only by reading "Cæsar" where the word printed is "Cicero"; and one in p. 364, where, in the like sort, we venture to read "republican," or something to that effect, instead of "Cæsarian."

In the later part of the book, taking in Dr. Merivale's third period, his attention seems mainly fixed on the relations between Paganism and Christianity. This is indeed a noble subject, and one which, as earlier works of his show, has occupied much of Dr. Merivale's thoughts. In his preface he says:—"As it seems to me to be the worthiest object of all literary ambition, so it is perhaps the most delicate and difficult of any. To such a task," he adds, 'I have long since confessed myself unequal." Yet we can remember finishing the last volume of Dr. Merivale's larger History with a distinct feeling of regret that he stopped where he did, and did not go on directly to grapple with it. To judge from the second part of the present book, we fancy that, if Dr. Merivale had already treated the subject in several volumes, he would now have given us a valuable summary. As it is, the treatment of the third period does not show the same grasp as the treatment of the second. The narrative stops at A.D. 476. We cannot help thinking that this point must have been somehow fixed from outside; it surely could not be Dr. Merivale's own choosing. To stop at that point is of course fatal to any full setting forth of the œcumenical position of Rome. More and more are we convinced that the true point for a History of Rome to stop at is the one chosen by Arnold, the coronation of Charles the Great. From the point of view of universal history no centuries of the life of Rome are more important than the sixth and seventh of our era. And in the sixth the interest again gathers round the local Rome in a way in which it had not done for several ages before. Down to the Christmas of 800, the two elements of later history stand side by side. When the same man was German King and Roman Emperor, we have the outward sign of their fusion.

In this later part, then, Dr. Merivale is partially at home. We suspect that, if he had gone on a little further, he would have been more at home. He regrets the lack of distinct portraits in the latter part of his story. He would have got them again with Theodoric and Belisarius and Gregory the Great. But he is far more at home in this latter part than he is in the earliest part of all. In a general view of the whole subject he is doubtless at home in both. The very beginning and the very ending of the book, the comparison between Greek and Roman history with which it opens, and the picture of the position and working of the Roman Empire on mankind with which it winds up, are both alike in Dr. Merivale's very best manner; and the latter especially makes us wonder how he could bear to stop where he does stop.

When we turn to the narrative of the early history, it gives us throughout the impression of having been irksome to the writer, of having been done to fill up a plan rather than from any real love for it. Dr. Merivale seems not to have very definitely decided on any particular method for the treatment of the mythical and half-mythical periods. We need not say that he does not believe the legends, like the eccentric sect which looks on Romulus as a real man suckled by a real wolf. On the other hand, he does not tell them as legends like Arnold; nor does he, like Mommsen, leave them out altogether unless they prove something. It is certainly hard to deal with this kind of subject on a small, or even a moderate, scale. That is, it is hard to do so if the writer would avoid either long discussions on the one hand, or a look of confident dogmatism on the other. Dr. Merivale draws the distinction between legend and history clearly enough, but he hardly carries out the distinction in the tale itself. The plain truth is that his turn of mind leads him much more to the other two parts of the subject, and the natural result is that the first part is not done with the same power or clearness. We see constant signs of haste even in the mere composition. For instance, before he comes to the decemvirate, Dr. Merivale brings in L. Sicinius Dentatus in what is his right place for his earlier exploits and for his tribuneship:—

> As tribune in the year 452 he gained a victory over the opponents of his party, and compelled them at last to concede the measure pressed upon them by Terentilius. To himself, indeed, this victory was fatal, for the patricians vowed to get rid of him by any means; and at no distant period Q. Fabius, who commanded the army, caused him to be despatched by a band of soldiers with whom he was sent to reconnoitre the enemy.

We really looked to see whether there was any rival story, making Sicinius perish before the decemvirate. But no; we get into the decemvirate, and after the last two tables, "which altogether failed to obtain general approbation," we read:—

> Then it was that these ten tyrants, as they came to be regarded, constrained the people to go forth to battle, and effected by treachery the slaughter of their hero Dentatus.

Then again, directly after this, Valerius and Horatius are made to be two of the decemvirs. Presently "Pyrrhus returned in utter discomfiture to his own country, and soon after perished in an obscure combat with his own countrymen at Argos." The turn of the sentence is odd, and it is only in a very vague sense indeed

* *A General History of Rome, from the Foundation of the City to the Fall of Augustulus.* By Charles Merivale, D.D. London: Longmans & Co. 1875.

that the people of Argos could be called the countrymen of Pyrrhus. But we were really startled at finding, in p. 141, Capua described as "the chief city of Magna Græcia," "the home of all the highest art and luxury of Greece," "the Greeks of Capua," &c. This is that kind of thing which is so startling that it makes one think for a moment that it may be right, and that one has hitherto lived under some great delusion. Yet nothing is more certain than that Capua never was Greek; there is not even a legend giving it a Greek founder. And the following account of the "urbs ampliseima ornatissima" of Cicero has an odd sound:—

> The city and its territory were declared to be Roman property, and the place was eventually repeopled by a swarm of Roman occupants, to retain for ages in the paltry condition of an Italian country-town the bare tradition of its old Hellenic cultivation. Thus degraded and vulgarized Capua still enjoyed a certain repute in the imagination of the Romans as the fair Circe whose charms had enervated the host of Hannibal.

So we come continually on some little slip of expression showing that the thing has been slurred over. Thus at the famous scene at the Isthmian Games, Dr. Merivale tells us how "it was declared with sound of trumpet that the Roman Senate and T. Quinctius, its general, had liberated the whole of Greece from the power of Macedonia." Such a proclamation was never made, and it would have been an insult to all the Greek allies of Rome. The proclamation in Polybios does not speak of "the whole of Greece," but names, one by one, those parts of Greece which had been under the Macedonian power. The whole treatment of this part is confused. So again it is hard on Marcellus to say (p. 188) that "he threw into the sea the sacred fowls which refused to present him with favourable omens." It is quite another Claudius, P. Claudius Pulcher (see Valerius Maximus, i. 3, 4), of whom that story is told.

THE INDIAN PROBLEM SOLVED.*

THE author of this work starts with the profound remark that no subject can be more important than the material progress and happiness of two hundred and fifty millions of people in India, and that no single person can do full justice to it. The first part of this proposition is a commonplace; the second is what the author, as far as his treatment of it goes, has amply confirmed. In truth, scissors and paste have been employed at high pressure in order to produce a very pretentious, disconnected, and inconclusive book. The writer does not give his name in the title-page, but from sundry laudatory notices stuffed in at the close of the work we are inclined to suspect that this affair of shreds and patches must proceed from a gentleman who has already published a work on mills and factories of jute, cotton, silk, and other products, as from practical experience in Bombay he thought himself entitled to do. In an evil hour some injudicious critic seems to have hinted that, if a man would do for agriculture what had thus been done for manufactures, he would become a public benefactor. On this instigation, unless we are mistaken in our conjecture, the compiler set to work to get together all the wise and all the silly utterances that have come from the mouths of statesmen, journalists, members of Parliament, diviners of great prescience, and satirists of scathing pens, on one of the most difficult and controverted of questions. Authorities of every degree of value have been laid under contribution; and there is a table of contents in which some faint indications of a controlling design can be traced. But while there is a preface, and a purpose in the opening chapter, there is neither middle nor end to the book. Authorities for and against certain measures are arrayed in succession, but we find no attempt at reconciling discrepancies, exploding fallacies, or bringing order and method out of acrimonious minutes and vehement diatribes. Then sundry chapters and sections are prefaced by curt, snappish denunciations in big print, levelled at defaulting statesmen or incompetent Governments. Government is on the "march to bankruptcy"; its "attitude" is "mean and cowardly," or else it is "cruel and barbarous;" or it has established some institution which is simply "a disgraceful imposition on India." Does the author really think that his compilation, with its sensational title, will float into general acceptance by the free use of these ugly names? He has also so contrived to marshal his forces in what he thinks is the array of battle, that it becomes extremely puzzling to say where one inspired prophet finishes and another begins. Sometimes it is a celebrated officer of engineers with an imagination that can carry himself and a whole fleet along a canal of three feet in depth at twenty miles an hour. Sometimes, though we cannot be certain of this point, it may be the author himself who is speaking. Sometimes it is a bishop, and on one occasion a Polish *savant* who travelled in Goozerat, in Western India, about ninety years ago, and who is dragged in to illustrate some urgent want of to-day. There is, in fact, an entire want of cohesion, sequence, arrangement, and digestion of accumulated facts. Palpable blunders are not corrected; deficiencies are not supplied; legitimate deductions are not drawn, even when the author seems to have got on the right scent.

Another characteristic of the book is that India is occasionally treated as a country where absolutely nothing has been done, and to which an opinion uttered in the last century would be as fully applicable as a warning from Mr. Fawcett at the present day. In order to convey to purely English readers a correct notion of the management of an abstruse Indian question by this writer, we must ask them to conceive a prominent topic of the day—say, household suffrage in the counties, or the education of the people, or the liberty of the press, or local and Imperial taxes—treated in a similar manner. Suppose we take the franchise in the counties and the redistribution of seats. Let then our readers imagine that a writer should select, out of the legacies of journalists and debaters, an aphorism by Mr. Disraeli, a speech by Lord Grey delivered in the year 1831–2, half a column from the *Daily Telegraph* of yesterday, and a short leader from the *North Briton* of John Wilkes; that, to avoid monotony, he next dragged in side by side some answers of Lord Palmerston before the Committee on official salaries which sat rather more than twenty years back, and some recent autumnal harangues of the member for Stoke-upon-Trent; that he concluded by parading two citations from Burke, and the half of an address from Mr. Odger; that all these various luminaries, high and low, were allowed to jostle each other with neither comment nor addition; and that the extracts were often so detached from the context as to begin you cannot exactly say why, and to leave off just at the very point when you expect something germane or pertinent to follow—let our readers, we say, picture to themselves any familiar English topic disposed of in this fashion, and they will be able to appreciate the manner in which this discursive annalist teaches us how to do our duty as an Asiatic Power. We know nothing like it except flaming advertisements intended to catch the eye; "no more colds," "no more smoky chimneys," and such like. Lord Derby, in a recent speech at Edinburgh, warned his hearers against ranting; that is, treating "very little matters as if they were big ones." If the cautious Foreign Secretary ever had time to read this book, he would, we think, warn the writer against the converse, or another most "unpleasing form of unwisdom"—to wit, that of writing of big or imperial questions as if they could be disposed of with the unceremonious facility of parochial details. Famine in a vast province is discussed in these pages like relief in St. Pancras, or as if it were no greater feat to make five hundred miles of canal in an Indian Presidency and to get the Ryots to pay for the water, than to clear away the snow and slush from the centre of Grosvenor Square. It may well be the duty of a Vestry to see that ratepayers get a decent roadway, and of a Viceroy to take care that thousands of lives do not perish, and millions of money are not thrown away. But all we say is that such a compilation is of as little use practically to Mr. Jones the Vestryman as it would be to Lord Lytton. We must add that the execution in minor details is most slovenly and discreditable. Constant misprints, for which the printers cannot alone be responsible, produce a feeling of irritation. Surnames are mutilated; strange Christian names are bestowed upon well-known persons, for which the author, and no godfather, is responsible. Indian titles, always a source of perplexity, are freely altered and curtailed; and though the year of an official despatch is of great importance when intended to point criticisms on official shortcomings, the date of one letter from the Government of India is given as 1868, when it should clearly have been 1864–5. Of those members who are made to sign it in 1868, at Calcutta or Simla, one was then in England, another commanding the forces in Ireland, and a third was Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and not in the Viceregal Council at all. Indian officials may every now and then complain that their good deeds do not follow them home, or that they are not recognized in their retirement. But what casual reader is to guess offhand at the real names or services of gentlemen who figure in this book as DURNUD, HARRY REVETT, and CASSELO?

It is of course out of the question for us in the space of a column to attempt to do what should have been done by the author. Amongst "our authorities," numbering one hundred, we cannot separate the wheat from the chaff, or say what conclusion has been pressed too far, where unavoidable or pardonable shortcomings have been exaggerated into high crimes or misdemeanours, or in what the Indian Governments may fairly be censured either for expensive parsimony or improvident and ineffectual waste. But, in justice to the subject, and not to the author, we shall try to select the leading idea which pervades this combination of thundering denunciations and wise saws.

It is impossible for us to say whether the author of this work has committed himself unreservedly to the guidance of others, and especially of one well-known member of the corps of Engineers, who thinks that there is nothing like water to save India. But, from the prominence given to Sir Arthur Cotton, and to a sketch-map of canals, we are inclined to infer that this is the case. Now, in the opinions that point to canals as one mode of enriching the State, of securing the agriculturist against calamities greater than war or invasion, and of facilitating the exchange of commodities and the intercourse of distant provinces, we cordially agree. To some parts of India irrigation is a vital necessity. The rainfall in Bikanir, for instance, would be of no account even in a temperate climate. In others a more copious rainfall might well be husbanded by artificial means for irrigation in spring-time when showers rarely fall, or in autumn when they fail prematurely, with telling effect. Even where cereals can depend on moisture and dew, irrigation is indispensable for green fodder or expensive crops. A hoarded supply of water keeps cattle alive, comes in aid of arboriculture, and, as Sydney Smith said of Mackintosh's style when he playfully imagined the historian

* *The Indian Problem Solved. Undeveloped Wealth in India and State Reproductive Works. The Ways to prevent Famines, and advance the Material Progress of India.* London: Virtue, Spalding, & Co.

to write about pepper, "approximates the distant regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man." But, for all this, the irrigation question is not free from hindrances and difficulties. If canal water drives out or staves off cholera, it lies open to the suspicion of introducing low fever. Agriculturists cannot always be induced to take it, and there are political difficulties in the way of compelling an industrial population to pay for the water which they are confident that Indra, the rain-god, will not fail to send them. Something has already been done in the way of opening nearly fifteen hundred miles of canals, and a thousand miles in addition are in process of construction; and there is no fear, after the experience of the Behar famine, that the subject will pass out of sight. The great Ganges Canal is a work of which Italian engineers might be proud. The Jumna Canal, that of the Bari Doab, the works in Behar, Orissa, Scinde, Madras, are all worthy an enlightened Government, and contribute to the improvement of existing agriculture and the conversion of wastes into cornfields. But it is absurd to ascribe to any possible series of canals the political and social advantages of railways, or to imagine that troops could be conveyed on a waterway three feet deep and thirty feet wide, with the same rapidity and certainty as on the East Indian or the Great Indian Peninsular lines. Banks will fall in; beds will silt up; and cyclones and tornadoes may make as wild havoc with an artificial channel as with an iron road. No one public work more than another can be guaranteed immunity from the violence of nature or the corroding effects of time, as is hinted in some of these opinions. And to announce that, with irrigation canals, we "should have a far greater military command of the country," or that we might "possibly dispense with half a dozen European regiments," is absurd. To some parts of India canals are wholly inapplicable. Assam and Eastern Bengal, for instance, are here included in a scheme which is to encircle India just as the Homeric Ocean encircled the ancient world. It is sufficient to say, in answer to this wild project, that these countries have a tremendous rainfall and a natural system of rivers already; and that in the worst famine that could be apprehended it would be a work of less costliness and difficulty to carry rice by boats, elephants, or carts for that year into the very heart of each district, than it would be to excavate canals which, for forty-nine years out of fifty, would be regarded only as evidences of madness in high places. We might as well start Companies for carrying ice to Nova Zemblya or palm oil to negroes under the line. The plain matter of fact seems to be that canals, railroads, and ordinary roads may, each in their several ways, be material agencies in saving the lives and stimulating the productive faculties of our Indian fellow-subjects. The proportion which any one of these works ought to bear to another is a matter to be decided by a variety of considerations—the character of the soil, the peculiarities of the population, political and military exigencies, financial capability, and the relations of divers tributary States to our own Government. There are in the original materials now laid under contribution means for coming to a conclusion on each head; and even in the ill-assorted fragments of those materials now huddled together in heaps, there is something which might assist a discerning and patient reader in coming to some decision. But in this short paper on a very big subject we cannot attempt to do for others what the author has not done for himself.

YONGE'S LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

IT would be difficult to find a finer subject for biography than that which Professor Yonge has chosen. After all that has been written of Marie Antoinette there are still almost boundless opportunities for a writer to stir his reader's blood in telling her story again. There are few more interesting characters than hers in history; there is nothing more moving than the tale of her sufferings. A writer equal to his task might, in relating what befell her and representing the growth of her character from the time when she came to the French Court until the day of her murder, have compelled the attention and admiration of the most indifferent readers, and have roused the most lethargic to excitement. He might, while confining himself strictly to matter of history, have produced a book which should have a more enthralling interest than the most powerful of romances. If any writer should be inspired to attempt such a work as this he need not fear that Professor Yonge has forestalled him. We cannot but admire the industry with which the Professor has, according to his preface, studied a large number of French volumes on his subject, and we cannot but regret that it was employed for a purpose which he is unfitted to carry out. He has not a spark of the fire which even the most precise historian should have when he deals with fiery themes; the pedantic style of his writing is unrelieved by any touch of grace or humour; and, although his views are sometimes startlingly decisive, it cannot be said that the persons and scenes of his history derive any fresh interest from the consideration he has given to them.

The opening sentence of Professor Yonge's work is no bad specimen of the art of clothing commonplace reflections in language which has about it a curious air of instruction:—"The most striking event in the annals of modern Europe is unquestionably the French Revolution of 1789; a Revolution which, in one sense, may be said to be still in progress, but which, in a more limited view, may be regarded as having been consummated by the deposition and murder of the Sovereign of the country." What the "consummation" of a revolution may be Professor Yonge probably knows better than we do; but, taking the word in its ordinary sense, this statement is somewhat surprising. We should be more disposed to regard the time when the Terror swallowed up those who had produced it as the completion of the revolution. Having delivered himself of this authoritative assertion, Professor Yonge goes on to describe after his fashion the character of Marie Antoinette; and here we get another typical instance of the style which he affects when we are told that, "from the moment of the birth of her first child, she performed those new duties which, perhaps more than any others, call forth all the best and most peculiar virtues of the female heart in such a manner as to add esteem and respect to the good-will which her affability and courtesy had already inspired." It is a relief when the author leaves his consideration of a character which requires to be drawn by a stronger hand than his, and comes to the record of facts. Marie Antoinette, youngest daughter of the Emperor Francis ("Emperor of Germany," according to Professor Yonge) and Maria Theresa, the Empress-Queen, was born on the 2nd of November, 1755, the very day, as it happened, when the earthquake that destroyed Lisbon did its worst work. Maria Theresa had been anxious to have a son, and the Duke of Tarouka, who had made a bet with her that the event would be according to her hopes, wished to convey some consoling compliment with the payment of his stake. Metastasio helped him out of the difficulty with these ingenious lines:—

> Io perdei, l'augusta figlia
> A pagar m'ha condannato;
> Ma s'è ver che à voi somiglia
> Tutto il mondo ha guadagnato.

Maria Theresa early entertained the notion of a marriage between Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin, which she hoped might be the means of making a sure alliance with France. The project fell in with the views of Louis XV., and the first negotiations for the marriage were set in motion by Choiseul in 1769, when Marie Antoinette was but fourteen years old. In the next year the proposal for the marriage was formally made and accepted. Festivities were held at Vienna to celebrate the occasion; among others, a masked ball, a form of entertainment which was then especially fashionable. Professor Yonge's love of inserting foot-notes needlessly, if not irrelevantly, which has been observed in former works of his, is present also in this. The masked ball gives him an opportunity for referring in a note to the well-known bitter saying about the French nation being half tiger and half monkey, and observing, as a "singular coincidence," that Walpole, speaking of masquerades, should have said, "It is very lucky, seeing how much of the tiger enters into the human composition, that there should be a good dose of the monkey too." If the author had discovered that the saying was borrowed from Walpole, the fact might have been worth noting; but to have tacked together a masked ball at Vienna, an epigram on the French people, and a saying of Walpole's into a singular coincidence must be regarded as a misplaced piece of ingenuity. Professor Yonge gives a dry description of Marie Antoinette's journey from Vienna to Versailles, varied by such flights of language as are obtained by calling the samples of wine presented to her at Strasburg "a luscious offering."

The troubles which beset her in after life were foreshadowed even at the triumphal outset of her career. When a State ball was given on the occasion of the wedding, the nobles took offence because to the Princess of Lorraine, cousin of the Emperor Francis, was given precedence next to the Princes of the blood, and they refused to attend the ball until the King sent a command for their presence. A worse trouble than this was the panic that took place among the crowd assembled to see a display of fireworks on the 30th of May, which ended in the death of some six hundred persons. This event, however, gave Marie Antoinette an opportunity for gaining for a time the love of the same people who afterwards rose against her in blind fury, by the sympathy she showed for the sufferers, and, to quote Professor Yonge, "by the tears which she mingled with those of the widow and the orphan.' Extracts from her letters to her mother give an interesting picture of the daily round of Court life at Versailles in the first year of her marriage:—

"At twelve," she proceeds to say, "what is called the Chamber is held, and there everyone who does not belong to the common people may enter. I put on my rouge and wash my hands before all the world; then the men go out and the women remain, and I dress myself in their presence. Then comes mass. If the King is at Versailles I go to mass with him, my husband, and my aunts; if he is not there I go alone with the Dauphin, but always at the same hour. After mass we two dine by ourselves in the presence of all the world; but dinner is over by half-past one, as we both eat very fast. From the dinner-table I go to the Dauphin's apartments, and if he has business, I return to my own rooms, where I read, write, or work; for I am making a waistcoat for the King which gets on but slowly, though, I trust, with God's grace, it will be finished before many years are over. At three o'clock I go again to visit my aunts, and the King comes to them at the same hour. At four the Abbé comes to me, and at five I have every day either my harpsichord-master or my singing-master till six. A half-past six I go almost every day to my aunts, except when I go out walking. And you must understand that when I go to visit my aunts, my husband almost always goes with me. At seven we play cards till nine o'clock; but when the weather is fine I go out walking, and then there is no play in my apartments, but it is held at my aunts'. At nine we sup, and when the King is not there, my aunts come to sup with us; but when the King is there, we go after supper to their rooms, waiting there for the King, who

* *The Life of Mary Antoinette, Queen of France.* By Charles Duke Yonge, Author of "The History of the British Navy," &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1876.

usually comes about a quarter to eleven; and I lie down on a grand sofa and go to sleep till he comes. But when he is not there, we go to bed at eleven o'clock."

The Dauphiness incurred, by her very kindness of heart and desire to be courteous to all the world, various vexations caused by the rigid system of etiquette held in honour by many people about the Court. Professor Yonge refers to these in a sentence of curious construction:—

Foremost among these sticklers for old ideas was the Countess de Noailles, her principal "lady of honour," whose uneasiness on the subject speedily became so notorious as to give rise to numerous Court squibs and satirical odes, the authors of which seemed glad to compliment the Dauphin and to vex her ladyship at the same time; but who could not be deterred by these effusions from lecturing Marie Antoinette on her disregard of her rank, and on the danger of making herself too familiar, till she provoked the young Princess into giving her the nickname of Madame Etiquette; and, no doubt, in her childish playfulness, to utter many a speech and do many an act whose principal object was to excite the astonishment of the too prim lady of honour.

In 1774 came the death of the King, and one of Marie Antoinette's first efforts in her new dignity was to purify the Court from the licentiousness which had too long been fashionable there. At the same time she relaxed many of the strict and senseless rules of etiquette which had been so distasteful to her when she was Dauphiness. What was more important than either of these acts was her remitting the tax of "the Queen's girdle." She and the Dauphin had already, before the King's death, relieved the distress prevailing in Paris by a gift from their private purse, and with the tax of the Queen's girdle that of the "happy accession" was also remitted. This, it may be supposed, met with almost universal approval, but the Queen's reforms in Court manners were looked on with distaste by people like Mme. de Noailles, who saw in the change a liking for Viennese rather than for French fashions, and revived the name of "the Austrian" which had already been given to Marie Antoinette by Mme. Adelaide. The Queen set herself also to the encouragement of literature and the arts, among which she had a special liking for music. Professor Yonge tells us that she still "devoted a portion of almost every day *in* taking lessons on the harp," and in order to bring Gluck (whom Professor Yonge persistently calls Glück) to Paris she offered him a pension of 6,000 francs. One night when she was at the opera his *Iphigénie* was given; and in the course of this Achilles, turning to his followers, says, "Chantez, célébrez votre reine." Le Gros, the tenor, changed the text to

> Chantons, célébrons notre reine,
> L'hymen que sous ses lois l'enchaine
> Va nous rendre à jamais heureux.

So says Professor Yonge. The second line should of course be

> L'hymen *qui* sous ses lois *l'enchaine.*

The enthusiasm of the audience was tremendous, and the author is careful to inform us that the Queen did not "at such a moment suffer her feeling of the evanescent character of popularity among so light-minded a people to dwell in her mind." A check was given to the pleasant course which events seemed to be taking by the visit which the Queen's brother Maximilian paid to her in 1775. He came in the style and name of Count de Burgau, and the Princes, refusing to recognize his real rank, demanded that the first visit should be paid from him to them. The infamous Duke of Orleans made use of the opportunity to stir up a dislike to the Austrians, which was helped by the difficulties then existing about the price of corn, the dearness of which was attributed by the enemies of Turgot, the Controller-General, to his measures for freedom of trade. Soon after this came the coronation of Louis, and not much later Marie Antoinette did one of the unwise acts of her life in admitting Mme. de Polignac to intimate friendship with her, one consequence of which was the dismissal of Turgot. In 1777 the Emperor Joseph paid a visit to his sister, to whom he left some excellent, if somewhat severe, advice in writing; and in the next year, in opposition to the opinion which he had given clearly enough on the subject, a treaty, to quote Professor Yonge's words once more, "was concluded with the United States, as the insurgents called themselves"—a proceeding which was for France somewhat disastrous. It was at this time that La Fayette rose into notice. We are disposed to agree with the author in the low estimate he has formed of this personage; but it is curious that he has omitted to quote an incident which might better convince his readers of the justness of his views concerning La Fayette than the epithets which he liberally, and to our thinking justly, bestows upon him. La Fayette, being by nature awkward and not endowed with those qualities which give a spurious glitter to vice, was yet anxious to show that he could be gay and dissolute as well as another, and the chief object of his emulation was his brother-in-law, the Duke de Noailles. La Fayette once attempted to rival him at a convivial meeting, and, when he was carried away in a hopeless state, found just enough sense and energy to cry, "N'oubliez pas de dire à Noailles comme j'ai bien bu!" It was to the Queen's influence that La Fayette owed the restoration of his commission, which he had forfeited by leaving France for America, as well as the command of a regiment of dragoons. In the year of his return came the birth of the Queen's first child, a daughter, and in the spring following the Queen was attacked by measles, when four nobles, the Duke de Coigny, the Duke de Guines, Count Esterhazy, and the Baron de Besenval, volunteered to watch by her bedside. Professor Yonge describes them as "sick-watchers," and with his usual love for foot-notes states in small type at the bottom of the page that "garde-malades was the name given to them." This is almost as good as the story of the traveller who, writing from Milan, headed his letter "London Hotel (Albergo di Londra they call it here)."

We pass on to the well-known story of Lamotte, or, as Professor Yonge writes it, La Mothe, and the diamond necklace, of which the author gives an account so bald that it becomes utterly uninteresting. We need only pause to quote one decisive and singular statement which he makes:—"The Cardinal (de Rohan) was acquitted, as well as a notorious juggler and impostor of the day, called Cagliostro, who had apparently been so entirely unconnected with the transaction that it is not easy to see how he became included in the prosecution." Mr. Carlyle and various other writers have held different opinions as to Cagliostro's connexion with this affair, the importance of which Professor Yonge appears not to have estimated rightly. He has dismissed it drily, which he probably could not help, and also briefly, which he has given sufficient proof elsewhere that he could have helped. He says hardly a word of the influence which the suspicions excited by it against the Queen obtained. It is of course impossible to gauge accurately the relations of cause and effect at this distance of time; but it is far from impossible that, but for the destruction of the forged papers in this case—which by the way was due to a former lover of Lamotte's—a different turn might have been given to the terrible events of which Professor Yonge gives his version in the second volume of his work. Through that volume we do not think it necessary to follow him. He has succeeded in it in reducing a most exciting theme as near to dulness as may be, and in writing with prosiness of a character whose very name might have inspired him with poetical feeling.

THROUGH AND THROUGH THE TROPICS.*

MR. VINCENT tells us in his short preface that the great and unexpected favour with which his first work was received has emboldened him to write a second, and to offer it in the presumption that it will not be less fortunate. We sincerely trust that it may prove so; for Mr. Vincent is an intelligent traveller and an agreeable writer, and, in spite of the many volumes of travel one is perpetually reading, we have pleasant recollections of the days we passed in his company in the *Land of the White Elephant*. But we greatly fear that he may be doomed to disappointment, although his present book is extremely readable. In the former case he was exceptionally fortunate in his subject. Few people know much of Siam, of the manners and customs of the fantastic semi-civilization that prevails there, or of the treasures of mysterious architecture that have been half forgotten in its forests and those of Cambodia. On the other hand, the countries he is describing to us now have become very familiar to most of us. Not a few of his readers may have visited them for themselves; and at all events Polynesia, Australasia, and India have been so thoroughly "done" by indefatigable bookmakers that a man may easily accomplish his "thirty thousand miles of travel" without bringing back much novel information. The charm of any book of this kind has come to depend almost entirely on the freshness of the treatment and on the value and interest of the author's personal impressions. At the risk of being considered tedious, he must take the topics that suggest themselves casually on the beaten tracks as the theme of observations more or less original; he must lighten his pages by his treatment of incidents more or less trivial; and so the brevity which is generally a merit may very easily become a blemish. Perhaps Mr. Vincent may object that, if he had not striven to condense and to confine himself chiefly to outline, his modest little work would have assumed portentous proportions, and we admit that the comprehensiveness of his scheme of travel lands him necessarily in an embarrassing dilemma. As it is, we have him hurrying us from point to point, as he feels bound to neglect none of the famous cities, buildings, and scenery on which every fairly-read man should be prepared to pass a creditable competitive examination; while, when he has once drawn on his seven-league boots, he thinks nothing of dismissing many hundred miles of adventurous travel in a sentence or two, and we temporarily lose sight of him just as a passing allusion to coming difficulties is preparing us to follow his fortunes with interest. For example, he and his companion had decided to go overland from Sydney to Melbourne. He tells us that, "on making known our intention, we were met with all sorts of lugubrious forebodings, among which were accidents by field and flood." We may presume that the obstacles which loomed so large in the fancies of apprehensive friends dwindled before his determination to confront them boldly, for only a paragraph or two later we find him established in Melbourne. And all that he has said to satisfy our excited curiosity is that the journey called for no long description, and that they completed the trip of eight hundred miles in less than a couple of weeks. The chief interest of his volume centres undoubtedly in his visits to the Northern cities of British India. It is true that, thanks to the pens of the Special Correspondents who have followed in the train of the Prince of Wales, the public has lately heard more than enough of these. But Mr. Vincent, who, by the way, is an American, has something of his countrymen's genius for making way with distinguished foreigners,

* *Through and Through the Tropics: Thirty Thousand Miles of Travel in Polynesia, Australasia, and India.* By Frank Vincent, Junior, Author of "The Land of the White Elephant." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

although we have no reason to suppose that he can be charged with vulgar obtrusiveness. He was received with great affability by several of the mediatized Indian potentates, was entertained by them in the gorgeous seclusion of their palaces, was invited to be present at their amusements and to admire the contents of their barbaric treasury-houses, while he won so far on the good will of his ceremonious hosts as to be dismissed with valuable introductions which gave him the "open sesame" to fresh marvels.

Mr. Vincent made his start from New York in a comfortable old sailing-tub, bound round the world on a trading voyage, with San Francisco for its immediate destination. The *Golden Fleece* had the luck to go nearer to "the Horn" than most vessels, passing "within a mile of its rugged sides. . . The promontory is simply a steep, black rock about five hundred feet in height. Such a picture of barrenness and desolation I have rarely seen. There stood the gaunt and lonely hill, its naked sides lashed by the ravenous billows, its base worn into caverns hung with terrific and inscrutable gloom." But although it was the height of the Antarctic summer, the voyagers were destined to experience the proverbial treachery of the malignant climate of the Cape of Storms. A sudden squall burst upon them, although it came fortunately off the land, and drove them straight southward into the Antarctic Ocean. But time was of little consequence on board the *Golden Fleece*, which had apparently been sent to sea with a very roving commission. For, after a brief stay at San Francisco, the captain "concluded" to run 2,000 miles westward to the Sandwich Isles, on the chance of obtaining some extra freight, in which, by the way, he failed. As Mr. Vincent's visit to those islands took place half-a-dozen years ago, his descriptions of Hawaiian politics and society have become comparatively ancient history, while Miss Bird, Mr. Boddam-Whetham, and other recent writers have exhaustively anticipated his account of the volcanic wonders of Hawaii. Landing at Kealakekua Bay, he moralizes on English ingratitude to the illustrious memory of our great circumnavigator. The only memorials of Cook which he found there were some copper tablets attached to the stump of a cocoa palm, and bearing inscriptions by officers of ships on the station; and the latest of these was dated in 1846. We are told that a sum had been subscribed in the Sandwich Islands for a suitable monument, which had actually been half completed, when it was pulled down by order of the Consul, as being out of keeping with the design. We are under the impression that the design has been carried out since Mr. Vincent paid his visit to the place. We are sure he is mistaken in supposing that it is not generally known that Cook's body was cut into pieces and distributed over the island. The negotiations with the savages arising out of the circumstances are narrated at length in the history of the melancholy occurrence which is embodied in the standard edition of the Voyages.

From Honolulu Mr. Vincent made a flying voyage to Sydney, sighting on the way some of the more famous islands of the South Sea groups, but merely stopping at Auckland to coal. He had intended to sail to Tahiti from Auckland, but was obliged to give up that idea, as he had subsequently to renounce his more audacious project of seeking out the Grand Lama in the inhospitable capital of Thibet. He has nothing that is new to tell us of Australasia, and the single chapter in which he dismisses the fifth of the continents smacks of the guide-book more strongly than any of the others. However, on the voyage from Melbourne to Calcutta he did pick up one piece of information, which might have considerable interest for the Dutch had it been confirmed by subsequent events. "We passed," he writes, "within two hundred miles of Acheen, a town on the north-western extremity of the island of Sumatra, with whose Sultan and people the Dutch have just concluded a successful war." At Calcutta he had an audience of the ex-King of Oude, and as he had sailed up the Hoogly to Garden Reach, and as the gardens of the dethroned potentate stretch along the banks of that channel of the Ganges, we cannot understand why he should speak of having the first glance of "the sacred river" on his arrival at the railway station of Sahibgunge, which is 220 miles higher up its course. In the holy city of Benares he was treated with great hospitality by the Rajah of Vizianagram, the descendant of that famous Cheit Singh who figured so conspicuously under the administration of Hastings. Nothing indeed could be more courteous than the demeanour of the Rajah, "quite an old gentleman of large and fleshy person, with a keen intellectual countenance, and very bland and pleasing." He insisted on mounting his American visitor on one of his elephants, on which Mr. Vincent made a state progress through such of the native thoroughfares of the crowded city as would admit the animal's bulky frame. As for the nautch which was given in his honour, although he seems to have been exceptionally fortunate in finding some of the dancers "possessed of extraordinary beauty," he came away with the impression that, like the attar of roses that was offered to him, "a little of it goes a long way." *Apropos* of his subsequent sojourn at Umritsur in the Punjaub, he gives a rather curious account of the manufacture of the attar of roses. It is a staple industry of the place, although the quality of the Umritsur essence is commercially inferior to that of Cashmere; and a single shopkeeper had no less than a dozen gallons in store, which he kept preserved in wicker-covered jars. The process of manufacture is as follows:—Forty pounds of the rose leaves are placed in a still with an equal weight of water, and, as the fumes disengage themselves, cold water is thrown on the refrigerator. The distillation goes on slowly, until half the water has drained into the receiver. Then that rose-water is distilled over again with another forty pounds of the leaves, until twenty pounds of water is obtained the second time. That product is exposed to the night air in jars of earthenware. "In the morning the attar will be found congealed, and floating on the surface in globules, which are then skimmed off with a thin shell, and poured into *chatties* or small jars." But as the roses of the Punjaub yield comparatively little essence, it has become the practice to adulterate them with sandal-wood; and if, as we are informed, the roses cost 25*l.* per ton in the raw state, the inducement to adulteration is quite conceivable. Those who care for detailed descriptions of the gems of Indian architecture by an appreciative enthusiast who has travelled widely in Eastern countries will do well to study Mr. Vincent's descriptions. Especially he goes into raptures over the Taj Mahal, which he pronounces "the most noble and perfect art-ideal of the kind ever embodied by man." His thoughts by day, he tells us, were Taj-haunted; at night, his dreams were of a silver palace floating in the air. Each morning regularly he made an expedition to it from the city; each time he discovered new beauties. But he tore himself away at last from Agra, passed through the Punjaub and Sindh to Bombay, and thence on to Madras, taking leave of our dominions at Binlipatam. He expresses himself forcibly as to the blessings that have been conferred on Hindustan by British rule, and it is his opinion that "the present political outlook for India is most encouraging. Proofs are not wanting that still greater reforms will be instituted; that Western science and philosophy will eventually supersede Eastern ignorance and superstition; and that a noble civilization, waxing nobler with advancing centuries, will lift those glorious old lands of the Hindoo and the Mogul to an indefinitely higher level than any that they have yet occupied." So that, in spite of the ominous forebodings of Mr. Lowe, Mr. Vincent at least does not contemplate for a moment the contingency of the sceptre of India passing out of English hands.

MADAME CAVERLET.[*]

THE Paris Correspondents of our daily newspapers have already made the name of this play familiar to the English public, as well as its social purpose; but the play itself, as usual in such cases, has been withheld from publication till it had been for some time on the stage. Although M. Emile Augier is an accomplished versifier, he has preferred in this work, as in many others, the more faithful medium of prose. The dialogue is contrived with great skill, so as to convey the story gradually to the reader, just as much of it being told as he requires to know at each stage of its progress; and no one who has been accustomed to the highly developed state of dramatic art in modern French writing of this class can fail to appreciate the extreme ability and ingenuity with which the author of this work has managed the action of his characters in view of the final effect upon the audience. The purpose of the play, as our readers are probably aware already, is to persuade the French people of the desirableness of a great social change, the institution of divorce. The influence of the Church of Rome, so long as France was really *la fille aînée de l'église*, effectually prevented the establishment of a system which is contrary to her doctrine about marriage. If Henry V. had ascended the throne immediately after the fall of M. Thiers, it is probable that this play would never have appeared. The foundation of the Republic has encouraged innovators of all kinds to suggest their remedies for the evils of the time; so M. Augier offers his suggestion in his own way as a playwright. In France the playwright has more influence than any one else who addresses the cultivated public, and we are almost afraid to think how many sermons will be required to neutralize the effect of *Madame Caverlet*.

The argument embodied in the play is that, in the present state of French law, a woman who is cruelly ill treated by her husband has no chance of establishing a safe kind of domestic happiness in another connexion, and that France is particularly ill provided in the legislation affecting marriage. In the present state of the law the woman easily becomes the victim, and has no redress but separation, which does not give her anything like absolute independence. M. Augier has contrived the plot of his play so as to bring before an audience in a striking manner the hardships which a woman may have to undergo in the present state of things, and he lets us understand that in his opinion the establishment of divorce would be her best protection. Just as M. Gambetta wishes the French Republic to borrow from England her liberty of the press and of political meetings, M. Augier wishes to borrow our Divorce Court. We have no doubt that, if our Divorce Court could cross the Channel and *fonctionner* at Paris for a month or two every year, there would be plenty of applicants for its services. The difficulty in France is the religious one. It is quite possible that a Republican majority in the Assembly may be willing to establish civil divorce before many years are over, and so give to a divorced woman who has married again all the protection of the law; but the Church of Rome never changes except to assert her principles more loudly and uncompromisingly than ever. She will therefore neither marry a woman who has been divorced, nor acknowledge her second marriage as anything but a state of open

order to bring about the condition of things which M. Augier and many other Frenchmen desire, there must be two conflicts with the Church; the first, a legislative battle, which will probably be won in the Chamber of Deputies, and possibly in a future Senate,

[*] *Madame Caverlet.* Pièce en quatre actes, en prose. Par Emile Augier, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Lévy. 1876.

and so disposed of in a week's debating; the other a social war which will never come to an end so long as the Church of Rome exists.

The story of Mme. Caverlet is as follows:—She is separated from her husband, and is living, when the story opens, with another man whose name is Caverlet. Their residence is by the side of the Lake of Geneva, near Lausanne, and the first scene is one of peace and felicity near the lake, with Mont Blanc in the distance. Henriette, who is Mme. Caverlet, and her two children, Fanny and Henri, are together on the terrace, sitting out of doors in the usual Continental fashion, when a Swiss friend of theirs, called Bargé, comes to call upon them. The first thing to be noted is that Henri asks M. Bargé how a foreigner can get naturalized in Switzerland. Henri complains that he has no country. Bargé answers, "But are you not an Englishman?" This opens the play completely, for the answer to this question involves the truth or falsehood of a received story of his mother's divorce. The story is, according to Mme. Caverlet herself, that she is the divorced wife of an English gentleman, Sir Edward Merson, and that her two children, Fanny and Henri, were born during the time of her married life with Sir Edward in England. The conversation turns upon Sir Edward's conduct both towards his children and his wife, a subject which might have been avoided had not the question about naturalization led to it suddenly, as one thing so often leads to another:—

Fanny. Et Sir Edward Merson ne fera pas de difficultés, je suppose. Il ne s'intéresse pas assez à nous.

Henriette. Fanny! ne parle pas ainsi de ton père.

Fanny. Il s'intéresse à nous! Il t'a donné de ses nouvelles? il t'a demandé des nôtres? tu sais où il est?

Henriette. Non. . . . mais ne l'accusons pas, ma fille. L'arrêt qui, en prononçant notre divorce, m'a adjugé les enfants, a blessé au cœur Sir Edward. Il est bon, mais il est orgueilleux.

M. Bargé rather indiscreetly observes a little further on:—

Voilà le point noir du divorce. . . . la situation morale qu'il crée aux enfants.

The young daughter perceives that this observation gives pain to her mother, and offers a word of consolation to heal the wound:—

Fanny. Ne te reproche rien, ma chérie. Tu nous as donné un second père.

Henriette. Oui, il est bien bon, et vous l'aimez bien, n'est-ce pas?

Fanny. Tendrement.

Henriette. Et toi, mon fils?

Henri. Il est mon meilleur ami. Je lui suis reconnaissant des soins paternels qu'il a eus de nous, et surtout du bonheur sans nuages qu'il t'a fait.

The real situation is this:—Henriette's first husband, Merson, was not an Englishman, but a Frenchman; consequently she is not a divorced wife re-married, but a separated wife who has formed a *liaison*. The man she lives with in Switzerland (Caverlet) is very kind to her, and has been so for many years. This question about her son Henri's naturalization is disquieting for her, because it cannot take place without a communication with his father. Another serious difficulty for her will be her daughter's marriage, because then it will be necessary to produce a certificate of birth with the real name of the father and the real nationality, after which her secret can no longer be kept. This difficult situation is brought about very rapidly in the development of the plot. Reynold, who is the son of M. Bargé, the *juge de paix*, declares to Henri his attachment for his sister Fanny. In the next scene Fanny comes in, and by Henri's indiscretion matters are brought to a point with such precipitation that Reynold declares his attachment to Fanny herself, and she avows in a prettily innocent way that she expected some such declaration, and is glad of it. When her mother knows this she is troubled and distressed at the idea that her true position will have to be revealed. Caverlet, with a masculine bluntness of perception, is happy to think that matters have turned out so well, for he counts upon Bargé's friendly feelings, and thinks that the difficulty they both dreaded may disappear:—

Caverlet. Dieu nous permet d'achever notre vie ensemble! Il envoie à Fanny le seul amour, le seul mariage qui ne nous forcera pas à nous séparer. Bargé nous connaît et nous aime assez pour ne pas reculer devant la révélation que nous avons à lui faire, pour comprendre et absoudre le malheur de notre situation. Il a pour vous une sorte de culte que notre confidence ne refroidira pas, j'en suis sûr. Il aime Fanny, il a pour son fils une adoration qui va jusqu'à la faiblesse, et Reynold n'est pas homme à se desister devant un préjugé.

Henriette does not hope so much even yet. "Vous me rendez *un peu* d'espoir" is all that she can say. On this, Bargé arrives in full dress like a man who is going to ask for a young lady's hand. Caverlet at once goes to the heart of the matter and explains the situation clearly. Bargé on hearing this changes his manner, but Caverlet goes on telling the story in its details, which are as follows:—At the age of twenty-five, already separated from her husband, Henriette was left without the means of existence, for her husband had spent nearly all her dowry, and did not even pay her the pension fixed by the decision of the Court. She went to Avranches to live with an old aunt, rich, avaricious, and devout, whose only heiress she was. At this time Henriette met with Caverlet on the coast of Brittany in a quiet village at that time unknown to tourists. The two could not help feeling strongly attracted to each other, but their friendship went no further, and on the day when they said farewell a letter was put into the lady's hands. The letter was from her aunt, and it forbade Henriette to return to her house "since she had a lover," or rather we ought to say it in French to convey the full meaning of the word—"puisqu' elle avait un amant."

Having thus nobody to care for in the world, and her good name being already lost by the malice of slanderous tongues, Henriette goes to live with Caverlet, who conceives the idea of the fiction about the divorce to explain the existence of the children. His first idea had been to say that Henriette was a widow, but this seemed objectionable to her from a sentiment that she had not the right to make her children orphans, and to "suppress" their father in their hearts. The idea of the imaginary divorce conciliated everything:—

Bargé. Le mari ne vous a jamais inquiétés?

Caverlet. La piste d'Henriette était perdue, et il n'avait pas intérêt à la retrouver, bien au contraire, puisque le seul lien qui lui restât était une pension à servir.

Bargé. Sucripant!

Caverlet. Pas positivement; c'est un viveur à qui manque absolument le sens moral.

Bargé. Ces gens-là vont quelquefois plus loin que les vrais méchants. Mais, s'il ne vous a pas donné signe de vie depuis quinze ans, il est peut-être mort?

Caverlet. Non. Il habite Paris, où il mène une vie de désordres et d'expédients. Nous avons de ses nouvelles par un vieux notaire, qui est le parrain d'Henriette et l'ami de sa tante.

This notary so contrives that the rich old aunt pardons Henriette, who may therefore now expect to inherit her fortune when she dies.

Bargé goes home without asking for the hand of the young lady for his son. Henriette sees clearly the full meaning of this, and says to Caverlet, "Ah! mon ami, c'est l'expiation qui commence."

The second act is very cleverly managed in one respect. The first scene is between Henri and Reynold, the two young friends being full of the most frank and cordial gaiety. Then comes the evil spirit of the piece, Merson, Henriette's husband. He arrives at Caverlet's house when Caverlet himself is absent, and his wife and daughter are both gone to Geneva to make preparations for a journey to Italy. Henri is at home, however, and Henri is the person whom his father wishes to see. The secret reason for Merson's arrival is that he knows of the death of the old aunt at Avranches, and has set off at once for Lausanne to *réintégrer le domicile conjugal*—of course, from the most interested motives:—

Merson, seul. Elle part pour l'Italie, donc elle n'a pas encore de nouvelles d'Avranches. . . . J'arrive à temps. Dans huit jours, madame ma femme aura hérité de sa tante, mais elle aura réintégré le domicile conjugal, si je ne suis pas un maladroit, et il n'y aura plus à s'en dédire. . . . . hélas!—Je me fais l'effet d'un veuf qui convole avec sa défunte! Hoffmann n'a rien inventé de plus fantastique. O mes créanciers! dressez-moi un autel. Assurons-nous d'abord un auxiliaire dans la personne de mon fils. Lui seul peut décider sa mère à me suivre. Si prévenu qu'il soit contre moi, il me bénira comme un sauveur quand il connaîtra la véritable situation. Le tout est de la lui révéler sans en avoir l'air.

Amongst the clever bits of invention is the meeting between Merson and Bargé's son, Reynold, whom he takes for his own son, and receives most tenderly, folding him in his arms:—

Merson. Le voici, . . . (Avec émotion) Mon fils! (Il le serre dans ses bras.)

Reynold, stupéfait. Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?

Merson. Henri!

On this the real Henri enters. Merson finds out his mistake, and laughs at it and at himself:—"Allons, bon! pour une fois que je m'attendrais je joue de malheur!" Then comes one of the strong scenes of the piece. Merson asks Henri, not for his filial respect, but for his friendship. This leads to a revelation of Merson's nationality, and Henri sees that his mother is not married to Caverlet. Merson takes advantage of his emotion, and offers to take Henriette back again as his wife. Henri is quite persuaded of Merson's good intentions, and thinks that he has a "noble cœur sous cette légèreté apparente." Then there is rather a pretty scene between the brother and sister—the latter, of course, according to well-bred French ideas, not being at all admitted into the confidences of her elders about the conjugal situation of her mother. As Fanny is going out of the room, she is met by Caverlet in the doorway, and he gives her a kiss on the forehead. On this Henri, who is in a state of intense, though suppressed, excitement, bursts out at once, and forbids Caverlet to touch her with his lips:—

Henri. Je vous défends de toucher de vos lèvres le front de cette enfant.

Caverlet. Tu me défends? . . . Qu'est ce que cela signifie?

Henri. Cela signifie que depuis quinze ans je crois vivre dans l'honneur et que je vis dans l'opprobre, que je sais tout, et que je vous hais autant que je vous ai aimé.

The sudden revulsion of feeling against Caverlet is one of the few things in the play which seem excessive. It may be doubted whether a young man in Henri's situation, who had always from infancy felt the strongest affection and gratitude for his mother's companion in life, would hate him quite so suddenly and intensely as this on learning that there had been no divorce. We should have supposed that, on arriving at the full knowledge of the situation, Henri would have been amazed, shocked, saddened, but not violently hostile, and that he would have waited at least till Caverlet had time to say whatever he might have to say. Caverlet gives a terrible picture of Merson's conduct after his marriage. At last Henri is shaken and does not know what to think. It is decided that, when Merson comes back, all future arrangements are to be made entirely in accordance with Henriette's wishes. Henri finishes the second act with an apology—"Monsieur Caverlet, j'ai été dur et ingrat envers vous. Je vous en demande pardon."

We cannot say that we like the scene between Bargé, the Sw *juge de paix*, and his son Reynold, in the third act, when

father offers 20,000 francs to his son that he may go to Paris and become immoral, which he has not been as yet in the quiet healthy life he has been leading at Lausanne. The father thinks that this will be the best way of making him forget Fanny. It is a pity that there should be this blemish in the piece, for it is utterly unnecessary to the development of the plot, and Bargé is intended to be a decent sort of fellow, who forgets himself on the present occasion in his extreme anxiety to avoid an alliance with a family in which there has been a scandal. The next scene is between Merson, Bargé, and Reynold, and here Merson manages to convey the impression that he is a generous character with the most elevated intentions. Then comes the inevitable tête-à-tête between Merson and Henriette. Here, of course, the excitement increases, and we have a situation. Merson asks Henriette to go back to Paris and live in his house:—

HENRIETTE, amèrement. Voulez-vous me prouver, Monsieur, que vous nous avez fait à moi et à mes enfants une position impossible? Car c'est bien vous qui nous l'avez faite; vous ne songez pas à le nier, je suppose.

MERSON. J'y songe si peu, Madame, je me sens si bien responsable du passé et de l'avenir que je viens vous offrir la seule réparation efficace, qui est de reprendre votre place de mère de famille à mon foyer.

HENRIETTE. Rentrer chez vous! moi!

In this dialogue Merson, being a cynic, has perfect command over himself and a considerable superiority to his wife, especially when he threatens to take the children away with him. In scene vii. a letter arrives from Paris announcing the old aunt's death, and thus accounting for Merson's arrival. This makes a wide difference in his son's opinion of him; so Henri refuses to leave his mother, and Fanny appreciates Merson's paternal sentiments at their true value. Reynold says he has "une affaire à Lausanne." Henri says, "Il a une idée. . . . Il va tenter quelque chose . . . tentative sans espoir qu'il n'ose même pas me confier!" In the third scene Bargé comes and tells Henriette that Merson has come to him, as *juge de paix*, to require a statement of the position in which Henriette is living, with a view to legal proceedings the object of which will be to recover the guardianship of his children. Henriette and Caverlet want to give Merson money, being sure that money is his only object; but Bargé justly observes that the only consequence of this will be the gradual giving away of their whole fortune; so he recommends a separation between Henriette and Caverlet, that the law may not find evidence against them. Then comes a touching scene between Henriette and Caverlet just before their separation, and a painful one between Henriette and Fanny, in which Henriette represents her case as that of a friend of hers:—

FANNY. Elle n'avait donc pas d'enfants?

HENRIETTE. Elle en avait.

FANNY. Elle ne les aimait donc pas?

Much skill is employed by the author in so managing matters that from first to last the *jeune fille* never understands the real situation of her mother. The *dénouement* of the piece is brought about by naturalization, which was the subject of the first conversation. Reynold's "idea" turned out to be perfectly practicable. He went to Lausanne, saw Merson, and proposed that he should first get himself naturalized as a Swiss, and then get divorced from his wife, in return for which he should receive a property in Switzerland worth 20,000*l.*, offered by his wife to facilitate his Swiss citizenship. After this, of course Henriette can marry Caverlet, and matters will really be as they were in the habit of representing them. We protest against the last word in the piece as too ridiculous. Bargé, the *juge de paix*, is made to turn up his eye to heaven and exclaim "Daniel!" on which the curtain drops. Now this "Daniel" is nothing but the name of his grandson that is to be. We wonder if old Swiss justices of the peace look forward with such tender sentiment to the arrival of unborn grandchildren. Perhaps they do.

It is unnecessary for us to expatiate much upon the moral of M. Augier's play. He has not thought it necessary to expatiate upon it himself, but has left his audience to draw their own conclusions. We cannot enter here into the grave social and moral question which he deals with in a method that is striking rather than satisfactory. The dramatist, like the novelist, is privileged to create his own facts, to marshal them in his own way, and to base the broadest conclusions on the narrow foundation of individual cases, and those fictitious ones. We are in a world where impression and feeling are made to do duty for argument, and sober reasoning is of course at a disadvantage. We will only say that if divorce is ever legally established in France, it will be the heaviest blow dealt against the authority of the Church in that country since the establishment of civil marriage and the registration of births instead of baptisms.

NORTH'S CHURCH BELLS OF LEICESTERSHIRE.*

[illegible] almost of paradox in saying that antiquaries are constantly engaged in finding out new subjects. Yet nothing can be more true than that many branches of investigation yet remain untouched, though so much archæological inquiry has been abroad of late. People who collect have constantly to complain of the dearth of scientific manuals. Enamels are but half classified; ivories have been well described within the past few years; but lace, notwithstanding all that has been written and printed, is still an occult subject. And a yet more important class of ancient remains has never had a manual of any kind devoted to it; for, though we have books innumerable on mediæval painting and sculpture, no handy and cheap volume has yet been produced by which the dates and countries of mediæval manuscripts may be identified. There is nothing easier than for an expert to distinguish a book of hours from a missal, to say where it was written, and whether it is of English, French, or Italian production. But we still require a book which will make such distinctions known to any one who cares to know, and to explain for us the grounds of an insight which often appears almost miraculous. Among these new old subjects bells have lately claimed a great share of attention. Mr. Ellacomb, and now Mr. North, have done good work for the guidance of future seekers. And it must be conceded that bells, standing, as they do, on the confines of so many different kinds of art and science, deserve more notice than they have hitherto received, in England at least. Whether the history of bells is regarded as musical, scientific, or artistic, it is clearly interesting to many people. The sound of church bells is dear to most of us. Chimes take their place with carols and Christmas greetings and many other pleasant things. The tolling of the death-knell, the merry marriage peal, the mere striking of the church clock, are all bound up with our most warmly cherished recollections. And how many, too, are the popular superstitions connected with them—often perhaps pointing to some fact now forgotten. When the bells of St. Stephen's Chapel, at Westminster, were rung, "men fabuled," says Stow, "that their ringing soured all the drink in the town." The great Dunstan was a bell-founder, and bells have always been believed to frighten away evil spirits. Our first impressions of a Continental tour are strangely mixed up with the jangle of numberless little bells, as at Antwerp and Bruges. And bell-ringing connects itself with some of the most remarkable scenes in our national history; as, for instance, when the Archbishop with a dozen prelates and other great men were present in Westminster Hall to hear the violator of Magna Charta denounced "with bell, book, and candle." The Legate was always received with bell-ringing, and when Archbishop Boniface made his unfortunate visit to St. Bartholomew's in 1250, it was amid the ringing of bells. There is a pretty story, too, in Matthew Paris of the death of Robert Grosseteste; how, the night he died, Fulk Basset, Bishop of London, heard a chime ringing in the sky, and said it was a sign of the departure of his brother bishop to the heavenly regions; and how, the same night, two friars journeying toward Buckden, where Bishop Robert died, heard a melodious peal, and one bell of exceeding sweetness clear above the rest, with a distinct and regular note. The oldest-dated bell, however, now remaining in England is that of St. Chad's church, at Claughton, in Lancashire, and the year marked on it, 1296, is more than forty years after Grosseteste's death; and the first Englishman known to have followed bell-founding as a trade was Roger de Ropeforde, who made four bells for Exeter Cathedral in 1284.

Portable bells seem to have been very early in use in Ireland; and Pope Sabinian, in the early part of the seventh century, is said to have first employed them in the regular services of the Church. But perhaps the earliest recorded use of a bell in England is that mentioned by Bæda, who says the nuns of Whitby were called to prayer by a bell as early as the year 680. Egberht about the middle of the eighth century ordered bells to be sounded in every church. But there are very few of any great antiquity in England. They were very apt to get broken, and almost all those now in our church towers have been recast at some period not very remote. Of the thousand bells of Leicestershire "only one hundred and forty-seven can be said, with any certainty, to have been cast before the year 1600," and the largest number of old bells in any one church is only three. The oldest-dated bell in the same county, Mr. North further informs us, is that of Dalby on the Wolds, which bears an inscription stating the name of the donor, Andrew Nouel, or Noel, "esquier," and the date 1584. It is of his brother Henry Noel that Queen Elizabeth is said to have made one of her many puns upon names. Commenting on his extravagance, she wrote what Burton, in his *Leicestershire*, calls "this Enigmatical Distich":—

The word of denial and letter of fifty
Is that gentleman's name that will never be thrifty.

Mr. North has been perhaps too sparing of anecdotes, but they are often useful, as in this case; for many people who find a difficulty in remembering exact dates may be able to connect Elizabeth with the age of the bell at old Dalby. But of quaint inscriptions there is no lack; some of them are very amusing, as when on one bell is found—

I'm given here to make a peal
And sound the praise of Mary Neale;

or when one of the five at Silsby records that it was cast "In honorem Gulielmi Cumbriæ Ducis rebelles Scotos victricibus armis debellantis, 1745." The same event is commemorated at Fareham, in Hampshire, where one of the bells bears six lines, the last two of which are loyal enough:—

Then may great George our King live for ever to see
The rebellious crew hang on the gallows tree.

A parallel to these bell-verses must be sought for at the antipodes; for in 1869 a peal of bells was cast for a tower at Ballarat in Australia "to perpetuate the joy of its inhabitants at the failure of the murderous attempt on the life of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh while on his memorable visit to these shores." The loyal

* *The Church Bells of Leicestershire.* By Thomas North. Leicester: Clarke. 1876.

colonists who hung these bells were evidently of the same opinion as the people of Fareham, and were by no means content with hanging the poor lunatic who assaulted the Prince. One of the most common inscriptions is of course "God save the King," and one of the eight bells in the "very tuneable ring" at Hinckley was made in 1782 "by the voluntary contributions of the friends of Church and King." But there is greater simplicity in one modern inscription, whether it be meant for rhyme or not:—

The parson and his people gave me,
1873.

If this is a rhyme, it is clearly borrowed from the concluding couplet of Thackeray's famous poem; but there is a sad want of poetry in the inscriptions generally, and the best line in Leicestershire is probably this—it adorns a bell dated 1613 at Croxton Kerrial:—

Mererem mestis letis sic leta sonabo.

This is better the verse on the old tenor bell at Barkeston, which ran:—

y roaring sound doth notice give
t men cannot here always live.

Thirty-two of the Leicestershire bells have inscriptions in honour of the Blessed Virgin and some bear the names of Michael and Gabriel the Archels. Some, again, have only the letters of the alphabet by way of inscription; but a majority of those mentioned in Mr. North's volume have the name either of the founder or the donor. The bell-founders of Leicester were at one time famous, and the fourth bell at St. Mary's, Oxford, bears the legend:—

Be yt knowne to all that doth me see,
That Newcombe of Leicester made me. 1612.

This is the bell, so dear to campanologists, which has a madrigal tune written round it. The air is said by Dr. Rimbault to be somewhat in the style of a well-known glee, "In going to my lonesome bed," and has been fully written out and published. The Newcombes began to cast at Leicester when Thomas Newcombe married Margary, the widow of an older bell-founder, William Millars, who had died in 1506; and the family, of which Mr. North gives a tabular pedigree, continued to carry on the business for upwards of a hundred years. The Newcombes constantly used the same form of inscription; but it is not improved upon by a Worcester founder:—

John Martin of Worcester he made wee,
Be it known to all that do wee see.

Next in interest to the inscriptions are perhaps the local bell-ringing customs. Thus we read of the Ludlams, that, being the oldest family in Oadley, they always claimed the distinction of having a chime at their funerals. The vicar in 1844, on the occasion of the burial of Richard Ludlam, an old Peninsular veteran, had the bad taste to forbid the continuance of this quaint custom. A great many bells and benefactions for ringers are connected, in reality or by tradition, with the accident, so common formerly, of losing a track at night or in a fog. But Mr. North disposes of such a story in the case of Sibstone, where a field was said to have been left for the purpose of ensuring the ringing of curfew, because the field has formed part of the glebe from very early times. A former inhabitant of Ashby-de-la-Zouch lost the path and wandered about nearly all night, and, when nearly exhausted, found his way home on hearing the clock of St. Helen's church. To mark his gratitude he conveyed to the trustees of the grammar school certain property, since called the Day-Bell houses, upon trust, among other things, that they should cause one of the church bells to be rung for a quarter of an hour at four o'clock every morning. In 1807 the inhabitants of Ashby, to whom the early bell had become an annoyance, obtained leave from the Court of Chancery to discontinue it. Special bells mark the age, sex, and condition of the deceased at funerals in some places; and Mr. North mentions Barwell in particular, where at the funeral of a wealthy maiden lady "the corpse was welcomed to the church with a merry peal." At Sapcote a lady who died so recently as 1847 was received at the church door with a chime. Mr. North records many local usages of the kind, especially as to the knell, "the passing bell," the so-called curfew, the harvest and gleaners' bells, and as to the number of strokes to indicate the sex of the departing or departed. At Frisley or elsewhere these tolls are called tellers, and it has been suggested that the old saying—

Nine tailors make a man—

is a corruption of a saying arising from the thrice three tolls, or tellers, as the close of the passing bell:—

Nine tellers mark a man.

Mr. North has avoided typographical errors, for the most part, and his book is prettily got up and well illustrated. There is a capital index, but the chapter on "Latin Inscriptions" would be the better for a few references to the other lists. Mr. North's heraldry is doubtful in one or two places. We read at page 70, for example, of "a greyhound erased," but we are not disposed to find fault with what will prove to many readers an unexpectedly pleasant book. A specimen of Mr. North's anecdotal style must conclude our notice:—

I heard the following tradition in Melton some years ago:—When the Prince Regent visited Belvoir Castle early in the present century, he stayed at Melton to see the horses belonging to the many sportsmen then in that neighborhood. The ringers hearing of his approach rang out a full peal, and by the time made their application to the Prince for a gratuity. This, however, not being forthcoming, they began to hint, then to say [illegible] very opposite of a gentleman, and the townspeople being generally of the same opinion, they saluted him upon his appearance in the streets with a strong volley of snowballs, no doubt very much to his astonishment. We have dictated to several of our monarchs and beheaded one, but this is the only instance probably in which a monarch, or his representative, has been dealt with in such a style as that in which the Bellringers of Melton, according to this tradition, expressed their opinion to the Prince Regent.

PARLEY MAGNA.*

WITH much to recommend it, clever, good-humoured, and at times vivid enough in description, *Parley Magna* is nevertheless a disappointing book; falling short of the promise held out in the beginning, and, though interspersed with clear and vigorous passages, for the most part presenting a confused and broken kind of surface—the kind of thing which painters call "spotty"—which materially lessons its interest and damages its power. Between the two extremes of telling a story in that dragging, monotonous manner of narration which almost wholly dispenses with set scenes or characteristic conversations, and this of jerky, fragmentary, and often quite unimportant scenes and dialogues, there is the true dramatic method of mingled action and narrative, where all the circumstances are interdependent, and to take one away would mutilate and render less intelligible the rest. This is the true scientific method, that of growth and evolution, of things coming about by foregone causes, and not as if they sprang out of nothing, like ghosts or "materialized spirits." But this is just the method for which we so often look in vain, having to content ourselves with sometimes three volumes full of dreary narrative, with scarcely any break of dialogue or action; sometimes with nine hundred pages filled with talk that has no kind of value in the delineation of the characters, and with incidents that do not help in the development of the plot.

It is rare to find among our English novelists any signs of the study usually held necessary for the satisfactory practice of an art, any sign that they rank their craft as an art at all. As, indeed, how should it be with people who think that nothing is wanted for the production of a readable romance but a sufficient stock of paper, pens, and ink, and that every one who can write intelligibly at all can turn you out a three-volume novel with no more trouble than if it were a few letters to intimate friends or the daily jottings in a diary? English more or less offending against grammar and elegance; characters either copied so closely from life as to be "fogged" and distorted, or else which are mere dummies taken from the stock properties of romance-writers, with nothing of nature or reality in them; circumstances presumably illustrative of ordinary life, but like nothing that is transacted by sane folks within the four seas, or, if according to human nature and society as we know them, then of so trivial a character as to sink below the dignity of art altogether—these are the materials out of which a novel is to be constructed; and we can scarcely wonder if the result is at times less than satisfactory. If a man were to attempt to paint a picture before he had learnt drawing, composition, or perspective, he would be set down as a presumptuous bungler, whose first lesson must be taken in gauging his own ignorance; but a novel, which is as much a work of art as a picture, and demands the same kind of technical study, is dashed off anyhow, and "inexperience" is pleaded as an excuse for failure.

Mr. Whitaker is one who might, we think, do infinitely better than he does if he would but study his art as an art, and not content himself with merely writing out a certain number of pages into which he puts his story with more hope than certainty that it will "come right." Parts of *Parley Magna* do come right, very right indeed; but other parts are pitched in anyhow, and are all wrong. A little more care would have made the rough places smooth and the crooked ways straight, and we should have had a really good book all through, instead of, as now, one full of pleasant promise, of partial fulfilment, of disappointing indications, of evident cleverness, and of as evident haste and negligence. The story deals, as did *Lucy Fitzadam*, with the disagreeable circumstance of illegitimacy; only that here we have two cases—one real, the other believed to be real, but proving in the end false. It is the hero, Arthur Amory, who, having lived through all his childhood and youth under the stigma of illegitimacy, is proved at the end to be the lawful son of his mother, and the inheritor of his old grandfather's title and estates. The real bequeather of shame is pretty Poppie Shaw, the rustic beauty of whom Arthur makes his first ideal, and who, saved by his own high principles from himself, falls into less scrupulous hands, and is disgraced by the young squire, Roy, Arthur's dearest friend. It was a difficult subject to manage with skill and delicacy, but we are bound to say that Mr. Whitaker has quite succeeded in his treatment of it. There is not a coarse suggestion, not a doubtful passage, in the whole of the love-making between these two young people, and the exposition of Arthur's feelings is very natural and well sustained. All the same we think that subjects of this dangerous kind are best left alone, and that skill had better be shown in other ways than in touching pitch yet keeping the fingers clean. Beside this love affair, there is also one with a young lady, Agnes Willoughby, who, engaged to Roy, loves Arthur. But Arthur does not love her in the beginning, though he comes to a better perception of things later, and recognizes in her his true mate. Of plot properly so called—of plot more than this—there is really almost none; for *Parley Magna* is a book

* *Parley Magna*. A Novel. By Edward Whitaker, Author of "Lucy Fitzadam." 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1876.

made up of disjointed episodes, not of connected events whence is evolved the story. Thus there is the initial episode of Poppie Shaw and Arthur's conduct to her, how drawn towards her with the young man's natural but dangerous love, now standing aloof in terror at the probable end of all this pleasant peril; then there is his accident, which sobers him for the time; afterwards the unpleasant episode of Poppie with Mr. Roy. Then come Arthur's acknowledgment of Agnes Willoughby's sweetness and womanly charm, their engagement, and the discovery that he is not a nameless waif and stray born into the world by the left hand, but the rightful owner of noble estates and the rightful bearer of a stainless name; and then the cruel end of all, when Arthur is burnt to death in his endeavour to save others. By which terrible catastrophe Agnes is left widowed and bereaved, though Poppie marries her true-love, one John Highworth, who overlooks the fact of her slip with the Squire, and whose love both purifies the past and exalts the future.

Thus it will be seen that the plot proper of *Parley Magna* is very slight, and is moreover unduly overweighted by the tragedy at the end. Certain stories are destined from the beginning for tragedy. It would have been absurd to make Rebecca in *Ivanhoe* end in conventional white muslin and satisfaction; Lucy Ashton could never have been turned into a contented, homely housewife; and Fenella as a methodical bookkeeper of the period would have been as absurd a presentation as Nydia endowed with sight and deprived of song. But in *Parley Magna* there are no such fated lines of original construction by which the catastrophe must needs be tragic. On the contrary, the book is written throughout in a light and jocund manner; and when we come to the gloomy ending, it falls upon us with a certain shock, a certain sense of inharmoniousness and exaggeration, as if a butterfly were broken on the wheel. It would have been so easy to make everything end happily. The stain on Arthur's birth had been removed, and he had come into his inheritance not only of fortune but of a fair name; his heart had found its rest, and poor Agnes Willoughby had been so far rewarded for her long years of waiting and fidelity; Poppie Shaw had been rehabilitated in the esteem of her fellow-villagers, and had been "assoiled" by the faithful love of her true swain; there is not a hitch anywhere; when Mr. Whitaker barbarously destroys all this fair fabric and burns poor Arthur in the fire, for no purpose whatsoever that we can see. We think that we have the right to object to such an unnecessary act of cremation, and that the author has committed a mistake in the harmony of his art. The natural ending of such a book as *Parley Magna* was undoubtedly a cheerful one; and to make it of a highly tragic kind was an undeniable mistake.

There are certain scenes and characters in this book which are of excellent quality. When Arthur, having led poor little Poppie to that point of self-betrayal which places a woman at a man's feet, suddenly pulls up and says that it is for her happiness they must part, and the girl breaks down into quivering self-pity and childish sorrow for the loss of her young gentleman lover; when Arthur confides his trouble to Roy, and Roy, balancing between his cynical amusement at such unusual purity of mind and his honest admiration of so much nobleness and strength, allows the latter feeling to have the upper hand, and so strengthens Arthur's better resolves—in both of these scenes are real power, real observation, and a deeper and truer sense of human nature than is often found in novels. In the character of Miss Jauncey, too, we have the same bold, yet subtle, touch. Strong and clear-sighted, loving and shrewd, she wins the reader's admiration and deserves it; and her conduct to Arthur all through is singularly well told. We may infer that just a slight sense of womanhood mingles with her liking for "that generous, imaginative, chivalrous boy, Arthur Amory"; more especially as she is careful to close her soliloquy with the words:—"But my liking shall continue to take the shape it has always taken—that of a constant and helpful friendship towards him." Coming, as these words do, immediately after her self-communing, when she reasons upon her appearance thus:—

> "Might I not, however, even now be accepted by some in a kind of imperial light? May not the figure still be held commanding? [Here the good lady drew herself up.] May not 'a noble woman, nobly planned' perhaps yet be the impression produced on certain minds? Why, then, should I completely abandon ——"
>
> "Pooh!" exclaimed Miss Jauncey loudly, suddenly retreating from the position in which vanity—still sometimes heard in her mental councils—had placed her. "Let truth be told. I am old and plain; or at least [another look in the mirror at this point, the hand-glass being raised that the effect of the profile might be caught]—at least, not strictly handsome"—

and ending with "a tear," we see no other explanation of her feelings than the "feminine gratification" of regretting that she was not young and beautiful, for the sake of the chivalrous boy whom she loved so well, and guarded from all possible danger with so much zeal. Yet, if we praise certain isolated scenes and characters on the one hand, we must condemn as fatiguing and stupid all the village life and Mrs. Titt on the other. All, however, can live up to their highest powers if they only resolve to do so; and we believe that Mr. Whitaker might, if he were so minded, write a really good novel, smart, telling, and equal, instead of giving us only parts of a good novel, alternating with sterile tracts impossible to be commended.

MINOR NOTICES.

WE are glad to think that Dr. Westland Marston's collected edition of his dramatic and poetical works* appears at a moment when there is some chance of its being appreciated. It is satisfactory to notice the healthy taste for the poetical drama which has sprung up in recent years. The success which has attended the various Shakspearian performances is due to this cause quite as much as to any special histrionic power which may have been displayed in them; and, for the same reason, audiences have significantly welcomed any attempt on the part of contemporary writers to rise above the dull level of mere mechanical contrivance. The popularity of such a play as *All for Her*, with an unprepossessing hero and an ill-constructed plot, is a remarkable illustration of the favour with which any honest effort to be imaginative is regarded by the educated public. Mr. Gilbert's fairy pieces are works of very moderate elevation in their way, but their poetical flavour—though only a flavour—makes them acceptable. It is difficult to say what *Queen Mary* may prove to be on the stage, but it is at least a promising sign that a manager exists who thinks it worth while to produce it. It is strange, indeed, that managers generally should fail to see the advantage of cultivating a class of drama which would not only raise the character of the stage, but give it a firmer hold on the support of intelligent audiences. Nothing can be more forced and artificial, or more commonplace in idea, than the ordinary run of pieces, such as those of Mr. Byron, which at present occupy the stage. They give one the impression that they are written by some call-boy or prompter who knows by heart all the old stock incidents and witticisms, and by a mere turn of the hand throws them into a slightly different combination, just as a child does with the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. It is a relief to turn from this arid and mechanical stuff to the fresh, genuine sentiment and intellectual range of Dr. Marston's plays; and every one capable of appreciating the higher order of dramatic literature must regret that some at least of these charming works are not to be seen in the sphere for which they were intended. The writer shows that he can be grave or gay, but there is usually a touch of noble motive or emotion even in his lighter pieces; while in those of a more solemn cast he rises to a high range of human feeling. Dr. Marston's earliest work was *The Patrician's Daughter*, which was produced at Drury Lane in 1842, and had the good fortune to be interpreted by a company which included Miss Helen Faucit, Mr. Macready, and Mr. Phelps. Political feeling ran rather high at that time, and the play was applauded or condemned from different points of view. The story is that of Mordaunt, a young man of humble birth, who has by his genius risen to importance in public life, and who is courted on this account by an aristocratic statesman, the Earl of Lynterne. Mordaunt falls in love with the Earl's daughter, Mabel, and, tempted by her apparent encouragement, and worked upon by the Earl's sister, who wishes to nip the contemplated marriage in the bud, he abruptly proposes, and is refused by Mabel, who is really in love with him, but has been led to believe that the motive of his suit is solely personal ambition. Mordaunt is deeply wounded by this repulse, flings himself more ardently than ever into politics, and acquires such authority that he is able to compel the Earl to give him the hand of Mabel in return for his support. This he does in ignorance of Mabel's love for him, and in order to punish the haughty treatment he was formerly subjected to by rejecting her on the day fixed for the marriage. Ultimately the misunderstanding is explained, but the poor girl pines and dies. There are some fine touches in the play, and we can readily imagine that in the hands of Macready and Miss Faucit it was very effective. But we cannot say that it seems to us one of Dr. Marston's happiest efforts. After all, Mordaunt's conduct is extremely unheroic, and sympathy is naturally against him. It is amusing to find that this play, which was intended, as the author tells us, to exhibit the conflict between the pride of Aristocracy and Democracy, was regarded by some as an effusion of Radicalism, and by others as a vindication of Tory principles. *Strathmore*, a tragedy, in which Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean appeared in 1849, is much more to our taste. It is a vigorous, concentrated piece, full of eloquence and feeling, and with distinctly marked characters. The scene is laid in Scotland during the war of the Covenanters, and the plot turns on the conflict between love and duty through which Strathmore has to pass. *Life for Life* contains some strong dramatic situations, but strikes one in reading as rather stagey, though this might be less obvious in a theatre. *A Life's Ransom*, in three acts, is a genuine romance, in the best sense of the word; and *Anne Blake*, which is in five acts, though it might possibly be reduced to three, is full of spirit and character, and would, if well acted, be certain to have a good run. Another play, in a single act, which we like very much, and which seems to be of a kind much wanted on the English stage, is *A Hard Struggle*. The lighter comedies are perhaps better designed for acting than reading. The continuous epigram which is effective on the stage is apt to pall in a book, and the artifices of construction are also more apparent. On the whole, however, these volumes are pleasant reading, and in this way Dr. Marston may be sure of a good audience. It must, however, strike any person

* *The Dramatic and Poetical Works of Westland Marston*. 2 vols. Chatto & Windus.

of discrimination as a melancholy proof of the vulgar obtuseness of managers that such pieces are excluded from the common theatrical *répertoire*. It should be added that the collection also comprises some miscellaneous poems of a superior kind.

Mr. J. F. Campbell's *Circular Notes** is in some respects a clever, and in others a very unsatisfactory book. Starting westwards on July 6, 1874, he spent the succeeding twelve months in travelling round the world. He is evidently a shrewd, observant person; he had good opportunities of seeing what was to be seen; and, if he had cared to take the trouble, might no doubt have written a very interesting work. But then he is apparently too great a person in his own estimation to stoop to such drudgery. While he was travelling he wrote hasty letters to his friends at home, and other jottings, which, with certain excisions, are now reproduced. Scrappy notes, however, which are good enough for one's indulgent relatives, are not the sort of thing which ought to be put before the public in a book. If, as Mr. Campbell hints, it was too much of a bore for him to write a book, he should have let it alone; but if he made up his mind to publish his experiences, he was bound to take the trouble to throw them into a readable and connected form. So much crude, slipshod literature is nowadays published, that it is necessary to make a protest in a case of this kind. Mr. Campbell is evidently more anxious to air his own whims and affectations than to supply his readers with useful information, and more than half the book is filled with trivial observations which might well have been spared. He carefully records how much he weighed from time to time, when he had a dinner to his liking, and other details as to his health and spirits. The mischief is that one has to wade through pages of small gossip in order to pick up here and there a grain of sense. Another of Mr. Campbell's literary vices is a love of slang. In the lowest depths of American verbiage there is perhaps hardly any phrase more idiotic than that of "some pumpkins"; yet Mr. Campbell, who, as an educated Scotchman, might be expected to have a sense of rational language, frequently uses it, and other expressions equally vulgar and foolish. He thinks it funny to call himself a "globe-trotter," his letters "Circular Notes," a Negro "an Africaryan," the Japanese "Japs," and the United States "Yankeedoodledom." When he makes a familiar quotation he nearly always misquotes it. It is quite possible that, as we are assured, this sort of thing "amused the writer and his friends," but other people have a right to expect something better. At the end of September he had got to San Francisco, and writes triumphantly, "I have travelled a good deal more than 9,000 miles since July 6th, greatly to my own satisfaction, comfort, and personal advantage"; but it cannot be said that he has much to tell which is of any advantage to his readers. The best part of the book, and almost the only part worth reading, is that which relates to Japan, where circumstances obliged him to travel comparatively slowly, and he had leisure to look about him. He speaks very highly of the Japanese as quick, intelligent, and good-natured, and much superior in everything except size to the Chinese. "As for the people," he says, "they seem to be the most polite, civil, good-humoured, well-washed, clean critters I ever fell in with. I have not seen one hurt a creature. I have not heard a cross word spoken since I came to Japan. I hardly hear a child cry." And again:—"Fun is the expression of the genius of the people. They are always laughing, and always apt to take a joke or make one." The Japanese are also very hard workers. Men, and even women and children, haul heavy loads on carts. They will go five miles an hour carrying or pulling a great weight; indeed Mr. Campbell's men drew him along in a jinrikisha, or sort of cab, at eight miles an hour, in spells of twenty miles. Their pay is about a penny a mile. Japanese food is not bad, though bread is scarcely to be had. Rice is to be had everywhere, with shell-fish and eggs, and vegetables of many sorts, oranges and persimmons, and cakes made of beans, and many curious viands. Tea can also be got when wanted, and *sake*, a light wine made from rice. The writer attributes great importance to the revolution in which the Daimios were overthrown, but perhaps scarcely makes sufficient allowance for changes previously in progress. "The great interest in Japan," he says, "is to see a whole people changed within ten years; they have changed their habits and their clothes; they have railroads, gas, telegraphs, and steamers, an army and navy; and national debts, paper money, and wideawake hats. Ten years ago they cut down strangers and put them in cages." Mr. Campbell was at first very much startled and disturbed by the Japanese habit of bathing naked in public places, but got used to it. In some places there is an open shed over a pool of steaming hot water, in which naked men, women, and children disport themselves freely, and couples, like Adam and Eve, walk quietly along the street on pattens under a paper umbrella; and this exposure takes place even in the coldest weather. Mr. Campbell gives some account of the popular literature of Japan, and also of the drama. In one play which he saw, a Daimio pounced upon a carpenter who had betrayed him in some way, kicked and beat him, and then crucified him on the stage. "There he stood on his cross, with spears thrust through him, and streams of blood pouring out of him, till the Daimio solemnly stuck a sword into his throat. Then much more blood ran down the man's naked breast, he gaped and gasped and died, and the act ended." After many more acts the ghost came and vanished, and the wicked Daimio drew his sword and stuck it into his own bowels, dying like a gentleman. The writer does not explain the stage-machinery by which all this was done. In all the big towns bookshops and print-shops abound, and new sets of prints, chiefly caricatures, are continually coming out. Mr. Campbell's verdict on the Chinese is that they are "rogues, dirty dogs, and disagreeable"; "everything is sham, and costs a dollar." Mr. Campbell all through the book makes a great fuss about his drawings, but the samples given are very indifferent.

The collected edition of Lord Houghton's poems * contains much that will probably be new to many readers. His first poems were published in 1840, and his "Palm Leaves" in 1844; but he is, we imagine, chiefly known at the present day by some of his shorter pieces, such as "The Men of Old," and "The beating of my own heart." The latter, written on a moonlight drive, was thought unworthy of print by the author and others; but ten years later a traveller heard it parodied in a chorus of slaves in the cotton-fields of Western America. There can be no doubt that, on the whole, this collection will tend to inspire respect for Lord Houghton's muse; but it may be doubted whether it was wise to swell it with so much matter which is now rather out of date. In the preface the author confesses that he has often thought he would like to review his own poems as he has done those of others, "conscious that distance of time and change of temperament would render him perfectly impartial"; but he contents himself with suggesting that "whatever hold they may have taken on their time is owing to their sincerity of thought and simplicity of expression." We think that this criticism is just, and that these are certainly the characteristics of Lord Houghton's best work; but this remark does not apply to the whole of the collection. Various pieces have been admitted which, as the writer himself remarks, are due to "the lyrical faculty of early years," and are "acceptable only to certain casual moods and temperaments"; while others of little import are included because he has "often derived gratification from the revival of the events of his time in the memory." We are afraid that a good many of the pieces in the second volume fall within this category if impartially judged. It is easy to conceive the sentimental fondness of the writer for such pieces as "Good Intentions," "Love and Nature," or "The Voice of the People," but they hardly merit reproduction at this distance of time. The first volume, which contains "The Memorials of Travels in Greece and Italy," "Palm Leaves," "Eastern Thoughts," and "Other Scenes," displays the poet in his highest efforts. The versification is mellow and dignified, and both the language and ideas give an impression of delicate taste, breadth of culture, and sympathetic feeling. Lord Houghton modestly observes that he has found a familiarity with these pieces among those who have trodden the same ground and felt the same associations which otherwise he had no hope to attain; and this will be readily understood by those who read them. They leave no doubt that, if Lord Houghton is not one of the great poets, he possesses genuine poetical instinct and imagination.

Murray's *Handbook to Russia*†, of which Mr. T. Michell, late of the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, is the editor, now appears in a third edition, which may be regarded as almost a new work. In order to adapt it to the changes and improvements in the mode of travelling, it has been to a great extent rewritten and enlarged. The Caucasus and Finland are now fully dealt with; and the highly competent and accomplished editor gives the results of his personal observation and study during a long residence in Russia. This handbook, in short, is not a mere dry guide, but an interesting picture of the country and people, and does for Russia what Mr. Ford, in another famous handbook of the series, did for Spain. Mr. Michell gives a good historical notice, an alphabet and vocabulary, a sketch of the national literature, and ample and minute directions as to travelling. The account of a Russian dinner is worth looking up on its own account, and there is also a useful chapter on sport. There are now, it seems, some three thousand British residents in St. Petersburg and its vicinity.

The author of that delightful bit of fun, *Alice's Adventures*, has just produced another specimen of his peculiar humour. The *Hunting of the Snark* ‡ is shorter and slighter than his former efforts in this way, and it is perhaps doubtful whether a form of nonsense which depends in a great measure on being surprising can be kept up successfully when its novelty has passed away. The reader is then too well prepared for the absurdities which await him, and their effect is consequently weakened. Nevertheless there is in this case a fascination in the familiar matter-of-fact way in which the most ridiculous and incoherent things are strung together which it is difficult to resist. The story is in verse, and describes an expedition of various lunatics, conducted by a mad bellman, in search of a mysterious object, of doubtful place in natural history, called the Snark, which, it appears, is sometimes a Boojum, and when the latter is encountered dreadful things happen. It would be unfair to disclose the secret of the five unmistakable marks by which one may recognize the "warranted genuine Snark," but we may say that they afford materials for endless speculation as to what it is. There is a touching passage descriptive of the difficulties of navigation which irresistibly recalls some recent incidents in real life. The bowsprit, it seems, "got mixed up with the rudder sometimes," and

* *My Circular Notes: Extracts from Journals, Letters sent Home, &c., written while travelling westwards round the world.* By J. F. Campbell. 2 vols. Macmillan.

* *The Poetical Works of* (*Richard Monckton Milnes*) *Lord Houghton.* Collected Edition. 2 vols. Murray.

† *Handbook for Travellers in Russia, Poland, and Finland.* Third Edition. Murray.

‡ *The Hunting of the Snark. an Agony in Eight Fits.* By Lewis Carroll. With Illustrations by Henry Holiday. Macmillan.

crew by such orders as "Steer to starboard, but keep her head larboard." It may be mentioned that in the end the Snark does turn out to be a Boojum, but readers had better go to the work itself to learn the details of the catastrophe. The illustrations display that strange want of any sense of fun which distinguishes most comic draughtsmen in these days.

Dr. Abbott's edition of Bacon's Essays * contains, not only the carefully revised text, but a long introduction and notes, which give a complete account of Bacon's life and system of philosophy. There are chapters on him as a philosopher, theologian, politician, and moralist. The editor, while acknowledging his great obligations to Mr. Spedding for materials, differs from that writer in some respects in his interpretation of Bacon's character. Without ignoring his faults, Dr. Abbott recognizes beneath them a child-like hopefulness and simplicity, rendering him happily blind to difficulties, as well as, unhappily, to inconvenient moral distinctions; a vast, serene, yet pitying philanthropy, and a high, unselfish purpose, left for a time, but never utterly deserted; so that the heart is drawn towards him as not only great, but, in the main, good. The notes are abundant and acute, and are especially serviceable in bringing together references to the same subject from different parts of Bacon's writings.

Mr. J. Pierce and Mr. W. T. Pierce have compiled a valuable and entertaining volume of English chess problems, consisting partly of a selection from the best problems by English composers, living and lately deceased, and partly of a set of new ones, specially composed for this work.† The editors in their preface give a brief sketch of the progress of the art of composing chess problems, in which they show that problems were originally little else than ingenious end-games; but a more subtle and scientific style of composition has gradually been developed, in which "extreme elegance and accurate construction" are blended with "grace and beauty of conception." They also offer some judicious hints on problem construction which deserve the attention of tiros. They point out that the great charm of a problem is that it should be thoroughly artistic, and brought out by simple and natural play. Hence, though it is good to give Black as great a defensive power as possible (as long as the unity of the idea is not obscured), it is a mistake to aim at giving him a stronger force than White. The employment of the least force suitable for the purpose of the movement is in fact the golden rule, by adhering to which a clumsy crowding together of pieces, unnatural and impossible positions, and other faults may be avoided. At the same time, this principle of economy of force is not inconsistent with giving Black a varied and powerful defence. As regards strategy, the writers show their appreciation of the more romantic aspects of chess by observing that, besides the mere artifice employed, there "is a nameless something, an exquisite balancing of force against force, a manifestation of skill and tact in concealing the sacrifice, or the reserve of energy concentrated by some apparently aimless *coup*, which constitute the beauty and strength of a position." Accordingly they advise a beginner to avoid positions in which an idea is evolved by successive checks, because these, whatever may be their ingenuity, and however numerous the variations, are comparatively easy, and belong to a lower order of composition. Again, it is wrong to make the main idea consist in a series of sacrifices. "The finest conceptions are those where, by some move or set of moves difficult to see, either through their subtlety or the manifold resources in defence, a store of energy is laid up which breaks out at last and ensures defeat."

Mr. Blyth's *Dictionary of Hygiène and Public Health* ‡ is a useful contribution to sanitary literature. At first the author intended only to give an adaptation of Professor Tardieu's work, but as he went on he found it necessary to incorporate additional information, and his Dictionary is therefore to a great extent of an independent and original character. It gives a survey, not only of modern sanitary science, including chemistry, engineering, the dietetic value of foods, and the detection of adulteration, but of the law dealing with such matters.

Mr. Barry's work on Railway Appliances§, though, we presume, chiefly intended for engineering students, contains much to interest other readers. He gives a general account of the details of railway construction, rolling stock, and working; and also points out various matters which seem to require improvement. For instance, the friction of the wheels on the rails is at present very destructive to the latter, and it is suggested that an effort should be made to reduce the weight on the driving wheels as much as possible. The chapters on signalling and on the block system are especially interesting. It appears that a tell-tale arrangement has been devised for recording automatically the events of the day in signal-boxes as a check upon the signalmen. A paper revolving on a time cylinder, driven by the clock of the signal-box, is so connected, electrically or mechanically, with the block system instruments, the speaking instruments, the point and signal levers, and by a treadle with the trains passing the signal-box, that every movement of signals and of trains is recorded on the paper cylinder at the exact time when it happens. A fresh paper can be placed on the cylinder every morning, and in this way the irregularities both of signalmen and engine-drivers may be detected, and those conflicts of evidence which invariably occur in inquiries into railway accidents prevented. Mr. Barry is strongly in favour of the block system, which, though liable to mismanagement by human fallibility, is not more so than other systems to which it is superior in other respects. The great object to be arrived at, he says, is to simplify the signalman's work, to arrange that every signal between two signalmen shall be checked in order to ensure its correctness, and to facilitate the transmission of signals between the signalmen and the engine-drivers. On the subject of breaks, the writer mentions that with the Westinghouse automatic continuous break, and under favourable circumstances, a train of thirteen carriages, travelling at the rate of fifty-two miles an hour, can be brought to rest on a level line, with the rails dry, in a distance of 913 feet, and in 19 seconds. He adds that up to the present time the power available to arrest a train has been altogether disproportioned to the necessities of railway travelling, and to the forces at work in a train at full speed; and that probably none of the breaks have yet reached the limit of rate of retardation possible or practicable. At least it is clear that the amount of retarding force which may be applied to a train without injury to its inmates has hitherto been much underestimated.

A new edition of Fenn's well-known work on English and Foreign Funds *, with an appendix by Mr. Nash, bringing down the facts to the early part of the present year, has just been issued. It is a valuable compendium of financial information, and as such must be indispensable to all who engage in such speculations. Some idea of the prevalence of borrowing may be gathered from the fact that during the two years since the latest edition of this work was published, sixty-six new Government and City Loans have been brought out. Although there has since 1862 been a decrease in our home debt, the debts of the colonies have greatly increased, and so have those of Egypt, Turkey, Italy, and Spain, which were then comparatively small debtors. France, too, has added 500,000,000*l.* to her debt. Altogether, as Mr. Nash calculates, the world's debt has increased by nearly 2,000,000,000*l.* in the course of the past ten years.

We have here two more volumes of Mr. Gustave Masson's excellent series of annotated selections from French literature †—one containing Regnard's *Le Joueur* and *Le Grondeur* of Brueys and Palaprat, and the other extracts from the memoirs of De Retz, Saint-Simon, Montpensier, and Mme. de Motteville, with some specimens of the rhymed gazettes of the period. The biographical notices prefixed are brief, but thorough, and the notes are all to the point. Even a fair French scholar might profit by some of Mr. Masson's criticisms and explanations.

Among other publications of the Clarendon Press Series are extracts from Addison, with an introduction and notes by Mr. T. Arnold ‡, and a second edition of *Typical Selections from the Best English Writers* §, with notices by Dean Stanley, the Rector of Lincoln, Professor Goldwin Smith, and others.

Mr. Gill ‖ has reprinted a series of lectures on various systems of education which have been tried in this country, from the first teaching of English in the grammar schools to the Act of 1870. It gives in a compact form a very clear and intelligent account of the different systems of education, and even those to whom it reveals nothing new will find it useful for reference.

A Voice from the Sea ¶ is a sensational picture of the perils to which seamen are exposed by wicked shipowners who send out rotten ships. It is dedicated to, and contains a preface by, Mr. Plimsoll, who apparently is equally ready to support his views by fiction or by facts.

Mr. Coghlan, Judge and Sessions Judge of Jumna, has prepared an epitome of some Hindoo law cases ** as a guide to the law reports and to the standard text-books. Apart from its professional value, it presents a curious picture of Hindoo customs and ideas on various subjects, such as marriage, family ties, &c.

Wharton's perennial Law Lexicon †† has just been adapted to the new condition of the law brought about by the Judicature Act. The task of revision has been ably performed by Mr. Shiress Will.

Dr. Poore's text-book ‡‡, dealing with the use of electricity in medicine and surgery, is, as he tells us in his preface, written from the point of view of a physician who has access to many therapeutic agents, and is expected to use his judgment in the selection

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* *Bacon's Essays; with Introduction, Notes, and Index.* By Edwin A. Abbott, D.D. 2 vols. (London Series of English Classics.) Longmans & Co.

† *English Chess Problems.* Edited by James Pierce, M.A., and W. Timbrell Pierce. Longmans, Green, & Co.

‡ *Dictionary of Hygiène and Public Health.* By Alexander Wynter Blyth. Griffin & Co.

§ *Railway Appliances.* By John Wolfe Barry. Longmans, Green, & Co.

* *Fenn's Compendium of the English and Foreign Funds, Debts, and Revenues of all Nations.* Twelfth Edition, rewritten, with an Appendix, by Robert Lucas Nash. Effingham Wilson.

† *French Classics.* Edited by Gustave Masson, B.A. Vol. VI. A Selection of Plays by Regnard, Brueys, and Palaprat. Vol. VII. Louis XIV. and his Contemporaries, as described in the best Memoirs of the Seventeenth Century. Clarendon Press.

‡ *Addison; Selections from.* Edited by Thomas Arnold. Clarendon Press.

§ *Typical Selections from the Best English Writers; with Introductory Notices.* 2 vols. Second Edition. Clarendon Press.

‖ *Systems of Education.* By John Gill. Longmans, Green, & Co.

¶ *A Voice from the Sea; or, the Wreck of the Eglantine.* By the Author of "Margery's Christmas-Box." Hodder & Stoughton.

** *An Epitome of some Hindu Law Cases.* By W. M. Coghlan. Stevens & Haynes.

†† *Wharton's Law-Lexicon: a Dictionary of Jurisprudence.* Revised and enlarged. Edited by J. Shiress Will. Sixth Edition. Stevens & Sons.

‡‡ *A Text-book of Electricity in Medicine and Surgery.* For the use of Students and Practitioners. By George Vivian Poore, M.D. Smith, Elder & Co.

of a remedy for any particular case. He takes care to point out that, while the judicious employment of electricity is often of the greatest service, its abuse is fraught with mischief and danger. Dr. Poore has observed at the Royal Infirmary for Children and Women the utility of galvanism in cases of infantile or essential palsy, not so much in restoring the power of individual muscles as in improving the general nutrition of the limb. The headings of the chapters, such as Electricity as a Stimulant, as an Anodyne and Sedative, as a Caustic, as a Cautery, indicate the range of the author's observations. He also explains the methods of using electricity; and there are useful chapters on the treatment of aneurism by galvano-puncture, and on what are called "fatigue-diseases."

Dr. Youmans has rewritten and revised his *Class-Book of Chemistry** so as to adapt it to the new system of chemical doctrine, which, however, he is cautiously disposed to regard as at present somewhat transitional. The author addresses himself not so much to special students as to the class of readers who wish to obtain a general knowledge of the subject, but have not the opportunity to work it out in detail.

To the series of short treatises on British manufacturing industries†, edited by Mr. Bevan, three new volumes have been added, treating of metallic mining and collieries, textile fabrics, acids, alkalies, oils, &c., by competent writers, such as Professor Warington Smyth, Professor Hull, and others. The object of the series is to bring into view the remarkable development and present position of the more important industries.

Nuttall's Spelling-Bee Guide ‡ is a selection of hard words from the dictionary of that name, intended as an aid to spelling-bees, which these publishers confidently describe as "an endless source of amusement and instruction." They must at least help to promote the sale of dictionaries.

Mr. McBean has been for some years pondering on the subject of direct railway communication with India §, and has come to the conclusion that the British nation ought to construct, at its own cost, a line from Scutari to Kurrachee, which might be connected with the Continental system at Constantinople either by a tunnel under the Bosphorus or by steamers capable of conveying an entire train across the Straits. He undertakes to show that for an expenditure of £1,000,000*l.* Bombay might be brought within eight days of London, and Cairo within four days, and urges that ultimately the line ought to be extended to China. Every one will admit that "a highway from London to Pekin, over which trains can travel forty miles an hour throughout in safety," would be "a grand consummation in the march of railway progress"; but it may be thought that Mr. McBean would be more likely to promote the enterprise by dealing with the practical difficulties which surround it than by enlarging, as he does, on the advantages of the railway when completed which are indeed obvious enough.

The useful shilling lists of members of the House of Commons ‖, peers, baronets, and knights, edited by Mr. Walford, have undergone their annual revision.

Mr. W. M. Kuhlow has prepared eight coloured charts ¶ showing the wrecks, casualties, and collisions which have taken place on the British coasts during the period from 1864 to 1874, with the causes which led to them. In this way one can see at a glance the burden of the ships, the number of hands employed, the parts of the coast where the disasters happened, the force and direction of the wind, and so on. At the present moment, when this subject is exciting so much interest, these charts are especially valuable.

Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. have produced a number of cheap atlases **, from sixpence upwards. They are printed in colours, and are very distinct and agreeable to the eye. The Portable Atlas is of a handy size. The same house has also issued a new and improved edition of Mr. Crane's *Mrs. Mundi*; and celebrated Easter, after the new fashion, by a shower of illuminated Cards.

The third part of Messrs. Audsley and Bowes's *Keramic Art of Japan* †† has just appeared. We have already (*Saturday Review*, January 29, 1876) spoken so fully of this admirable work that we need at present do no more than record its progress and renew the expression of our best wishes for its success.

* *A Class-Book of Chemistry on the basis of the New System.* By Edward L. Youmans, M.D. Re-written and revised. Henry S. King & Co.

† *British Manufacturing Industries.* Edited by G. Phillips Bevan. E. Stanford.

‡ *Nuttall's Spelling-Bee Guide.* F. Warne & Co.

§ *England, Palestine, Egypt, and India Connected by a Railway System; Popularly Explained.* By S. McBean. W. H. Allen & Co.

‖ *The Shilling House of Commons, Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage.* Edited by E. Walford. Hardwicke & Bogue.

¶ *Graphe-Statistical Charts of Wrecks, Casualties, Collisions, and their Causes, on and near the coasts of Great Britain, from 1864 to 1874.* By W. M. Kuhlow. F. Bruckmann.

** *Marcus Ward's Atlases. Mrs. Mundi at Home.* Second Edition. M. Ward & Co.

†† *Keramic Art of Japan.* By G. A. Audsley and J. L. Bowes. H. Sotheran & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

The Saturday Review *is duly registered for transmission abroad.*

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ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary.*

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRETORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "In Vinculis," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," "Gaming Table," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

CHRISTIAN WILBERG'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS and SKETCHES in OIL of Italian subjects, including "A View in Venice," the property of Her Majesty the Queen. EXHIBITION now OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191 Piccadilly. Ten to Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

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The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place, in Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, May 13, at Six o'clock.
His Grace the Archbishop of YORK in the Chair.
Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by:
JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., *Honorary Secretary.*
FREDERIC W. MAYNARD, *Secretary,* 24 Old Bond Street, W.
Dinner Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 3. The Earl of DERBY, President of the Corporation, in the Chair.
The Stewards will be announced in future advertisements.
10 John Street, Adelphi, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, *Secretary.*

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS, Eight £40, Four £20. Election, Second Week in May.—Apply to the Secretary, the College, Cheltenham.

HIGHGATE SCHOOL.—ELECTION to FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS, £75, £50, £40, £40, in June.—Application to be made to the HEAD-MASTER, School House, Highgate, N.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON, SCHOOL.
Head-Master—H. WESTON EVE, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
Vice-Master—E. R. HORTON, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.
The SUMMER TERM, 1876, will begin, for New Pupils, on Tuesday, April 25, at 9 A.M.
The School is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only 5 or 6 minutes' walk from the Terminal of several other Railways.
Discipline is maintained without corporal punishment or "impositions."
Prospectuses, containing full information respecting the Courses of Instruction, given to the School, Fees, and other particulars, may be obtained at the Office of the College.
HARRY BROWN,
Assistant-Secretary to the Council.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

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MR LOWE AT RETFORD.

A DINNER given at Retford to a Liberal candidate who had fought a good fight and nearly attained success has afforded Mr. LOWE a welcome opportunity of making a general denunciation of the Ministry in his most vigorous and slashing style. He has some old scores to wipe off, and cannot have forgotten the days when he as a Minister was attacked with equal pungency, and the famous pink fly was revived or invented for his annoyance. Those who complain that politics are in these quiet times a poor milk-and-water sort of affair may read with comfort the thrilling periods of Mr. LOWE. When Mr. LOWE has got his war paint on there is no mistake about his whooping. It is his professed business to scalp Conservatives, and he does it to the very best of his ability. It is perfectly fair play. The abuse lavished by Mr. DISRAELI on the GLADSTONE Ministry rose to a height of prodigality and bitterness which Mr. LOWE has not as yet rivalled. Nor can it be said that sound wholesome abuse of a Ministry produces no effect. Mr. DISRAELI's attacks on his opponents contributed, as they keenly felt, to their downfall; and Mr. LOWE may hope that, if he pushes the Conservatives hard, he may send them a little way down the hill. Not that he wished to encourage his hearers with false hopes. The compact majority of the present Parliament is not likely to be broken up. It is no use, as Mr. LOWE plaintively remarked, arguing with them. Their critics may perhaps convince them, and Mr LOWE enjoys the triumph of thinking that he has often out-argued and occasionally convinced that portion of the opposite party which is capable of following trains of reasoning. But as to inducing a Conservative to vote as reason would bid him, that Mr. LOWE renounces as utterly hopeless. He also candidly owns that, even if the present Parliament were dissolved, there is no ground for supposing that the Liberals would gain any great accession of strength. The possible enthusiasts of Retford were thrown into a healthy state of discouragement by being reminded that—to say nothing of such natural dislike as the wisdom and energy of the GLADSTONE Government excited in the weak and jealous hearts of ordinary men—the Liberals have undergone a serious diminution of their numerical strength, which makes their prospect of attaining office at present very faint. They have, in short, got no further bribes to give their Irish allies; and the support of the Irish is not to be had on any other terms than those of pure bargaining. It is creditable to Mr. LOWE, and useful to the Liberal party, that he should have spoken quite clearly on this point. He will have nothing to do with purchasing Irish votes by concessions which he thinks contrary to public policy. He would rather be out of office for the rest of his life than gain power by a sham alliance with Home Rulers. It is indispensable to the Liberal party, if it wishes to regain the confidence of English electors, to be as decided on this head as Mr. LOWE. It ought to be the first axiom of the party that it will never accept the ignoble slavery of office in dependence on the huckstering support of impracticable Irishmen.

Mr. LOWE has been exceedingly fortunate in one thing. His enemies have delivered themselves into his hands. No Ministry on record ever made so long, serious, and unbroken a series of blunders as the present Ministry has crammed into six months. In many departments of administration it succeeds with a success beyond the average. If it does little in legislation, it came in to do little. The country wished for repose, and in domestic the Government has given it repose. But when the Cabinet comes to act as a Cabinet, or, in plain language, when the personal influence of Mr. DISRAELI tells, it seems to lose its head. It is always after something grand, and then slinks out of its grandeur in the humblest way. It exhibits a constant mixture of pomp and weakness. It wriggled out of its foolish Slave Circular by the feeble subterfuge of a Royal Commission. It spoilt its own success in purchasing the Canal shares by its management of Mr. CAVE's unfortunate mission. First it stated that the Report showed the indisputable solvency of the KHEDIVE. Then it suddenly burked the Report, and as suddenly restored it to life; and when the Report was published, it appeared that the KHEDIVE was insolvent unless England would assume a Protectorate over Egypt, and that England had no intention of doing anything of the kind. It is useless to recapitulate the long controversy about the Royal Titles Bill; but it must not be forgotten that it is only by dwelling on its ludicrousness that Englishmen can cover the indiscretion of Mr. DISRAELI's challenge to Russia. Mr. LOWE asserted publicly at Retford what has been freely rumoured for weeks in London, that in sanctioning the title of Empress Mr. DISRAELI only yielded to pressure which had been in vain brought to bear on two of his predecessors. It is quite unnecessary to bring the QUEEN's name or the QUEEN's wishes into the discussion. It is to the PREMIER, and to the PREMIER alone, that the nation has to look in such a matter; and it is not the QUEEN's fault if she has not a wise and statesmanlike counsellor at her side. But, whatever may be the truth as to the origin of the Bill which at any rate has the demerit of dividing the nation for the first time since the [illegible] accession on a question touching the Throne, it is unquestionable that the Ministry has a curious tendency to make itself pleasant to those whom it is agreeable to befriend. Mr. LOWE spoke strongly, but not at all too strongly, of the stifling of public inquiry into the disasters of the *Vanguard* and the *Mistletoe*. All the rules of the service were set aside, all the honourable traditions of the navy violated, in order that one or two worthy, amiable, and influential persons might be screened. It is true that Mr. LOWE was not always precisely fair. In an invective a politician cannot be expected to be always fair; and Mr. LOWE may have thought that, if he was not more unfair than Mr. DISRAELI used to be when out of office, his conscience might be easy. That the Agricultural Holdings Bill should be permissive, and that fresh exertions should be made to pay off the National Debt, were points which were settled by Parliament last year, and it is no good going back on them; and the jobs with which the Government is reproached—the creation of a place for Lord HAMPTON and the appointment of Sir SEYMOUR FITZGERALD—might perhaps be paralleled in the history of recent Ministries. Nor is it just to reproach the present Ministry with the whole growth of the national expenditure. More money had to be spent on the army and navy to make them efficient, and the ordinary civil expenditure must increase as the duties of Government become more onerous and complex. If, again, there were to be new funds applicable to the extinction of debt, they must be found somehow. What is new in the matter is that the burden of this increased effort to pay off the debt is made to fall exclusively on the payers of income-tax. It is not the nation, but the richer section of it, that is to have the glory of this patriotic act. No doubt this is a bribe to

the poorer part of the constituencies, and is a fresh step in a path of great danger. The letter in which Mr. GLADSTONE condemns this "dangerous and socialistic tendency" shows that on this point he and Mr. LOWE are prepared to act together. But the colleagues of Mr. GLADSTONE may remember, with modest shame, that it is not the present Cabinet that first started the idea of bribing the constituencies with projects regarding the Income-tax. The present Cabinet has, in fact, paid its predecessors the compliment of not only leaving their successes untouched, and adopting most of their principles, but also of copying many of their faults.

Mr. LOWE professed to speak as a prophet prophesying in vain. It was in vain that he rent his garments and covered his head with ashes; a doomed nation would go on all the same, contented with its Conservatives. Part of this language must be ascribed to the vexation of an able man who sees the years slipping away, and things managed badly before his impatient eyes which he thinks he could manage infinitely better. In some measure, too, as he had to read his hearers a lesson, he was right to read it forcibly; and it was highly judicious to point out that the Liberals greatly need practice in the arts of organization before they can rival their opponents, and that the necessity of their being henceforth independent of the Irish vote has seriously damaged their strength. But even if all allowances are made on these heads, it must be owned that Mr. LOWE overstated his case. However firmly established a Ministry may appear to be, it is not reasonable to suppose that it is really secure in these days if it loses all its credit. Ministries with a docile majority fall slowly, but their fall is sure, sooner or later, if they displease the nation. That the English nation will not be some day displeased by a mixture of pomposity and weakness in the conduct of its affairs seems very unlikely. This is only a general proposition. No one can pretend to say how or when the present Ministry will fall. But it is safe to say that no Government can go on blundering as the present Government has gone on blundering lately and keep long in office. Enthusiastic Liberals have, however, to take into account that it is by no means impossible that the Ministry may mend its ways. The Cabinet contains many men of high character and a high order of ability, and it ought not to be assumed that they will fail to learn wisdom in time. No doubt they have a great danger to face, for it is their chief who is the main source of their troubles, and a Cabinet distrustful of its chief can never be a very happy body. Mr. DISRAELI has long been accustomed to impose his will on his colleagues, and he will not easily subside into a position of equality. But his authority with the Cabinet may become a little less when it has become much less with the public. For the most part the Ministers do their work well, and it would be in many ways a misfortune if the country lost their services. But good services are not everything; and they cannot employ the Easter recess better than in pondering over the causes of the errors into which, as a body, they have been betrayed.

THE AMERICAN EXTRADITION DISPUTE.

A CONFLICT has arisen between the obligations of the Extradition Treaty with the United States and the distinct provisions of an Act of Parliament. The American Government has, on the application of the Governor of Massachusetts, required the extradition of one WINSLOW, who is charged with forgery. By the Treaty of 1842, which was duly ratified, it is provided that the two Governments shall respectively deliver up to justice all persons who, being charged with certain crimes, of which forgery is one, committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum or shall be found within the territories of the other. The international obligation is complete in itself, except that it must have been known to both contracting parties that the Executive Government could not perform its undertaking until it had acquired authority from the Legislature to apprehend and surrender accused persons. The English Act of 1870 which now regulates extradition contains the following enactment:—"A "fugitive criminal shall not be surrendered to a foreign "State unless provision is made by the law of that "State, or by arrangement, that the fugitive criminal "shall not, until he has been restored or had an "opportunity of returning to HER MAJESTY'S dominions, "be detained or tried in that foreign State for any "offence committed prior to his surrender other than the ex-"tradition crime proved by the facts on which the surrender "is granted." The English Government, while it is willing to surrender WINSLOW, insists that the American Government ought to make an arrangement by which the accused person shall be exempted from trial on any charge except that of forgery. The answer is, that the obligation of surrender under the Treaty is unconditional, and that the American Government can take no notice of impediments caused by municipal law. By another provision of the Act of 1870 the surrender of accused persons is prohibited when the offence charged is of a political character, or when the requisition appears to have been made for the purpose of punishing or trying him for a political offence. It might be contended that this exception also contravenes the provisions of the Treaty, and that the English Government is consequently not entitled to refuse the surrender of a person who, being notoriously a rebel, may also be charged with an ordinary crime. In this case, as in that of a person who may be charged with two felonies or misdemeanours, the obligation of the Treaty is complete; and yet both Governments would agree that extradition could not be granted. An admitted exception to any proposition proves that it is not universally true.

In a recent case in the United States Circuit Court of New York, LAWRENCE, a Custom House defaulter, who had been surrendered under the Extradition Treaty of 1842, was tried for forgery. His counsel contended, under a plea to the jurisdiction of the Court, that he could not be tried for any offence except that for which his extradition had been required. It appeared that the PRESIDENT had directed the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to give effect to the restrictions of the English Act; and the question for the Court was whether the prisoner was entitled to the benefit of the exception. The plea to the jurisdiction was overruled in an elaborate judgment, which seems to have been unimpeachably sound. The Court declared that its own authority could not be controlled by the action of the PRESIDENT, and that it was immaterial how a criminal had been brought within its jurisdiction. Even if the Court could have inquired into the circumstances of the extradition, it was held that an Act of Parliament passed long after the ratification of the Treaty could not affect the international duty of the English Government. It was perhaps unnecessary to notice the conflict between the treaty and the English law. In the absence of a legislative enactment to the contrary a competent Court in America, as in England, is bound to take cognizance of any crime committed within its jurisdiction. If the prisoner had been kidnapped in a foreign country and brought to New York by lawless violence, he would not the less have been liable to trial and punishment for any offence which he might have committed. The foreign State might have ground of remonstrance on account of any violation of its territorial rights, but the accused person could claim no immunity either for an ordinary or a political offence. There seems to have been an express agreement between the English and American Governments that LAWRENCE should not be tried for any crime except that on which the extradition was demanded. The PRESIDENT had apparently exceeded his power, and a criminal Court has nothing to do with international comity. It is not clearly explained why LAWRENCE was indicted for an offence different from that charged in the demand for extradition. Although the PRESIDENT could not control the proceedings of a Court, he could probably regulate the conduct of his own law officers. Perhaps a private prosecutor may have intervened without the consent of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

A special cause makes the Act of 1870 peculiarly inapplicable to a Treaty of Extradition with the United States. In the words of the Act, provision must be made by the law of the foreign State, or by arrangement, for the qualified immunity of the person whose extradition may be demanded; yet a law passed by Congress for the purpose would be entirely inoperative, and the Executive Government of the Union can make no arrangement of the kind. The Government of the United States has in ordinary cases no original criminal jurisdiction. An American criminal offends against the law, not of the Union, but of the State to which he immediately owes allegiance; yet no State can hold diplomatic intercourse with any foreign Power, nor can the English Government either take notice of a law of any State or make with a State an arrangement such as that which is contemplated by the Act. Neither the PRESIDENT

nor the Governor of Massachusetts has any power to supersede the jurisdiction of the Courts by any kind of agreement or arrangement. If the Legislature of Massachusetts had passed an Act in conformity with the provisions of the English statute, it would have obviated the difficulty which has arisen in the case of WINSLOW; but it would be difficult to induce thirty or forty States to adopt uniform legislation; and the laws of the States could be but indirectly and informally known to the English Government. If WINSLOW is once surrendered, he may be tried in Massachusetts for murder or burglary or any other crime which he may be supposed to have committed. The English Home Secretary has no discretion as to the surrender of criminals. Unless he can obtain the security required by the Act that the alleged offender shall only be tried for the crime specified in the demand of extradition, he must at all risks refuse to fulfil the obligations of the Treaty of 1842.

As the Treaty of Extradition has been in force for more than thirty years, and the Act of Parliament for six years, it would seem that one or both Governments must have been hitherto content to connive at some infringement either of the Treaty or of the law. The rights which arise from contracts of free trade in criminals may well admit of a liberal construction. Although it is desirable for the ends of justice that offenders should not ensure impunity by escaping into foreign countries, either community may, except in atrocious cases, be content to know that it has got rid of a bad character. If WINSLOW is guilty either of forgery or any other crime, he is not a desirable visitor to England. Continental States have often connived at the irregular apprehension within their domains of fugitive criminals by English policemen. In former times reciprocal courtesies of the same kind were sometimes practised in England; but it is now practically impossible to get rid of a foreign offender except by the regular process of extradition. The conflict of obligations under the Treaty and under the Act ought, as far as possible, to be prevented from recurring by some diplomatic or legislative action, or by a combination of both methods. The exception under the Act of 1870 of political offences must be maintained, especially as the policy of the United States entirely accords with that of England. No treaty would induce the American Government to surrender an Irish Fenian or a Parisian Communist; nor could it remonstrate against the maintenance of its own doctrine by the English Government. The prohibition by the Act of 1870 of the surrender of criminals who may be liable to prosecution for other offences seems to be unnecessary. Before any person is surrendered the magistrate who issues the warrant must be satisfied that there is evidence against him sufficient to have warranted his committal if the offence had been committed in England. If a foreigner is *primâ facie* guilty of one crime, it would seem that his claim to immunity is not enlarged by the accident of his having committed other offences. It would be an error to refuse to the American Government any reasonable concession in a matter in which the interests of both countries are identical.

ENGLAND AND INDIA.

THE English public is much indebted to Professor MONIER WILLIAMS for one of the most instructive and interesting communications as to India that have been published for a long time. Although it is only the impressions of a traveller who stayed but a short time that Mr. MONIER WILLIAMS has to give, yet his acquaintance with the languages of the country, and the definite purpose of uniting more closely Oxford with Oriental life and study which he had in view, enabled him to learn more and to see more than can be possible for the ordinary run even of very clever travellers. Like most travellers, however, he seems to have been possessed by an innocent wonder that he should be doing what many others might do, but do not do. If Englishmen want a warm, healthy winter climate, why, he asks, do they not go to India? If they want variety of scenery, India can give it them. If they would like to geologize, India has got specimens of all possible strata to offer them. If they prefer zoology, the ants alone deserve to be studied for months. There is some reason to think that Mr. WILLIAMS is only anticipating with the prevision of enthusiasm a not very remote future. India is now so quickly and so easily reached that it may very well become the fashion to winter there, and it would be greatly to the benefit both of England and India that such a fashion should arise. Mr. WILLIAMS does ample justice to the excellence of Indian administration; but he comments with much good sense on the highly official character of Indian officials, on the seclusion of Europeans, on the distance between the conquerors and the conquered. Centralization advances in India with alarming rapidity. Everything that regards the infinite variety of races, creeds, and customs over the vast surface of the country is supposed to be better understood at Calcutta than on the spot, and in the India Office than at Calcutta. It is, as our traveller remarks, so easy to telegraph, and so easy to suppose that the ideas of the Western man at one end of the wire are compatible with the circumstances of the Eastern man at the other. Some check on this might be exercised if there were in England a non-Indian public acquainted with India. At present there is really no check on a Secretary of State, except the presence in Parliament of two or three eminent Indian ex-officials and one ex-Governor-General. Before long Lord NORTHBROOK will arrive to reinforce Lord LAWRENCE, and everything Lord NORTHBROOK says in the House of Lords will be treated with the respect due to his impartiality, courage, and consistency. But Englishmen, as a rule, know very little of India; and although the direct action of Parliament in regard to India can seldom be desirable, yet the indirect action of a body of critics who formed their judgment on personal knowledge would be of value, not only as a check, but as a support to the Secretary of State. Such a body could not have a better opportunity of testing at once its weakness and its strength than under the rule of Lord SALISBURY, who combines a great contempt for critics with a great willingness to learn.

Mr. WILLIAMS has the highest possible opinion of the natives of India. In fact, his opinion is so high that it is impossible not to wish that he had had a longer time in which to form it. We can hardly believe that we have the honour to be the fellow-subjects of such a delightful set of people. "I have found," he says, "no people in Europe "more religious, none more patiently persevering in "common duties, none more docile and amenable to "authority, none more courteous or respectful towards age "and learning, none more dutiful to parents, none more in-"telligent." When we read in a subsequent part of his remarks a criticism on our humble attempts to convert and educate these people, it is impossible to resist a wish that they would in turn come to convert and educate us. We certainly do not appear to be very successful in our attempts to benefit them. On the difficult and complex subject of the relations of Christianity and Oriental religions Mr. WILLIAMS writes with a courage, good sense, and reverence that do him the greatest credit. Over the unhappy results of our well-meant efforts at giving a higher education to promising natives Mr. WILLIAMS laments in terms that deserve attentive study. What we really do is, in plain fact, to produce a host of shallow, discontented place-hunters. These prize specimens abandon their ancestral religion—which, however, if Mr. WILLIAMS is correct in his estimate of the religions of India, cannot be much loss to them—despise the callings of their fathers, and look upon knowledge as a mere stepping-stone to Government situations. At a place called Kurnoul, there were on a recent occasion 500 applicants for a municipal post worth only fifteen rupees a month, or a shilling a day. The 499 defeated competitors were, we may be sure, not only made unhappy by the loss of this magnificent appointment, but greatly irritated with the Government that tantalized them with delusive hopes of so dazzling a prize. Those who are unsuccessful, Mr. WILLIAMS writes, will not turn to manual labour, but remain discontented members of society and enemies of our Government, converting such education as they have received into an instrument to injure us by talking treason and writing seditious articles in native journals. This is not a pleasant spectacle for the intelligent English traveller to contemplate, and Mr. WILLIAMS evidently inclines to favour the opinion of those who think that, with some few rare exceptions, the scale of our educational efforts should be pitched more lowly and their area extended.

When tramps repair to a workhouse, the first thing that is done with them is to wash them from head to foot. This is very good for them. It makes them, for a few short hours, moderately clean; it subjects them to a

wholesome discipline; it starts them on the first stage in the ideal career through cleanliness to godliness. But the tramps do not at all like it. They would much rather be roaming about, following their own sweet will, and clothed in their familiar, pleasant shell of close-fitting dirt. When a traveller like Mr. WILLIAMS anxiously inquires how the natives of India really like our rule, he finds that they are very much of the same mind as the tramps. They own that we give them security, just administration, equal laws; but they much prefer the easy, unregenerate ways of native tyranny. The very superior natives, who have got so accustomed to our bathing them that they see all the real advantages of the process, are more satisfied. They have come to look on their interests as in the main identical with ours. In fact, as Mr. WILLIAMS remarks, they recognize the fact that, if we were swept away, they would be swept away too. But, if he is right, the native princes, however loyal they may be to us, have no real influence over their subjects. They do not infuse their new ideas into the stubborn minds of the population. Some respect and much fear are the foundations of our hold on India. Possibly we have ourselves increased unnecessarily the alienation of the natives from us. We may have flurried the timid, custom-ridden native mind by the eagerness of our haste to introduce improvements. Mr. WILLIAMS goes so far as to say that we have in some instances gone a whole century too fast, and that things have been done already which the lapse of a hundred years could alone make opportune. He also speaks with some pain and indignation of the airs of vexatious superiority with which the natives are treated by their masters. In this respect, however, the present generation of officials has, as is generally admitted, exhibited a marked improvement. Nor is it possible that a member of the conquering race, which is but a drop in the total ocean of the population, should be either safe or respected if he had not somewhat of the bearing of a conqueror. We come back to where we started, that nothing would do more good both to the natives and their rulers than the extension of intercourse with England. The English official would find a salutary check on such arrogance as the circumstances of his life may be apt to evoke in the society of his non-official countrymen fresh from the manners and traditions of home. And the native could not but be gratified by discovering that his race has the singular gifts and the varied virtues which impress travellers so strongly on their fresh arrival, if the example of Mr. MONIER WILLIAMS may be safely treated as a precedent.

SPANISH CONSTITUTION-MAKING.

NOT taking warning from numerous and recent failures, the Spanish Cortes are at present engaged in the unprofitable pastime of making another Constitution. In the last sittings before the Easter recess they indulged in a long debate on the proposal that the provisions relating to the Crown and the dynasty should be adopted without discussion. Some of the most eloquent theorists of the Cortes had the opportunity of explaining at length the reasons why the KING and his prerogative should or should not be considered as topics excluded from the competence of Parliament. At last an overwhelming majority adopted the proposal of the Ministers; and, as long as the Constitution lasts, or as long as it is observed, King ALFONSO may reign by indefeasible right, and retain all the customary attributes of royalty. It would perhaps have been more logical to withhold from the consideration of the Cortes the enactments to which they have now silently assented; but if the Spaniards can accustom themselves to regard the throne as inviolable, one condition of order and freedom will have been at last secured. Señor CASTELAR, the only Republican in the Cortes, took occasion formally to renounce some of the illusions which were practically dispelled during his short tenure of power. He admits that he is now convinced of the necessity of a strong Executive, of a standing army, and generally of a vigorous and efficient Government; but, like many proselytes, he clings to a nominal consistency by still adhering to the Republican faith. His speech will probably have alienated all his remaining adherents; for, with the exception of himself, there are no moderate Republicans in Spain. He had perhaps no wish to conciliate opponents who reasonably triumph in his conversion, notwithstanding the continuance of his protests against Monarchy. The PRIME MINISTER not unfairly ridiculed Señor CASTELAR'S novel regard for order and for authority, while he informed him that the Royalists were prepared to defend Conservative principles without asking aid from a repentant Republican. Other speakers in the debate expressed a theoretical preference for the Constitution of 1845 or of 1869, but eventually the prerogative clauses were adopted by a nearly unanimous vote. The other provisions of the Constitution will furnish abundant matter for Parliamentary eloquence. The Ministers will have no difficulty in ultimately passing into law the project which they prepared before the meeting of the Cortes. In the meantime it may be as well to provide the Assembly with harmless occupation.

The Constitution will have been the third within seven years. If it survives longer than the experiments of 1869 and of 1873, its good fortune will result, not from its intrinsic merits, but from the comparative stability of the Government. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO reasonably contended in the preliminary debate that a Constitution drawn up by irresponsible persons under the instructions of the Ministry was likely to be as good as if it had been framed by a Committee of the Cortes. If Spanish legislators have any regard for English precedents, they will approve of the practice by which important measures are framed and introduced by a responsible Government. The numerous Constitutions of modern Spain have generally been constructed on general principles, with the smallest possible regard to practical convenience or expediency. Projectors find it comparatively easy to declare that all men shall be equal before the law, or that they shall, as far as possible, distribute political power equally among themselves. The Constitution of 1869, which was framed by one of the few Cortes which have been fairly and freely elected, provided large securities for personal freedom; and the Legislature completed its work by prohibiting in any circumstances the abolition or suspension of legal safeguards. Even in case of insurrection, the provisions of the Constitution were to be sacred. Within a year or two the Carlists began the disturbances which ended in the civil war; and the Republicans from time to time organized petty insurrections in the more turbulent towns. The consequence was that the Government of the day suspended without opposition or remonstrances all the guarantees of liberty which had been sedulously provided in the Constitution. There has generally during the last half-century been one law in Spain for show and another for use. Neither the Government nor the subject has attached the smallest importance to the authority of constituent Assemblies. When the Ministers of King ALFONSO at last made up their minds to convoke a Cortes, nothing was said of conferring on the Legislature constituent powers. Any future revolutionist may plausibly contend that the present Cortes have exceeded the mandate of their electors. It is true that the abolition or maintenance of the Constitution will depend, not on any question of the right of the Cortes, but on the comparative strength of parties, or perhaps on the ascendency of some military leader. Any Constitution which is likely to be adopted will probably serve its purpose sufficiently as long as it is in force.

The religious or ecclesiastical question is much more important than any controversy which can arise on other parts of the Constitution. According to the latest telegraphic accounts, the Government has determined to maintain the ambiguous clause which purports to secure some degree of religious freedom. As the Catholic religion is declared to be the faith of the State, and as all public ceremonies of other sects are prohibited, it will be easy for an intolerant Government to persecute or to discourage nonconformity; but Rome, which is always logical in the science of reducing doctrines to absurdity by exaggeration, is not content with an enactment which implies the possibility of exercising common sense or justice. In one of his hysterical declamations the POPE condemns the proposed article of the Constitution as a violation not only of Catholic truth, but of the Concordat which he still affects to treat as valid. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO had so far furnished an excuse for the Papal pretensions that, to prevent the POPE from recognizing Don CARLOS, he thoughtlessly undertook to maintain Queen ISABELLA'S Concordat. Some months afterwards, when the rivalry of the Pretender had ceased to be formidable, after informing the NUNCIO that it was impossible to keep his promise, he went through a form of penance by

temporarily retiring from the Government, though he still influenced its policy. The POPE now speaks of the extinct Concordat as if its validity were indisputable; and he even condescends to appeal to the ladies of Madrid against backsliding statesmen. The PRIME MINISTER, as he has more than once been told, overdid the customary practice of packing the Cortes with his own partisans; for a section of the Moderate majority, as the most violent faction is called in Spanish political nomenclature, is disposed to countenance the extravagant demands of Rome. It might have been supposed that the POPE would have been contented to secure for the Church a position which it has ceased to hold in other Catholic countries; but, with the suicidal violence which habitually characterizes his policy, he makes concessions only a pretext for additional demands. Those who are more dispassionate and better informed believe that the legal prohibition of nonconformity is one of the few abuses to which modern Spaniards will refuse to submit. It would be interesting to learn the feelings with which Catholic dignitaries residing in schismatic countries regard the partial triumphs and the unlimited demands of the Holy See in Spain. The sympathy of Cardinal CULLEN or Cardinal MANNING for schemes of religious uniformity may perhaps be qualified by doubts whether it is wise to remind an unbelieving world that the POPE is fully as intolerant as in the most flourishing days of the Inquisition.

It may be presumed that the ecclesiastical arguments of the POPE and his agents are not seriously considered by Spanish statesmen. Señor CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO and his colleagues are in doubt, not whether the wrath of Heaven will be provoked by the celebration of Protestant services, but how far they can dispense with the support of the Church, and what is the extent of clerical influence among the rural population. The demonstrated folly of the Republicans in provoking the opposition of the priesthood has perhaps produced an excessive reaction in popular opinion. There is no reason, especially since the collapse of the Carlist armies, for paying unqualified deference to the clergy, who must in self-defence support a Government by which they are favoured and protected. The most ignorant parish priest must be aware that, if the present dynasty were overthrown, he could scarcely hope that another Government would be more friendly to his order. Except in some of the great towns, the Catholic clergy will not be offended by the vicinity of dissenting congregations, nor is it probable that Protestantism will at any time find favour with any but a small and intelligent minority of the middle classes. The nobility, a large portion of the peasantry, and the women of all ranks are inveterately orthodox; and the rest of the male population is, as in all other Catholic countries, indifferent to theological doctrines. The bulk of the clergy have no motive, beyond professional sympathy with their superiors, for desiring either the forcible suppression of heresy or the re-establishment of the Concordat. As long as they are ostentatiously courted by the Government, they will prefer extravagant demands; but it is not worth while to pay an exorbitant price for their political support. In some future Cortes the Progressists and the Republicans will probably be represented, and it is not for the interest of the present Government to provide them with a point of attack. It is not known whether the KING has yet formed any definite opinion on political or ecclesiastical questions. His early training is as likely to have produced repugnance to the doctrines of his mother as deference to the pretensions of the POPE.

FRANCE.

THE Easter holidays have produced a complete lull in French politics. Neither Chamber has been at the pains to give the public anything to think about during the recess. The Senate has more than rivalled the English House of Lords in its dignified repose. If the Second Chamber is the strength of the French Constitution, it is assuredly a strength which shows itself in sitting still. This inaction of the Senate is really remarkable, considering how much importance was attached by the Conservative party to its creation, and the number of experienced politicians who have seats in it. The explanation may perhaps be that the Conservatives are so disgusted at the composition of the Senate that they have ceased to interest themselves in its proceedings. In that case they will have given another proof of their inability to fight an uphill battle. If they expected to make the Senate an instrument for undoing the constitutional work of last year, they have certainly cause to be disappointed; but the complexion of the Second Chamber is decidedly more Conservative than that of the Chamber of Deputies, and it is undoubtedly their cue to make the most of this distinction. The temper of the French Right sometimes suggests a doubt whether at bottom they really believe in their own professions. So long as they think they see a prospect of bringing about a Restoration, their activity is unwearying. They preach that the fate of morality, of the family, of property, hangs in the balance; and they call upon the friends of order and religion to sink all minor differences in support of the Monarchy. When once this prospect has faded away, and it has become clear that, if morality, or the family, or property, is to be defended against attack, it must be by some other agency than a Restoration, it might be thought that the Right would practise what they have preached, and show themselves ready in their turn to sink minor differences in support of the most conservative kind of Republic. They do nothing of the kind; on the contrary, the Bonapartists themselves do not look upon the possible advent of anarchy with greater complacency. Religion and order are very well in their way, so long as the invocation of them serves the cause of Monarchy. But if the cause of Monarchy can be better served by a temporary triumph of irreligion and confusion, the alternative seems equally agreeable to the French Royalists. It is possible, however, that the inaction of the Senate may be due to another cause. The idea which its author entertained of a Second Chamber was probably that of a simple check upon the license of the First; and the Senators may plead that, until the Deputies have done something wrong, the time for setting them right cannot be said to have arrived. In that case the members of the Senate cannot be congratulated on their political insight. If the Senate is to be a really influential element in the new French Constitution, it must devise for itself a part which shall be something more than negative. A Chamber which has no traditions, either of dignity or usefulness, cannot too soon set itself to justifying its own existence. The five years that have passed away since the war have necessarily been years in which barren political discussions claimed far more than their share of the Legislature's thoughts. France must be very much ahead of other European countries if one result of this misuse of time has not been to deprive many questions possessing social importance of the attention which they might justly claim. If the Senate wishes to be accepted as a permanent factor in French legislation, it must show that it knows how to spend a Session usefully.

As yet it would almost seem that, if the Senate means to do nothing until the Chamber of Deputies provides it with something to undo, its inaction is likely to become permanent. The Deputies have hitherto been entirely occupied with determining who shall and who shall not have the honour of sitting among them. Very few disputed elections now remain to be fought over, and when these have been disposed of, the business of the Session will perhaps begin. A Session which does not open till after Easter is not likely to find time hang on its hands; and the Budget, the long-promised Municipal Reform Bill, and the modification of the law permitting the foundation of free Universities, will probably furnish sufficient occupation for the spring and summer. It is well, on the whole, that M. GAMBETTA'S energies should be so distinctly turned in the direction of finance. Whenever a Frenchman's hands are idle the particular form of mischief which is found for them is tinkering with the Constitution, and the less this subject is thought of between now and 1880 the more chance there is that, when 1880 comes, no serious changes will be effected. There is no question that French finance admits of amendment in several respects. The tremendous exigencies of the years immediately following the war, coupled with the disposition of M. THIERS to bring back Protection by a side wind, led to the raising of an unduly large proportion of the revenue by indirect taxation. The real revision of the French tariff is still to come. M. LÉON SAY is not opposed to an Income-tax in principle; and even the school of financiers who object to it as a permanent source of revenue will admit that it is an indispensable instrument during that provisional period in which large readjustments of the national burdens are being effected. The Assembly disliked an Income-tax very keenly, but then the Assembly accidentally represented a larger proportion than usual of

the classes on whom an Income-tax would mainly fall. The great Railway Companies seem to share with the Customs duties the place of first object of M. GAMBETTA'S financial detestation. An article in the *République Française* enumerates, as three of the principal objects which the Republican majority ought to propose to itself, the cessation of all further subventions, the rigid repayment of the advances which have been already made, and a careful revision of tariffs with a view of lessening the cost of transport.

The news that an International Exhibition is to be held in Paris in 1878 promises to irritate reactionary Conservatives beyond endurance. They have all along persuaded themselves that their lives and properties are their own only for the moment, and that so long as the Republic lasts any approach to political security is impossible. The public imagination is easily taken hold of by the spectacle of a long course of preparation for an event which is not to happen for two years; and though the blindness of the old world in the time of NOAH will no doubt be freely appealed to by the Royalists as an example of folly scarcely greater than that of the Republicans who suppose that France will be tranquil enough in 1878 to have any thoughts to spare for an Exhibition, the steady progress of the Exhibition buildings will probably make more impression than any discouraging predictions as to what the state of affairs will be by the time the buildings are finished. The Republic will at least have shown that it believes in itself; and in France the assurance that a Government has no fears for the future is a considerable source of strength. Certainly, if it could ever be possible to regard the opening of another huge bazaar as a source of satisfaction, it would be in the present instance. Paris has so long held an exceptional place among European capitals that her return to the old ways is a matter of congratulation, even if these ways are no better than those of international shopkeeping on a large scale. When the time arrives, a great deal of nonsense will doubtless be talked about the fresh career of victory upon which civilization is entering, and the religious, moral, and intellectual benefits to be derived from seeing in a "court" the ribbons and jewelry which in ordinary years are only to be seen in shop windows. But International Exhibitions have become a regular element of European trade, and, as a convenient means of comparing the products of different countries and showing the workmen of one nation what to imitate or what to avoid in the work of another nation, they have a useful place of their own. A vote of 120,000,000 francs is to be asked for from the Municipality next week in order to enable the PREFECT of the SEINE to put the city into a proper state of preparation. It is true that under the Empire Paris had abundant opportunities of learning the lesson that salvation does not come by public works; but the war, the Commune, and the period of political and financial exhaustion which followed upon those two events, have left a long tale of arrears to be made up before Paris will be abreast of other capitals in the work of municipal improvements. It is certainly expedient that the Republic should not show any distrust of its own ability to meet the reasonable wants of the capital as liberally as any former Government.

THE *EDINBURGH REVIEW* ON RAILWAY ECONOMICS.

THE *Edinburgh Review* has occasionally contained treatises on the economy of railways which have been rather fanciful than instructive, but the oddity of an article on Railway Profits and Losses in the current number of the *Review* has seldom been equalled. The writer intimates that he is himself an engineer, and that he has had experience in constructing railways; and his soundest suggestions relate to matters belonging to his own profession. He more than once expresses an opinion that railway managers ought to be subordinate to engineers, or rather that the management should be entrusted to engineers. The experiment has been tried often and on a large scale; but great engineers have managed railways successfully, not by reason of their technical knowledge, but because they have possessed administrative ability. They would themselves be the first to admit that other managers who have never belonged to the profession were in their own department fully their equals. A competent railway manager can easily master all the mechanical facts and formulas which affect the rapid and economical conduct of traffic. It might almost seem that the article in the *Edinburgh* was the first literary effort of the author. The first rules of composition must be unknown to a writer who begins an essay with the statement that heat is a mode of motion, and ends it with the conclusion that railways cannot afford to carry coals at ½*d.* per ton per mile. Want of literary skill may be readily excused in a statistical treatise, especially as the article is evidently written in perfect good faith; but, like many other railway theorists, the Reviewer wavers between two different or inconsistent objects. Sometimes he defends the interests of shareholders, which are, as he thinks, damaged by the facilities afforded to unremunerative traffic. More especially he protests against the practice of running passenger trains which are not full enough to return the largest proportion of profit. The extreme discomfort which is caused to passengers by the contrary system, as it prevails on the Continent, is never appreciated by stern railway economists. As far as the Reviewer's meaning can be ascertained, he would either suppress all railway traffic in minerals, or charge much higher rates; yet he elsewhere remarks that the competition by sea carriage from the coal-fields of Northumberland and Durham is the main protection to the public against exorbitant railway charges. He also refers, with apparent credulity, to an absurd suspicion that Railway Companies have obtained possession of some Northern ports for the purpose of discouraging the use of sea-borne coals. The French Government is applauded for compelling the great Companies to construct subsidiary lines which are not likely to be profitable. When a similar result is produced in England by voluntary enterprise it is regarded as a waste of money.

It is not only in his mention of the properties of heat that the enthusiastic advocate of some indefinite change in the administration of railways begins with the beginning. The shoeing of horses was an early step in the progress of discovery which has now reached the stage of the latest improvement in locomotives. "The term 'iron-footed' we "have not found applied to the horse earlier than by "NONNIUS (*sic*) in the fifth century of our era." It may be remarked that horses were ridden and driven twelve centuries earlier. Turning over one or two pages, the admiring reader will find himself in the midst of a calculation which proves that in England alone a million and a quarter years are annually added to human life by the saving of time produced by railways. In another place the discursive writer, finding that passengers are charged more highly in proportion to weight than minerals, is puzzled to understand "why it should cost eighteen or twenty "times as much to convey a ton of passengers over a "given distance of railway as it does to convey a "ton of minerals over the same distance." Perhaps his difficulty will be diminished if he considers that cost and value are not equivalent terms. Wine which is sold at ten shillings a bottle is probably not produced at twenty times the cost of wine which is worth sixpence a bottle; but customers are willing to give the larger sum for the growths of the best vineyards; and fifteen passengers care more for their own conveyance than for that of a ton of coals. If the rate for minerals were the same as that for first-class passengers, minerals would not be sent by railway. On the other hand, Railway Companies can scarcely be expected to carry passengers for the thirtieth part of a penny per mile.

The writer in the *Edinburgh Review* is orthodox as an engineer, though he sometimes bewilders himself in labyrinths of statistics. He justly condemns the project of substituting narrow-gauge lines with light rolling-stocks for the existing railways; and he has the courage to vindicate BRUNEL'S seven-foot gauge against modern prejudice. As he truly says, the working expenses of the Great Western Railway were for many years extraordinarily low in consequence of the use of the broad gauge; and it was only because the break of gauge offered serious impediments to traffic that it became necessary to adopt the gauge which had been accidentally adopted in the rest of the country. It may be presumed that the writer belongs to an early railway generation, because he mentions with regret the golden age in which railways paid dividends of ten per cent. The first railways were constructed in the most profitable districts; and it is true that the Manchester and Liverpool, the London and Birmingham, and the Grand Junction for a time paid ten per cent., and the Great Western eight per cent. The railway

mania of 1845 and 1846 was the natural result of the first burst of prosperity. The *Edinburgh* writer passes over, almost without mention, the enormous increase of working expenses within the last six or seven years. If wages and materials had remained at the level of 1868, several of the principal lines would have paid from eight to ten per cent. during the last half-year. A return of four or five per cent. on 600,000,000*l.* is a more remarkable and more satisfactory result than a return of twice the same percentage on 60,000,000*l.*

From a confusing mass of relevant and irrelevant figures the writer at last jumps to the startling conclusion that the mineral traffic of the railways in the United Kingdom is conducted either at an infinitesimally small profit or, more probably, at a loss. He even positively asserts that the Midland Railway Company incurs serious loss by the carriage of minerals. It is surprising that Boards of Directors and railway managers should have wasted millions of money on undertakings which a casual critic at once sees to be wasteful and ruinous. The Midland Company brings nearly 2,000,000 tons of coal annually from Derbyshire to London, with an average run of 120 miles at about ½*d.* per mile. The Great Northern Company has a run of about a hundred and sixty miles from South Yorkshire; and the London and North-Western brings coal over a longer distance from Lancashire. The mineral traffic of the North-Eastern Company is enormous and constantly increasing. The officers and directors of all these Companies are incessantly scrutinizing their accounts; and they have never doubted that every increase of mineral traffic tends to the advantage of their shareholders. Within three or four years all the mineral Companies have constructed or encouraged branch lines to coal-fields previously unaccommodated, and during the same time the Great Northern and the London and North-Western Companies have obtained power to make an independent line to the Derbyshire coal-field. In Scotland the Caledonian and North British Companies are eagerly competing for the supply of Glasgow and other markets; and an independent Company has been formed for the purpose of giving additional accommodation to the Bothwell coal-field; yet no railway expert has ever suspected that the Companies were disinterested public benefactors. The *Edinburgh* projector is not unprepared to find a practical use for the mare's nest which he has discovered. He is convinced that canals furnish the proper mode of carrying minerals, and he laments that about two-fifths of the total mileage of canals has been appropriated by Railway Companies. In this instance he has forgotten the interest of his clients, the shareholders, to become a champion of consumers and freighters. If canal carriage is cheaper than railway carriage, it might be supposed that it would be used to the utmost possible extent by Railway Companies which own canals; yet it is notorious that in the majority of cases the railways supersede water-carriage. It may be added that coal brought by railway is gradually displacing sea-borne coal, which has no tolls to pay, not only in the London market, but in the Southern counties as far as the coast of the Channel. The freighters are satisfied; the Companies are satisfied; but the *Edinburgh* Reviewer has convinced himself that both are mistaken; and he will probably find disciples, for there is nothing too paradoxical to be believed if only it seems to reflect discredit on railway administration. Those who are acquainted with traffic managers will be slow to believe that they are a body of innocent dupes. Mr. Lowe informs Civil Engineers once a year that they are the salt of the earth. Perhaps he may hereafter condescend to relieve from the charge of helpless stupidity the Allports, the Oakleys, the Forbeses, the Grierssons, and the Underdowns.

AN IRISH SHINDY.

THE riot at Limerick, in which the Home Rulers and Nationalists mauled each other the other day, is in itself perhaps a very paltry matter, but it is highly instructive as an illustration of Irish character and of what would naturally be the result of giving over Ireland to the Irish. There is an old saying, which is in fact the recurring lesson of Irish political history, that, whenever an Irishman has to be roasted, there is always an Irishman ready to turn the spit. If Mr. Butt and his friends had their way, the bloodshed which has just stained the streets of Limerick would probably be extended to other regions, and it is only the authority of the Government which keeps the different sections of Irishmen from flying at each other's throats. It is just as well that a sense of this danger should be brought home, not merely to Liberals on this side of the Channel who may be tempted to coquet with sedition for party purposes, but to the Irish themselves. Nothing can be more unfair than to identify the great body of the people of Ireland with the extravagance and violence of certain classes of agitators, and of the ignorant mob who are misled by them; but the difficulty of dealing with at least some sections of the population is shown, not only in this disgraceful riot, but in the perverse and systematic endeavour of Irish juries to obstruct the course of justice by refusing to return a verdict of guilty even in the clearest and most atrocious cases of murder. The distinction between the Home Rulers and the Nationalists or Fenians is apparently only one of form rather than of substance. They both wish to see Ireland placed under an independent Government; but the Home Rulers profess to be willing to try what can be done by political agitation, while the Nationalists scorn such humble-minded ways, and demand the liberation of their country as a matter of right, which, if necessary, they are prepared to enforce. It is not surprising that on neither side are the objects in view very candidly avowed. The Home Rulers, however gentle themselves, naturally feel the necessity of competing with the Nationalists, and the latter have reasons of their own for not too openly acting the part of Fenians. The Roman Catholic clergy, alarmed by the outbreak of Fenianism—a conspiracy which repudiated their authority—have steadily supported the Home Rulers, as a weapon which may be used against the British Government without compromising their character for loyalty; and in the case of the recent demonstration at Limerick the Roman Catholic Bishop and a number of his clergy expressed approval of the intended proceedings. The Home Rulers had apparently, in the first instance, no expectation of being attacked; but a private warning which had been sent to the leaders received confirmation from an attack which was immediately afterwards made on the place where the Home Rule bandsmen kept their instruments with a view to render them useless. On Sunday last a formal defiance to the Home Rulers was placarded in Limerick, and it was reported that reinforcements were being collected from Tipperary by Nationalist agents. Nevertheless the Home Rulers on Monday mustered in great force and paraded the streets with fourteen bands of music. Their procession was suddenly attacked by a party of Nationalists, about a hundred in all, who drew out sticks from under their coats, and began what is described as "a tremendous onslaught on the processionists." The latter fell back for a moment, and then pelted their assailants with stones. A fierce contest, it is said, ensued, and the peaceful citizens "fled in terror when they "saw men and women lying insensible, and the street "stained with blood"; but it is not improbable that the violence of the conflict has been somewhat exaggerated. After the disturbance had been put down Mr. Butt delivered an address which had apparently been prepared in expectation of a more agreeable meeting. He actually expressed pride at the triumphant reception given to him, as proving that no violence would mar or dissension disturb the councils of Ireland in its path of freedom. It may be well for Mr. Butt to deprecate violence and dissension, but it is evident that they cannot be left out of account in any calculation of probabilities in Ireland. As long as there is a Home Rule party there is sure to be a Nationalist party, and if by any chance these two parties were amalgamated, a third would no doubt immediately discover an opening for itself. Even if political differences were healed, personal jealousy would sow the seeds of abundant dissensions. We need only go back to the old Irish Parliament to see how the national leaders continually turned on each other from motives of rivalry and ambition. The fight at Limerick is a significant indication of the spirit in which the various Irish factions, if left to themselves, would proceed to adjust their differences. Public questions would be discussed with bludgeons and stones, and the most effectual argument would be to crack an adversary's crown. It must be remembered that the outbreak at Limerick is by no means an isolated and exceptional occurrence. There have been other cases in which Home Rulers and Nationalists have come to blows; and if such things are done in the green tree, it is easy to imagine what would be done in the dry.

Mr. Butt's speech is also instructive as forecasting the

sort of policy which might be expected from an independent Irish Government. He drew a melancholy picture of the state of various parts of Ireland which had once been the seats of busy industry, but had now ceased to be so. He pointed to the Shannon, and asked how many ships would be on its waters if it were in England. "Would they be "debating now whether we should have an American "packet station on the Shannon, or would it be referred "to the miserable arbitration of five merchants to say "whether that magnificent river was to be one of the great "ports of the world? Would it be a question whether "Galway or Limerick should be a Transatlantic station? "Both would be Transatlantic packet stations if Ireland "had a native Parliament to foster native industry "and enterprise." It is with such visions as these that Mr. Butt and his friends endeavour to flatter and delude their countrymen. Ireland has at present every reasonable opportunity of developing her resources, and in point of fact they have been largely developed in recent years. Mr. Butt remarked very truly that he had seen many projects for the improvement of Ireland break down which had been started with the fairest hopes; but he forgot that schemes inspired by patriotic enthusiasm, without regard to the practical conditions of success, are not very likely to flourish. Everybody knows that, if it were possible to convert Limerick or Galway into a flourishing port, there would be no difficulty in finding capitalists who would be glad of so profitable an investment, and Mr. Butt could not do better than employ his eloquence in demonstrating the feasibility of such a scheme. Nothing, however, can be more pernicious than the idea that it is possible for a Government to do for a country what the country is unable or unwilling to do for itself. Mr. Butt affects to look to "the spirit of freedom and the "power of self-government" to foster the energies of the country; but it is evident that he also contemplates other agencies. There can be very little doubt that one of the first things which an Irish Parliament would do would be to waste the resources of the country in subsidies to all sorts of speculative enterprises, and in protection to special articles of trade; and it is easy to conceive the manner in which the favours would be distributed, and the kind of strife to which they would give rise.

It seems to us impossible that at the present day the condition of Ireland can be regarded as purely an Irish question; but it would be well if Irishmen themselves would seriously consider the prospects which would lie before them if there were any chance of the dreams of Home Rule being realized. It may be presumed that when the leaders of that party talk of an Irish Parliament, they have in view a Parliament in which they will themselves be in the ascendent; but no impartial person can observe the language and conduct of this set of men without seeing how utterly destitute they are of those qualities of intelligence and character which are essential to even the lowest kind of statesmanship. It is impossible to imagine a more striking and conclusive argument against Home Rule than the exhibition which the Home Rulers are good enough to make of themselves, and there must surely be some considerable number of people in Ireland shrewd and sensible enough to understand the fatal peril of ever falling into such hands. It is curious to observe the inconsistency of Mr. Butt's remarks with regard to the British Parliament. He said he had come back from it with the conviction deepened and intensified that never would Ireland have prosperity, contentment, and freedom until her people recovered the power of making their own laws. Yet in the next sentence he spoke of the smallness of the majority against the proposals for Parliamentary and municipal reform as virtually a triumph, and said that he expected that both measures would be carried. When we put these statements together, they come to this, that Mr. Butt despairs of ever getting justice for Ireland from the British Parliament, although he admits that whenever he has a plausible case it receives fair attention. If, instead of vapouring about Home Rule, and doing all they can by low tricks and dodges to obstruct business in the House of Commons, the Home Rule members would avail themselves in a candid and conciliatory manner of their opportunities of procuring beneficial legislation for their country, they would have a better claim to the title of patriots. As it is there is little chance of Ireland making a proper use of her political influence until she awakes to that sense of self-respect which would make her ashamed of a large number of her present representatives.

FACTORY DIFFICULTIES.

IF Mr. Cross is really bent upon recasting the whole body of factory legislation next Session he will have abundance of work upon his hands. The confusion in which the whole subject is at present involved would of itself give the consolidator no small trouble. The overlapping of jurisdictions, on the one side of the officers whose business it is to enforce the various Factory and Workshop Regulation Acts, and on the other side of the School Boards, answering as it does to a meaningless and mischievous diversity of obligations on the part of parents, makes it impossible to deal with the question comprehensively until some conclusion has been arrived at with regard to educational compulsion. The accumulated proofs that the majority of the dangers at present arising, whether from machinery or from unwholesome processes of manufacture, are strictly preventable impose a new duty upon the Government, while the corresponding growth of evidence that the workpeople often dislike the necessary precautions makes its fulfilment additionally difficult. And, to crown all, there is too much reason to believe that the obstacles thrown in the way of the Government Inspectors are largely due to the unwillingness of the local magistracy to enforce the law.

The contents of the half-yearly Reports of the Inspectors of Factories make it increasingly clear that the first step towards any real reform is to relieve them of one whole section of their present duties. Mr. Redgrave gives a piteous account of the anomalies with which he has to deal, or rather with which he is powerless to deal, in the matter of attendance at school. In many of the agricultural districts handicrafts of various sorts are carried on, and the children employed in them are subject to the regulations of the Workshops Acts, and are consequently compelled to attend school. These same children, when they leave their handicraft and take work from a farmer, come under the Agricultural Children's Act, and consequently, the Act being in all but a very few places wholly inoperative, are not compelled to attend school. Mr. Redgrave naturally finds it difficult to convince a widow, struggling for subsistence by straw-plaiting, that the law is fair which makes her send her child to school before it is allowed to earn a few pence a week, and imposes no similar stipulation in the case of her neighbour, whose child is employed in agriculture. In some districts the only result of setting up a School Board has been to deprive the Factory Acts of some of their stringency, the School Board having power to exempt children from attendance at school at twelve, while the Workshops Act enacts that they shall remain at school till thirteen. One result of this inconsistency is that a child who is kept at home or allowed to idle about the streets may claim the benefit of the exemption, while, if the child finds works at a factory, the obligation of sending it to school revives. Thus as long as a child of twelve is of no use either to its parents or to its employer, its education may be neglected; so soon as it becomes of use to either, its education is at once resumed. The only remedy for these inconsistencies—inconsistencies which do so much to bring the law into disrepute—is to reduce all the many shapes which the process of getting children to school against their own will and against their parents' will now assumes into some regular and uniform obligation, regularly and uniformly enforced. If every parent were compelled to send his child to school up to a certain age, there would be no need for sending Inspectors all over the country to see, not that children go to school, but only that children employed in certain industries go to school. The time of the Factory Inspectors would then be left free for those parts of their work which already make greater demands on them than they are well able to answer. There is quite enough to occupy their full energy in the investigation of cases in which children above the school age have been kept at work for more than the legal number of hours, or in which the protection against avoidable accidents which workmen in factories may claim from their employers is illegally withheld.

The difficulties which beset an Inspector in bringing home charges of overwork are forcibly shown in a Report from one of Mr. Baker's Sub-Inspectors. This officer hears that a young Polish Jewess has been kept at work for twelve hours on Sunday, for twelve hours again on Monday and on Tuesday, and Wednesday for twenty-four hours at a stretch. The girl swears to these facts, and as

regards the Sunday her testimony is borne out by the evidence of the woman with whom she lived, who swears that a messenger came from the tailor to say that she must come to work at once, and that she did not return till after ten at night. The case is dismissed because two friends of the defendant swear that on the Sunday the girl did no work at all, while a woman whose sweetheart works for the defendant swears that she went to the shop at 11 o'clock on Tuesday night, and saw the girl sitting there, not working. In another case a Jew tailor was charged with working a girl after 9 P.M. The Sub-Inspector went to the workshop at 9'45 P.M., saw the workroom lighted up, and heard the noise of sewing-machines. He could not get admission for some minutes, and was then told that the girl he was inquiring for had gone home. Noticing a suspicious swelling in a bed which stood in the room, he turned down the clothes and found the girl completely dressed. This case also broke down, because the girl swore that she had left off work at 9 P.M., and instead of going home, had lain down under the bedclothes to cure a headache. It would not have argued any special incredulity on the part of the magistrates if they had refused to believe the evidence for the defence in either of these cases. The inducements to girls not to inform against their employers are very strong, and where, as in both these instances, a girl, even on the defendants' own showing, is found on the premises at unlawful hours, it is not an unnatural presumption that she was there for the purpose of doing work. Neither the surroundings of the workshop nor the company of the employer are usually attractive enough to detain girls after their work is over. To all appearance, some modification in the statute is required which shall make the proof of a breach of the law more self-acting.

A large part of these Reports is as usual taken up with details of the injury to health resulting from unwholesome occupations, such as the manufacture of white-lead, and of the mutilations caused by the use of unfenced machinery. As regards the former, a great part of the difficulty arises from the unwillingness of the workmen themselves to take the precautions which are recommended to them. The wearing of respirators very greatly lessens the injury done by breathing in poisonous matters, and the use of over-clothing lessens the action of these same poisonous matters on the skin. But where these respirators and over-suits are provided by the employers the workmen often make difficulties about wearing them, and though conscientious manufacturers insist on these objections going for nothing, there are many of course who think that their obligations are sufficiently fulfilled when they have given their workmen the means of protecting themselves if they like. In some processes it is difficult for the employers to ensure that children are not allowed or ordered by the adult workmen to incur serious risks for the mere purpose of saving a little time or a little trouble. Thus a large number of accidents can be traced to the practice of cleaning machinery whilst in motion. Even when this is strictly forbidden by the master, and printed notices forbidding it have been posted in every room in the factory, the men often order children to break the rule, with the frequent loss of their fingers by way of consequence. It has been suggested to the masters that, in engaging workmen to superintend machines, they should make them sign an agreement to pay, by way of deduction from their wages, a certain compensation to any person who may be injured from this cause. Their answer has been that the men would not consent to any such contract, and that an attempt to require it of them would only lead to a strike. Of course an obvious objection to such a provision would be the difficulty of proving that there was not a tacit understanding between master and man that a certain amount of work was to be done in a given time, and that any regulation which conflicted with this understanding should be disregarded. It would be easy to dismiss a man who failed to get the prescribed minimum of work done, and those who, rather than be dismissed, continued to have the machinery cleaned without any regard to the agreement about compensation in case of accident would feel that the contract, instead of being a means of getting the law more strictly obeyed, was in reality only a means of shifting the cost of disobeying from the master's shoulders to theirs. The whole subject bristles with difficulties; but at the same time it so nearly concerns the health, and even the lives, of a large and important class, that it is not the less the duty of the Government to give it careful and early attention.

THE FAMILIAR TEMPER.

IT is a saying of Pascal's that in proportion as people are themselves thoughtful and intelligent they find originality in others. Common minds, he observes, see no difference, and think all men alike. This remark throws light on that habit of easy familiarity towards all created things which is to be noticed as a characteristic of common minds, or as constituting the common side of a class of minds that in other respects are not to be included in the same category—a patronizing familiarity as opposed to that deferential posture of mind which is natural where more is assumed than meets the eye, which is respectful as not knowing what may be behind, and as yet undiscerned, in any object to which attention is given. There is a tendency in some people to bring down whatever comes before them to their own level in order to comprehend it, and, in comprehending, to believe that they rise above it. They must find out some quality in which they are equal, if not superior, and adjust all to this scale. Until they can patronize they are at sea; their use of speculation and judgment is to reduce everything to their own standard. This done, they are happy. In what they do understand they lose the thought of what is beyond them. Nothing tends more to self-complacency than divesting things of their mystery, seeing through and through them and knowing all about them, or, which is the same thing to this sort of people, assuming that they do. By a chemistry of this kind we see the loftiest matters easily disposed of by men of the meanest intelligence, who cannot be at rest under a sense of mystery, not being really able to entertain such an idea otherwise than vaguely, as something uncomfortable and superfluous, to be hustled out of the way and out of sight, and finally ignored and forgotten. So they bring to the front the least august quality of the object before them. They accommodate the point of view to their habit of mind, which is patronage; in patronizing the mystery they set themselves above it. We see this strikingly in the religious language of the vulgar, which always patronizes the object of its professed devotion, as the artificer first made his idol and then bowed down to it. Respect is the one quality always absent in vulgar enthusiasm; it recognizes nothing beyond its own sight or vision, and assumes that it knows all that is to be known, or at least that need be contemplated or dwelt on. As an instance we may take old age as the attribute in greatest favour with the crowds in Gospel Halls and Hallelujah Bands. Of course old age is venerable, but the popular idea of it usually implies patronage. "Old" is the common expression of familiarity, of knowing all about a man. It is the pet prefix; brothers and sisters, boys and girls, call one another "old"; and it always means, if we go deep enough, a perfect out-and-out knowledge of the character. The member of the family who is most clearly seen through is called old. Moreover, as applied popularly, the word is never wholly dissociated from weakness or decay, or, at best, from wonder that decay has not set in. In truth, perennial youth is the more fitting idea to attach to things spiritual; and to talk of "the good old Bible" and "the good old Church" is almost to insult them. We feel indulgently towards this promiscuous use of the term in the hymns and devotions of negroes, as an effort of their self-respect endeavouring to place themselves on a level with awful themes and subjects, whether benign or terrible; but their Ole Zions, Ole Moses, Ole Satans, Ole Pharaohs are not phrases to imitate; and we could well have spared the signal example of Mr. Gladstone's wide range of sympathies shown some time since in a popular address, where he warned the assembly not to seek the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart in art or science, but in something which in a well-known hymn is called "The old, old story," and referred his hearers, who encouraged him with their cheers, to the teaching of the old, old story to be found in the Good old Book. The Gospel is not an old story; it is good *news*, and, if half the Bible bears this epithet, it is emphatically explained why; because the new supersedes it, and that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away. And, as the New Testament is always new and the Gospel always news, so is the Church never old, but always the Bride. We may properly enough call the fabric old, because it is an admitted fact that fabrics decay, but never the living body.

This turn of mind, where it exists, exercises itself on the whole sphere of observation. The habit of appropriation, of connecting self with the thing observed, and so establishing a ground of easy familiarity, is self-assertion, and therefore is not likely, when once it has got a hold, to die out for want of practice. The word *dear* is constantly applied to the same use as *old*, as indeed are many other cognate epithets. Used playfully and by chance, it is a pleasant expletive, but the habitual recourse to it betokens the patronizing turn of mind, as is shown by the instinct of choosing out the least dignified quality in the object thus taken to the bosom of intimacy. Thus we hear of the "dear old man"; the "dear little fellow"; "this dear old beau of mine," as Miss Austen makes Mrs. Elton say. Persons more or less distinguished, and intellectually or socially superior, are often taken down and brought to the speaker's level by this method. The use of the Christian name where intimacy does not sanction such freedom is a very marked habit of the familiar temper; it is a favourite means of self-assertion, of saying "I am at least as good as you." There may have been a time when the liberty was not a liberty; but the habit is clung to the more resolutely the less it harmonizes with present relations, often jarring on the listeners' ears with an annoyance beyond what reason justifies. But the truth is, our Christian name is one of our most private and personal possessions; and as it is, as is often asserted, among the most delicious of sen-

sations to hear it first used where an increase of intimacy, or more than intimacy, is desired, so it offends the ear where the right is assumed on grounds in which we cannot acquiesce. This personal aspect of the question lies indeed in the background; but it probably quickens our sympathy when we hear the liberty taken with another in cases where it amounts, as it sometimes does, to an outrage. But if this method of singling out and establishing a personal relation where none such fairly exists is irritating on the one hand, the familiar, free and easy temper can shock our taste equally in the opposite direction by classing in a lump persons who have a right to be individualized. It is a failure in manners to convey the impression that you class indiscriminately as one of a number or multitude, with no further recognition of him, a man who has arrived at the age and station to be known as himself; and this is an incivility very common with people of this temper, who act on the same principle whether they put themselves on an equality with a superior by too familiar a designation, or attempt to place themselves above their equals by ignoring their individuality. Of course there are cases of the use of this easy tone where the impulse belongs to human nature collectively, where there is no private or personal end, but a united effort to assert a common humanity. All great men who play a conspicuous part before the world are distinguished by some epithet, abbreviation, or nickname used to bring them down to a level, on some one or more points, with the meanest. When the English army called Wellington Old Nosey, and the French called Napoleon *le petit caporal*, it was a natural effort to suggest that their conquering heroes were but men after all, men like themselves, with the conditions of ordinary humanity varied only by some undignified eccentricity. Such natural vents of feeling are a necessity; without them the world could not stand the various tyrannies under which it is governed.

This tone is absolutely opposed to the poetical temperament. For, while shallow minds lose all thought of what may be deep and hidden, in the hurry to establish some personal relation to what is beyond and above them, and are thus led instinctively to attach their observation and interest on the obvious or the weak side, the poetical spirit always assumes more than it sees, and approaches every object with reverence and a strong belief that much is hidden from view. Poetry guesses, and still thinks that more remains behind; the familiar, patronizing temper believes what it sees to be all, or that what lies unseen can be inferred at a glance from what lies open before it. Take, for instance, the field of observation that lies out of doors, and is only indirectly connected with humanity. The one temper professes to understand all that it sees; the other bows before a mystery hidden everywhere. It is the way with some people to interpret every action of the lower creation, to account for every movement, to give a reason for all that puzzles other folks. The designs, motives, affections, antipathies, inclinations, of birds, beasts, and fishes, are a printed book to them. It is a busy, cheerful habit of thought, and one can hardly say that there is any harm in it; yet it excites a certain feeling of irritation, and a sympathy towards the creatures thus analysed, which is probably the result of a sense of personal grievance—our turn may come next. That every created thing has a secret not to be penetrated is our counter argument against this audacious insight. Everything has its incomprehensible side, its mystery not to be reached by professed interpreters. To acknowledge no such arcana is an outrage on the universal reserve. One is sometimes almost disposed to resent for a robin, a spider, or a worm, this affectation of absolute intimacy, this knowing the why and the wherefore of everything. Horatio was probably one of these too clever philosophers, provoking Hamlet at last to the immortal set-down. Poetry is as observant as these self-wise observers, but stops short of explaining and accounting for all things. It is not ashamed of ignorance, and is contented to give its guesses simply for guesses; dignifying by the recognition of a hidden unattainable meaning all that it cannot comprehend. Wordsworth has happily expressed this perplexity in his pastoral of the "Pet Lamb," where little Barbara Lowthwaite is made to speculate on the lamb still tugging at its cord after she had done all that human thought could do for its ease and delight:—

> It will not, will not rest! Poor creature can it be
> That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
> *Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,*
> And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

True intimacy is the test, whether the subject be man or beast. Everything has a character of its own, superadded to its character as one of a species. Nothing can be read offhand. The whole matter is a question of the state of mind. Where there is no undue self-assertion our taste will not be offended. The point of course is where, and before whom, to patronize. We all patronize and read each other off in the sanctity of real intimacy. What we object to is the habit which transgresses these bounds and takes a stand, whether towards things or persons, which the reality of the position does not warrant.

A CENTURY OF AMERICAN RELIGION.

THE close connexion of religious and political ideas is a commonplace both of philosophy and of history, and, in spite of all appearances or presumptions to the contrary, it is not less strikingly exemplified in the annals of the New World than of the Old. The elder Adams showed a sound instinct when he advised the Abbé Mably not to treat the War of Independence without first mastering the Church system of New England; and another acute critic of American society and political economist argues from his observations of it the necessity of a harmony between the religious and political schemes suited to a people. The religion of a people has in fact always, and especially since the introduction of Christianity into the world, been an integral part of its history. And there is perhaps no period to which this remark more obviously applies than to the last century. The wild attempt of the old French revolutionists to obliterate the very name and memory of the Christian faith from the human mind seems only to have foreshadowed, if it did not introduce, a time when, in the vulgar cant of a school of modern writers, "the religious question is the order of the day." Nor is the force of this observation at all diminished by the fact, if such it be, that a great deal of the anti-Catholic or anti-Christian feeling prevalent in France just now is due to the abiding influence of the two great writers who are at once the masters of French style in its two predominant forms, and the leaders of perhaps the most formidable assault ever made on Christianity—Rousseau and Voltaire. For in no countries are politics and religion so inextricably mixed up at this moment as in Germany and France. But if we cast back our glance on the last century of European history, the prominent part played by religious ideas in its development becomes more signally conspicuous. Since the temporary downfall of the whole ecclesiastical system in France, every European country has been disturbed by some variety of the great contest between Church and State which shook Christendom to its foundations in the days of Hildebrand. In the South the Pope has been finally stripped of the temporal sovereignty enjoyed by his predecessors for upwards of a thousand years; in the North a great Protestant Empire has come into being which treats his spiritual authority with as little respect as Italy has shown to his civil crown. In our own country the air has been ringing with the din of religious controversies both in the civil and the ecclesiastical sphere. The repeal of the Test Acts, Catholic Emancipation, Irish Disestablishment, are the outward symbols of a religious revolution which found expression in the spiritual domain in those two great movements, the Evangelical and Tractarian, that have swept successively over the face of the Established Church and have left on it their indelible traces, while the second is still in active operation. The same fermentation of thought which in one case gave birth to the French Revolution, and in another to the Catholic or Catholicizing reaction in England and France, has issued in Germany in a rapid succession of philosophical and theological schools, which it would take us too far from our immediate subject even to recount, still more to characterize. What, then, during this century of keen religious enthusiasm and conflict in Europe has been the religious condition of our Transatlantic brethren? They had rejected, we know, with angry disdain, the bloated aristocracies and pampered hierarchies of the Old World. But what was said of nature may be applied as truly to religion—*expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*

A remarkable paper which has appeared in the Centennial number of the *North American Review* may help us to answer this question. "It belongs," says Leiber, "to American liberty to separate entirely from the political government the institution which has for its object the support and diffusion of religion." Yet even to this day the programme has been but imperfectly carried out, and it remains to be seen whether it will be found capable of easier application in the future. At the time of the Revolution there was some sort of civil recognition of the religious principle in all the thirteen Colonies, though not the same in all. Everywhere there were religious tests, and in the Southern colonies the Episcopal Church enjoyed a legal status; in New Jersey and New York, though not formally established, it basked in the full sunshine of official favour and support; in Delaware and Pennsylvania the franchise was denied to all who did not profess faith in Christ; in Maryland, founded on principles of complete toleration by a Roman Catholic, the rites of Catholic worship were strictly forbidden. Nor was this state of things entirely or abruptly swept away by the Revolution. On the contrary, the constitution of every State framed under the Declaration of Independence, except that of New York, retained some connexion of Church and State. The exclusion of Roman Catholics from the franchise for a time survived in all. In Maryland and Massachusetts belief in the Christian religion was required for all public offices; in Pennsylvania a belief in God and in the inspiration of the Bible; in Delaware a belief in the Holy Trinity; in Georgia and the Carolinas a profession of Protestantism; in Maryland and South Carolina the State recognized the duty of supporting religion. And publicists and statesmen still maintained in the strongest terms the absolute necessity in every well-ordered State of the public support of Christian worship and its ministers. Simeon Howard of Boston even insisted that a Government which neglected this obligation was guilty of "a daring affront to Heaven." Chief Justice Parsons and Judge Story spoke in the same sense. The great change which has occurred since then is attributed to three co-operating causes; partly, of course, to the progress of the modern theory of a purely secular State, but partly also to the practical difficulties arising from the great number and diversity of religious organizations in America, and from the conscientious objection entertained by some of these sects to the acceptance of any civil recognition or support. The result may be traced in the difference

between the language of the Declaration of Independence, which includes a solemn appeal to the Supreme Judge of the world, and of the (later) Federal Constitution, which contains no reference to religion, except in the shape of a strict prohibition of all religious tests. And the legislation of the separate States was gradually revised on the same model. For the first time, therefore, since the establishment of Christianity under Constantine, all the different Christian communions were left free to jostle each other on equal terms; and it becomes on all accounts an interesting inquiry, how their relative strength asserted itself under these novel conditions.

At the beginning of the Revolution four large bodies towered conspicuously above the rest—the Congregationalists, Baptists, Anglicans, and Presbyterians. First in influence and numbers came the Congregationalists, with some seven hundred churches, and a well-trained ministry who prided themselves on their learning, and enjoyed a high social standing and authority. Next in numerical strength, but at a long interval, must be reckoned the Baptists, with about half the number of churches, and insisting, unlike the Congregationalists, on the claims of "lowly preaching," and an unlearned ministry. Third in order stood what was known as "the Church of England in the Colonies," which was the oldest religious body in the country, and embraced a majority of the higher classes. But, notwithstanding the political support and prestige it had hitherto enjoyed, it had a fatal element of weakness in the want of a native Episcopate, and in its consequent dependence on the mother-country for its supply of clergy, who were always more or less liable to the suspicion of subserviency to the political designs of the Home Government. It appears also that in Virginia and Maryland, where the Church was most powerful, the careless lives of the clergy had alienated popular sympathy; and when the Revolution came, their influence was still further damaged by their impolitic, though no doubt conscientious, adherence, as a body, to British interests; many of them even scrupled, like the Nonjurors in England a century earlier, to take the oaths required by the new Constitution or to omit the prayers for the King from the public service. In Pennsylvania Dr. White was for some time the only clergyman. The Presbyterians were about equal in the number of their laity, though not of their clergy, to the Episcopalians, and had some three hundred churches, their main strength lying in the Middle States, and their original members being almost exclusively of Scotch or Irish extraction. They aspired, like the Congregationalists, to a learned ministry, but their preachers were carefully trained to speak without notes, and so strong was the objection to written sermons "that a man's reputation would be ruined should his manuscript be seen." Unlike the Episcopalians, they took the popular side in the Revolution, in accordance with their democratic principles. The remaining Protestant bodies were of very inferior importance, while the whole number of Roman Catholic clergy in the country did not exceed twenty-six, and the Catholic service was only solemnized publicly in Philadelphia. If we contrast the relative position of these various communities a century ago and now, the change is very remarkable. The Congregationalists, who then doubled the size of any other body, now stand seventh, while the Wesleyans, who were then nowhere, rank conspicuously first. The Baptists are still second in numerical order, and the Presbyterians come third; but then follow Roman Catholics, "Christians," Lutherans, Congregationalists, Episcopalians. Tested, however, by the number, not of "sittings," but of churches, the Congregationalists and Episcopalians would come next to the Roman Catholics, while, according to the standard of Church property, the Roman Catholics rank second and the Episcopalians fifth. But for a due appreciation of their comparative numbers we must bear in mind the growth of population, which has multiplied eleven-fold during the interval, while the churches have multiplied thirty-seven-fold, presenting now 72,000 churches for a population of 38 millions, or one church for every 529 souls, instead of 1,950 churches for 3½ millions or one for every 1,700 souls. It is certainly a striking illustration of the working of the voluntary principle, that a Church which seemed at the time to be shipwrecked by the Revolution, and which, moreover, had previously been accustomed to depend mainly on State support, should now rank fifth in the amount of its property. As the writer to whom we have referred observes, in America "the Church of Hooker and Tillotson has certainly shown herself able to go alone." But still more remarkable are the rich endowments of the Methodists and Roman Catholics, who a century ago had nothing at all. These statistics go far to prove, on the most superficial view, that the ecclesiastical and hierarchical principle is not dependent for its vitality on State connexion or support. On the other hand, the violent religious controversy about the education question which is raging at this moment in the United States, and which must at no distant date challenge the attention of the Legislature, would sufficiently illustrate, if any proof were needed, the practical impossibility of drawing a sharp line of demarcation, under whatever system of established or unestablished Churches, between secular and ecclesiastical politics. On the internal development of religion in America during this same period we may have something to say on a future occasion.

A HAPPY DAY.

PICTURESQUE writers have often described in attractive colours the delights of a public holiday, when careworn toil casts off its usual grimy costume and disports itself in primitive gaiety of heart. It is pleasantly supposed that on such occasions the hard-worked artisan obtains a necessary respite from labour and fatigue, and returns to his everyday tasks refreshed and invigorated. Judging, however, from the experience of successive Bank holidays, it may be doubted whether holiday-makers really derive so much pleasure and exhilaration from these festivals as is theoretically assumed. There can of course be no question as to the good intentions with which the Bank Holidays Act was passed, but the practical conditions under which it is carried out are certainly not conducive to enjoyment. As far as Easter is concerned, it would be impossible to choose a more inappropriate season of the year for holiday-making. The weather is almost invariably dank and dismal, and unfavourable for excursions, especially in the case of people who cannot make sure of shelter. Good Friday of course stands by itself, and nothing can be more natural and proper than that business should be suspended on that day. But there is no reason why Easter Monday should be made a statutory holiday on its own account, and it is obvious that it falls at a time of year which is absurdly unsuitable for holiday purposes. It is simply throwing away a holiday to take it at such a season; and, indeed, we believe that the Eastertide holidays, coming as they do at a period when they cannot be comfortably used for open-air recreation, do much more harm than good. The public-houses offer a tempting retreat from the inclemency of the weather, there is a vast expenditure on liquor and very little real pleasure, and a large majority of the holiday people go back to work, not invigorated, but fagged and exhausted, and with a loss in pocket, health, and spirits. In short, a holiday which later on would be agreeable and beneficial is at Easter simply a weariness of the flesh, suggesting hopes of enjoyment only to disappoint them. It would be interesting to ascertain how much money is foolishly spent at this time, and how many cases of rheumatism, bad colds, and other sickness are due to exposure to the treacherous weather which usually prevails. Apart, however, from the special disadvantages of holiday-making at Easter, there is something in the nature of a universal holiday which is necessarily destructive of enjoyment. There is no doubt for many people a certain fascination in gregarious amusements; but any one who has seen the tumult and confusion which are caused by overcrowding at the favourite places of resort on a general holiday can hardly fail to come to the conclusion that this source of enjoyment is decidedly overdone. The crowd has to fight for places in the railway trains, to do battle for refreshments, and is all day long engaged in a constant physical struggle which must have a very irritating effect on nerves and temper, and is utterly opposed to the idea of salutary recreation. It requires very little consideration to see that, if large bodies of people insist upon making holiday on the same day, they must expect to find themselves very much in each other's way. The accommodation which is sufficient at ordinary times is quite inadequate when invaded by such a multitude, and hence the conflict for beer, and the perpetual warfare of the railway trains. If the holiday folk could only agree to take their pleasure in moderate-sized detachments, they might be comfortably served; but when they go out *en masse* they render it impossible to supply their wants with any approach to comfort or even decency. Besides, as the holiday becomes more general it is continually bringing a larger proportion of the community within its range; and every year the number of people willing to work on such an occasion is steadily decreasing. Thus we find it stated that on Monday last there was a marked scarcity of cabs in the streets, most of the cab-masters having given their men a holiday. There is no reason why, as the passion spreads, other classes may not insist on joining in the holiday, which will then be universal in a curious way. On the other hand, there must be a large body of people who, though compelled to suspend business on these days, are debarred from getting any enjoyment out of them, and are driven to immure themselves at home on account of the general uproar, confusion, and obstruction of the ordinary means of communication.

Some of the newspapers have given very full accounts of the sort of amusements provided for the public on Easter Monday, and we must say that they leave on the mind an unpleasant impression of monotonous vulgarity. Those who have a weakness for the kind of pastime associated with recollections of Greenwich Fair may be consoled for the suppression of the booths and mountebanks on their old site. An enterprising manager has, it seems, been holding what he calls "a grand Carnival" in the neighbourhood of Kensal Green. The programme, we find, "embraced all the sports of ancient Rome—chariot racing, Roman racing, men standing upon bare-backed horses, pony racing, flat and hurdle racing by thoroughbred horses, and Great Elephant Race." The visitors to this scene of delight could, it appears, choose between "three Circus Rings and three Circus Companies performing at one time." Then there were "Fire Kings and Salamanders," a "great Stag Hunt with a real stag and pack of hounds," a grand ascent of three monster balloons at one time, and a great collection of wild beasts, the whole concluding with a display of fireworks. "Seven hours of enjoyment" of this kind were offered by the spirited entertainer for the small charge of a shilling. Again, we find that "the largest combination of Star Artists ever seen in London" was to be seen at the Agricultural Hall, where the programme included races between bicycles and ponies, French wrestling, "Colleen on the invisible wire," a troupe of acrobats, a Royal Regiment of performing dogs, flying clowns and bar performers, Russian lady skaters, a great trotting match of five miles, ridden by professional jockeys, and two military bands. It must not be supposed, however, that the more pretentious institutions for cultivating a taste for art and science allow the ordinary showmen to get the

At the Ale- and-

...y of elevating the public mind, the public was offered "twelve hours' constant amusement, wet or fine," of which the following were the chief elements. First, a negro dwarf, who, we are told by an admiring reporter, "can be seen without any of those unpleasant feelings which nature's freaks on mankind sometimes produce." Next there was "a marvellous equine phenomenon" in the shape of the hairless horse Caoutchouc; and we have the assurance of a respectable journal that, as "the smallest silver coin will admit to the presence of either curiosity, possibly many visitors will not be content without seeing both." The Alexandra also boasts of a trained animal show, which appears to have afforded great delight to the representative of the *Times*. "Some of the feats," says this simple-minded person, "performed by members of the troupe were astonishing." One of these astonishing feats was a monkey dancing on a tight-rope, and a dog which rode on a pony; but it is odd that the *Times*, which did not in other days think it worth while to devote its columns to the booths of Greenwich Fair, should now be so impressed with such cheap marvels. "A dog," we are further told, "danced so admirably as for a time to make one fancy it was human." The audience at the Alexandra Palace also had an opportunity of "revelling," as the *Daily News* puts it, "in sweet sounds," these being provided by the concentrated noise of four brass bands and the grand organ. The Crystal Palace was equally energetic in keeping up its well-known reputation for high art and refinement. "Mdlle. Rose Lee went through some very graceful evolutions on the low rope"; there were negro serenaders and acrobats, French clowns, performers on the bicycle, a stage Irishman of the Epsom Downs type, and so on. It is melancholy to reflect that, after all the fine things we used to hear about this and other kindred enterprises, they should have sunk to this depth of vulgarity and degradation; and it is perhaps still more surprising, though not without a painful significance, that respectable newspapers should lend themselves to the puffery of acrobats and dancing dogs. Why are the Punch and Judy shows in the streets and the "Happy Family" neglected? The *Daily News* even stoops so low as to publish a flattering notice of Cremorne, and we may expect that it will next give a glowing account of the Argyll Rooms. We hardly know whether Dr. Kenealy's gathering of the rabble in Hyde Park is to be included among the amusements of Easter. But the silly fellows who went about with placards asking (quite superfluously) "Are you surprised to find we are some of the fools and fanatics?" were certainly grotesque enough. Perhaps, however, the lowest and most disgusting entertainment of the day was the wretched farce, at once ridiculous and brutal, of worrying a tame stag, which was performed under the most distinguished patronage in the neighbourhood of Windsor. Prince Christian honoured it with his presence, and Lord Hardwicke, who might be supposed to have some sense of honest sport, directed the proceedings. That such an institution should survive to this day is certainly a curious commentary on the progress of humanity and civilization. There can be little doubt that, but for the auspices under which it is carried on, it would be put down by the police.

That there is at least a considerable section of the public who are capable of deriving pleasure from sights of a higher class is proved by the crowds who visited the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament. It is unfortunate that, of those who went to the Tower, the majority were precluded from seeing it on account of the crowd and that even the fortunate ones had to be hustled through in batches of thirty every five minutes; and there is a curious perversity in keeping the Houses of Parliament swathed in dingy wappings when thrown open to the public. It is possible that in the course of time people may learn to make a better use of a holiday, and also that the organization of public amusements may be raised to a higher standard; but in the meantime it may be doubted whether a public holiday is either such a happy or improving day as sentimental people are fond of representing it. It is at least certain that as long as people insist upon all going out on the same day to the same places there will be little chance of peace and comfort.

WORKING OF THE JUDICATURE ACT.

THE Judicature Act has now been tested by nearly six months' working, and it may be useful to observe some of the practical questions that have arisen under it. The Acts and Orders are for the most part largely, not to say loosely, drawn, and the Judges have shown commendable caution in using the extensive powers conferred upon them. Pleading is generally allowed to be the weak point of the new system, and it is amusing to find a Judge saying (in effect) that even in the Schedule of Forms annexed to the Orders you would not find anything quite so absurd as the "statement of claim" submitted to him. The new style is something like this:—"The defendant went out to tea with Mrs. Jones, and, after the seventh cup, told her that he owed money to the plaintiff, but meant to resist payment as long as he could." These forms for the most part are neither fish nor flesh; they are too wordy for Common Law and too brief for Equity. The notion that the same method can be applied to a trumpery claim for goods sold and to a suit for the execution of complicated trusts involving property of large value could only be entertained through want of experience in legal business. Happily, errors of theory can be tacitly corrected by the good sense of practitioners.

One of the most valuable provisions of the Orders is that which allows one action to do the work of two. In the last century it was held that a plaintiff who had agreed to build a race-booth for twenty guineas was entitled to recover the whole price, although the booth was so badly constructed that it fell down during the races, and it was admitted that the defendant might bring a cross-action on that account against the plaintiff. After a few years this strict rule was relaxed. A carpenter brought an action against a farmer for work and materials employed in putting a roof on a barn. The defendant offered to prove that the work had been done in a grossly improper manner, and the evidence was admitted. The rule was now laid down that, if there had been no beneficial service, there should be no pay; but if some benefit had been derived, though not to the extent expected, that should go to the amount of the plaintiff's demand. The claim should be co-extensive with the benefit. Afterwards the Courts said that there were exceptions to the practice of allowing the defence of the inferiority of the thing done or supplied to that contracted for, to be applied in reduction of damages. And even where this could be done, the purchaser could not in such a case give evidence of any consequential damage, as, for instance, of the loss of a bargain from the resale of goods. He could only recover such damage by a cross action. Thus stood the law up to the passing of the Judicature Act, and innumerable cases might be cited on this distinction between that which was matter of defence to the seller's action and that which must be matter of action by the purchaser. It would almost seem as if the lawyers' occupation must be gone when all these matters are allowed to be settled in a single action. Experience, however, shows that modern legislation causes more litigation than it cures.

But it is not so his'am by a defendant that can be tried in the plaintiff's gang with us, there was an action for assault and slanderous and the eccl the defendant set up a counter claim for breach ac Emancipaant to repair. It appeared that the plaintiff and mbols of a reli disputing about the repair of a house, and, in thpiritual domainment, the defendant spat in the plaintiff's face, and Tractaria thief. The Judge ordered this counter claim to be of the Ext an action on a bill of exchange, the defendant alleged delible tr antiff was suing merely as trustee for another person, whe same indebted to him, and he set up a counter claim ag the that person, and it was allowed. A shareholder in a Limited Company circulated among the other shareholders a letter charging the directors with conspiracy and fraud. The plaintiff, who was one of the directors, sued the author of the letter for libel, and the defendant set up a counter claim for loss sustained in respect of shares bought on false representations. Here the Judge ordered the counter claim to be struck out, on the ground that "it would be very difficult to keep the jury from mixing up the two claims." An action was brought to recover the balance of money due on the sale of a public-house, and the defendant desired to set up a counter claim for the return of money paid as deposit on false representations alleged to have been made by the plaintiff and another person. Thus A. sued B., and B. wished to bring a counterclaim against A., and to join C. with him as defendant; a separate Act allows this to be done in a proper case. The Judge said that a defendant may set up any counter claim that is not so incongruous as to be incapable of being conveniently tried with the original claim. A claim for the return of deposit-money on the ground of fraud might be very conveniently tried in an action for the balance of purchase money on a sale where the whole defence to the action was on the ground of fraudulent representation by the agent. There would be some delay in the trial owing to the joinder of C., but that could not be avoided. In an action by builders for work done under a contract to build a church, the defendants desired to serve a third party with notice that they claimed indemnity from him; and this the Act allows to be done in a proper case. It was alleged that the architect had ordered costly extras, having no authority to order them, and must therefore indemnify the defendants. Leave was given to serve notice on the architect. The Order under which this was done is likely to have wide application. Thus, suppose an action is brought against a surety, and he claims contribution from another person as co-surety, his course would be to obtain leave to serve a notice on that person. Again, suppose an action brought against the acceptor of a bill of exchange, who claims to be indemnified by another person on the ground that the bill was accepted for his accommodation, the same course might be pursued. And it would be applicable also in the case of an action on a contract of sale, where the defendant claims to be indemnified by another person on the ground that he made the contract as that person's agent.

The defects which have appeared in working the Act are not very considerable, and, as Parliament is sitting, it would not be unreasonable to expect some help from it where necessary. Complaint has been made that the Judges have limited the use of interrogatories in a way that is both inconvenient and illegal. But a recent decision of the Court of Appeal has affirmed the construction placed by the Judges sitting in Chambers on the Orders, and upon the point of convenience there is something to be said both ways. Formerly a Bill in Chancery used to be divided into the "stating and charging" and the "interrogating" part, and the genius of prolixity manifested itself in no more striking way. The defendant was required to answer on oath on every point, although on many no contest was likely to be raised. "Whether the said A. B. did not depart this life on or about such a day, or at some other time, and when, and if not, why not, or how otherwise"—this is no great exaggeration of the antique style, which some practitioners, as it seems,

desire to restore. We cannot help thinking that there is much force in Mr. Justice Lindley's objection to go back to the old bad practice of interrogatories in Chancery, particularly as we are now told that brevity is to be the soul of pleading. It is apprehended that the Chancery Judges will not be able to get through their work now that evidence is generally taken *viva voce*; but perhaps further experience may suggest some mitigation of this new practice. There are many questions which may be tried quite as well and more expeditiously by affidavit, and it is only a minority of cases which require examination of witnesses in open court. The expense of unnecessary affidavits, although a serious abuse of the old system, may perhaps turn out to be less than that of bringing up witnesses to London. If a difficulty arises in adjusting the arrangement of business between the Common Law and Chancery divisions, and if the good sense and public spirit of the Judges do not suffice to remove it, recourse might be had to Parliament. But the Judges, or some of them, have been working, we might almost say not wisely but too well, in carrying out the supposed intentions of the Legislature. A Court for trying common-jury cases lately sat at Westminster till everybody was sick of it, and Judges rushed up from circuit and formed a "scratch" Court in *banc* to hear some of the many cases that have arisen on the construction of the Acts and Orders. It would be idle to expect that many such cases would not arise. If there be any possible method of attaining perfection in law-making, it is certainly not the method that is adopted by the British Parliament.

The authors of the Act must not, however, be held responsible for the obstinacy of litigants or the pertinacity of lawyers. The Queen's Bench division was lately occupied with an appeal against the order of a Judge transferring an action to the Chancery division. After reading long affidavits, the Court was enabled to see far enough into the case to affirm the Judge's order, and the appellant had to pay costs. It would be well indeed if no greater fault could be found in the working of the Act than this case presents. As long as foolish or perverse people have money to spend, there will be unnecessary litigation. The same Court was much exercised on the same day with the question whether a Judge had power to order a patent case to be tried before a Judge and scientific assessors, when the defendant insists on trial by jury. If the Court had been supplied with an edition of the Judicature Act which we have had the advantage of consulting, they would have known that, by Order 36, Rule 3, "the Palladium of British liberty" is preserved. It is certain that a defendant has power under this Rule to object to his case being tried in the only way in which it can be tried, and it is highly probable that the Rule was intended to give this power. Parliament may, if it thinks proper, take away this power, but we do not expect that Parliament would think proper. And even if it gave the Judge at Chambers a discretion in this matter, that discretion must be subject to appeal, and on appeal voluminous affidavits would be forthcoming to explain or obscure the nature of the question to be tried. We have already given some instances in which the "third party" clauses of the orders would be practically useful. In further illustration we may mention a class of cases which occurred frequently in the days of the railway mania. A surveyor was employed by a provisional Committee in making surveys and plans for some line which proved abortive, and he picked out some one Committee-man who was tangible and solvent, and sued him for his bill. This Committee-man, being thus compelled to pay the whole amount, sued his fellows, or as many as he could find, for contribution, but he could only do this by separate actions. If such a case occurred now, the "third party" clauses would be applicable to it, at least in the contemplation of the authors of the Act. But in a recent case a Waterworks Company sued a mechanical engineer for damages caused by a defective crank, and the defendant wished to bring before the Court the iron-founder who had forged the crank. The language of these clauses is so wide that it would be rash to say what they do or do not include, but at all events the Court has a discretion to exercise in applying them. The question has not yet been finally decided, and therefore we offer no opinion on it. All we can say is that in many cases these "third party" clauses would be useful. It ought to be added that the *Times* renders public service by its full reports and discussion of questions on the working of the Judicature Act.

PARIS THEATRICALS.

PASSION week in Paris must have given a hard blow to the superstition prevalent among a good many English people, that that amusing city is the home of perpetual brightness in its climate as well as in the light-heartedness of its inhabitants. For the greater part of the week the sky was grey and heavy, there was an intermittent fall of snow, sleet, or drizzling rain, the asphalte was slimy with mud, and you were cut through and through by a constant blast of angry wind. Even on the two days when the sun shone out and it was delightful to sit and bask in its warmth within the square of the Palais Royal, the moment one went out into the open streets this wind met one on the bridges or at the corners of streets with all the unpleasantness of an insisting creditor. The dramatic spirit of the Parisians, however, is superior to the accidents of weather, and on Thursday night in last week, when the pavement was thick with half-melted snow—the most penetrating form of dampness and discomfort that can be found—a full audience assembled at the Variétés to see the well-known *Vie Parisienne*, which has been remounted there in consequence of the failure of *Le Roi Dort*, with its most dramatic act for some inexplicable reason cut out. Hearing this pleasant piece of absurdity again, one cannot help wishing that M. Offenbach had always been as fortunate as he is here in the words for his music, and had taken equal pains with his part of the business. The acting is in the true spirit of burlesque; the most ludicrous and improbable things are done as if their doing were a mere matter of course which would at once suggest itself to any one in the position occupied by the people concerned. Thus when De Gardefeu (M. Cooper) is giving an account to Bobinet (M. Baron) of a ride in the Bois de Boulogne, they both fall naturally into the attitude of a man on a rapidly trotting horse, and it evidently never occurs to them that any other course could be pursued. When they are both dead tired, their exertions are only stopped by one saying to the other, "Si nous allions jusqu'au Cascade?" M. Dupuis, as the Swedish Baron, preserves an imperturbable simplicity and air of foolish wisdom which are intensely ludicrous, and many of the actors manage to sing pleasantly without any voice; an accomplishment which seems almost as peculiar to France as that of keeping an audience amused throughout such a piece as *La Vie Parisienne*.

All the theatres of Paris are closed on Good Friday, and those which enjoy a subvention are closed from Thursday night in Passion week until Easter Sunday—a rule to which the Gaîté, not yet under Government protection, submitted itself by way of asserting its future honours. The playgoer driven to the Boulevard on Saturday night might have done worse in a search for amusement than by going to see a "drame in five acts and six tableaux" which is running at the old Théâtre Lyrique, now called the Théâtre Historique. This piece, *La Maison du Pont Notre Dame*, which oddly enough was till a few days ago being played also at a small theatre in the outskirts, is a fair specimen of an old-fashioned melodrama. The leading idea is worthy of better workmanship than has been bestowed upon it by the authors. A young man, Pascal de la Garde, returning home to a large fortune and the prospect of marrying a beautiful girl, is assassinated by his uncle, with the connivance of a rascally innkeeper. Five minutes after the body has been concealed and the uncle has escaped, a man, whom the innkeeper takes at first for the ghost of the victim, comes into the tavern. On recovering from his terror, and learning that the young man is a nameless adventurer (he is, in fact, Pascal's illegitimate brother), the innkeeper, to serve his own ends, proposes that he should personate the dead Pascal, and the deception is carried out. The notion might be worked into a striking play, and such an actor as M. Fechter might play the double part with surprising effect; but the piece as it stands is constructed with wonderful clumsiness, and at inordinate length; and the spectator's amusement at the Théâtre Historique has to be derived chiefly from the players' attempts at impressive acting, and the delight with which well-worn incidents of melodrama are received by the gallery. The house on the bridge of Notre Dame, from which the play takes its name, has two stories, and, as its front is removed for the convenience of the audience, a double action is seen going on inside. It is possible that, with well-arranged mechanism, this device might be effective; at the Théâtre Historique the arrangement of the stage is remarkable for its likeness to a gigantic Punch and Judy show. The street Punch, with its atrocious crimes, bustling action, and final retribution, is indeed the archetype of old-fashioned melodrama; and one cannot help wishing that the actors in *La Maison du Pont Notre Dame* had as little to say as those concerned in Punch. However, the gallery is pleased with the house, and the exciting incidents that take place in it; and when, in another act, there is a combat between four gentlemen and a band of brigands, its enthusiasm knows no bounds.

At the Français M. Got has been playing his old part of Le Duc Job in Léon Laya's play of that name, and thereby proving how far a piece of fine acting can go to redeem a play which is ill constructed and ill written. The drama abounds in long involved sentences, which would be a terrible infliction but for the skill brought to bear upon their delivery. It would be difficult to point to anything that is not admirable in M. Got's performance. He is by turns ironical, impassioned, and pathetic, with the highest success; and he gives interest even to the dullest of the long speeches assigned to him, overcoming the difficulty of their length by a rapidity of utterance which yet is never hurried. In one scene he sits down to breakfast with the usual uncle of comedy; he is overcome with grief, wearied with a sleepless night. He drinks, and the wine gives him a momentary brilliancy, until his exhaustion and the stimulant with which he counteracts it combine to send him into a sudden sleep. Only the very finest acting can rouse one's sympathy for such an incident, and this M. Got fully succeeds in doing. Mlle. Reichemberg, as the girl whom Le Duc Job loves and finally marries, displays a singular grace and tenderness.

Full audiences still flock to hear M. Dumas's exposition of the theory that Providence always intervenes to get rid of an inconvenient ruffian at the desired moment, illustrated by marvellously skilful acting. M. Dumas has seen that the truth of this theory may possibly be doubted, and to one who objects that he has often seen the wicked flourishing, Dr. Rémonin, who propounds the theory, replies, "C'est que vous ne regardez pas assez longtemps." No one can prove that this is not the case;

only in real life one may have to wait a good deal longer for the triumph of virtue than one has in *L'Etrangère*, where the difficulty is of course solved in the last act. But in this play, as in many others of M. Dumas, it does not strike one that the virtue which triumphs has much more claim upon one's esteem than the vice which meets with punishment. A change has been made in the final winding up of the piece since the first nights, when, after Clarkson the American had killed De Septmonts in a duel without witnesses, the mysterious Mistress Clarkson relieved her husband from all difficulties by using her authority, whatever that might be, as a member of the secret police. Now she contents herself with saying that she will take care of his affairs, and the one explanation is about as plausible as the other. One or two little blunders which do not strike one on first seeing an exciting play come into view after it has been acted for some time. For instance, a good point is made by Clarkson, on being introduced to the Duke de Septmonts, gruffly saying, "Bon jour, monsieur," clapping his hat on his head and walking out of the room. An Englishman in Clarkson's position, and overwhelmed with business, might do this, but the instinct of an American is to be extremely ceremonious when he is introduced to a stranger. Again, when Clarkson challenges the Duke, he proposes to use the small-sword, saying, "That is your best weapon," and adding, in an aside, "and mine too." We are given to understand that Clarkson has fought many duels, chiefly in America, and we are left to wonder how it happens that he should be more skilled with the French sword than with the pistol that must be familiar to his hand. Professors of fencing do not abound in California. But Clarkson's character is, in truth, almost as inconsistent as his wife's, and the skilful make-up and forcible acting of M. Febvre cannot entirely cover the author's mistakes.

On the reopening of the Français three short pieces, *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, *La Joie Fait Peur*, and *Le Mariage de Victorine*, were given. Scapin is played by M. Coquelin, whose comic force is irresistible, but, as in other parts, he is apt to exaggerate the farcical element. It is unnecessary that, when threatened by his master, he should wallow on the ground and cry like a child. In the scene where, having put Géronte into a sack, he imitates the tones of various assassins, and, under cover of their personality, beats the unhappy Géronte, the actor triumphed with singular success over the difficulties put in his way by a peculiar voice, and his expression when Géronte discovers him was the essence of comic terror and discomfiture. Mme. Girardin's *La Joie Fait Peur*, tolerably well known here both in the original and by means of two English versions, is one of the most touching pieces ever written. It turns, as will be remembered, upon the sudden appearance of a young sailor supposed to have been lost, and the gradual breaking of the news to his mother. M. Got's command of humour and pathos is seen at its best in Noel, the old servant, to whom the returned son first appears. He is alone on the stage and is talking of the folly of giving up all hope, when his young master enters unobserved. "For my part I should not be surprised," says Noel, "if he were to stand before me now and say, 'Noel, I have come back, you see. Pray go and order me something to eat'"; and the moment the words have left his mouth they are repeated by the young man. Noel gasps and staggers back. He turns pale, his jaw drops, his body becomes rigid, and he is falling heavily forward on the ground when the young man catches him. The effect of M. Got's acting at this point was thrilling. Two girls, the young man's sister and betrothed, are played admirably by Mlle. Reichemberg and Mlle. Broisat, who makes a singularly pleasant impression in a part where there is little to do beyond looking grief-worn at the beginning and joyous at the end of the play. One felt, however, a strong interest in the character through Mlle. Broisat's interpretation. Mlle. Reichemberg's performance of the sister could hardly be improved. The subdued pathos at first, the joyousness which follows and expresses itself in girlish playfulness, the conflict of emotion when she is trying to give her mother some idea of the truth without going too far at once—all this was given as well as possible. The somewhat sombre tone of the piece is relieved by the brightness and grace of M. Delaunay's acting as the young man. He has the art of speaking the most commonplace words and performing the most ordinary movements so as to give them grace and interest; and when he has to deal with emotion, he never misses his mark. The meeting between brother and sister drew tears from many of the audience. The only unsatisfactory part of the performance is Mme. Guyon's playing of the mother. The actress goes through all the gestures and intonations which are commonly taken to represent the emotions she has to express, but she fails to impress the spectator with any sense of reality. Mlle. Favart might play the part finely, but Mlle. Favart has an unwise objection to playing any but young characters. *Le Mariage de Victorine* is a proof that George Sand's writing can at some times be as outrageously dull as it is exciting at others; but the piece is well acted, and gives especial opportunities to Mlle. Baretta, who came to the Français from the Odéon, and who is very valuable in *ingénue* parts.

A success second only to that of *L'Etrangère* is obtained by *Les Danicheff* at the Odéon. The piece is announced as by M. Pierre Nevsky, but it is well known that it passed through the hands of M. Dumas, who is a friend of M. Nevsky, before it was put on the stage. M. Dumas's writing is indeed evident enough, both throughout the character of Roger de Taldé, the French attaché, and in passages where the biting if somewhat mechanical wit peculiar to M. Dumas is easily recognized. Roger de Taldé has nothing whatever to do with the plot; he is not even employed as a chorus; but a French audience will not readily accept a play in which there is no French interest, and so Roger de Taldé is introduced among the crowd of Russians to deliver a lecture in M. Dumas's best style upon the classification of women, and to utter a thinly-veiled defiance of Germany and hope for a Russian alliance. The character is played pleasantly and with a quiet force by M. Porel; and one cannot regret De Taldé's presence in the piece, although the construction of the piece might be more artistic without it. The situations of the play are striking. The action passes in 1851. Wladimir, the hope of the Danichells, is in love with Anna, a serf of his mother's whom she has brought up almost like a daughter, and announces his intention of marrying her, to the horror of the Countess his mother. After a stormy scene the mother, a hard, proud woman whose chief interest is found in the kittens and dogs that run about her room, appears to make terms with her son. He is to go to St. Petersburg for a year and pay his court to the Princess Lydia Wladanoff. If at the end of that time he still wishes to marry Anna, all shall be arranged. Meanwhile she is to know nothing about it. He accepts the condition joyfully, and the moment he is gone the Countess sets Anna and Osip, her coachman, free, and has them married. Osip, however, has a noble soul, and, though he loves Anna, when he learns her love for his young master, resolves that he will go through the marriage ceremony with her by way of blinding the Countess, but will never be more to her than a brother. The second act passes at St. Petersburg, and is occupied with the Princess's love for Wladimir, and his discovery of his mother's breach of faith. In the third Wladimir returns home, full of fury against Osip, which changes to gratitude when he learns the faithful servant's sacrifice. Osip proposes to obtain a divorce, and the Countess, who has also returned, seeing that her schemes have failed, agrees to this. Here the play should end; but there is a fourth act, which is needlessly taken up with the machinations of the Princess Lydia to prevent the divorce, and their defeat by a somewhat clumsy combination of circumstances. The play is not well constructed, and its tone is too sombre, but it contains many fine incidents, and there is in it a clearer atmosphere than in the pieces where a breach of the Seventh Commandment is arrived at to the accompaniment of slow music. Mme. Picard plays the difficult and unpleasant character of the Countess with surprising success; M. Masset, who has for this part modelled his face and gesture after M. Faure, would be more impressive as Osip if he were less uniformly tearful. M. Marais, who came straight out of the Conservatoire to play Wladimir, exhibits both in the lighter dialogue and in bursts of passion qualities which, if properly directed, may lead him to a very high place on the stage. It is to be hoped that he will not be induced, like many young French actors, to sacrifice an assured future to the brilliant chances of the present.

IMPOSSIBLE COUNSEL.

MR. JOSEPH BOULT, F.R.I.B.A., whose discourses on Early English matters we have noticed once or twice, has again undertaken to give the world some further enlightenment from his special stores; and we are the less likely to pass by what is offered to us, since, in graver columns than our own, we have seen Mr. Boult made the object of a very curious and friendly admonition. His industry, research, &c. &c., are said to be very praiseworthy; only he would do well to learn some comparative philology. The state of mind of Mr. Boult's adviser is almost as great a study as the state of mind of Mr. Boult himself. We received not long ago several diagrams accompanied by some elaborate calculations, which were altogether beyond our understanding, but the object of which was to prove that the sun is much smaller and much nearer the earth than astronomers have for some ages taught us that it is. If we had been in the same state of mind as Mr. Boult's adviser, we might have congratulated the calculator on his valuable researches, but might have recommended him to learn some astronomy. But such a precept would go on an altogether false view of human nature, or at least of the type of human nature which comes to light in Mr. Boult and his astronomical likeness. To tell them severally to learn astronomy and comparative philology is to tell them to cease to be themselves. They have severally the fullest conviction that they have learned those sciences, that they have learned them incomparably better than any master of them whose authority could be quoted against their own special views. We find no fault with the man who, never having been taught any better, thinks that the sun is a few miles off and is of the size of a cart-wheel. And the Greek philosopher who first taught that the sun was as big as Peloponnesus had made no small scientific advance. To counsel men of either of these classes to go and learn some astronomy would be a perfectly rational precept, and one which they would very likely gladly obey. But it is vain to give such counsel to the man who knows perfectly well what scientific astronomers have to say on the matter, but who thinks that he has an argument of his own which proves that the scientific astronomers are all wrong. It is not that he lacks research, or that he lacks thought. He has no doubt read and thought and calculated a great deal; only his reading and thinking and calculation are all utterly misdirected. With such a man it is useless to argue; he must be left where he is. He is the useless man of Aristotle who neither finds out what is right for himself, nor listens to other people who have found it out.

Now the really instructive thing is that, while nobody would treat the astronomical craze seriously, people are found who treat the philological or historical craze seriously. People who can read and write and get into print do, as a rule, know the first rudiments of astronomical science. They very often do not know the first rudiments of philological and historical science. If a man says that the earth is flat or that the sun is a few miles off, every one sees the absurdity at once. If a man makes historical or philological proposals which are on exactly the same level, many people do not see the absurdity; they talk about "controversies," "differences of opinion," and the like. The *Times* thought it was a matter of "controversy" when certain people chose to affirm that Alfred founded University College. It was very hard to make people understand that that proposition was exactly on a level with the proposition that the earth is flat. So the Oxfordshire annalist who in his book puts Richard King of the Romans before Cæsar knows perfectly well that other people put him in the thirteenth century; only he thinks that he is right and that the others are wrong. And we have not the least doubt that many people who would at once laugh at the notion of the sun being only a few miles from the earth would look on the age of King Richard as a fair matter of controversy on which each side "had a right to its own opinion."

What is the cause of this difference? Why is an absurdity in physical science so much more generally recognized as an absurdity than an absurdity in history or philology? There must be some intelligible reason for such a difference. If the answer be made that the one kind of knowledge is more generally diffused than the other, this, so far as it is true, is not the cause of the difference, but one form of the difference itself. And it is only partially true that physical science is more generally known than historical or philological science. The real masters of philology are very likely quite as many as the real masters of astronomy, and the smatterers in astronomy can hardly be thicker on the ground than the smatterers in philology. But there is this difference between the position of the two studies, which is in truth the difference which we have already stated. A great number of people, without having really gone at all into the study of astronomy, without being able to give any reasons for the propositions which they accept, have got ideas on elementary astronomical points which are accurate as far as they go. They know that the earth is round; or, as that phrase is not quite scientifically correct, at least they know that it is not flat. They know that the earth goes round the sun; they know that the planets also go round the sun and that the fixed stars do not. But beyond this they do not go very far. They have a correct general notion of the cause of an eclipse; but how astronomers can reckon that an eclipse will happen at a particular time is a perfect mystery to them. Now people who are in this frame of mind, whose ideas go but a very little way but are accurate as far as they go, recognize the absurdity of a misstatement within their own range as readily as the scientific astronomer does. When they are told that the sun is only a few miles from the earth, they cannot, like the scientific astronomer, prove beyond gainsaying that it is otherwise. But the idea seems as grotesque and absurd to them as it does to him. Now with regard to history or philology there are comparatively few people who are in this exact state of mind. As a rule, people know either more or less. People who have a correct notion (as far as it goes) about the sun and the earth perhaps never heard of Sanskrit, perhaps think Greek is derived from it, perhaps think that all languages are derived from Hebrew. The notion that Richard King of the Romans lived before C. Julius Cæsar does not seem so absurd to them as the notion that the sun goes round the earth. And in a sense they are right; it is equally wrong, but it is not equally absurd. Like nearly every popular mistake or confusion, there is an element of truth in the thing. Historical and philological propositions are not capable of mathematical proof. They depend on the same kind of evidence on which men act in their ordinary affairs; they are not capable of that kind of proof by which Euclid proves his propositions. If a man chooses to say that the facts of philology are all accidental coincidences, or that the documents on which history rests are all forgeries, we cannot convince him of his error in the same kind of way in which we can convince the man who says that he has seen a triangle whose three angles were not together equal to two right angles. Historical and philological proof both seems to be and is less rigid, less technical, than the proof by which the astronomer calculates the time of an eclipse or measures the distance between the sun and the earth. It is a kind of proof which both seems to be and is more within the reach of every man's common sense than the other. It is a kind of proof which, besides a certain natural gift, calls for tact and practice fully to appreciate it. But it cannot be of the nature of rigid demonstration. A man will therefore think himself quite capable of judging for himself on a philological or historical matter, he will cast away the authority of those who know better than himself, at a stage of knowledge at which he will humbly accept the teaching of experts in a matter of astronomy. He sees that astronomy is not a matter of guessing, because the proof is rigid. But because philology is not capable of the same rigid proof, he thinks that it is all a matter of guessing, and he thinks, perhaps truly, that his guess is as likely to be right as another man's.

Hence there come two consequences. In philological and historical matters the right thing does not get the same undoubting acceptance which it gets in astronomical matters, while the wrong thing is much more likely to get acceptance. Anything that has a learned air will impose on people, and the wrong thing often has quite as learned an air as the right thing. Mr. Boult and his counsellor are a case in point. Mr. Boult, who has already put forth several pamphlets of the kind, has, since the beginning of this year, put forth another, headed *Notes on Early Social Grades in England*. Now Mr. Boult has, in a kind of way, read some of the sources of early English history, quite enough to give a learned air to what he writes. But he has a craze, half historical, half philological. He is one of the sect who think that Englishmen are Welshmen; and he tries to confirm this belief by taking every plain English word that he meets and making a Celtic derivation for it. His etymology, we need hardly say—indeed some of our readers may remember earlier specimens of it—is very much in the style of "Alexander the Great" from "All-egge-under-the-gnate," which may be taken as typical of this school of philology. Nay, whereas his Celtic ought, to prove anything, to be ancient Welsh, a good deal of it happens to be modern Irish, while some of it is of a class to which Welsh scholars decline to give any name at all. At the attainments of Mr. Boult's nameless counsellor we can of course only guess. But our guess would be, that he knows philology enough to see at once that all this is nonsense, but that he does not know much about Old-English Laws, and that he is therefore impressed by Mr. Boult's air of learning on those matters. He therefore does not see that Mr. Boult's philological craze is the essence of the whole thing, that without his craze Mr. Boult would not be Mr. Boult at all. To him the craze seems to be only the weak side of otherwise praiseworthy researches, and he counsels him to go and strengthen himself by learning philology. He speaks, in short, to Mr. Boult as he might have spoken to Sir F. Palgrave when that great scholar fancied that the word *king* was of Celtic origin. Sir F. Palgrave's mistake was simply an isolated mistake, which might be corrected, which a little philological study doubtless would have corrected. Mr. Boult's Celtic etymologies cannot be corrected away in this sort; they are the essence of the whole thing. If we are to have Mr. Boult at all, we must have him with his Celtic theories.

As for the particular etymologies, a philologer will stop to discuss them when an astronomer stops to discuss the theory that the moon is made of green cheese. But it is worth noticing that Mr. Boult does not put forth his grotesque etymologies in sheer ignorance of the real ones. He knows them, but he thinks that his own are better. As Englishmen are not to be Englishmen, it is only carrying the doctrine a little further to rule that *men* are not *men*. To be sure they are something greater:—

> In sochemanni the primary syllables are of course due to the same root as in socage; but the termination I conceive should not be assumed to be the word "man" latinized. That word does so appear occasionally, but in many cases it is ascribable to K. *mramnach* (may nach), from *mamn*, glossed by O'Reilly manifest, famous, illustrious; but in the word under notice used to distinguish the agriculturist from the mere ploughman. I think a similar application may be found in "Ceninmagni," a tribe early settled in East Anglia, and in "Ealdormanni," "Rademanni," and "Lagemanni."
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> "Ealdor" is for "il-dor," "great door," and the Ealdorman is "the principal person at the great gate." "Ceorl" is "from K. co-ar-il (carcel) the great ploughland." "Demesne" is "land free from tax. K. *demeas-ne*, not of assessment." The lady of this demesne should surely be a Phrygian or Lydian *dam* or *dav*, and, next to Nephelokokkygia, no more fitting place can be found for the estate than the "Chersonesus Cimbrica."

Mr. Boult would seem to be hindered by his profession from being made a canon; but it is surely hard that he is not a Professor somewhere.

DISTRICT NURSING.

YEARS of suffering have not quenched Miss Nightingale's early enthusiasm. She has the same passionate interest in her old subject, the same determination to mitigate for others the pain which she bears with such unselfish fortitude. Confidently and eloquently she appeals to the public for help to establish a great National Nursing Association for the Poor. The prospectus of such an institution has been drawn up, and a central home started where already a beginning has been made. That Miss Nightingale should advocate the aims of the Society cannot fail to inspire confidence that it may become worthy of its name. When Miss Nightingale's public labours began we thought skilled nurses were only required for wounded soldiers. Mere fevers or epidemics, it was supposed, must run their course. Children came into the world and for the most part went out of it with only the assistance of Sarah Gamp. Those who walked the hospitals even twenty years ago have a lively recollection of the race of robust, hard-swearing charwomen, or worse, who were then dignified with the name of nurse. But we are now on all sides endeavouring to attain to ideal Hygeias. Correct statistics of the death-rate in different places enable us to put our finger on an unhealthy spot and insist upon investigations as to the cause of the mortality. We can now boast of crowded districts in London which are as healthy as most country parishes, and we can point to Bristol and Portsmouth as examples of successful sanitary reform. We no longer pity Salford and Newcastle for their unhealthiness; we reproach them for homicidal neglect. What has been accomplished during the last few years in the prevention of illness only shows us how much more might have been done. The mortality of this country might still be largely reduced if we could ensure the

enforcement of ascertained laws. And here lies the greatest difficulty of the hygienic reformer. He can prescribe, but who will administer his prescriptions? He can direct, but who will carry out his directions? The life may be saved by care, but who is to take the care? In surgical cases the hospital is no doubt the best resource of the sick poor. They have the most experienced physicians, and for the most part tolerably competent nurses. But there are even surgical cases which might with advantage be nursed at home, if there was any way of ensuring to the sufferer even a moderate amount of care and comfort.

It would be almost impossible for any one who had not visited among the London poor to realize the abject misery which illness produces in an airless, overcrowded room. There are thousands of struggling people who find it difficult at all times to keep their heads above water, to provide the barest necessities of life, and pay the week's lodging. Sickness is the last straw, the additional weight yet required to sink them into hopeless pauperism. In cases of fever it is a great matter to have such an institution as the Fever Hospital at Islington, where patients are kept until all fear of contagion is past. Isolation is always difficult in a town house. But in chronic diseases, or where it is only cold and neglect, which make a slight attack serious, it is often most desirable not to break up a home which it may never be possible to re-establish. The home may be a draughty garret or a damp cellar, and yet be a better place in which to bring up children than the workhouse. But a helping hand is needed beyond what the district visitor is able to supply by her bread or meat tickets. Something more is required to help convalescence than the bottle of medicine from the dispensary. So long as the mother of a family is able to get about, things are not utterly hopeless unless she drinks. But when she is confined to bed and has several young children, the case becomes desperate and recovery very uncertain. Perhaps after a sleepless night she begins to doze as her husband rises to go to his work; too often hardened by adversity he is careless of her sufferings; but if he has come in sober the night before and has his faculties about him, he makes an awkward attempt to light the fire and put on the kettle before he tramps away. Then the children waken and want their breakfast. There is none prepared for them, the coals are not lighted, and they must be contented to gnaw a dry crust in the corner. In the bed beside the invalid is the baby wringing her nerves with a piteous unceasing wail; her illness has robbed it of its proper food, and there is no money in the house to buy milk. The eldest girl does her best with slack and a bit of paper to rekindle the fire, and with vigorous use of the bellows the kettle boils at last. A new misery now arises in the danger lest she should pull it over and add a scalded foot to the other woes of the family. The mother listens to each step on the stairs, hoping perhaps some friendly neighbour will come and look after the little ones and raise her in the bed. But all of them have more to do than they can manage, and if a gossip knocks at the door to have a talk, she goes away again without interfering with the family arrangements. The children, unwashed, unkempt, half fed, endanger their lives on the staircase, or add to their mother's anxieties by wandering about the streets. It is needless to follow the course of the weary day until the husband's return from his work, tired, and perhaps wet, no supper ready, everything wretched and in disorder. It is not surprising that he adjourns to the "Queen's Head," and reveals towards midnight, by unsteady steps on the stairs and the thickened utterance of his many oaths, that the money for to-morrow's food has gone in betting and beer. By degrees everything is pawned, even to the blankets, and the invalid leaves the bare walls of what was once home either in the parish hearse or the workhouse van. It is not only amongst the abjectly poor that illness is so terrible a calamity, such a crushing misfortune. It is just as much felt in the home of the struggling tradesman, perhaps more. Thousands of valuable lives are sacrificed every year simply for want of proper nursing. The hard-working clerk with a large family might have lived to provide for all his children if the temperature of his room had been kept equable when he was laid up with bronchitis. The grocer at the corner would still be selling adulterated mustard if, when he was in rheumatic fever, proper nourishment had been given him throughout the night. The widow who was supporting her family respectably by dressmaking need not have left them orphans if a little care had been taken of her when she was recovering from diphtheria.

The National Nursing Association, fully alive to the present culpable waste of human life, propose to train and provide skilled nurses for the assistance of the sick poor in their own homes, and to establish a training school in connexion with one of the London hospitals. A beginning has been made, and a Central Home started in Bloomsbury Square; others will be established by degrees in the different metropolitan districts, and the Committee hope to extend their operations into the country as soon as funds are raised. The nurses are to be taken from the educated classes, to have comfortable homes provided for them, where they will have none of the cares of housekeeping, but be able to devote their time and talents entirely to their work. They must go through, first, three months' probation, in order to find out if they are suitable candidates, then a year of hospital training, and thirdly three months of special instruction. The expenses incurred by the nurse amount to about fifty pounds during the time of training; she then gets a salary of thirty-five pounds a year, rising by three pounds per annum, until it reaches fifty. Uniform is supplied and washing, so that she has only her personal expenses to provide for. It is particularly desired that the nurses may not be looked upon as almoners, as from workhouse and parish organization a sufficient supply of nourishment and other necessaries may always be counted upon. Miss Nightingale points out that great care must be taken not to demoralize and pauperize families; that when a man is given to drink he may be induced to deny himself to help a sick wife; whereas, if everything is provided for her, he will only have additional temptations to self-indulgence. District nurses will necessarily be of a class superior even to those in a hospital, because it is necessary that they should be able to supplement in some degree the office of the doctor, and that, too, without the usual hospital appliances. It is requisite that they should be able to keep an accurate record of the pulse, temperature, and symptoms of the patient, so as to enable the doctor to know how and when to vary his treatment. Among her most important duties will be that of calling attention to the sanitary condition of the house. Dustbins, water-cisterns, drains, must all be inspected and watched, and in cases of defective arrangements reports made to the proper authorities. This will be an arduous part of the work, as it is most difficult to cope with landlords and with the legal difficulties which constantly arise. It will not be easy to go into a man's house as a nurse, and not only to insist on his leaving it as soon as possible, but also to take steps for having it shut up and pulled down. Even Miss Octavia Hill, with all her energy and resolution, finds such a task not without its difficulties.

The scheme which Miss Nightingale asks the public to support, and that generously, is evidently the result of much careful thought and wide experience of the wants of the sick. The arrangements made for the comfort of the nurses are wise and far-seeing; the limiting of their work to eight hours in the twenty-four is no doubt real economy, as it enables the staff in times of emergency to do much more than if they did not ordinarily get proper rest and recreation. The great question now to be solved is not whether money will be forthcoming to carry out the establishment of a great national institution, nor whether the poor are willing to pay a small weekly sum for skilled nursing, but whether it will be possible to procure the raw material out of which Miss Nightingale's ideal nurses are to be manufactured in sufficient quantity to fill the places provided for them. She wants a refined educated gentlewoman, too much a lady to think any service she can render menial; with sufficient tact to steer clear of offending a most easily offended class, and yet with determination enough to insist upon her reforms being carried out. This lady nurse must be strong enough to bear the most sickening smells, the most loathsome sights, the most agonized deathbeds, without being made ill by them. She must be brave enough not to be frightened at the abuse of a drunken man, or at having to walk through the streets alone at the dead of night. She must be a Sister of Mercy without her early training or her faith in works, a doctor without his pay, a sanitary inspector without his power, at once a servant and a teacher, a tender nurse and a strict disciplinarian.

A FEAST OF HORRORS.

BEFORE the Wainwright murder has quite faded from popular recollection, we have a new accumulation of atrocities, and the people who delight to gorge themselves on horrors of this kind are no doubt rejoicing over the particularly racy entertainment now provided for them. Such luck is almost more than could have been expected, and at such a dull time as the present it will no doubt be especially welcome. It is fortunately unnecessary for us to repeat the sickening details which are so profusely recorded by the morning papers. As to the supposed murder at Chelsea, it is evident that there must have been foul play of some sort. The poor woman was robbed, but whether her death was intended is a question which has yet to be decided. The chloroform which is suspected to have been administered may have been given only for the purpose of producing stupefaction, and indeed the medical evidence as to the very weak condition of the victim would seem to suggest that terror alone might have been the cause of her death. In the other case we have a frightful example of the fiendish elements which occasionally break out in humanity. Cases of this kind occur from time to time, and, though insanity is usually pleaded, there is seldom any ground for accepting this excuse. There is a reluctance on the part of refined society to face the fact of the appalling depravity which comes within the range of our common human nature. It is thought to be necessary, as it were, for the honour of the family, to explain away such aberrations on the ground of insanity. It shocks respectable people to think that they share the nature which is capable of perpetrating such atrocities, and the fiction of lunacy is invented to keep up the reputation of the race. There is of course a certain amount of foundation for the mad doctors' pet theory of homicidal mania, but in the majority of instances murder and other atrocities are committed, not from any weakness of mind, but from sheer wickedness. Such a case as that at Blackburn is an impressive, though painful, lesson as to the depth to which a man may sink when once moral restraint has begun to be impaired. At the same time, although it may be well to take the warning which such incidents offer, they are certainly not things to be gloated over and made the subject of an amused curiosity.

The morbid interest taken in Wainwright's case was a sufficiently disgraceful exhibition, and it is to be hoped that we are not

to have a repetition of the mawkish sensationalism which was then displayed. There can be no doubt that in Fish's case the ordinary machinery of justice is quite capable of doing whatever is necessary, and there is therefore no excuse for the officiousness of certain newspapers in publishing all sorts of private gossip and mere rumour. The facts will come out in the criminal proceedings, and it will probably be found that all that is essential might be put within a very small compass. Nothing can be more scandalous or demoralizing than that a romance should be made of such a horrible story; but we are sorry to see that there is in certain quarters a disposition to commit this offence. The *Daily Telegraph*, for instance, supplies its readers with minute details as to the appearance, manners, and antecedents of the prisoner. More than one reporter is employed in this nauseous task, and while one sends a rumour that Fish once hung four kittens by the tail until they died, and that his eyes are light grey and his features deadly pale, another writes that he has inspected the prisoner in his cell, and found his eyes much inflamed, as if with weeping, but otherwise "quite fresh and healthy looking." One of these literary scavengers did not scruple to torture the prisoner's wife by his impertinent inquiries, and duly photographs her for the benefit of his customers. Though suffering keenly, she seemed much better than he expected to find her. "She had an infant at her breast, and one about three years old was running about apparently unconscious of anything serious." It is perhaps fortunate that the age of the child prevented the poor creature from being subjected to an unwarrantable inquisition. In a later account we have a picture of the prisoner in his cell, "apparently weighed down with remorse, sitting at a table with his face buried in his hands," while from outside is heard the music and uproar of an Easter fair. It appears to have been thought worth while to make an examination of Fish's "phrenological developments," and the reporter obtained from an expert in such things an opinion that his bumps are scarcely of a murderous type, though that of destructiveness is somewhat prominent. A touch of romance is given to the case by a sketch of the room in which the remains of the girl's body were found. On one of the walls is said to be a picture of a bloodhound sniffing at a huddled heap which seems to disclose the human form. What on earth has all this to do with the case? Nothing; but then of course it makes it more like a story in a "penny dreadful." It may readily be believed that "some very curious stories are current amongst Fish's neighbours," but why should they be raked up in order to gratify a diseased curiosity? It is brought up against Fish that, as a barber, he was strangely taciturn; "he sometimes would not speak a word for a week"; but it is to be hoped that barbers generally will not be led to suppose that they are likely to be suspected of crime if they do not deafen their customers with endless chatter. Here is another great fact which, when it first struck the reporter, evidently suggested to his mind the promise of interesting developments. "Contiguous to his shop is the 'Fishers' Arms' public-house." So the reporter interviewed the barmaid; but his hopes were soon damped. Fish never visited the "Fishers' Arms," "professing to be a teetotaler"; but his wife had been known to fetch him of a night a small glass of port wine. This artist in horrors, by way of making his tale as grim as possible, thinks it necessary to proclaim to the world that Fish's wife, on hearing of his confession, exclaimed, "I am very thankful, let him be hanged; if he is guilty, hanging is too good for him"; but there is happily no necessity to believe the statement to be true. Morgan, the bloodhound which scented out the human remains, also comes in for a share of the sickly enthusiasm which seems to be excited by this event. Morgan, we are told, is "a quarter bloodhound, quarter bulldog, and half setter," and fawn-coloured; and "is much petted by thousands of the people of Preston." "Many stories are told of his wonderful capabilities," and no doubt, if an unabashed Paul Pry were to print all the stories he picked up in the streets and elsewhere, he would soon fill many columns. But is this respectable journalism? It is said that an offer has been made by a caterer of public amusements at Blackburn to pay 5*l.* a night for a certain number of nights in order to make a public exhibition of the dog.

It is impossible to imagine anything more disgusting than this silly and morbid excitement about the most trifling and remote details of a horrible affair; and there can be no doubt that the effect on the public mind must be very injurious. The jumbling up of everything in a mass of rubbishy gossip, to be read merely as a thrilling story, tends to diminish the impressiveness of judicial proceedings undertaken in grave earnest and under serious responsibility. The gratification of a morbid curiosity and appetite for vulgar sensation dulls the natural feelings which ought to be stirred on such an occasion, and accustoms people to regard the most horrible and revolting aspects of life as a legitimate subject of amusement. This is a matter to which we have more than once had to recur, and there can be no doubt that it is a serious evil. In a former case the *Daily Telegraph* defended the publication of some nasty details on the ground that, "in view of the devilish wickedness which has been perpetrated, it would be an act of unjustifiable squeamishness to hush up one circumstance of horror"; and the *Telegraph* has certainly contrived to avoid any failing in this respect. There is no reason, of course, why the facts of a crime should not be published, but there is obviously the widest difference between reporting the hard matter-of-fact evidence given in a court of law and dishing up what may or may not be facts, so as to make up a sensational tale. Enough is not yet known of Fish's state of mind and habits to enable one to form a diagnosis of his character; but we should imagine that nothing would be so likely to produce imitation of his unnatural callousness as the habit of brooding over such details as those with which the newspapers nowadays pander to a depraved taste. People who have a sense of enjoyment in the horrible interest of such narratives are, we are afraid, clearly on the road to take a similar interest in the torture of animals, which, whether truly or not, is ascribed to Fish as one of his favourite amusements. The lesson of all such crimes is the warning they afford of the precipice on which human nature stands, and the danger of any approach to the edge of it. Imagination, and especially the imagination of dull and ignorant people—for imagination, it must be remembered, does not necessarily mean intellect—is a dangerous thing to play pranks with. If allowed to range too loosely, and to poke about in all sorts of foul and unhallowed corners, it is apt to get a devilish mastery over those who yield to its seductive influence; and from indulgence in imagination to indulgence in practice is but a short step. The morbid curiosity of Eve, the desire to test imagined sensations in a practical way, survives among her children, and there is perhaps no poison which is at once so insidious and so fatal in its influence. People may think that they can now and again go in for a dose of *Daily Telegraph* sensationalism about crime, and enjoy the creeping of the flesh which it produces—"I feel as if it made my back open and shut," said a housemaid once, who was a great admirer of this kind of literature—without suffering any permanent injury; but this is a mistake. There is no taste which grows so quickly on people as a bad one; and, when corruption of mind and feeling once sets in, it spreads rapidly. It is impossible to say how much harm is done by such narratives as those of the fight between Brummy and the dog, and of the various horrible crimes which from time to time come to light, by which the *Telegraph* cultivates popularity among the least intelligent classes of the community. There is nothing which it is more dangerous to foster than a taste for nasty and horrible things as a fillip to a stagnant imagination.

QUEEN MARY AT THE LYCEUM.

IT was proper that this play should be brought on the stage, and an attempt, in itself far from hopeful, might be made under most favourable conditions at the Lyceum. Few readers of the play probably have felt any strong desire to see it acted, and the characters of Queen Mary and Philip of Spain will always remain thoroughly unprovocative of sympathy. Let us say at once that Miss Bateman and Mr. Irving did all that was possible for these characters, as the manager did for the play generally. It was not long, yet it was tedious; and although Queen Mary took an unconscionable time in dying, we remember that the spectacle of her sickness might be preferable to a description of Cranmer's burning. At the close of the first performance Mr. Irving declared his intention of telegraphing to the author that the play was "a confirmed success," and it is true that a full house bestowed plentiful applause, with a barrow-load of bouquets for Miss Bateman. There is a story of a Frenchman who used to take a good place every night at a spectacle of performing lions in order that he might be present when the lion-tamer's head was bitten off. It may be suspected that many persons went to the Lyceum on Tuesday night to see the fun of what used to be called the damnation of a new play. But respect is due even to misdirected art. There are many lines in *Queen Mary* at least good enough to remind us of the author's better lines elsewhere, and if such a play had been written fifty years ago, it would certainly have been performed, although we do not think that even then it would have succeeded. It would have been produced as a sort of tribute by the stage to literary eminence. The manager of the Lyceum has undertaken to supply in this respect the want of a national theatre, and failure properly evokes sympathy. But failure beyond doubt there was. Even the usual remedy of the pruning-knife is here inapplicable, for much has already been cut away from the poem, and we feel utterly impartial between that which has been taken and that which has been left in adapting it for the stage.

No poetry and no acting can make us take an interest in the love of Queen Mary for Philip of Spain. The line

> I am eleven years older than he is

unluckily recalls to mind a quotation lately made by Mr. Lowe in the House of Commons; and to the following question—

> But will he care for that?—

we should be disposed to answer that, men, and particularly princes, being what they are, we decidedly think he would. Philip's notion, according to the poet, seems to have been that it was for the advancement of the Catholic faith that a son should be born to him by Queen Mary, and that, if only enough of heretics were burned, the blessing of Heaven would rest upon their marriage. The Queen was neither young nor healthy, and had never been beautiful, but the flames of Smithfield would be more potent than the torch of love. Only put on a few more heretics and poke the fire. In a damp and detestable climate the smell of Cranmer's burning was the only comfort which a pious but chilly Spaniard could discover. His apathy towards the Queen grows into disgust, and, while affecting regret at his own departure, he, with more truth than politeness, indicates that he prefers supper to conjugal endearments. The

picture is painfully natural, but perhaps it need not have been exhibited. There have been bad harvests and sickness has been rife in England, and what shall its poor Queen do for it? Burn more heretics, says her husband. He protests in the same interview that he "never loved her more," and we entirely believe him. The affairs of his many kingdoms call him, and he must away; but presently a political reason is suggested for his staying longer. A prudent counsellor asks if he may not say that Philip stays to please his wife, and Philip answers that he may "if he cares to put it so." The complaint of Philip to his wife—

Your people are as cheerless as your clime—

is fully supported by the author, who has represented England, sometimes called "merry," as a dismal swamp interspersed with gibbets. It is always to be remembered to the credit of Queen Mary's reign that there were no railway accidents, and perhaps the general tenor of life was not much affected by those scenes of violence and cruelty which in the page of history impress our minds so strongly. We can believe, too, that a farmer of Islip would start early in the morning with three hard eggs in his pocket to get a good place at the Oxford burnings. But all attempts at reproducing such scenes of everyday life must be either grotesque or horrible. At Queen Mary's Court heads stand so lightly upon shoulders that a lover's sigh would blow them off. The Princess Elizabeth's meditations are too lugubrious to be relieved even by the farcical incident of Sir Henry Bedingfield's dirty boots, and on the whole it may be said that the Laureate's tragedy is less depressing to the spirits than his comedy or farce. One of the most hideous features of the story is the proposal made by Philip for Elizabeth's hand while Mary is rather too slowly dying. The Ambassador explains in soliloquy that, if this proposal be accepted, he and his master will break in this princess and correct her bad habit of swearing. We could wish that at the same time she might be taught not to make puns. The acting of these and other minor parts is neither good nor bad, and none of the actors, we should think, could feel the slightest interest in the scene in which they appear. Mr. Irving conveys only too forcibly the idea that Philip hates England and is tired of his wife, and that is really all that he can do. Thus the weight of the play rests upon Miss Bateman, and dramatic students will of course like to see what she makes of an ungrateful part. It is not usually expected of a tragic actress that she should sing, and Miss Bateman effectively recites the beautiful lines addressed to the lute. Afterwards, when the author makes her seat herself on the ground, he has unfortunately invited comparison with Constance in *King John*:—

Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.

But Constance was of other mettle than the ailing, wailing Mary, and we could have heard with pleasure the awakening discourse which she would have addressed to an unfaithful husband. The sorrows of Queen Mary do not lend themselves to poetic treatment.

The obstreperous loyalty of the Lord Mayor would in our day have been rewarded by a baronetcy; but as Sir Thomas Wyatt, whom he opposes, has been excised, the valiant magistrate fights with a mere vague suggestion of rebellion. If we turn to the scenes in which Wyatt appears, we shall find that they are among the best in the poem; and at any rate they are furthest removed from the caterwauling of Queen Mary. They exhibit vividly an example of what Macaulay has described as the system of government under the Tudors. The country would stand a good deal; but if the Court went too far, there was always in reserve that which in another time and clime was called the sacred right of insurrection. The men of Kent gathered at Penenden Heath, seized Rochester, and marched on London. A little more vigour in Wyatt, or a little less courage in the Queen, and the Spanish marriage and the Marian persecution would have been prevented. The Queen showed herself on this occasion her father's daughter, and the scene in which she declares that she will die "with those that are no cowards" is the least unpleasant of the acted play. Wyatt's failure and the executions which followed it cowed resistance, but still it is difficult to understand why the English people endured the proceedings of Gardiner and Bonner. Philip brought no soldiers to England, for the best of reasons—that the country would not endure them; and as the Queen had no money, she must have had few guards. She depended for help against rebels on the nobility or the City; and if rebels had real grievances, the nobility and the City were likely to be at least partially in sympathy with rebellion. We cannot help thinking that Philip of Spain has had rather hard treatment from the popular historians whom the poet has followed. The Spanish Ambassador, Renard, for a long time discouraged persecution, as became a man with whom policy was first and religion second. The Queen no doubt believed that burning heretics would make her a joyful mother of children, but it may be doubted whether her husband cared enough for England to take the trouble to extirpate its heresy. He was fearfully sea-sick on the voyage hither, drenched with rain on landing, and snubbed and suspected all his train. Like his more famous father, he was coarse and indiscriminate in his tastes, but we do not know that any English town or village preserves such traditions as may be found in Germany. The story which the poet puts into the mouth of a lady of the English Court seems, however, probable, and the Queen, besides being inconveniently fond of her husband, was, we may believe, intensely jealous of his civility to her attendants.

Unalterably and pesteringly fond

is Philip's own comment on his wife's behaviour, and it must be allowed that the scenes between them are dreadfully true to nature, although perhaps rather compromising to the dignity of the Tragic Muse. Mr. Irving has got himself up well for the part of Philip, not forgetting the "yellow head and yellow beard," and he preserves a suitable gravity of demeanour. If it had been possible for Philip's natural brother, Don John of Austria, to have taken his place, the English people might have been better pleased. Philip had none of his brother's military talent, and his personal courage was doubted. Not the least of this prince's trials must have been his first draught of ale which he took on the night of his arrival to show his determination to conform to the customs of the country. He landed at Southampton, and rode thence to Winchester in pouring rain to meet his bride, and it is reckoned that 4,000 noblemen, gentlemen, and others on horseback, and under no command, rode with him. The Emperor more than any other person was responsible for this unhappy marriage, which he desired for the sake of the preponderance it might give him over France. His Ambassador, Renard, although he counselled moderation in religion, was for thorough measures in politics. At his instigation the Queen sent Lady Jane Grey to the scaffold, although in the play she answers his first suggestion with the line,

I am English Queen, not Roman Emperor,

which now, for an obvious reason, is the most telling line in the play. When Philip reached London, the citizens, who had fancied him a monster, saw to their surprise a well-dressed gentleman who had learned with some difficulty to touch his cap in salutation. In the winter there were balls at Court, of which, by the way, this play contains no trace, and Spanish noblemen with English ladies, and the indefatigable Renard coached, as we should now say, Philip in the arts of popularity; and it began to be thought that Heaven would not have brought about this grand marriage without intending that some good should come of it. But in May it appeared doubtful whether Heaven had any purpose in the matter, although moved by prayers and processions, and by increased activity against heretics. The Queen sent letters to the justices of the peace, directing them to deliver the holders of erroneous opinions to the Ordinary, "to be by him charitably travelled withal." But it does not appear that Philip had any hand in this proceeding, and he usually acted under the guidance of Renard, who was as superior to superstition as to mercy. In August Philip got away to Flanders, where, if the climate was no better than in England, his wife could not watch him quite so closely, although reports soon reached her of his miscellaneous licentiousness. She, poor woman, all the time believed that she had lost her husband's love and the favour of Heaven by the sin of Saul, and therefore the Amalekites of England should be no longer spared. So the burnings became more frequent, but her husband's aversion was now undisguised; and, having lost Calais to the French, she was overwhelmed with sorrow and sickness, and she died. The world has seen few more miserable marriages, and such a dreary story could hardly make a good acting play.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY.*

(*First Notice.*)

MR. TREVELYAN is fortunate in a subject which belongs to him by hereditary right. Lord Macaulay's writings are familiar to the world, but little was known of his private character, and nothing of the domestic relations which were to himself the most important part of his life. In his later years he entered little into general society, and his few associates were for the most part older than himself. Hallam, Milman, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Carlisle, and Bishop Wilberforce who belonged to a later generation, have all passed away. A great literary reputation, still in its pristine freshness, necessarily creates interest in the personal history of the author. Only a few survivors recollect distinctly the events of a public career which ended nearly thirty years ago; students of oratory alone are accustomed to think of the brilliant historian as one of the most eloquent speakers of his time. There is a novel pleasure in the discovery that the bearer of a great and merited reputation was the kindliest, the most affectionate, and the most unselfish of men. Lord Macaulay's public and private character was known to be blameless; his tenderness, his constancy, his simple and healthy enjoyment of life, could not have been generally appreciated till now. If Mr. Trevelyan is to be congratulated on the choice of his hero, Lord Macaulay also is fortunate in his biographer. It is a happy accident when literary ability and taste coincide with the command of the necessary materials for the biography of a celebrated man. If Mr. Trevelyan had been a stranger, he would have possessed many qualifications for his task; but he could never have attained the intimate knowledge of his famous kinsman which began with his own earliest childhood. It may perhaps be a drawback to the biography as a work of art, that, in dealing with Macaulay's Parliamentary and

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his Nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. 2 vols. Longmans, Green, & Co.

official career, Mr. Trevelyan expresses strong and definite opinions, though his language is always temperate and fair; but the defect, if it is a defect, is a necessary consequence of Mr. Trevelyan's position and pursuits. If the person who is of all others best qualified to write the Life of Macaulay happens to be an active and earnest politician and a rising member of Parliament, his estimate of the political conflicts of the last generation cannot be expected to be colourless and neutral.

From detailed literary criticism and eulogy Mr. Trevelyan wisely abstains. He is justified in noticing the transparent clearness of style in which Macaulay excelled all competitors. It may be a question whether thoughtful intellects are not more irresistibly attracted by suggestive writers who leave something to be divined by competent students. The admirer of Macaulay, on a second reading of a passage or a volume, is sometimes disappointed by finding that he learns nothing new; but, on a balance of critical considerations, it is better to express the whole of a thought, and to leave nothing to be guessed. As Mr. Trevelyan relates, a reader in a printing-office once respectfully suggested to Macaulay that there was one sentence in two volumes of which the meaning could not be apprehended at a glance. A Northern manufacturer read the first two volumes of the History aloud to his men after business hours; and when the last chapter was finished, one of the audience moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Macaulay for writing a History which working-men could understand. The number of readers who take pleasure in riddles is as one to ten thousand grateful recipients of digested thought and knowledge. Style is the most characteristic product of intellect. Lord Macaulay wrote clearly because his knowledge was generally accurate, and his conclusions were always definite. The mannerism which critics remark in his writings proceeded from the same cause. His excessive use of antithesis may perhaps be explained by a tendency to resolve a perplexing doubt into two clear and contradictory propositions. The process was inapplicable to complex problems which admitted of no easy or distinct interpretation. Macaulay sometimes undertakes to reconcile his own description of an historical personage with actions which fail to fit the rhetorical framework by his favourite formula, "Such is the inconsistency of human nature." In all such cases the confusion exists in the mind of the observer, who may be well assured that qualities which co-exist are mutually compatible, and that in human nature there is no antithesis. Mr. Trevelyan quotes with implied approval Macaulay's adoption of Johnson's dogma, "that an author whose works are likely to live is very unwise if he stoops to wrangle with detractors whose works are certain to die." The doctrine may be sound when the criticism concerns literary merit; but it is wholly inapplicable to questions of historical truth. The gravest fault with which Lord Macaulay can be charged was the want of candour which he displayed in refusing to correct errors which were in themselves pardonable and, indeed, unavoidable. He trusted unfairly to the certainty that his own works would live, and to the likelihood that the works of his critics would die. In some instances the calculation has already failed. No capable judge adopts Lord Macaulay's version of Bacon's personal history against Mr. Spedding's, or fails to acknowledge the conclusive force of Mr. Paget's vindication of Penn. A descendant of Sir Elijah Impey, who injudiciously wrote a bulky volume in defence of his ancestor, pointed out inaccuracies which have never been corrected in the Life of Warren Hastings. Lord Macaulay had not the opportunity of retracting the errors which Mr. Forster has pointed out in his account of Swift's early life. It is not to be supposed that in these or other cases of the kind Lord Macaulay consciously persisted in error; but it would probably have been painful to him to disturb the convictions which he had once positively formed. It would be unjust to attribute his obstinacy to literary conceit or to personal vanity, for he seems to have been unusually exempt from all weakness of the kind. It is no discredit to a voluminous historian to be set right on isolated points by those who have made them the objects of special study; but the mental indolence which refuses to admit a more accurate view of truth is not a laudable quality. A great writer ought not to trust to his reputation to bear him harmless when he is justly open to criticism.

The interest of Mr. Trevelyan's biography begins with Macaulay's infancy, and sustains itself to his death. A slight sketch of his father's character and history forms an admirable introduction to the life of the more celebrated son. The virtuous austerity of the self-denying Puritan philanthropist contrasts well with the genial and joyous nature of Macaulay himself. Those who were best qualified to judge regarded Zachary Macaulay as the most efficient antagonist of the slave-trade and of slavery. To the great business of his life he sacrificed popularity and fortune, nor was he even compensated by contemporary fame; but he never repined at his own ill fortune, nor did he envy the celebrity of his coadjutors. A strong attachment between father and son was maintained in spite of entire incompatibility of character, of temperament, and of opinion. Macaulay always thought, with good reason, that he was fortunate in his birth and nurture in a strict and thrifty household, in the midst of a circle of able men who were united by a common enthusiasm for the abolition of slavery. Like many eminent men, and like many who have never become eminent, Macaulay was a precocious child. At three he was an eager reader of books; at four he explained his offer to Hannah More of some old spirits, by the remark that Robinson Crusoe was always taking old spirits. At eight or nine the boy amused his leisure by writing hymns, a Universal History, and voluminous poems in imitation of Scott and of other poets whom he admired. He became a good classical scholar at a small private school in Cambridgeshire, where he stayed till he went to Cambridge. At this time his father intended to leave him the share of an eldest son in a considerable fortune amassed in the African trade; but the accumulation soon afterwards dwindled, and eventually disappeared; and it was fortunate that Macaulay's classical knowledge, notwithstanding his ignorance of mathematics, secured his election to a fellowship at Trinity in 1824. Two years afterwards he was called to the Bar, and joined the Northern Circuit. He had not seriously studied law, and yet there is no stranger instance of the capricious uncertainty of professional success than his total failure to obtain business. His unequalled memory and his natural eloquence would have made him a great advocate; and if he had found it worth while, he would soon have corrected his early deficiency of legal knowledge; but the attorneys of the North never discerned his capacity; and his total earnings at the Bar amounted to a single guinea for prosecuting a fowl-stealer. In 1827 Lord Lyndhurst gave him an appointment as Commissioner of Bankruptcy, which he retained till the office was abolished five or six years afterwards. In 1826 he began his connexion with the *Edinburgh Review* with the well-known article on Milton; in 1830 Lord Lansdowne returned him for Calne at a fortunate moment. His speeches on the Reform Bill at once placed him in the first rank of Parliamentary orators; and in 1832 his merits were inadequately recognized by an appointment as Commissioner of the Board of Control, and soon afterwards as Secretary. A higher honour consisted in his election for Leeds in the first Reformed Parliament. In his official capacity he assisted in passing the West Indian Emancipation Bill; but at one stage, in accordance with his father's convictions and his own, he placed his resignation in Lord Althorp's hands. During his short service at the Board of Control he chafed under the restraints of a subordinate position, and he was strongly impressed with the necessity for an independent member of Parliament of possessing a pecuniary competence. For this reason, and also that he might be enabled more efficiently to assist his family, he accepted in 1833 the place of member of the Supreme Council in India. In this capacity he effected by the Penal Code the first of many great legislative improvements in which India has anticipated England. He also became the first President of the Committee of Public Instruction, and he took an active part in removing restrictions on the freedom of the press. His superfluous energy may be measured by his own list of the books which he read in thirteen months of 1834 and 1835:—

> I have read Æschylus twice; Sophocles twice; Euripides once; Pindar twice; Callimachus; Apollonius Rhodius; Quintus Calaber; Theocritus twice; Herodotus; Thucydides; almost all Xenophon's works; almost all Plato; Aristotle's Politics, and a good deal of his Organon, besides dipping elsewhere in him; the whole of Plutarch's Lives; about half of Lucian; two or three books of Athenæus; Plautus twice; Terence twice; Lucretius twice; Catullus; Tibullus; Propertius; Lucan; Statius; Silius Italicus; Livy; Velleius Paterculus; Sallust; Cæsar; and lastly Cicero. I have a little of Cicero left, but I shall finish him in a few days. I am now deep in Aristophanes and Lucian.

He was at the same time beginning German, and he read parts of Chrysostom and Augustine, whose style he irreverently described as that of a field preacher.

In 1838 Macaulay left India, having accomplished his object of obtaining an independent competence, which was augmented by a legacy from his uncle, General Colin Macaulay. During his stay in India his eldest sister, who had accompanied him, married Mr. Trevelyan, then the most rising of the young civilians; and he suffered deep affliction from the death of another sister, Mrs. Cropper. His father died during his homeward voyage; but he had the good fortune to be accompanied by Mr. Trevelyan and his family, who afterwards, to his great delight, remained permanently in England. While he was travelling in Italy in the following autumn he declined an offer by Lord Melbourne of the office of Judge Advocate; and, having already conceived the plan of his History, he was inclined rather to a political than a literary life. He was at this time thirty-eight, or, as Mr. Trevelyan is pleased to say, not much past middle life. Successive ages assume a different aspect as they are regarded from the Eastern or the Western side. In the following year Macaulay's scheme of life was temporarily altered by his election for Edinburgh, and his acceptance of the office of Secretary of War with a seat in the Cabinet. Immediately after his accession to office the venial slip of dating a letter to his constituents from Windsor Castle exposed him to exaggerated ridicule and groundless abuse. The incident is only worth noticing for his own comment, many years afterwards, on the happiness of a life in which the trivial blunder and its consequences were among his gravest misfortunes. During his tenure of office he sustained his early fame as a Parliamentary speaker, and he continued to write for the *Edinburgh Review*. The brilliant Essays on Clive and Warren Hastings belong to this period. No other Minister was probably so well content when Lord Melbourne's Government was driven from office in 1841. He immediately resumed the History; he published the *Lays of Ancient Rome* which had been begun in India; and he was driven against his will by American piracies to republish his Essays written for the *Edinburgh*. In Lord John Russell's Administration of 1846 he held the sinecure post of Paymaster-General; but at the general election of 1847 he lost his seat for Edinburgh, and consequently retired for the last time from office. In 1848 the first two volumes of his great work were published, with the result of raising his literary reputation to the highest point, and of adding largely to his fortune. In 1852 the

cy of Edinburgh retrieved the error which had been committed in 1847 by spontaneously electing Macaulay; but his interest in contemporary politics had by this time subsided, and his health began to break. He spoke, however, amid general applause, on the India Bill, and his authority and plausible argument induced the House of Commons to adopt the competitive system of appointment to the Civil Service. In 1856, in consequence of the state of his health, he resigned his seat for Edinburgh, and in the following year he gratefully accepted a peerage on the recommendation of Lord Palmerston. About the same time he received from his publishers a single cheque for 20,000*l.* in part payment of the proceeds of the second instalment of his History. From 1841 to 1856 he had lived pleasantly in the Albany, and from that time to his death at Holly Lodge on Campden Hill. At all times he found domestic society in the house of his sister, to whose children he was warmly attached. He felt as a heavy blow the departure of Sir C. Trevelyan to India as Governor of Madras in 1859. The family were to follow in a few months, and he could scarcely hope to see them again. His health at this time was breaking fast, and before the dreaded separation occurred, he died suddenly and without pain on the 28th of December, 1859. Of his character, tastes, and habits, as they are vividly described by Mr. Trevelyan, it will be more convenient to speak on another occasion.

(*To be continued.*)

WHEELER'S HISTORY OF INDIA.*

IN this fourth volume Mr. Wheeler enters upon an entirely new period of history, which it would have been well for his literary fame if he had left alone. At any rate it would have been better for him to have waited until he had acquired a more accurate and better digested knowledge of Mussulman India than this volume exhibits. His previous volumes on the history of ancient India gained him some credit. They did not show great scholarship or deep research; but the results of the author's reading and observation were set forth in a clear, lively style, and an obscure portion of history was laid open to unprofessional readers. Mr. Wheeler seems to have been carried away by his success. In the volume before us he is often over-smart, his little faults have become great and glaring, and he writes more with the reckless dash of a Special Correspondent than in the tone of a sober-minded historian. We are no lovers of the dry and dismal, we have no objection to an author's enlivening his narrative with his own ideas and speculations; but in history we do object to ideas being stated as if they were facts, and opinions laid down as ascertained and settled truths. Mr. Wheeler has all a Frenchman's love for an idea. When he catches one he cherishes and pets it until he is quite carried away, and is regardless of the consequences. So we have daring generalizations, false identifications, imperfect or unimportant analogies, and discoveries of supposed reasons or influences which either exist not at all or have too much importance attached to them.

A startling passage in the preface gave us timely notice of the sort of thing to be expected:—

> It will be seen [says Mr. Wheeler] in the course of the present volume that the Moghuls bore a striking resemblance to the Vedic Aryans; that the Moghul empire in India between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries was probably only a repetition of what has been apparently going on in India through unrecorded ages; that the Moghul empire in India was only the last link in a chain of empires which began in the remotest antiquity. In other words it will be seen that the Vedic Aryans were Moghuls; that Asoka and Akber sprang from the same stock as the worshippers of the Vedic gods.

The reasons for this extraordinary opinion are stated summarily in p. 123, thus:—

> The religion of the Moghuls of the thirteenth century bore a significant resemblance to that of the Hindus. There was [Theirs was?] a primitive religion which was essentially Vedic. They presented food and wine to the four quarters of the earth in honour of fire, air, water, and ghosts. They set up domestic idols in their movable houses; they propitiated them in like manner. They poured libations on the earth, and also on the horse. They practised divination with burnt rams' horns. They had priests like Brâhmans, who were skilled in astronomy, foretold eclipses, and cast nativities. They also had dirty saints resembling Hindu Yogis, who performed miracles by virtue of their sanctity and penances.

Mr. Wheeler had got his idea. He could see these resemblances, but he did not discern of how little value they are. Hindus and Moghuls are not the only races among which these and similar practices prevail; but even if the like of these things had never been known before, are they in themselves so peculiar, so essentially different from all that has been elsewhere found, that they suggest a very strong presumption of one common origin, and repel altogether the supposition of independent development? Were there nothing to be said on the other side, such analogies as these might perhaps be accepted as suggestive, but certainly not as conclusive evidence. If Mr. Wheeler had been able to control his hobby-horse, he would have remembered that there is no fact which philology and ethnology have made more clear than that the Aryans and the Moghuls are typical of widely distinct branches of the great human family. In face of this fact, such points of resemblance as he has adduced are not worthy of a moment's consideration, and we would advise him to ponder well before he proceeds with his projected work on the Moghul origin of the Hindu people.

But Mr. Wheeler professes to strengthen his argument by comparing Asoka and Akber. Let us see what he makes of this:—

> Asoka was putting down revolt in the Punjab when his father died; so was Akber. Asoka was occupied for years in conquering and consolidating his empire; so was Akber. Asoka conquered all India to the north of the Nerbudda; so did Akber. Asoka was tolerant of other religions; so was Akber. Asoka went against the priests; so did Akber. Asoka taught a religion of his own; so did Akber. Asoka abstained from flesh meat; so did Akber. In the end Asoka took refuge in Buddha, the Law and the Assembly; in the end Akber recited the formula of Islam:—There is but one God and Muhammad is his prophet.

One point of identity has been overlooked. Asoka's name begins with A, so does Akber's. Exception might be taken to several of the premisses so categorically laid down; but, taking them as they are presented, they do very little towards helping the argument that the Aryans and the Moghuls are the same race, and but few men will be disposed to concur with Mr. Wheeler when he affirms that "the likeness between Akber and Asoka is one of the most remarkable phenomena in history." It is but fair to say that, after expressing this opinion and specifying all the supposed points of analogy, he goes on to add, "Some of these coincidents are mere accidents"—an opinion in which we entirely agree; but when he arrived at this just conclusion, he ought to have blotted out the argument he had built upon the accidents.

The early chapters of the work are of course derived from Mussulman writers. The narrative is short and pointed, too short perhaps for readers who have no previous knowledge of the subject; but it is very readable, and occasionally graphic and picturesque. We observe that Mr. Wheeler repeats the old story of the Afghans being the descendants of the lost Ten Tribes. This is one of those articles of belief which, though oft refuted, reassert themselves with undiminished vitality. Affinity or difference of language ought to settle the matter, and we thought that the difference had been effectually shown, and notably by the late Lord Strangford. Mr. Wheeler makes Kutb-ud-din, the first of the "Slave Kings," one of his favourites, and classes him among the four Sultans whom he thinks the only ones "deserving of remembrance" in the course of three centuries. The distinguishing merits of this monarch are not obvious, nor are they recounted. We cannot see, either, why the dynasty of the Slave Kings should be called the dynasty of Kutb-ud-dín. He was a slave who succeeded his master, and he himself was succeeded by another slave of the same master. Mr. Wheeler says, "They had been purchased as slaves, they had served as slaves, and then they had risen to favour and usurped the throne. It is, however, difficult to draw any inference from the circumstance." It is useless to seek for inferences and undercurrents when the course of events is clear and unmistakable. In default of available heirs to the throne, the reins of power fell into the hands of these men as the fittest and the strongest. They were the most prominent and powerful men at the death of their masters, and their servile origin was a mere accident. Mr. Wheeler often finds, or thinks he finds, analogies between events which have happened under former Governments and other events which have occurred, or which he thinks likely to occur, under our own, and here and there he utters a note of somewhat mysterious warning. In the thirteenth century the Khiljí sovereigns "carried their arms into the Dekhan and the Peninsula; they formed closer connexions with Hindus than any previous Sultáns. The result was a Hindu revolt against the Mussulman yoke, which foreshadowed the Mutiny of 1857, and in every way demands a careful study." There was a successful revolt against a foreign Government in the first instance, an unsuccessful mutiny in the second; beyond this it is difficult to see any relation between them, or to understand how one foreshadowed the other.

The ancient history of India divides itself into well-defined distinct eras—the Vedic, Brahmanical, Buddhistical, &c. In imitation of this, in the present volume,

> the history of Mussulman India has been divided into four periods; they correspond to four stages in the development of the religion of the Koran; the Sunní, the Shíah, the Súfí, and the Sunní revival. . . . Another division is the separation of the Mussulman period from the Moghul period. . . . The Moghul period has wrongly been called Mussulman. Neither Akber, nor his son Jahángír, nor his grandson Shah Jehán, has the slightest claim to be called Mussulmans.

These divisions are in a great degree fanciful, and the differences of religion on which Mr. Wheeler lays so much stress had little or no distinctive influence upon the destinies of the country. It is true that scarcely anything is heard about the Shías in the earliest period. When we come to the revolt of the Deckan we meet with Shías; still it was not a Shía revolt, as Mr. Wheeler calls it, but a revolt against a feeble central government by strong men in outlying provinces. Some of the successful rebels and their successors were Shías, others were not; lust of power was the moving principle, not religious animosity. There is no pretence for saying that the kingdoms of the Deckan sprang from Shía influences, or that they were governed entirely upon Shia principles. There was no doubt great laxity in religious matters among the Moghul emperors, but, excepting Akber, and for a part only of his reign, they were professed Muhammadans, and their government was that of a Muhammadan State. Jahángír makes a show of religion in his Autobiography, and the alternative of "Death or the Faith" which Shah Jehán offered to the Christian prisoners of Húglí ought to have secured him from a charge of apostacy. These monarchs were not good Mussulmans, but there have been many Christian sovereigns who were very bad Christians—such indeed as we often hear

* *The History of India, from the Earliest Ages.* By J. Talboys Wheeler. Vol. 4. Part I. Mussulman Rule. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

called "no Christians." If Mr. Wheeler's words are to be taken in this limited sense, we in the main agree with him; but then we shall have to look with very indulgent eyes down the long list of Sultans of Hind and yet find only few who can be called good Mussulmans.

For the reign of Jahángír Mr. Wheeler has used the "Autobiography" of that monarch. But there are two works laying claim to that title. One of them, whether it was actually written by him or not, received a distinct mark of his recognition. The other has no such approval to show. Both works have been translated into English and are equally accessible, yet Mr. Wheeler uses the unauthenticated one, and on the strength of it makes Jahángír a witness against himself. Another writer of inferior grade receives such injustice from Mr. Wheeler that it may be safely said that he knows very little of the author whom he denounces as fulsome and a flatterer. Men best acquainted with the Persian historians have placed Khafí Khán among the most truthful and trustworthy of them, and it is unfair to stigmatize him, as Mr. Wheeler has done, upon a single passage, which certainly admits of an explanation which his censor has not discovered.

For the reigns of Jahángír and his successor, Shah Jehán, Mr. Wheeler has made great use of the writings of European travellers in India. Bernier's travels and Roe's mission have been often cited before, but there are many others whose writings afford incidental notices of great value. A publication of the collected works of these travellers or a careful selection from them would throw much light upon the period to which they relate. Mr. Wheeler has done good service by his researches and by the many passages he has quoted. We venture to think, however, that he has placed too implicit a trust in them. "Travellers often see strange things," and many might consider this observation applicable to some of our Indian travellers. But putting this aside, and admitting that all their accounts of things which came under their personal observation are correct, yet how much is then left! These men had everything to learn, without any previous preparation. The languages, the customs, the laws, the administration of the country were all new to them. How many errors must they have made, how often must they have gained only limited and onesided information! For many of their stories about the inner life of the palaces and harems and the private doings of the princes and nobles they must have depended on the gossip and scandal of the day. We may trust the good faith of the reporters, but are their reports to be believed? Evidence such as theirs requires jealous consideration, and a careful weighing of probabilities on both sides. Mr. Wheeler seems to have been free from all hesitation, and to have accepted as true all that he cites. Let us see the result. In the reign of Jahángír a man named Mahábat Khán played a conspicuous part. From a private soldier he rose to be the chief noble of the empire. Jahángír became a mere tool in the hands of his queen, Núr Jehán, and Mahábat Khán was disgraced. The proud soldier was not content to be thwarted by a woman. At the head of a body of Rajpoots he made a sudden attack upon Jahángír's camp, and carried him off, a not unwilling prisoner. Mr. Wheeler says:—

> Mahábat Khán was a Rajpoot; he commanded Rajpoots; he showed himself on all occasions to be a Rajpoot. His loyalty to Jahángir under the strongest provocations was an instinct in his Rajpoot nature. It shows the marked superiority of the Rajpoot to the Moghul.

The authority for Mahábat Khán's Rajpoot origin is Herbert, one of the English travellers, and Tod, the Rajpoot chronicler, whose scarce volumes we have not at hand to refer to. Mr. Wheeler says, "Jahángir, in his Autobiography, says that he (Mahábat) was an Afghán. He must refer to some other Mahábat Khán." Tod may have referred to some other Mahábat, but Jahángír certainly did not. He describes him as Zamána Beg, son of Ghayúr Beg of Kábul, who had served him when a prince, had been honoured with the title of Mahábat Khán, and been made paymaster. This is specific enough, and is confirmed by the *Maasir ul Umará*, the Peerage of the Moghul dynasty. When Mr. Wheeler finds Mahábat Khán promoted to be Khán-Khánán, or premier noble, he feels "the statement perplexing," but does not see the necessity of reconsidering his own strongly worded statement. "Rajpoots," he says, "would obey no one but their own Raja." But Mahábat Khán was not the first nor the last thoroughbred Mahomedan that has commanded Rajpoots. Mr. Wheeler has not observed the precautions which Mahábat Khán took to secure the fidelity of the Rajpoots who served him. He had bound them by an oath, and had carried "the wives and families of many of them with them, so that, if driven to extremity, they would fight to extremity for their lives and honour." This makes it perfectly clear that he was not their Raja. Like the Highlanders and other people among whom the clannish instinct is strong, the Rajpoots were ready to follow their chiefs without knowing or caring much for the quarrel in which they fought, or the general under whose supreme command they served. Akber's policy in gaining over the chiefs was of inestimable service to him and his successors, and helped to many a victory. But they were troublesome people to deal with. Sháh Jehán, at this very time we are speaking of, lost a great battle through the wilfulness of one of his Rajpoot adherents.

Mr. Wheeler brings a dreadful charge against Akber, which he has apparently taken from one of the travellers, but he does not give any reference. He says:—

> [Akber] had another way of getting rid of his enemies which is revolting to civilization. He kept a poisoner in his pay. He carried a box with three compartments—one for betel; another for digestive pills; a third for poisoned pills. No one dared to refuse to eat what was [illegible] him by the Pádisháh; the offer was esteemed an honour. How many were poisoned by Akber is unknown. The practice was in full force during the reign of his successors.

This bears such a suspicious resemblance to the stories about the Italian poisoners as at once to excite incredulity. The story, if heard at all, must have formed part of the gossip of the day; for it is quite incredible that any traveller could have acquired accurate personal knowledge of such a matter. Akber was, as Mr. Wheeler describes him, "generous and forgiving." In his wrath he was sometimes cruel; but cool, deliberate poisoning was utterly opposed to what is generally known of his nature, and at variance with all that has been written about him. One of the historians of his reign was a bigoted Mussulman, who was his rancorous enemy, and never failed to say an evil word when he could. But he brings no such charge as this. Surely this story has been too hastily adopted, with too great a liking for painting in the darkest colours.

The censures which we have felt compelled to pass on this book have been written reluctantly. Mr. Wheeler is a clever writer, and capable of better things. He has apparently written in haste, and without due preparation. But that is no excuse. The fault seems to lie yet deeper. He is evidently a man of quick perception and hasty judgment, whose feelings exercise an undue influence over him, and lead him to conclusions before his materials have been thoroughly examined.

DOWELL'S HISTORY OF TAXES.*

MR. DOWELL tells us in his preface that "the style of writing used" in his book "is lighter than that usually adopted in treating a fiscal subject; but the reader should not infer from that attempt in his service any want of care in regard to accuracy." It would follow from this that, in Mr. Dowell's belief, lightness of style is an "attempt in the reader's service." Our experience is exactly the contrary. We believe that there is some stuff in Mr. Dowell, and that his book has been written with some "care in regard to accuracy." But we have found the lightness of his style of writing anything but a service to the reader. It has sometimes made us half inclined to shut up the book. A fiscal subject need not be dull; several fiscal subjects are treated in the course of Lord Macaulay's History in a way which is anything but dull. Who does not remember the hearth-money, the early stages of the art of banking, the beginnings of the National Debt? Now we do not expect Mr. Dowell to write like Lord Macaulay; but he might have come nearer to it if he had not set out with a fixed determination to be lively. Fiscal matters, like all other grave matters, may be made interesting by those who have the skill to make them so; but they are not made interesting when the author frisks and capers and throws up his heels of malice prepense. A certain degree of decent gravity is not out of place in dealing with such matters. There is something solemn about even an ordinary bank; and we are sure that, could we have gone with Bishop Richard of London and seen the earliest recorded Tom Brown (Magister Thomas cognomento Brunus) sitting in King Henry's Exchequer, our soul would have been bowed down with reverence. Perhaps with Mr. Dowell, who dates from the Inland Revenue Office, Somerset House, familiarity with these things may have bred contempt. We would fain speak to him in a parable. He himself tells the story of the personage whom King Edward, Queen Edith—whom, by the way, he oddly turns into Eleanor—and Earl Harold saw dancing upon the moneybags. We know of no other precedent for such extreme lightness of manner in dealing with a fiscal subject. And we are sure that, on reflection, Mr. Dowell will no longer think the performance one which it is at all becoming to imitate.

It is plain that Mr. Dowell has taken a good deal of pains with his subject, and that, though he has not quite got rid of the notion that a book is a book, he has to a great extent gone to the best sources. Mr. Dowell discoursing of taxes is at any rate much better than a Cabinet Minister, past or present, discoursing of Emperors. It is cheering in such times to see a public officer of any kind really working at the history of his own subject. Only it is a pity that Mr. Dowell was stirred up by some evil genius, most likely his exemplar *Tempore Regis Edwardi*, to fancy that he must needs be lively. He begins with a scrap of Molière in the first half-page; he has two scraps of English verse in the next page; here is a bit of Horace, here a bit of Isaiah; here we are told that "the following lines of Seneca are said to have produced a deep effect on the mind of Columbus," and we accordingly get the passage, which everybody knows, about "nec sit terris ultima Thule." But perhaps Mr. Dowell's greatest exploit in the way of quotation is when, just after having set up Charles the First's standard at Nottingham, he adds:—

> Without departure from the course of the narrative, as confined to the history of taxation in this country, we may, in progress, put forth a hand and cull by the way a flower, if the reader will allow the expression, from under Italian skies.

No sensible reader will allow any such expression, or look upon it as any attempt in his service, when Mr. Dowell goes on to quote a page or more about taxation at Florence, "according to Sismondi." Most things with Mr. Dowell are "according to" somebody, and it does not always seem to make much difference

* *A Sketch of the History of Taxes in England from the Earliest Times to the Present Day.* By Stephen Dowell. Vol. I. To the Civil War, 1642. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

to him whether it is "according to Stubbs" or only "according to Hume." In short, Mr. Dowell cannot be happy for a whole page without quoting somebody; only it is too bad when, in quoting from the Peterborough Chronicles one of those passages which everybody must quote once in his life, the description of the nineteen years of anarchy, Mr. Dowell carefully translates it into high-polite.

Yet the vice of quotation hardly equals in enormity the vice of allusion and the vice of interrogation, of both of which Mr. Dowell is very fond. He draws a picture of a knight who has gone to the crusade, and he asks, "Who, when he, the strong man armed, was beyond the seas, was to take care of goods and castle and fair *ladye*?" We had really thought that this last bit of frisky spelling was confined to those local antiquaries who seem to think that there is something either learned or lively or sanctimonious, we are not sure which, in spelling the eastern part of a great church the "*Ladye* chapel." So we get another fine frisk when the Saladin tithe draws near, and brings with it a discussion on the taxation of movables. The knight's fee suggests the knight, and the knight suggests the supposed virtues of chivalry; so we have an outburst leading to a quotation, but followed by a comment breathing the practical wisdom which is doubtless learned in the Inland Revenue Office, Somerset House:—

> The king's writ to a tenant-in-chief ran "per fidem et ligantiam quam nobis debes"; true answer, as beseemed his fealty, was required from noble knight; and to speak the truth—the Spartan rule—was ever a guiding precept of chivalry.
>
> This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Moreover, land cannot be concealed from view; and in those days the approximate annual value of a man's possessions in land was probably no very difficult calculation to those who scrutinized the returns.

But there is also room for quotation, allusion, and interrogation in dealing with smaller people than those who held in chief of the king by knight service:—

> But in the case of the tenant in socage, the mere agriculturist, would his return of his horses, and cows, and sheep, and pigs be trustworthy? Would Cerdric, the Saxon franklin, care accurately to inventory cattle and goods for the purposes of the Norman tax-gatherer? And how could his return be checked by sheriff and justice? What answer would Gurth give when it came to the point, and the fiscal question was put. "Dic mihi, Dameta, cujum pecus?"—Tell me, shepherd, whose herd is this?

When we get into the quarters into which Mr. Dowell has now led us, we are at least thankful to be spared any reference to the swine and the sheep which got Norman names after they were dead. But Mr. Dowell has here given us another spelling of the mysterious "Saxon franklin." Did Scott by his "Cedric" mean "Cerdic," or what? Mr. Dowell's "Cerdric" seems to be a kind of half-way house. In another place Mr. Dowell gets on the history of towns, where we get more quotations after a fashion which shows that two good things mingled together do not always make a third good thing:—

> "Here too had been splendid cities, Christian churches, noble public works, and private mansions," writes Professor Stubbs, from whose admirable work on the Constitutional History of England a considerable portion of the next page or two is derived. The reader cannot but recall the lines:—
>
> "Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem,
> Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis."

Professor Stubbs is true in his way, and Virgil is true in his way, but the two put together make something which is not true. No reader who has ever compared England and Italy would think of recalling the bit of Virgil after the bit of Stubbs; for Virgil, speaking of Italy, gives a description which is applicable to Italy, but which is not applicable to England. The hill-fort grown into town, so common in Etruria and Latium, so common in a large part of Gaul, is in Britain almost unknown. The words of Virgil which exactly describe so many Italian sites could not be applied without a little straining even to Exeter and Lincoln.

In short, through the whole of Mr. Dowell's book, the dance which is performed on the money-bags so constantly catches the eye that we can hardly see the money-bags themselves. Yet we believe that the money-bags are there after all. We believe that Mr. Dowell really has taken a good deal of pains with his subject; only, under some strange notion of making his subject attractive, he has done his best to hide it under a mass of irrelevant stuff, put in simply to look sprightly. He begins by a long apology, with many quotations, for beginning at the beginning; and then he begins before the beginning; for what has "Ancient Britain"—even though derived from Brutus or from the πρυτανεῖον—to do with the history of taxation in England? "From the Roman Conquest of Britain to the Norman Conquest of England" is an odd division; yet both the wording of it and the chapter itself show that Mr. Dowell has read something. He has got up his Danegeld and such matters creditably, and he has worked hard at his Madox. But he still mistakes the one Pipe-roll of Henry the First for a Pipe-roll of Stephen; and, what is much graver, in the very act of quoting Professor Stubbs's demonstration to the contrary, he still believes, Blackstone-like, that a "feudal system" was "introduced" at some time, seemingly at the great Gemót of Salisbury. And so we go on to scutage and carucage and tallage and such like grave matters, which peep out here and there among the quotations and the bits of liveliness. There must, we suppose, be something funny, though we cannot see it, in turning "armiger quidam, dictus Robertus Camerarius," as W. Rishanger calls the man who set fire to Boston in 1288, into "Mr. *Thomas* Chamberlain, a gentleman of some note." Mr. Dowell makes him assemble his friends under pretence of a tournament, which may perhaps be in some other account, but is not in Rishanger, the only one that he refers to, where we are not told how Robert's "complices vere demoniaci" came together. But this endless frisking and jerking simply wearies us out long before we have reached the civil war of the seventeenth century, to which Mr. Dowell professes to guide us. We got the ship-money somehow, we did not exactly know how; and then came the setting up of the standard, which made Mr. Dowell pluck the flower from under Italian skies.

If we are doing Mr. Dowell any injustice, it is really his own fault. As in duty bound, we made a vigorous effort to get through the serious parts of his book. But our strength failed us; the fun had worn us out. We fully believe that there is some stuff in Mr. Dowell's book. If he will send us another copy, or another edition, or another volume, without any jokes, without any quotations save from actual authorities, something plain and straightforward that one can read calmly, like a Pipe-roll or Kelham's Domesday Illustrated, without being jerked up and down in every page, we shall by that time perhaps have got over the sad effects of his merriment, and we may be able to deal with him as a serious writer.

BISHOP SUMNER.*

THE present is an age of biographies. The number of books of this kind with which we have been supplied during the last few years is enough to make one despair of human progress. So many persons have been taken away who appear, under the skilful treatment of their biographers, to be altogether unlike their survivors, that the man may be pardoned who thinks that the world is in a fair way to ruin for lack of great men to rule and guide it. There really must be some limit. In whom the authority shall be vested of drawing the line which shall exclude the commonplace we cannot say; but until some such censorship is exercised, we can only be on our guard against the exaggeration which is the special snare of the biographer, and naturally so when the subject of his labours has been connected with him by kinship and affection. Having carefully read the book before us from beginning to end, we have more than once been puzzled to answer the question which persistently presented itself to our mind, Why was such a book written at all? Bishop Sumner was an eminently respectable prelate, but beyond the fact of his having become a bishop at the unusually early age of thirty-six, and continued to hold his see until he was in his eightieth year, we can see nothing in his career deserving especially to be chronicled. The highest ecclesiastical personage in these realms said on a recent public occasion that the most exalted positions in the English Church were not gained exclusively by merit, but that luck had a good deal to do with it. Bishop Sumner, at any rate, was pre-eminently a lucky man. The son of a country rector, without University distinction, he became a bishop and dean at thirty-six, having previously held two canonries; and for forty years he filled the historic see of Winchester, being the last of its Prince Bishops who enjoyed its lordly revenues without the control of Ecclesiastical Commissioners or the "sweet simplicity" of a fixed income. The "wisdom, zeal, power, and Christian love" which his biographer claims for him were no doubt his in the measure and degree in which all Christian ministers of blameless life possess them; but we cannot gather from his biography that they were found in Bishop Sumner in any exceptional measure. We have no doubt that there have been hundreds and thousands of conscientious clergymen serving in the Church of England during the lifetime of their more fortunate contemporary, in no degree his inferiors either in mental or moral qualities, but who have passed away and found no *Vates Sacer* because their lot was cast in the shade.

Mr. Sumner seems to have been not only fortunate, but even from his boyhood to have borne himself in a way that made him, if not exactly popular, yet a person of consideration. We pass over the inevitable goody stories of his childhood, from which so few biographers can refrain, and which Mr. Sumner is the more inexcusable for retailing inasmuch as he rejoices that "few records of his early years remain." At Eton he had for his intimate friends the future judges Patteson and Coleridge; they were his seniors, and left school before him, but in 1809 Coleridge wrote to Patteson, "You found Sumner prince of the school, just as amiable and respectable as ever, but not so happy, for he is miserably left alone by our departure." At the age of twenty Mr. Sumner entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the usual course took his B.A. degree; his undergraduate career, as respectable in all ways as his schoolboy course had been, had served to sow the seed of his future success in life, for he made friends with Lord Mount Charles and Lord Francis Conyngham, sons of the Marquess of Conyngham. Everything tended to smooth his path; the Marquess asked him to travel with his sons for two years, promising him a living or an equivalent at the end of that time. The young tutor was still a layman, and protracted ramblings on the Continent did not seem to be the most officacious means of preparing himself for the position of a beneficed clergyman; but a pliant prelate of Norwich was found ready to ordain

* *Life of Charles Richard Sumner, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, Prelate of the Most Noble Order of the Garter during a Forty Years' Episcopate.* By the Rev. George Henry Sumner, M.A., Hon. Canon of Winchester, and Rector of Old Alresford, Hants. London: John Murray. 1876.

him without the legal title, and the young deacon and his pupils set out on their travels. At Geneva he met his future wife, and this changed his plans at once; he now looked to returning to England, and in 1816 he was settled at Highclere as curate, with a house full of pupils. Even here his luck stood by him. To some young men possessing no University distinction such a curacy as Highclere, with six pupils at 250*l.* per annum apiece, might have seemed a sufficiently good resting-place; but this life was described by his brother, who in his turn became Archbishop of Canterbury, as "enduring hardness," and the prospect of immediate promotion led the same brother to write:—"The same light which the obscurity of a curacy has not concealed will equally, I dare predict, prove itself a light from heaven, now that it shall shine more publicly in the sight of men." The whole family, so far as we can judge from the correspondence, formed a mutual admiration society; they practised infinite courtesy among themselves, and seem to have had a very pleasant sense of their own superiority, individually and collectively. The five years of hardness at Highclere were once nearly interrupted by the offer of an endowed school at Enniskillen, with an assured income of 1,800*l.* per annum. The matter was duly weighed, and the offer was declined; yet in two years' time, when it was supposed that a stall at St. George's, Windsor, was about to be conferred on him, Mr. Sumner received a letter from his uncle, containing the following comfortable words:—"Thus has your conscientious decision relative to the Irish preferment been rewarded even in this life."

So it was that virtue was rewarded more substantially than is always the case. Mr. Sumner's first pupils seem to have been models of gratitude; they never forgot their tutor, and now that they were high in the favour of George IV. and attached to the Royal Household, they endeavoured to make Mr. Sumner partaker of their exaltation. The result of their representations was that Mr. Sumner was summoned to Brighton, dined with the King the same night, and after dinner was kept for three hours in conversation by His Majesty. What it was that impressed the King we are not told; but the Royal discerner of spirits at once offered the young curate a canonry at Windsor. This was done without consulting Lord Liverpool, the Premier, who refused to ratify the appointment, and threatened to resign his office; a very pretty quarrel ensued, and the letters which passed are full of recriminations and petulant complaints; but the Prime Minister was firm. The King pleaded that his word had been pledged; the Court were in dismay; Lord Mount Charles wrote in such anguish that his grammar failed him; still the Minister was resolute. But out of this wrangle ultimate profit and advancement were secured to the fortunate subject of it; the King, baffled on one hand, was only the more eager to promote the advancement of his protégé. He immediately made him his Private Chaplain, assigning him a house in the Park at Windsor:—

> Other arrangements are in progress [wrote Lord Mount Charles] which, if they take place, will, I trust, make you as comfortable as the Canonry; it is true you will not be Canon of Windsor this time, but, as the King most kindly quoted at dinner when he saw my agony:—
>
> "Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro."
>
> You cannot conceive what he suffered on the occasion. He is, without exception, the best-hearted man that ever breathed.

The present generation will perhaps be grateful for this contemporary estimate of our modern Teucer.

The "other arrangements" were completed, and Mr. Sumner soon afterwards wrote:—"All my appointments are confirmed, and I shall have a living, perhaps immediately, certainly very soon; it is Lyme, in Dorsetshire, on the sea-coast. This prospect is delightful," he adds; but whether he refers to his prospects of preferment or to the prospect from its vicarage we are not told. But Lyme did not receive Mr. Sumner for its vicar; the first living offered to him was Abingdon, which was accepted; and here Mr. Carter, the curate, was retained in his position; he was "so much liked that it would be a great injustice, both to him and the parish, not to continue him as curate." What was the subsequent lot of this exemplary curate we do not gather; perhaps he died a curate; but this we know, that in six months he must have had to make terms with another vicar, for Mr. Sumner was in that time made Canon of Worcester. An offer of the Bishopric of Jamaica was made in 1824, and declined by the King's command, who had richer gifts in store; in the following year the Worcester stall was exchanged for one at Canterbury, to which was added the promise of the next bishopric that should fall vacant. Sir W. Knighton, in revealing the King's intentions, added:—"Now, dear friend, you must begin to do everything as if you were at this moment a bishop. Be so good as to get rid of your shirt frill and trousers. It is the King's wish that you immediately take your Doctor's degree"; and without delay the University made Mr. Sumner D.D. by Royal mandate. In the following year the Royal word was kept, and Mr. Sumner became Bishop of Llandaff and Dean of St. Paul's; on all sides congratulations poured in, the Bishop of Chichester adding:—"You will want the attendance of two bishops at your consecration at Lambeth; I shall be most happy to render you my services on that occasion." The Bishop of St. David's (Jenkinson) kindly gave him his own experiences of the episcopal wig, which he thought would be comforting to a novice:—"I was annoyed by it at first, but I have now got used to it." It is melancholy to reflect that, in spite of this consolation, its recipient should have lived to discard that solemn head-gear. In the following year Dr. Sumner reached the limit of his prosperity, being translated to the see of Winchester at the age of thirty-seven.

If we were to accept the estimate of his biographer, we should be led to believe that no such episcopate has been elsewhere witnessed; but in truth the Bishop's career was sufficiently creditable fearlessly to challenge criticism, though not to call for unlimited panegyric. He was a sensible, clear-headed man of business, a diligent correspondent, earnest in the cause of education and of Church building; great progress, especially in regard to education, having been made in the diocese during the forty-two years of his rule; but it must be remembered that this long period included the epoch most fruitful of zeal and devotion in the history of the Church of England, while it would be ridiculous to assert that Winchester was in any respect the leading diocese. He refused all offers of commutation from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and he acted with much munificence in appropriating the value of his rights in an estate at Southwark to the increase of poor benefices. On many occasions he showed sound common sense, and once at least was not too timid to avow his sympathies with the weaker side when he thought the weaker side was in the right. In the agricultural riots of 1830 he received the discontented peasantry at Farnham Castle, and, instead of prescribing hydropathic treatment in the nearest horse-pond—a suggestion which it was reserved for a younger bishop to originate—he remonstrated with the farmers, and obtained an increase of wages for the labourers. This was all the more creditable to him inasmuch as it endangered his popularity, and popularity he valued very highly. He had the elements of it very much at his command—a genial presence, powers of conversation, and ample revenue. He was a courtier by conviction and diligent practice, and he always seemed to be impressed by the feeling that when he ceased to be popular he would begin to be nobody; and this, while it saved him from fanaticism, narrowed his sympathies, and in some instances made him unjust. Mr. Sumner is anxious to show that "the Bishop was no party man" (p. 413); that "no one was more tolerant than the Bishop" (p. 412); and, apparently with the view of enforcing this, he quotes from the late Sir J. T. Coleridge's Memoir of Keble an extract from a letter of Mr. Keble in which he describes a charge of the Bishop's as "really admirable," "and, as to matter, very instructive"; but in so doing he forgets that the mention of Mr. Keble's name recalls to all who have any memory incidents of Bishop Sumner's episcopal administration which a more cautious biographer would have taken care not to revive. Beyond the notorious fact that for the greater part of his episcopate Mr. Keble was vicar of Hursley, and never received even the slightest recognition of his Bishop's favour, it is hardly less notorious that he was the object of the Bishop's marked suspicion; and we think Mr. Sumner would have been more ingenuous if, when he had Sir J. Coleridge's Memoir before him, he had not contented himself with quoting Mr. Keble's friendly estimate of his father's charge, but had also quoted Sir J. Coleridge's remarks on the way in which Mr. Keble's manifold claims for preferment were passed over to the detriment of the Church herself; or had given the passage where, in the most delicate way, the story is briefly told of the special hardship under which Mr. Keble laboured from the fact of his curate being in deacon's orders. The Bishop had erected an isolated passage in Hooker's Fifth Book into a standard of faith, and in so doing had done what the Church had never attempted or wished to do; the curate declined to subscribe to any tests which the Church had not prescribed, and for seventeen years, while friendship for his vicar retained him at Hursley, the prejudices of his Bishop kept him a deacon. At last, when Mr. Keble's frequent and necessary exposure of himself at night while performing his parochial work gave the greatest concern to his friends, Sir J. T. Coleridge endeavoured to move the Bishop. He wrote, "From anxiety for one friend and confidence in the personal kindness of the other, I made an attempt which was unsuccessful." This led to the departure of the curate, who found no difficulty in obtaining priest's orders and preferment in another diocese, where the Bishop did not consider himself wiser than the Church. The man who ruled his diocese and distributed his patronage so as to leave the author of the *Christian Year* in unrewarded obscurity is self-convicted of mediocrity; and we imagine that all who read the work before us with any knowledge of what the diocese of Winchester has been, and who were the men that most readily found favour with Bishop Sumner, will ascribe to the not unnatural partiality of his biographer the estimate which he has formed of his influence in the Church. We do not think that members of Convocation or of the Lambeth Conference of 1867 have any recollection of his having swayed those bodies by the force of his character and eloquence, as he is represented to have done.

The more we study the book the more we are puzzled to divine what purpose it can have been intended to serve. Of a bishop whose one pre-eminent distinction was extraordinary good fortune a biography of fifty pages might surely have chronicled all that required to be commemorated; but the biographer, having the task before him, felt himself bound to compile a book of the regulation size, and so we have a volume of 480 closely printed pages, containing infinite gossip on all conceivable topics of no interest, including descriptions of such remote places as Ramsgate, Ghent, Geneva, Devonshire, Cornwall, and the Lakes, with details of meals taken on his walking tours and travels. The memory of a man worthy of a formal biography is not honoured by being mixed up with such a farrago.

APPLETON'S NILE JOURNAL.*

In his dedication Mr. Appleton expresses such a profound consciousness of the small proportion of valuable residuum left by "the turbid overflow of journalizing travel," that we can only express our surprise at his having decided to publish his own notes. For the Nile in particular has been done with most monotonous iteration from Cairo to the Upper Cataracts. The familiar tombs and temples stand just as they have stood since they burst upon the marvelling gaze of the fathers of modern tourists. Moralizing on the memories of the past has worn itself threadbare. The life of the dahabeah, from shooting the pigeons to shooting the rapids, must of necessity be singularly devoid of incidents of novelty. Everybody to be met with on the banks of the venerable river is an old and intimate acquaintance, from the obsequious native Vice-Consul to the vociferous and independent Reis of the Cataracts; and the occasional disinterment of some new bit of buried treasure scarcely furnishes matter for a fresh volume of travel. If a Nile traveller hopes to make a hit nowadays, he must turn his attention in the direction of the practical, like Mr. Eden when he published his serviceable little book with the object of making people independent of the hitherto inevitable dragoman. But when a man lays himself out to expatiate on the witchery of the sacred river in the æsthetic and romantic vein, even a Lamartine or a Kinglake would be hard put to it, and we cannot congratulate Mr. Appleton on having achieved a distinguished success. He says in his dedication that his journal is like a thousand others, "full of trivial details, and without learning or eloquence." But there he wrongs himself. As for the trivial details, we would very willingly have more of them, for those little incidents of dahabeah life which are always varying can alone brighten up chapters that treat of hackneyed themes. As for learning, he does not profess much of it, we grant; but, indeed, after the indefatigable researches of a host of historians and archæologists, any display of the modern "learning of the Egyptians" can at best be merely a *réchauffé*. But Mr. Appleton's pages positively teem with eloquence. From the opening sentences in the very first page the style goes on swelling and rising, like the Nile flood, till we are nearly carried off our legs in a rush of epithets and magnificent metaphor. As Mr. Appleton kept his journal for the entertainment of himself and his nieces, and only gave it to the public as an afterthought, we presume that tall thinking and grandiloquent expression come to him by instinct. But many of his qualifying, or rather aggravating, adjectives are so quaintly misplaced, so oddly inapplicable, or so visibly far-fetched, that we might have fancied he had wiled away the wearisome hours by exerting his ingenuity in parodying Mrs. Malaprop. Through the first half of the volume at least, he seems to have made a practice of discarding any expression that is plain, simple, and intelligible; nor is it only the admiration of some stupendous temple or the intoxication of some gorgeous sunset that fans into a flush of rapturous transport the latent poetry of the author's temperament. But when human nature has an undue strain put upon it things must arrive all the sooner at the inevitable climax, and (Mr. Appleton's metaphorical manner is catching) when the Nile inundation is at its height it begins steadily to subside. Happily for the author and his readers, the latter half of the Journal is simple and unpretentious in comparison with the former; and of a sudden we are conscious of a grateful relief, as if we were gliding along in peaceful waters after having cleared the sensational confusion of the cataracts.

To give our readers some notion of Mr. Appleton's style, we may cull at random a few of his flowers of speech, beginning with the very first of his paragraphs, where "this Journal gets launched out of the embayed sweetness of our earlier hours." "How unlike last evening, when Egypt melted our being in its twilight, and we hung like flies in amber in the golden peace around us!" Next day, "as the sky began to clarify," and the "ghostly films of clouds were smoothing into the deep, thoughtful brow of Egyptian day," the voyagers experienced the strange physical or psychological phenomenon of "lapping the sunshine with their Northern nerves." Taking a comprehensive glance at Nile natural history, we hear, *inter alia*, of the flies that figured in the plagues inflicted upon Pharaoh being stimulated in this nineteenth century "by the virus of millenniums of infants' eyes." The wicked vulture hangs in the sky, "its shaggy pin-feathers dark against the brightness." There are storks standing "silent and silvery, tesselating the brown sand bars"; and the pelicans are "shining like ingots of silver against the gold of the sunset." Whether Mr. Appleton is under the impression that the Nile Valley was settled much earlier than Mesopotamia or Syria, for instance, we do not know; but of a Sunday he moralizes thus:—"Sunday; such an eternity of years has poured through this valley since man first lived here that time almost melts into the white light of eternity." The figures in the temples of Luxor move before their eyes, "a procession of spirits, stripped of materialism and fastuous colour, friendly, yet remote, half imparting and half hiding their secret." The groves of palm trees are, if we rightly understand a somewhat obscure passage, singing hosannas and waving their branches in praise of their beautiful river, and we may listen to what is the "tumultuous discord of the beauty" of the dew, the morning, or the evening, according as we may choose to interpret the context. But, although the Nile life may have been in great measure rhapsody, it was not wholly dream." For "there is a peculiar effort of the mind, which moves like a questing hand among the dim places of the past, and puts up the game of fresh thought and restored life." Indeed, had it not been for occasional references to sport, and the fact that the writer was fond of shooting, from the internal evidences of thought and style we should have been inclined to set down "T. G. Appleton" as a romantic young lady. For he has a feminine weakness for gushing on the slightest provocation, and such deceptive little touches as "our dear Nile" are frequently to be met with.

As we have implied already, there is more that is original in the manner than in the matter of this journal, so that we have been tempted to linger over the former. And although we may regret the scarcity of "trivial details" and lively little episodes, yet the book is not altogether barren of these. Occasionally, too, Mr. Appleton does put something in a new light, or does say something suggestive. Thus he makes the very sensible remark in one place that it is the blemish of most Nile journals that, while they dilate on the sweets of the voyage, they say little or nothing of the bitters. This idea was borne in upon him at Derr, where a concatenation of untoward events tried a very equable temper. All the people on board seem to have suffered sympathetically; for the usually good-humoured sailors took to quarrelling, and one of them was thrown overboard. The weather, which had promised magnificently the night before, had taken a sudden turn for the worse. Though the wind came from the south, it blew chillingly. "Nature, stripped of gold and purple, is in sackcloth and ashes"; the scenery looked dull; the palms had ceased singing hosannas and looked like brooms, while the clouds of drifting sand blew over the colourless water. It was a disagreeable change enough from the evening before, when "silvery lawn, fine as if spun by the fairies, was drawn across the sky, and this, touched by the light of the departed sun, made the whole heavens seem as if powdered with rose leaves." On days like that, something worse than mere *ennui* must weigh upon the clouded spirits; and Mr. Appleton's own feelings no doubt enabled him to sympathize the more easily with those of an unlucky Greek gentleman who had been indebted to him the evening before for a cigar and a bottle of claret. Of all places in the world, the Greek had selected Derr for his villeggiatura, and no wonder that "he seemed hungry for chat," and pronounced the place of his sojourn dull. On the downward voyage the tourists really had an adventure. One morning as they were putting off, there rose a great clamour on the bank; a young Nubian, making his escape from a tyrannical master, had bolted on board the dahabeah, and the pilot, although a countryman of his own, wanted to give up the fugitive. The worthy dragoman, however, a British subject, would not hear of this; he struck an attitude with the British flag in one hand and his revolver in the other, while Mr. Appleton, rushing upon deck in his night-dress, came opportunely to use his authority to compel the pilot to make a start. Two days afterwards the mob of one of the villages made another serious attempt at recapture, which was again repelled. In a word, as Robinson Crusoe says, the lad stayed with them, learning to make himself as useful in the pantry and at the dinner-table as his uneducated clumsiness would allow. But in the course of the cruise they had been picking up other protégés till they ended by collecting a regular menagerie. The poultry coops of course were being steadily emptied and replenished, but the cook had a family of pot pigeons which appear to have been spared. There was a very fascinating kitten, christened Kiki, which grew too quickly into a cat, and a gazelle, the embodiment of grace and gentleness, which they bought from a woman that had tamed it. They were less successful with an infant crocodile, taken in a fisherman's net, and small enough to disport itself in a basin of water. Small as he was, he already snapped by instinct, and it was owing perhaps to his morose disposition that he only survived his capture a few days. Mr. Appleton had some conversation with Mariette Bey, who bitterly deplored the vandalism of certain tourists; those who have least appreciation of art being most unprincipled in mutilating its monuments by way of providing themselves with *souvenirs* of Egypt. Often, when the Bey has made some interesting discovery, he is obliged to cover it up carefully again; and should the Khedive become more liberal in the way of enlarging his staff of guardians, there are many treasures discovered and concealed again which will once more be finally restored to the light. As Mr. Appleton says, reasonably enough, enlightened measures of this kind would probably pay indirectly; for the more numerous and attractive the exhibition of remains of antiquity, the greater will be the influx of wealthy travellers to visit it. We may add that the cost to the Government might be insignificant. For once it would matter but little if the conservators received infinitesimal pay, and if the pay were suffered to run indefinitely into arrear. They could scarcely tamper with the monuments in their charge without imminent danger of detection; and in any case they would be sure to lay travellers under contribution for the *backshish* that would be seldom refused them.

* *A Nile Journal.* By T. G. Appleton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

ROME DURING THE VATICAN COUNCIL.*

"A BOOK worthy of the best days of Italian thought"—such is the eulogium passed by Mr. Gladstone seven months ago

* *Eight Months at Rome during the Vatican Council: Impressions of a Contemporary.* By Pomponio Leto. Translated from the Original. London: John Murray. 1876.

on this remarkable volume; and it is with much pleasure that we may welcome an English translation of it. The book has made a considerable sensation in Italy, partly by reason of its conspicuous intellectual and literary ability, and partly on account of the mystery in which its authorship was for some time shrouded. It was clear from internal evidence that the author was an eye-witness of the events which he relates; and indeed he does not leave the reader in any doubt as to that point, for he frankly declares that "there is very little related of which the author was not a personal witness, or which he did not receive on authority of equivalent value." After a time suspicion fell on the Marquis Nobili-Vitelleschi, who was supposed to have received his information from some friend in the Council; but it is now pretty well understood in Italy that, whatever part the Marquis may have taken in the publication of the book, it embodies throughout the ideas and in a large measure the language of the Marquis's brother, who sat in the Council as Bishop of Osimo and Cingoli, and who died some months ago, at a comparatively early age, a few weeks after receiving the cardinal's hat. He was a man of wide culture and of liberal opinions and sympathies, combining an aptitude for philosophical speculation with the sagacity of a practical statesman; yet withal a sincere and devout Catholic. The Liberal Catholics of Italy—a larger party than is commonly supposed—had built great hopes on Mgr. Vitelleschi. In spite of his known liberal opinions, he was personally popular with the Roman Curia, and his name was sometimes mentioned among those likely to succeed the present Pope. His premature death has put an end to all those hopes; and this volume of vivid "Impressions" and profound reflections shows what he might have been to his Church and country had his life been prolonged.

Cardinal Vitelleschi—for we shall speak of the book as his, though we do not by any means wish to ignore his brother's share in its production—does not appear to have disapproved of the summoning of the Vatican Council. Here and there, indeed, he uses language which seems to imply some misgiving as to the wisdom of the enterprise. The Pope, for example, had availed himself of a public occasion to declare "that it was not only wrong, but blasphemous, to say that the Church needed reform." "If there was nothing requiring change," retorts our author, "what was the use of summoning the Vatican Council three centuries after the last that was held? But suppose there was something to change, there was something to reform. So that, if the Pope used the phrase in an absolute sense, he condemned himself for having summoned the Council; and this opinion would perhaps be in accordance with that of several prelates, and even of some cardinals of the Roman Curia." It was not, however, because he saw no need of reform that Vitelleschi had his doubts about the policy of summoning a Council, but because he had no confidence either in the disposition or capacity of the dominant party in his Church to cope with the evils which he saw paralysing her energies and menacing her future. To think of averting these dangers by proclaiming the infallibility of the Pope under the sanction of an anathema seemed to him as futile and as mischievous as Mr. Disraeli's recent device for arresting the conquests of Russia in Central Asia seems to us:—

Are there no defects in the Catholic religion [he asks], save those regarding its authority? Is that the only subject worth consideration? Is the loss of the temporal power the sole evil on which we should deliberate? Could no other matters be found worthy to occupy the attention of an Œcumenical Council called together after the lapse of three centuries to deliberate on the interests of religion? For instance, would it not be a suitable inquiry for the Œcumenical Council of the nineteenth century to examine into the cause of the various evils that affect the Catholic populations of our age; their abnormal condition in many ways, the slowness of their growth, and their relative inferiority, moral, civil, and political? An inferiority which is in proportion to the greater or less prevalence of the system presented in the scheme [he means the *Schema de Ecclesia* debated in the Council]. No very profound statistical knowledge is necessary; one can see at a glance the difference in prosperity and of civilization to be found in Spain as compared with England, and in Ireland as compared with the sister Isle, or as between Portugal and Holland, between South and North America, between Italy and Germany, between Savoy and Switzerland, and in this latter country between the Catholic and Protestant cantons.

That questions like these should be publicly propounded by an Italian bishop is sufficiently remarkable, and the answer which he gives to them is not less so. He finds that populations moulded by the Papacy are behind their neighbours, not only in temporal well-being, but also in the arts and sciences, "in grand undertakings," and "in all those useful institutions by which mankind can render homage to the Creator." It is in France that he finds the best illustration of these reflections, since that country presents at once the two sides of the picture. On the one hand, she appears as the rival of the foremost nations; their rival in literature, in art and science, in philosophy, in industry, and in general prosperity. But there is another side to this fair picture which shows France as on a level with the countries which have dropped out of the ranks in the march of modern civilization. Can we assign a reason for this duality in the life of a single nation? The author thinks we can:—

Beginning from the encyclopædists down to the learned men of the present day, how many of the *savants*, and of those who have in any way aided in the growth of Modern France, would have been recognized by her as her children? How many laws, how many institutions, and what amounts of learning would have been of necessity lost to France had the voice of Rome prevailed in that country? Imagine the consequences to France as regards culture and science had her intellectual progress been subjected for a century to the corrections and revisions of the Roman Index. What part can the influence of Catholicism (using that term in the Ultramontane sense) claim in the civil glory and intellectual progress of France?

The author's reference to the encyclopædists must not mislead the reader into supposing that he had any sympathy with those who think that even civil progress is possible without the stimulus and the sanctions of religion. On the contrary, he insists on "a strong and living faith" as a necessary element alike in the birth and development of any civilization worthy of the name. It was the elements of true religion which they contained that inspired the fairest forms of Pagan civilization, and in each the degeneration of the civil polity proceeded *pari passu* with the corruption of the religious sentiment. What he deprecates is that system of absolutism which reached its culmination in the Vatican Council, and which necessarily forces out of the Church, and consequently into activity independently of her, and sometimes against her, some of those elements in the formation of character which are essential to the orderly development of humanity. And the result of this policy is visible in the contrast which the author observes between those States which have been moulded by it and those which have comparatively escaped its influence. In the former he sees moral and intellectual stagnation, tempered occasionally by violent ebullitions of "the spirit of revolution"—not that legitimate revolution which expresses the universal law of progress, but that "which signifies the violent, brutal, and envious revolt" of the human passions against lawful authority. In the latter there has been a "chronic revolution" also; but it has been, on the whole, the peaceful revolution of social forces working out their predestined ends. The social and political progress which is the glory of the last two centuries in Europe and America has been achieved in spite of the doctrines of the Roman Curia. On the other hand, those States, in South America and elsewhere, in which those doctrines have had full play, are the reproach of modern civilization, and should furnish the Church of Rome with a subject "for sad meditation."

What is the explanation of these contrasts? Only two explanations seem possible to the author. The state of things which he describes must either be the effect of a difference in the moral and intellectual training of the populations in question, or it must result from some peculiar idiosyncrasies of race or influences of climate. The partisans of Ultramontanism would prefer the latter hypothesis as "the most convenient, though the most humiliating for humanity, and, if true, involving irreparable evil." The author, however, prefers the former, and justifies his preference by an acute and most interesting analysis of the intellectual and moral discipline to which the populations of Roman Catholic countries are usually subject, and which he is careful to distinguish from "Catholicism itself." We must refer the reader to the masterly chapter in which the author works out this part of his subject, and can here only indicate some of its points. He traces most of the mischief to the undue exaltation of "the principle of authority," which, "owing to the natural tendency of the institutions founded upon it, has been always exaggerated to such an extent in Catholic education, that on all subjects, and in every way, it has usurped the first place, and has produced the blindest submission corresponding to the most absolute power." The effect of this training is to weaken, and sometimes to suppress, the working of the individual conscience, which is absorbed in "the conscience of Church authority." The sense of personal responsibility hardly exists, "and so the perception of good and evil ceases to be personal and spontaneous, and becomes reflective and obligatory." "It often happens"—such is the startling statement of a Bishop and Cardinal of the Roman Church—"that a Catholic, unless gifted with an unusual superiority of mind, has no knowledge of good and evil other than that which he derives from the external authority, which in many cases is represented by any chance individual. Nor is this only with regard to questions of principle, where such help may be sometimes both desirable and salutary; the same external direction is applied on all occasions, in all contingencies, in the everyday life of the people, and is carried by simple natures into trivial details and matters of no importance."

A director charged with this minute control over the conscience ought to be, not only very wise, but very holy. But since the mass of directors are not thus qualified, "the human conscience, being often ill guided, is likely to go astray; at any rate, never having learnt to reflect and judge for itself, it loses the capacity for so doing, grows gradually weaker, and at last becomes impotent, just as the limbs of the body, if never used, lose their strength." A double evil results from this state of things. A person brought up in the way described is helpless the moment he finds himself in circumstances where it is necessary for him to decide for himself, "and the recoil from such a despotism frequently throws the pupils of the Jesuits into the wildest revolutionary excesses." The second evil is thus described by the author:—

In the second place, the external authority can only find expression through words spoken or written, and, being unable to follow the infinite complexities of human action or to discern the secret recesses of the human heart, cannot give a rule of right and wrong to meet all contingencies; so that there must still remain many cases in which an individual being without that guidance, can only ascertain the right course by consulting the delicate and indefinable instinct of his own conscience. Hence arise the subtleties, the mental compromises, and the disingenuousness too frequently met with among our people.

We have not space to follow the author through the rest of his analysis. His conclusion is that the system of education prevalent in Roman Catholic countries tends to form, instead of a Catholic world, a Catholic party, gradually sepa-

rating it in all countries from the habits, the interests, and the affections of the rest of the nation." It erects a barrier against the progress of modern civilization among Roman Catholic nations by the establishment of "an authority at once inflexible and incapable of carrying out its designs," "strong enough to overpower all resistance from its subjects, but incapable of assimilating them to itself." From the nature of the case "it is an authority ever at war with the rest of the world; ready and eager to create difficulties in the civil society in which it moves, but unable to conquer in the battle it has provoked." This is the policy which, after centuries of struggle, received its final triumph and consecration within the Church of Rome in the Council of the Vatican, and perhaps received at the same time the first impetus towards its eventual overthrow. The Roman Catholic Church is at this moment a theocracy the most absolute and unlimited which the world has yet seen. The whole fabric is centred in the Bishop of Rome, to whose irresponsible will the members of the communion which he rules must henceforth conform their conduct in faith and morals—that is, in all that relates to their life on earth. Whatever control circumstances may exercise over decisions of individual Popes, it is certain that, in decreeing what the author calls their "apotheosis," the Vatican Council took care that no such control should ever be exercised by the Church. The whole Episcopate voluntarily divested itself of every rag of jurisdiction, for it placed under the ban of an anathema all who should dare to question the Pope's "total plenitude of supreme power," which "supreme power" is defined as being "ordinary and immediate, sive in omnes et singulas Ecclesias, sive in omnes et singulos pastores et fideles." The Episcopate is thus degraded, as the author truly observes, to the condition of mere "official delegates," without any inherent jurisdiction in matters of discipline, and without any share in the teaching power of the Church, since the Pope's definitions in faith and morals are declared to be independent of the consent of the Church.

How this revolution has been brought about is recorded, step by step, in this striking volume. The book is divided into chapters, corresponding to the months during which the Council sat; so that it is partly a chronicle of what took place at the Council, and partly a record of the "impressions" that the events made upon a mind of singular breadth and power, which enjoyed the advantage of viewing these events from the vantage ground of an actor in the scene. "It may truly be affirmed," says Cardinal Manning in his Pastoral on the Council, "that never was there a greater unanimity than in the Vatican Council," and he goes on to denounce as "calumnious falsehoods, fabricated to bring the Council into odium and contempt," "the descriptions of violence, outcries, menace, denunciation," "with which certain newspapers deceived the world." We can only say that these descriptions are amply corroborated in the pages of "Pomponio Leto." Cardinal Manning's anger is, however, natural enough under the circumstances, as the following quotation from our author will show:—

> History is bound to award to the author and originator of every work the praise or blame which is due to him. All must remember the part taken by the Fathers of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, and Monsignor Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, in promoting the dogma of the personal Infallibility of the Pope, and all know that it was their mind and their will that carried it. On the day of the promulgation of the dogma Monsignor Manning received as a gift, from the Society of the Jesuits, a portrait of Bellarmine with the following inscription—
>
> HENRICO EDWARDO MANNING,
> ARCHIEP. WESTMONAST.
> SODALES SOC. JESU,
> COLLEGII CIVILITATIS CATHOLICÆ,
> SESSIONIS IV. CONCILII VATICANI
> MNEMOSYNON.

We cannot dismiss the volume without bearing our testimony to the excellence of the translation. We have compared it with the original, and can say with confidence that it is as faithful as it is vigorous and readable. We may add that the book is enriched by an appendix containing the full text of a number of important documents, several of which are only given in summary or in part in the Italian version.

JEBB'S ATTIC ORATORS.*

NO more solid proof of the enlarged scope of classical scholarship in this country has appeared within the last score of years than this essay of a most competent scholar to write the history of Greek oratory. Till now it has been the fashion of nineteen out of twenty Greek students to content themselves with one or two masterpieces of Demosthenes and Æschines, to which here and there one might add an oration or a letter of Isocrates. But the thought of working back to the origin of Greek oratory, of getting a systematic insight into those steps in the formation of style which are marked by the names of Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, and Isæus, and of discovering in these the bases on which the mightier masters of Attic eloquence built their glorious superstructure, has, if it ever occurred to any English scholar, not been seriously followed up. Whilst there has hitherto been nothing like an adequate sketch of the rise and progress of Greek oratory, even for the use of general readers, the fact that Dobson's edition of the Greek orators, *cum notis variorum*, in sixteen volumes (London, 1828), has always been a drug on the market, bespeaks at the same time the general prejudice on the subject, and the boldness and merit of the scholar who rises superior to it. Mr. Jebb proposes to himself two objects, directly or indirectly bearing on the history and advancement of literature—first, to trace the influence of Greek oratory in its growth and its maturity on the history of Greek prose expression; and secondly, to furnish students and general readers with an apparatus (in the shape of lists, analyses, and so forth) for the comprehensive and consecutive study of the Attic orators before Demosthenes. As regards the first of these objects, he supplements K. O. Muller's inadequate conception of the relations of oratory to universal prose literature; in carrying out the second he both stimulates and assists, beyond most of his fellows past and present, the curiosity of modern students for a more thorough acquaintance with the extant speeches in the originals. It is, no doubt, hard to see how time is to be made for the incorporation of some five or six earlier orators (whose remains take up some six hundred pages in the Paris edition of Didot) with the study of Demosthenes and Æschines, in whom the subject finds its crowning interest; but it is obvious that, unless the range of view is thus widened, our knowledge must be after all fragmentary, whereas such help as is supplied by Mr. Jebb's thorough handling is likely to have the effect of bringing forth separate editions and analyses of the various orators, and thus facilitating the gradual mastery of a tract from which at present people seem to be frightened away. It will have been something achieved (apart from the contribution towards a history of Greek oratory) to stimulate by the incentive of a quickened interest the production of such commentaries on the earlier orators as that of Mr. Sandys on Isocrates's "Ad Demonicum" and "Panegyricus," now standing, as Mr. Jebb remarks, "alone in this country." But this, be it remembered, is only a secondary aim. Our author's prime aim, as he himself puts it,

> is to consider the lives, the styles, and the writings of Antiphon, Andocides, Lysias, Isocrates, and Isæos, with a view to showing how Greek oratory was developed, and thereby how Greek prose was moulded, from the outset of its existence as an art down to the point at which the organic forces of Attic speech were matured, its leading tendencies determined, and its destinies committed no longer to discoverers (εὑρεταί), but to those who should crown its perfection or initiate its decay. The men and the writings that mark this progress will need to be studied systematically and closely. It is hoped that much of historical, social, or literary interest will be found by the way. But the great reward of the labour will be to get a more complete and accurate notion of the way in which Greek prose grew. It will not be enough if we break off when the study of Isæos has been finished. It will be needful to look at the general characteristics of the mature political oratory built on those foundations at which Isæos was the latest worker, to conceive how distinctly Isæos and those before him were related to Lycurgos, Hyperides, Æschines, Demosthenes. Nor must we stop here. The tendencies set in motion between the fourth and fifth centuries B.C. were not spent till they had passed into that life of the Empire which sent them on into the modern world. The inquiry which starts from the Athens of Pericles has no proper goal but in the Rome of Augustus.

This is a task truly worthy of the accomplished author, and one in which all classical scholars may find their account in following him, whilst even general readers may well be attracted, by the questions and comparisons mooted in the Introduction, to the deeper study of a work which will be found in a large degree within their range. We have already stated that Mr. Jebb adopts the scope of Dionysius, one of the two contemporary Augustan Atticists, in connecting the orators treated of, either as inventors or perfecters, with a standard of Greek prose. That prose, he remarks, which was written with a view to being spoken, stood, in Greek antiquity, in the closest relation to that which was written to be read. Ancient oratory was a fine art, comparable—as indeed it is compared by Dionysius, speaking of the polished and chiselled forms of Plato and Isocrates—with sculpture or painting. As one proof of this, Mr. Jebb cites the training of the speakers and the appreciation of the hearers, who were alike solicitous of, and alive to, a standard of artistic elegance, and not merely attentive to the general effect. Reversing the modern order of elements of persuasion, the ancients set the *ethical* and *pathetic* before the *logical*, and Aristotle counsels the students of his Rhetoric to be chary of the last of these. The modern speaker has no distinct acceptance as an artist, whereas the ancients eschewed, as a rule, long chains of elaborate reasoning such as constitute one triumph of modern oratory. Another point of contrast, arising from a kindred cause, is our demand for extemporaneous speaking, or its semblance (attributable, in Mr. Jebb's view, to the Hebraic basis of education in modern Christendom, which regards the true counsellor as one whose inspiration is given him at the moment by a power external to himself); whilst the ancients wrought their masterpieces into an artistic whole which admitted of treasured commonplaces, plastic finish, and the highest measure of premeditation, but was incapable of those *coups* of modern eloquence, those thrills and electric shocks, which burst, or seemed to burst, spontaneously from such speakers as the elder Pitt, Sheil, and Erskine in the senate or at the Bar. One such rhetorical effect, indeed, our author reminds us, was esteemed both in ancient and modern oratory, down to the days of our fathers—the use of quotation; but the cause of the parallel failing to a great extent as regards our own day is to be found in the absence of an audience akin to the Attic in cultivation and sympathy. Were a speaker in our present House of Commons to peroration with as telling a quotation as that at the close of Pitt's speech on the Slave-trade, how many of his hearers would applaud from

* *The Attic Orators, from Antiphon to Isæus.* By R. C. Jebb, M.A., Public Orator in the University of Cambridge, and Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. London: Macmillan & Co.

the heart and from the sympathy of kindred cultivation, and how many from an adoption of Sir Arthur Helps's satirical advice about the proper reception of a classical quotation which you do not understand? Other questions touching the plastic character of Greek oratory, its personalities, its perorations (these last in some instances paralleled by the modern speaker), and its superiority to Roman eloquence, will be found treated with a breadth and shrewdness indicating Mr. Jebb's grasp of his subject; and every reader must study the pages which discuss the two prime elements of Attic oratory, the practical culture of Ionia and the Sicilian rhetoric (pp. cxii.–cxxx.) For the details of the latter use has been made of Mr. Cope's papers on the Sophists and the Sophistical Rhetoric. But we must pass over these for the purpose of glancing, as far as space will allow, at the three orators who make up the first volume of Mr. Jebb's work—Antiphon, Andocides, and Lysias.

The first of these represents what is termed the *austere* style, and the third the *plain* style, whilst the second—"an amateur among experts"—occupies a position midway between the formal grandeur of Antiphon and the polished ease of Lysias. The first was the originator at Athens of the profession of writing speeches for money, as well as a teacher of rhetoric, who possibly numbered his warm admirer Thucydides among his pupils. In the assembly and the law courts his influence, though exerted mostly behind the scenes, was such as consisted with the character for consummate ability given him by the illustrious historian (viii. 68), and was worthy of the great apologist of the revolution of the Four Hundred, his share in which he had to defend on trial for his life. In Mr. Jebb's estimate of him there seems to be ground for accepting relatively Thucydides' praise of Antiphon's virtue, in the sense of consistency and disinterestedness; but that which probably stood him more in stead, and brought him, late in life, to the front in politics, was his trained use of a subtle and quick wit, and the fertility of expedient and ingenuity in making points in debate which came from his rhetorical δεινότης (p. 17). In point of style Antiphon is represented as dignified and decorous above all else. In imagery his taste is fanciful but not florid, and the examples given of it justify the impression of severe control which consists with the character of his style. In pathos he excelled rather than in ethos, herein resembling Thucydides, though the latter is necessarily more dramatic. It is to Lysias in the next century that we must look for the artistic adjustment of words to the particular character and position of the person who is supposed to speak them; so that, to use Mr. Jebb's expression, a client had not only the advantage of professional aid, but the further advantage of appearing to have dispensed with it. In arrangement we note simplicity as a characteristic of Antiphon, his programme being as follows—procem; introduction; narrative of facts; arguments and proofs; epilogue. But his weakest point seems to have been narrative, in which Andocides and Lysias were strong. His strongest was in general argument, though a glance at the speeches of the first tetralogy in the chapter on Antiphon's works (pp. 48, 49) will show that he not seldom resorts to sophistries and to arguments in a circle. One more special and distinguishing characteristic of Antiphon is his stately standing aloof from hand-to-hand encounter, the result of his being essentially a furnisher of words and arguments for others. Whilst this disqualified him in a great measure for the fighting of the law courts, it may well have adapted him for the graver procedure of the Areopagus, to which also, as Mr. Jebb shows at some length, his religious feelings naturally drew him. The coincidence of sentiment between Antiphon "de cæde Herodis" § 82 and Æsch. Theb. 593 *seq.*, general though it may be, is one illustration of the strength of these feelings; and probably, did we possess other orations than the fifteen (all relating to cases of homicide) which remain of Antiphon, direct and indirect evidence of it would be multiplied in proportion. The criteria of the date of the speech on the murder of Herodes are cogently marshalled in p. 59, and the chief features of Antiphon's other extant speech before the Areopagus, "On the Choreutes" are sufficiently analysed.

There is so little of rhetorical training, or distinct progress in his art, about the speeches of Andocides, that one hardly sees his title to be numbered among the "ten" orators. Perhaps his connexion with history—"history" which, as Mr. Jebb puts it, "only knows him under a cloud"—has more to do with it than any services to the culture of oratory. The ill luck which brought him into odium with the oligarchs for his informations about the Mysteries and the Mutilation of the Hermæ, whilst his hereditary connexion with the oligarchy set the democratic party against him, seems to have placed him continually in an attitude of defence and self-preservation, and perhaps may have made him more reliant on native wit and shrewd knowledge of men than on the arts and resources of rhetoric. What remains of his speeches are that "De reditu," B.C. 410, in which he sought in vain the removal of disabilities attaching to him for his past complicity with the impious; that "on the Mysteries," in 401, whereby he achieved his acquittal; and a political speech on the peace with Sparta, which shows strong sense and a clear-sighted eye to Athenian interests. In all of these we miss method, finish, and precision of thought or rhetorical figures. Andocides depends rather on a rough unhewn ...ness, a simple arrangement of matter, and a forcible artless ...ive. Of this last, the famous description of the first night in ... when he yielded to entreaties to divulge what he knew of ... conspiracy, is a special example. Add to these his resort to such natural figures as irony and indignant question, and his introduction of stories and anecdotes, and we detect a certain advance beyond the grave and austere style of his predecessor Antiphon, though, after all, his place and value are more concerned with history than with rhetoric. It seems to be agreed that he had no training in the Sophistical schools, but curiosity is roused as to the source of the strange argument in the peroration of the speech "De reditu," wherein he lays the fault of human mistakes on the mind, not the body, and claims acquittal for his unoffending body on the plea that years had brought him a new mind! (See vol. i. 112 and Andoc. de Reditu, § 24.)

It is on turning to Lysias that we realize the progress made in Attic prose. Mr. Jebb regards the prose of Lysias as so admirable that his merit as a writer is in danger of obscuring the oratorical power which shines out in such speeches as that "Against Eratosthenes"—a speech comparable in some respects with that of Demosthenes on the Crown, though spoken, unlike that masterpiece, from a private standpoint. But perhaps this is no more than might have been expected of one whose business was not speaking, but speech-writing, and who lacked those opportunities of personally addressing an audience which the possession of citizenship would have given him. The brief history of this orator's career and its vicissitudes comes out very pleasantly in Mr. Jebb's tripartite sketch of the man, his style, and his works, the chief interest of which centres unquestionably in the second. As we have already said, Lysias introduced into speech-writing—to which after the confiscation of his property by the Thirty he resorted for a livelihood, and which he pursued so assiduously that he is said by Dionysius to have written two hundred forensic speeches—the practice of putting into the mouth of his client a plain natural expression of what the man might be expected to say, instead of a fashionable and conventional rhetoric. As the founder of the plain style, he recognized the dictum "Ars est celare artem," and, by combining tact of treatment with charm of language, stood out as the professor of naturalness. Mr. Jebb dissents, not without reason, from K. O. Muller's view that Lysias had two styles—the earlier forced and artificial, the later plain. As a rule, his pure and simple diction, his clearness of thought and expression, the result, according to Dionysius, of a wealth of the right words; his vividness, which sets a scene before the mind's eye in correct drawing, and not merely, as Isocrates does (the illustration is Mr. Jebb's), in brilliant colouring; his acute reading of character and sense of propriety, which makes all in keeping—these qualities are quite consistent with the plain style, whilst they do not allow plainness to become a synonym for lifelessness or formality. None of the orators are more skilled in delineating character by a few quiet touches, none more graphic or convincing in narrative; but it is here that we find his supremacy more assured than in appeals to the feelings, or in "the power which ought to elevate an epilogue." That which detracts from his oratorical pre-eminence is a want of pathos and fire. Yet a perusal of the chapters devoted to his works will serve to show that even in those traits which are least prominent Lysias can shine out upon occasion; as where, in his fragmentary speech on the Confiscation of the Goods of the brothers of Nicias, he exhibits a degree of feeling certainly rare in his speeches. Amongst the extant orations the masterpieces of Lysias are that "on the property of Aristophanes," "the defence of Mantitheos on his scrutiny before the Senate" (as to which Mr. Jebb redresses the scant justice of Dobree's criticisms), the famous "speech against Eratosthenes," and that against Agoratus, which, though having a narrower range and issue, is of special interest as containing a parallel to the prison-scene in the speech of Andocides "On the Mysteries." In his criteria of the genuineness of such speeches as the λόγος ἐπιτάφιος, and those for Polystratus and against the younger Alcibiades, Mr. Jebb's judgment seems to us sound and unimpeachable. He has apparently not overlooked any material criticism advanced by other writers, and it is impossible not to be impressed with a sense of the valuable service he has rendered in the field of classical literature which he has selected for illustration, and of the access of light, knowledge, and familiarity with the ancient models of oratory for which his readers are indebted to this lucid and well-arranged survey. At some other time we hope to notice the second volume.

THE DILEMMA.*

IN *The Dilemma*, a story of the Indian mutiny, the author of *The Battle of Dorking* has made choice of a congenial subject, which he handles with equal spirit and knowledge. The book vividly recalls the memories of that gallant struggle against overwhelming odds, which went far to redeem the English name from the disrepute into which it had been falling in consequence of the apparent ascendency of ultra-pacific doctrines. Our most inveterate detractors were forced to confess that we had not forgotten how to fight, when they saw the scattered handfuls of our countrymen, taken by surprise, turning successfully to bay against the disaffection of millions of their subjects; "scratch" garrisons defending improvised fortresses, while doubtful, or even despairing, of relief; flying columns, cast loose from all supports, marching from victory to victory over battalions drilled and armed by ourselves, and carrying great cities crowded with fanatical combatants, in a series of swift and irregular attacks. *The Dilemma* dramatically concen-

* *The Dilemma.* By the Author of "The Battle of Dorking." London: Blackwood & Sons. 1876.

trates our interest on the residents of a single station. When the tale opens, the society of Mustaphabad is in its normal state of stagnation, and we have leisure to make its acquaintance thoroughly, from the Government Commissioner down to Lieutenant Arthur Yorke, who is falling hopelessly in love with the only daughter of the great civil dignitary. Unsuspicious of the terrible experiences in store for them, they are all making the most of such stray occasions of excitement as a garrison steeplechase or a cavalry ball. Seldom have the details of garrison routine or the various shades of military character been more lightly and happily delineated. Mustaphabad may have been a purgatory to those who were quartered there; but readers of the novel find it anything but dull. We are introduced, very much to our entertainment, to the free and easy housekeeping of Yorke and his gay-hearted chum, in their bare little bachelor bungalow. We listen with amusement to the tittle-tattle of the ladies who lead the fashions, and to the pipeclay gossip that goes on round the mess-tables. The society of the station may find but languid enjoyment in their evening drives on the Mall or Course, but to most English readers the scene will be full of novelty. Some suggestive touches make us at home among the men and women who are soon to be subjected to an ordeal inconceivably trying. As for the great majority of the officers, they are fair average specimens of their class, nor does it need an intimate acquaintance with them to get to the bottom of their characters. Generally speaking, they are seriously bent on killing time, or on cultivating the serene Buddhist philosophy which persuades them to support the dulness of their lot in more or less cheerful abstraction. A few there are of a higher stamp, who have either already risen superior to circumstances or who still cherish the professional ambitions which protracted peace seems likely to stifle. There is the distinguished Colonel Falkland, respected and envied even by the triflers, who, like most Indian officers that have made themselves a name, has long been detached from regimental duties. There is Kirke, who has left the service under a cloud, and who has the vices as well as the military virtues of a *condottiere* leader of the middle ages. There is Braddon, who has likewise the makings of a noble soldier in him, but who, in the absence of all stirring occupation, threatens to settle into a confirmed tippler. And, finally, there is our young friend Lieutenant Yorke, who is approaching a critical point of his career. If he is left to nurse a hopeless attachment in obscure inactivity, he is likely enough to follow the example of Braddon, although as yet he is overflowing with life and hope. Should fortunate accidents give him an opening, his passion will incite him to make the most of it, and he may possibly rival the reputation of Falkland, whom he admires from a respectful distance with the devotion of generous youth.

The chances conspire in his favour sooner than he could have anticipated, and opportunities crowd fast upon him. The Bengal army has proved false to its colours. The English troops have been withdrawn from the station; the sepoys look sullen and waver, and finally declare for the mutineers. Having shown a bold front and an assumed confidence to the last, the English gentlemen of the place have beaten a retreat to the Residency with the women and children, with the determination of defending themselves to the last, though they know nothing of whence help may come to them. Then we have a most exciting description of the siege, in the simple but forcible language of a military historian who is a literary artist as well. There is an entire absence of rhetorical exaggeration and poetical rhapsody. The tone of the narrator is that of the besieged officers, who undertake the most dangerous service in the natural round of their duties, and never show themselves disposed to grumble save when they see comrades preferred to themselves for some desperate *sortie*. Their deeds of unassuming heroism are left to speak for themselves, and their jests over the privations they endure only serve to keep up their spirits. Though the narrative painfully recalls the sad associations of the time, we feel it to be a faithful and reassuring picture of the genuine warlike temperament that makes the English soldier so formidable. From Colonel Falkland, who has naturally taken the command, to the subalterns whose souls used to be in billiards or their betting-books, all are elevated and animated in the presence of imminent peril. The women evince a patience and composure worthy of the men who are fighting for them, although death is making gaps in the ranks of the defenders, and some of the wives and their families already find themselves widowed and orphaned. Yet, in spite of the sustained strain on the nerves, gaiety is not altogether banished, and the weary days and anxious nights—they never drag in the pages of *The Dilemma*—are not unenlivened by gleams of fun. We know, what of course the besieged cannot know, that they must be surely predestined to receive timely relief; yet we are carried away by their growing fears, as provision and ammunition begin to run low, and as the enemy becomes more audacious and enterprising. Suspense is more intense on the arrival of a messenger with the tidings that Kirke is on his way to their help; for every hour it becomes more questionable whether they can hold out till he appears. And the excitement culminates in a thrilling climax, when Kirke's Sikh levies seem to fall back after showing themselves in the distance, to return speedily in an irresistible onset which effectually scatters the blockading force.

All this time the interest of the novel has been by no means concentrated in the military narrative. Yorke is indirectly the hero of the various episodes, and his personal anxieties have been thrown out in conspicuous relief. Experienced students of fiction would have pronounced unhesitatingly that he was sure of the hand of Olivia Cunninghame; and they would have been doubly confirmed in their foregone conclusion had they known that he would speedily be a brevet-colonel. To their quick discomfiture, the young man receives a heavy blow before he gets his first occasion for distinguishing himself. The fair Olivia has given her hand to Falkland, who, in the double capacity of a veteran and her godfather, had formerly been admitted to the envied privilege of chaperoning her. Being made of sterling and sensible stuff, Yorke teaches himself to submit to his disappointment. Throughout the siege he does his duty like a man, recommending himself to the approving notice of his commander, to whom he bears no sort of grudge. He is genuinely grieved both for his friend and for Olivia when Falkland is numbered among the missing after the fighting that relieves Mustaphabad. But naturally his blighted hopes begin to revive with his brightening professional prospects; the more so that the deaths of her husband and father have left the lady almost penniless. Then follows shock number two; and very hard indeed we feel it is upon him. He hears that she is married again, and this time to his colonel, Kirke, whom, with much in externals calculated to captivate a woman, he suspects with reason to be altogether unworthy of her. It is fortunate for him that, by the very fact of her so lightly throwing herself away, Olivia loses something of the divinity with which he has hitherto invested her. Her subsequent conduct contributes to cure him of all illusions, for Kirke again gets involved in discreditable charges, and Olivia, in her affliction and acting under her husband's influence, tries in a painful and pathetic scene to tamper with the honour of her former lover. Yet still, as love is weak and men are mortal, we are left in uncertainty as to what may be in store for both of them when Yorke returns to England, whither Olivia has preceded him. We take for granted that she will have occasion to appeal to him for assistance, especially as her husband has left her for the time, and accepted a command in the Egyptian service.

The last volume of the novel is the least satisfactory. We feel it, in the first place, to be an unwelcome change from the freshness of the Indian scenes and the active excitement of irregular Indian warfare, to the tameness of English life in quiet country society. Doubtless it all chimes in with the scheme of the story, which is constructed after real life rather than according to romantic precedents. In order to lead up to the unlooked-for *dénouement*, it is necessary that Yorke should be dull and somewhat bored; he must be disenchanted of lofty ideals of womanhood, and predisposed to console himself as best he can. We can understand an Indian with few home ties yielding insensibly to the influences of a hospitable welcome in a wealthy household. Yet the chivalrous young soldier seems somewhat out of place in the ostentatious luxury of the Peevors' mansion; the reader is hardly prepared to see him making himself contentedly at home under the roof of a millionaire, whose vulgarity throws a shadow over his family, and courts cold-shouldering by the neighbourhood. But the last chapters are exciting enough. Yorke meets his early love again as well as several of his old acquaintances of Mustaphabad, and one of them, at least, makes a sensational reappearance like a phantom risen from the grave. There is a fire in which the danger is as real as in any of the most stirring incidents of the mutiny; we have a rescue and a recognition, and then the curtain comes down on a group of friends who are standing horror-stricken at the gaps that have opened in their number. We do not greatly like these melancholy endings, which savour of *Hamlet* or the *Bride of Lammermoor*. But in this case, considering that the author has been leading us all the time into a "dilemma," we do not see how he could have helped himself. If the close of the story leaves a painful impression, it may be not the less true to nature on that account, and from beginning to end we are spared any touch of monotony in the blending of humour, pathos, and action.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

BERNARDINO OCHINO* has long waited for a competent biographer. The interest attaching to his character and career is not less than in the case of any Reformer of his time, but few have cared to undertake the life of one so universally obnoxious, execrated by one party and disowned by the other. The laudable investigations of his Unitarian biographers have naturally been mainly restricted to his alleged anti-Trinitarianism, which is far from being the most interesting feature in his intellectual history. His life, in fact, could only be written in Italy, and it has been reserved for Dr. Benrath, by diligent research in the Italian and other archives, and acute criticism of Ochino's rare and neglected writings, to exhibit him in his real relation to the great reforming movement of his age. The eloquent Capuchin, although twice Vicar-General of his order, had undoubtedly assumed a more advanced position than Pole, Contarini, and the other leaders of the Evangelical movement in Italy. It was a correct instinct which led Caraffa, the soul of the Catholic reaction, to persuade the indulgent Paul III. to strike at him. Ochino, warned, it is said, by the dying Contarini, escaped to Switzerland—a step which, inevitable as it was, signalizes, and in a manner typifies, the final loss of Italy to the cause of the Reformation. Relieved from the restraints of ecclesiastical discipline, his inquisitive spirit, as in the

* *Bernardino Ochino von Siena. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Reformation.* Von Karl Benrath. Leipzig: Fries. London: Williams & Norgate.

case of Socinus, Bruno, and intellectual Italians in general, soon transported him beyond the bounds which Luther and Calvin would fain have prescribed to free inquiry. How far the recoil from tradition actually carried him is difficult to determine. The writings which gave most offence to his contemporaries are cast in the form of dialogues, and it is not easy to say how far Ochino may have aimed at insidiously undermining current articles of belief, or how far his natural candour may have led him to state an opponent's case with unacceptable emphasis. Dr. Benrath vindicates him successfully from the charge of having advocated polygamy; the question of his anti-Trinitarianism is left very obscure. Whatever his real sentiments may have been, the Protestant Churches found his speculative opinions a source of scandal and danger. Expelled successively from Geneva, Zürich, Basel, Nuremberg, hunted across Europe into Poland and back again, the old man was finally carried off by the plague at an obscure village in Moravia. Dr. Benrath has restored his portrait with as much success as can be expected with such a paucity of private memorials. The intellectual personality is sufficiently distinct. Ochino appears as a man in whom great warmth of religious feeling is united to a keen, scrutinizing intellect and an innate restlessness which rarely allowed him to acquiesce long or unreservedly in dogmatic conclusions of any sort. His sincerity is unquestionable, except in the partial concealment of his opinions, imposed upon him by prudence, both before and after his secession. Dr. Benrath has given excellent analyses of his principal works—the unlucky Basel dialogues, which involved him in such misfortune; the Neapolitan dialogues, composed while he was still a monk; his sermons; above all, the "Tragedy," a withering invective against the Papacy, written in Latin, but only extant in the English translation of Anna Bacon. Ochino's residence in England during the reign of Edward VI. entitles him to a place among the foreign theologians by whom the Reformation in this country was influenced, and Dr. Benrath's full treatment of this department of his subject considerably enhances the interest of his work for English readers.

The extensive learning of the younger Bunsen * is employed in the investigation of themes fruitful in speculation and controversy—the origin and primary significance of the symbol of the cross, the cause of its universal dissemination in præ-Christian ages, and the obscuration of the original meaning by its association with the victorious creed. Baron Bunsen holds this later application to be secondary and accidental. The meaning of the Cross in the ancient mythologies is, he contends, the Sun; and his application of this actual or conjectural circumstance in connexion with the Saviour may be readily apprehended. He relies much on the testimony of the Epistle of Barnabas as proving that such was the accepted Christian conception in the first century; as also upon somewhat fanciful analogies between the Sun, the Cross, and the Brazen Serpent. Much of his work is indeed of a decidedly fanciful nature, but it is well calculated to illustrate his leading proposition of the general employment of the Cross as a religious symbol in ages long anterior to the Christian era.

The recent ecclesiastical legislation of Prussia, being felt as a grievance by the Protestant as well as the Catholic Church, has encouraged the small party in the bosom of the former who desire a separation of Church and State on religious grounds. Professor Jacoby † examines the question partly from this party's point of view, but arrives at the conclusion that, in the interests of religion itself, things had better remain as they are.

The order of "the Brethren of the Sword" ‡, on which Dr. von Bunge has given us a very acceptable monograph, was instituted about 1203 for the subjugation of the Livonians, Esthonians, Lithuanians, and the pagan nations of Eastern Europe in general. Its efforts were crowned by the conquest of Courland and Esthonia; but its acquisitions in the latter quarter brought it into collision with the Christian State of Denmark, and, finding itself hard pressed by this as well as the Lithuanians, it consented to merge itself into the Teutonic order about 1237. Dr. von Bunge has collected and illustrated its records with much care, and his little work is a valuable contribution to the history of Christian religious chivalry.

The story of Alaric's conquests is told by Dr. von Eicken § in a pleasing style, and with particular attention to the governing ideas of Roman and Gothic society at the period. He directs especial attention to the recognition by the Goths of the Roman Empire as a legitimate institution, which it was by no means their purpose to overthrow, whatever liberties they might take with the lives and property of its citizens.

Eduard Schüller's reminiscences of his youth ‖ are, to a certain extent, interesting from their naïveté and warmth of feeling, and the eventful period (1794–1813) within which they are comprised. They present, however, no incidents of any particular importance, and seem to have been principally valued by the writer as illustrations of his own intellectual development. Some public interest would have attached to them from this point of view had the author attained eminence in his maturity; but it would seem that, though Schüller wrote much, he published nothing, and that his best claim to distinction is his efficient administration of the Prussian Post-office.

Dr. Rodbertus-Jagetzow * discusses what he calls the social question chiefly in its aspects of pauperism and commercial crises, which he regards as effects of the same cause. His theory is offered as substantially identical with Ricardo's theory of rent, but an improvement upon the latter.

The excellent series of popular scientific lectures † edited by Virchow and Von Holtzendorff, and the no less valuable series of controversial pamphlets edited by Von Holtzendorff and Von Oncken, continue to receive numerous accessions of interest. Among the most important contributions to the former may be named Professor Stein's discourse on Milton and Cromwell; among the most entertaining, Professor Mannhardt's lecture on the part of the sunflower in popular mythology, with a reference to the so-called bust of Clytie in the British Museum. The other series, as is natural in the present state of Germany, bears frequent reference to the affairs of the Church of Rome.

Science has been said to have no other enemy than ignorance; but it may be questioned whether a more formidable antagonist is not to be found in the credulity of some among its own votaries. An unlearned person may well be excused for distrusting the announcements of archæologists and philologists when he becomes acquainted with such melancholy proofs as are afforded by the history of the so-called Moabite antiquities of the perfect compatibility of profound erudition with an absolute lack of common sense. After a delay in nowise redounding to the credit of the independence and integrity of German Semitic scholarship, this wretched delusion has at last received its quietus at the hands of Messrs. Kautzsch and Socin.‡ The latter gentleman has dealt with the external evidence for the authenticity of the objects, and his thorough exposure of the transparent absurdity almost supersedes the more recondite palæographical and philological disquisition of his colleague. Both, in fact, may be deemed to be superseded by the accompanying delineations of some of the objects themselves. It seems incredible that any one, much more Oriental scholars and Ministers of State, should ever have been deceived by such rubbish. Nothing remains but for the parties concerned to own their folly, and digest their mortification as best they may, while the exultation of French *savans* may be tempered by the recollection that their own Government appeared to no greater advantage in the affair of the Abbé Domenech's Mexican antiquities some years ago.

Albrecht Zehme ‖ has prepared an exceedingly useful manual of the geography of modern Arabia, compiled from the accounts of Niebuhr and subsequent travellers, such as Palgrave, Burckhardt, Wallin, Wredo, Cruttenden, and Maltzan. The work bears evidence of having been prepared with great exactness, and contains a vast amount of highly interesting information respecting not merely the topography of the country, but also its natural productions and the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Its value is greatly enhanced by an appendix treating of the political history of the peninsula during the last century, with a view of the actual political condition of Muscat and the Wahabi States, and of the recent encroachments of the Turks in Yemen. It is difficult to see how these acquisitions can be maintained in the present condition of Turkish credit, and South-West Arabia may not improbably be on the eve of great political changes. Like most disinterested observers, Herr Zehme is very adverse to the spread of Turkish and Egyptian influence in Arabia, and looks forward to the regeneration of the country under the protection of England, the only Power qualified to interfere with effect in its concerns.

The isles where burning Sappho lived and sung have been inspected by Dr. von Löher ‖ in the systematic and agreeable manner which is only possible to a man of leisure and a man of means. Having chartered a yacht with a Turkish crew at Cavalla in Macedonia, the birthplace of Mohammed Ali, he pursued his voyage southwards, touching successively at Thasos, Samothrace, Imbros, Lemnos, Lesbos, and Tenedos, and winding up with visits to Smyrna and Athens. The tour was most interesting throughout, and the narrative depicts in lively colours the natural beauty and picturesque manners of the archipelago, and its commercial and industrial decay under Turkish rule. Perhaps the more interesting description is that of Samothrace, with its simple and rugged shepherd population, its remains of primitive Cyclopean architecture, and its almost inaccessible coast. Thasos, in Dr. von Löher's opinion, is the most favoured by nature of any of the islands, and under more auspicious political circumstances might be made a centre of civilization for the rest. One of the first steps necessary would be the establishment of a bank, money being incredibly scarce and dear. Most of the islands suffer greatly from the reckless destruc-

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* *Das Symbol des Kreuzes bei allen Nationen, und die Entstellung des Kreuz-Symbols der christlichen Kirche.* Von E. von Bunsen. Berlin: Mitscher & Röstell. London: Kolckmann.

† *Staatskirche, Freikirche, Landeskirche.* Von Prof. Dr. H. Jacoby. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Der Orden der Schwertbrüder; dessen Stiftung, Verfassung und Auflösung.* Von Dr. F. G. von Bunge. Leipzig: Bidder. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Der Kampf der Westgothen und Römer unter Alarich.* Von Dr. H. von Eicken. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Jugend-Erinnerungen.* Von E. Schüller. Leipzig: Grunow. London: [illegible]r & Co

* *Zur Beleuchtung der Socialen Frage.* Von Dr. Rodbertus-Jagetzow. Th. 1. Berlin: Schindler. London: Asher & Co.

† *Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge.—Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen.* Berlin: Lüderitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Aechtheit der Moabitischen Alterthümer geprüft.* Von E. Kautzsch und A. Socin. Strassburg: K. Trübner. London: Trübner & Co.

§ *Arabien und die Araber seit hundert Jahren. Ein geographisches und geschichtliche Skizze.* Von Albrecht Zehme. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Griechische Küstenfahrten.* Von Dr. F. von Löher. Bielefeld and Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing. London: Asher & Co.

tion of timber. Dr. von Löher found Smyrna a most interesting city, and speaks of the modern portion of Athens as indicating a great progress in every respect when compared with the old city. His opinion of the Greeks is in the main favourable; it must be recollected that he had nothing to do with them as politicians or financiers. He strongly contends for the perpetuation of the Hellenic type, notwithstanding the Slavonian, Bulgarian, and Wallachian admixtures with which it has had to contend. The book puts forth more decided pretension to literary finish than is usual with narratives of travels; it is enlivened with critical digressions and historical episodes; and printed in a miniature type of great elegance in a form admirably adapting it for a pocket companion throughout the archipelago it describes.

The second volume of Professor Körner's treatise on physical geography* is occupied with the world of waters, comprising water in its various shapes of ice and snow, sea, lake, and river.

The materials of Professor Rütimeyer's interesting tract on the modifications of the fauna of Switzerland since the appearance of the human race in the country† are principally derived from the examination of caves containing fossil remains, which have led to results corresponding to similar investigations in England. All the animals usually occurring in English caves are found in Switzerland, with the addition of the marmot and the Alpine hare, the wolverene and the arctic fox. There is a singular intermixture of arctic with tropical types, testifying to wide variations of climate. The book is illustrated with several fac-similes of primitive art in the shape of representations of mammoths and horses, which it is to be hoped are authentic.

A discourse on Christianity in its relation to pictorial art, by the ex-Minister Bethmann-Hollweg‡, is chiefly remarkable for an appendix in which the subject is illustrated by biographical details of Cornelius as the typical religious painter of modern times, accompanied by citations from his correspondence.

England has found an intelligent and friendly critic in Karl Hillebrand§, whose letters from this country indicate powers of observation combined with good feeling. The writer feels the poetry and the charm of association attaching to such places as Oxford, and can enter with enjoyment into such characteristically national amusements as the Eton and Harrow football match. He thinks that England and Germany are changing places, the former comes. There is Brandon, [illegible] a noble soldier in him, but who, in the absence of all stirring occu[illegible] pa[illegible]try gradually appropriating the lead in philosophy and abstruse thought long preserved by the latter, in proportion as Germany declines in intellectual prestige, but asserts herself as a force in practical politics. Exception may be taken to this proposition, which was originally laid down when the impression of the German victories was still recent, and ere there had been sufficient opportunity to estimate the extent of her financial embarrassments, and her dependence upon Russia. It may also be conjectured that Herr Hillebrand's estimate of English politics would have been somewhat different had his letters been penned before the elections of 1874. He attributes far too much influence to the advanced Liberal party, while, on the other hand, his appreciation of Stuart Mill is shallow and unsatisfactory. The best critical essays in his collection are notices of discussions of French affairs by three very dissimilar Englishmen, Mr. F. Marshall, Mr. John Morley, and the author of "The Member for Paris."

The *Rundschau*‖ has a pretty novelette, "The Guiding Star," a paper on the imperfections of German jurisprudence in such cases as the late Bremerhaven explosion, an interesting sketch of the Samoan archipelago, and a still more interesting paper on the present condition of Egypt, by the African traveller Gerhard Rohlfs. Herr Rohlfs deals rather with the social than the political or financial circumstances of the country, and insists particularly on the expediency of two difficult reforms—the abolition of polygamy, and the substitution, as far as possible, of the Italian for the Arabic language. The April number, besides the conclusion of "The Guiding Star," contains the commencement of the distinguished traveller Nachtigall's narrative of his expedition to Borneo, and of a comprehensive survey of the present political situation in the East. The two numbers also comprise an important paper, which seems to bear marks of official inspiration, by A. von Sybel, advocating the purchase of the German railways by the State on political as well as financial grounds.

"The Beggar Princess," by Edmund Hoefer¶, is a remarkably pretty novelette, and a characteristic example of the artistic treatment of short stories by German novelists, which forms so agreeable a contrast to the general heaviness and prolixity of their attempts upon a larger scale.

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* *Die Erde, ihr Bau und organisches Leben: Versuch einer Physiologie des Erdkörpers.* Von Prof. F. Körner. Bd. 2. Jena: Cortenoble. London: Asher & Co.

† *Die Veränderungen der Thierwelt in der Schweiz seit Anwesenheit des Menschen.* Von L. Rütimeyer. Basel: Richter. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Christenthum und bildende Kunst.* Von M. A. von Bethmann-Hollweg. Bonn: Marcus. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Zeiten, Völker und Menschen. Bd. 3. Aus und über England.* Von Karl Hillebrand. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Deutsche Rundschau.* Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. März und April 1876. Berlin: Paetal. London: Trübner.

¶ *Die Bettlerprinzess.* Von E. Hoefer. Bremen: Volksschriften-Verlag. London: Williams & Norgate.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications, and to this rule we

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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which is continued on the [illegible] The Indian Problem Solved—Young's Life of Marie Antoinette—Through [illegible] Through the Tropics—[illegible] Caverns—North's Church Bells of Leicestershire—Parley Magnus—Minor Notices.

London: Published at 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—Tuesday Evening, April 25, St. James's Hall. THIRTY-SECOND SEASON.—Brahms (Pupil of Rubinstein), first time, with Papini, Hollander, Viola, first time, Wiener, and Lasserre, at Quartet-post Three. No stalls reserved, only for the Committee. Quartets, in G, Mozart, in G, Beethoven; Duet, Violin and Piano, Rubinstein; Solos, Violoncello and Pianoforte. Tickets, 7s. 6d., to be had of Lucas & Olivier, Bond Street, and Austin, at the Hall. Programmes gratis. Visitors can pay at the door, Regent Street Entrance. Director, Prof. ELLA, 9 Victoria Square.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION will OPEN on Monday next, April 24. 6 Pall Mall East. Admission 1s.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary.*

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CHRISTIAN WILBERG'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS and [illegible] EXHIBITION now OPEN at BURLINGTON GALLERY, 191 Piccadilly. Ten to Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

THE LIGHT of the SANCTUARY, by SZOLDATICS, from a Sketch by the Right Hon. Lady PETRE, will shortly be ON VIEW at DICKINSON & FOSTER'S, 114 New Bond Street.

ART UNION of LONDON.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, to receive the Council's Report, and to distribute the amount subscribed for the purchase of Works of Art, will be held at Willis's Rooms, King street, St. James's, on Tuesday next, the 25th instant, at Eleven for Twelve o'clock. The Right Hon. Lord HOUGHTON, D.C.L., President, in the Chair. The Receipt for the current year will procure admission for Members and Friends.
LEWIS POCOCK, } *Hon. Secs.*
EDMD. E. ANTROBUS, }
444 West Strand, April 20, 1876.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans.
The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place, in Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, May 13, at Six o'clock.
His Grace the Archbishop of YORK in the Chair.
Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by:
JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., *Honorary Secretary.*
FREDERIC W. MAYNARD, *Secretary*, 21 Old Bond Street, W.
Dinner Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.
The SUMMER SESSION will begin on Monday, May 1.
The Clinical Practice of the Hospital comprises a Service of 710 Beds, inclusive of 34 Beds for Convalescents at Highgate.
Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College regulations.
For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made personally, or by letter, to the RESIDENT WARDEN of the College, or at the Museum or Library.
A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The SUMMER SESSION commences on Monday, May 1. The Hospital contains 700 Beds. Clinical Lectures are delivered by the Physicians and Surgeons every week. In addition to the usual Courses of Lectures given by the appointed Teachers, Lectures are also given on Comparative Anatomy, and on Dental and Aural Surgery. The William Brown Exhibition of £100 per annum will be competed for at the end of this Session. Further information may be obtained from the TREASURER or DEAN of the School, at the Hospital.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC M.B. EXAMINATION.—Instruction is given at GUY'S HOSPITAL in the subjects required for this Examination by Lectures and [illegible] Summer Session.—For further information apply to Mr. [illegible] the Dean, Dr. F. TAYLOR.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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TURKEY AND HERZEGOVINA.

THE Foreign Office has lately issued some correspondence on the affairs of Turkey and Herzegovina which might have been interesting if nearly all of it had not been long since published in the newspapers. The only useful purpose which the Blue-Book can serve is to refresh the memory of those who pay but slight attention to important current transactions. It is perhaps not wholly unimportant to learn that the English Consul attributed the first outbreak in July to foreign agitation, and that the principal outrages which he mentions were perpetrated by insurgents. The agitation soon became serious enough to attract the notice of the Great Powers; and early in the autumn their Consular agents were instructed to hold interviews with the insurgent chiefs, which produced no definite result. A large part of the Blue-Book is occupied with official documents in which the Turkish Government decrees the adoption of various reforms. A pamphlet expressing the views of the malcontents is also published at full length, with a warning by Mr. HOLMES, the Consul, that its statements are probably exaggerated. None but those who possess accurate local knowledge are competent to judge whether the reforms promised by the SULTAN would be beneficial or satisfactory. On the other side objection is taken, not so much to the official schemes as to the ability and willingness of the Porte to perform its promises. Count ANDRASSY'S Note, and the correspondence among the Governments to which it gave occasion, are of course published at length. In the course of the discussion Count BEUST assured Lord DERBY that no armed intervention was intended, and that the Austro-Hungarian Government had no desire to undertake to keep the peace beyond its own frontiers. It has long been known that the Ottoman Government at once accepted the recommendations of the Note, with the exception of a clause which provided for the expenditure within each province of the proceeds of the direct taxes. The history of the insurrection comes down later than the published correspondence; and the communications which may have been exchanged among different parties are much less important than the progress of the struggle and the attitude and purposes of the insurgents themselves, of their neighbouring allies, and of their distant protectors.

The latest report is that Austria will, after all, interfere to restore order by force, as the representative and agent of the three Northern Powers. The recent operations in Herzegovina seem to have been unfavourable to the Turkish troops; and the return of spring is in itself a great advantage to the insurgents. Although the Governments of Servia and Montenegro still profess to maintain their neutrality, auxiliaries from both Principalities have, according to official Turkish statements, openly joined the insurgent forces. An affront which was lately offered at Belgrade to the Austrian flag was organized by the war party, and the Servian Ministry is increasing its military force. While the domestic prospects of the Porte are gloomy, still more serious alarm has been caused by an apparent change of policy on the part of Russia. Some of the official papers still affect to defend the system of neutrality; but their arguments are openly attacked and ridiculed by other journals of equal authority. Subscriptions are publicly collected with the sanction of the Government, nominally for the relief of fugitives from Herzegovina, but the real purpose of aiding the insurrection is scarcely disguised. Some Russian papers have published apocryphal versions of a speech made by Baron RODICH in which the Russian Government is supposed to be openly attacked. That the language of the journals has some political meaning may be inferred from the strong comments which it has provoked in Germany. Official assurances that the concord of the three Imperial Courts is undisturbed tended to encourage the suspicion that there was already a serious divergence of policy. There is no doubt that Austria has long been anxious to terminate the insurrection; and it is possible that the ambiguous demeanour of Russia may be explained by a natural unwillingness to alienate the good will of the Christian subjects of Turkey. The part which Germany may take if Russia encourages the disruption of the Turkish Empire cannot be confidently predicted. At present German feeling seems to be less friendly to Russia than at the time when all the three Powers were apparently earnest in their determination to discountenance the insurrection.

By continuing their resistance the insurgents temporarily relieve the Porte from the obligation of complying with the demands contained in Count ANDRASSY'S Note; but the strain on the finances and on the military resources of the Empire is constantly becoming more urgent. The greatest of all the immediate difficulties which beset the Turkish Government is the virtual impunity which the Russian protectorate furnishes to Servia and Montenegro. Neither province could venture on a contest with the superior force of Turkey but for the confidence that Europe will not allow a Christian State to fall a victim to Mahometan conquest. Montenegro claims, not without reason, to have been always independent, and Servia has within a few years been relieved from the presence of Turkish garrisons in the fortresses. Turkey is at liberty to repel direct attacks, but not to inflict punishment on her assailants. Although Austria may probably be jealous of Russian influence in Servia and Montenegro, none of the Great Powers would allow the establishment of Turkish rule in either province. Conscious security explains much of the disinterested enthusiasm which is felt for the insurgents. Both principalities would deprecate the occupation of the theatre of war by an Austrian army. With a Turkish force they can deal more easily, as long as they are certain of a safe retreat within their own respective frontiers. The Turkish operations are additionally hampered by the necessity of depending on regular troops, on account of the danger which might result from excesses that might be committed by the Mahometan population. It would seem that in Herzegovina they have sometimes been outnumbered, and that their troops are ill supplied with provisions and with munitions of war. The reports of a supplementary insurrection in Bosnia are still vague and uncertain. If it is true that Austrian subjects from the other side of the frontier have assisted the local malcontents, an additional motive will have been furnished for armed intervention. The party at Constantinople which thinks it desirable to declare war against Servia and Montenegro has lately seemed likely to prevail. The imminence of a decisive measure has had the effect of temporarily renewing the accord between Russia and Austria; and it is understood that the Government of Berlin has induced both Powers once more to fall back on the provisions of the ANDRASSY Note. It is not to be supposed that the allied Governments will at the same time restrain the Porte from reprisals and tolerate the aggressive enterprises of Servia and Montenegro.

Notwithstanding the ambiguous policy of Russia, it seems almost certain that there is no immediate danger of a direct

attack on Turkey. The Russian Government is not at present ready for war, nor can it be thought expedient to venture on an open rupture with Austria. It is not improbable that Russia may hope, if the insurgents succeed, to detach another fragment from the Ottoman Empire. Any aggrandizement of Servia would be disapproved at St. Petersburg as well as at Vienna. It is for many reasons undesirable either that the civil war should continue or that the insurrection should be suppressed by the superior force of Turkey. The complete triumph of the insurgents is impossible, because, even if they obtained temporary possession of the disputed territory, they would still be exposed to fresh attacks as the Turks received reinforcements. The English Government has no means of controlling the result, except by any influence which it may be able to exercise at Constantinople. Lord DERBY has thus far in all the negotiations guarded himself with even more than his customary caution. He took time for consideration before he gave even a theoretical assent to the ANDRASSY Note; and he defended his adhesion by the argument that the Note was but a reproduction of various laws and decrees which had been promised or published by the Porte during the last twenty years. The English Government is only committed to the moderate proposition that the Porte will do well to reform its administration; but at the same time Lord DERBY disclaims any purpose of becoming a guarantee for the concessions which may be offered to the insurgents. Count ANDRASSY and Count BEUST have from the first professed their intention of the most open communication with the English Government. If Austria at last finds it necessary to occupy the disputed territory, there seems to be no reason why the English Government should object to intervention. Even if the eventual consequence should be the annexation to Austria of a part of a Turkish province, there would be no ground for regret; but it is not probable either that Austria would consent to increase the number of its Slavonic subjects, or that Russia would regard with equanimity the territorial aggrandizement of a rival. The difficulties which surround the entire question have for the present no tendency to diminish.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN SPAIN.

WHEN the QUEEN, on her return from Germany, stopped a few minutes at a station to exchange a few words with Marshal MACMAHON, some of the French newspapers mildly hinted that this was not all the compliment which their young and dear Republic might have expected. There was an uneasy feeling that, if Royalty had been there to give the welcome, Royalty would have stayed longer to enjoy it. It is needless to say that, far from any slight being intended to the PRESIDENT of the Republic, the QUEEN, who was returning from a strictly private visit to her relations in Germany, somewhat put herself to inconvenience to go through an interchange of courtesies with the MARSHAL. Nor does the strength of the ties that bind England and France depend in any way on Royal visits and Court festivities. As the ceremonies which attend Royal visits catch the public eye, and a Royal visitor is something new to look at and read about, a Royal visit has come to be thought of importance, whatever may be its occasion. But Royal visits, like most other things, are sometimes important, and sometimes have no significance at all. It was a really important event in the history of modern Italy when the Emperor of AUSTRIA paid a visit to VICTOR EMMANUEL, and when Venice, the object of so long a rivalry, was selected as the spot where pledges of future friendship were exchanged. It was an event equally important to Italy when the German EMPEROR came to Milan, and Italy was made sure that her visitor represented an alliance essential to her safety. When, again, sovereigns go into business together like the three EMPERORS, they must occasionally meet to talk over the affairs of the partnership, or to prove to a suspicious world that it still exists. But very often Royal visits are almost accidental, and are totally devoid of political significance. The sensitive Republicans of France should derive comfort from the visit of the PRINCE OF WALES to Madrid. The PRINCE has been received with great splendour at Madrid, and has had every possible attention shown him. But his going there was almost accidental. It formed no part of his original plan. In fact, when the PRINCE went out the Carlist war was still raging, and King ALFONSO had other things to think of than Court pageants and picture galleries. And no visit could possibly be more wholly devoid of political importance. We have not much to do with Spain, and do not wish to have. The Spaniards go on in a way which at any rate is not ours all our way. They truckle to the POPE, keep up slavery, and do not pay their debts. These are not things that Englishmen like, or pretend to like. Bigoted, slave-holding defaulters are not well suited to be our friends. But we need not quarrel with people or deny them the respect of ordinary courtesy simply because we do not agree with them. Spain has a recognized place in Europe, and its King, while he lasts, is as much a King as any other sovereign. If King ALFONSO likes to have the PRINCE at Madrid, the PRINCE is amiable and polite enough not to wound him by a refusal. That is all. It is a mere interchange of courtesy, and if one interchange of courtesy is to be compared with another, that which took place at the French railway station was much the more important, for behind it there was a sincere and cordial admiration for each other on the part of the two nations whom the QUEEN and the MARSHAL represented.

As the PRINCE had, in the performance of his public duty, to go to Madrid, it was fortunate for him that both there and on his road there was much to see that was well worth seeing. Even to a person born to it, hardened by long training, and singularly gifted for going through it well, all this eternal pomp, sightseeing, banqueting, and amusement, through which the PRINCE has been passing for six months, must be very wearisome. If the English public has grown tired of reading descriptions of his travels, and if even Special Correspondents seem convinced that to reawaken interest in the varied shows of his long tour is beyond the power of the finest language, how infinitely more wearisome it must be to be the person who does it all, who has to go through everything, and is obliged to conceal every sign of fatigue lest he should disappoint those who are doing their best to please him. But if the PRINCE had to add a few extra fatigues to the long list of those he has endured, Spain could offer much that it was well worth the trouble to look at. In Seville and Cordova there were the ancient remains of Moorish grandeur which, even to a traveller fresh from Agra, are in the highest degree interesting and imposing. At Madrid there was the magnificent picture gallery, and although picture galleries are generally the last straw that breaks the back of the fatigued sight-seeing camel, yet the Madrid gallery is so incomparably good that it is almost worth while for the camel to have his back broken in looking at it. Historical students have also endeavoured to picture the imaginary interest with which the PRINCE must recall the events in history which a visit to Spain would bring back to a well-informed mind. It is supposed that his thoughts will wander to the romantic episode when another PRINCE OF WALES set off, under the guidance of BUCKINGHAM, to look for an Infanta. If the PRINCE troubles his head about CHARLES I., he will probably content himself with the satisfactory reflection that his character is totally unlike that of his predecessor, that he has no reason to expect a similar fate, and that he is not in the least degree in need of a Spanish wife. The companionship of King ALFONSO may also, by no very remote association of ideas, recall to the PRINCE the memorable time in his own early boyhood when England was outwitted in the matter of the Spanish marriages; and, while the PRINCE may naturally, in making an inevitable comparison, regard the career of his own mother with much inward satisfaction, he may feel an honest pity for the poor woman who was so much sinned against by the cruelty and perfidy of statesmen, and for the well-meaning youth who has been called to play at Royalty under very difficult and depressing circumstances.

One of the most famous of Spanish sights proposed to be exhibited in his honour the PRINCE has declined to see. He has intimated that he does not wish to be present at a bull-fight. Criticism had been occasioned by his attendance, while in India, at a fight of wild animals. Now that he is so near home he has, with much good sense, judged it unwise, because unnecessary, to provoke similar remarks. The desire of the PRINCE to avoid all causes of public offence is one of the best parts of his character, and is one of the grounds on which in some respects he claims and receives some measure of indulgence. When he returns home, he will

have an excellent opportunity of manifesting his readiness to fall in with the wishes of a part of the nation, which even those who are of a contrary opinion must allow to be large and entitled to consideration. The Royal Titles Bill has now received the QUEEN'S assent, and the controversy so long and warmly waged has at length died away in Parliament, although not without some murmurs of bitterness and indignation at the last possible moment. When the PRINCE lands here he will find that the QUEEN has been authorized to call herself, as Sovereign of India, by a title profoundly distasteful to a large portion of her subjects; while, on the other hand, her Ministers have pledged themselves that this title shall be as absolutely excluded from England as possible. How far this pledge is to be redeemed in practice must obviously depend in a great degree on the PRINCE OF WALES. However much the QUEEN may exhibit her habitual moderation and prudence, there are plenty of people who would love to worship the rising sun and hail their future Emperor. A few words of discouragement from the PRINCE would do more to put them down than volumes of discussion, and a man who declines to see a bull-fight lest he should wound the susceptibilities of humane persons may be trusted to avoid impairing the general harmony of loyalty by clutching at the gewgaws of Continental sovereignty. The PRINCE has now seen much of the East, and much of the West. He knows better than most men India, the Continent, and England; and it is exceedingly unlikely that the end of all his wanderings and all his reflections should not be a profound conviction that the world offers nothing better than to be simply King of England, and the centre of the attachment of a free people.

BARBADOES.

LORD CARNARVON'S answer to the deputation of the West India Committee was, as might have been expected, temperate and judicious. He declined, not only to remove, but to censure, the Governor of Barbadoes until the facts of the case are fully known. At the same time Lord CARNARVON will evidently be prepared to act with vigour if even a part of the telegraphic reports proves to be correct. In times of excitement there is a probability that the more moderate of two conflicting statements is true. The Governor's telegraphic messages to the SECRETARY OF STATE virtually contradict the report that forty rioters have been shot. According to the official account, the troops have not been required to act; and the commanding officer has countermanded a request for military aid which had been addressed to the Government of Trinidad. Mr. HENNESSY'S statements, which must for the present be accepted as accurate, are in themselves highly unsatisfactory. The first message which Mr. LOWTHER quoted on Tuesday in the House of Commons reports the death of a man by a shot fired on the mob by the police in consequence of a robbery in a provision ground. The untoward event shows that the robbery was in the nature of a popular disturbance or riot; and Mr. HENNESSY'S remark that similar occurrences had taken place in former years is irrelevant and unsatisfactory. In a second telegram the Governor informs Lord CARNARVON that he has visited the several scenes of the disturbances, though he had apparently not thought it necessary to furnish a previous account of the disturbances themselves. While he admits that the planters are alarmed, he states that the sugar works go on as usual; but he adds, with an unseasonable sneer, that, "in consequence of the planters' panic," he had telegraphed for more troops from Jamaica, Demerara, and Trinidad. If there was no reason for panic, and if the Governor did not share the alarm of the planters, he would have taken the most obvious method of restoring general confidence by declining to increase the military force in the island. It is at least unlucky that a Governor who is accused of encouraging the discontent of the coloured population should use invidious language in speaking of the planters. He is himself exclusively responsible for his own demand for reinforcements, which seems to imply that the panic attributed to the planters was founded on substantial reasons. His determination to issue a special Commission for the trial of offenders is an additional proof that serious disturbances have occurred.

Mr. HENNESSY appears to have exhibited unnecessary zeal in the promotion of a policy which may in itself have been well conceived. Lord CARNARVON, who has encouraged confederation in several parts of the Colonial Empire, agreed with his predecessor, Lord KIMBERLEY, in recommending the adoption of the system in the group of the Windward Islands, which includes Barbadoes. The late Governor took no steps to give effect to Lord KIMBERLEY'S instructions; and Mr. HENNESSY seems to have gone into an opposite extreme in supposed obedience to Lord CARNARVON. The Legislative Assembly of Barbadoes misunderstood some parts of the project, and disapproved of the whole. They were mistaken in thinking that the island would be expected to contribute to the financial wants of less prosperous communities, and perhaps they may have thought, with more justice, that confederation would diminish the objects of local ambition. If the leaders of the Legislature could have communicated directly with the Colonial Office, they would have ascertained that the decision would be left to themselves, and that Lord CARNARVON, while he understood the material advantages of confederation, fully admitted the right of the colonists to manage their own affairs. Mr. HENNESSY unfortunately regarded the failure of Lord CARNARVON'S policy as a rebuff to himself and his chief, and as an injury to the native population. It is of the very essence of constitutional government that a representative Assembly should be regarded as supreme within its own department. The Executive authority has generally a power of appealing to the constituencies by dissolution; but in the meantime he ought to regard the opinion of the Parliamentary majority as provisionally conclusive. Three years ago Lord DUFFERIN, in the Dominion of Canada, illustrated under difficult and complicated circumstances the true constitutional doctrine. He had reason to believe that the House of Commons was dissatisfied with his Ministers; but, as there had been no vote against them, he complied with their advice in postponing the meeting of Parliament. The Constitution of Barbadoes is not the same with that of the larger English colonies; but the Legislature had the right of accepting or rejecting a scheme of confederation. The Governor is accused of having stimulated popular agitation against the Assembly, under circumstances which ought to have prevented any attempt to create dissatisfaction. Every domestic controversy in the West Indies is certain to resolve itself into an antagonism of race and colour.

Having satisfied himself that confederation would tend to increase the prosperity of the labouring population, Mr. HENNESSY proceeded to publish the conclusions at which he had arrived; and, if it was not his intention to cause dissatisfaction with the Legislature, his language was ill chosen. If the statements of the West India Committee are well founded, the Governor spoke of excessive taxation to a deputation of Wesleyan ministers who had not complained of any grievance of the kind. He informed the Assembly that the people of the colony were determined to support the views of HER MAJESTY'S Government, although the Assembly alone was authorized to represent the community. Some other suggestions which seem to the Committee objectionable may perhaps have been more properly within the competence of the Government. It may have been right and necessary to recommend relief from taxes, and measures for the discouragement of vagrancy. It can scarcely have been discreet to speak of "some of the worst practices of the days "of slavery" as still existing; but, in addressing the Legislature itself, the Governor cannot be said to have exceeded his constitutional powers. His conduct must be judged by a different rule when he appealed to the community out of doors. It is alleged that, at a meeting attended by some persons of bad character, the Governor declared that the poor of the island were over-taxed and otherwise oppressed. The riots which have since occurred, though their importance may have been greatly exaggerated, can scarcely have been unconnected with the Governor's language. It is possible that he may have had good reason for believing that industry would be promoted, and the rate of wages raised, as a result of confederation; but a negro population cannot be expected to understand the difference between wilful oppression and mistakes in economic policy. When they hear from the highest authority that low wages and poverty might be relieved by legislation, they naturally resent the opposition of the Legislature to the wise and beneficent suggestions of the Governor. It is extremely difficult to secure, by the exercise of tact and practical wisdom, the good government of a community which includes two unequal races. The

coloured majority is always ready to believe that it is injured by rulers who are, by no fault of their own, an oligarchy.

There can be little danger of the success of any seditious movement in Barbadoes. The number of white inhabitants bears a larger proportion to the coloured population than in most of the West India Islands; and the limited extent of the country throws impediments in the way of irregular warfare. The naval force on the station will be immediately increased, and it has already been shown that sufficient military reinforcements are within reach. There is fortunately no reason to suppose that the negroes are generally disloyal, although many of them may have been tempted to join in riotous proceedings. If they were once persuaded that the representative of the Crown was on their side, they might probably fancy that they were supporting lawful authority in their opposition to the planters. The Jamaica disturbances of ten years ago, resulting from long and systematic agitation, proved to be wholly insignificant, though they served as an occasion for extraordinary violence on the other side. It may be inferred from Mr. HENNESSY'S telegrams that order was not entirely restored, although he seems not to have apprehended any serious danger. In one point of view the Barbadoes riots are peculiarly disappointing. The colony had since the date of emancipation been regarded as a model for neighbouring communities, and the planters escaped the ruin which ensued elsewhere as soon as slavery was abolished. There was no waste land for squatters, and consequently the labouring population could only obtain subsistence by working for wages. The island has ever since been without a history; or, at least, nothing was known of its affairs by strangers. It may be hoped that it will soon subside into its accustomed tranquillity; but a long interval must elapse before confidence can be fully restored between the two races. If the negroes learn to expect from the Legislature high wages and general prosperity, their inevitable disappointment will certainly be resented. If the colonial Constitution ceases to work with facility, it may perhaps be necessary to follow the precedent of Jamaica. A benevolent despotism seems to be the only form of government which secures the safety and the rights of a white minority and a coloured population. The philanthropic partisanship which is attributed to Mr. HENNESSY is a grave fault in a West India Governor.

STAGNATION OF TRADE.

THE reduction of the Bank rate from three to two per cent. was a sign which unhappily meets corroboration in every quarter that there is no adequate field for the employment of capital. Trade shows no indication of recovering from its long and severe depression. Iron is almost unsaleable, and coal is only kept up at a price which is barely remunerative by strikes in one district necessitating supplies from others. There are many parts in which one factory after another ceases to work, and orders are received neither from home nor abroad. It is not indeed England that is suffering exclusively or even especially. The list of bankruptcies in the United States was longer and heavier in the first quarter of this year than in any quarter of last year, which was a year of successive calamities. At Berlin the number of artisans out of employment was recently so large that the Government determined to proceed with the construction of a great State line of railway in order to create work artificially. At Vienna the nearness to the scene of Turkish insurrection and the embarrassment in which the contest threatens to involve Austria have lately added a financial panic to the pressure of industrial distress. In France alone there is an even flow of moderate prosperity. The harvest of last year, though not admitting of export of cereals, sufficed for the wants of the population; and if there was a deficiency in the beet crop, which has now become a very important item in the national products, the vintage was abundant, and of very fair quality. Even here there have been causes at work which have greatly mitigated the evil results of commercial distress and foolish speculation. The ample supplies of corn which free trade enables us to command have kept down the price of bread, and wheat is now almost exactly at the same figure at which it stood ten years ago. A greater anxiety than usual may perhaps be entertained for the home crops of the present year, as the floods have in some districts entirely prevented the sowing of spring wheat. But the low price of iron is encouraging the rapid construction of merchant steamers which will, in consequence of their comparative lowness of cost, be able to bring wheat at a profit from ports whence hitherto it has hardly paid to convey it to England. Every year we are better able to meet bad harvests at home, and every year the farmer becomes less dependent on wheat for his income.

Serious, too, as has been the depression in trade, and heavy as the loss has been to investors from the default of foreign Governments, there has been no reason for apprehending any sudden and general catastrophe. The Bank was in a very strong position at the time of the great failures of last year, and is in a still stronger position now. In the old days of panics the misfortune usually occurred when the Bank happened to be weak, and then the danger of a general collapse of credit stared even the soundest mercantile firms in the face. With a reserve of over 25 millions of bullion and 12 millions of notes, and the rate of interest at two per cent., nothing of the kind is now to be feared. But it must not be assumed that we have as yet seen the worst of the present difficulties. The times are bad for trade, and are likely to remain bad. That rotten business should be abandoned and firms really insolvent should come down is not a loss, but a gain. But just now business which experience has shown to be legitimate is suspended, and firms whose credit is indisputable are at a standstill. We have lost our customers. The world does not want our goods. We have offered it too many goods, and it cannot take any more. It gave us too much business, and now it is giving us too little. We keep our shop open, but wayfarers pass by on the other side. The wealth of England is so vast, and derived from so many sources, and so many Englishmen think it a blunder to confess they are less well off than they used to be, that it is only very slowly that there are apparent signs of those pecuniary difficulties which are caused, not by a catastrophe, but by the languishing of trade. When one of the people who are called merchant princes is in his glory, he builds a palace, decorates it, and makes himself pleasantly conspicuous. When he fails, his house is sold, his pictures are sold, and his ruin is the talk of the day. Nothing of the kind indicates the progress of what is not ruin, but difficulty, from prolonged distress among moderate persons. The symptoms of their calamities are slight and hard to trace; but it is possible every now and then to discover them, and perhaps the unusual difficulty found this season in letting furnished houses in London may be taken as a slight sign that classes which are safe from ruin are beginning to be obliged to retrench.

The real cause of the present distress is that for a period of about seven years the world went too fast. More especially, it made railroads too fast. Lines that cannot pay for years, if ever, were constructed with borrowed money. Much money was sunk in mere useless personal extravagance. England kept the ball going. It found the money, or a great portion of it, and it sold the goods which the money was borrowed to procure. When any State, however impecunious, could borrow any amount of money it liked to name, and bought rails with as much of it as decency required to be expended with some show of honesty, it is no wonder that the iron market was exuberant. Now these countries at once defraud us of interest and cease to take iron, and investors and manufacturers alike suffer. It must not, however, be supposed that the money sunk in unproductive railways has all been lost to the world. We in England went at one time much too fast with our railways, and very severe suffering was caused by this improvidence; but there can be no doubt that the country as a whole gained by the outlay, and that the general increase of wealth was greater than it would have been if railways had been constructed more slowly. That the same thing will prove true of the United States may be said with confidence, and of Russia with some degree of hope. Even in Egypt, great as has been the waste and extravagance, the KHEDIVE is in so good a position, according to Mr. CAVE, that he can apply two-thirds of his revenue to the payment of his public debt. In all such cases there is a clear line of separation from the utter waste of borrowed money by States like Turkey and Spain. Time must, in the absence of counteracting causes, restore English trade, because it must better the position of the best customers of England. But the process must necessarily be slow, for almost all our customers are now in difficulties, and there

are no new customers for us. We have, as it were, discounted the globe. We have lent our colonies as much as they can at present safely absorb. They are in singular favour just now; but prudence would whisper that they have taken as much advantage of this favour as is at all warranted by their resources. We have lent money everywhere. We have tried Africa, South America, and every Continental State. We have glutted the East with our copious and often adulterated products. Things therefore can only come round slowly; and although trade will no doubt revive by degrees, yet a considerable interval must elapse before anything like a grand and a glorious time returns.

At present the two extraneous and accidental causes which most tend to disturb the recovery of trade are the Turkish insurrection and the depreciation of silver. It so happens that for the moment there is a lull in the anxiety which both these sources of disturbance produce. The Vienna Bourse has somehow managed to regain a temporary confidence, and the influences that are at work to prevent the outbreak of a general war are evidently very strong. The price of silver, too, has lately recovered from its point of lowest depression, and some steps have been taken to arrest the progress of depreciation. If the Silver Currency Bill is passed by Congress, a portion of the metal supplied by the United States will be wanted for domestic use. The Federal Council of Germany has postponed the operation of the law by which silver thalers are to have only a token value and cease to be part of the currency of the country. The Austrian journals, with one exception, unite in deprecating the introduction of a gold standard. But, although there may not be any reason for immediate alarm as to either Turkey or a continuous fall in silver, they both offer troublesome questions of which we cannot get rid by merely shutting our eyes. The most that can be done for Turkey is to patch it up for a while. It is now, in fact, not the maintenance of the power of the SULTAN in Europe, so much as the avoidance of a general conflict of the Great Powers in the event of its subversion, that is the chief anxiety of politicians. We may lay the ghost of the Eastern Question for one night, but we know that it will haunt us again before long. So, again, all speculations as to the course which the silver market will take are valueless until experience has shown whether the silver discoveries in the United States are mere pieces of accidental good luck or are the beginning of new discoveries on a great scale. One Company with a capital of 80,000*l.* is said to have already divided profits to the amount of two and a half millions sterling. This may be an instance of singular good fortune, or it may be the prelude to many successes of the same sort. Either alternative is possible, and if it is as yet much too early to believe the boasts of sanguine Americans who assert that they have acres of silver waiting for some one to pick up the treasure, it is also too early to be at all sure that we have not to face a grave perturbation of English, and still more of Indian, finance from the diminishing value of silver.

WOMEN'S DISABILITIES.

THE debate and division on Mr. FORSYTH'S Bill furnished an instructive comment on one part of his speech. Having judiciously determined that it was not worth while to reargue the question, Mr. FORSYTH endeavoured to influence the House by an appeal to that form of cant which disguises itself as public opinion. It appeared from his statement that large public meetings in almost every town in England and Scotland had petitioned in favour of his project for conferring the Parliamentary franchise on women. On the other side there was neither popular agitation nor a long string of names; yet the House of Commons decided by a large majority in favour of the silent protest which is tendered, in the shape of abstention from the movement, by the more intelligent part of the community. The responsibility of legislation, as of other kinds of practical action, produces a sobering effect. The class which habitually attends public meetings is not compelled to examine convictions which generally evaporate in phrases or in cheers. There are in every large town scores or hundreds of theorists and idlers who would vote, at a meeting of like-minded partisans, for any extension of the suffrage which could be devised. The popular fallacies and sentimental generalities which can be adduced in defence of projects for enfranchising women are well adapted to delude thoughtless and shallow minds. As no man attends a Disability meeting unless he is already converted to female suffrage, the proceedings are probably harmonious and even unanimous. Yet the crowd forms an insignificant fraction of the local community. Its numbers would be still further reduced if the meeting had the power of giving effect to its resolutions. It is worth notice that the House of Commons was at first inclined to trifle with the question; so that Mr. FORSYTH was able to quote several respectable names of former supporters of the fanciful scheme. It is only within a year or two that the debates have been conducted in earnest, with the natural result of disclosing the general repugnance to measures which might facilitate the political action of women.

Mr. SMOLLETT'S coarse jests supply Mr. FORSYTH'S clients with a legitimate ground of complaint. It might be expected that a certain number of intelligent and estimable women would believe a demand for political equality with men to be just and expedient. It is not easy to understand how they could advocate their cause if they remained in strict privacy; and there is neither generosity nor good taste in the ridicule with which their public efforts are treated by Mr. SMOLLETT. A fairer criticism on the Disabilities Bill is directed against Mr. FORSYTH'S odd position as the unconscious vehicle of a transparent secret. The ladies who care for the franchise entrust Mr. FORSYTH with the conduct of the Bill for the very reason that they withhold from him their ulterior confidence. A member who sympathizes with their supposed grievances only up to a certain point becomes for the present the fittest advocate of that part of their claims which can conveniently be advanced at present. Mr. FORSYTH has the good sense and the inconsistency to disapprove of any measure which would really put women on an equality with men. He would be shocked at the thought of a constituency in which fifty per cent. of the voters belonged to the non-political sex, but he sees no harm in the adulteration of the electoral body by thirteen per cent. The ladies who use him for their present object are well aware that the cause which they have at heart would be greatly advanced by an anomalous preference of single women and widows over wives. It is not accurate to describe as a disability the limitation which has been imposed from time immemorial on the functions of women; but the exclusion from the polling booth of the most capable and most important section of the female community might be plausibly regarded as an arbitrary disability or disqualification.

Mr. FORSYTH and Mr. JACOB BRIGHT believe that they conform to the principles of the Constitution when they propose to confer the franchise only on female householders; and Mr. FORSYTH even persuaded himself that under the present system taxation is the basis of the right to representation. It happens that the occupation of some kind of house is at present the qualification for the franchise in boroughs; and the effect of the law is to exclude from the franchise some part of the poorest population. The married women, whose disabilities would not be relieved by Mr. FORSYTH'S Bill, are not, as a rule, poorer, more ignorant, or less respectable than their neighbours, who are, unfortunately for themselves, obliged to appear in their own names on the rate-book. It might be demonstrably shown that the restrictions of the borough franchise and of the county franchise are equally inapplicable to women. There is no reason for adopting Mr. FORSYTH'S narrow measure, except that its comparatively small dimensions form its only merit. The logical ladies who inspire the agitation are not alarmed by the paradoxical prospect of a constituency consisting, to the extent of one-half, of women. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, though he now adopts Mr. FORSYTH'S modest proposal, is not careful to disguise his preference for a more comprehensive measure. It might be easily arranged that the wife of a ratepayer should have the suffrage; and the only objection to the scheme is that it would be always unnatural, and occasionally mischievous. If wives habitually voted with their husbands, their enfranchisement would be simply useless. An affectation of independence would promote domestic discomfort, and in some cases the votes of women might be controlled by political quacks or more commonly by spiritual agitators. It is possible that Mr. FORSYTH'S instalment might produce little perceptible effect; but legislation which is essentially wrong in principle is not justified by the inefficiency which may tend to render it harmless. On a few questions, and in exceptional

circumstances, the majority of women might perhaps find themselves in opposition to the majority of men. If such a contingency occurred, the defeated party would resort to the dangerous remedy of disobedience. A House of Commons pledged by its female constituents to support some distasteful form of asceticism would find itself powerless to control masculine dissentients from its legislation.

The best proof of the increased attention which has been directed to the proposed innovation is the division which has taken place in the ranks of the more advanced Liberal party. Mr. LEATHAM for the second time expressed the strong repugnance to female suffrage which he shares with the majority of intelligent men. It may be inferred from his general opinions that he objects less to the dilution or deterioration of the constituencies than to the anomaly of introducing women into political life; yet it is possible that a thoughtful democrat might regard with apprehension a form of extended suffrage which would render the theory of numerical preponderance ridiculous. The most important incident of the debate was Mr. BRIGHT'S opposition to the Bill. Some years ago he had voted for a similar measure through personal sympathy with Mr. MILL, who erroneously, but not unnaturally, believed that Mr. BRIGHT had been converted by his arguments. It is certain that, if the question had at that time appeared serious, Mr. MILL'S influence would not have prevailed over a deliberate conviction. Mr. BRIGHT appears to be one of the numerous politicians who have been induced by the continuance of the agitation to reflect gravely on its principle and tendency. The objections which he now urges to the measure are substantially the same which have occurred to other opponents of female suffrage. Mr. BRIGHT is not prepared to admit that men and women have opposite interests, to be defended by one section of the community against another. Those who understand women best and respect them most will not be the first to allow them possession of the qualities which constitute political aptitude. Like other adversaries of the Bill, Mr. BRIGHT was probably unable or unwilling to give public expression to all his reasons for opposing the measure. On one point he could afford to speak more plainly than a less orthodox Liberal. One of the stock arguments in favour of the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women is derived from the supposed advantage of their admission into the municipal electorate. Mr. BRIGHT asserts that in some instances scandalous consequences have resulted from their interference; and that hundreds of women have been seen in a state of intoxication during borough elections. It may be true that similar stories might be told of male voters; but to Mr. BRIGHT'S manly nature the degradation of women properly appears far more repulsive. It may now be taken for granted that for some years to come there is no risk of the admission of women to the Parliamentary franchise. Mr. DISRAELI once more gave a silent vote in favour of the Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE was not present; and Lord HARTINGTON was accidentally prevented from voting with the majority. It would be harsh to grudge Mr. FORSYTH the consolation for his defeat which he finds in a letter to the newspapers. He regrets the want of time which prevented him from replying; and "he believes that nothing could have been easier "than to give a conclusive answer to many of the trans- "parent fallacies which his opponents used as arguments in "the debate." As the arguments, fallacious or sound, had been repeatedly used before, it is unlucky that Mr. FORSYTH neglected to confute them by anticipation in his opening speech. His supporters in the debate may perhaps grumble at the implied censure on their incapacity to give the conclusive answers with which their leader seems to have been fully equipped.

M. WADDINGTON AND THE ULTRAMONTANES.

THE irritation of the Ultramontane party in France needs no better illustration than the reception they have given to M. WADDINGTON'S speech at the Sorbonne on Saturday. If he had declared open war against the Church the organs of the clerical Right could hardly have been more indignant. They charge him with an intention of kidnapping the children of Christian parents in order to have them brought up as Atheists; and they see in the phrase "our young and dear Republic" an indication that the worst extravagances of the Irreconcilable Left will find their counterpart in the policy recommended by the MINISTER of PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. Any one who reads the text of the speech will be greatly impressed by the fertility of the Ultramontane imagination and the freedom which characterizes its distribution of damnatory epithets. Had M. WADDINGTON'S speech been delivered in England it would have been set down as a highly Conservative exercise. The part which is devoted to the subject of compulsory education might have been spoken by Lord SANDON himself. The examples of England, Germany, and Switzerland, says M. WADDINGTON, have attracted a good deal of attention in France, and the Government are resolved to advance with prudence, but to advance in that direction. This is just the language which is habitually used on the front Conservative bench whenever Mr. RICHARD or Mr. DIXON has to be put down. We are profoundly impressed, says Lord SANDON or Mr. CROSS, with the necessity of getting children to school, and, so far as we move in the matter, it will be in the direction of extending the area within which attendance at school is enforced upon all children. But we are equally impressed with the difficulty of moving at all, and Parliament must not expect us to move with undue rapidity. The Conservative majority respond with great heartiness to this appeal, and the subject is laid aside for another Session. What is regarded as proper caution in England seems to be set down as revolutionary haste by the French Right. The state of education in France prevents a Minister from even dreaming of getting all children to school. As he very truly says, that is a triumph reserved for countries in which there are schools to send them to. Some day, when the necessary money has been spent, France will be one of these countries, and then it will be the duty of the Government to see that every parent gives his child a proper education. Thus France is still in the condition in which England was in before the passing of the Education Act, and the Ultramontanes may derive two alternative consolations from this fact. If they are sluggish, they may reflect that it will be a long time before the Government will be able to bring schools within the reach of every French child. If they are active, they may resolve to anticipate the Government by founding schools of their own. The same considerations which have made Denominational schools popular in England would make them popular in France. If the Church exerts itself and covers the face of the country with good elementary schools, the French ratepayer will be no more inclined than the English ratepayer to find large sums for building Government schools side by side with them. No doubt it is very much easier to denounce a Minister for having the impiety to say that schools must be provided somehow than to make it unnecessary for him to say so by providing them beforehand. But in these days theological energy cannot choose its own ordeal; it must be tested, like any other energy, by its willingness to spend money. It is only fair to say that the French Church has not been found wanting when judged by this standard, and it is highly probable that when the reactionary journals have used up their stock of abuse, they will see in M. WADDINGTON'S speech an invitation to be prepared with schools when the day comes for enforcing school attendance. If so, it would have been more dignified if they had digested the warning in silence, instead of giving their adversaries an occasion for taunting them with a dread of education even in its humblest form.

Perhaps the educational part of M. WADDINGTON'S speech would have attracted less notice if it had not been followed by a political exhortation of a peculiarly exasperating character. Among the Minister's hearers were many delegates of provincial learned societies, and his closing words were in the nature of a message to those whom they represented. If M. WADDINGTON had told them that the object of the new Government was to overturn established institutions of every kind, the organs of the Right would probably have praised him for his frankness. Instead of this, he bade the delegates carry back the news that preparations were about to begin for an International Exhibition in 1878, and assure their fellow-citizens that, as this fact alone might show, the Government of the Republic is a Government of peace abroad and of order and tranquillity at home. "Tell "them," M. WADDINGTON went on, "that this Government, "while firmly resolved to maintain the rights of the State, "cherishes a profound respect for everything that is dear "to the religious conscience, and pays equal regard to the "priest's cassock and the professor's gown." There is not a word in this message which does not contradict something that is dear to the reactionary, if not to the religious, con-

science. We saw last week how much anger had been aroused by the presumption of the Government in assuming that the Republic would be in being two years hence, and M. WADDINGTON'S address is a fresh example of the same temper. The Right has for years been preaching that the Republic means foreign war and domestic anarchy; that it is so hated by other Powers that, so long as it lasts, there can be no security that France will not be invaded; and that, if her enemies have the forbearance to leave her alone, it is only in the conviction that civil war will do their work more quickly than they could do it themselves. The late Ministry took care never to say anything inconsistent with these mournful predictions; indeed M. BUFFET not unfrequently went a long way towards making them his own. Consequently the Right had at least the advantage of having the field to themselves; and where ignorant people hear only one side of a question, they are likely to forget that there is another side. Now, the same halfpenny journal which used to carry M. BUFFET'S speeches to every commune in France will carry M. WADDINGTON'S, and the electors will learn that the Government is contented with the present aspect of affairs, and feels no uneasiness about the future. This is naturally resented by those who have so long acted as missionaries of a very different doctrine, and all the more so that what the Government says is very likely to be believed. The Ultramontanes are in the position in which a nurse who has been telling a patient that he cannot recover finds herself when the doctor steps in and says that there is nothing seriously the matter. She can shake her head, of course, and repeat as soon as his back is turned that time will show that she is right; but the patient will probably be disposed to believe the doctor, and to send the nurse about her business.

M. WADDINGTON'S reference to the Church has two fatal faults in the eyes of the Ultramontanes. In the first place, he promises to respect the rights of conscience, whereas the weapon that has been used with most force against the Republic is the assertion that it means to destroy the Church and proscribe religion. Of a certain small section of French Republicans this may be true enough; and the policy of the Extreme Right, alike in ecclesiastical and in secular matters, has always been to confound the Irreconcilable Left with the Republican party generally. Unfortunately, M. WADDINGTON says no more than the great majority of Frenchmen will be ready to say with him. The Government is determined to maintain the rights of the State and to respect the rights of the Church. Each has its own sphere, and neither must intrude into the sphere of the other. In the second place, although this is very different language from that which the Ultramontanes have been warning people to expect from a Republican Government, it is not the less exceedingly distasteful to them. A Government which pays equal regard to the priest's cassock and to the professor's gown may be a Government to be endured, but it can never be a Government to be liked. Again, it is all very well to talk of respecting everything that is dear to the religious conscience, but in the opinion of Ultramontanes a great deal depends upon whose religious conscience is meant. M. WADDINGTON may have implied, probably did imply, that all religious consciences would be respected so far as the Government had to deal with them, and then his declaration bears a terrible likeness to that pestilent heresy which the POPE has been manfully striving to keep out of Spain. It is not enough that the cassock and the gown should be put on a level; the gown must be subordinated to the cassock before the wearer of the cassock will have had his due. If the Ultramontane party in France repudiate this interpretation of their views, how will they account for their rage at M. WADDINGTON'S speech? The best possible evidence that a man wants more than his due is the fact that he cannot keep his temper when he is offered his due.

MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL.

THE objection that to prescribe one kind of precaution is to proscribe every other has often been heard in connexion with the Merchant Shipping Bill, and it was again urged by Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY against Mr. PLIMSOLL'S proposal to define what should be considered sufficient means of securing grain cargoes from shifting. The 14th Clause says that such cargoes shall be secured "by boards, bulk-heads, or otherwise." Mr. PLIMSOLL suggested that the boards should be of a certain thickness and should be placed in a certain way. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY answered that this amendment would prevent any adaptation of grain ships to the wants of the trade, and in particular that it would exclude the use of longitudinal iron bulkheads. As regards the latter argument, it would not be very difficult so to modify the clause as to make it allow, besides shifting boards, any other satisfactory mode of securing grain cargoes from shifting which is at present in use or likely soon to come into use; and if the invention of such methods should be unexpectedly rapid, it might not be impossible to introduce an amended definition in a year or two's time. Mr. PLIMSOLL did not seem thoroughly content with his own amendment; and, with the prospect of reopening every question at the next stage of the Bill, no member has any motive for pressing an amendment unless he is thoroughly content with it.

A more serious discussion was raised on the 15th Clause, which deals with the question of deck cargoes. The Bill simply says that, if deck cargoes are carried, they shall pay the same dues as any other part of the cargo. Mr. PLIMSOLL wishes to prohibit the practice of carrying deck cargoes altogether, and with this view he moved a series of amendments. The argument in favour of prohibition is, that deck cargoes are the cause of a large proportion of shipwrecks. The argument against prohibition is, that deck cargoes are profitable. Between these opposite pleas the 15th Clause was very speedily ground to atoms. If the danger of deck cargoes is to be the main thing regarded, it is merely trifling with the question to say that they shall pay the same dues as less dangerous cargoes. If their profitableness is to be the main thing regarded, why should it be diminished by the imposition of additional dues? Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY began his speech by the admission that deck cargoes are undoubtedly dangerous. The natural conclusion from this confession was either that he had been converted by Mr. PLIMSOLL'S reasoning and was prepared to accept his amendment, or that he thought that, dangerous as deck cargoes were, they brought in too much money to shipowners to be dispensed with, and that the clause would consequently be withdrawn. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY drew neither inference. The simple question, he said, was how deck cargoes could be prohibited, and the only way of prohibiting them which seemed to him satisfactory was to pass the clause as it stood. He then disclosed for the first time what the real motive of the clause is. The Government do not imagine that shipowners will be deterred from carrying deck cargoes by the amount of the additional duty; indeed Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY objected to an amendment of Mr. ASHLEY'S, imposing a heavier duty on the ground that it would operate as a prohibition of this particular mode of carriage. Shipowners are to be led into better ways by an appeal to something softer than their pockets. The 15th Clause "will be an "important declaration by Parliament against the carrying "of deck cargoes, and will no doubt have a beneficial "effect." But a few minutes before Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY had defended the clause on the score that it did not impose a tax for the first time, but merely took away an objectionable premium on the dangerous stowage of cargo. The principle of the Tonnage Laws, he says, is "that all cargo-"carrying space should be included in the tonnage measure-"ment, and the only reason why deck cargo has not been "included is that no one has devised a mode of measure-"ment." Then what becomes of the important declaration by Parliament? It sinks into a declaration that a mode of measuring deck cargoes has at last been devised. This may be important as giving the effect of a Parliamentary registration to the increased intelligence of the Board of Trade, but it can have no other value.

About this time a new difficulty presented itself. The feeling of the House evidently was that deck cargoes were undoubtedly dangerous, and that something ought to be done in the direction of prohibiting them. But a great number of deck cargoes are brought into this country from foreign ports and in foreign ships, and nothing is known about their dangerous character until it has been shown that for this time, at all events, the danger has been averted. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY put the difficulty rather neatly when he said that, if foreign ships arrived here safely, it would be impossible to convict them on the ground that they ought to have gone to the bottom. The treatment of deck cargoes must therefore be determined by the general laws, whatever they are, which the Bill applies to foreign ships.

If it is intended to apply the same penalties to foreign ships as to British ships, with the difference that they will always be exacted after the completion of the voyage, Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY'S impossibility disappears before the omnipotence of Parliament, though the inconveniences to be apprehended from such a provision do not perhaps disappear quite so completely. If foreign ships are to be allowed to go their own wicked way, and British shipowners are to trust to profiting in the long run by the superior safety and lower rates of insurance secured by British laws, the difficulty will be got over in another way. A third mode of disposing of it would be to refuse to make British ships safe, because foreign ships cannot be made safe at the same time. The wonder that now came to light was this. The Government have not yet made up their minds what course to take about foreign ships. They seem to have understood that foreign ships sometimes load in British ports; but even this discovery has been made since the introduction of the Bill, for early on Monday evening the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said that the exceeding difficulty of dealing with foreign ships so loading rendered it desirable to leave the question to be considered on the report. If this plan is to be freely adopted, the discussion of a Bill in Committee, or indeed on the second reading, will become altogether superfluous. All the really important clauses will be postponed, and the real struggle will begin after the contents of the Bill have nominally been settled. The fact that foreign ships unload as well as load in British ports broke on the Government for the first time on this terrible Monday. The effect of the discovery was immediately shown by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER rising to explain that his promise to consider the question of foreign ships on the report only applied to foreign ships outward bound. To deal with foreign ships arriving in British ports would, he insisted, "be practically impossible." The Committee have by this time taken the measure of Ministerial impossibilities, and the discussion went on much as though Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had not spoken. We cannot legislate, said one member, until it is known what the Government propose to do about foreign shipping. It is impossible, said another, to make any real progress with the Bill until the Government have determined whether they will or will not deal with foreign shipping. Take back your Bill and recast it, said a third, and so on until it really seemed as though every member in the House, without regard to party, meant to cast a stone at this unlucky measure. Finally, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER put an end to the process by frankly admitting that there were many evils connected with the subject which the Government, after the most careful consideration, had found themselves unable to meet; and the Committee, having extracted this confession, were so far satisfied that they at once passed the clause.

Between Monday and Thursday the position of affairs underwent a complete change. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE rose to move that the 16th Clause, which provides for the entry of deck cargo in the official log, should be postponed. He scolded the Committee for misapprehending the general intention and scope of the Bill with regard to the question of deck cargoes and of the lading of vessels, and desired them thoroughly to understand what the measure proposed to do and what it did not propose to do. It was a little hard upon the Committee to be rated in this way, because Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE at once went on to say that, in the matter of deck cargoes, the Government proposed to do something of which until that moment they had given no hint, and which on the previous Monday he had himself declared to be practically impossible. It is the intention of the Government to impose a penalty on deck cargoes, which will be levied, not only on British ships, but also on foreign ships arriving in British ports. This penalty is only to apply to ships laden with timber, and sailing from North America between the 1st of October and the 16th of March in any year, and it will not exceed 100*l*. It is evident that when the clause is brought forward there will be a great deal of opposition to the character of the penalty and to its limitation, both as regards the nature of the cargo and the port from which the vessel sails. If sailors are to be protected against loss of life arising from carrying timber from North America, why should they not be protected against similar loss of life arising from carrying timber from the Baltic, or other kinds of deck cargo from any port?

MACHINERY OF ELECTIONS.

THE Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the working of the machinery of elections recommend immediate legislation for the purpose of rendering clear the construction of certain directions contained in the Ballot Act. A witness mentioned to the Committee that in a case in an English Court upon this Act the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE concurred in a decision directly the reverse of the opinion which he had given as Attorney-General; and it appears that upon the same point contradictory decisions have been rendered by English and Scotch Courts, while an Irish Court has adopted an intermediate view. The Scotch judges held that it is essential to a valid vote that the ballot-paper be marked with a cross, and not with a mere line; that a ballot-paper marked with a cross to the left of the candidate's name must be rejected; and that a separate mark in addition to the cross, such as a superfluous cross, would render the vote null. These judges held that the "directions for the guidance of the voter" were an absolute and not merely directory enactment, and that Parliament had designedly stated its intention as to the manner in which alone papers should be marked in order to prevent the possible identification of the voter at the counting of votes. On the other hand, the Court of Common Pleas in England decided that the "directions" were not obligatory, and that all ballot-papers which were so marked that the voter's intention could be gathered should be held valid. We may remark that, if this be the case in which the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE is said to have concurred in the decision, the report does not bear out the statement, because it appears that he only read the considered judgment of the judges who had heard the case. It may be added that counsel who gives an opinion has not the advantage enjoyed by a judge of hearing argument, and the superstition which ascribes among opinions of counsel a higher value to that of an Attorney-General is as harmless as the belief that a full-bottomed wig necessarily covers a wise head. The Committee express their approval of the decision of the Court of Common Pleas, and make the proposal, which seems unnecessary, that the Home Office should forward the case and judgment to every Returning Officer. It may be doubted whether it was worth while to appoint a Parliamentary Committee to suggest to the Home Office to suggest to Returning Officers that "the shifting, stamping, perforating machine" is liable to fraudulent imitation, and "the percussion em-"bossing machine" tries the hands of those who use it. The provision as to illiterate voters has much exercised the Committee, and perhaps as regards elections for School Boards, which, from the number of candidates, offer most difficulty, voters who can neither read nor write might without public mischief be excluded. Some witnesses think that a slight preliminary drill might enable illiterate voters at Parliamentary elections to mark, without serious risk of error, the names of the candidates for whom they wish to vote. It is generally agreed that this provision as to illiterates may be used in electioneering tactics for delay. From two to five minutes are spent over each illiterate, and sometimes fifteen minutes have been thus consumed. In some cases where there has been an interval between the close of the poll and the counting of the votes the ballot-boxes have been left without protection. At an Irish election, where this interval extended over two days, a guard was put upon the boxes only on the second day, and it would be in harmony with the genius of the people if a foray had been made upon the unprotected boxes. The special case of an island containing only five voters, and liable to have its communication with the mainland cut off by storms, might, said a witness, be provided for by requiring the voters to come to the mainland, which he said just before might be impossible.

The Act provides that the ballot-paper, after being marked by the voter, and folded, should be shown to the presiding officer, and the intention was that he should see that the paper has the official mark on the back. But at Manchester, by a convenient, or "common-sense" construction of the Act, this enactment has been set aside. In the first place, the embossed stamp used there is not always visible at the back of the paper; and, if it were, the presiding officer has not time to look at it. "The ballot-"papers," says the Town Clerk of Manchester, "are, as a "rule put into the ballot-box without any attempt to show "them to the presiding officer, and without any attempt

"on the part of the presiding officer to look at them." He does not see how the polling could go on if the presiding officer were to be interrupted in the performance of his duties by the voter coming and putting his paper before him, and, "practically," it is not done at Manchester. Considering the importance which some persons attached to this provision, it is rather startling to find it quietly set aside. It was intended, among other purposes, to guard against what is called, we believe, the "Tasmanian dodge," by which A goes to the polling-booth, gets his paper, brings it away, and hands it to B, who goes and votes with his paper, and brings away his own to be used by C, and so on. The advantage of this proceeding would be that the papers to be used by B, C, &c., might be marked by them, under the supervision of a candidate's agent, and the voter must either put in the previously marked paper, or none at all. This process might be applied to a hundred voters in succession, and the only thing necessary to start it would be that the first voter should be supplied with a paper which, when folded, would resemble the ballot-paper handed to him. It would afford some security that a briber would get value for his money, as the voter must vote according to contract, or not at all. Whether it would be worth while to adopt this "Tasmanian dodge" is, we think, doubtful; but the authors of the Act contemplated something of the kind as possible, and wished to provide against it, and their arrangement has been abrogated as impracticable at Manchester. Supposing that the Town Clerk's method of working the Act be accepted, it must be allowed that his result is satisfactory. The number of voting-papers shown to have been issued at the polling-booths agreed with the number found in the ballot-boxes on counting within five, and even this small discrepancy was explained by finding in the boxes a corresponding number of cards, which it was supposed the voters to whom they belonged had put in by mistake for papers. The witness admitted that in these cases, amounting, however, to only five at most, the voter was able to put the card into the ballot-box, although the intention of the Act was that the presiding officer should see that the ballot-papers themselves were put in. He said that, when you have 40,000 votes to be taken, "it is "utterly impossible for anything of that kind to be "checked, whatever the Act of Parliament might say," and we are inclined to believe him. In another point the rigour of the law has been mitigated at Manchester. The Act only allows three clear days between the nomination and the polling. But it would be impossible to make the necessary arrangements within that time, and, in fact, in the two elections which have been held under the Ballot, it was known that there would be a contest, and orders were given accordingly a week beforehand.

The question of illiterate voters appears, on the evidence, important. In Liverpool, as might be expected, this class of voters is, or seems to be, numerous; and the Town Clerk of Liverpool, confirming other witnesses, thinks that the provision as to illiterates facilitates bribery, although he does not suspect that it has been used for this purpose at Liverpool. "With the agent present," he says, "it is as easy as possible to tick off those who "have voted according to promise." Thus there might be bribery in its most effective form, because the money need not be paid till it was known to have been earned. It would be difficult to carry out the practice to any considerable extent without detection, but the present point is the imperfection of the Ballot Act to attain one of its professed objects. The Town Clerk of Liverpool guesses the number of illiterates at 1,000 in 37,000 actual voters, and if this number could be effectually bribed, it would largely influence an election. A member of the Committee who took the illiterates under his protection suggests that, in the West of Ireland, where the population do not in general understand English, the Act inflicts special hardship, which is difficult to appreciate. But if he means that the names of Irish candidates ought to be printed in the way most intelligible to voters, we should agree with him. The ballot-paper now used has numbers affixed to the names of candidates, and it would apparently be easy for a voter, however illiterate, to learn beforehand against what numbers he should make his mark. Some witnesses, however, prefer that these marks should be omitted as unnecessary. In some large places the counting of the votes has been proceeded with continuously after the closing of the poll, and the result has been declared before midnight. In London and other places the counting has been postponed to next day. The reason for proceeding continuously is the desire to make an end of the excitement and trouble of the election, and rapidity of counting depends on the employment of a numerous and competent staff of clerks. On the whole, it would appear that the machinery of the Act has worked satisfactorily. It is in many respects convenient, and this Report shows probably all that can be urged against it. Bribery has not been prevented by the Act, and only enthusiasts expected that bribery would be prevented by it. The Committee advise that all special provisions for the assistance of illiterate voters should be abolished, and those who supported the passing of the Act can hardly hesitate to adopt this amendment of it.

THE *INFLEXIBLE*.

WHEN the *Inflexible*, which was launched on Thursday but will not be ready for sea for at least another year, is finished, the English navy will possess the most formidable ship of war actually in existence. But how long will this precedence be maintained? Two Italian ships are now being built at Spezzia and Castellamare which will carry much heavier guns and thicker armour than the *Inflexible*; other countries may join in the competition, and push ahead; and when the race will come to an end nobody can say. For the moment, at least as regards this particular ship, we have the advantage; and if, when the *Inflexible* is ready for work, there should happen to be any work to be done, she ought to make herself decisively felt. But then the need of the *Inflexible* may not come till later, when she has been distanced by some foreign monster. There could not, in fact, be a more striking illustration of the difficulty of naval construction in modern days than that afforded by the history of this yet unfinished ship. When she was designed, two years ago, the officials at the Admiralty resolved that she should be the biggest and most powerful vessel ever built, and there can be no doubt that, as the phrase is, they did all they then knew to accomplish this result. Various changes have, however, been made in the ship during the course of construction, and it is known that her supremacy is already menaced. The continual advance in the size and cost of ironclads is, no doubt, extremely embarrassing; but it is one of the inevitable conditions of the problem to be solved, and, while it lasts, must be submitted to. Whatever other Powers may do, England cannot afford to be the one which lags behind in order to see what the rest are doing and to profit by their experience. There does, however, appear to be one point of finality which has been almost, if not quite, reached; and that is in regard to the weight of ships. A ship is bound to float, and the buoyancy which must be secured for her imposes a check on the indefinite heaping up of armour and armaments. Whatever addition is made to the weight of a ship above a certain point must now be made up for by a reduction in some other direction. If the guns grow heavier the armour must be lighter, and if the armour is increased in thickness the guns must give way. In the case of the *Inflexible*, which has been described by her designer as a rectangular armed castle, a thin iron ship serves as a platform for a citadel, containing a battery, and the armour-plating is strictly limited to the vital parts of the structure, such as the engines and boilers, turrets, the hydraulic loading gear, magazine, and quarters for officers and men. The thickness of the armour is therefore not uniform, but varies according to the risk of exposure and the necessity of protection; and a considerable part of the ship, being intended merely to supply buoyancy, gets but a thin coating. Yet, even with all this economy of armour, the displacement of the *Inflexible* will be no less than 11,407 tons, the greatest ever known; the *Sultan* having a displacement of only 8,899 tons, and the *Devastation* of 9,062 tons. It becomes a question, therefore, whether, in the case of the Italian ships now being built, the increase of armour above that of the *Inflexible* from 18 inches to 22, and of guns from 81-ton to 100-ton, may not injuriously affect the flotation of the vessels.

It is obviously of no use to kick against what cannot be helped, and the common-sense course is to take things as they are, and make the best of them. In this case England must go on experimenting and improving as long as foreign competition continues to be formidable. It is

frightfully costly, for ironclads at half a million or so apiece are also a constant drain in expensive repairs; but still the position of the country requires that it should be done, and that is enough. It does not follow of course that the extravagance or mismanagement of Ministers should not be jealously watched, for that is a separate question. But it is quite certain that whatever is really needful to be spent in this way will be, if not cheerfully, yet readily, voted, and that the country is bound, above all in this branch of defence, to keep itself at its full strength. It must be remembered that, even though a new ship is immediately surpassed by a foreign rival, it is not necessarily wasted. It may, as an individual ship, be inferior to some other ship of a foreign Power; but, on the other hand, if it is a good ship, it may be relied upon for good work, and ought to count accordingly. Naval wars are not like prize-ring fights, a contest between well-balanced combatants; the *Inflexible* may never happen to be matched against the *Dandolo* or the *Duilio*, or even against any greater *Peter the Great* which the Russians may build; but it might turn the fortune of an important engagement, and will always inspire respect on the part of other countries. And there is another aspect of the question which must not be neglected. The habit of mind which consists in constant watchfulness and effort, which never goes to sleep or gets lazy over the problems that start up from time to time, but is always, as it were, on guard and prepared to grapple with them, is the salvation of a country. In a particular case one nation or another may be fortunate in getting hold of an important invention before its neighbours; but in the long run the superiority remains with the people who are constantly awake to the general conditions of their work, and are uninterruptedly on the alert to appropriate new ideas. It may be well to try to get the thickest armour and the heaviest guns, but, after all, that is not everything: and, if the accounts which are given of the *Inflexible* may be relied upon, she ought to be not only very formidable in strength, but in handiness, which in action is of vital importance. It is satisfactory to observe that the experience of recent disasters has not been neglected. The ram, or spur, of the *Inflexible* is made to no ship during ordinary cruises; arrangements have been made for removing from the 135 water-tight compartments of the hull any water that may collect within them through collision or other cause; the bulkheads are provided with water-tight doors of an improved pattern, sluice-valves, manholes, and scuttles; and each of the water-tight compartments has been tested by hydraulic pressure. Again, the working of the ship in regard to the loading of the guns and in other ways will be made much easier, as well as more precise, by the use of hydraulic machinery; and great care seems to have been taken to render all the engines of the ship available in any case of emergency, such as a leak or collision.

It may be taken, then, that up to the present time, or at least up to the time when the plans had to be settled, the *Inflexible* is a very complete and redoubtable instrument of war. Still it must not be forgotten that it is only an instrument, and that it requires intelligent and practical persons to work it. An addle-headed giant is, after all, a poor creature; and the best ships in the world may be a source of weakness rather than of strength if manned by scratch crews of insufficient numbers and demoralized by a cruise being turned into a party of pleasure, and commanded by an admiral who is afraid to give intelligible orders in a fog, and simply trusts to Providence till he himself gets to port, leaving his ships to any fate that may overtake them, in utter ignorance of their movements, and by captains who do not know, or are indifferent to, their duties. Recent disasters have supplied a forcible lesson on the danger of officers dozing over their work or indulging in self-confident recklessness; and unfortunately these are faults which have been not only condoned, but encouraged, by the Admiralty of the day. We have read before now very pretty accounts of the mechanical perfection of the various ironclads, and, to a certain extent, this perfection has no doubt been attained. The *Vanguard* was lost, not because she was badly constructed, but because she was stupidly commanded; and the *Iron Duke* ran into her consort, and afterwards nearly committed suicide, because she had incompetent and careless people to look after her. You may have the most perfect instrument in the world, but, if you put it into the hands of a fool, he will probably cut his fingers or wound a friend. It may be doubted whether the facilities which improved mechanical science has afforded for working ships had not have a deteriorating effect both on the prompt skill and on the habits of attention which formerly distinguished the service. It was certainly not owing to mere mechanical pre-eminence that the English fleets of other days gained their glorious reputation. It used to be the pride of men like NELSON to win victories with any kind of rotten old tub, and to make up by professional genius, alertness, and daring for the deficiencies of their ships. Nowadays, under Mr. WARD HUNT's administration, officers in high places are encouraged to make themselves purely ornamental persons, and are assured beforehand that the Admiralty will always take care to supply a scapegoat of inferior rank. The figure of an incapable FIRST LORD cast a dark and ominous shadow the other day on the launch of the *Inflexible*.

INTERNAL DEVELOPMENTS OF AMERICAN RELIGION.

WE lately noticed the remarkable change which has taken place during the past century in the condition and relative numbers and importance of the various religious communions in North America. These external changes naturally suggest a further inquiry as to the internal causes from which they spring. Such an inquiry derives a peculiar interest from the circumstance, to which we then called attention, that, since the conversion of the Empire, no Christian country can be found in which religious questions have been left to work themselves out with so little interference from the civil power. "A fair field and no favour" has been the professed and, to a large extent, the actual policy of the United States Government in its dealings with rival denominations; and it is something more than a matter of mere idle curiosity to watch the result, which can hardly be said altogether to conform to what the warmest advocates of that system would anticipate or desire. Amid the varying shades of Protestant Christianity represented in the American religion of a century ago—and there was no other Christianity worth taking into account—there was exceedingly little variety in points of speculative belief. The rival, or rather neighbouring, Churches not only agreed to differ, but differed much less than they agreed. Their general tone was that of a stern, dogmatic Calvinism. The most superficial acquaintance with American religionists in our own day would suffice to prove how complete has been the revolution in this respect. How far this reaction is connected with political changes is too wide a question for merely parenthetical discussion. But it has often been observed—if we remember rightly, by Mr. Lecky among others—that Calvinism has a natural affinity to systems of political and religious despotism; and a striking illustration of that view may be found in the undoubted fact that the religious revolt against Calvinism in America coincided with the democratic revolt against the Conservative politics of the first founders of the Republic. One of the first effects of the altered tone of religious sentiment is seen in the formation of the large sect who have assumed, with questionable modesty, the designation of "Christians," and who now stand fifth in order of numerical strength, having no less than 3,500 churches. But still more significant is the enormous and rapid growth of Methodism, now ranking *facile princeps* among American denominations, with its 25,000 parishes, and seventy millions of Church property. For its attractive power lay in an uncompromising appeal from the religion of the intellect to the religion of the feelings. While Calvinism "lay intrenched in the outworks of the understanding," Methodism cared little for logical convictions or dogmatic forms; it lived in a world of spiritual ecstasy, and spoke direct to the heart, basing its assurance always on the inward witness, sometimes also on the audible voice, of the Divine Spirit. Yet it did not sink, like Quakerism, into a mere system of otiose contemplation, or what in Catholic mystics has been condemned under the name of Quietism. It preached, organized, laboured; its dominant passion and purpose was to save souls. One of its earliest apostles in America is said in the course of his forty-five years' ministry to have ridden twelve times the distance of the diameter of the earth. These men were for the most part unlettered enthusiasts, but they laid the foundations of what has now grown into a vast organization, with stately churches, colleges, schools of theology, a powerful periodical press, a learned ministry, and the largest following of any American communion.

To a certain extent a similar explanation may be given of the growth of the Baptist community, which still remains second on the list. For, in spite of their retention of a modified Calvinism, no religionists have shown so marked a contempt for the historical aspect of Christianity, or have more pertinaciously insisted on "the Bible, and the Bible only," as the sole rule of faith. And so far it fell in with the prevalent tendency to substitute a religion of sentiment for a religion of dogmatic forms. Even among the Congregationalists a Transcendental school sprang up, who built on Coleridge's maxim that "Christianity is not a theory or speculation, but a living process." And accordingly at the Congregationalist Council held at Boston in 1865 it was found impossible to agree upon any doctrinal confession. Another side of this same tendency to a sentimental rather than a doctrinal system of religion found expression in an æsthetic and quasi-ritualistic revival, which at first sight seems hardly to harmonize with it. That

stained windows and choral services, and surpliced choirs and crosses, and the restoration of the altar to its original position on an elevated platform at the east end of the church, should gradually become the rule in the Episcopal communion was natural enough, for it was only a return to its own earlier traditions. It is more curious to detect a similar movement in bodies priding themselves on their exclusively Protestant character, and whose traditional precedents were all the other way. Yet "the pealing organ" began to be heard in Baptist and Methodist churches glowing with "a dim religious light," and choirs—not always even eschewing "the rag of Popery"—sang services which would have sounded strange indeed in the ears of Jonathan Edwards or the Pilgrim Fathers. But this is only one side of the picture. Contemporaneously with the pietistic reaction against Calvinism, and as an immediate result of political causes, there arose a decided impulse towards strong ecclesiastical organization. There are no doubt a great many religious bodies in America, though not probably so many as in England. But the general tendency of American Christianity has been, and is, not towards an indefinite multiplication of sects, but rather to a crystallization round a few dominant and clearly ascertained types of belief. In no country in Europe, Catholic or Protestant, is the Church left so completely untrammelled by State interference, and nowhere, accordingly, have the great religious bodies so effectually asserted an independent power and position of their own. When the Revolution was over, they found themselves left to their own devices, and began at once in good earnest to improve the occasion. The Presbyterians were the first to act, and, before the Federal Government had come into full operation, their Constitution was organized in the form it still retains. It follows from what has been said that, instead of disestablishment serving to merge religious distinctions, as is sometimes oddly assumed, the result of throwing rival communions on their own internal resources produces a precisely opposite effect. It brings their distinctive principles more prominently into play. This may be most aptly illustrated from the history of that one of the American communions which for many of our readers will have the most immediate interest.

When the "Protestant Episcopal Church" of America first started on its independent course, a small and insignificant sect, deprived of the civil support and prestige to which it had been accustomed, outnumbered by all the principal Protestant bodies, and labouring under a dead weight of inherited unpopularity, its aims were unambitious and its policy tame enough. Its chief characteristic was an unimpeachable respectability. One of its first bishops was noted for being "dignified without animation"; another for his "unusually slow and deliberate pronunciation"; a third for a style of preaching "rather moral than Evangelical." At the same time, those prelates, who lacked the civil rank and influence of their brethren in England, were fain, as far as possible, to sink the characteristic claims of their episcopal office, and Bishop White looked favourably on a scheme for union with the Methodists. It was not till the beginning of the present century—but still a good thirty years before the commencement of the Tractarian revival in England—that a change passed over the spirit of what was no longer merely a despised and struggling Church. In his *Companion to the Altar* and *Apology for Apostolic Order* Hobart laid the foundations of a different and more distinctive system both in doctrine and devotion; and his elevation to the episcopate gave him the opportunity of asserting his principles in a more authoritative manner, when he openly condemned co-operation with outlying religious bodies, and denounced the Bible Society on the express ground that the differences between Christians are not "on points subordinate and non-essential only." Within the course of another generation his principles came to be generally accepted, and the informant on whom we have chiefly relied, and who is evidently an acute observer, remarks that "the decided growth of the Episcopal Church dates from the period when it clearly enunciated its distinctive theory." It is of course only the natural sequel from this that, while religious men in all communions have protested against "the 'Evangelical' heresy that the normal state of the Church Universal is a state of schism," the unrestricted liberty of ecclesiastical action in the United States has been so far from leading to any amalgamation on the basis of what is sometimes vaguely termed "our common Christianity," that it has helped to sharpen the distinctions of faith and discipline. It is obvious that under these conditions a new class of questions must inevitably emerge between Church and State, notwithstanding the professed principle of entire separation; and with a brief notice of this point we must conclude.

We have already seen that the Roman Catholic Church has risen almost from nonentity to become the fourth largest in numbers, and in wealth the second, among religious bodies in America. This increase is, however, mainly due to the rush of Catholic immigrants from Europe, and it seems doubtful whether it has even kept pace with the immigration. Be that as it may, the Catholic body has become a very powerful one, and it has now thrown down the gauntlet to the State on a question which is at this moment the standing difficulty of more than one European Government. As long ago as 1840 the Roman Catholic authorities demanded the withdrawal of the Protestant Bible from the course of instruction in the public schools; but the real controversy was felt on both sides to turn, not so much on the reading of a few verses from a translation unauthorized by the Church, as on the deeper question of secular or denominational education. There seems to be no adequate reason for assuming that the opposition to the present Public School system is based on any covert hostility to the political institutions of America generally, and Catholics may be credited with quite sense enough to be aware of the almost unexampled facilities secured to them under that Constitution, of which they have not been at all slow to take advantage. The question, however, has now become a burning one, and three parties, mutually antagonistic, are organized or engaged in organizing themselves with a view to pressing their demands on the Federal Legislature. The Roman Catholics, as is natural, demand the abolition of the existing system and the apportionment of the education fund between the different religious bodies according to their numerical strength. The Protestant party, desiring to avert the entire secularization of the school system and to maintain the reading of the Bible, and feeling their position to be a precarious one under a Constitution which professedly excludes all official recognition of religion, desire a change which may give it a distinctively Christian—by which they mean distinctively Protestant—character. They accordingly propose the insertion of a clause in the preamble of the Constitution, expressing "a national recognition of Almighty God," of Christ, and of the Bible. An agitation for this purpose was set on foot in 1863. On the other hand, the secular party demand such a reform in the Constitution as may distinctly eliminate all such religious "survivals of a pre-national period" as it still exhibits. There are nine points in their programme, which is too long to quote here, and it includes, of course, the abolition of Bible-reading in the schools, as well as the absolute refusal of public funds for any "sectarian" purpose whatever, whether charitable, educational, or other, and of all enforcement of the observance of Sunday or of "Christian morality"—as distinct from "natural morality"—in any shape. Both these parties last named would be agreed in their resistance to the Catholic claim, but they are directly at issue with each other. On the whole, after the American experiment has been for a century on its trial, we may certainly say, with a writer already quoted, that "he would be a very bold or a very thoughtless man who would venture to affirm that the ideal of Catholic unity has been reached in this system of 'strenuously competing sects,' or that the problem of Church and State has received a final solution in remitting public worship to voluntary support."

THE SPARE ROOM.

A YOUNG couple setting up house in the country, however small may be their income and however limited the number of their servants, never dream of denying themselves the convenience of a spare room. The expense of receiving an occasional visitor is trifling; the ordinary domestic arrangements are scarcely disturbed; it is a treat to see a fresh face at the dinner-table, and pleasant to have a chat with some one outside the small circle of home and its neighbourhood. Time is sometimes rather a drug, particularly in the evening; so the hours spent in lounging about the garden in the moonlight are not regretted. The lady of the house has probably a basket carriage in which she can take her friends short excursions through the cool green lanes. The few pleasures within reach are not costly; there are no new books which must be read and returned to Mudie. Having tea out of doors is often sufficient excitement for a whole afternoon, and blackberry-gathering for another. Wet mornings are spent in looking out suitable extracts for the penny readings, or in knitting comforters for the old men in the village. The hostess feels herself quite under an obligation to the visitors who bring a little change into her quiet home. She knows it is only affection which induces them to come and stay with her. But in London the case is widely different. To busy people of moderate wealth the acknowledged possession of a spare room represents an income-tax of several shillings in the pound. It means to be forced to take in lodgers all the year round who do not pay, but who expect as much attention as if they were in an American hotel—to be obliged, not only to supply them with free quarters, but to amuse, advise, chaperon, perhaps even nurse and bury them. When one of the squire's many daughters marries her cousin in the Bluetape Office and they establish themselves in a tolerably comfortable, if single-brick, house at Kensington, they agree that their income does not allow much margin for hospitality. It would be unwise to start a guest-chamber, which in all probability would never be empty. In consequence of this sensible decision the servants are comfortably established in separate rooms, none of them in the region of the cellars or black-beetles. The master of the house has a roomy, well-appointed dressing-room, a cosy study, and even a den in which he may make a mess with shavings or collodion. The lady of the house rejoices in a little corner cupboard where she can puzzle undisturbed over the weekly bills, and write home letters descriptive of her happiness and her husband's extraordinary popularity amongst his new relations. The servants she represents as perfect treasures; but as the cook has had no opportunity of displaying her ignorance, because the young couple have dined out nearly every day, and as the housemaid has had an unlimited number of evenings to devote to her young man, this is not so very surprising. That such a state of things should go on for ever is perhaps scarcely desirable, but there is little chance of it, for one afternoon the bride's brother arrives unexpectedly from Calcutta. Accustomed, like all Anglo-Indians,

to give and receive unbounded hospitality, he never dreams of going to an hotel, but, collecting his innumerable traps, and a perfect menagerie of birds and beasts, drives at once to his sister's house. She is at a concert, but he stacks his portmanteaus in the hall, takes the monkeys to the kitchen, and hides himself in the drawing-room to surprise his sister when she returns home. The young wife screams as some one, not her husband, darts out from behind the portière and clasps her in his arms, and then half cries with delight to see the youngster who used to be the plague of her life grown into a handsome bearded man. Of course he is quite right to be sure that she can take him in; the fatted calf is immediately killed; the cook improvises for dinner an extra dish which she fondly believes to be a Madras curry, the table-maid gives an additional polish to the spoons, and a bottle of champagne makes its appearance from the cellar. Some sort of shakedown is arranged in the dressing-room, probably composed of a small iron bed, with an arm-chair at the foot to lengthen it, for six feet three does not repose comfortably on a six-feet stretcher. The owner of the elaborately arranged dressing-room good-naturedly rigs himself up a temporary establishment in the greenhouse, knocks in a nail on which to hang his wife's hand-glass, and is content to use the watering-pot for his chamber-jug. There is some little difficulty about tubbing; but it is easy to solve such difficulties amongst relations, and the brothers-in-law become all the sooner intimate from being obliged to be companions of the bath. Of course slippers, studs, clothes-brushes, button-hooks, collars, and neckties are all hopelessly mislaid; but at last a very happy trio sit down together at the breakfast-table. The only misfortune of the day is that the young husband misses his train, and arrives too late at his office.

The reason why so many people living in London avoid having a spare room is not because they do not wish to take in a friend, but because they find it impossible to protect themselves from acquaintances they dislike. And this is the case with our young couple. The thin edge of the wedge once introduced, their house is turned by a little audacity into a cheap and pleasant hotel. Soon comes a letter, full of the most lively affection, from an aunt by no means beloved in the family. She is delighted to hear what a charming *bijou* of a house her dear niece has got, and is longing to have the delight of watching how she does the honours of her own table. Besides, she is dying to become better acquainted with a nephew of whom she everywhere hears the most flattering descriptions. Could her dear niece find any little corner for her, no matter where, in the garrets, on a sofa, or a mattress on the floor? The poor innocent young couple have not strength of mind to risk a quarrel by saying No, and they cannot plead not having a corner after taking their brother in; so they tender an unwilling hospitality, with what grace they can muster, and prepare to make the best of circumstances. Again the dressing-room has to be turned upside down and the boots, brushes, and razors removed, this time to a comfortless closet under the stairs, in which it is impossible to turn round. The victim has not now the consolation of giving up his comforts for the sake of a fellow who is at least good company and with whom he can have a comfortable smoke after dinner. Then, too, it is almost impossible to give an elderly lady of vast proportions a small emigrant bedstead on which to lay her portly form; so a more imposing structure of brass has to be purchased, as well as a hanging wardrobe in which to stow away the new dresses which she has come to town to buy. The result is that a very considerable cheque has to be drawn, and that the dressing-room is promoted to the dignity of a guest-chamber. The aunt arrives; there is much display of enthusiastic affection amidst the pile of boxes and other litter that block the narrow hall, the passage, and the stairs, whilst in the background looms helpless and unprovided for an unexpected addition in the shape of a French maid. But, unabashed, the self-invited visitor explains that she has brought Frisette with her, and hopes her dear niece does not mind, and that if there is no cupboard in which she can be put, they will now go out and look for a room in the neighbourhood. She found that she really had so much to do and was so easily knocked up when without proper attendance, that Frisette in the long run would save trouble; besides, it was necessary to let her see the fashions at least once a year. By and by the husband returns. For the first time he does so almost reluctantly, and no wonder, for the evening drags along wearily in convulsive attempts at conversation. The host and hostess, obliged to lay aside their usual occupations, and not even able to talk freely to each other, are compelled to listen with an appearance of interest to tiresome details of all the commissions which have to be executed, and to the anticipated horrors of the dentist's back parlour. Meantime, Frisette has been giving herself airs downstairs and teaching the servants to be above their places and discontented with their food. She has observed divers shortcomings of management, and picked up numberless pieces of gossip, which will be duly retailed and exaggerated to her mistress, who will thus be prepared to give hints and good advice to her puzzled and distracted hostess. Eventually the day arrives on which it has been arranged that the unwelcome visitors are to take their departure. The master of the house, with natural politeness, says as many civil things as he can possibly force his tongue to utter, as he bids good-by after breakfast. All through the day's work visions of the quiet happy evening awaiting him pass before his eyes. He indulges in a hansom to reach home half an hour sooner, and then finds that the conventional regrets he expressed in the morning with so much difficulty have been taken advantage of, and that his house still remains in the hands of the enemy.

After several ineffectual struggles against their fate, the young couple are finally obliged to succumb, and to allow their spare room to become as much public property as if it were in the Great Western Hotel. The old clergyman from Stoneshire comes to look for a curate, and numerous seedily dressed men of the most repulsive appearance occupy the drawing-room during the afternoons. An elderly, hungry-looking Irishman arrives at luncheon-time, and it is impossible for the kind-hearted young hostess, with her country ideas, not to ask him to share it. It seems to her that no reasonable being wants a curacy, and that the old vicar will have to stay for ever looking for one. Happily, he is recalled because no one can be found to take his Sunday duty, and he is replaced by a lady in search of a governess. Before inviting herself, she had put in an advertisement to clinch matters, and prevent the possibility of being refused. The hall door bell now rings all day long, and the servants are fully occupied in showing candidates upstairs and out again. Letters have to be posted at every hour of the day and night, and that in the district office, as country people have a prejudice against pillar-boxes and fancy the contents are never delivered. The parlourmaid falls ill and the housemaid gives warning; the cook, who is dishonest and incompetent, remains. Now comes a letter from two pretty lively girls, saying that, if their dear cousin would only take them in for a few weeks, they would have "such fun," and would promise not to give one bit of trouble, as their aunt will chaperon them everywhere. All they want is bed and breakfast like a City clerk; but bed means returning at three o'clock every morning, and breakfast means a separate meal at half-past ten, which the lady of the house has to see after herself, otherwise the day's work would never be got through by the servants. One of the girls becomes engaged, and her mother sends the hostess a hamper of cabbages. Without any warning two schoolboys next arrive; scarlatina has broken out at the college and their baby brother at home is in measles. Naturally they are not in the least afflicted, and prepare to enjoy themselves thoroughly. One or two bolstering matches leave more feathers in the corners of the room than in the pillows, but the best part, the down, flies out of the windows. The carved ivory paper-knives make capital shoeing-horns, and do not last too long; the best use to make of ink is to spill it, and it is quite necessary to have a couple of squirts to amuse themselves with in the morning while waiting for breakfast. If the schoolboys are mischievous, the helpless widow who comes up on business is almost more intolerable. She asks advice upon every subject under the sun, from how to invest her money down to the proper kind of boot-laces to get for Harry. She never has the correct address of any person she wishes to go and see, or of any shop at which she wants to make purchases, nor can she ever muster the difference between Oxford Circus and Piccadilly Circus, or between King's Cross and Charing Cross. She sends in countless parcels "to be paid on delivery," but invariably forgets to leave the money for them. Every cabman she hires receives an umbrella in addition to his fare; and many a fruitless inquiry has to be made at Scotland Yard.

When the season is over the young couple awake to the startling fact that, owing to some mysterious dispensation of Providence, not one of their particular friends has slept a night in the house. The guest-chamber, always full, has been entirely occupied by people for whom they do not care in the least, and whom they never would have dreamed of asking. Indeed, now they think of it, they are not conscious of having invited a single creature. The girl whose never absent lover bored them to death was certainly not asked, nor yet the old lady who put tracts in their boots, and insisted on evening prayers. The Spiritualist who took unto himself seven other spirits, and who broke the leg of their best oak table, was self-invited; so was the lady who kept her room for a week while a new set of teeth was being prepared for her, and then for another week trying some cosmetic, which turned out disastrously and prevented her appearance to the outer world. The little bride saw too much of her, as she was compelled to read aloud by the firelight for her entertainment. What a blessing it is to be able at last to shut up house and go away for a run, and to have found an honest charwoman to take charge of everything! But there is no peace even yet for the doomed spare room. The young lady whose visit in the spring turned out such a signal success is now going to be married, and writes to say she is sure her dear cousin will allow her to bring mamma up to order the trousseau. They do not in the least mind that there are no servants or that the kitchen is being whitewashed. They will bring their own maid and man, who can do everything. The unhappy possessors of this popular house groan in spirit, but they are as helpless against an experienced woman of the world as they were against the girl who came to get music lessons and made life unendurable with the exercises she sang all day long out of tune. But perhaps their troubles have one good effect. The husband absolutely welcomes with effusion the mother-in-law, the monthly nurse, and the baby, who effectually put an end to the existence of the spare room.

KEBLE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

THE completion of the chapel of Keble College, Oxford, is an incident of which, whatever his own views may be, no candid man can deny the importance, whether he looks upon it in its

academic, its ecclesiastical, or its architectural relations. It is ten years since John Keble died—for some portion of his life a resident Fellow, but for a longer one a country vicar—and his name and memory are already living at Oxford in a foundation which, both by the buildings raised or contracted for, and by the body of students who already use those buildings, has made its position good among the foremost colleges. This fact is very significant as to Keble's own character and influence; but it is perhaps even more significant as to the power and tenacity of the principles of which his whole career was a proclamation, with the incidental and personal result of that career ending neither in close, deanery, nor palace, but in the vicarage of a living of which the patron had been his own pupil. There was no external compulsion to found a college in Oxford, or elsewhere, in his honour; on the contrary, the idea was, in many ways, risky. The money might not be forthcoming; the University of Oxford might repudiate the new comer; or the expected undergraduates might refuse the invitation. Any untoward accident might have marred the whole undertaking. These dangers have, however, all been so completely overcome by the simple process of going on in disregard of them, that the worst ill fortune of which Keble College can now complain is that it is not proof against a mildly invidious refrain of criticism, as "one-sided," "partisan," and so forth. This opposition rests no doubt upon a substratum of material fact; for it is certain that, while the Oxford of the last half-century has been successively the head-quarters of strongly defined and antagonistic parties, only one of these parties has struck out the idea of putting its hands into its own pockets in order, at its own expense, to create its own college; while the invention of other parties has been limited to reshaping those existing colleges for which preceding ages paid, and to criticizing the motives and the results of the Keble experiment. We shall not examine the cheap living and high teaching which are, so we are told, the special feature of the adventure; for our present object is to call attention to the very conspicuous addition made, by the singular munificence of a donor who did not live to see it completed, to the Keble pile, of which this week has witnessed the opening. It was in order to appreciate the idea which dominated this offering that we have referred to the phenomenon of such a college having been created in so brief a time, and in honour of a man whose characteristic excellence was the absolute opposite of popularity seeking.

Keble College Chapel, with its conspicuous height, is not only the leading feature of the whole body of buildings, but it has brought the lower ranges which hitherto composed the college into an intelligible order, to the detriment of much criticism which has been offered, in forgetfulness that a quadrangle which has been composed with the intention of contrasting the massive bulks of Chapel, Hall, and Library with the more humble proportions appropriate to a series of students' lodgings must, so long as only the latter are in existence, look low and mean. Tuesday not only saw the Chapel opened, but the first stone laid of a library and hall of equivalent dimensions, due to anonymous generosity, which are to occupy the still unfinished side of the quadrangle. When these are completed, no doubt the artistic estimate formed of the composition as it now presents itself will have again to be reformed. The criticism of the material adopted remains, and in this we recognize both a right and a wrong. The objections which have been raised, after the experiences of the perishable nature of Oxford stone, to the use of red brick were idle prejudice, and no good reason could be given for refusing to relieve, as was common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the dominant hue with occasional patterns of other colours. But Mr. Butterfield has certainly raised what should have been an accessory into a leading characteristic, and has, by the repeated streaks and chevrons of white bricks—a material unknown to our ancestors—much imperilled the scholarlike sobriety which belongs to our characteristic collegiate architecture when carried out in red brick by builders like those of Queen's College, Cambridge, of the second court of St. John's, and of Magdalen, since its restoration. Time of course will help to mellow this party colouring, and we hope for compensation in the more chastened treatment of materials in the Hall and Library. Keble Chapel is built in general conformity with the middle or Edwardian style of Gothic, and upon an exceedingly simple plan, consisting of a parallelogram with a recess or small transept for the organ on the south, and of a porch open to the interior at the western extremity of the same side. This apartment is boldly groined, and wears an aspect of stately spaciousness in excess of its absolute dimensions. It is about as broad, though not so long, as Guildhall, London; but we do not suppose that any one who had seen the two would suppose that it was the smaller chamber. Before we examine the decorations we have a word to say upon its general arrangements. A college chapel, as any one conversant with ecclesiastical architecture is well aware, has its own distinctive plan, correlative to, but widely distinguishable from, that of a parish church. The latter comprises a nave for worshippers with seats looking eastward, and a chancel or choir for the immediate ministers, with stalls or seats facing each other, and ranging lengthways down the building. In a college the members—both Fellows or tutors and students—are treated, at all events while at worship, as a religious corporation; so the nave of the parish church shrinks into an ante-chapel, which is either kept empty for musterings and other uses for which such an open area is found to be peculiarly convenient, or lent for the worship of strangers and dependents. On the other hand, the longer space of the building, representing the chancel and parted from the ante-chapel by some screen, is known as the "chapel" proper, and is fitted lengthways with the seats which the members of the house occupy; the stalls of the chief officers, like those of the dean and sub-dean in a cathedral, being returned to the westward. This arrangement is not only most consonant with traditionary practice, but is found by practical disciplinarians to be peculiarly convenient, from the otherwise unattainable opportunity which it gives them of enfilading their younger charges. Accordingly the modern chapels of Exeter College and of St. John's, Cambridge, by Sir Gilbert Scott, as well as of Balliol and St. Augustine's, Canterbury, by Mr. Butterfield himself, not to mention those of many schools, are arranged upon the old plan. At Keble College, however, the architect has unfortunately been persuaded to abandon the collegiate plan and—at the sacrifice of any ante-chapel—to lay out his area like an ordinary church with a nave for undergraduates seated crossways, a chancel beyond for the choir, and of course the sanctuary at the east end. We shall accordingly forget that we are dealing with a college chapel, and criticize the building as one more new church.

As such, it is decidedly successful in reproducing the minster type within a single and unbroken hall. The minster, as we have had often to insist, presents in its full development the triple arrangement of arcade, triforium, and clerestory, and is most perfect when the roof is groined. At Keble Chapel the triple effect is given by a lofty wall arcading, a range of recessed panels above, and then the windows, which may be treated as, internally at all events, a clerestory, the east and west windows standing at the same height. The wall arcading, with its frequent slender shafts and foliated heads of white stone, is a graceful feature in itself; and we regret that, out of regard to its vertical feeling, the architect had not forborne to employ his favourite decoration of longitudinal particoloured stripes of bricks and pattern-bearing stone. The *motif* of this is obviously to bring out the continuity of the wall lying behind the arcading, but the result is to jar against the vertical effect of the composition. Besides, why should we be reminded that the wall behind an internal arcading is continuous, when the intention of such a feature is to create a series of spaces each suitable for its independent treatment within the architectural framework? The triforium-like panels are filled with a series of Scriptural pictures, presenting Old and New Testament events, in type and antitype executed by a process of mosaic which Mr. Butterfield has the credit of having worked out, its speciality being that, as it is made up of much larger tesserae than Venetian and other similar mosaics, so it is both more easy and cheaper to produce. The surface is somewhat rough, but this is, at the height at which it is here employed, not at all a detriment, while the general effect, where the picture does not catch the light, is curiously like that of tapestry. In fully recognizing the general effectiveness of this series of pictures, as well as the material value of the new process, we wish that more attention had been paid to the anatomical modelling of the figures. These are days of criticism, and the less the eye is tempted to exercise that faculty the more cheerfully will the mind take in the teaching which such representations are intended to convey. The lofty reredos of alabaster, with its white marble cross, is one of the most effective features of the building. The series of mosaic pictures is carried round the west and east ends, the central point to the east over the altar being a quatrefoil containing a large sitting figure of Our Lord in "majesty." The general posture is stately, but the effect is certainly impaired both by the dull red of the dress and by the heavy yellow of the aureole behind. This was the point at which Mr. Butterfield might well have made an eclectic use of that gold mosaic which the modern Venetian masters have inherited from the older system, for an aureole in real glass-gold mosaic would have lighted up the whole east end, and given value by the contrast to the subdued tones of all the remaining subjects. The feature of the chapel which is least satisfactory is certainly the painted glass of the east window. The defects of drawing which the heavy wooden figures exhibit are relieved by no harmonious sparkle of colour, for crude unbalanced patches of red and yellow arrest the eye, while the curiously alternated blues and yellows of the lowest portion are cruelly conspicuous. This is the more to be regretted as we have glass-painters from whose studios far different work would have proceeded.

As we have indicated, the chapel soars outside with conspicuous boldness over the other college buildings. Its plan necessitated the gabled porch jutting out from the extreme western part of the south side, and the result of this is that a too sharp vertical line is produced when the elevation is seen at full face. A projecting oriel or turret at the corner would have harmonized the over-abrupt juncture.

SIGNOR ROSSI.

"AMLETO," tragedy in *six* acts, by William Shakspeare, "tradotta e ridotta per la scena Italiana da C. Rusconi," has been performed by Signor Rossi. It is perhaps of little matter whether the play is arranged in five acts or in six; but we may fairly find fault with whoever is responsible for the production of Signor Rusconi's text and the English version printed side by side with it. The simple method of printing Shakspeare's lines as if they were prose has been for the most part adopted; but here and there Shakspeare's words are improved upon, and there occur startling discrepancies between the Italian and the English

text. For instance, "Io, si, e con me Marcello," becomes "A piece of him, and Marcellus also"; and "Era un uomo perfetto" is rendered by "He was a man take him for all in all"; the rest of the well-known passage is omitted. In other places the compiler of the book has shown a sudden and laudable desire to disregard Shakspeare in order to follow the Italian version exactly. Thus, in the ghost scene, "Shall I strike at it with my partisan?" becomes "Debbo dargli sulla testa?" and appears again in the English text as "Shall I knock him on the head?" to which Horatio replies, "Yes, do." We may also fairly object to having tradesmen's advertisements thrust under our eyes at the end of each act. For such inconveniences as these, however, Signor Rossi is of course not responsible, and they cannot affect his performance.

Signor Rossi is an undoubtedly ingenious actor, and his ingenuity has been shown as much in the great difference between his first and second renderings of Hamlet as in anything else. On his first appearance he was suffering severely from a cold, and every allowance had to be made for the difficulties to which he was unwilling to yield. But the extravagances which marked his first performance can hardly have been the effect of a cold; and we may either suppose that they were toned down on the second occasion in consequence of what was said about them in the press, or that the actor is anxious to show himself capable of playing the same character in different ways. It was said in Paris that Signor Rossi gave out that he never knew, when he went on the scene, how he was going to represent the character he played; and if this is his method, any amount of variation in his performances is of course to be expected. Whether the method is a good one or not is another question. Certain main features in both the first and the second performance of Signor Rossi as Hamlet were, however, necessarily the same. As far as one can judge of an actor's conception of a character from what he does with it on the stage, Signor Rossi seems to have settled very definitely the question whether Hamlet were really mad or not, and represents him as a dangerous lunatic through a great part of the play. Again, on neither of Signor Rossi's appearances was there much excuse to be found for Ophelia's belief that Hamlet was the glass of fashion and the mould of form: there was not a trace either of a prince's dignity or a courtier's grace, and there were but few indications of a noble mind. On the other hand, it must be admitted that what the actor sets himself to do he does thoroughly; and from his conduct in the scene with his mother it was more easy to understand her alarm than it has been in the case of players of Hamlet who have retained more temperance in the midst of passion. Signor Rossi's gesture has all the freedom which one expects from a distinguished Italian actor: but it has the great defect of monotony; for the expression of great excitement he relies alternately upon ruffling and pulling his hair, and upon striking an attitude with both arms outstretched above his head. There is a want of variety also in his elocution, which in long speeches is apt to be decidedly tiresome; he counteracts its dulness by employing a device which seldom fails to command applause. This device, a sudden change from a stilted to a familiar tone, and from a slow to a rapid utterance, may on some occasions be employed with good effect; but by constant use it degenerates into a mere trick. Having said thus much of the general impression produced by Signor Rossi's method, we may go on to consider his performance of Hamlet in more detail.

His appearance in the first act, when, from the arrangement of the stage as well as from the importance of his character, he is the figure which at once attracts attention, is marked by an intense gloom, which nothing lightens or varies for a moment. His reception of Horatio, "I know you are no truant," is so profoundly melancholy that he seems to be mourning for his friend's industrious disposition, and even the excitement of hearing that his father's ghost has appeared hardly makes a break in the monotony of his despair. When the Ghost appears to him, however, he displays a good deal of excitement; so much that, when it has disappeared, he falls flat on the ground and speaks part of the ensuing speech in that position. The words "There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark but he's an arrant knave" are not given in Signor Rossi's version, and "You'll reveal it," in answer to Horatio's demand for the Ghost's news, becomes merely "Non posso." Part of the address to the fellow in the cellarage is, however, retained, and delivered with sufficient wildness; but, oddly enough, it is to the Ghost, not to Horatio and Marcellus, that the command to shift the ground is addressed. The curtain falls upon Hamlet administering the oath of secresy to Marcellus and Horatio.

In the scene of the second act with Polonius Signor Rossi shows an appreciation of Hamlet's ironical humour, but he gives it a strange element of savagery; and through this act there are various departures from its ordinary business which appear unreasonable. Polonius's "Still harping on my daughter" is addressed to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and it is not of the player but of Hamlet that the words "Look whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in 's eyes" are spoken. The final soliloquy is delivered with considerable strength, but the appeal to the audience is far too obvious when the actor at "O—O—Vendetta" comes down to the footlights and stands in his favourite posture with his arms spread out; and throughout the speech there is too much beating on the head and tearing of the hair. The scene with Ophelia is given, strangely enough, with a certain tameness, with the air of a man delivering a moral discourse rather than of one in great excitement. This, however, is interrupted at "Vostro padre è in casa?" after which Signor Rossi flings open the door at the back through which he has seen Polonius, and cries, presumably after his retreating figure, "Let the doors be shut upon him."

Perhaps the greatest difference between Signor Rossi's first and second performances has been observed in the play scene. On both occasions he kept up, in which there can be little doubt that he is right, a restless and excited demeanour; and on both occasions the actor's excessively tiresome habit of beginning and interrupting every one of his speeches with variously intonated exclamations of ah! and eh! was exhibited at its worst. On his first appearance, however, Signor Rossi adopted a very singular manner of expressing his triumph after the King's flight; he walked to the throne and sat down in it, kicking up both his legs in the air and clapping his hands wildly together. This action he judiciously omitted on his second appearance, when he also modified the remarkably hideous dress which he at first wore. Signor Rossi makes a departure which, whether wise or not, certainly attracts attention, from English traditions in the speech about the recorder, which he delivers without any appearance of excitement, handing the instrument back to Rosencrantz at the end of the speech with a subdued laugh.

In the scene between Hamlet and his mother both Signor Rossi's best and worst qualities are brought out strongly. It is difficult to admire the brutality with which he drags her about the stage and tears the King's miniature from her to stamp on it with wild fury; and one cannot but think the skill of gesture with which he imitates the birds and "the famous ape," in one of the speeches generally omitted, misplaced. On the other hand, the entreaty to his mother to repent was given with true feeling. In the graveyard scene Signor Rossi's discourse over the skull was marked by the same dulness and air of preaching which we have before observed, and there was a want of passion in the struggle with Laertes. The actor's performance in the last scene had, as far as execution went, a good deal of merit. The arrangement of the scene is curious. Before the fencing assault there are two speeches inserted, which we will give in the English version:—

> Horatio (to Hamlet). My lord, please do not.
> Hamlet. My friend, honour compels me, but if I am betrayed none will enjoy my death.

Thus Hamlet is evidently prepared for the treachery upon which he afterwards so loudly exclaims. When Laertes succeeds in touching Hamlet the prince disarms him and offers him his own foil. Then comes this dialogue:—

> Laertes. Why, you give me your foil.
> Hamlet. Yes.
> Laertes. I am lost.

When Laertes has told Hamlet the story of the plot, the prince rushes on the King, and, shortening his hold on the foil, stabs him with a backhanded blow, after which he stands over him and compels him to drink what remains in the poisoned goblet. The meekness with which the King, who is not so disabled that he cannot stand up, submits to this is remarkable; perhaps he felt that, as he was wounded to death, it mattered little whether he drank the poison or not. Hamlet, having completed this business, staggers to the throne and dies, prophesying the reign of Fortinbras in a speech which, it may be observed, is omitted in the published version.

We have said nothing of the other actors concerned with Signor Rossi in the performance of *Hamlet*, and beyond the fact that they knew their parts there is nothing to be said about them. It seems to us that Signor Rossi himself might do wisely to appear in some strong melodramatic part. He would undoubtedly make his performances more acceptable if he would speak his words without the inarticulate cries which constantly disfigure his utterance.

THE RATIONALE OF MIRACLES.

THE time has evidently arrived when Christian apologists must review their position in regard to miracles. The revolution which has taken place within the last few years in the domain of physical science, if in some respects it makes the defence of miracles easier, renders at the same time a change of front absolutely inevitable. Some of the old arguments have become not only obsolete, but mischievous, and even those which are sound must be recast in order to bring them into harmony with the changed aspect which nature presents to the scientific eye in the light of recent discoveries, that of evolution in particular. This has been enforced so strikingly in an article on miracles in the new number of the *Church Quarterly Review*, that we make no apology to our readers for calling attention to it.

The first thing to be done in such a review as we have suggested is to disencumber the defence of miracles of arguments which are clearly untenable. And we will begin with one which the writer of the article, probably for want of space, dismisses in a short paragraph, and which can claim among its advocates some great names—among the rest that of Dr. Mozley; we mean the distinction sought to be established between the miracles of Scripture and what are called ecclesiastical miracles. We have no objection at all to the rejection of any or all of the so-called ecclesiastical miracles on their merits. What we object to, as utterly inadmissible from a logical point of view and ruinous as a matter of tactics, is the setting up of an arbitrary line on one side of which miracles are freely accepted, on the other rigidly excluded. Dr. Mozley, in his generally

clear and powerful argument for miracles, lays down a number of tests by which, as he thinks, the miracles of Scripture may be distinguished from all others. But when these tests are examined they prove to be quite illusory. Let us look at one or two of them. "Wildness," "puerile extravagance," "grotesqueness and absurdity" mark, he thinks, the class of non-Scriptural miracles. This is certainly true of some, perhaps of most, of the ecclesiastical miracles; but it is by no means true of all. On the other hand, these same tests supply the favourite objections of scepticism against several of the miracles of the Bible; such as the speaking of the serpent to Eve, and of the ass to Balaam; the transformation of the rod of Moses into a serpent, which devoured the transformed rods of the magicians and then returned to its former shape; the destruction of the children which mocked Elisha; and the resurrection of a corpse which had afterwards accidentally touched his lifeless bones. It is clear, therefore, that what looks like extravagance and absurdity cannot be admitted as a valid test, since it proves too much. Dr. Mozley, indeed, endeavours to get rid of this objection by contrasting "the quantity and the proportion" of "miracles of an eccentric type" recorded in ecclesiastical history with those of the same class recorded in the Bible. But is not this to forget the fact that the Bible miracles are merely an inspired selection out of a large mass of alleged miracles? Not to dwell on the miracles of the Apocryphal Gospels, the author of the Fourth Gospel states explicitly that the miracles recorded by himself are but a fractional part of those which he had witnessed. On the other hand, a selection might easily be made of post-apostolic miracles which would answer all Dr. Mozley's tests. It would be difficult, for example, to summon a witness more competent in every way to give satisfactory evidence as to any matter which fell within the range of his own experience than St. Augustine of Hippo. Now St. Augustine bears witness to the reality of several miracles which were alleged to have occurred in his neighbourhood during his lifetime; and he declares, in particular, that he beheld one of those miracles with his own eyes. Ambrose, Irenæus, and other great names bear similar testimony; and, if we summarily reject their evidence merely because it comes into collision with some arbitrary assumption of our own, we shall find it rather difficult, as the writer of the article in the *Church Quarterly Review* reminds us, to make any effective answer to the professed sceptic when he proposes to "carry the principle a little further, and deal in like manner with St. Paul." We repeat that we are not at present passing judgment on the character or credibility of any of the ecclesiastical miracles; we are only pointing out the unreasonableness and the danger of rejecting them in the lump, not on their merits, but in obedience to a canon of criticism which will not bear investigation. The anonymous author of *Supernatural Religion* and several other writers of repute have aimed at the miracles of the Bible, and with considerable effect, the arguments usually advanced against ecclesiastical miracles; a fact which illustrates the proverbial danger of playing with edged tools. It is better to admit frankly and at once the impossibility of laying down any criteria which shall include all the Biblical miracles and exclude all the ecclesiastical.

One of the most perplexing objections against miracles is the difficulty of distinguishing those which are of Divine origin from those which are the result of Satanic agency. Scripture admits the reality of the latter class as distinctly as that of the former, and it is therefore with considerable plausibility that the assailant of the doctrine of miracles urges the impossibility of accepting miraculous phenomena, granting their existence, as evidence of Divine intervention. May they not point, on the contrary, it is asked, to the intervention of an evil spirit? The writer of the article in the *Church Quarterly* admits that the author of *Supernatural Religion* "has here hit upon a weak point in our modern theology, and with great ingenuity has driven his attack home." The fact is that Calvinism has largely distorted, wherever it has prevailed, the features of the Christian faith, and among these distortions is its polemical use of the argument from miracles. In the Calvinistic system Christianity is narrowed down to the deliverance of a revelation from God to man. This He is supposed to have done some eighteen centuries ago; the Bible contains that revelation, and human redemption consists in the subjective apprehension and appropriation by man of the truths contained in the inspired volume. The sole *raison d'être* of miracles, therefore, is to attest the Divine origin of the revelation, and, having fulfilled this function, they naturally ceased with the close of the canon of Scripture. The Calvinist has thus an obvious reason for rejecting all post-apostolic miracles; but the result has been to throw on the doctrine of miracles a burden which that doctrine was never intended, and which it is in fact incompetent, to support. Miracles are thus isolated not only from all other acts of Divine Providence in nature, but even from the laws and rules of Divine action in the sphere of grace. They are in contradiction not merely to the course of nature, but quite as much to the course of the Divine action generally. This is the first distortion of the miracle by Calvinism; and the second consists in wrenching it from its true meaning and import. Its existence and significance are strictly limited to its evidential value. Unless it can be shown to be the Divine certificate of some revealed doctrine, a miracle is on Calvinistic principles simply incredible.

Of course the writer of the article in the *Church Quarterly Review* does not deny that miracles form, and were intended to form, an important element in the mass of evidence on which Christianity rests. What he does deny is that evidence is their primary purpose and chief end. The Resurrection of our Lord, for example, is one of the great arguments for the truth of his religion, and has constantly been appealed to as such by Christian apologists from St. Paul downwards. Yet the chief purpose of our Lord's resurrection was not to furnish credentials for the truth of his mission, but to regenerate humanity—a work in which his resurrection from the dead was a necessary link. The truth, however, is that, as the writer of the article has well expressed it, "we must look at revelation, not as a system of doctrines contained in an inspired book, but as a series of complex historical facts." "Christianity is a very complex historical fact, with a vast multiplicity of aspects"; and what we have to do therefore in sifting the evidence of its origin is to view it as a whole and sum up the general impression. If that impression shows that, regarded as an organized institution, it is on the whole, from first to last, on the side of whatever conduces to the honour of God and the happiness of man, then it is evident that it is from God, and it follows of course that its miracles must be from God also. This gets rid of the objection against miracles from the assumed impossibility of differentiating Divine miracles from those wrought by the agency of evil spirits. "It is not as attesting a message that a miracle has evidential value, but merely as one out of many elements in a complex historical fact." Our Lord, indeed, once or twice appealed to his miracles as evidencing the divinity of his mission; but it is remarkable that he invariably refused to work a miracle to convince his adversaries, and this when he was pointedly invited to do so. Nay, more, in the story of Dives and Lazarus he lays it down as a kind of theological axiom that miracles are of themselves insufficient to establish the reality of a spiritual world. "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." Miracles are thus seen to be only one element in the vast mass of proof which guarantees the Divine origin of Christianity, and Christianity is so completely opposed to the Devil's work that it would be irrational to suppose that Christian miracles could be the result of Satanic agency. This is, in fact, our Lord's own answer to a similar objection, when he pointed out the absurdity of supposing that the Devil would work miracles in favour of a system which was manifestly hostile to him.

But, if we are to reject their evidential character as the *differentia* of miracles, where shall we look for their characteristic mark? A miracle has been variously defined as "an infraction of the laws of nature," "an event contrary to the order of nature," "a suspension of the laws of nature," and the like. The writer of the article rejects all such definitions as untenable alike on theological and scientific grounds. Miracles can never be either a violation or suspension of any of the laws of nature. On the contrary, a miracle must of necessity postulate the order of nature as its correlate. Our Lord's walking on the sea implied the co-existence of the law of gravitation, for "gravity is an essential condition to the possibility of walking." The uninterrupted course of natural laws is, in fact, the physical basis on which the doctrine of miracles rests. But when we speak of "the order of nature," we must remember that the phrase has a history, and connotes two opposite schools of thought—that of the *à priori* philosophy and that of the Sense philosophy. According to the former, "laws of nature" mean "those ultimate principles of human reason to which all the phenomena of nature are in the end reducible." The truths of arithmetic and geometry are instances in point. That the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, or that two straight lines running parallel can never inclose a space, are truths of which, when they are once fairly grasped by the mind, the contradictory is simply inconceivable. Mr. J. S. Mill, indeed, actually denied this, and boldly affirmed the possibility of a world where two and two might make five—though perhaps this is only a quibble, or bad pun, on the ambiguous import of the word "make"—and where two parallel straight lines might enclose a space. The question, however, is not whether a world might exist in which the inhabitants might think that two and two make five—for some of the inmates of our lunatic asylums are possibly of the same opinion—but whether the sane inhabitants of this planet, constituted as they now are, can conceive the possibility of such a thing? We confidently affirm that they cannot. In the view of the *à priori* philosophy therefore the suspension of a law of nature would be equivalent to the suspension of human intelligence.

According to the Sense philosophy, on the other hand, of which Mr. Mill was a distinguished advocate, there is no such thing as a necessary sequence in the order of nature. It is all a matter of experience, and our expectation that natural phenomena will pursue their orderly course as heretofore is not a conclusion of the reason at all, but of the imagination only. Dr. Mozley stormed this position in one of the most brilliant of his Bampton Lectures, and turned the arguments of the Sense philosophy school against itself with crushing effect. But so unmetaphysical and illogical are some of the most eminent of the impugners of miracles—Professor Tyndall, for example—that they glide backward and forward, according to the exigencies of their argument, between the *à priori* philosophy and the Sense philosophy, in utter unconsciousness that the two are mutually destructive.

If, then, the usual definitions of a miracle are misleading or inadequate, what shall we offer by way of substitute? To constitute a miracle, it is plain that we must fix upon some *differentia* which separates it from the product of purely natural forces. Now, what is the essential characteristic of the products of natural forces? It is that they go straight to their mark with blind and brutal obstinacy, regardless of persons and reckless of consequences.

Such is the token of a physical law; it is mere power, and knows nothing of purpose. But man can impress his purpose on physical laws, and make them subservient to his will. If, therefore, we find in any given case that outside the sphere of man's activity the blind forces of nature are evidently controlled and directed towards some special end, it is reasonable to conclude that they are obeying the dictates of an intelligence higher than man's. This leads the writer of the article to a definition of miracle as an "event impressed with a visible purpose lying outside the sphere of man's activity." It follows accordingly that it is not superhuman power simply, but superhuman power "radiant with a Divine purpose," which constitutes the *differentia* of a miracle. The stilling of the storm on the Lake of Galilee might in itself have been a natural event. What denoted the miracle was the calm immediately following on the command to the wind to be still.

The fact is that the doctrine of evolution has not only made it incumbent on the upholders of miracles to reconsider their arguments; it has also undermined the ordinary arguments of scepticism. The doctrine of evolution implies that the Creator of the Universe is energetically present through all the operations of nature. "For," to quote again the writer of the article in the *Church Quarterly*, "according to evolution, nature has no permanent mechanical constitution, confining it within certain limits. It is rather conceived as a series of progressive events or individuations in time. Now, if we consider that the series of events which make up the succession of nature *in time* is and must be a *history*, that is, a contingent series, the impossibility of throwing back design under evolution is manifest." In other words, if this world were a machine set going for a certain time, the result would be constant and invariable effects following from constant mechanical causes. But evolution has to do with living forms, and these, according to that doctrine, are essentially variable. Granting that protoplasm is chemically the same in the germ-cell of a man and of a fish, this only makes it all the more certain that a presiding mind directs and shapes the very different results. But if we admit that a Supreme Mind is behind the framework of nature directing and controlling its forces, we shall recognize that a miracle is only an instance of the same control charged with a more manifest purpose. The will of God acting on brute matter and compelling its obedience is not different in kind from the will of man energizing through the material organism of the body; and the one is no more than the other a violation or suspension of physical law. If the process by which the loaves were multiplied or Lazarus restored to life were laid bare, a man of science would probably be able to analyse and explain it as easily as he now explains the processes which are daily going on in the laboratory of nature.

We cannot afford space to pursue the argument further. Those who may wish to do so will find matter for fruitful reflection in the article which we have been considering; and meanwhile we trust that the writer of the article will develop his argument, for it supplies premises for a volume.

A MILLIONAIRE FUNERAL.

IN recent years there has been a marked disposition in this country to curtail as far as possible the decorative pomp and ceremony which have become associated with funerals; but in the United States the opposite tendency seems to prevail. The New York papers are full of what are called "the final tributes to the earthly remains of the Great Merchant," and the arrangements of the funeral are of course described in language of becoming magnificence. The Great Merchant, it is needless to say, is Mr. Stewart, late dry-goods warehouseman of New York. He is reputed to have left twenty millions of dollars, and such a dazzling accumulation has naturally attracted abundant worshippers. No doubt most of those who thus bow down before the golden calf are inspired by a more or less conscious hope that somehow or other they may attain to a share of similar greatness; but there is also a sense in which the awe and admiration of the multitude for mere wealth is perfectly disinterested. There is something in the idea of a vast heap of money which excites minds otherwise dull and stagnant. There are potentialities about immense wealth which stimulate the imagination, and in any case it is felt that the general circle of humanity is ennobled by having a tremendously rich man in the family, even though no legacies are expected. There is a reflected enjoyment and elation in thinking that one man at least has this command of money, and in allowing the imagination, as it were, to handle the coin. The school of philosophers who are always preaching about the greatness of common things will now be delighted to find a dry goods business surrounded by a halo of romance.

As far as we can gather, Mr. Stewart seems to have been a very respectable man, who made his money by his steady business habits and devotion to his shop. We can readily believe that, in so far as greatness can be associated with a dry goods store, Mr. Stewart was a great man of his kind. But it is evident that, in the popular view of the matter, his greatness consisted in his fortune rather than in his personal character; and in all probability if he had been less opulent, he would never have been heard of beyond the range of his customers. At the same time, there is no doubt a great deal of the dry goods element up and down the world, and it is only natural that it should make the most of itself. This has been done at New York by giving Mr. Stewart a public funeral, for a touching and picturesque account of which we are indebted to the *New York Herald*. "It is probable," we are told, "that no private citizen of New York ever before had paid him at his funeral such a spontaneous tribute to his memory as was yesterday displayed by the people of the metropolis to the remains of Alexander T. Stewart." Before the funeral the body lay in state in the "marble palace" of which Mr. Stewart had formerly been the proprietor. "The dead merchant," we read, "was attired in a simple walking-dress suit, much like what he was wont to wear in life, consisting of a black frock coat, a vest cut low, with black doe-skin trousers, a white evening tie, the shirt-bosom bearing three plain pearl buttons on its snowy surface." A touch of art was, however, added to the embellishment of the corpse. "The face of the deceased looked very natural, having a slight pink tinge." And so poor Mr. Stewart, with his white tie and dress shirt, and looking all the more ghastly for the dab of rouge, was exposed to public view. The coffin was of course not an ordinary coffin, but one of the new patent "preservers" which have supplemented the ordinary ice coffins. Perhaps, however, we ought to apologize for using such a term as coffin. It appears that this word is considered on the other side of the Atlantic too prosaic and vulgar a term to be used on grand occasions, and a coffin is therefore called a "casket." In the present instance, the casket appears to have been of the most gorgeous description. It was of oak, completely covered with the finest black Lyons velvet, and trimmed with the heaviest gold fringe bullion and gold tassels. The interior was lined with white tufted satin, trimmed with white silk, and the lid was lined with white satin in the form of "gathered sun rays" these rays being richly studded with gold. The pillow was also of satin, and the handles of plated gold; the screws were all gold, and the knobs were of silver washed with gold. Altogether, the arrangements seem to have been such as must have been highly refreshing to the mind of a successful linendraper. The casket was placed on "a massive, oblong mound of flowers three feet high, covered with moss, in which white roses and japonicas were thickly studded"; and the reporter assures us that "those who have not seen the interior of this vast and noble hall can form no idea of its palatial magnificence," but "briefly it may be said that the surroundings were a fit setting for the casket and the banked masses of gorgeous and odorous flowers." At the head of the bier stood a floral cross over six feet in height, surmounted by a crown of violets, and "surrounding the casket were broken columns, harps, and anchors." An immense crowd surrounded the house, and for several hours "there streamed around the casket representatives of every profession and social rank in the metropolis, among whom were notabilities and celebrities of fashion, mercantile life, art, science, and wealth." "Hundreds of ladies who had received invitations came too late, and were forced to remain outside of the mansion." After the friends of the family and those especially invited had taken a last look at the deceased, the clerks of the store, two by two, marched past the casket, followed by five hundred women and girls employed by the firm. Of the hearse we learn only that it was a very handsome one, and of course bran new. The church in which the service was read was also decorated with flowers and foliage, and, when the procession moved into the churchyard, "the casket, held high in the air, with its golden handles and bullion fringes glittering in the open day, formed a focus to which every eye was turned." The widow of the deceased naturally enjoyed a good deal of the reporter's attention. At first, "broken with grief, she sat in an upper *salon*"; then Judge Hilton was seen escorting her "bowed figure" from the house; and it is thought necessary to state that in the churchyard Mrs. Stewart "seemed deeply moved." And so an admiring public paid its tribute of respect to "the greatest business man the country has ever seen."

Mr. Stewart's peculiar position might perhaps account for any exceptional display at his funeral; but it would appear that the system of exhibiting dead bodies to a curious mob tends to encourage a taste for fantastic ceremonial. On the same day that Stewart was buried there was another remarkable funeral in New York, which at any other time would probably have attracted more attention. Mrs. Roxcellanah H. Keyser was the inmate of a fine "brown house" in East Fifty-Seventh Street, and was reported to be worth much money. Tradition said that her husband—for she was a widow—had been buried in his wedding-garments, and attended to his grave by seventy carriages; and Mrs. Keyser had decided to be similarly honoured. Accordingly, she had a hearse and six black horses, "the vehicle of death being as handsome as any in the city, and the horses elegantly caparisoned with velvet and rich trappings"; and behind came four four-horse carriages, and seventy-two two-horse carriages, so that Mrs. Keyser decidedly had an advantage over her husband. The body was laid out in state in the deceased's house, where the religious service was performed. "The casket was of oak, with a gold plate and gold-mounted silver handles," covered with a black velvet pall trimmed with heavy bullion fringe and tassels. The casket and fittings, however, seem to have been quite thrown into the shade by the deceased lady herself, who, we are told, "was robed in a very rich white satin bridal costume, trailed along which were wreaths of fragrant flowers." "The casket itself was lined with white satin, and floral emblems were scattered in profusion about the place where the remains were laid." A cross of flowers seven feet high stood at one end of the coffin, and "there were also anchors and a lyre." It is said that several hundreds of "well-dressed people" availed themselves of the opportunity of amusing themselves with this pretty sight.

When the privileged visitors had passed through the room where the body lay, the mob outside thrust aside the barricades and swarmed into the house. The cost of the display is estimated at 3,000 dollars, the casket alone costing nearly 2,000 dollars, and the flowers being equal to "a fortune for a poor family." On the whole, this affair seems to have gone a little beyond the taste of New York, for the *Herald* remarks that "the scene somehow seemed robbed of solemnity, and appeared more like a marriage than a funeral." As far as we are aware, there are as yet no indications of a similar mania among ourselves; indeed the symptoms are happily rather the other way; but, considering the passion for public display and excitement which has been so strikingly displayed in recent years, it is hard to say how far the gratification of vulgar ostentation may ultimately be carried.

We gather that, though the contemplation of Mr. Stewart's prodigious fortune has excited great enthusiasm among his fellow-citizens, his will has caused some disappointment. In this document, says the *New York Herald*, Mr. Stewart "appears in the light of one who hesitated till the opportunity was gone." "He dreamed over magnificent schemes for the benefit of the city—public charities doubtless of a very practical nature—but he could not decide, and life passed away ere he could determine how to act, or to decide which of the many schemes was most to his satisfaction"; and now "all that grand opportunity, all the luxury of doing good on a scale not often offered, is bequeathed to the millionaire's wife as a holy duty, with his whole fortune as the means to carry out his wishes." We have here, perhaps, the moral of these great fortunes. A vast accumulation of money is cherished for its own sake, as a monument of success and power. The possessor prefers to brood in imagination over the possibilities which are brought within his reach by his command of almost boundless wealth rather than sink it in doubtful experiments. A great fortune is great only when intact; when spent it changes its character, for it is tied down to particular uses. It remains to be seen whether Mrs. Stewart and her trustee, Judge Hilton, will have the courage to disperse the great accumulation which has been left at their disposal.

THE BIBLE-EARTH.

WHEN we spoke casually last week of people who believed the earth to be flat, and the sun to be rather near it, we had remembrances of stories which we had read in the papers and of communications with which we had been once or twice favoured ourselves; but we had no notion that their authors formed an organized sect, or that they could aspire to be represented, like other organized sects, in the periodical press. But so it is. The astronomers, and the unlearned who humbly accept the teaching of the astronomers, have no longer to meet single or scattered adversaries in single combats or skirmishes; they have to meet face to face with the orderly phalanx of the "Bible-Earth League of Christians." As yet indeed we know only the chief and captain; we have not had the privilege of hearing anything of the rank and file. But a league in its own nature implies members; "tres faciunt collegium." We cannot conceive a league of one person only, any more than we can answer the ancient question, "How shall he marry without e'er a wife?" We have indeed heard of a person of unusually careful garb and stately gait being described as "a procession of one"; but there is nothing in the etymology of the word procession which implies plurality, while a league, a binding together, implies more than one thing capable of being so bound. We assume then that the Bible-Earth League of Christians does not consist only of Ferdinand FitzGerald, Esq., for many years editor of the *African Times*, and who now is, or wishes to become, editor of a monthly periodical called the *Bible-Earth*. We remember, indeed, the letters which used to appear in the *Athenæum* with the signature of Hermann Heinfetter, which were addressed "to the Members of the Anglo-Biblical Institute," and began "Dear Brother Members." We believe that the Anglo-Biblical Institute and its members existed only in the imagination of their correspondent. We should be glad to believe that it was otherwise, as we should like to see some genuine Anglo-Biblicals in the flesh; they would, one would think, altogether distance Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Normans. But Mr. Ferdinand FitzGerald seems to be much more a man of the world—not, of course, of any world that goes round, but of his own flat world—than Mr. Heinfetter. Mr. Heinfetter must have spent a great deal of money on the letters which appeared as advertisements. Mr. FitzGerald is very eager to prove the earth to be flat, and to save immortal souls by so proving it; but he is by no means eager to prove it at his own cost. The fifteen years' editor of the *African Times* has doubtless seen much more of men and things, and has generally better learned what is what, than the solitary dreamer of the Anglo-Biblical Institute. He at least knows that "the work of surveys, and obtaining other incontrovertible proof that the earth is not a rotating revolving globe, will be necessarily expensive, and can only be effected by the liberal contributions of Christians." Moreover there is worldly wisdom in the rule that the six shillings per annum which might entitle us to receive the *Bible-Earth* monthly shall be "payable in advance." And more worldly wisdom still, though not exactly the spirit of a martyr, is shown in this singular stipulation:—"Every contributor to the League and subscriber to the journal will be deemed to be a member of the League, but no name of a subscriber will be published without his or her consent until after the truth of a plane, motionless earth has been so fully established that no ridicule can any longer attach to a belief in it." Mr. FitzGerald, whose soul burns within him, and who is in agony for immortal souls, must deem the flatness of the earth to be a principle as worthy to suffer for or to fight for as any principle set forth by the first preachers of Christianity or of Islam. But if the first preachers of Christianity or of Islam had promised their converts to keep their names hidden till the truth of the new creed was so firmly established that no ridicule could attach to its professors, we hardly think that either faith would have made the way in the world which it did make. But then, though Christianity and Islam were propagated in widely different ways, neither of them was propagated by means of subscriptions and Post-Office orders.

We assume then that the Bible-Earth League of Christians really exists, and does not consist solely of Mr. Ferdinand FitzGerald. We all know that the wildest doctrine is sure to gain some supporters and to draw forth some contributions in money. Otherwise we might be astounded at the news that there is any organized body of people, even the two or three gathered together who are needful to make either a college or a league, who can band themselves together to prove that the earth is flat and that a sun much smaller than the earth goes round it at a distance of about four thousand miles. Save that we have long left off being astounded at anything, we should certainly be astounded at this; but we must do Mr. FitzGerald the justice to say that he is not, like enthusiasts of less worldly experience, at all astounded at people being astounded at him. It is, in truth, exactly what he expects. He expects to meet with ridicule and vituperation, and he is quite prepared to bear them in his own person; it is only his subscribers whom he wishes to shield from them till the expensive surveys made at their cost shall have made the flatness of the earth and the nearness of the sun so certain that nobody would be any longer laughed at for believing in them. Mr. FitzGerald, in his agony for immortal souls, is fearless of ridicule, even the "ridicule which all-confident human science and educational prejudice will direct against him." But he has made up his mind not to return any such treatment in kind. As "abuse is not argument, nor does it strengthen argument," he will take care that the *Bible-Earth* shall not be open to any objections on this score. "Anything having the character of vituperation or abuse will not be allowed in the columns of the *Bible-Earth*." Its "columns will be equally open to the defenders of Newtonian astronomy, to disprove, *if they can*, the supposed facts adduced therein in support of a plane, motionless earth, and the deductions and inferences that may be made from them." But "the controversy must be carried on in its columns with that mutual respect to which all sincere belief is entitled." Mr. FitzGerald, in short, will not do like those sinners the Newtonian astronomers. As yet "Newtonian astronomy so entirely monopolizes the field of daily and weekly journalism and other periodical literature, that supposed proofs and arguments against it and its conclusions appeal in vain for insertion, and meet with ridicule and contempt." The *Bible-Earth* will not be like these unfair specimens of periodical literature. There a fair field will be open; the appeals of an Adams or a Le Verrier for insertion in the *Bible-Earth* will not be in vain, nor will their supposed proofs and arguments be met with ridicule and contempt. There is something charming in this, and something specially charming in the words which we have put in italics. Mr. FitzGerald clearly believes that there will be a controversy. He expects that Newtonian astronomers will take the trouble to write answers to the *Bible-Earth*, and will even send those answers for insertion in the *Bible-Earth* itself. And so many and various are the weaknesses of human nature that it is quite possible that some one knowing enough of astronomy to confute Mr. FitzGerald and the whole Bible-Earth League of Christians, how many soever they be, may be unwise enough to enter into the lists with the league on its own earth. They will be allowed to disprove, "if they can," the arguments of the *Bible-Earth* itself. The condescending qualification was hardly needed. We may be quite certain that no astronomer will be able to confute the arguments of the *Bible-Earth* in its own columns—that is to say, no one will ever be held by the Bible-Earth League of Christians to have confuted them. People of this kind never are confuted; for, if they were capable of being confuted, that is, capable of understanding the force of an argument, they would not be people of this kind. The astronomer who should dispute with Mr. FitzGerald may very likely be treated quite civilly, without any vituperation or abuse; but he will be treated with the lofty condescension which a man who understands anything commonly meets with from those who do not understand it, but fancy that they do. To try to prove the truth of "the conclusions of Newtonian astronomy" in a journal whose "object and aim will be to disprove" them would be like trying to make the Pope doubt of his own infallibility, or to make Mr. Fergusson think differently about the date of Stonehenge.

There is certainly a sense in which, as Mr. FitzGerald says, all sincere belief is entitled to mutual respect, and Mr. FitzGerald clearly has a very sincere belief, not only that the earth is flat, but that the belief that it is otherwise is dangerous to immortal souls. He stands forth like an old prophet (he compares himself to Elijah on Mount Carmel), and asks, "Who is on the Lord's side?" and declares that the "first great effort on the Lord's side" must be to prove that this earth is not a globe. All this is clearly sincere, and therefore, in a sense, entitled to respect. And yet we can neither wonder at nor condemn the contempt and ridicule—we say

nothing of the vituperation and abuse—of which Mr. FitzGerald complains. Contempt and ridicule really are the only ways of meeting attempts to call again in question things which have been settled for some ages by the common consent of all who are qualified to judge. It is no use arguing, because those who start such questions are beyond the reach of argument. It is very hard not to treat them with ridicule, because the extreme grotesqueness of their notions—a grotesqueness which their manifest sincerity only makes more grotesque still—makes it hard indeed not to laugh. But even if we abstain from active ridicule—that is, from laughing—we cannot abstain from contempt—at least, from that silent contempt which is sometimes the hardest of all to bear by the person contemned.

We will therefore not argue against Mr. FitzGerald and his Bible-Earth League. It is really answer enough that many of the most devout and holy men that ever lived have not found a belief in the Newtonian astronomy in any way inconsistent with a belief in those Scriptures which, according to Mr. FitzGerald, the Newtonian theory upsets. We will leave him to the astronomers and divines, if either class should think it worth while to deal with him, either in the columns of his own *Bible-Earth* or elsewhere. We are concerned with him only as a first-rate example of the state of mind of which we spoke casually last week. As Mr. FitzGerald's craze is astronomical, he will most likely make few converts, and will be forgotten after at most a passing laugh from scientific men. But if his craze had been historical or philological, he might have put forth notions quite as absurd as the notion that the earth is flat, and many people would not have been in the least able to see that they were absurd. If any scholar had tried to confute him, we should have heard of "controversies" and "differences of opinion." On one point however historical study may feel some slight sympathy for Mr. FitzGerald. He complains "that in the revised Lectionary of the Church of England the miracle recorded in Joshua of the sun standing upon Gibeon and the moon in the valley of Ajalon was to be excluded in homage to modern science." There is another side to the exclusion, which perhaps neither Mr. FitzGerald nor those who excluded it ever thought of. The same lesson which contained the standing still of the sun and moon contained also the narrative of the taking of city after city, of the five kings taking shelter in a cave, of the triumphant Hebrews setting their feet on their necks. The whole thing read so like the account of a campaign of Ælle or Ceawlin that the hearer was sometimes tempted to remember that he was an Englishman, and to think that Gloucester and Cirencester would sound quite as natural as Makkedah and Libnah. It is just possible that the exclusion may be meant to cut off all chance of wandering thoughts, especially in so ungodly and bloodthirsty a direction. There was the precedent of Ulfilas leaving out the Books of Kings, lest they should make the Goths yet fonder of fighting than they were before. So, while at first sight we might be disposed to join, on a different ground, in Mr. FitzGerald's moan on the First Sunday after Trinity, we are willing to acquiesce in the exclusion as perhaps being well ordered from another point of view.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

IT has been prophesied that the present Exhibition would prove to be of exceptional quality. This is at once true and untrue. It is true that there are at least half-a-dozen pictures which, either by their size or by their merit, will render this collection conspicuous in the annals of the Academy. Here and there long-known artists are found to have surpassed themselves; we also discover some comparatively obscure men starting at a bound from a state of promise to an assured success. But such cases are exceptional, almost of necessity; and the exhibitors being, for the most part, year by year the same, the law of averages must bring out pretty much the same results. Therefore it is not true that the present Exhibition is, as a whole, greatly better than its immediate predecessors; yet, at all events, an improvement is seen on last year. But each recurrent season shows a certain ebb and flow in the tide of art; some men rise, others fall, and art itself changes in its currents. For many years the arts have stuck fatally fast on the dry, hard rock of realism; but we shall have the pleasure hereafter of pointing to certain pictures which show that imagination can soar as well as sink, and that, in the words of Lord Bacon, the use of art "hath been and is to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it."

The number of pictorial works hung this year is 1,345. This is slightly below the average of five years. Last year the number was 110 under the total of this, and in 1870 it sank 300 below. The highest figure—namely, 1,433—was reached in 1874, but the effect was not generally satisfactory. The conclusion is that on the present occasion the happy mean has been struck. The hangers have been Messrs. Hart, Elmore, and Leighton; Mr. Woolner has arranged the sculpture. They have acquitted themselves of their onerous duties fairly well. But the hanging of pictures is often an affair of the carpenter, inasmuch as a picture cannot be placed where it will not fit. Moreover, personal interests must frequently prevail over pictorial considerations. And hence the hanging of the old masters can always be made more artistic than that of the living. On the present occasion little more has been attempted than symmetry as to size, and contrast in light and shade. As for colour, it is often so bad as to look almost equally disagreeable wherever it may be hung.

In this introductory notice we will invite the reader to join us in a leisurely walk through the galleries in order to take a general view of the Exhibition, marking by the way its salient points. Let us begin with Gallery I.—which is not so striking as it is sometimes. The eye is naturally first attracted to the highest light. "An Intruder on the Bedouin's Pasture" (14), is in Mr. Goodall's latest style, wherein he is content to sacrifice form and firmness to sentiment and sunshine. Mr. Small, whose picture was much talked of before it reached the Academy, has been somewhat hardly used as a foil in favour of Mr. Goodall. "The Wreck" (13), is a dark, vigorous composition, vehement in dramatic action. Other excellent pictures in this room belong to a like school of naturalism and realism, such as "A Lancashire Gang" (46), by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, and "Saturday Night" (62), by Mr. Barnard. The latter verges on vulgarity. Gallery II. presents in full view, at the centre of the furthest wall, perhaps the most vigorous and truthful landscape ever painted by Mr. Millais, and that is saying a great deal. "Over the Hills and Far Away" (106) is a foreground study of green rushes growing amid silver waters; beyond rises a russet heath, and further still the blue hills mount into the sky. The exhibition has some remarkably fine studies of nature; but we incline to think that this must be pronounced the landscape of the year. Mr. Hodgson's "Temple of Diana at Zaghouan" (84) is specially unfortunate in the treatment of the greens. Mrs. Ward, in her happiest mood, has hit upon a capital theme, the visit of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry to Newgate (120); and Mr. Crowe, one of the new Associates, after his wont, strikes out a speciality for himself in "Darning Day, Red Maids' School, Bristol" (146).

We next enter the Great Gallery, "the Banqueting Hall," wherein at the annual dinner the President devotes his well-known eloquence to the brick and mortar of Burlington House—in short, to every topic save art, of which it might be supposed he knew something. Things are sadly changed since the time of Sir Charles Eastlake—a President who, in a few apt words, linked the present with the past, and carried the mind back to the great masters in the history of art, whose works form the standards by which each succeeding Academy Exhibition must be tested. Sir Francis Grant does not quite belong to this learned school, as the pictures which he contributes will tell; witness "Winter" (185). No work will be more talked about, chiefly no doubt from the personal interests involved, than Mr. Cope's skilful composition, "Selecting Pictures for the Royal Academy Exhibition" (160). The Council are in conclave, and before them are brought in succession paintings for acceptance or rejection. The artist has caught to the life, not only the faces, but the attitudes and movements, of his fellow-Academicians; specially felicitous are Messrs. Millais, Leighton, Armitage, and Calderon. The technique is better than we might have expected from Mr. Cope; and one is thankful that he has for once forsaken Shakspeare. The picture just described, which on the presentation of Mr. G. Moore becomes the property of the Academy, occupies a centre; the two other centres are equally fortunate. "King Lear Disinheriting Cordelia" (189), by Mr. Herbert, is a replica to the renowned composition in the Houses of Parliament. The fresco having been long in process of destruction, it is well that the artist should with his own hand reproduce the composition in oil. It remains merely to name—for we have not now space to criticize—the great achievement of the year, "The Daphnephoria" (241), by Mr. Leighton. This triumphant procession in honour of Apollo passes beneath the shadow of a grand pine grove, and in the valley below is seen the town of Thebes. The canvas is within a few inches of the same size as that of the "Cimabue Procession." It would be interesting could these two processions be seen side by side; the change in style, as might be expected, is considerable. Other works which should claim attention are Mr. Millais's portrait of "Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger" (248), Mr. Goodall's "Holy Mother" (182), and Mr. Poole's "Meeting of Oberon and Titania" (175). The oppression of portraits is this year slightly mitigated. "The Right Hon. Lord Lytton" (240), by Mr. Millais, will naturally attract attention. On the whole we have never seen the Great Gallery look better.

After the climax reached in the *salle d'honneur* there is sometimes a sense of anticlimax or decadence as the visitor enters Gallery IV. But the hangers, now as heretofore, have been at pains to hold an even balance all round the Exhibition; the interest never flags. We presume the portrait of "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales" (285), by Herr von Angeli, is hung by command; if so, we pity the Council. From the time of Kneller downwards it has always been cause for regret when our Royal Family have fallen under the pencil of foreigners. On a first visit this room may be passed through hastily; yet it is impossible not to notice so manly an effort as Mr. Hodgson's "Following the Plough" (301); also Mr. P. R. Morris has not injured his good fame by the onslaught of wind and sea at the expense of "The Sailor's Wedding" (280). Gallery V. becomes a little more enlivening. Mr. Millais, who turns up everywhere, occupies a centre with "Getting Better" (387); the opposite centre being held to advantage by Mr. Pettie, in "The Step" of a little girl essaying a dance (433). This artist is always a colourist, though the colour is after his own kind; when once marked it can never be mistaken. The Academy has lost in the death of Earl Stanhope its "Antiquary"; the portrait by Mr. Ouless vividly recalls the presence of a familiar face. "The Hollow

of Leyden" (381), by Mr. A. Gow, deservedly gains a place on the line. By chance or intent, landscapes have gravitated into this room. Take the following, some not to be surpassed even in this age of landscape-painting:—"A Certain Trout Stream" (365), by Mr. Brett; "He Never Came," landscape with figure (388), by Mr. Fahey; "The Gipsies' Pot" (426), by Mr. W. Linnell; "The Life Boat" (455), by Mr. Henry Moore; "Gareloch, on the Clyde" (434), by Mr. J. Macbeth; and "Red Autumn" (440), by Mr. C. N. Hemy. The hanging in this room is rather scattered; at any rate those landscapes are not made the most of.

Nothing very particular occurs in Gallery VI., except that Mr. Fildes, who has hitherto rejoiced in the sunniest of romance, here surrenders himself to the darkest of despair, and it yet remains to be seen in which direction his passion lies. But in the meanwhile much respect is due to his wail—"The Widower" (476). The motive and the manner belong to Mr. Thomas Faed, and yet the pathos is differently intoned, and certain small touches of colour, not in keeping with sombre melancholy, would seem to indicate that the painter is playing a part, and trying an experiment on the public. When may we hope for a surcease of such affected titles as the "Orphans" (515), by Mr. T. S. Cooper? From the Catalogue we look to the picture, and find that the "Orphans" are sheep and that the snow is chalk. We would direct attention to the portrait of Mr. Thomas Carlyle (529), by Mr. Herdman. Gallery VII. has apparently a wall propitious to the display of religious art—such at least as may now exist. Thereon in former years was distended the grand and gigantic composition "Cain and Abel," by Mr. Watts. Now the centre is appropriately occupied by "The Hymn of the Last Supper" (579), by Mr. Armitage, on either side of which range "Judith in the Tent of Holofernes" (578), and "St. Mary Magdalene with the Precious Ointment" (584), severally by Mr. Herbert. These conceptions, though open to criticism, are to be received with respect; but what shall be said of Mr. Thorburn's "Christian Descending the Hill Difficulty"? There evidently is a difficulty, and one scarcely to be got over; the painter has made poor Christian so wooden, has rooted him so immovably, that not a step further can he go. What would a French artist think of our Academy were he to see this picture here on the line? "A Surrey Pastoral" (562), by Mr. Boughton, commends itself by its consonance with nature in her gentler moods.

The Lecture-room has been fittingly made the abode of Academic art. "Phryne" (909), by Mr. Armitage, is the boldest and the best treatment of the nude; the figure is not unworthy of Ingres, as known, for example, in "La Source." A still more arduous effort in the Academic way is "Atalanta's Race" (943), by Mr. Poynter, the newly appointed director of the schools at South Kensington. He proves his qualifications with a vengeance. The work is something more than eclectic; it is no disparagement to say that a figure here and there is borrowed from the Greeks or from Michael Angelo. Mr. Long's "Bethesda" (891) is not quite an unworthy sequel to the Slave Market which gained him his election.

Galleries VIII. and IX. are again devoted to water-colour drawings, architectural designs, engravings, &c. The last room—No. X.—often obtains less attention than it deserves, possibly because the visitor when he reaches it is worn out. On the present occasion it is the chosen abode of the few foreign pictures—ever on the decrease—which find their way to the Academy. Here, for example, is "The Charge of the English Heavy Cavalry at the Battle of Balaclava" (1332), by M. Philippoteaux, whose former battle-piece obtained position and praise in the Academy. Also may be enumerated "Cleopatra" (1282), by Mr. Alma-Tadema, and "A Girl Spinning," with a cow of course added (1297), by Herr O. Weber, and "Sheep Grazing" (1281), by Mme. Peyrol Bonheur, which has exquisite qualities. Of much refinement and delicacy is an interior with figure, "After the Sitting" (1261), by Mr. Rudolph Lehmann.

The changes in the constituent members of the Academy within the last few months have been unusually great, though the effects are as yet scarcely felt in the annual arena. Six new Associates have been brought into the field—Messrs. Alma-Tadema, Long, Storey, Crowe, Oakes, and Pearson—fit and proper men no doubt, but not each and all quite the men who had the right to override all comers. The number of disappointed candidates is of course vastly in excess of the six fortunate elect. We very much doubt the so-called liberal policy of increasing the number of Associates, unless a surrender be made of the monopoly of "the line." The condition of outsiders, who have each year to pass, as it were, through a competitive examination before they can obtain even toleration, is made worse than it was before. The battle for "the line" has become almost the battle for life; and to artists who may be cast out into the cold, a favourite aphorism of the late Earl of Carlisle, that the kingdom of heaven is specially for those who have failed on earth, comes but as a tardy consolation.

THE THEATRES.

THE mysteries, real or supposed, of modern life furnish an unfailing supply of novels by Mr. Wilkie Collins, some of which are capable of adaptation to the stage. Two brothers have quarrelled about a woman, and one of them has killed the other. The children of these three persons are the principal characters in the play called *Miss Gwilt*, and one of them gives her name to it. Mr. Collins appears to hold, for literary purposes, an improved form of the doctrine of original sin. There is usually a son or daughter, or both, in his novels on whom a parent's guilt is visited, and hints are dropped after the manner of a Greek chorus at some ancestral wickedness unexpiated. Confining our view at present to the play, it is difficult to explain to oneself, or anybody else, what it is all about. The ingenious Dr. Downward wishes to bring about a marriage between Miss Gwilt and Allan Armadale; and, as he knows the secret of her previous marriage with Captain Manuel, he might be in a position to levy a tax upon her rich husband's estate. In order to understand how Miss Gwilt came to entangle herself with such a mean scoundrel as Manuel, we must assume, in opposition to Lord Palmerston's opinion, that girls are born bad. She has had thoughts, before the play begins, of suicide; but she consents to live and be a governess for the advancement of Dr. Downward's scheme. An unforeseen difficulty arises from the circumstance that Allan Armadale falls in love with the pupil instead of the governess, while Miss Gwilt declares her purpose of marrying Midwinter, who is Allan Armadale's first cousin, and entitled to bear the same name. Dr. Downward, always equal to the occasion, forms his plan to get Armadale the heir murdered, so that Armadale the cousin may claim the estate, and Miss Gwilt, as his wife, may help Dr. Downward to get a share in it. We cannot help thinking that a man of his knowledge and talent, to say nothing of the valuable quality of unscrupulousness, might have been more profitably engaged than in contriving a murder for such uncertain gain. The letter which he writes to Manuel would be a useful weapon in that worthy person's hands, and as he delivers the letter to Manuel immediately after writing it, he might as well not have written at all, except that Mr. Wilkie Collins always likes to conduct his stories by correspondence. The murder is attempted by the method which has lately become fashionable of scuttling a ship; but as Manuel perishes and his intended victims escape, it requires almost superhuman ingenuity to prevent the story ending happily, and we are bound to say that the author is equal to the occasion. The only ground of quarrel between Midwinter and his wife arose out of the existence of Manuel, and he is dead. Armadale the heir has come back ready to marry Miss Milroy. The creditors of Dr. Downward must be great fools if they do not allow him time to display his remarkable capacity for the management of a Sanatorium; and indeed it would be a reproach to our age if such a man were driven to vulgar murder instead of devoting himself to interesting physiological experiments. However, while it is still believed that the two young men have perished at sea, Dr. Downward has persuaded the widow of Midwinter, who is really Allan Armadale the cousin, to claim the right which would belong to her as the widow of Allan Armadale the heir. When both the young men turn up, the letter written by Dr. Downward in her name would be an awkward fact against the two conspirators, but even a "'prentice hand" in authorship could get its characters out of such a scrape as that. Mr. Wilkie Collins, however, does not want to get them out of it. On the contrary, he makes the lady called originally Miss Gwilt determine, for no visible reason, to murder Armadale the heir, and he conducts the characters to Dr. Downward's Sanatorium, somewhere in the suburbs of London, which is replete with every convenience for scientific murder, including nocturnal supervision of the premises by a policeman.

The charm of Mr. Wilkie Collins's fictions is the subtle suggestions which they convey of the general insecurity of modern life, particularly that part of it which is transacted in suburban villas. It is so nice to feel as we drive home from the theatre that we or our neighbours may be visited in the night by mysterious assassins, and that in the great gloomy house with the high-walled garden, inscrutable wickedness awaits victims who, regardless of their doom, pay back fare to cabs for bringing them to a Sanatorium. If this story is founded either on fact or plausible suspicion, all such establishments ought to be brought under the inspection which Mr. Newdegate would apply to convents. The heroine, persisting in her purpose to murder Armadale the heir, nearly murders Armadale the cousin, who is her husband, and then kills herself. The means of doing this are supplied by Dr. Downward, and consist of an apparatus by which the air of a bedroom may be poisoned. Unfortunately, in order that the dying agonies of Miss Gwilt may be distinctly visible, a large piece has been taken out of the bedroom wall, and so we have "to make believe very much" in order to enjoy the poisoning. And when people rush in and struggle to open the locked door, it is difficult to avoid calling to them to go through the gap. The dramatist might, if he pleased, have followed a great example, by making his wall even more permeable than it is, and he could have made the wall itself explain the nature of the cure-or-kill contrivance which is described in dialogue between Dr. Downward and Miss Gwilt. The lady's dying agonies are suitably represented by Miss Ada Cavendish and people who like this kind of thing should go and see her. We do not. The play shows no adequate reason why she should kill herself or anybody else, and we could wish this clever actress better employment than perpetrating unnecessary murders in a red wig. The character of Dr. Downward is excellently performed by Mr. Arthur Cecil, and he, if any one can, will save the play. Several scenes are highly interesting, and it is only the prolongation of the story that makes us feel that the Doctor's villany is gratuitous. Having got all these people on the stage, it is perhaps as easy to kill a few of them as to do anything else, and the play must be ended somehow. We doubt whether any practical improvement in the art of poisoning is shown in the last act. There must be somewhere

bottle, or the fragments of it, which contained the liquid poured into the machine; and this machine, with its pan for generating gas and pipe for conveying it, although it might be useful, could easily be mischievous. A murder thus committed could scarcely be called a "mystery" even in penny-a-liner's language, and, on the whole, we regard this new invention in homicide as clumsy and disappointing.

The sorrows of wretched wives, however interesting to the sufferers, are apt to pall upon public taste. If, in addition to *Queen Mary* at the Lyceum, an audience can be found for *Medea* at the Haymarket, we can only say that London is very far from abandoning itself to frivolous amusements. Mme. Janauschek, a German actress with remarkable command of English, has chosen ill the time or character of her first appearance. This, as everybody remembers, is one of Miss Bateman's parts, and neither Miss Bateman nor anybody else can make it other than a burden. The parts of Jason and Creon are inconsiderable, and Creusa serves chiefly by her immobility to illustrate the gestures and play of feature of Medea. The new actress has, however, produced a strong impression of her power, and for this purpose her first part was well adapted. Of several foreigners who have of late years undertaken to perform in English, her speech is perhaps the least unpleasant, and it is distinct. Her acting is rather over-laboured, and as the play lasts three hours, and she is almost always on the stage, and nothing of the slightest importance happens in her absence, she produces the impression that one is watching a patent machine for the production of strong theatrical effects, which may go on working, without fatigue or remorse, till midnight. These one-part plays are almost always failures, as, in the interest of art, they deserve to be. They save trouble, however, to managers, especially in small or remote places; and Mme. Janauschek may probably obtain provincial engagements to play Medea, which may be played wherever a couple of children and a little red fire can be forthcoming. The accessories and the company are of the smallest possible importance. It were to be wished, however, that this lady's talent could be employed in London in some other plays less familiar and more interesting than this.

In *Wrinkles*, at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Mr. Byron has met failure more surprising than the great success he has obtained elsewhere. The characters of Miss Piper and Bob Blewitt are as good as anything he has lately written, and they are capitally acted by Miss Wilton and Mr. Bancroft. The rest of the play is little better than padding, but the same or worse might be said of other plays to which careful acting has given temporary vitality. But the genteel public do not care for this play, and the difficulty of management of such a theatre lies in finding something for which they will care. There have been revivals of Robertson to the limit of possibility, and the company, however well drilled, does not excel in comedies of the last century. Murder and suicide are also rather out of its line, and modern French comedies cannot, as a rule, be satisfactorily translated. The class of persons who see two tragedies within a week is too limited to supply nightly a contented audience for Mr. Byron's comedy; yet, if there be any epicures in theatrical entertainment, we would advise them to see *Queen Mary* or *Medea* one night and *Wrinkles* the next. Any person who tries this bill of fare might then be invited to say honestly which dish he or she would like to have served again. Mr. Bancroft's acting of Bob Blewitt does full justice to one of Mr. Byron's happiest sketches of contemporary life. The reasons against taking the offered appointment in Jamaica are in the author's best style. Bob's friends, thinking probably that geography is not his strong point, explain that Jamaica is an island from which the rum comes. "Not all the rum?" says Bob, having, as an intending colonist, an obvious interest in the question. Whatever comes of the play, the principal actors will gain credit by the performance.

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND EPSOM.

WHAT some people will regard as improvements, and others as innovations, have been plentifully effected at Newmarket since the close of the last racing season. The stand at the end of the Rowley Mile will, when finished, be one of the most commodious in the kingdom, especially when it is remembered that only on two or three days in the year is there anything approaching to a crowd at Newmarket. The price for admission to it and the adjoining enclosure will be very high—no less than ten guineas for a yearly ticket; and when we take into account the numerous other charges, of which the daily toll for driving on the Heath may be taken as an example, and the wonderful sums demanded by hotel and lodging-house keepers for the accommodation of their visitors, it is pretty clear that racing-men must make up their minds to consider a visit to Newmarket as a very expensive luxury. In so far as the increased charge for admission to the enclosure will make the company assembled there more select, and exclude some of the adventurers of the Turf who prey upon the unwary, the sudden rise from two guineas to ten guineas a year may have a beneficial effect; but we must bear in mind that only a minority of the races finish at the end of the Rowley Mile, that one entire meeting is carried on at the other side of the Ditch, and that for all the races that end at the top of the town the new stand will be of no use whatever. Furthermore, a great deal of the betting at Newmarket is carried on, not in the enclosure at all, but in the cords and from the tops of cabs and carts scattered about the Heath; and the ten-guinea fee will not affect in any way the outside betting-men, but, we fancy, will rather tend to increase their numbers. It is quite right that the Stewards of the Jockey Club should keep the Tattersall's enclosure for the use of those only who have a legitimate right to avail themselves of its accommodation; but it would be well if, in addition, they could afford some protection to the general body of visitors to Newmarket. They have ample authority for the purpose. A few years ago they put down *pari-mutuel* betting in the most summary manner; and they could, if they chose, do a great deal to rid the Heath of the scoundrels who infest it in race weeks. If one is to be unblushingly robbed just outside the enclosure, it will be a poor consolation to know that inside it the select possessors of ten-guinea tickets can walk about and make their wagers in serene security.

But while stands and refreshment-rooms are being built at Newmarket on a grand scale, and prices are being raised, the question naturally suggests itself whether a corresponding improvement in the quality of the sport is to be expected. The experience of the last week is hardly calculated to inspire us with any sanguine hopes that the reign of plating and selling races is to be succeeded by an era of more important contests, in accordance with the great preparations that are being made to enable people to witness them. It was indeed a banquet of empty dishes last week. Long programmes were prepared; but though the Stewards racked their brains to invent races, owners and trainers declined to have anything to do with them, and on the last day only four events, one of which was practically a walk over, were decided. The old-established races of the meeting, the Biennial, the Column, and the Claret Stakes, produced wretchedly small fields, and the Newmarket Handicap with 400, and the International Handicap with 300, sovereigns added, and 100 for the second horse, could only attract ten and nine starters respectively. The minor races were just as ill patronized, and, in fact, had it not been for the opportunity of seeing the two Derby cracks, Petrarch and Skylark, and the threatened candidate for the Two Thousand, Great Tom, as well as for one or two exciting incidents, such as the overthrow of Lowlander by Hesper, the Craven week might well have been avoided even by the most steadfast admirers of Newmarket.

The very first race of the meeting produced an interesting contest between Wild Tommy, a great slashing son of King Tom and Wild Agnes, and Great Tom, who, it was reported, had beaten his stable companion Skylark in a trial, and on the strength of that performance had been elevated to the front rank in the Two Thousand favourites. The much-improved Coltness also took part in the race, and having a 4-lb. allowance was expected to show a return to his Ascot form of 1875, especially as neither Great Tom nor Wild Tommy was fully up to the mark. Mr. Houldsworth's usual ill luck stuck to him, and Coltness was beaten a quarter of a mile from the finish. A fine struggle for victory between Great Tom and Wild Tommy then ensued, and resulted in the defeat of the former in the last stride by a head. All sorts of excuses were of course made for the loser; but, in our judgment, either Wild Tommy is entitled to be considered a promising Derby candidate, or else the merits of Great Tom and Skylark have been much overestimated. Later in the day Skylark himself came out, and won the Biennial in fine style. He had little or nothing to beat, however, the speedy but roaring Rosinante being the only one of his four antagonists likely to make him gallop. The Rowley Mile is quite a different thing from the five-furlongs course at Southampton, and Rosinante soon found out the difference. Though on sufferance the son of Rosicrucian led as far as the Abingdon bottom, directly he touched the ascent he began to stop, and Skylark galloped past him at his leisure. But for his curby hocks, it might not be necessary to look for the Derby winner much beyond Skylark, who has won every engagement for which he has started; and the fact of his being now first favourite for the great Epsom race shows that his infirmity is not considered likely to be a bar to his success. Cœruleus and Chaplet, son and daughter of Beadsman, finished first and second for the Bretby plate, and the subsequent victory of Chaplet in the Free Handicap over Carnelion, Picnic, and The Gunner, proves Cœruleus to be a really good horse. On the second day of the meeting there was a more than ordinarily exciting race for a wretched little plate of fifty pounds over the T.Y.C. Hesper, a three-year-old son of Speculum, and Lowlander were the only combatants, and the latter carried 10 lbs. extra to exempt him from sale. Extravagant odds were laid on the son of Dalesman, who, however, never fairly got out of the way of his opponent, and, despite the vigorous efforts of Custance, who, if any man can, is able to get the last ounce out of a horse, was defeated by a neck. On the conqueror of Lowlander being put up to auction it was evident that there would be some brisk competition for him, and the bids speedily rose from 1,000 guineas, the price at which he was entered to be sold, to 2,500. According to the rules, half the excess over the selling price goes to the owner of the second horse, so that, instead of winning fifty pounds by Lowlander's success, Mr. Bird had the gratification of receiving just fifteen times that amount in consequence of his defeat. It is probable that Hesper may be a dear purchase to his new owner, and that Lowlander, who rarely blossoms before Ascot, was not in anything like form last week. But when a great public favourite is overthrown there is a rush to get hold of his conqueror at any cost, no matter what the real merits of the victory may be. For the Column Stakes two of Lord Falmouth's representatives, Farnese and Dandelion, were opposed by Arena. The last named

was manifestly lame, and, Dandelion seeming to be in scarcely better plight, the race looked like a walk over for Farnese. Arena was beaten at the Bushes, and Farnese, whose roaring infirmity increases, as was to be expected, with age, died away the moment he began the ascent of the hill, thus leaving his stable companion, Dandelion, to win at his leisure. This was the first appearance of the winner in public. He had the misfortune to break his leg when a yearling—a contemporary somewhat curiously spoke of him as having had "at one time a broken bone in his leg"—and we should think there are few instances of a horse that has met with such an accident recovering sufficiently to stand training.

The racing of the last two days of the Craven Meeting calls for little remark. Two prominent performers in last year's Middle Park Plate, La Seine and Heurtebise, contested the Free Handicap on the Ditch Mile, and the former won cleverly. A similar race on the Rowley Mile was noticeable on account of the American aged horse Preakness making his first appearance at Newmarket in it. Preakness is nine years old, but perfectly sound in wind and limb; and his fine shape and appearance, strength and quality being equally conspicuous, were the theme of unqualified admiration. As might have been expected when his age is taken into account, Preakness was not very quick on his legs when the flag fell, and the light-weighted English horses, trained to jump off like greyhounds from the slips, got the best of him in the first quarter of a mile. He was just getting into his stride, in fact, when the race was over, and we must wait to see him perform over a long course before we shall be able to form any just estimate of his racing powers. The Claret Stakes ended in a match between Balfe and Tartine; and though the severe course from the Ditch in is not altogether to the liking of the son of Plaudit, he managed to compass it successfully on this occasion. Balfe has thickened very much since last season, and looked as ever a perfect gentleman, while Tartine was by no means in racing trim. Nine ran for the International Free Handicap across the flat, including Grey Palmer, Merry Duchess, Lord Berners, and Advance. The last named had been much talked of as a promising Derby outsider, and was made first favourite for this race; but he never showed prominently in it, and a good finish between Grey Palmer and Bridget resulted in favour of the former. We ought to have mentioned a match over the Ditch Mile between Oxonian and Brigg Boy at even weights, which the latter won after a punishing struggle by a neck. The performance was thought good enough to justify the elevation of Brigg Boy to the position of first favourite for the City and Suburban; but it should have been remembered that Oxonian is very far from being the Oxonian of two years ago, and that, having been trained of late for hurdle-racing, it was not likely that in any case he would have retained his fine speed on the flat. Nor was the severe struggle which Brigg Boy had to make in order to win the best preparation for his encounter a few days later on Epsom Downs.

The field for the City and Suburban was quite up to the average, both in numbers and in quality; and, for once in a way, a big handicap was carried off by a really good horse, carrying almost a hunting weight. The majority of the twenty-three horses were of a good handicap stamp, and the weights ranged from 9 st. 4 lbs., carried by Thunder, to 5 st. 7 lbs., carried by Little Harry. The latter was a stable companion of Grey Palmer, who won the International Free Handicap last week at Newmarket; and the knowledge of the comparative merits of the pair caused Little Harry to be freely supported for the City and Suburban. Certainly, when he was seen in the paddock, he looked by no means the sort of horse to be complimented with the lowest weight in a handicap. Among the other competitors we may mention Brigg Boy, Maud Victoria, Empress, better known as Sister to Musket, Lady Mostyn, and Whitebait, all of whom looked remarkably well, while in point of size the gigantic Ambergris towered above all his rivals. The Americans were also represented by Mate, an aged horse, powerful, like all of Mr. Sandford's team, but apparently deficient in speed, or not at home in short-distance races. We ought to add that Hesper, of whose victory over Lowlander we have already spoken, was also among the runners; but the growing conviction that Lowlander was out of form last week at Newmarket prevented the son of Speculum from being as freely supported at Epsom as otherwise would have been the case. The start was fortunately not long delayed, and with equal good fortune there were none of those casualties at Tattenham Corner which so often mar the fortunes both of the Derby and the City and Suburban. Brigg Boy early overpowered his jockey, an incident which was by no means unexpected, and galloped himself to a standstill, so that, after holding a commanding lead for the greater part of the way, he died away to nothing at the finish. Little Harry came round the turn rather wide, and undoubtedly lost a length or two; but though otherwise he would have made a better fight with the winner, yet the result would not have been altered, for directly Archer gave Thunder his head, the old horse, who had been going quietly along, rushed to the front and had all his field beaten in an instant, and the three lengths by which he won might have been increased to double that distance if his jockey had wished. To win the City and Suburban with 9 st. 4 lbs. is an unprecedented feat, and a first-class horse like Cremorne failed in the attempt. But to win it, in the face of a really good field, under such a weight, with the most consummate ease, stamps Thunder at once as one of the greatest horses of the day. It is easy to see now that in the match that was to have come off last week at Newmarket Lowlander would not have stood a chance with Thunder. The son of Dalesman attempted to give Hesper 30 lbs. and was beaten a neck; but last Tuesday Thunder gave Hesper 40 lbs. and a stone beating into the bargain. According to this running, Lowlander would have been nowhere in the City and Suburban, and, instead of giving weight to Thunder, ought to receive it. Mr. Bird was quite right, therefore, in paying forfeit for his thousand-guinea match, which must have been made up in a very sanguine moment. We need only add that Little Harry justified the opinions entertained of him by disposing cleverly of all his opponents except Thunder, despite the disadvantageous position he occupied at Tattenham Corner, while Merry Duchess and Hesper ran a good race for third honours. We have no great fondness for handicaps, which too often seem specially invented for the benefit of the most worthless horses in training; but we should soon become reconciled to them if a few horses like Thunder could carry their heavy burdens to victory, and dispose with ease of their feather-weighted opponents.

REVIEWS.

GRANT-DUFF'S NOTES OF AN INDIAN JOURNEY.*

WHEN the fall of the Gladstone Ministry released Mr. Grant-Duff from the cares and labours of office, he wisely set himself to make the best use he could of the knowledge he had acquired and see for himself the country which for five years he had helped to govern. The volume before us contains the notes he made while on his travels. In one way they will disappoint the reader. Mr. Grant-Duff has so unusual a capacity for acquiring knowledge, he is so thoroughly interested in everything he takes up, he knew India so well even before he landed there with such knowledge as books and family traditions and long familiarity with all men of Indian eminence and official experience could give him, and his political position offered him so many exceptional advantages as a traveller, that it seemed certain he would have very much more to say than most travellers on the greater matters of Indian politics. This would naturally be the view of the reader, but it was not in the least the view of the writer of these Notes. He determined to set down, not what he heard or what he thought, but what he saw. The book is therefore as far removed from what we should expect an Indian Under-Secretary to write as possible. It was Mr. Grant-Duff's aim to divest himself, as it were, of himself. He put himself in the position of an imaginary ordinary traveller. What, he seems to have asked himself, would A. B. or C. D. really see if he came to India? Supposing him to be a person with no views or theories, utterly averse to word-painting and padding, and only desirous to put down in plain language what came indisputably into his own personal experience, what would be the material he would have for notes? A. B., as Mr. Grant-Duff has reasoned with himself, would see many thousands of dusky human beings, and would soon come to the conclusion that they were for the most part far from nice-looking. He would also see many handsome or interesting buildings, and would be able to compare what he saw with the descriptions given by Mr. Fergusson. Lastly, he would see a vast variety of novel trees and plants. That which this practical person with his eyes open would see is what Mr. Grant-Duff set himself to describe. There is something in his book about the appearance of the people, much about buildings, and very much about botany. Whole pages are filled with strings of botanical names, and short accounts of what the trees and plants with these names are like. And to the plan which he had sketched out for himself from the beginning Mr. Grant-Duff rigidly adhered. We often find him jotting down that he has had most interesting conversations with this or that well-informed person, and that he has been much instructed and much pleased with what he heard; but his readers are not allowed to share in these treats. They are kept to their proper work, which is not to go into views and talks, but to understand that the author observed "the well-named *Oreodoxa regia*, the *Wallichia oblongifolia*, the creeping Calami finding their way up the tall Casuarians," and so forth. *Si quæris librum circumspice* was the motto which Mr. Grant-Duff had imposed upon himself, and which he imposes on the imaginary traveller who is to profit by his example.

Such a book is not entertaining, and is not meant to be entertaining. It has a different aim, and works towards its end by a different method, from that offered in books which profess to please. The style of the day is the style of the Special Correspondent, and a Special Correspondent is a man who, at all hazards, is bound to be entertaining. He goes out at a moment's notice, lands, sees, telegraphs, or reports. With his wonderful nimbleness of mind he can make something out of everything. He is equally ready to count the buttons on the Prince's shooting-coat and to discuss the relations of Buddhism to Christianity. His business is to give views, and to make pictures out of words. To do this is not an easy thing; and the Special Correspondents of the best type do it very well. They know enough not to fall into glaring mistakes. They think enough to seem wiser than most of their readers who go in first-class carriages to business, and to be wiser than most of those who go in second-class carriages. They see

* *Notes of an Indian Journey.* By Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff, M.P. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

enough to fill their columns with what they have seen. They entertain; for, being engaged to entertain, they honestly and zealously fulfil their engagement. It is what some would call the defect, and others the merit, of Mr. Grant-Duff's style of composition that it is utterly unlike that of a Special Correspondent. What he does he wants to do really and thoroughly. He has the attraction of following the true unbought bent of his mind. To him knowledge is what a rise in his office is to a Government clerk, or a bath to a dusty tourist. Not to write about things, but to know them, is to him what Gray called "opening Paradise." He singles out a tree, and finds its Latin name, and ascertains its industrial uses, and feels the same elevation and excitement of mind with which men of another cast of thought rise from a successful rubber. To get hold of the facts of nature is better to him than food and raiment. Hence his book is irradiated with an enthusiasm the only weak point of which is that so few can share it. But, dull as all his Latin botanical names must be to the general reader, and overpowering as is the quantity of botany introduced, his enthusiasm carries him on a road that is really worth following. Of all the intercourse with nature attainable without mathematics and expensive instruments, that afforded by botany is the most vivifying and the most satisfying to the traveller. A man who travels to see and not to get praise had better be a botanist than any other one thing. Clouds obscure the skies, but, wet or fine, there are always plants. Even a little travelling makes a difference, and the distance of a few miles changes the habitat of flowers. Five odd minutes on a wayside may give the botanist a pleasure as intense as that which the geologist gets by weary walks over one ridge after another. Then plants have over animals the immense advantage that they need no killing. There is no upturning of dying eyes about them, no dissection, no entrails. There they are, clean, fresh, and sweet, and they perish without repining and without dirt and misery under the hand of the investigator. Botany is a science, or, to speak more accurately, a pleasing labour in the open air, which all can follow who have the sense to wish to follow something; and Mr. Grant-Duff has done well in hinting to his imaginary traveller that, if he wishes to see what is before his eyes when he is not in a town, he had better botanize. What is the good of telling A. B. that, if he wants to enjoy India, he should shoot tigers? A. B. may not be up to tigers. A. B. may not be a grandee who has jungles drawn for him. A. B. might be very unhappy if a real tiger came really at him; but A. B. can go to India, and in a safe, cheap way learn something of the beautiful, odd, prodigal nature of the Indian vegetable world. This will content A. B. if he is the wise, reticent, unpretending man that the confiding author of these Notes good-humouredly assumes him to be.

It would, however, be to convey an incorrect idea of these Notes if it were suggested that they are mere dry pieces of information. They are full of pleasant remarks and illustrations, borrowed from every kind of source. Mr. Grant-Duff has too free a command of miscellaneous literature not to be continually reminded of something for which his readers are much obliged to him, and he even quotes poetry with agreeable liberality for their benefit. Still these Notes are, in the main, jottings of external observation. They were originally published in the *Contemporary Review*, and when they grew towards an end, the editor of that periodical evidently got nervous about them. Were his readers to be exclusively limited to this very wholesome sort of porridge? Had he got hold of the Notes of Mr. Grant-Duff only to find that they were the theoretical production of A. B.? Where was the Under-Secretary of State? Where was the Indian politician? Accordingly he wrote to his contributor a letter, which is set forth in the volume, asking the eleven hardest questions about India that he could think of, and begging Mr. Grant-Duff to be good enough, just by way of supplement, to answer them. With the utmost alacrity, and with the most imperturbable good-humour, Mr. Grant-Duff complied with the request. The editor wanted to draw him, and he was drawn, making no more difficulty about it than the Zoological lions do about being fed at four o'clock. The consequence has been that to the Notes there is an appendix, altogether unlike the rest of the volume, in which external observation and the edification of A. B. are entirely thrown into the shade, and Mr. Grant-Duff states his opinions about India with the utmost frankness. This addition to the volume is most valuable. It is full of thought both true and new. There is no pedantry, no officialism, no optimism about it. What the writer thinks he says, and what he thinks has been clearly and carefully thought out. Is India a gain to England? Are we leavening India? Do we assume too arrogant a superiority over the natives? Is our system of taxation wise? Is Russia dangerous? Is Burmah dangerous? These are only a few of the questions which the editor asks and Mr. Grant-Duff answers. On each head Mr. Grant-Duff has a precise, intelligible answer to give, which is always clear, always suggestive, and often goes far below the surface of ordinary thought.

To enter into the subjects thus briefly but forcibly discussed would take us too far into vexed points of Indian politics. It is sufficient to say that Mr. Grant-Duff thinks that the occupation of Merv by the Russians would not do us any practical harm, but that their advance on Herat must be resisted; not because, even if they got possession of Herat, they would seriously threaten India, but because we have so often said that we would never suffer Herat to be occupied, that to eat our words would be fatal to our reputation. In finance Mr. Grant-Duff especially detests the Salt-tax, and evidently thinks that the Salt-tax ought to be reduced before the [illegible] duties are abolished. In a contest between English manufacturers and the Indian poor his kindness of heart inclines him to favour the latter, while, his party being out of office, he has not to trouble himself about pleasing English constituencies. He also insists strongly on the wisdom of avoiding too favourable estimates of Indian finance, and in connexion with this subject he records a private woe of his own. He on one occasion denounced in the House of Commons what he termed the blandishments of *couleur de rose* financiers. This was too high a flight for the vulgar. The phrase was caught at, but its application lost, and Mr. Grant-Duff found to his horror that he had only invented the term "*couleur de rose* financier" to have it applied to himself, and was supposed to have been describing his own views when he was attacking those of others. He found himself habitually described as an optimist or *couleur de rose* financier. Such are the thorns that vex the souls of public men. If any single specimen of Mr. Grant-Duff's mode of answering the questions put to him is to be selected as specially meritorious, it is, we think, that as to our influence in India. "Be good enough," wrote the editor in his decisive way, "to inform me how far we are leavening India." "We are leavening India," Mr. Grant-Duff promptly replied, "in ten ways." The codes are producing a considerable effect, and in a generation or two their morality will become the morality of India. The native magistrates are learning from us to avoid corruption. The zemindar is learning that property has its duties as well as its rights. Many educated natives are adopting philosophical views of religion. A more accurate conception of the power of England and of its place in the world is being formed. The English language is rapidly becoming the *lingua franca* of the peninsula. The natives are taking to railways, and use them largely even for pilgrimages. The natives are beginning to understand what good rulers can do for them. The very people who think they prefer native to English rule would be wild with horror if they were to be exposed to a year of unchecked native government. We are creating new industries, and extending through schools and universities the idea of scientific method. This is a long list of benefits conferred by Englishmen on India; and it would be difficult to sum up with more brevity and point than Mr. Grant-Duff has done what it is that India gets from England. All this is, as we have said, completely out of the range of A. B.; but at the end of his supplement Mr. Grant-Duff goes back to his favourite traveller, and closes his volume with an assurance that, although to gratify the curiosity of a friend he is quite willing to write for awhile as an Under-Secretary, yet it is A. B. who is next to his heart, and whose interests and capabilities engross his attention when he is free to write as he pleases.

LIFE OF LORD MACAULAY.*

(*Second Notice.*)

AMONG other merits, Mr. Trevelyan's book serves the purpose of a warning against intellectual conceit. If a clever boy, or a man vain of his abilities, regards his own attainments with complacency, he may learn from the Life and Letters that Macaulay knew ten times as much; if he prides himself on memory, on rapidity of acquisition, on the arrangement and command of facts and of literary material, a candid study of the biography will convince him that his accomplishments and faculties are commonplace and second-rate. The epigrammatic and pellucid style, the copious Parliamentary eloquence, and the brilliant conversation may provoke regretful envy, but seldom even imaginary competition. Even in verse, though he belonged to the second or third order of poets, Macaulay fully deserved the wide popularity which he attained. The best of his poems is the "Battle of Marston Moor," which appeared in Knight's *Quarterly Magazine* when he was twenty-three or twenty-four. Campbell himself has not described a battle with greater spirit; and the dramatic fitness of the Puritan sergeant's Scriptural phrases enhances the lyrical effect of Rupert's charge and of Cromwell's victory. One of the chief merits of the *Lays of Ancient Rome* is the choice of a subject. Niebuhr's plausible conjecture that the legendary history of early Rome had first been composed in the form of ballads suggested to Macaulay the experiment of reproduction. The original poems, if they ever existed, were perhaps more curious, and probably much less picturesque. It is a proof of Macaulay's critical sagacity that, notwithstanding his literary obligations to Niebuhr, he escaped the belief in his infallibility which deluded the receptive intellects of Arnold and Hare, and the more powerful understanding of Thirlwall. His remarks on Niebuhr, in a letter to his friend Mr. Thomas Flower Ellis, written from Calcutta in 1835, might have served as a text for the destructive criticism of Sir G. C. Lewis:—

> Having always been a little sceptical about Niebuhr's merits, I am now a confirmed unbeliever. I do not of course mean that he has no merit. He was a man of immense learning, and of great ingenuity. But his mind was utterly wanting in the faculty by which a demonstrated truth is distinguished from a plausible supposition.

Macaulay's soundness of critical judgment was compatible with an omnivorous appetite for reading which in some directions extended far down in the scale of literary merit. While there were perhaps not half-a-dozen scholars in Europe who were so well acquainted with the greatest writers of Greece, of Rome, of Italy, and of England, Macaulay was an insatiable reader of novels, including some

* *The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay.* By his Nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, M.P. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

of the humblest pretensions. The first novelists in his affections were Richardson and Miss Austen; but to the end of his life he from time to time read Theodore Hook's clever stories, though he had good reason for disliking the author. He took delight in the voluminous works of a Mrs. Meeke, whose obscure hero always turned out to be the son of a duke. On the last page of a novel by another forgotten favourite, Miss Kitty Cuthbertson, he took the trouble of writing out a list of twenty-seven fainting fits which had occurred to the different characters in the story. Macaulay had not the smallest turn for science; and his antipathy to mathematics placed him at Cambridge in the "Gulf," or immediately below the last Junior Optime. Mr. Trevelyan intimates a belief that he barely missed the chance of competing for the Chancellor's medals; but for that purpose he must have obtained a Senior Optime. In his later years he occasionally regretted his ignorance of mathematics; but he was better employed in more congenial studies. His interest in the distinction which he had failed to share was exhibited in a perfect knowledge of the list of senior wranglers from the first institution of the Mathematical Tripos. He sometimes amused himself by trying to trace their subsequent fortunes, that he might learn whether they had maintained in after life their early pre-eminence. One of many symptoms of Macaulay's simple and healthy nature was a lasting attachment to what he had known and liked in his youth. Contemporary literature could not exercise on his mind a complete and unqualified fascination. There are in his diary and letters several references to Dickens and Thackeray, and he expresses admiration for the first set of the *Idyls of the King*; but Dickens and Thackeray and Tennyson were by half a generation younger than himself; and when they began to write his tastes were finally formed and already satisfied. Of the mischievous communism of some of Dickens's writings he speaks with serious and just disapproval. His imperfect sympathy with the literature of the day was consistent with the retrospective character of his political feelings. Except during his early Parliamentary career, he was never a zealous politician, but it was truly said that he was a strong partisan in the controversies of the days of William III. or of Anne.

Within the wide range of his own studies, Macaulay's taste was almost unerring. He expresses again and again the well-founded opinion that Thucydides was the first of historians, and he furnishes curious illustrations of the sincerity of his conviction. As soon as the first two volumes of his History were published, he read Herodotus through, and then, proceeding to Thucydides, he satisfied himself that he was himself inferior to the great master. The same process was repeated, with the same result, on the publication of the second instalment of the History. It is true that among the historians of all countries it would be difficult to find a more total dissimilarity than that which exists between the transparent fluency of Macaulay and the condensed significance of Thucydides. At an earlier period Macaulay gives a curious explanation of a change in his estimate of the merit of Tacitus. He had been disappointed on a second reading of the Annals, till he remembered that on the first occasion he had been recently reading Xenophon, and on the second occasion he had been recently reading Thucydides. The unconscious change of the standard of comparison explains the difference of judgment. He sometimes amused himself with classifying the poets and great writers of Greece or of all times; and his selections were almost uniformly just. "Plato," he says in a letter to his nephew at Harrow,

> is one of the five first-rate Athenians. The other four are your friends, Æschylus and Thucydides, Sophocles and Demosthenes. I know of no sixth Athenian who can be added to the list. Certainly not Euripides, nor Xenophon, nor Isocrates, nor Æschines. But I forgot Aristophanes. More shame for me. He makes six, and I can certainly add nobody else to the six.

Among poets he placed Dante next after Shakspeare and Homer, and before Æschylus, Sophocles, and Milton. He was inclined to rank Fra Paolo as an historian next to Thucydides. Mr. Trevelyan says that Lord Macaulay was familiar with some of the works of the great metaphysical philosophers, but that he had no sympathy with the subject-matter of their works. He was, in truth, devoid of the metaphysical faculty, which is almost as special a gift as an ear for music, which was also wanting to his organization. He professes to be unable to attach the smallest meaning to a translation of one of Kant's treatises, though the Criticism of the Pure Reason, at least, is not more than ordinarily obscure. It is true that abstruse German sometimes becomes hopelessly unintelligible in a bald English version. Macaulay studied deeply the theological controversies of the eighteenth century, and the Church history of the time of the Reformation. He once said, in answer to a question, that of course any well-informed man could repeat the names of the Archbishops of Canterbury backwards. Similar efforts of memory gave him the same kind of pleasure which an active boy takes in jumping a gate or a ditch. When he became a peer, he learnt the list of the House of Lords by heart, and then proceeded to recreate himself with the second titles. It is odd that he never thoroughly mastered the Popes, always sticking fast, as he said, somewhere among the Innocents. The example of Macaulay proves, if such a demonstration had been required, that memory is compatible with original genius; but in some cases his rapid accumulation of precedents and instances tended both to impair his own judgment and to diminish the effect of his argument. Mr. Trevelyan has printed in a note an extract from Macaulay's speech on Lord Mahon's Copyright Bill of 1842. In the previous year he had unfortunately taken a principal part in defeating Serjeant Talfourd's Bill for extending copyright to a period of sixty years. Lord Mahon proposed that the term should extend to twenty-eight years after the death of the author. Macaulay induced the House of Commons to prefer a capricious project of his own by which copyright was limited to forty-two years. It is surprising that the House can have been misled by a flagrantly sophistical argument consisting in an enumeration of great works composed by celebrated writers in their later years. Unconsciously admitting the principle that the longest term was the most equitable, he informed an audience less familiar than himself with literary history that his plan would have allowed to the best works of Milton, of Dryden, of Johnson, and of several other authors whom he enumerated, a longer term than that proposed by Lord Mahon. There are those who can distinctly recollect the facility with which he poured forth an irrelevant catalogue of names and dates. The chief impression produced on some surviving hearers was that he could with equal ease have furnished a list of youthful productions in support of the opposite conclusion. He spoke without earnestness or the appearance of conviction, and he succeeded in perpetrating a grievous injustice. There are great writers now living, or lately deceased, whose earliest and best works must by this time be almost within the grasp of literary pirates; and they or their families may attribute their expropriation to a paradoxical whim of Macaulay's. The sufferers will derive little consolation from the reflection that his own representatives will in their turn be the victims of injustice.

Macaulay's more serious speeches are of a high order, and some of the earliest are perhaps the best. In maturer life he was less eager than in his contests with Croker during the Reform Bill debates, or in his remonstrance against the political ingratitude of O'Connell. Notwithstanding his genial sweetness of temper, he was not deficient in the indispensable quality of pugnacity. Two of his contemporaries, Croker and Brougham, were objects to him through life of profound antipathy. Having in Macaulay's earliest youth given him the superfluous advice that he should talk on all occasions as much as possible, Brougham soon became jealous of a young rival who might possibly become a better speaker than himself, and who was an incomparably better writer. Of Croker's personal and literary character Macaulay took many opportunities of expressing his opinion; but his great and final triumph over his veteran adversary was accomplished when Croker was unwise enough to make a weak and violent attack on the History in its zenith of popularity. Macaulay's great work is open to much damaging criticism in detail, but it will always hold a high place in historical literature. As Mr. Trevelyan happily says:—"The union of intellectual qualities which formed the real secret of his strength was the combination in one and the same man of literary power, historical learning, and practical familiarity with the conduct of great affairs." Gibbon attributed his own comprehension of military history to his experience as a captain in the Hampshire Militia. Macaulay was the better able to expound the origin of government by Parliamentary majorities because he had taken an active part in the debates on the Reform Bill.

Macaulay described his own character as well as his personal appearance in his comments on Mr. Richmond's portrait of himself:—"It is the face of a man of considerable mental powers, great boldness and frankness, and a quick relish for pleasure. It is not unlike Mr. Fox's in general expression. I am quite content to have such a physiognomy." His estimate of his mental powers will not be disputed, nor was he ever suspected of a want of boldness and frankness. The pleasure for which he had a keen relish can only be appreciated by those who resemble him in mental and moral constitution. As long as his health enabled him to enjoy society he took great pleasure in conversation, of which he was thought sometimes to engross more than his share, especially when he communicated his ample stores of knowledge to hearers who were content to be ignorant of some things. According to Mr. Trevelyan—

> There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at dinner to the company of Sterne, or Fielding, or Horace Walpole, or Boswell. . . . There were certain bad writers whose vanity and folly had a flavour of peculiarity which was irresistibly attractive to Macaulay. In August 1859 he says to Lady Trevelyan, "The books which I had sent to the binder are come"; and Miss Seward's letters are in a condition to bear twenty more experiments." But, amidst the infinite variety of lighter literature with which he beguiled his leisure, *Pride and Prejudice* and the five sister novels remained without a rival in his affections. He never for a moment wavered in his allegiance to Miss Austen.

The love of literature which was inseparable from his conception of pleasure was happily combined with the domestic affections which were the solace and delight of his life. Fortunately for him, his sisters, and afterwards the children of the family, either possessed by nature, or learned from him, a sufficient interest in books to enable them to share his literary and intellectual interests. To both generations

> Macaulay, who at any period of his life could literally spend whole days in playing with children, was master of the innocent revels. When he and his sisters were young, games of hide and seek that lasted for hours, with shouting and the blowing of horns up and down the stairs and through every room, were varied by ballads which, like the Scalds of old, he composed during the act of recitation, while the others struck in with the chorus. He had no notion whatever of music, but an infallible ear for rhythm.

An entry in his diary during his later years records with pleasure his performance during an afternoon's play with his little niece of the parts of Nathaniel Dando, then a notorious petty swindler, and of a dog-stealer who had come to claim the reward, adver-

the recovery of her dog Diamond. His extempore rhymes were always attributed to an author called the Judicious Poet, for whose works the children often searched in vain in the library. One of his letters to his sisters begins with two lines, which are taken almost without alteration from Swift:—

Be you Foxes, be you Pitts,
You must write to silly chits.

Swift, in a letter to Esther Johnson, had written:—

Be you lords, or be you earls,
You must write to naughty girls.

It would be interesting to learn whether Macaulay's Judicious Poet was originally suggested by the similarly imaginary quotations of Swift. In successive Easter vacations he took the family to visit all the English cathedrals; and he felt it as a serious deprivation when his nieces and nephew grew too old to accompany him week after week in visits to the sights of London. It was not without surprise that his nephew first learned from the conversation of his school-fellows that the kindest and most amusing of uncles was a distinguished and celebrated man. Next to his home, he was through life attached to Cambridge; and he sometimes encouraged the fancy that he would like to live there as a Fellow of Trinity. He was not himself inclined to undervalue either his abilities or his writings, though he was wholly exempt from the morbid vanity and susceptibility which are sometimes attributed to famous authors. He criticized plagiarists of his style with remarkable acuteness. "I am," he said, "a very unsafe model. My manner is, I think, and the world thinks, on the whole, a good one; but it is very near to a very bad manner indeed, and those characteristics of my style which are most easily copied are most questionable." It would have been strange if he had not regarded with reasonable complacency works which had attained unparalleled success; but fame and prosperity only enhanced the enjoyment of a singularly happy life. One of the chief advantages of literary tastes and of studious habits is the habitual diversion of the mind from selfish and vulgar interests. The result is not less effectually produced by the abstruse researches which are congenial to another class of intellects. Sir G. C. Lewis, who cared nothing for poetry or fiction, and who knew no amusing book except the *Anti-Jacobin*, was not less simple and cheerful than Macaulay; but an appetite for miscellaneous literature serves the double purpose of healthy excitement and of the exclusion of petty solicitudes. In the last volume of his diary Macaulay mentions that he had turned over Philo and compared his narrative with Josephus. He had also looked into *Soapey Sponge*. "It was a new world to me, so I bore with the hasty writing, and was entertained."

Fortunate in all the circumstances of his life, he may be said to have been *felix etiam opportunitate mortis*, when a separation which would have been fatal to his happiness was impending. Ten days before his death he wrote in his diary, "I am perfectly ready, and shall never be readier. A month more of such days as I have been passing of late would make me impatient to get to my little narrow crib, like a weary factory child." If he had cared for such details he would have approved of the choice of his burial-place, where, "amidst the tombs of Johnson, and Garrick, and Handel, and Goldsmith, and Gray, stands conspicuous the statue of Addison." A still further felicity consists in the admirable record of his life and character by the biographer whom of all others he would have preferred.

ROSS NEIL'S PLAYS.*

IT is unfortunate that in recent years there should have been so complete a divorce between poetry and the stage; but it must be admitted that the experiments which have from time to time been made in the production of poetical dramas have not been altogether of a happy kind. At the present moment attention is directed to a work of this class composed by the most eminent poet of the day, and the respectful sympathy with which it has been received shows that there is at least no lack of appreciation on the part of the public. Yet it would be difficult to imagine a play less calculated to secure popular favour. In the first place, it is, as put upon the stage, not a play at all, but only a loose collection of detached scenes, which it would be scarcely possible to understand if the audience were not already acquainted with the general subject. The most dramatic passages of the original poem have been omitted, and what remains is little more than a monotonous dialogue between two characters who in themselves are anything but prepossessing and agreeable. Mr. Tennyson has begun late as a dramatist; but it is easy to imagine what he might have achieved in this line if he had had any encouragement to devote himself to it at an earlier period. Again, the plays by Lord Byron, Sir Henry Taylor, and Mr. Browning which have been tried upon the stage, have been equally wanting in the qualities which are indispensable to histrionic effect, and the conclusion has been drawn that nowadays it is hopeless to expect a revival of poetical drama. The answer, however, is that it is hopeless only as long as the writers of poetical dramas neglect to study the essential conditions of dramatic success. Sir Henry Taylor's plays, for example, are full of fine poetry, but they are deficient in concentration, unity, and incident. There is no want of character, only the characters do not act; they are like figures in a picture, and do not step out of the canvas. It is no doubt true that the faculty of producing dramatic animation and vividness in its highest degree is a rare form of genius; but there is no reason why it should not be cultivated to a certain extent by attention to the obvious rules and necessities of theatrical representation; and it is because there has been a tendency to disregard these conditions that the poetical drama has been more or less discredited. If, however, more support were given to this branch of literature by managers, authors would no doubt be led to take more pains to adapt their pieces to the exigencies of the stage. A Shakspeare is the product of a particular era, and cannot be expected periodically. But the general development of art depends upon the spirit in which it is cultivated, and there can be no doubt that, if the fashion of giving a nobler and more poetical form to the drama were once set, it would tend to propagate itself, and that not only the theatre but literature would thereby be strengthened.

It is not to be expected that all at once any great intellectual revival will overtake the drama; but it is not too much to hope that, as public taste improves, and opportunities are allowed to a higher class of dramatists, there will be a gradual process of elevation. Much might indeed be looked for from the theatre, if, instead of the vulgar melodrama and the artificial comedy of manners which have of late years almost monopolized the stage, plays of the class of which Mr. Ross Neil's may be taken as the type were to come into fashion. It is a great mistake to suppose that intellectual interest cannot be combined with patient and necessary attention to the practical requirements of the stage. For the groundlings there must of course be such entertainments as they are capable of understanding; but it can hardly be believed that in a city like London there does not exist a sufficiently educated and intelligent audience to appreciate a higher and more thoughtful style of drama than that which is ordinarily presented. Mr. Ross Neil is already known by two volumes of plays which have secured him a literary reputation, and it appears that *Elfinella*, one of the pieces in the present publication, has been successfully produced on the stage. *Elfinella* is a fairy piece, somewhat similar to those which Mr. Gilbert has popularized, but of deeper significance and more thoroughly poetical. There is, it seems, a law in fairyland by which each tribe of elves is allowed to adopt a human being as one of its members,

if born in the midnight hour,
And 'neath a certain blending of the stars
As gracious as 'tis rare.

And Elfinella finds herself in this position. She was snatched away at the moment of birth, and has ever since been brought up among the fairies, and has become as one of themselves. It appears that in fairyland humanity bears but an indifferent reputation. The earth is supposed to be peopled with a miserable set of creatures who have to drudge and toil, are subject to all sorts of suffering and privation, and are also animated by such malignant tempers that they spend the most of their brief life in quarrelling and fighting with each other till death—and the thought of death is above all appalling to the fairy mind—annihilates them for ever. The elves are filled with a sense of terror and pity when they think of men condemned to live

the life that leads to death,
Through age and sorrow, sickness, fear, and toil.

Elfinella has had the secret of her birth disclosed to her, and naturally feels much ashamed of her kinship, but consoles herself with the assurance that the fairies have made her in all things one of themselves, and that she shares their immunity from

The dreary pain of dull mortality,
Its tears, its shames, its sins—and then its end.

There is, however, one thing which has been concealed from her—that the adoption of a mortal into the fairy community is not finally accomplished without the fulfilment of another condition, which is:—

That whoso'er of mortal race is ta'en
To be the comrade of a fairy band
At end of thrice seven years must be again
Giv'n to the world and to mortality,
In midst of men to abide for thrice seven days,
A day with them for every year with us,
And, by this time of trial taught, make choice
(To be unmade no more) 'twixt life with them,
And cares and fears, and death to end it all—
And life etern with us, and smiles and mirth.

Poor Elfinella is at first dreadfully shocked at the idea of being even for a few days parted from her friends, but feels sure that she will never choose to remain on earth. Indeed she would make her choice at once without revisiting her place of birth, but the rule is imperative. Before she goes, however, the Fairy Queen tells her, by way of warning, of a former case of a mortal who, after being enrolled among the fairies, made her choice to live with men:—

ELF. Was she mad?
F. QUEEN. It chanced to her to be what you have heard
That mortals in their jargon call in love,
And this they say is madness while it lasts.
Then, being warned, be wise.
ELF. O fear me not.
F. QUEEN. And of all else avoid the thing called love.
Think that for you it means a heritage
Of care and death, and long companionship
Of mouldy-breathed decay, with bootless rue
When reason shall return, for as they say
The frenzy quickly passes.
ELF. Love means death;
I will remember that, and so be safe.

* *Elfinella; or, Home from Fairyland. Lord and Lady Russell.* By [illegible] Neil, Author of "Lady Jane Grey," "Inez," "The Cid," &c.

This gives the key to the story. Elfinella on her first descent among mortals finds confirmation of the bad accounts of them prevalent among the fairies. Her sister Lisa henpecks her husband, who shows a sad want of spirit. She also finds that earthly flowers wither quickly, and that the wicked passions of men are immediately to be exhibited in a war; the peasantry of the district—the scene is laid in Switzerland in the autumn of 1315—having resolved to resist their Austrian tyrants. It gradually dawns on her, however, that, after all, men are not quite so wretched and despicable as she supposed; for Lisa really loves Hans; Hans is a brave fellow who is quite ready to defend his country, though rather afraid of his wife; and she is also very much struck with Waldmar, the gallant young leader of the peasants, who happens to save her life. Indeed she begins to think that, with but a little change, the state of men might become almost enviable—as, for instance, if anger, strife, and death were done away with, and all men were like Waldmar. But, she asks herself, where would then be room for heroism and self-sacrifice?—

> If death were not, no man could ever say,
> "For you I'd give my life," and if 'twere said
> 'Twould have no meaning.

She vainly endeavours to persuade Waldmar not to risk his life in the war, but when he returns, stricken almost to death, she sees that "death lends nobleness and hope to life," and that "love is all." This bare outline, however, gives a very insufficient idea of the graceful mingling of humour and tenderness with which the joyous but idle sportiveness of fairyland is contrasted with the deep and serious experiences of human life. Nothing can be more touching than the delicate simplicity with which the dawning of love in Elfinella, and her vague terror of it as the madness against which she had been specially warned, are brought out. While the whole piece is of course by its nature fanciful, the writer keeps his fancy within control, and the result is a natural and suggestive study of character in which even the fairies are felt to be at home.

The other play in this volume, *Lord and Lady Russell*, is of a more solid and important character, and some readers may perhaps think that it ought to have come first, and that the fairy legend should follow, according to theatrical routine, to alleviate the sadness of the tragedy. On the other hand, however, whether the arrangement is intentional or not, it can hardly be doubted that it is a wise one for the author, as the tone of emotion thus rises steadily through the volume; whereas, if *Elfinella* had come last, there might have been something like a reaction. The general style of *Lord and Lady Russell* resembles that of the author's former historical play, *Lady Jane Grey*. There is the same natural eloquence and deep, but restrained, feeling, while the nature of the subject affords scope for broader treatment and for more varied and animated dialogue. The light, melodious cadence of *Elfinella* changes, as the transition requires, into a fuller and more stately key; and we have seldom read any blank verse which is so steadily and continuously satisfactory to the ear, without becoming in the least monotonous. The strength of the drama lies in the remarkable ease, naturalness, and simplicity, not only of the language, but of the way in which the incidents are treated. There is a close, but not a dry, adherence to the facts of history, with a sufficient degree of poetical suggestion to stimulate the imagination and feeling of the reader. There is frequent temptation throughout the piece—as, for instance, in the scenes between Lord Russell and his wife and those in which their little girl takes part—for sentimental developments, but these are, we will not say sternly, but firmly repressed. The author strikes the right note of feeling, confident of response from the reader, without having recourse to any artificial amplification or reiteration. There is no strain of language, no affectation, no forced working up of incident. Everything is natural, simple, and spontaneous, and is the more impressive from being so. These are qualities which are rare in literature, and still more rare on the stage. It does not appear whether *Lord and Lady Russell* was distinctly intended for the stage, and the length at which it at present stands would preclude that use of it; but it might, we fancy, be easily adapted to the purpose. The contrast between the cynical levity and corruption of the Court and the sweet serenity and highmindedness of the Russells in their affectionate domestic intercourse is the main feature of the play, though not didactically insisted on. Charles II., with his ready sense of humour, selfish good-nature, and weak dislike of serious subjects, is happily hit off, not in an elaborate portrait, but in the light touches of a master-hand; and so is the Duke of York, though the portrait is perhaps somewhat conventional. The various conspirators are also drawn with a graphic, discriminating touch. But, above all, the characters of Lord and Lady Russell stand out grandly in their grave and unaffected simplicity. We must quote one passage between the mother and her little daughter:—

> RACH. History makes me sad: in history
> Good men are always dying—ay, are killed
> For nought but being good.
> LADY R. Yet must you think
> The best least need our pity.
> RACH. Mother.
> LADY R. Well?
> RACH. How say you? will these times we live in now
> Ever be history?
> LADY R. Ay, surely, child,
> If the world last long enough to let men write.
> RACH. And when they write will't be of things so sad
> As what they wrote before—of wars, and lies,
> And murders in the dark, and wicked kings,
> 'And good men brought to die?
> LADY R. Pray Heaven no—
> But 'tis as Heaven shall please.
> RACH. I cannot think
> That aught so ill shall ever be again
> Here in this pleasant world that the blue sky
> Clasps round with brightness. Where so much is good,
> Sure evil cannot conquer.
> LADY R. Yet the world
> Hath oft looked fair ere this, and villany
> Been done in golden sunshine—as the sea
> Where men lie drowned may yet be jewelled o'er
> With diamonds of light. But this one thing
> I'll tell you, child: that since the world was made
> Did evil never truly conquer good,
> But only seemed to conquer.

And here is another from the final interview between Russell and his wife:—

> LADY R. Something there is of glorious in the cause
> Of my greatest sorrow that upholds me now,
> And may uphold me then.
> RUS. O this is well!
> So have I all I would for the time that rests,
> And am so rich in what hath gone before
> That, but in having had, I stand more high
> Than the highest that now have.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> LADY R. Why, even some such triumph feel I too,
> And would not change with the happiest wife alive.
> That God hath giv'n me such a friend to lose
> Is very much, I know.
> RUS. All things look small
> When death takes measure of them, all but love;
> And love hath grown so huge, and so hath poured
> Its strength upon my soul, that I am willing
> To leave my life, made full of all save years,
> Ay, even for a while to leave thy self.
> Wilt thou not say as much?
> LADY R. I'll try to say,
> Lord, though thou kill me, I will trust in thee.

It must occur to every one who appreciates the peculiar influence of the stage on all classes of society, that plays of this kind, dealing with subjects of national interest, and in a tone which excites sympathy with the noblest emotions, might do much in making public opinion, not only more refined and intellectual, but more robust.

VIOLLET-LE-DUC'S HABITATIONS OF MAN.*

M. VIOLLET-LE-DUC has here adopted the same general form which he adopted in his *History of a Fortress*, that of a fictitious narrative, bringing out the different varieties of the arts of building or defence at the different times through which he traces them. But the fiction which runs through the present volume takes a much bolder flight than that which ran through the *History of a Fortress*. In that work the particular fortress and its endless changes were imaginary, and perhaps no one fortress may ever have gone through all of them in such regular order. But it was perfectly possible that it might have been so, and, if no one fortress went through all the adventures which M. Viollet-le-Duc described, most fortresses had gone through some of them. The fiction at most consisted in rolling several true histories into one. But M. Viollet-le-Duc's present subject could not be treated with so small a departure from literal truth. He could tell the history of a particular building through a long series of ages, because, however much the building was changed, it at least did not move from its place. But here he has to tell the history, not of a particular building, but of the art of building, and that not in one country only, but in the world in general. If then he was to give his work the shape of a continuous fictitious narrative, it must take quite another form. So M. Viollet-le-Duc's work contains the observations of two mysterious and seemingly immortal beings, Epergos and Doxios, who have gone through the world in all ages, giving special attention to the building of human dwellings at each stage. Epergos may be said to represent the spirit of progress; he is always encouraging invention; indeed the first hut of all is said to have been made at his suggestion, and he preaches the doctrine of always going forwards in a discourse which he is made to deliver to a select company in Paris seemingly quite lately. Doxios, on the other hand, represents the spirit of standing still. He checks all change; he remonstrates with Epergos from the beginning, for the making of the primitive hut; and at every stage his sympathies lie with those nations who stand still. The Egyptians, for instance, are his delight. Then they are supplanted by the Assyrians; then the Romans have a turn in his affections; and in this last stage he becomes a bitter hater of Christianity, as something new, and a defender of the doings of its persecutors. Somewhat later he comes across the Buddhists, and is charmed with the doctrine of Nirvana. He now becomes a zealous missionary of this faith of repose and of all that is opposite to progress; but, some centuries before the story is done, Doxios has become an equally zealous Christian. The form of the book is thus a very strange one, but the very strangeness of the fiction gives it a certain kind of interest, and, granting the impossible premiss, there is something decidedly effective in the notion of a being—for we must hardly say a man—who has seen all the various stages of art with his own eyes and has actually himself suggested some of them. What we really have is of course M. Viollet-le-Duc's notions as to the progress of domestic architecture,

* *The Habitations of Man in all Ages.* By Eugene Viollet-le-Duc. Translated by Benjamin Bucknall. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

which the thread of his fictitious narrative allows him to set forth with a kind of life which he could hardly have given to a mere technical treatise. Now and then his immortal companions have reminded us of Lord Lytton's Zanoni. But what is characteristic of M. Viollet-le-Duc's story is the application of this fanciful machinery to a special and technical subject. We are not inclined to say anything against it as long as it stands by itself. A bold and fantastic idea is carried out ingeniously, and, we may add, successfully. But the idea is one which may very easily be worked threadbare. The present attempt must stand by itself. M. Viollet-le-Duc must never use the same machinery again, and he must, as far as in him lies, hinder anybody else from using it.

The form of M. Viollet-le-Duc's book almost necessarily involves a good deal of what elsewhere we should call ethnological speculation; but which, when dealing with beings like Epergos and Doxios, we must rather call ethnological observation. These immortal personages, in their long and constant travels, are able to follow various stages of the Aryan migration, besides paying many visits to men of other races, which of course are all set forth according to the ethnological views of M. Viollet-le-Duc himself. And M. Viollet-le-Duc has clearly thought much about these matters, and about many others. He has a perfect right, if he chooses, to adopt the theory of Ernst Curtius, and to plant primitive Ionians in Asia before what is commonly called the Ionian migration. We look on that theory with a good deal of doubt, and we hold that Professor Hadley made some very strong points against it. But beings like Epergos and Doxios cannot doubt, neither can the chronicler of their adventures. If M. Viollet-le-Duc is fully convinced of this theory, he has a perfect right to make use of it in his quasi-romance; and he at least brings out, what there is no reason to doubt, that the Ionic capital had an Asiatic origin of its own, quite distinct from the true Doric of Hellas. Contrary to the general belief, M. Viollet-le-Duc gives the Doric a stone, instead of a wooden, origin; and he sees in Egyptian architecture, not a style derived from buildings hewn in the rock, but a style derived from buildings of wooden construction. Whether we accept his conclusions or not, the illustrations by which he tries to confirm them are, in any case, curious and instructive. Here and there we must think that he draws a little on his imagination. We have suffered too much at the hands of Pelasgians, or at least at the hands of those who have talked about them, to accept all at once M. Viollet-le-Duc's picture of the house of a Pelasgian noble. We must remember that his subject is the habitations of man, so that his business is throughout with domestic architecture, not with religious or municipal architecture, or even with fortresses, except so far that they happen also to be habitations. Still, with a little exercise of the imagination, he contrives to illustrate the chief forms of architecture from domestic buildings only. But we are rather inclined to complain that one or two important forms of domestic architecture are left out. M. Viollet-le-Duc is far from leaping over the transitional ages of European history. Epergos and Doxios wander about in the later days of the undivided Empire as well as in the Augustan age itself. But it does seem rather strange that he has not taken them to Spalato, to that domestic building which forms a greater era in architectural history than any temple or fortress. Nor are we satisfied when he leaps from a feudal castle of the thirteenth century to a *Renaissance* house in Paris in the sixteenth. Both England and France had a good deal to show in the way of strictly domestic architecture in the intermediate time. Epergos and Doxios, who visited so many people in so many distant ages and countries, would certainly have found it worth their while to make a call either on Jacques Cœur at Bourges or on Sir Anthony Browne at Cowdray.

On the whole we are inclined to wonder at the success with which M. Viollet-le-Duc's rather startling machinery has been worked. It certainly brings many things home to us in a more living way than could be done in any regular treatise on domestic architecture. We follow the two mysterious beings through their wanderings of ages, we hear their discourse with men of such distant times and places, and we feel ourselves taken behind the scenes. Not only the mere style of architecture and arrangement, but the origin and use of each feature, and the manner of those who dwelled in the successive buildings, are all brought out with a life which could hardly have been given them in a formal treatise. One of the most striking parts is where Epergos and Doxios visit Assyria in the days of its glory, and where Epergos has a talk with the architect of the Assyrian King, which strongly brings out the utter carelessness of human labour and suffering with which the great works of despots were reared. Then when, ages afterwards, in the days of Augustus, they are entertained by the patrician Mummius—were there any patrician Mummii?—Epergos holds forth, as he could hardly have found a more appropriate place to hold forth, on the higher value of works of art, each one in its own place, than when they are carried off, as they so largely were in those days, to form collections or to adorn places for which they were not meant. But some of the most interesting parts, though of course the most imaginative parts, are those which trace the earliest efforts of all—not so much perhaps the very first hut of the savage, as the first Aryan dwelling, destroyed by the elements and rebuilt with improvements suggested by Epergos, and the further changes made as the Aryans press southward and become lords of subject races. Their progress, slow and sure, is well contrasted with the early and unprogressive civilization of the Chinese, typified in the "fat Fan," whom our travellers visit at a very early stage of the progress of our own branch of mankind.

At the very end of the book Epergos makes a set discourse which is of course to be taken as setting forth the views of M. Viollet-le-Duc himself. Its key-note may be said to be "progress," but "progress within the old lines." He shows how the style of each nation has sprung from a certain constructive origin arising out of practical need, how its details have been modified by other practical needs, but how the marks of its real origin still hang about it. Strictly to go back is strictly impossible. The architects of the classical *Renaissance* tried to build Roman houses; but they could not; all that they could do was to build French houses with a Roman mask. M. Viollet-le-Duc evidently holds that, in such a case, reaction is the only means of again taking up the thread of progress. Each nation must fall back on the genuine principles of its own style, and so work out something for itself:—

> Those enthusiasts for Greek and Roman forms—for in their naïve admiration they were accustomed to confound them, utterly different though they are in their principle and in its expression—have succeeded in misleading Europe for two or three centuries,—a mere moment, however, compared with the life of humanity; and we have been inundated with neo-Greek and neo-Roman,—such indeed as would make Greeks and Romans laugh,—without the slightest regard for origins, natural aptitudes, climate, materials, or the novel conditions of social life. In Paris and in Rome, in Madrid and in St. Petersburg, in Vienna and in Stockholm, so-called Greek and Roman palaces have been erected.
>
> Nevertheless, a generation of inquirers has arisen who have had no difficulty in demonstrating that humanity is not thus homogeneously constituted; that because a Pompeian house was charming under a Neapolitan sky, and admirably suited to the requirements of people who lived two thousand years ago, it by no means follows that such a house suits our time and climate. A decided tendency towards a reaction is therefore manifest. Every civilised nation has begun to inquire—and the inquiry will be prosecuted with increasing ardour—whence it comes, and what are its elements; and it is consequently endeavouring to adopt those original forms in art which are adapted to the genius and requirements of the race to which it belongs. This movement is already very apparent in England, in Germany, in Sweden, and in Russia, and it is becoming daily more marked.

It is quite certain that, if a mediæval house would not suit modern requirements, a Greek or Roman house would be still further from suiting them. And it is equally certain that, in England, just when the classical fancy set in, houses had begun to be built which, with very little change, would meet modern requirements. If we need not go back to old Greece or Rome, neither need we go away to Venice or Verona. But how hard to persuade a modern architect, brought up in due Ruskinesque scorn for the "savage" and "detestable" works of his own land, that, by such a humdrum process as going into Gloucestershire and Sussex and studying Thornbury and Cowdray, he might have learned far more for practical use than anything that he can find on the other side of the Alps.

The illustrations are throughout singularly effective, bringing out the main points in the several styles with great clearness. And Mr. Bucknall's translation, as a rule, reads easily enough, though now and then he forgets that the duty of a translator is to turn things into the language into which he translates, not to leave them in that in which they were first written. M. Viollet-le-Duc, writing in French, naturally wrote about "souvenir" and "mélange." Mr. Bucknall, translating into English, should have found English words, and not have transcribed the French. "A pyre of souvenirs" is specially grotesque, and goes some way towards spoiling a striking passage at the end of the chapter on the Asiatic Ionians.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.*

IT is well for reading people that any one can be found to perform the necessary literary drudgery of making book-lists. It is true that we hardly thank them. Bibliographers are the butts of other literary men. They are, no doubt, estimable and industrious labourers in a difficult field; but we generally fail to understand how any intelligent being can be found to do their work. Those who only care for what a book contains of pleasure or information cannot bring themselves to see how an educated and thinking man can interest himself only with the exterior, or, at most, with so much of the interior as will enable him to record of a book that it is in so many sheets of so many leaves, and that the signatures run from A or B to Gg in sixes. Yet, without the labour of such folk, we should be without any knowledge of much old literature. The very existence of vast masses of early literature is unknown except through them. But for the care of bibliographers we should, for example, have less information about Shakspeare than we have now, if that is possible. The few hard facts as to the plays, upon which such mountainous theories have been built, are chiefly of a bibliographical kind. And it is the same with the works of a few other authors. Yet, allowing for this, and allowing, too, for the fascination which any record of human folly must exercise on certain minds, it remains a standing mystery that there should be men among us who, from preference and with no hope of anything like adequate reward, will give attention, learning, and often also talent, or something very like it, to the production of such a list as this now before us.

It is just possible, however, in an idle half-hour to extract some amusement from reading a list of the titles of books. A comparative study of title-pages might even have in it an element of historical and psychological importance. Every possible re-

* *Collections and Notes*, 1867–1876. By W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Reeves & Turner. 1876

source that conceit, ignorance, and falsehood could employ has been dragged into the service of giving books attractive names, and of persuading people to buy them. And, merely glancing at a few of the curious title-pages in Mr. Hazlitt's volume, we may see that, where attraction has been found impossible, the opposite course has been pursued; books by the score exist to which their authors have evidently endeavoured to give the most repulsive names possible. And again there is a third class—that of books which have no particular name. For the most part, scientific works are of this character. Books on the beginnings of knowledge are often sent into the world with a sort of summary of their contents on the first leaf, and the reader may choose for himself from a page of words the biggest for a title. Booksellers have a way of distinguishing one new book from another by the mere use of the author's name and the first word of the title. An order will be given at a publisher's for so many dozen of Green's "Shorts" or Huxley's "Lays." But a few authors are to be found who are so wholly incapable of understanding the objects and uses of titles that they neither display nor conceal the subject of their productions, and neither attract nor repel the reader. They simply put a name on the title-page because, since Wynkyn de Worde's time, titles have been usual. We cannot but look upon this course as foolish. An unfortunate author wonders he cannot get the public to see the worth of his performance. He expected, and perhaps he was right to expect, that everybody would talk of it, and yet nobody mentions its name. But he never reflects that he has given it a name that people cannot mention if they would. A cheap volume came out some years ago with the name of "Melibœus." It was an account of modern London, and was, we believe, intended for the working classes, but they never asked for it. How could they? Many of Mr. Ruskin's titles are of this character; yet he intends them, he says, for people who do not know Latin and Greek. There are English names, however, which are just as hard to say as if they were in Latin, aye, or Hebrew. Mr. Cockayne, when he wrote a history of certain forms of superstition for the Rolls Series, gave it the very distinctive but utterly unserviceable name of "Leechdoms, Wortcunning, and Starcraft." This, though very good English, is just as hard to pronounce as "Burnt Njal," or the "Hydrologia Philosophica," noticed by Mr. Hazlitt, which is really an account of the mineral waters at Ilmington, or the "Chryso-thriambos," noticed in his former book, which is a cantata for the inauguration of a Lord Mayor, or the "Eropaideia," a book on education, published in 1607. Against such perversions on one side may be set the long descriptions usual a hundred years ago, and now, we regret to see, coming in again. A title, so as it serves to distinguish one book from others, can hardly be too short or tell too little. Novels require nothing but a bare name. Yet novelists have sinned on their title-pages more than even theological and philosophical writers. It is a stock question in the schools to ask a man if he can repeat the full account of his treatise given by Bishop Butler on the first page of the *Analogy*; but very few readers, we take it, could correctly repeat Richardson's abridgment of *Clarissa Harlowe* as it may be found on the title-page:—"Clarissa; or, the History of a Young Lady: comprehending the most Important Concerns of Private Life. And particularly shewing the distresses that may attend the Misconduct, both of Parents and Children, in Relation to Marriage." But this is nothing to some of the titles copied out so carefully by Mr. Hazlitt. Thus, Mary Cary published in 1651 the "Little Horn's Doom and Downfall; Or a Scripture-Prophesie of King James and King Charles, and of this present Parliament, unfolded. Wherein it appeares that the late Tragedies that have bin acted upon the Scene of these three Nations: and particularly the late King's doom and death, was so long ago, as by Daniel predeclared. And what the issue of all will be is also discovered: which followes in the Second Part. By M. Cary, a servant of Jesus Christ. . . . 1651." Nor is this all, for a second title-page follows, lest the first should not have been full enough:—"A new and more exact mappe or Description of new Ierusalems Glory," and so on for about the same space as the first. These Puritan titles are famous, like Puritan prayers, for their length; but it must be allowed that the other side made up in extravagance for anything that the names of their books may have wanted in length. Who would have supposed, without such evidence as Mr. Hazlitt gives, that even Court poets could pretend to mourn for James I.? But here we have an account of William Hodgson's "Plvrisie of Sorrow, Let Blood in the Eye Veine: Or, The Muses teares for the death of our late Soueraigne, Iames, King of England," a work of such rarity that even the Museum copy is imperfect.

The use of alliteration's artful aid appears to be one of the most important of the title-maker's objects. Thackeray, who avoided it for his own books, made the most of it in his *Prize Novelists*, but other authors have used it for themselves. Mr. Hazlitt gives many instances. Thomas Churchyard published in 1575 "Churchyardes Chippes," and in 1593 "Churchyards Challenge." Thomas Coryat published in 1611 "Coryat's Crudities" and "Coryat's Crambe." The assonance is more complicated in "Batt upon Batt, a Poem upon the Parts, Patience and Pains of Barth. Kempster, Clerk, Poet, Cutler, of Holy-Rood-Parish in Southampton; by a Person of Quality"; and sometimes we have a jingle or half-rhyme like Carlyle's "Britaines Glorie, Or An Allegoricall Dreame: with the Exposition thereof Containing the Heathens infidelitie the Turkes blasphemie the Popes Hypocrisie Amsterdams varietie The Church of Englands verity in Religion. And in our Church of England The Kings excellencie. His Issues integritie. The Nobles and Gentries constancie. The Councell and Judges fidelities. The Preachers puritie. The Bishops sinceritie." It is refreshing, after wading through pages of such enormities, to come upon a title of the older style. Hawes's poem, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in or about 1512, has a woodcut on the title-page, and over it, "Here begynneth the booke called the example of vertu." A later edition is not so good an example of this particular kind of virtue:—"Here foloweth a compendyous story and it is called the example of vertu in the whiche ye shall fynde many goodly storys and naturall dysputacyons betwene foure ladyes named Hardynes Sapyence Fortune and Nature."

The books noticed by Mr. Hazlitt in this volume are all rare. In his former work on the "Popular, Poetic, and Dramatic Literature" from the introduction of printing to the restoration of the Stuarts, he had occasion to mention many books already described by Lowndes or some other bibliographer. But in these *Collections and Notes* there is very little that has ever been recorded before, and perhaps it would be safe to say that three-fourths of the books named in it are unique. For this reason, if for no other, they are of value to collectors and to men of the same tastes as Mr. Hazlitt; but English literature would not have suffered any irreparable loss if these three-fourths had perished altogether. There are very few that are worth reading, still fewer that will improve the reader's mind, and an immense number which, whether on account of their party violence or their obscenity, are absolutely unfit for reading. Fortunately it is not often one can meet with them; their profanity or ribaldry have ensured their destruction, and we may very well look on the mania for collecting them as a harmless form of the prevalent insanity. To such collectors Mr. Hazlitt's book is simply indispensable; nor will it be absolutely useless to the student of the history of English literature. The books which are the most popular for a time are often, perhaps in consequence, the rarest afterwards. Famous as is now the "Martin Marprelate" controversy, no one has been able to find a copy of the original tract which started it; yet such a discovery would be of great interest. Only a single specimen remains of the first edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. No fragment of Tyndale's first publication of the Gospels is known to exist; of his first complete Testament there is only a single copy, and that imperfect. Of other very popular books, again, copies are common. *Gulliver's Travels* is by no means scarce in the first edition. It is the same with *Paradise Lost*. But Cocker's *Arithmetic* is very rare in its first edition, and so is Joe Miller, for it would almost seem as if people who had learnt the jokes off burnt the book, that they might the more easily make its contents their own.

Mr. Hazlitt has the same advantage over his readers as a traveller who has traversed some region previously unknown. No one who has not seen the books of which he tells us can correct his description of them. He has things all his own way. He may almost say, like the Irishman, "The man's dead now, and I defy him to contradict me." He has had access to a large number of private libraries. He has an unrivalled knowledge of his subject. And, above all, he has spent many years in which he has never lost an opportunity, in auction-rooms and other places where rare books may be seen, of noting down examples; and even, as he tells us, of going over collections of a kind which we would gladly believe no one ever makes now—namely, of title-pages alone, cut out of books. In one or two places we wish he had given a little more information. A few biographical notes would have been of great value. To take a single case. In Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual* there is the following entry:—

> Plantagenet (Beauchamp). Description of the province of New Albion, and a direction for adventurers with small stock to get two for one and good land freely. 1650. 4to.

Lowndes goes on to say that a copy of this edition fetched 17*l.* 17*s.* in a sale in 1861, and that there was a previous edition in 1648, of which apparently he could get no account. In Mr. Hazlitt's former work there is nothing about Mr. Plantagenet. But in the present *Collections and Notes* we have something about the edition of 1648, for which we must refer to the book. But our purpose is not bibliographical. We should like to know whether this was an assumed name, who the assumer was, whether he founded a family in Virginia, where New Albion, it seems, was situated, and, in short, some historical particulars of a man who, if he was not remarkable himself, certainly bore a very remarkable name. But perhaps Mr. Hazlitt is right in sticking to bibliography in a bibliographical book, and we can only end, as we began, by congratulating the world that there are people willing to do the necessary work which he has performed here with so much ability and industry.

ELSA AND HER VULTURE.*

THE charm of "local" novels is one that must increase as the life of capital cities is more and more crushed into uniformity. A capital may produce a thousand professions and commerce may branch into innumerable special lines, but in the main the dwellers in a capital are better known to each other than the peasantry are to any of them. And not only is one Londoner like another, but a London merchant or workman is more like a merchant or workman of Berlin, Amsterdam, Vienna, than he is to a Westmoreland peasant. It is not true to say, as has been said more than once,

* *Elsa and her Vulture: a German Peasant Romance.* By Mme. von Hillern. Translated by Lady Wallace. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

that humanity becomes interesting only when it has begun to live in cities, and that all peasants are alike. They seem alike to the jaded senses of the town-bred critic, because he has come to believe that naturalness must imply uniformity. As a matter of fact it is their very naturalness, the fact that they are the product of the soil they live upon, that gives them their distinctness, as the colours of the tree give their difference of shade to the moths that feed on it. The peasantry of Berry differ as much from the peasantry of Westmoreland as do the flora of the two districts from one another; you might as well expect to find the Edelweiss on Headington Hill as to find an Elsa in Oxfordshire. Artists have seen all this long ago, and the enthusiasm with which Scott's Northern novels were received at their appearance is only one piece of evidence among many that the artists are right. It is a curious fact that the foremost novelists now living in most European countries are full of local knowledge, and are at their best when they are displaying it. George Sand in the Vallée Noire, George Eliot in Leamshire, Auerbach in the Black Forest, Trueba among the Biscayan valleys, are following a right instinct, as their success proves. And now Mme. von Hillern comes forward with a Tyrolese novel, of which we may say that from the first page of it to the last we are in Tyrol, breathing the air of the mountains, and thinking the thoughts of those who live among them. Elsa, or "Vulture Elly," as she is commonly called, is the daughter of old Stromminger, the "Höchst Bauer" or head peasant of Sonnen-Platte, near Solden in the Oetz Thal. She got her name from an adventure in which, at fourteen years of age, she stole a young vulture, or Lammergeier, from its nest, and, as she hung by a rope in air, fought off the parent bird, and brought the young one home. This adventure is an index to her character, and the memory of it never leaves her; for Hansel, the stolen vulture, is her constant companion, the partner of her sorrows and her joys. She is, as the hero of the story says, "the handsomest and strongest girl in all Tyrol, and immensely rich," for her father, the head peasant, owns fields and flocks innumerable. After a poetical bit of introduction, where Elsa is revealed to us standing beaten by the winds upon a giddy precipice, the story begins with her confirmation-day at Solden. Elsa is sixteen years old, and very tall; she is a little ashamed of herself for it, lest people should laugh at her. But no one takes any notice of her, for all are too much excited by the news which has just come that Joseph Hagenbach, the brave young chamois-hunter, has killed the bear that was seen up in Vintschgau. Hardly is the confirmation over—a service that has been lost upon poor Elsa, whose thoughts have been away with Joseph and the bear—when the victorious hunter appears, escorted by a crowd of youths, tall men all, but he taller and stronger than any. "He seemed almost to shine from a distance. He looked like St. George in the church." At the first glance Elsa's heart is irretrievably gone, and her case becomes more hopeless still as she listens, from the fir-tree into which she has climbed, to the story of the battle which Joseph tells. The whole village is wild about Joseph; the Bishop publicly blesses him; only one person stands sullenly aloof, and that is Elsa's father. The old Stromminger, who for thirty years had been the most athletic man in the district, could not bear to feel that he must yield to the younger generation; and his sullenness breaks out into open fury when one of the bystanders, not content with praising Joseph, must needs cry out that Joseph's prowess was inherited from his father, who had also been the best shot and the best wrestler in the whole country. This is more than the Stromminger can bear; to hold his own he insults the memory of Joseph's father, and threatens Joseph himself. In the struggle that follows Joseph overcomes him, and then offers him his hand. But the Stromminger never forgives, and the scene ends with his cursing Joseph and the whole village, and dragging his daughter home.

This chapter introduces us then to the motive of the story. Elsa loves Joseph, who is hardly conscious of her existence; her father hates him, and swears that he shall never have his daughter. With her the savage old man tries the violent means that come most natural to him—he beats her, he disgraces her, he orders her to marry another, and when she refuses, he first half-murders her, and then, exerting the patriarchal authority that still survives in pastoral societies, tries the *ultima ratio* of banishment:—

> Stromminger allowed a couple of minutes of deep thought to elapse, and then said, in a hoarse voice, "I cannot take your life, but as you love the Similaun and the Murzoll as much as your father, you shall henceforth live with them. Your place is there; never again shall you sit at my table. You shall go to the Hoch Joch to herd cattle, and shall stay there till you have found out that it would be better in a warm nest with Vincenz than surrounded by the snow heaps of the Murzoll. Make up your bundle, for I will not see you again. To-morrow, early, you are to set out. I will let the Schnalsers know my intentions, and send a farm lad next week with the cattle. Take bread and cheese with you, that you may have food till the cattle arrive. Klettenmaier shall guide you up the mountain,—and now be off with you. This is my final resolve, and I shall not change it."
>
> "Good," said Elsa, in a low tone, and, bending her head, left her father's room.

Nothing could be more awfully solitary than the Hoch Joch, the uncultivated levels amid the peaks, where the sheep can in the summer months find a scanty living, and where the only human beings are the Schnalser herdsmen, "half-wild fellows, clothed in skins," who live miles apart in little stone huts. Here it is that Elsa is condemned to live, her only companions being her vulture and her flock, her only intercourse with the world being through the herd-boy, who, as the weeks go by, brings her a pittance of food. Her father sends to know if she will obey him now; her only answer is that she would sooner be torn to pieces by her vulture. In manifold ways the silence and remoteness of the place are influencing her. Sometimes "a nameless longing seized the girl for the familiar meadows of her home, which were gradually veiled from her sight by the peaceful shades of evening." Sometimes, in the moonlight,

> The mountain tops stared at her in hostility, because she dared to watch their nocturnal doings. It appeared as if it were only since her arrival that they had become so still and peaceful, like a company discussing some secret plot, who suddenly become silent when a stranger comes among them.

Sometimes the freedom of the place is what inspires her; she feels like a queen on her solitary throne, a ruler in the silent, boundless kingdom which her eye overlooks; "so that at length she gazed with compassionate contempt from the heights above at the ignoble race below, who gained their daily bread by bargaining and calculating, and a secret aversion replaced her former longing for home." Sometimes she sees visions and dreams dreams; dreams that she literally becomes the child of the mountain, and is adopted as a sister by the "Seligen Fräulein," the awful beings with which the imagination of the simple peasantry has peopled the hollows of the hills. Sometimes, however, and most often, she dwells in thought upon the strong and brilliant creature for whom, without his knowledge, she is suffering this exile—Bear-Joseph, "the St. George of her dreams," whose equal is no girl in the Tyrol but herself.

We will not follow Elsa through all her after troubles, for the story is so short that no reader can have any excuse for skipping, or can want another hand to fill in for him the details of the plot. Elsa descends to find all changed at home; her old nurse Luckard dismissed and dead, her father disabled by lameness, and Vincent, her hated suitor, all-powerful with him, and directing the whole establishment. The new servants insult her, and she is driven by the sight of a piece of brutality on Vincent's part to an outburst of violence so frantic that she has to flee her father's house and wander about the country, she and her vulture seeking for a home. Naturally, folk look askance at her for her companion's sake, and for the fierceness which adversity and others' cruelty have stamped upon her beautiful face. The priest of Heilig Kreuz himself, fair example of the noble type that has charmed poets and novelists from the days of the "pouré persoun of a toun," dares not shelter her; and she finds no rest until she falls half-dead at the door of the Klötze's house in the Rofen Hof, "the highest inhabited spot in all Tyrol." The pathetic little love-story that follows is most delicately sketched, and we will not spoil it by telling it again. It is enough that Elsa is faithful to her one passion, and escapes from the wooing of the honest Benedict Klötz, whom she respects and likes as a brother, to the hut on the Hoch Joch, when the spring has come again. Here she remains the summer through, and in the winter finds some shelter in service in the further valley, far from the home that she has learnt to hate.

It is while she is in her mountain hut that the plot thickens. With great art the author contrives a meeting between her and Joseph, just before her father's death frees and enriches her. But, not to mention a violent incident of the meeting which is best read in the story itself, an element of strife is introduced in the person of another girl, Afra, the maidservant at the "Lamb" inn, whom Joseph is escorting over the mountain. It is with the relations of these three that the rest of the book is occupied. Vulture Elly, now that she has become Höchstbauerin, rich, courted, and important, is almost maddened with the thought of her Joseph, about whose new exploits all the world is talking, throwing himself away on a maidservant. She vents her anger on all around her; if she cannot be loved, she will be feared and hated; she rejects with scorn all her suitors—nay, she conquers them in fair fight, for she has openly given notice that he who can force a kiss from her shall marry her, but none are strong enough to do it. She wanders among the hills the whole night long, and returns to deck herself out in finery which no other peasant can rival. She is inflexibly severe upon the peasant vices of her servants; she has dismissal or chastisement in store for any that is guilty of drunkenness, dishonesty, cruelty, or light conduct. And all the while she broods over her disappointment till, at the procession on Corpus Christi Day, she publicly insults Afra, her rival, and forces Joseph to plan a revenge.

The revenge and its consequences occupy the last chapters of the book. How a trap is laid for Elsa, how she falls into it smiling, how she is affronted as publicly as she had affronted Afra; her wild outburst of passion, her vehement repentance, her thrilling rescue of Joseph from the death to which she has devoted him, the clearing-up of the Afra mystery, and the romantic end of all, we will not spoil our readers' appetite by telling. Here is one piece only, which, while it does not tell too much of the story, is a good example of the author's power. Joseph has asked Elsa to go with him to a dance—an act equivalent in the Tyrol to an offer of marriage—and in order to avenge Afra he has vowed to gain the kiss that none of her suitors has gained before. He has asked her for the kiss in the presence of all the people; she struggles for a moment between love and modest embarrassment. At last:—

> She raised her fair face to him, and his eyes rested for a second on the fresh quivering lips offered to him; then he pushed her back gently, and said, in a low voice, "No, not so; no good hunter shoots his prey except on foot or in the air. I said that to you once before. I will win it from you in fair fight, I won't take it as a gift; and if I were a girl like you, I would

not hold myself so cheap. Defend yourself, Elsa, and don't let me off more easily than you did the others, or there would be no honour for me."

A scarlet flush of shame was diffused over Elsa's face: she would gladly have sunk into the earth. Had she so entirely forgotten what was due to herself that her suitor must remind her of it? A glare seemed to dazzle her eyes. Suddenly, drawing herself up to her full height, she measured Joseph with blazing eyes. "All right," cried she, "let it be so. You shall also learn what Vulture Elly is. Now, try whether you can win a kiss from her!"

She felt choking; she tore off her neck-handkerchief, and stood there in her silver-laced velvet bodice and white cambric sleeves, while Joseph's eyes were fixed with admiration on her beauty. "You are beautiful—as beautiful as you are vindictive," muttered he, as he sprang on her like a hunter on his prey, whom he intends to stab with his *couteau de chasse*, seizing her round the neck; but he little knew Vulture Elly. With one powerful effort she was free, and a malicious burst of laughter ensued from all those who had formerly fared no better that made Joseph frantic. He seized the girl round the waist with an iron grasp, but she gave him so well aimed a blow that he involuntarily drew back; fresh peals of laughter! By this blow, the effects of which she knew, she had always defended herself against every hostile attack. Joseph, however, dissembled his pain, and with redoubled fury seized the girl's arms with both his hands to try to approach her lips, but in an instant she bent to one side, while a breathless struggle ensued amid an ominous silence, only interrupted by a curse from Joseph. The girl twisted like a snake, so that he could not reach her mouth. Three times he bore her to the ground, and three times she sprang up again. He lifted her in his arms, but her movements were so rapid he could not touch her lips. Elsa's fine cambric sleeves were torn, and her silver necklace was broken to bits. It no longer looked like a love struggle, but rather a struggle for life or death. Suddenly she got free, but he pursued and once more seized her in his arms in a passionate embrace. Then, when she felt his heart beating against hers, and his breath on her cheek, all power of resistance left her, and sinking on her knees before him, overpowered by shame and love, she said, "I am yours!"

It must not of course be expected that all the scenes in the story are as exciting as this; but they are all as full of life and swing. This "German peasant romance" is a delightful story, well written and well translated. Throughout it is racy of the soil; it is full of the spirit of the mountains and of those remote valleys into which we wander in the summer-time, but into whose real life so few of us can enter. If the story fails of reaching quite the first rank, if it is not to be reckoned side by side with *La Petite Fadette* and *Silas Marner*, it still ought to be put high among tales of peasant life. Mme. von Hillern has not the subtlety or the supreme style of the greatest novelists, but she has seized a genuine character and brought it to us fresh from the mountains, simple, passionate, violent, childlike in its waywardness, and yet desperate in its intensity, and has presented it with success.

THE EARLS OF MIDDLETON.*

AS will be observed from its title, the author of this volume has set herself a double task. Besides writing the Lives of the two Earls of Middleton, she has undertaken to give a brief account of the Middleton family in general. Neither Principal Alexander Middleton himself, however, whose reverend academical figure flits in a ghostlike way through the volume at large, nor any of his descendants, unless it be Lord Barham, who was First Lord of the Admiralty under Mr. Pitt, to any appreciable degree influenced the destinies of Great Britain. To Lord Barham Miss Biscoe assigns a share, in a roundabout sort of way, in the laurels of Trafalgar. He provided Nelson "with more vessels than he had demanded as necessary. To the reliance of the latter," (the comma confuses us, but we think we see what is meant) "on receiving the succours promised, the glorious battle of Trafalgar may, indeed, in a great measure be attributed." Be this as it may, any student specially interested in the Middleton pedigree before and after Alexander, the brother of the first Earl, will find in this book what he requires. But tracing pedigrees is one thing, and writing biography is another. Not every subject lends itself to a biography, and not every method of treatment ensures success in a biographer. In neither of the Earls of Middleton personally was there anything great or attractive, or distinctively interesting. The one was a coarse soldier, fond of gain, and in his latter days fond of drink, in whose services there was nothing extraordinarily brilliant, and in whose character there was nothing manifestly noble, though his political change or changes may admit of very easy explanation. The other was a man of education, and of a certain amount of political sagacity, who served a fallen cause unselfishly (for we disregard the scandal to which we shall refer below), but was of no really important use to that or to any other cause. In the case of the latter we have abundant materials by which to gauge the measure of his capacity; but of his personal character we hardly know enough to enable us to understand him as a man. In the case of the former we have hardly any materials of a personal kind, except such as a stray letter or a passing notice by Mr. Pepys supply. The Earls of Middleton are therefore chiefly interesting on account of the transactions in which they played more or less conspicuous parts. But to compress an account of these transactions into a biographical framework is a task of great difficulty, and in the present instance was perhaps hardly worth attempting. In endeavouring to perform it Miss Biscoe has shown a good deal of industry. She has read a good many historical works and collections, which she freely cites, without inquiring into their general character or special adequacy; Hume, Smollett, or Oldmixon seem to serve any turn, though many other works have been consulted. Macaulay is hardly at all referred to, though his character of the second Earl of Middleton really sums up most that can be said of him. Sometimes a "search in the Records" appears to have been instituted. Of footnotes Miss Biscoe is the reverse of chary; indeed we could have spared a few of these, such as the elucidation of the term Covenanters, or the not very exhaustive extract from "Beeton" about "Prior the poet." In general, however, we give all credit to the author for the trouble she has taken; and only regret that she should have been at such pains to make a book out of what, unless under very exceptional treatment, was better suited for a contribution to a dictionary of British biography.

It may be worth while, in illustration of this opinion, to run more rapidly than Miss Biscoe through the lives of the two Earls of Middleton. The elder, John, began his military life, which was the basis of his fortunes, as a pikeman in Hepburn's regiment, which was, says Miss Biscoe, "sent to France." This is a rather vague notice of the regiment in the French service composed of old Scottish companies, of which Hepburn had assumed the command in 1633, and of which some account is given (with a reference to Middleton) in Mr. James Grant's well-known Memoirs of that renowned adventurer. Hepburn, like Leslie, was a soldier of the Thirty Years' War, and the days of soldiers of fortune were not yet at an end. But Middleton's campaigns were to be fought on his native soil; and already in 1638, when a lad of eighteen, he found himself back in Scotland, whither all Scottish officers serving abroad had been recalled by the Covenanters. Montrose was at the head of their forces, his device at this time being "For Religion, the Covenant, and the Countrie," while his soldiers wore "ane blue ribbin . . . which they called the *Covenanters' Ribbin*" in "despyte and derision" of "the *Royall Ribbin*, of ane reid flesh culler," worn by some of the loyalists. But the treaty of Berwick soon intervened; Montrose disbanded his forces and went over to the side of King Charles; and Middleton for a time withdrew into private life and married a wife, whose Christian name, Grizel, Miss Biscoe justly remarks, should be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable. In 1642, however, Middleton entered the service of the English Parliament and took an active part in the campaign of the following year. When deprived of his commission by the Self-Denying Ordinance, he (1645) obtained a command in the Scotch army operating against the now Royalist Montrose. This appears to have been the most brilliant part of his military career; Montrose was obliged to quit the country, and after the King's surrender Middleton, or rather one of his officers, succeeded in effecting the capture of Huntly. It is clear that as a commander Middleton fell short in nothing of the ferocity of the worst types of his age, burning castles, and in particular never sparing the life of an Irishman. Times were destined to change before 1654, when we find Hyde writing to Nicholas:—"Ask Middleton if he will have two or three Irish priests with him to carry on correspondence with Ireland."

The difficulties of Middleton's biography begin with the perplexed and perplexing period of Scotch politics which ensued after the surrender of King Charles, and during the final struggles of the Presbyterians in England to recover power out of the hands of the Independents. Miss Biscoe distinguishes three Scotch parties at this time—the Royalists pure and simple, the rigid Covenanters, and the Moderates, who sought to reconcile the interests of the King with those of the Covenant. Among the last-named she classes Middleton, and seems to defend him against Whitelocke's charge of double inconsistency or tergiversation accordingly. That Middleton acted with considerable canniness, more especially at the time of Montrose's landing, is clear; but we are afraid that there can be no doubt as to one of the motives which, to all intents and purposes, made him a supporter of what Mr. Carlyle, speaking of the situation of parties at a later date (1650), calls the "Malignant or Royalist extreme." The royal charter of June 29, 1648, which conferred upon Middleton the barony of Fettercairn (p. 42) might have helped to clear Miss Biscoe's doubts (p. 44) as to Middleton's "exact reasons for turning Royalist." Charles II., it is known, came to Scotland as a covenanted King, so that Middleton's principles (if any) were exposed to no trial in the services he devoted to the new sovereign. He was taken prisoner at Worcester, but, fortunately for himself, contrived to escape from his imprisonment in the Tower. For Cromwell is said to have "thirsted" for his blood: and it must be allowed that (like Cromwell himself) Middleton had interpreted the Self-denying Ordinance in no very self-denying spirit.

The expedition which Middleton, after many difficulties, the chief of which was the peace between the United Provinces and England, contrived to carry over to Scotland in 1654 was defeated by Monk. It was hopeless from the first; and an amusing letter from Captain M., conjectured to be Charles Middleton, afterwards the second Earl, illustrates some of the causes of the failure. "Mr. Presbyter" failed to show all the enthusiasm to which it was hoped to move him; the nobility and gentry, "descended of no bastard aery," who had joined the army, fell to quarrelling and duelling, and among the soldiery there was desertion, which Middleton is stated to have suppressed by the horrible punishment of decimation. Though Monk had set a price on his head, he escaped to the Continent, and his military career was now at an end. Miss Biscoe at this point draws a broad line of demarcation between the two parts of Middleton's career, the latter half of which was overshadowed by a vice "of which we have as yet heard no complaints"—namely, that of excessive drinking. The Earl (he had been raised to this dignity in 1656 by the exiled

* *The Earls of Middleton, Lords of Clermont and of Fettercairn, and the Middleton Family.* By A. C. Biscoe. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

King) in vain attempted in the (probably congenial) locality of Danzig to raise men and money for a new Scottish expedition, but it came to nothing, and he remained abroad till the Restoration.

The account of Middleton's proceedings as High Commissioner in Scotland is the least satisfactory part of this biographical sketch. "He was throughout the greater part of his time intoxicated," and it is therefore "no marvel that many of his acts were arbitrary, and often outrageously absurd." We agree that hardly any terms of condemnation can be too strong for the intolerance and impolicy of the system of government pursued by the High Commissioner and his Council; but it should be remembered that the Scottish Parliament was, if anything, more Royalist than the representatives of the Crown; and Miss Biscoe herself, in her rather perfunctory account of the Rescissory Act, has shown that Clarendon, who was very sober, insisted upon maintaining a measure devised by Middleton when he and his friends were, according to tradition, very drunk. When Middleton was finally overthrown by Lauderdale, he had the support to the last of Clarendon, and of his old adversary Albemarle. The whole of this part of his life, if carefully examined, would have formed a most interesting passage of history; Miss Biscoe has, however, treated it with exceeding slightness.

After this we catch glimpses of Middleton chiefly through Pepys, who thought him "a shrewd man, but a drinking man," and who states, in his own inimitable way:—

> It pleased me to observe how some men may by age come to know much, and yet through their drinking and other pleasures render themselves not very considerable.

The fallen statesman was in some measure restored to the Royal favour, receiving the command at Rochester, and thus perhaps being in part responsible for the most notorious national disgrace of King Charles II.'s reign, and being finally appointed to the governorship of Tangiers. After much vexing the soul of Mr. Pepys in respect to this post, he repaired to it at last. But he did not long enjoy its sweets, such as they were: for, in 1673, he fell down a staircase in a drunken fit, and after that drank no more. "Lord Middleton's career," moralizes his biographer, "is but one out of many examples of opportunities lost and talents wasted through habits of intemperance."

Charles, second Earl of Middleton (there seems no doubt as to his Christian name, though, oddly enough, he was outlawed under the name of John), is, upon the whole, indisputably a more attractive personage than his father. He was worthy of him, like the King his master, whom he is said to have likewise resembled in his "gay and lively manners, embellished with wit." Of this latter quality Miss Biscoe is, however, unable to give any specimen besides the stock story about the priest, which she quotes from Oldmixon, and which Macaulay quotes from Burnet. Elsewhere we are informed, on the authority of Macpherson, that Middleton "was a man of humour and some learning, and he sometimes threw a mixture of both into his letters on the most serious subjects." But in the numerous letters extracted by Miss Biscoe from Macpherson's collection, which, in fact, form the staple of this second biography, there is hardly anything really characteristic in these directions. Lord Middleton's manner in some of his despatches as Secretary of State to the exiled King resembles that of diplomatists who have probably always abounded at the minor Courts of Europe, and have sometimes found their way to positions in the greater. His arguments evidently strike him as extremely clever, and he thence concludes that they will have effect with others. It is true that the Ministers of King James II. and his successor at St. Germains had little but words on which to fall back, whether their aim was to move their friends in England or their friend at Versailles. But one seems to understand the weakness of their position when one reads such a letter as that of Middleton to Renaudot (January 24, 1695), in which he insists upon the fact that the loyal addresses presented by the Parliament to William offer a very strong and a very useful proof of the existence of a party opposed to him.

In this biography, as in the companion sketch, the author has not always seized with sufficient force upon its chief points of interest. It was unnecessary to give so many letters at length, while it would have been useful to illustrate with greater fulness the chief phases of Middleton's personal activity as a politician. His career before the final flight of King James II. from England was creditable to himself; for, though he loyally adhered to his sovereign in good and in evil fortune, his voice was always for moderate counsels, and he did not condescend to the surest means of securing the fulness of the Royal favour. When the crisis came, he did his best to persuade James to weather it, although, as we read in the King's own statement, cited by Clarke, he in the end owned there could be no safety for him to stay. When he afterwards followed the King to France, it was as the representative of that party among the Jacobites to meet whose views James issued a declaration calculated to conciliate his Protestant supporters at home. But, as Macaulay has shown at great length, this laudable effort proved an utter failure; and though King William himself had been sorely troubled with fears as to the influence of so capable a man as Middleton upon the counsels of King James, his endeavours proved as futile as those of his rival Molfort. After James II.'s death, Middleton became a Roman Catholic, a step which it is simply absurd to attribute to unworthy motives, though the Whig historian Oldmixon charitably suggests a desire for the recovery of a pension from the French Crown, and St. Simon a hope to regain the confidence of Queen Mary Beatrice. Converts have at all times been the victims of calumny; but it is hard that Middleton, who had never yielded to the wishes of King James during the life of the latter, should have been maligned, even if he professed to have been moved to his conversion by the appearance of King James after death in a vision. After his conversion he withdrew from the Court for a year, partly to study Catholic theology in a convent, partly because he justly thought that "his continuing in office would give offence to Protestants," *i.e.* Protestant Jacobites "in England." After his return he resumed his activity, apparently still adhering to a moderate course of policy. In the attempt of 1708 his two sons were taken prisoners, and there was nothing in the course of public affairs to console him for this great private misfortune. The advent of the Tories to power once more raised the spirits of the Court of St. Germains, whose hopefulness had never deserted it altogether, and which continued to view things through the glasses of self-delusion. Marlborough had always seemed a possible Monk, and so in truth he was, only that "the Hamburg merchant" would at no time have engaged in any speculation without better securities than "Mr. Smith" was able to offer. Now, a Government from which even more might be expected appeared to be in power, but they likewise preferred a dilatory policy to that which Middleton recommended in a passage which we may quote as an example, if not of his epistolary wit, at all events of his fair political foresight:—

> The greatest should take examples by Crœsus to make use of their time; the star of the most fortunate is not fixed, and just now the cracked bully of the age has been severely banged for his presumption.

The crisis of Queen Anne's death came and took the Tories by surprise, as Middleton had feared. Shortly before, with a view probably of being no obstacle in the way of the adherence of Protestant Jacobites to the cause of the Pretender, he had again withdrawn from office. When he returned to St. Germains, it was merely in the position of the Queen's Great Chamberlain. He died, not long after Queen Mary Beatrice herself, in the year 1719. His two sons died some time after without issue; his daughters—at least, two of them, one being the Countess de la Roche, celebrated as *la belle* Middleton—survived to a later period of the century.

As we recently took occasion to observe, a history of Jacobitism in which a connected view should be taken of its military expeditions, its intrigues at home, and its diplomacy abroad, still remains to be written. In such a history the name of the second Earl of Middleton will hold a conspicuous place as that of one of the most devoted, as he was indisputably one of the most intelligent, servants of the Stuarts. Miss Biscoe's sketch helps to show the nature of some of the materials at hand; and if she has made no very striking use of them, her biography of the second Earl of Middleton may prove of service in the eventual execution of such a project.

TWO NEW NOVELS.*

MRS. CADELL has everything to learn in the technical manipulation of a story; yet, paradoxical as it may seem, *Ida Craven* is by no means a failure. It is not a failure, because, written with a definite psychological intention well preserved and clearly displayed, it is evidently a book of personal experience, and therefore true to nature in the main facts and the central conduct of the story, with personages neither fanciful nor exaggerated. If the character of the heroine herself is too composite, too subtle, for any but a master-hand to be able to draw it with perfect satisfactoriness, if the details at times escape us because of the uncertain touch of a novice, we know all through at what the author is aiming; and so far we feel grateful that, unlike many of the novel-writing tribe, she aims at anything at all beyond filling her allotted space with the requisite number of words. Again, if there is nothing very new in the plot—being simply the history of a young wife's struggle between love and duty—it is one which is as everlasting as human life itself, and which may be made interesting or repulsive according to the manner in which it is treated. In the hands of some it has been a peg on which to hang scenes of more or less suggestive immorality; but we must acquit the author of anything approaching to licentiousness, even in the scene on the house-top wherein the action culminates, and the heroine has to decide whether she will listen to love and Hugh Linwood or keep to her husband and her honour. Whatever risk there may be in the subject, it has been avoided by the tact of a delicate imagination rather than with the craft of artistic proficiency; and as we think that truthfulness in drawing and a delicate imagination go far towards making a good novelist, we believe that, if Mrs. Cadell will study her art as an art, and learn how to handle her materials with technical skill, she will make a very good writer of novels as times go, and novels of a kind which, judging from the specimen before us, we should expect would be always pure in treatment and healthy in tone. Naturally, her prominent failure is in a want of dramatic continuity. A novel may be likened to a growth where each preceding part is of vital importance to that which follows; or to a mosaic where everything fits so perfectly one with the other, that nothing could be taken away without destroying the harmony and completeness of the whole. Scenes which lead to nothing, and chapters which might be cut out bodily without the slightest damage to the sense of the story, are among the most usual mistakes

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* *Ida Craven.* By H. M. Cadell. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

Miss Molly. By Beatrice May Butt. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1876.

of novices. We may add to these the habit of telling the story rather than letting it transact itself; and the kind of shaky grammar which is represented by the persistent absence of relative pronouns and the determination to make some things "different to" others. But if, underneath all these roughnesses and weaknesses of immaturity, we can discern marks of latent power, we are justified in dealing gently with a first attempt and in hoping better things for a second.

There is a keen sense of humour in the beginning of this book, in that part where the Bygrave family are spoken of; and we only regret that "the boys" slip out of the story so soon and so entirely. Good fun might have been made of them, more especially of Jack, the eldest, whose "rather mongrel education" seemed to have every quality but the one of definiteness. We will give his portrait in Mrs. Cadell's own words:—

He had a scientific turn, was clever and absent, much given to books, and wild about birds, beasts, and fishes. His knowledge of French and German stood him in good stead. He could read up his subjects in other languages than his own, and better still, was able to make acquaintance with foreign savans. He was becoming known in the college as a boy who would do something, no one quite knew what, and was well thought of by the professors, who were glad of such a recruit for science, though they would have been better pleased with a little more definiteness of aim. He had at first lived with an old aunt of his mother's; but that was given up, as he worried her almost equally with his work and his play. His specimens and his musty books were only a degree less trying than his tobacco and his very miscellaneous acquaintance. Old Aunt Bridget was not a little thankful when at last he went into lodgings, though she did all in her power to prevent the step.

"How that boy is ever to make his living I cannot see," she would say. "This is what comes of bringing up children in outlandish foreign places. If he had been sent to Winchester, like his father, he would have been at Oxford by now, and in a fair way to make a worthy clergyman in the course of time."

But Jack would certainly not make a worthy clergyman, and was likely to be a trouble to his friends for some time to come; and when his mother, on her arrival in London in the April of this year, had seen him for the first time, she felt her heart sink. He had left her a smart, bright schoolboy, with a half formed intention of becoming a doctor; she found him no longer smart, but tall and weedy; still bright enough, but woefully conceited. He seemed to have passed from her hand, never to return; and when the mother thought she was going to put him out into the world with a very vague notion as to how it was to be done, she found that he had already entered into a world of his own, where she was nothing.

Further on we read that Mrs. Bygrave "had a floating dread that, sooner or later, her eldest son would be found keeping a menagerie." Herbert, the second son, who is to cram for the army, is found to "require some months of English life, before he would have sufficiently unlearnt his foreign manners and foreign ways to mix pleasantly with boys of his own standing"; while the third boy "was to go to Rugby, and become, if possible, an English boy again." "After spending all these years making foreigners of her sons," says Mrs. Cadell, speaking of the mother. Mrs. Bygrave, "she began to doubt if she had not better have left that undone. Jack's mind had become German, Herbert was very French, she was determined her youngest boy should be English." All this is very good and graphic, and we wish that we had more of it; but this is all that we see of the younger two, and almost all that we see of the eldest; and the little that is presented to us of this last is not much to the purpose, nor in any way helpful to the book. The description of Ida too, if a little vague, has one good expression—the "puppy clumsiness of her age;" but we are rather in a fog between her inner childishness and outer manner of womanliness, and do not see exactly the personality sought to be presented to us. Though so little is said of Mrs. Bygrave, Ida's mother, she is a more vivid personation than the heroine herself; and matters do not mend in this respect as the story goes on. Is not the husband too, Arthur Craven, a little too cold? As the adoring husband of a very young and very childish wife, he strikes us as being both dull and chilly. We know that it is not in the nature of things for husbands to continue lovers; and life at fever-heat would soon put an end to itself; still there is the golden mean which is by no means a despicable thing, and we wish that the author had hit it more exactly in her character of Colonel Craven. In the end, however, he atones for his former flatness, and proves the sterling quality of the metal of which he is made; while Ida, in her turn, atones for her perilous weakness by the honesty with which she confesses herself to her husband, and the loyalty with which she sets her young face once more to her duty. We are glad that the story ends well for all concerned; save indeed the Mussulman friend of Colonel Craven, Saadut Khan. We suppose there always must be a sacrifice, even in the least morbid book, by which the rest are made happy; but we do not see why poor Saadut should have been killed, and we should have liked to see more of him. The slight indication given of his character in his Oriental distrust of Ida and his patriotic (?) disinclination to side with his British friend are good so far as they go; but they do not go far enough. In her next book Mrs. Cadell might utilize the Eastern knowledge which she manifestly possesses, and so give both freshness and piquancy to her pages. We trust, however, that she will not publish another novel until she has studied the construction and method of narration of some of our best models, and developed more perfectly her own possibilities of smartness and character-drawing.

The author of *Miss Molly* has odd ideas on some matters. "A long low room, a fire blazing on the hearth, which cast a comfortable red glare on all around, more comfortable than ever after one glance at the grey, wintry sky outside," may be pretty as the corner of a picture, but can scarcely be called any one's "surroundings"; and when we find, in the very first page, a sentence in which a nominative case figures without a verb, we expect to see slipshod writing matched by slipshod thinking. A writer who speaks of a lake nearly a mile long, with little islands at intervals, but nowhere "deep enough to be dangerous," has certainly not studied that part of her subject which deals with nature and natural phenomena; and things are still worse when we come to "different to," "as to who should go with who," "either of you were," "it was us," and the like. We do not think that we are too exacting when we ask for accuracy of description and correctness of grammar from the ladies and gentlemen who undertake to amuse and instruct us by means of fictitious sorrows and imaginary joys.

The story of *Miss Molly* is very slight. It is merely the love affair of the heroine, who gives her name to the book, and a certain Rex or Reginald Burnaby, the first man who has known how to fix her roving fancy or subdue her high spirit. Hitherto she has been notorious chiefly as an incorrigible flirt, who subjects herself to passionate kisses and despairing wailings from the men whom she has cajoled and rejected; but when she saw Captain Burnaby she owns her master, and in so doing acts only as many of her sex had done before her:—

A big, broad-shouldered man, too broad-shouldered almost, some people said, for the small, beautiful-shaped head that he carried so proudly—that beautiful-shaped head being one of his few good points, for he was not at all a handsome man, at least not in the ordinary acceptation of the term, as he had not a single good feature in his face, excepting the dark eyes that were so like his sister's. But there was something about him that went further with women than mere looks—at least so may be supposed, as it was not often that he set himself down to any siege but, however it might be prolonged, in the end he rose up victorious. Not that he was at all conceited, or in any way given to boasting of his conquests, only that such was the fact; though, perhaps, it does not say much for the sense of his victims that it was so. Perhaps it was his strength, for women like to feel themselves conquered physically as well as morally.

The course of the true love, however, which springs up between these two people is destined to run in a very mournful kind of way for some time, for Captain Burnaby has a quarrel and a stand-up fight with a brother officer, who is somehow killed in the scuffle, and he is sentenced to five years' imprisonment for manslaughter. After one or two heartrending scenes between the lovers in prison—where they are allowed to meet and kiss each other as in the good old-fashioned times, all to themselves quite comfortably in the cell, with no thought of that uncomfortable division between the grated compartments where a warder stands to see that no tricks are played—Rex goes off to fulfil his term, and Miss Molly goes home to be ill and miserable. Nothing happens during the five years, save the marriage of Miss Molly's twin-sister Genie, and the death in the Crimean war of a former victim, one Mr. Winwick, a man who kisses Miss Molly with very inconvenient passion when he has helped her down from the third step of the library ladder on the top of which she was perched when he comes into the room to bid her good-bye after her rejection of his offer. And after the term of imprisonment the action is as simple as it was before, comprised as it is in these three facts, that Rex takes refuge in his brother's house—the brother being the penultimate cause of the fatal squabble which ended in Captain White's death and Captain Burnaby's ruin; that Miss Molly, hearing of this, goes to the house with her mother and again offers him herself and her love; and that, after the proper hesitation and chivalrous coquetting with his happiness due from the gentleman, the lady's devotion and persistence win the day, and Miss Molly's love conquers Reginald Burnaby's reluctance.

We have no moral objection to urge against *Miss Molly*. It is a silly little story, but an innocent one; if we except the heroine's adventures into the domain of reckless flirting and unauthorized kissing, which we confess we do not like. But, if harmless, it is a book without life-likeness or the ring of truth in it anywhere; a phantasmal kind of thing throughout, drawn from fancy models and fancy circumstances, not from real life in any way, and thus falling into the category of those feeble absurdities which have no abiding place in literature because their roots are not in fact or truth.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MORE than one memoir of "Stonewall" Jackson * has been published during the thirteen years that have elapsed since his death; but we do not think that any of them has been better executed, gives a truer picture of the great Confederate hero, or shows a clearer insight into his extraordinary character, which was partly displayed and partly concealed by certain outward eccentricities, than the one now published by Mr. J. E. Cooke, a member of General Stuart's Staff, and therefore brought into frequent contact and personal relations with Stuart's first commander and most intimate friend among the Confederate leaders. During the earlier period of the war, no character on either side made so deep an impression, either upon his own countrymen, upon the enemy, or upon European observers, as that of Stonewall Jackson. Less distinguished in the field by first-rate victories or consummate strategy than either of the two great Virginian commanders-in-chief, a man of far less elevated genius and much more

* *Stonewall Jackson: a Military Biography.* By John Esten Cooke, formerly of General Stuart's Staff. With an Appendix, containing Personal Reminiscences, and a Full Account of the Ceremonies attending the unveiling of Foley's Statue. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

limited mind than General Lee, he was undoubtedly, in the eyes of the Confederates, until his death at Chancellorsville, the hero of the war, the idol of the troops, the trust of the people, the one figure on which all eyes were fixed, and in whose powers and almost unvaried success they seemed to discern a guarantee of final victory. To the Northern armies he was the object of peculiar dread, to the Northern people an object of mingled admiration and fear; but alone among the leaders of the South, military and civil, he never seems to have been the object of personal animosity. In England he was naturally regarded with especial admiration as representing a type of soldier character peculiarly English, a Puritan of the Elizabethan stamp, a military Christian in whom Havelock or Lawrence would have recognized a brother. An orphan who had worked during boyhood on a farm, and received such education only as he could pick up at a Virginian common school between the intervals of labour, he bore so high a character that he was appointed at sixteen constable of the township; he had so much moral courage and intellectual self-confidence as to press for a nomination to West Point among competitors all of whom had had a far better education than himself; and beginning at the very bottom of his class of seventy, he worked so hard as to graduate seventeenth in that same class after four years of study. Immediately appointed to a battery of artillery serving in Mexico, he won his way in a single year to the rank of brevet-major in the regular army. When his health, broken down by service in Florida, compelled him to accept a professorship in the Military Training College of Virginia, at Lexington, his brilliant services were so far forgotten, and his personal oddities so prominent, that he was ridiculed as foolish or mad by the young cadets, though he contrived to maintain his authority, and set an example of punctilious obedience to orders which, if sometimes laughed at, was not without its wholesome effect. When the war of secession broke out he was selected for the command of a brigade by the Governor of Virginia, who of course knew better than the cadets of Lexington, how Jackson had distinguished himself in Mexico. He was for some time in command at Harper's Ferry, and, when superseded by Johnstone at the head of a larger force, he had brought the first brigade of the army of the Shenandoah to such proficiency in drill and discipline as won the confidence and respect of his superiors, and gave it at once that pre-eminence which it never lost. This was the brigade which, standing like a "stone wall" at Manassas when the rest of the Confederate troops around it were retiring in confusion before overwhelming numbers, checked the Federal advance until reinforcements could be brought up, turned the fortune of the battle by a desperate bayonet charge and by hand-to-hand fighting—a hard trial for troops not three months embodied—and won for itself and for its chief a nickname which will be remembered until the history of the United States is forgotten. Those who have lost sight, as many English readers have done, of Jackson's next exploits, his campaigns in the Valley of Virginia, are apt to render imperfect justice to his powers of independent command. In those campaigns he showed himself as fully capable to act with skill and energy on his own account as any general engaged in the war, and achieved as much in proportion to his strength as any, save Lee himself in his last struggle. From the moment when, beating and baffling in succession three Federal armies, each superior to his own, he disappeared from their front to fall suddenly, in pursuance of General Lee's scheme, on the flank of Maclellan, and strike the first blow in that seven days' battle which hurled the Federal army, confounded, shattered, and utterly cowed, from the bank of the Chickahominy to that of the James—from that moment he was known, and was content to be known, only as the right arm of the Commander-in-Chief. Lee trusted him in very truth as his own right hand; and when Jackson fell by the fire of his own men at Chancellorsville, his chief and his country felt that not only Lee, but the army of Virginia, was half crippled. After Jackson's death there were splendid actions, victories gained against overwhelming odds, a defence amongst the most glorious that history records, but there was never again for that heroic army a brilliant and successful offensive.

A new edition of Mr. Samuel Hopkins's quaint book, originally published in 1859, entitled *The Puritans and Queen Elizabeth**, will probably find, if not more readers than it deserves, at least many more than can safely give themselves up to the influence of the author. Mr. Hopkins thought proper to treat his subject in what he is pleased to call a dramatic manner; that is to say, he mixes up with real history and actual State documents, with facts obtained from contemporary writers, or more commonly at second-hand from the pages of later authors, and with anecdotes vouched either by history or tradition, a quantity of purely imaginary incident and conversation. He puts into the mouths, not of invented characters, who might be supposed, like a Greek chorus, merely to represent the popular ideas of the time, but into those of historic personages, not merely opinions and comments such as he chooses to suppose they might have uttered, but discussions which, if they really took place, would have an important bearing on our judgment of the men or on our understanding of the history, and interlards with fragments of what may be called an historic novel a book which, if these were cut out, would be regular history. We cannot think that this practice is at all legitimate, or even excusable. Mr. Hopkins imitates, more or less successfully, what we know to have been the language of the time, and what he infers, more or less reasonably, to have been the sentiments of the speakers whom he introduces. But, inasmuch as he affords us no means of distinguishing the thoughts which he ascribes to them as in his view the necessary consequence of their known opinions from those opinions themselves, the effect of this treatment is to put the cautious reader on his guard, and make him mistrust every impression he derives from the book; while the incautious reader—and most readers of such books are incautious—is led to form a multitude of impressions, both as to men and facts, of which he can give no reasonable account, and which may be utterly misleading, but which will inevitably colour all his views regarding the personages and events of the Elizabethan age. And the more successful the dramatic treatment is, the more complete and incurable is the mischief. On certain points, and those of no trivial importance, Mr. Hopkins is undoubtedly wrong; wrong, because sympathizing warmly with the Puritans, and at the same time holding the views of their modern descendants, he represents the former in a manner agreeable to the latter, and puts into the mouth of the most illiberal faction in English history the Liberal ideas of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Hemans, a woman and a poet, might be excused for representing the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth Bay as having

> left unstained what there they found,
> Freedom to worship God;

but no citizen of Massachusetts is to be excused for repeating as history a poetic fiction to which every line in the records of his State gives the lie direct. The Puritans of fancy may have been Liberals; and the Puritans who migrated to New England may have sought freedom to worship God for themselves; but even they strenuously denied that freedom to others; and the Puritans of England contended in Parliament as much for the liberty of persecuting Papists and slandering their Sovereign, his wife, and his friends in language such as could not now find a decent publisher, as for the liberty of preaching without a gown and praying on their feet. When they drew the sword, it certainly was not for religious freedom; and when they got the upper hand, their persecution was more inquisitorial, and, but for the political sense of Oliver Cromwell, would have been more merciless than that of Laud himself. It is probable that the Puritans of Elizabeth's day, especially before she had begun to persecute them severely, and even afterwards while she stood between them and the terrors of a restored Popery, were less fierce and less violent than they subsequently became. But they were never gentle, and they were never tolerant; they regarded toleration as a sinful compromise with the priests of Baal, and gentleness as treason to the cause; and the language which Mr. Hopkins puts into their mouths would have been quite as much in place in that of Bonner, and much more congenial to Cardinal Pole. His dramatic conversations, therefore, so far as they produce any idea at all in the reader's mind, produce a false one.

The memoirs of Mr. George Ticknor†, written partly by a friend named Hillard and partly by Mr Ticknor's wife and daughter, have little political or biographical interest, but contain a great deal of curious incidental information regarding the men and events of the last fifty years. Mr. Ticknor belonged to one of the best families in Boston. His father was one of that small, highly cultivated, intellectual society which has always existed in what is called the American Athens, tracing its descent back to the least bigoted and most intelligent of the original Puritan settlers, and through the colonial times down to the Revolution, in which many of its members bore a distinguished part. The circle in which the elder Adams was most prominent could see that in a mere colony, governed as our colonies then were, there could be little room for a high ambition, and for the employment of great talents; while of a new nation they might hope to be among the principal founders and chief rulers. However their personal aspirations may have been gratified, the hopes they naturally entertained for their descendants have, as we know, been utterly disappointed. Scarcely one of them, born in the present century, has filled a high place in the political world, the American democracy being almost as jealous of hereditary culture as of hereditary wealth. By the time that George Ticknor was old enough to choose a career in life, it had become evident that the influence of the society to which he belonged was rapidly waning, and that of the men who had given to Boston her high intellectual reputation, and her weight in the councils of the Union, few could hope to attain such political rank and influence as would make politics an attractive occupation. Having no taste for the stormy life and degrading condescensions of a demagogue, and being exempt from the necessity of earning a livelihood, Mr. Ticknor, after going through the formal education then required of American, as of English, lawyers, resolved to devote himself to what he called, and perhaps meant to be, a literary career, but what proved to be in reality a life of intellectual indulgence and literary dissipation. He spent several years in Europe; and, having introductions to the leading men of letters in England and on the Continent, being favourably regarded as a member of the intellectual aristocracy of his country, and well acquainted, despite his youth, with many of her chief statesmen, he enjoyed such opportunities of mixing in the choicest society of Europe as render his letters and journals a

* *The Puritans and Queen Elizabeth; or, the Church, Court, and Parliament of England, from the Reign of Edward VI. to the Death of the Queen.* By Samuel Hopkins. With an Introductory Note by Mark Hopkins, D.D. 2 vols. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor.* Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

rich repertory of personal and historical anecdote. Having also considerable insight into character, he has left on record many interesting portraits of the most eminent personages of the first half of this century on both sides of the Atlantic. This constitutes the whole value of the two volumes before us; for Mr. Ticknor's remarks on the politics of America, though he lived through the most critical period of her history, and was a moderate partisan and a careful observer, are neither original nor important.

The records of the cholera epidemic of 1873 *, consisting of historical and critical papers communicated by the leading physicians of America, statistics collected by public authorities, and an account of the manner in which the disease was introduced, or was supposed to have been introduced, by the merchant ships which carried on communication between the ports of the Union and the infected parts of Europe and Asia, are full of interesting and important information. The volume before us is in the form of a State Paper submitted by the President to Congress; but, like most other documents of a similar character, it is written with much greater freedom, and is composed to a much greater extent of essays embodying individual opinions and observations, than is the case with English Blue-Books. It is a work which epidemiologists will do well to study with care, whether they may agree or differ with its principal conclusions—namely, that the first symptoms of an outbreak of epidemic cholera in Europe and America may be discerned in a temporary aggravation of the perennial cholera prevalent in parts of India; and that quarantine precautions can hardly be effective, inasmuch as the infection is conveyed by vessels sailing from European ports before it is known that these have actually received it.

An essay on "Shelley as a Philosopher and Reformer"† may naturally excite hopes that we shall find therein some new and original views concerning the character and temper of a very extraordinary mind, and the tendency of opinions which—universally and mercilessly condemned when first put forward—are less antipathetic to the present tone of public feeling, and less anti-religious in their essential spirit, than those of many of the leading authorities in science or philosophy who influence the creed of the existing generation. But to those who remember the name of Charles Sotheran, now perhaps generally forgotten in this country, the title-page will be sufficient to moderate any such expectations, and we are bound to say that not even a study of Shelley's works—of all others the most likely to temper the passions, purify the ideas, and improve the style of a materialist and a demagogue—seems to have exercised any wholesome influence on the mind of Mr. Sotheran. His sympathies go entirely with the superficial evil and absurdity of Shelley's writings, with their false morality and their formal atheism, not with their essential purity of sentiment and the deep religious feeling, devoid though it be of a legitimate object, which pervades every line. From no other writer should we have had a repetition of that senseless abuse of Lord Eldon which was natural enough in the aggrieved father and persecuted Liberal, but which is inexcusable in any man not maddened, like Shelley, by the grievous wound to his personal affections, and aware, as every one must now be, that, while Shelley was leading a life distinctly immoral according to the views of English law and English society, it was the simple duty of the Chancellor, when appealed to, not to hand over children to such guardianship. The doctrine on which Lord Eldon acted may have been right or wrong, but it was unquestionably the doctrine of the law which it was his duty to administer. Mr. Sotheran's views of Shelley's philosophy and politics are such as might be expected from one who thus revives the animosities of half a century past. The philosophy was that of a poetic, pantheistic dreamer; the politics were those of an utterly unpractical, philanthropic sentimentalist. Mr. Sotheran would turn the one into hard materialism, and the other into vulgar demagogy; and his book is a mere translation of the poetry of Shelley into the prose of Bradlaugh.

There has been considerable discussion in the American press during the past month respecting the alleged attractions of the "Black Hills," a portion of the great Rocky Mountain range on the borders of the Wyoming and Dakotah territories. Certain persons had put forth glowing descriptions of the country and of the amount of gold to be found there, and contrived to create what in Australia and California is called "a rush" towards a region barren of food and difficult of access, especially for trains of supplies and provisions. Reports came back from many of the adventurers, showing that the gold was hard to get and scanty in quantity, the chances of wealth very small, the chances of starvation considerable; and some respectable and careful American journals are disposed to regard the whole thing as an imposture. Under these circumstances this little volume of Colonel Dodge ‡ will be read with considerable interest. It shows that at a future time the Black Hills may be a seat of prosperous graziers and thriving farmers, that they contain quartz reefs which may give a paying return to companies working with adequate machinery, if they can command labour and carriage at moderate cost, but that placer-mining—the resource of the individual adventurer and the attraction which alone inspired the rush to the Black Hills—will never pay there.

Mr. Hallock has compiled a handbook under the title of *Camp Life in Florida* * from the pages of a sporting journal which sent correspondents to explore the south and south-west of that State. The book contains a good deal of information serviceable to the sportsman and to the tourist, and not a few valuable facts concerning the agricultural resources of that almost tropical peninsula. Florida may be able at no distant date to grow fruit for half the world, if only she can obtain a sufficiency of capital and labour; and the planting of orange and other orchards promises an abundant return to the white capitalist, and high wages to the negro labourer, if the latter can be persuaded to work there steadily and in good faith. In fact her resources, though less varied than those of California, are even less developed, and offer a still more remunerative field to the intelligent cultivator.

Under the title of *A Domestic Problem* † Mrs. Diaz puts forth a new volume on "woman's rights," insisting, with an even unusual disregard of consistency, that women should be specially educated for the work of wives and mothers, but that they are not to be regarded as dependent on or subordinate to men, or to be guided as regards their education and training by the idea of winning the regard and approval of the other sex. How they can be wives and mothers unless they win the approval of men, or how they can educate their children to any purpose except in subordination to the head of the family, Mrs. Diaz, like most of the strong-minded, is too femininely illogical to inquire.

Mr. Noyes's *Home Talks* ‡, chiefly delivered to the Oneida Community, contain much less than might have been expected of his peculiar views, with much more than might have been hoped for of sensible, if not very original, religious and moral teaching. Mr. Collens's *Eden of Labour* § is, on the other hand, rank nonsense of the worst socialist kind, based, first on a belief in "natural value"—that is to say, on the idea that every article has a rightful price from which it is immoral to depart—and, secondly, on the absurd fiction that all labour has the same natural value, and fixes by its amount the value of all its products. Many of the wildest Communists have not contradicted so completely the plainest teachings of political economy and of common sense.

Mr. Quackenbos has given to schools an Illustrated History of the World ‖ in some four hundred octavo pages, and in broken paragraphs; a History which no adult would read so long as there was at hand a dictionary with which he might amuse himself by preference; a History which children may indeed be forced to read, but of which they will remember nothing.

A work entitled *Analytical Processes* ¶ is one of the dullest and most unreadable of those metaphysical treatises to which the famous definition of metaphysics may be applied without any paradox whatsoever.

The *True Order of Studies* **, by Dr. Hill, formerly President of Harvard University, in so far as it attempts to arrange all the departments of human knowledge in logical order of study, seems to us deficient alike in logical soundness and in practical method. When it comes to deal with the actual teaching of particular subjects it contains many suggestions which appear to us eminently valuable, and calculated especially to improve the very defective mode of instruction pursued in most second-class schools and in nearly all homes. It is not too much to say that half the time and two-thirds of the labour which children are obliged to give to their studies up to the age of fourteen are simply wasted through bad teaching, and that any system whatever, especially such a system as might be gathered from Dr. Hill's work, might double the amount learned in a year by an intelligent child, with an infinite saving of time, trouble, and tears.

We have two poems, or rather two volumes of poetry, rather above the dead level of mediocrity. Mr. Moffat's "Romance of Study" †† celebrates in several cantos the intellectual progress of an aspiring youth; and Mr. Watson's *Legend of the Roses* and *Ravlan* ‡‡, though wild and extravagant, contain some passages

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* *The Cholera Epidemic of 1873 in the United States.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *Percy Bysshe Shelley as a Philosopher and Reformer.* By Charles Sotheran. New York: P. Somerby. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *The Black Hills.* A Minute Description of the Routes, Scenery, Soil, Climate, Timber, Gold, Zoology, &c.; with an Accurate Map, four Sectional Drawings, and ten Plates from Photographs taken on the spot. By Richard Irving Dodge, Lieut.-Colonel U.S. Army. New York: J. Miller. London: Sampson Low & Co.

* *Camp Life in Florida: a Handbook for Sportsmen and Settlers.* Compiled by Charles Hallock, Author of "The Fishing Tourist." Forest and Stream Publishing Company, American News' Company Agents. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *A Domestic Problem—Work and Culture in the Household.* By Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Author of "The Schoolmaster's Trunk," &c. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

‡ *Home Talks.* By John Humphrey Noyes. Edited by Alfred Barron and George Noyes Miller. Oneida: Published by the Community. London: Trübner & Co. 1875.

§ *The Eden of Labour; or, the Christian Utopia.* By T. Wharton Collens, Author of "Humanics," "The History of Charity," &c. Philadelphia: Baird & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‖ *Illustrated School History of the World, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time.* Accompanied with numerous Maps and Engravings. By John D. Quackenbos, A.M., M.D. New York: Appleton & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

¶ *Analytical Processes; or, the Primary Principles of Philosophy.* By William J. Gill, A.M., Author of "Evolution and Progress." New York: The Authors' Publishing Company. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

** *The True Order of Studies.* By Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., formerly President of Harvard University, Author of "Geometry and Faith," &c. New York: Putnam's Sons. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

†† *Alwyn: a Romance of Study.* By James C. Moffat. New York: Randolph & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡‡ *The Legend of the Roses: a Poem. Ravlan: a Drama.* By S. J. Watson. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

which might be considered really good if they were not too obviously imitative.

We may just mention two volumes on American Engravers and their Works*, amounting to little more than lists of the letter, by Mr. W. S. Baker; some more volumes† of the duodecimo edition of Hawthorne's Works, and two volumes of a "Vest Pocket Series"‡ of American Authors, published by Osgood and Co.

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* *American Engravers, and their Works.* By W. S. Baker. Philadelphia: Sebbie & Barrie. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

† *Old, Old Home: a Series of English Sketches.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1870.

‡ *Hawthorne.* By James T. Fields. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

A Day's Pleasure. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, *including postage to any part of the United States, is* £1 10s. 4d., *or* $7 68 *gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher,* Mr. DAVID JONES, *at the Office,* 38 *Southampton Street, Strand, or to* Mr. B. F. STEVENS, *American Agency,* 4 *Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—*Conductor,* Mr. W. G. CUSINS. THIRD CONCERT, Monday, May 1. First Appearance of Herr Anton Rubinstein who will play his New Concerto, No. 5, in E Flat, and some Pianoforte Solos. Stalls 10s. 6d., 7s. Admission 2s. 6d. and 5s.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION is now OPEN. 5 Pall Mall East. From 9 till 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary.*

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRETORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "Le Vigne," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," "Passing Tables," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

CHRISTIAN WEHRER'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS and PAINTINGS in OIL, on Exciting subjects, including "A View in Venice," the property of Her Majesty the Queen. EXHIBITION now OPEN at PUBLINGTON GALLERY, 191 Piccadilly. Ten to Six. Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

BRITISH MUSEUM.—The BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st and REOPENED on the 8th of May, 1876. Visitors cannot be admitted to see the Collections between the 1st and 8th of May, inclusive.
By order of the Trustees,
British Museum, April 20, 1876. J. WINTER JONES, *Principal Librarian.*

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 3.

The Earl of CARNARVON, on behalf of the Earl of DERBY, in the Chair.

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10 John Street, Adelphi, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, *Secretary.*

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION, for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans.

The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, May 13, at Six o'clock.

His Grace the Archbishop of YORK in the Chair.

Donations will be received and thankfully acknowledged by:
JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., *Honorary Secretary.*
FREDERIC W. MAYNARD, *Secretary,* 24 Old Bond Street, W.

Dinner Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea.

THE ANNUAL BALL in AID of the FUNDS of the UNIVERSITY COLLEGE HOSPITAL will be held at Willis's Rooms, St. James's, on Thursday, May 18, under the distinguished patronage of
Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS of LORNE.

Vouchers may be obtained from the Ladies Patronesses or the Stewards, and should be exchanged for tickets as soon as possible by application to any of the Stewards, or to the Resident Medical Officer at the Hospital.

Tickets (not transferable) £1 1s. Refreshments, with wine and supper, included.

Further information may be obtained by application to the Resident Medical Officer at the Hospital.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.

THE SEVENTY-FIRST GENERAL MEETING OF THIS SOCIETY will be held on Monday, May 8, 1876, at the College, Stock well Road, S.W.

The Chair will be taken by the Right Honourable the Earl RUSSELL, K.G., or the Right Hon. W. E. FORSTER, M.P., at 12.30 o'clock.

There will be an Exhibition of Kindergarten occupations at 10 A.M. The Mixed and Infant Schools may be inspected from 10 A.M. to noon. The New Premises will be opened by the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR at 11 A.M. The College may be viewed after 2.30 P.M.

Tickets may be obtained by application at the Society's House, Borough Road, S.E.
ALFRED BOURNE, *Secretary.*

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and COLLEGE.

The SUMMER SESSION will begin on Monday, May 1.

The Clinical Practice of the Hospital comprises a Service of 710 Beds, inclusive of 36 Beds for Convalescents at Highgate.

Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College regulations.

For all particulars concerning either the Hospital or College, application may be made personally or by letter, to the RESIDENT WARDEN, of the College, or at the Museum or Library. A Handbook will be forwarded on application.

GUY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The SUMMER SESSION will Commence on Monday, May 1. The Hospital contains 650 Beds, with separate Wards for special Diseases. The Museums of Physiology, Anatomy, and Comparative Anatomy contain numerous Specimens and Drawings, as Models of Skin Diseases, and an unique Collection of Anatomical Models. Special Classes are given in the subjects required for the London University Degrees.

For particulars apply to the Dean, Dr. F. TAYLOR, or the Secretary, Mr. STOCKER.
Guy's Hospital, S.E., April 1876.

POWIS EXHIBITIONS.—ONE EXHIBITION, of the value of £60 a year, tenable at any College or Hall at either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, is intended to be filled up after an examination of the Candidates, which will take place at King Edward's School, Birmingham, on Tuesday, September 26, and the following days, before JOHN RHYS, Esq., M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and the Rev. CHARLES EDWARD GRAVES, M.A., Lecturer of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Candidates are requested to send their Names, Addresses, and Certificates of Baptism, with Testimonials of Conduct and Character, on or before August 1, to CHARLES SHAW, Esq., 2 Essex Court Temple, London, E.C. Candidates must be Members of the Church of England, Natives of Wales, or of one of the four Welsh Dioceses, under Twenty years of age upon October 10 next, acquainted with the Welsh Language, and intending to become Candidates for Holy Orders.

The Candidates will be examined in Welsh Reading, Composition, and Speaking, the Gospel according to St. Luke and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek; the Fifth and Sixth Books of the Iliad; the First Book of Thucydides; the Tenth Book of the Æneid; Xenophon's Anabasis; Cicero de Officiis; and Latin Prose Composition. Those who fail in Welsh will not be further examined.

The Exhibition will be tenable (during Residence) for Four years, by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his Election is not legally a Member of either University, and will in his case date from Matriculation; and by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his Election is legally a Member of either University, till the close of the Term in which the Degree of Bachelor of Arts is due to the Holder.

April 1876.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS. Eight £30; Four £20. Election Second Week in May.—Apply to the SECRETARY, the College, Cheltenham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—EIGHT or more will be open to COMPETITION at Midsummer, 1876, value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £80 a year in cases of merit where the requirements. Further particulars may be obtained of the SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—BOARDERS will REASSEMBLE On Tuesday, May 9. The Entrance Examination for new Boys will take place the same day at 1 P.M.

LADIES' COLLEGE, POLYGON HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON.

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The Right Hon. Lord FORTESCUE.

President.—The Right Hon. COWPER-TEMPLE, M.P.

The SUMMER TERM commences May 4 for Boarders, and May 5 for Day Students. Instruction is given by Professors in Literature, Science, and Art. English and Foreign Governesses reside in the College. The Senior Classes are open to Occasional Students, who may be desirous of taking up any given subject.

Children are received from Five years of age.

For particulars, application should be made to the Lady Principal (Miss DARNELL), Polygon House, Southampton.

W. C. MACLEAN, M.D., C.B., *Hon. Secretary.*

MISS MARY TEED'S MORNING SCHOOL for YOUNG LADIES will RE-OPEN Tuesday, May 2, at 10 Radnor Place, Hyde Park, W.

THE MISSES A. and E. LEGGE'S [illegible] Kensington Gardens Square, Bayswater, W.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

THE terms of the Royal Proclamation took the world by surprise. Although the Act enabled the QUEEN to make any addition to her titles that she pleased, and she might under its provisions have assumed the title of Empress of India without any reservation, yet it had been stated that the advice of her Ministers, under which the QUEEN would act, was that this title should be purely local, and should be confined to India. On some occasions, such as when treaties are made with foreign Powers, and generally in diplomatic intercourse, it would be necessary that the full title should be used; but for every ordinary purpose of government outside India the QUEEN's titles would remain precisely as before. In order to make this undertaking absolutely binding, it was proposed by the leaders of the Opposition that the Act should itself contain the necessary limitations. But the Ministry wished to avoid the long delay and severe verbal criticism to which this alteration of the measure would have given rise, and asserted that it was wholly unnecessary to insert any limitations in the Bill, because they would be inserted in the Proclamation by which the Bill, when it became law, would be made operative. The Proclamation was therefore to be the instrument by which the title of Empress was to be localized in India. How this was to be done was a matter of reasonable curiosity, but the CHANCELLOR was clear on the point that it could and would be done. When the terms of the Proclamation became known it seemed as if the Government must have forgotten all about the limitations it had promised. There was no reference to India, no shadow of an intimation that the title was an Indian title, the use of which was to be restricted to India. The new title, Empress and all, is to be used on all occasions when it can be conveniently used, and the only exception is as regards instruments the operation of which is confined to the United Kingdom. This seems to be exactly the reverse operation from that which the Ministry had undertaken to perform. What they had promised to do was to restrict the use of the title to India. What they have done is to make the use of the title general, and to take out of its range one specified class of documents. The new title is, it seems, meant to prevail to the utmost limits where this one special exception does not operate. So far as the Act and the Proclamation affect the Colonies, they are exactly in the same position as India, and the QUEEN is Empress there as much as in Bengal. In all instruments "extending in their operation beyond the United "Kingdom," the title of Empress is to be used. This language is open to many interpretations. What are the instruments which do or do not extend in their operation beyond the United Kingdom? Nice and difficult points are sure to arise under this head. Already the opinion of a VICE-CHANCELLOR has been taken as to whether a writ of the Court of Chancery intended to be served in Germany should be passed with the old or the new title. The VICE-CHANCELLOR prudently said that this was too high a matter for him, and the parties must ask the LORD CHANCELLOR, who alone was qualified to interpret his own Proclamations. It is a document that will need, and no doubt will receive, a large amount of interpretation. But for the moment the important point is one of a larger and rougher sort, and is whether the Government has fulfilled in the Proclamation the engagements it entered into while the Bill was under discussion.

The pledges of the Government were chiefly given in the House of Commons, and by no one in a more definite shape than by Mr. DISRAELI himself. The issue will be raised more distinctly in the Lower House than it could be in the Lords. As the Opposition, with a very fair show of reason, contend that the pledges of the Government have not been redeemed, it has been impossible to frame a motion expressing this opinion without conveying a censure on the Government; and Mr. DISRAELI at once, on hearing the notice of the motion which Sir HENRY JAMES proposes to make, fixed a day next week for its discussion. The vote which will follow the motion is altogether immaterial. The majority of the Ministry is assured. The Conservatives are not going to let their chiefs be turned out of office, whatever may have been the terms of a Proclamation. But the victory will lie really with the side that shows a superiority in argument, and the case against the Ministry is undoubtedly a strong one. It must be owned that it ought to be a strong one to justify the re-opening of a subject at once painful and wearisome. But the importance of holding a Ministry to its engagements is so paramount that the Opposition, having a strong case, cannot fairly be blamed for wishing to state it once for all effectively and fully. It is not probable, however, that the opponents of the Ministry will have much to add to the statement of Lord SELBORNE, or that the defenders of the Ministry will have much to add to the counter-statement of the CHANCELLOR. No pledge given by any of his colleagues could be more full, precise, and intelligible than that given by Mr. DISRAELI himself. "The assumption of "the title of Empress," the PREMIER said, "is to be limited "to India and to be a local title." In some formal documents in which it was necessary that the full title of the Sovereign should be set out, the words Empress of India would, the Ministry owned, have to be used; but the ordinary and general use of the title was to be confined to India. The simple question is, has it been so confined by the terms of the Proclamation? Lord SELBORNE, wishing to be very precise, stated that he held that the Government had, as he understood the matter, entered into two engagements—the negative engagement that the title of Empress should not, when it could possibly be avoided, be used in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the positive engagement that it should be, as far as possible, limited in its use to and localized in India. The first or negative engagement has, as Lord SELBORNE contends, been broken by not providing against the use of the title in the United Kingdom, except in a limited class of documents. The second or positive engagement has, in Lord SELBORNE's opinion, been altogether ignored. There is nothing in the Proclamation to localize the title at all. It is in general operation throughout India, the Colonies—so far as the Colonies are bound by an English Act and a Proclamation made under its provisions—and in the United Kingdom itself outside of the range of the excepted documents.

The CHANCELLOR failed to shake the case of his opponent, but he inspired a belief that the Ministry had wished to fulfil its pledges, and had only failed to do so because it could not find any way of carrying them out. It had offered to do more than it could do. It could not make up its mind as to what were the documents operating beyond India in which the full title was to be used. The other alternative seemed to offer a readier means of getting out of the difficulty. Instead of saying where the title was to be used, it was simpler to say where it was not to be used. If a document operates only in the United Kingdom, then the ancient title alone is to be used; and in all other cases the new title is to be used. It is true that there is extreme difficulty in deciding what are the instruments which ope-

rate only in the United Kingdom; but then the burden of solving the problem will now rest, not on the Government, but on individuals. As the VICE-CHANCELLOR said, with reference to the writ to be served in Germany, the parties, unless they choose to act under the directions of the CHANCELLOR, must take their chance of having the proceedings set aside. This is a curious effect of a title which was said to be meant to be localized in India. The failure to localize the title is still more evident when the case of the colonies and dependencies of the Crown is taken into consideration. Colonies with a local Legislature are not bound by an English Act in which they are not named, but many of the dependencies of the Crown are exactly in the position of India. Whatever can be said of India can be said of Malta, and the QUEEN is just as much Empress of India at Valetta as she is at Calcutta. How can it be said that this is localizing the title in India? Even the Channel Islands are beyond the restrictions of the Proclamation, and a Royal Warrant to operate in Jersey must run in the new form. The Proclamation, it must also be repeated, makes the new title general unless where the restrictions operate. The Corporation of Dublin wish to present an address to the QUEEN, and have consulted Sir BERNARD BURKE, as Ulster King-at-Arms, as to the proper form. Sir BERNARD BURKE has replied that, according to the terms of the Proclamation, the title of Empress of India ought to be inserted. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, when questioned on Thursday in the House of Commons, stated, on the other hand, that there is nothing, in his opinion, in the Proclamation which can warrant the use of the new title in an address presented to the QUEEN by her subjects in this country. But the opinion of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL seems to differ from that of the CHANCELLOR, who said that Corporations were at perfect liberty under the Proclamation to use the new title or not as they might think proper. This is an excellent instance of the mischief which, if their words were to be taken in any literal or intelligible sense, the Ministry engaged to avert by the terms of the Proclamation. If it is open to Corporations to call the QUEEN Empress, the Corporations that call her Empress will be thought the more loyal, and those that still call the QUEEN by her old title will be thought the less loyal, bodies. If the Ministry were to advise the QUEEN to refuse to receive any address from residents in the United Kingdom in which she was styled Empress, a very salutary effect would be produced. But this would be to put an interpretation on the Proclamation which its terms do not suggest. As it stands, it does not localize the title and confine it to India, whereas the Ministry promised that it should do so. That their failure to carry out their undertaking proceeds from the difficulties of the task they rashly imposed on themselves, and not from any want of good faith or desire to introduce Imperialism by a side wind, may be freely admitted, but it is still unfortunately true that they have not succeeded in doing what they undertook to do.

MR. LOWE.

AFTER Mr. LOWE'S ample apology it would be ungenerous to reproach him with his mistake, except as far as it illustrates his intellectual character. He seems destined to serve as an example of the comparative inutility of great powers when they are accompanied by want of tact and by deficient knowledge of human nature. On several occasions during the present Session he has wantonly damaged himself and his party by the use of arguments which, even if they tended to support his conclusion, were offensive to the House and the country. Of all the numerous and convincing objections to the Royal Titles Bill, the most obnoxious, not excepting Mr. GLADSTONE'S protest on behalf of the native princes, was the suggestion that at some future time England might be compelled to abandon her Indian Empire. The consideration might legitimately affect the judgment of a statesman, but it was unfit to be expressed in words. Disaffected natives will probably hereafter quote the admission of an eminent member of the House of Commons that the foreign dominion in India is precarious and transitory. When Mr. LOWE afterwards learned with surprise the irritation which had been provoked by his indiscreet phrase, he seems to have been unable to understand the cause and nature of the offence which he had given. He afterwards expressed regret for having said what appeared to be disagreeable to the House, but he added a repetition of the opinion which had been justly censured. About the same time his first speech on the Suez Canal purchase did the Government important service. The Ministerial measure was at that time popular because it was regarded as an instance of bold and active policy; and Mr. LOWE did his own cause injustice by an irrelevant contention that the Government had not made a profitable investment. As if to illustrate in the most effective manner his misconception of the issue, Mr. LOWE took the opportunity of boasting that his own arrangements for paying the *Alabama* damages had been more economical than the provision for paying the Canal purchase-money. It had evidently not occurred to him that the *Alabama* payment was the most mortifying transaction of modern times; and that, when he spoke, the Egyptian bargain was approved as a gratifying result of patriotic spirit. Submission to America in the past, and possible Indian disaster in the future, were topics not acceptable to the House of Commons.

The severe rebuke which Mr. LOWE received on Tuesday last was, as he admits, the result of a graver blunder. At the East Retford Liberal dinner he had evidently determined to inflict a heavy blow on an adversary who has perhaps earned his hostility. On former occasions impartial spectators have watched with amused sympathy, if not with unqualified respect, Mr. LOWE'S attempts to damage Mr. DISRAELI. It would be unjust to attribute his persistent attacks to merely personal animosity. Mr. LOWE evidently feels an intellectual antipathy or antagonism to a mental constitution which seems to him incomplete and objectionable. He has often called attention to Mr. DISRAELI'S habitual inaccuracy in details, as if the brilliant victim of his criticism had not survived the exposure of a thousand loose and questionable statements. COLERIDGE propounded the aphorism that, till you understand a man's ignorance, you ought to presume yourself ignorant of his understanding. Mr. LOWE has never understood that Mr. DISRAELI'S ignorance of statistics, of law, and of many branches of public business, has somehow been found compatible with almost unprecedented success. A thousand errors have fallen to his share, but the House of Commons and the country have looked at his career and have forgotten them all. It is true that of late Mr. DISRAELI has made some mistakes which might rather have been expected from Mr. LOWE, as in the wonderful speech which began with a schoolgirl and ended with a defiance of the Emperor of RUSSIA. Mr. LOWE knows books and figures and other important matters incomparably better than Mr. DISRAELI; but Mr. DISRAELI understands the temper of the House of Commons; and in personal encounters of wit with Mr. LOWE he has almost always come off the conqueror. At the last general election Mr. LOWE'S ingenious vituperation and bitter ridicule were stifled in the burst of amusement which welcomed Mr. DISRAELI'S account of his reasons for erecting the University of London into a constituency. The pink fly of Abyssinia is inseparably associated with Mr. LOWE, though there is reason to believe that it was really invented by Mr. DISRAELI.

The serious charge which Mr. LOWE preferred at Retford ought not to have been lightly made, even if it had not involved a higher personage than Mr. DISRAELI. The responsibility of introducing the Royal Titles Bill would have been greatly aggravated if it had been true that two Prime Ministers had, at the risk of incurring disfavour at Court, withstood solicitations to propose a similar measure. Mr. LOWE accused Mr. DISRAELI of being a courtier, if not a sycophant; and there can be no doubt that his statement produced the intended effect of subjecting the Minister to general disapproval. Mr. LOWE indeed declared that he was violating no confidence, because he had received none; but his position and former official rank justified the impression that he spoke on evidence which could not be impugned. In the pleasure of inflicting an injury on a political opponent Mr. LOWE seems to have forgotten for the moment that Mr. DISRAELI and his predecessors were not the only actors in the story. If Lord DERBY, or Lord PALMERSTON, or Mr. GLADSTONE, had declined an indiscreet request, it followed that an indiscreet request had been made by one whose name and station ought to have made her sacred from attack. His language also involved the statement that the demand which had been condemned by two Ministers as injudicious had been a third time advanced with greater success when a more pliable states-

man was in office. Of the most objectionable part of the transaction Mr. LOWE was probably altogether unconscious. It was his object to do the utmost possible harm to an opponent, and the collateral results of his attack were never contemplated. It is not known whether he was even awakened to the nature of his declaration when Mr. GLADSTONE, who had been naturally supposed to be one of the personages of the story, publicly repudiated any share in the reported transaction. After the appearance of Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter, it was supposed that Lord PALMERSTON and Lord DERBY had refused their consent to the assumption of an Imperial title; and at first it seemed difficult or impossible to prove a negative.

Mr. LOWE'S answer to Mr. LEWIS would have been justifiable if the indiscretion committed at Retford had been less serious. When he refused to explain language which had not been used in the House of Commons, he implied that he still believed in the truth of the charge which he might have taken the opportunity of retracting. He was probably not prepared for Mr. DISRAELI'S crushing confutation. By his own fault Mr. LOWE was delivered into the hands of an adversary from whom he had not deserved mercy. Mr. DISRAELI made good use of the advantageous position of incidentally refuting the accusation against himself while he was discharging the duty of defending the QUEEN. In the peculiar circumstances the SPEAKER and the House could not refuse, under pretext of a Parliamentary rule, to listen to an authorized contradiction of a slanderous rumour. Mr. LOWE had not only committed the error of including the QUEEN in his charge against the PRIME MINISTER. He is exclusively responsible for compelling the QUEEN to defend herself against the imputation which had been repeated by a former Cabinet Minister. It is now certain that no Minister before Mr. DISRAELI has either refused to propose an addition to the Royal Titles, or received from HER MAJESTY any overture of the kind. The answer is complete; but the QUEEN ought not to have had occasion to answer. It is true that a Royal suggestion to a Minister is, whatever may be its nature, perfectly compatible with constitutional propriety; but a perfectly regular proceeding may be injudicious; and the renewal of a proposal already declined by two Prime Ministers might have been thought to indicate unbecoming obstinacy. It is at least certain that Mr. LOWE unintentionally blamed the supposed overture when he condemned Mr. DISRAELI for adopting it. Mr. LOWE'S mistake proceeded from no more blameable cause than a natural bluntness of perception. If the gossip which he reproduced had happened to be true, his accusation of Ministerial servility might have been sustained; but his violation of the respect due to the Crown would have been equally inexcusable. Mr. REED'S well-meant attempt to cover Mr. LOWE'S retreat must have reminded him painfully that his former colleagues could not devise an apology to extenuate his error. It was only by strange mismanagement that the numerous episodes of controversy on the Royal Titles Bill could have ended with an undisputed triumph achieved by Mr. DISRAELI.

GERMANY AND ITALY.

ALL modern societies in Europe, unless they are on a very small scale, have the same difficulties to encounter. The same questions in different forms agitate one country after another. There are the questions of the province of the State with regard to society and industry, of the relations of Church and State, and of disaffected minorities. In some States Socialism causes greater embarrassment than in others, but in all it causes some; and although each State may have its own special points of foreign policy, questions arise like that of the Turkish insurrection which affect all at once. In Germany and Italy more particularly the same questions are constantly arising. One of the causes of dispute which proved fatal to the MINGHETTI Ministry was the proposed purchase of the Lombard, Roman, and Southern Railways. The new Ministry is evidently much puzzled what to do with the Railway Bill bequeathed to it by its predecessors, and to gain time it has induced the Chamber to take one system at a time and to begin with the Lombard. It is probable that Signor DEPRETIS would like to have nothing to do with the purchase of any railway; but he finds it difficult to escape from the treaty with Austria for the Lombard purchase, and as in Italy the Companies wish to sell, there is naturally a strong pressure put on the Government by those who wish to see the bargain concluded. In Germany it is just the other way. There it is Prince BISMARCK who wishes to buy, and the owners of the railways who do not wish to sell. That which is the objection to the purchase in Italy, the increased power of centralized machinery and of officialism generally, is the attraction to Prince BISMARCK. The absorption of all German railways into one vast system, belonging to the Empire and under its exclusive control, is said to be the object at which he aims. No sufficient commercial motives can be urged to justify the scheme. The merits it possesses are almost exclusively political, as is the opposition to it. It is really a scheme for placing all the lines of communication throughout Germany under the direction of Berlin. Very naturally the small States object to this. While their railways belong to them they have still something of their own which they can see. Their separate armies are, they know, under the direction of Berlin, and their little Legislatures fall in with the humours of Berlin, or are made to feel the consequences of disobedience. But they are proud of their railways as local triumphs, and are pleased to think that the porters and guards are still indisputably their own. It is a small sign of independence, but it is one felt and realized in daily life. So strong has been the opposition that Prince BISMARCK has cut down his actual proposal to very modest figures. His proposal does not proceed from the Imperial Government at all. It only concerns Prussia, and all that Prussia has done at his bidding is to signify to the Federal Council that, if the Empire likes to buy the Prussian State Railways and the authority of the Prussian Government over the private railways in Prussia, a fair price would be accepted. By this no one is committed to anything. But the upholders of such independence as still remains to the small States are probably quite right in feeling uneasy. They say to themselves that Prince BISMARCK, when he has invented a big policy, is very apt to persist in it, although it has always been his way to draw back for a time when he thinks it prudent to do so. It is not to be supposed that he has taken up his railway scheme without having a distinct and serious aim, to attain which would compensate him for the great trouble which must precede success. Nor is it difficult to see what this aim is. The unity of Germany owed its existence in a great measure to the enthusiasm excited by the French war, and enthusiasm is apt to die away. It is natural that Prince BISMARCK should wish to consolidate his great work, and to bind up the idea of the Empire with all the sentiments and the habits of the people. One way to effect this would have been to lead Germany through new military triumphs; but the circumstances of the times are not propitious to a policy so hazardous, and the readiest method of attaining the desired end may easily appear to be to increase in a large degree the machinery of Imperial administration.

Germany and Italy are both apparently going through a period of comparative repose in ecclesiastical matters; and advantage has been taken of the lull for a conference to be held at Rome between some special representatives of the Papacy and what are vaguely termed representatives of some of the Great Powers. It is highly improbable that Germany or Italy took any part in the proceedings, but those who did take a part in them must have had Germany and Italy in their eye. As might have been expected, the Cardinals were not authorized to make any concessions. They said that Concordats were the only instruments of peace, and there can be no doubt that from their point of view they are right. A Concordat is a piece of bargaining in which the Vatican always gets the advantage; and necessarily so, for a Concordat is merely a statement of the terms on which, in a particular case, Rome will consent not to put the doctrines of the Syllabus in force. If the State has got down to the point at which it merely asks that the Syllabus may be slightly watered for its benefit, civil independence is gone; and this is a position which neither Germany nor Italy can possibly accept. But if the Italian Ministry has not got ecclesiastical troubles to vex it, the crop of difficulties that surround it grows rapidly enough to engage its attention. It finds itself obliged to tread with unpretending humility in the paths of its predecessors. Not only has it to retain the Grist-tax, the obnoxiousness of which was the main engine which it used to subvert its opponents, but it has to use force in a very peremptory manner to put down those who

object to it. The Grist-tax is to the Italian Left very much what Irish Coercion Acts used to be to English Whigs—a monstrosity to be fervently attacked when in opposition, and a necessity to be urgently demanded when in office. Signor NICOTERA, whose appointment to the Ministry of the Interior was represented as highly dangerous on the ground that he was a Garibaldian democrat, has been almost exclusively occupied since he gained the prize of office in suppressing popular tumults and manifestations. One of the very best parts of Parliamentary government is that it gives a Liberal Opposition the opportunity of occasionally learning the instructive lesson that government is a business, and has to be carried on in a very different way from what they led the world to suppose would suffice, while they had nothing to do but to go on rolling out irresponsible talk.

A Conference is to be held at Berlin between the representatives of the three Empires for the discussion or settlement of the Turkish insurrection; and it is highly proper that Germany, which invented the league, should come forward as the arbitrator or peacemaker between the conflicting aims and views of her allies. The importance of the questions raised by the insurrection, and of the issues which may grow out of it, has been duly appreciated by the Italian Government, which has transferred Signor NIGRA, the most eminent of its diplomatists, from Paris to St. Petersburg. A French Correspondent of the *Times* has written a very curious letter in which he bewails the hard lot of Signor NIGRA. He proves by the most elaborate arguments that Signor NIGRA deserves to stay in Paris, and that to take away from Paris a man who has well earned the supreme felicity of staying there is an instance of the most wanton tyranny or the blackest ingratitude on the part of the Italian Government. He recounts all the great services of Signor NIGRA—how he managed to get Venice by a Prussian alliance without offending France; how he was the devoted friend of the EMPEROR, and perfectly charming in his deferential regard for the EMPRESS; how, after the war, he won the heart of M. THIERS; and how, after the fall of M. THIERS, he gained the confidence of Duke DECAZES. It is quite terrible that such a man, having been fifteen years at Paris, should now be sent somewhere else. The explanation of the change would be almost beyond the comprehension of a patriotic and enthusiastic Frenchman. While Italy was being made a European Power, Paris was for Italians the centre of hopes, fears, interests, and ambition. Now that Italy has been made a European Power, it has to look where is the real centre of the foreign policy with which for the time Europe is busying itself. Delightful as Paris is, and eminent as are the services by which Signor NIGRA has earned his right to stay there, it is unfortunately the fact that Russia has very much and France very little to do with the solution of the question which is now agitating Europe. Italy wants its ablest diplomatist where he can be most useful, and Signor NIGRA can serve his country in exile by the Neva much better than in his happy home by the Seine. His transfer marks the great change which a few years have wrought in the political situation of Europe.

THE IRISH PEERAGE.

THE House of Lords ought to receive with favour Lord INCHIQUIN'S Bill for diminishing the anomalies which are inseparable from the existence of Irish peerages. It is not for the interest of hereditary legislators that their social and political privileges should be shown in living instances to be practically separable. The Irish peerage has, like many eccentric institutions, an historical origin and explanation; but it serves no practical purpose. Before the Union it had for ages been thought necessary to reproduce in Ireland the English Constitution, if not substantially, at least in form. It followed that there was a House of Lords of different ranks, possessing every attribute of its prototype except political power. The Crown, which generally objected to a profuse creation of English peers, was less scrupulous in Ireland. The heads of the families which managed the Government business were ennobled one after the other; and in later times the roll of the peerage was filled up with Englishmen who were thought not sufficiently important in property or interest to be admitted to the English House of Lords. GEORGE III. more than once complained of the profuse employment by his successive Ministers of Irish peerages as rewards to their adherents; but Lord NORTH persisted in the practice, and PITT was still more liberal of honours which cost him nothing. At one time he adopted the odd practice of making an Irish peerage a step towards a peerage of Great Britain, which might be earned by other services. When the Act of Union was passed there were more than two hundred Irish peers, including many who would never have thought of taking their seats in the House of Lords. To obviate opposition, and in accordance with the Scotch precedent of a century before, the lay Irish peers were allowed to elect representatives, and the bishops took their seats in the House by rotation. Parliament perhaps foresaw and regarded with complacency the certainty that the representative peers would belong exclusively to the majority, and the probability that they would not be insensible to the influence of the Tory Government of the day. In practice the independent choice of the constituency has been a transparent fiction. The Duke of WELLINGTON, and after him the late Lord DERBY, had for many years the patronage of the representative peerage.

Lord STANHOPE, who, though he was not an orator nor a statesman, possessed a happy knack of discerning the absurdity of obsolete practices, had the merit of carrying an Address to the QUEEN requesting her to suspend the creation of Irish peerages. It was unlucky that in this respect the precedent of the Scotch Union had not been followed. But for the frequent limitation of the succession to Scotch peerages to heirs general, the order, which has not been recruited for a hundred and seventy years, would by this time have been extinct or have been merged in the peerage of Great Britain. Either the Irish peers feared that as their numbers declined they might not be thought a sufficiently numerous constituency, or the Minister was not willing to relinquish the distribution of one of the minor streams which flowed from the fountain of honour. It was accordingly provided that the Crown might create one Irish peer for every three peerages which became extinct; and until recent times the power was commonly exercised. Some difficulties were raised as to alleged interference with the rights of the Crown, but eventually Lord STANHOPE'S judicious proposal was adopted. Lord INCHIQUIN meets with no opposition when he proposes to render the new system permanent; and the House of Lords unanimously affirms the proposition that "it is expedient that peerages should no longer be created "which do not confer the right to sit and vote in the "House of Lords." The preamble might have been better expressed, and it has the fault of being argumentative; but on the substance of the proposal there is no difference of opinion. Lord INCHIQUIN'S second clause has no necessary connexion with his first. The reason for increasing the number of representative peers from twenty-eight to thirty-two is fanciful and unsound. The bishops who represented the spiritual estate naturally lost their seats when the State no longer recognized a Church in Ireland. It was not intended to transfer any advantage which the clergy formerly possessed to the lay peerage.

The discussion in the House of Lords turned less on the provisions of the Bill than on an amendment of Lord O'HAGAN'S which was intended to give the minority a share of representation. It was proposed that no future election should take place until there were three vacancies, unless indeed Lord INCHIQUIN'S provision for the immediate increase of the representation were adopted. Each peer was only to vote for two candidates, or, according to an alternative scheme of Lord GREY'S, which was adopted by Lord O'HAGAN, all three votes might be concentrated on a single nominee. The LORD CHANCELLOR made the odd objection that the device would be ineffectual, inasmuch as the Liberal minority was not strong enough, even with cumulative voting, to return a single candidate. The modern theory of representation of minorities is not yet generally accepted, but the experiment could not be tried with less risk of harm than in the case of the Irish representative peerage. There is at present only one Liberal member of the body; and if he were to vacate his post, his successor would be chosen by the majority. It is desirable to cultivate and keep alive the decaying stock of aristocratic Liberals. No class of the community has deserved better of the country; but the younger generation includes many deserters from the creed or party of their forefathers. Innovations in modern times are not of the kind which can be palatable to a rich and privileged class. There were probably not half a dozen members of the House of Lords who really approved of the Irish Land Bill with the precedent which it might possibly establish.

The acquiescence of the peers in the obnoxious measure was an act of patriotic prudence; but the effect has been to render Liberal landowners suspicious of some of their allies. If a few Whig peers can be found in Ireland and sent to the House of Lords, they will reinforce a valuable body which threatens to become extinct. Time would show whether Lord CAIRNS was justified in believing that no possible contrivance would enable the minority to elect a representative.

The law which prevents an Irish peer from sitting in the House of Commons for a county or borough in his own country was strictly consistent with principle and precedent, but it is in practice either useless or mischievous. The Scotch peers are subjected to a more painful disability, inasmuch as since the Union they are absolutely prohibited from sitting in the House of Commons. If Tiverton had been less loyal to Lord PALMERSTON, it might have been an inconvenience that he could not sit as member for Sligo. Unfortunately in modern times the class to which Irish peers belong is not in the greater part of Ireland acceptable to those who control elections. It was, as Lord INCHIQUIN acknowledged, properly suggested that the proposal ought to be introduced in the House of Commons, which is supposed to be the judge of its own constitution. It will be difficult or impossible for a private member to carry the Bill through the House in the present Session. Some members will not desire to remove any anomaly which may be supposed to diminish the credit of the House of Lords; nor will it be possible to prevent Irish patriots from profiting by the opportunity for declamation. Lord INCHIQUIN has unluckily drawn his first clause in an awkward form, by proposing to repeal the Acts for the Union of Great Britain and Ireland as far as they relate to the creation of Irish peers. Some ingenious Home Rule member may perhaps move by way of amendment to omit the words which specify the purpose of the Bill. A proposal to repeal the Act of Union sounds strange; and probably it will hereafter be quoted as a precedent. Mr. BUTT has never abandoned his ostensible project of restoring to Ireland a Parliament consisting both of Lords and Commons. It is true that no Irish peer is prepared to take a seat in the revived House of Lords; but the restraint of the power of the Crown to create Irish peers may easily be converted into an insult to Ireland. If the Government would take charge of the Bill, the only important clause which prevents the creation of Irish peers might probably pass into a law. If the House of Commons cares little for the anomalies of the Irish peerage, it can scarcely insist on maintaining an abuse which has been denounced by the Assembly to which the subject-matter belongs. The Irish members can, if they think fit, oppose the insidious suggestion that Irish peers should be capable of representing Irish constituencies in the House of Commons.

FRANCE.

THE French prefects who have been dismissed by the MINISTER of the INTERIOR are behaving themselves after a fashion which is not uncommon with domestic servants after receiving notice to go at the end of the month. They are exceedingly anxious to convince M. RICARD that they would not have stayed in his service however much he might have wished it. The place did not suit them any better than they suited the place. If they had not been sent away because they were not sound Republicans, they would have taken themselves away because M. RICARD is not a sound Conservative. Occasionally they hint that the day will come when their unfortunate country will again have need of their devotion, and they magnanimously pledge their word that no recollection of the injuries they have sustained shall be suffered to stand in the way of their return. Whenever the Government of France is once more conducted on right principles, these noble souls will again sacrifice themselves on the altar of public duty. Till then they will amuse themselves with watching the useless struggles of the Republic against the anarchy which must follow their departure. The Republican journals—at least those of them that were foremost in urging the Government to dismiss any official who was so unfortunate as to be appointed by M. BUFFET or the Duke of BROGLIE—draw, as it seems to us, a wrong moral from these impertinent letters. They treat them as so much evidence of M. RICARD's weakness in not sending his whole staff about their business the moment that he came into office. Now you see, they say, the class of men you had to deal with. You thought that you might temporise with them, that you might be content with moving some to new departments, and only dismissing those of whose enmity to the Republic you had positive proof. The result of this weakness is that you and the Government in your person have been grossly insulted. You have had your dismissals thrown in your face. If these officials had been sent away as soon as you accepted a seat in the Cabinet, they would never have dared to write these impudent letters. That they have written them now is the natural result of the reputation for timidity which you have wilfully made for yourself. This denunciation of the Minister is founded on a wrong estimate of the motives which lead dismissed officials to say rude things to their late chief. A prefect who has been deprived of his place and his salary on political grounds has nothing to lose by incivility to the Government. His income is already gone; his reputation, so far as it depends on Ministerial approval, is already gone; and all that remains to him is such reputation as he may make with the enemies of the Administration. These ex-prefects who tell M. RICARD that they would not have served under him, even if he had been willing to retain them, will earn some cheap credit with the adversaries of the Government; whereas, if they had remained silent, even this small consolation would have been denied to them. But it must be noted that, though M. RICARD was not at all in a hurry to dismiss his subordinates, none of them were beforehand with him in sending in their resignations. Yet, if their antagonism towards the Republic had been as pronounced as it is now their interest to make it out, they would hardly have allowed M. RICARD to get the start of them. M. BUFFET'S resignation would have told them all that they needed to know about the character of the newly elected Chamber and of the Government in which it would place confidence. The truth probably is that these dismissed officials would have been willing in most cases to make the best of the change, and to serve the new Government as they had served the old. Here and there there might have been instances of a more robust determination not to go with the tide, but these would have been only the exceptions. With the rest M. RICARD would have been able to do pretty much what he liked, and thus the Republic, instead of adding to its enemies, would only have added to its converts. If any of those who had been continued in their offices had shown a disposition to play the enemy in the camp, it would have been easy to dismiss them with ignominy. A dangerous precedent would thus have been avoided, and the monarchical faction would have lost an opportunity of presenting themselves in the character of martyrs.

An undesigned tribute has lately been paid to the stability of the Republic by one of the ablest and most reasonable of its adversaries. Ever since the close of the war M. HERVÉ has advocated the cause of Constitutional Monarchy in the *Journal de Paris*. Neither the eclipse of the Orleanist section of the Royalists which was brought about by the visit of the Count of PARIS to Frohsdorf, nor the overthrow of all the carefully-nursed hopes of a restoration which was brought about by the obstinacy of the Count of CHAMBORD, could avail to discourage him. Even the adoption of the Constitution of February was not too great a trial to his faith. Either he thought that under M. BUFFET the idea of revision would be kept so constantly before the public mind, that an Orleanist journalist would never lack materials for drawing useful lessons from events, or he disbelieved that the Republic, committed to such hostile hands, had any chance of living out even the shortest term assigned it by the organic laws. But the constitution of a genuinely Republican Administration has been too much for his endurance. M. HERVÉ is not one of those Conservatives who do not care what Government they live under provided only that it is not a Republic. His detestation of the Empire, of which, while it lasted, he was one of the severest critics, has not lessened with time; and it would be no satisfaction to him to feel that he had hastened the death of the present Government if the Empire succeeded as its natural heir. Consequently he prefers to abandon the contest. The country has shown unmistakably that it desires a Constitutional Republic and not a Constitutional Monarchy. Politicians who in their zeal for Monarchy make it a wholly secondary consideration whether it is constitutional or despotic are not disturbed by this discovery. Constitutional Monarchy may be out

of the question, but Bonapartism is still active, and every inch of ground that the Republic loses improves the prospects of the Empire. Men who can comfort themselves in this fashion are under no temptation to retire from politics. If they cannot further the cause they most love, they may at all events have opportunities of damaging the cause they most hate; and as by this time they have probably grown indifferent to the precise form of Government which may succeed the present, the destructive element in the conflict has become more interesting to them than the constructive. These are not the doctrines that have been maintained in the *Journal de Paris*. It has never professed that all kinds of Monarchy were alike dear to it, or that so long as the rule of one man could be secured it was a matter of secondary moment whether that rule were absolute or limited. The step that M. HERVÉ has taken will bring the impossibility of a Bourbon restoration home to many people who, so long as an avowedly Orleanist newspaper continued to appear, might not have realized that the most eminent Orleanist politicians are no longer Orleanist in any personal sense. M. HERVÉ does not pretend to be converted from his old ways. He still thinks Constitutional Monarchy the best Government in itself and the best Government for France. But he no longer sees any hope of bringing his countrymen to share his convictions, and he retires for the time from the field. That M. HERVÉ and his colleagues will cease to be journalists is not probable. Their views will not preclude them from supporting the Government of the Republic whenever they think its policy satisfactory; but they will naturally prefer to support it in a journal which begins by taking the Republic for granted rather than in one which has steadily opposed it whenever an opportunity has presented itself.

THE RAILWAY COMMISSION.

THE Second Annual Report of the Railway Commissioners extends only to last October. More than half a legal year has since elapsed; and the cases which are brought before the Commission tend to increase in number. As the experiment of appointing a special Court for the trial of one kind of issues has been commenced, it ought not to be hastily discontinued. There is no reason to doubt the personal competence of the Commissioners, and they are constantly accumulating experience; but the existence, at a cost of some thousands a year, of a tribunal which in one twelvemonth decided eleven cases of alleged undue preference is not a little anomalous. By the Regulation of Railways Act, 1873, it was provided that the Commission should consist of three members, one of whom was to be a lawyer, and one a person experienced in the administration of railways; and it was implied that the Chairman should be selected on grounds of general ability and eminence. No objection can be taken to the appointments which were consequently made by the late Government. Sir FREDERICK PEEL had acquired a respectable reputation in Parliament and in office; Mr. MACNAMARA was well known as a sound lawyer; and Mr. PRICE had been for many years either Director or Chairman of the Midland Railway, and had also sat in the House of Commons. The appointment of laymen to judicial offices is at least a novelty; nor would it be easy to show that railway disputes are so peculiar or so complex in character as to require the intervention of experts acting as judges. When the Traffic Act of 1853 was under discussion, Lord CAMPBELL objected to the powers which it was proposed to confer on the judges of enforcing equal treatment of freighters by Railway Companies. In a speech full of fallacies which have often been quoted and never sufficiently exposed, he declared that, though he had spent his life in the study of the law, he knew nothing of the management of railways. Lord CAMPBELL might have remembered that he was every day administering justice in relation to matters of which he was in the first instance equally ignorant. He decided patent cases with little or no knowledge of mechanics or chemistry, as he tried horse causes without professing to appreciate the points of a horse. If the theory which he assumed were consistently applied, there need be neither lawyers nor judges; for it was implied that special and professional knowledge of the subject-matter of litigation is the sole and indispensable qualification of a competent tribunal. Courts of law and equity deal every day with questions which are new to them except so far as they may have previously occurred in the course of their judicial experience. It is their business to be guided by evidence, and not by any knowledge which they may have previously possessed. The Railway Commissioners have properly regulated their proceedings in accordance with the ordinary practice of the Courts, and the evidence and arguments which have been produced before them differ in no perceptible degree from the grounds of judgments given in Westminster Hall. An Irish Railway Company allowed to certain carriers employed by themselves *2d.* a parcel, and refused any similar allowance to independent carriers. The Commissioners, as might be expected, directed the Company to discontinue an obvious preference of one customer to another. If the case could have been brought before a police magistrate or two justices at petty sessions, it would have been decided in the same way and still more expeditiously. It is difficult to understand why jurisdiction over so simple a matter of dispute might not be entrusted to a Division of the Court of Judicature, or even to a County Court.

It is not the fault of the Commissioners that they have to deal with trivial matters as well as with questions which are sometimes of serious importance. The first case in the Report illustrates the large results which may sometimes ensue from the application of the plausible principle of equality of treatment. In an application by certain Scotch coal-owners against the Caledonian Railway Company the Commissioners decided that equal rates for coal must be charged from two different coal fields. It was alleged by the Caledonian Company that the coal which had been allowed a lower rate was inferior in quality; but the Commissioners held, and, it must be supposed, rightly held, that the difference of quality was not such as to justify a difference of rate. A court of law might probably have arrived on the evidence at the same conclusion; but it is doubtful whether such an adjustment of rates ought to be referred to judicial interpreters of an Act of Parliament rather than to the discretion of traffic managers. Popular prejudice indeed welcomes any measure which may be supposed to be injurious to a Railway Company; but there are in all cases of the kind third parties who in their litigation with the Companies are really appealing to a judicial tribunal against one another. The interests of the coal-owner are much larger than those of the carrier, and it may be doubted whether Parliament deliberately intended that the competition among coal-owners in different districts should be controlled by the operation of the Act of 1853. It might well happen that comparative equality of rates would have the effect of shutting an entire coal-field out of the market, except in prosperous times when there is a margin of profit to spare. In many cases, though not universally, the interest of the railway in attracting the largest possible traffic coincides with the interest both of consumers and producers. The regulation or readjustment of several millions of different rates would be but roughly and unsatisfactorily effected by external interference. As there are undoubtedly cases in which it is proper to enforce uniformity of treatment, it would be premature to attempt a complete definition of the conditions under which control is expedient. When the Commissioners have exercised their jurisdiction for six or seven years, it may perhaps be found desirable to limit their authority in certain directions. The Companies ought to confine their efforts to vigilant observation of the tendency of the decisions in railway cases. It is not their interest for the time to irritate popular prejudices which may probably hereafter disappear. If the free action of independent traders is impaired, their grievances will attract attention.

One of the most useful functions of the Commission consists in its taking the place in many instances of the arbitrators to whom differences were referred under the provisions of numerous Acts. It is greatly to the benefit of Companies that arbitrators should be paid from the Consolidated Fund, and not out of the pockets of the litigants. The Commissioners also, sitting continuously till a case is finished, conduct the arbitration both more satisfactorily and at less expense. Their jurisdiction is in this department advantageously substituted, not for that of the courts of law, but for that of tribunals constituted for the occasion. It generally happens that arbitrators are busy in their various professions, and that they can give only intermittent attention to questions which are sometimes of grave importance. It is highly probable that the majority of disputes will be referred to

the Commissioners, especially as they can assume jurisdiction on the application of either party. In some instances they have promoted the public interest by giving a narrow construction to railway treaties which provide, not only for the avoidance of competition between the Companies themselves, but as far as possible against extension of railway accommodation within their joint districts. Courts of law would perhaps deal still more peremptorily with contracts which are intended principally to prevent the increase of railway accommodation. The power of fixing through rates on the application of a Company which owns any portion of a complete route has been in some instances beneficially exercised. The weakest point in railway administration has been the jealousy with which Companies have habitually regarded their immediate neighbours. The inconvenience which has consequently been suffered by travellers and freighters is not to be attributed to gratuitous malignity or caprice. Large adjacent Companies have commonly a number of questions pending between them; and the diplomatic ability of chairmen and managers is often exercised in adjusting a demand for accommodation in one part of the system against a counter claim in another. In every bargain all the circumstances of both parties are taken into consideration, and even a harmless concession is not readily given, when by a judicious delay it may become possible to sell it for a price. It is not undesirable that a body such as the Railway Commission should sometimes derange the strategy of rival managers; and it is probable that their intervention will gradually tend to make trains fit better, and to give freighters in some instances a choice of alternative routes. Perhaps the most anomalous duty imposed on the Commission is the determination of the mode in which railway property should be rated for the relief of the poor. It was wholly unnecessary to refer one application of the general law of rating to a Court which has no jurisdiction over the rating of ordinary property.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL.

THE Merchant Shipping Bill has improved so greatly since the Government have begun to pay attention to it, that it is impossible not to regret that more of their spare time in the autumn was not spent in considering what they meant to propose during the Session. There would then have been a fair chance of seeing a really final Bill passed in the present year; whereas in its present form, improved as that is, it can be little but the beginning of strife. It must not be forgotten that none of the amendments which are being introduced into the Bill as it goes through Committee, nor of those other amendments which are promised upon the Report, touch the radical fault of the early clauses. The Bristol Chamber of Commerce declared the other day that the machinery of detention provided in these clauses would either prove altogether inoperative, or would make the position of a shipowner unendurable. Out of this pleasing dilemma there is, so far as appears, no escape. The lives of seamen depend on the activity of the detaining officer. The ability of the shipowners to carry on their business with reasonable immunity from interruption depends on the sapiencess of the detaining officer. If the detaining officer is a man of Mr. PLIMSOLL'S stamp, scarcely a ship will be allowed to go to sea without being subjected to examination just at the most inconvenient time. If the detaining officer is a man of the stamp which Mr. PLIMSOLL imagines the officials of the Board of Trade to be, the fact that the examination cannot be instituted except at great inconvenience will be held to be a reason for omiting it. In the former case, who would be a shipowner? In the latter case, who would be President of the Board of Trade? The public interest in the question has for the present grown weaker; but there is no saying when it may not revive, and the moment that it does revive the first instance of neglect on the part of a detaining officer will be the signal for a fresh agitation. If the clauses relating to the detention of ships had come later in the Bill, they would probably have been withdrawn on the understanding that clauses based on a wholly different principle would be substituted for them on the Report. Unfortunately they came at a stage when Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had not yet discovered that the Bill as originally framed must be abandoned. It would be unsafe, however, to say positively that this error will not be redeemed. To recast the earlier part of the Bill on the Report would give an historical symmetry to its progress which will otherwise be wanting. Clauses which have remained the same from first to last will look out of place in a measure which is for the most part so completely changed that Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY himself will have to think twice before he can feel assured that he is the titular author of it.

On Monday the Government brought up their new provisions for dealing with deck cargoes. They had satisfied themselves, not quite soon enough for their reputation as legislators, that it was impossible to approach this question without a definite idea of the position in which British ships were to be placed as regards foreign ships. If foreign ships arriving at British ports were to be excepted from the Bill, it must be on the principle that the more thoroughly the seaworthiness of British ships is secured the more highly they will be esteemed as carriers. Lord ESLINGTON subsequently said that, if our regulations are successful, we shall ensure a preference being shown for British vessels all over the world. The natural inference from this is, that British shipowners can have no special interest in seeing foreign ships subjected to similar regulations. The more entirely these regulations are confined to British ships, the more valuable will be the reputation which British ships will derive from the observance of them. This is not the view which the Government take of the question; and, to judge from Lord ESLINGTON'S argument, it is not the view that the shipowners take of the question. They are too unselfish to wish to profit by any such superiority as an exclusive system of regulations might confer upon them. They are anxious that foreign shipowners should have a share in their blessings, whether they wish for it or not. By placing foreign vessels in our ports under British regulations we shall be doing, said Lord ESLINGTON, the best thing we can for them, because we shall be placing them on an equality with our own ships. It is conceivable that foreign shipowners might have liked to have had a voice in the controversy, and that they may even suspect that this desire to have all ships subjected to the same treatment may be prompted rather by a fear that the regulations will prove annoying than by any strong belief that they will prove beneficial. It seems clear, however, that the shipowners would have strongly opposed any proposal to legislate for British vessels only, and when this had been ascertained the course of the Government became clearer. The inconvenience of coming into conflict with foreign Governments was less, or, at all events, less immediate, than the inconvenience of coming into conflict with a powerful interest in the House of Commons. The penalty on deck cargoes was consequently made applicable to foreign as well as British ships, and the unmeaning restriction to ships sailing from North American ports was done away with. Whether the penalty has been made effectual as well as universal is more doubtful. The clause as ultimately passed only applies to deck cargoes of timber, and even these are not interfered with if they do not rise more than three feet above the deck. The Government seem on this point to have been strangely blind to the feeling of the House. An amendment moved by Mr. PLIMSOLL to make the penalty apply to all timber carried on deck was only lost by eight votes. With the Government majority what it is, this is a fact of great significance, and the composition of the minority which supported the amendment is as remarkable as its numbers. One shipowner after another rose to say that, if deck cargoes are to be dealt with effectively, they must be prohibited altogether. The motive of the Government in permitting deck-loading to the height of three feet is to assimilate British and Canadian legislation; but the evidence of the President of the Quebec Chamber of Commerce, quoted by Mr. BRASSEY, makes it exceedingly doubtful whether the Canadians are much in love with their own laws on this point. This witness says that the concession of three-feet loads made by the Minister of Marine, in deference to certain shipowners, has not worked well, and that a large proportion of the cargoes so carried have had to be thrown overboard during the last season.

When the principle of legislating for foreign ships arriving in British ports had once been accepted, there was no reason for making difficulties about its application to foreign ships loading in British ports. In its original form the new clause providing for the detention of foreign ships proposed that, as soon as the provisional order for detention has been made, notice is to be given to the Consul of the nation to which the ship belongs; and if the order is disputed, the Consul is to name a surveyor, who shall decide between the master and the Board of Trade. The

objection to this plan lay in the absence of any security that the Consul would not favour the ship of the nation he represents; and in the interval between Monday and Thursday, or rather in the course of Thursday evening, the Government changed their mind. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE stated very frankly the dislike which he entertained to the possible subjection of British ships in foreign ports to retaliatory legislation. But the difficulty of making a foreign Consul the virtual court of appeal from the decision of the Board of Trade had evidently made itself felt, and he suggested that on the Report a court of appeal for foreign vessels should be constituted, in which an assessor named by the Consul should take the place of an assessor named by the local Marine Board. With the prospect thus held out of incurring misunderstandings with foreign Powers in reference to the treatment of foreign vessels in British ports, it is satisfactory to learn from Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY that the Government are every day receiving intimations from foreign Governments that they heartily approve the steps which Parliament is taking to prevent the loss of life at sea. It seems, therefore, that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has overrated the danger to be apprehended from the legislation forced upon the Government. It must be remembered that Governments have to think of seamen as well as of shipowners; and, as a foreigner is probably not more careless of his life than an Englishman, the feeling of foreign sailors will usually be on the side of the English officials who detain their ship in order to save their lives. If the parts were reversed, and it was the foreign shipowner who might be expected to sympathize with the British Government, and the foreign sailor who might be expected to take offence at these new regulations, the chances of inconvenient consequences would probably be greater. In every country there is a feeling that the rich can take care of themselves wherever they are, and that it is the business of Governments to see that their poor subjects come to no harm abroad. If the principle of protecting life at sea is universally recognized, the danger of interested retaliation will disappear, and Englishmen may claim the merit of having led the way in a genuine improvement in mercantile legislation.

LITERATURE AND ART.

LITERATURE and art are apparently the subjects of the day, or perhaps we should say of the week. "The interests of Literature" was one of the toasts at the Royal Academy dinner last Saturday; in the middle of the week the supporters of the Literary Fund held their annual festival; and to-night the LORD MAYOR entertains a miscellaneous company under the general title of "Representatives of Literature." As for art, at this season it blooms on every side, and the Exhibitions open as regularly as the chestnut-buds. The public would thus seem to be specially invited to contemplate the results of human genius in these forms, and to say what it thinks of them. The first thing that must strike any one is, we fancy, that nowadays there is at any rate a great deal of literature and art. Each has come to be a vast business, giving wide employment not merely to those who produce the books or pictures, but to those through whose hands they pass in the course of trade. Moreover, it is obvious that there is a bewildering variety of classes and degrees, and that the general term "literature" or "art" includes many things which have little in common with each other. Still, as to the things themselves, there is some possibility of arriving at a sufficiently intelligible, if not very precise, definition of what is really literature and what is really art. But when we come to the producers a difficulty arises, at least in the case of men of letters. Art requires such special qualities and close devotion that those who work at it at all may be fairly called artists; but men of letters are not a class thus set apart. As Mr. FROUDE asked the other night, what is literature, and who are men of letters? One answer is, of course, that literature does not include all writing, and that a clerk is not a man of letters. On the other hand, there is a small class of professional persons who write for publication who may be distinctively termed men of letters; but, as far as the great bulk of literature is concerned, it is not the work of any special class, but is made up of the efforts of almost everybody of decent education. Literary capacity is, in fact, usually only one side of a character, and is, in a certain degree, very widely distributed. There are not very many persons who spend their lives in writing books or articles, but there is an immense number who occasionally do so, it may be only once or twice in a life, or more frequently.

On the whole, it may be said that literature is not produced by men of letters expressly devoted to such work, but by people who find time to write when engaged in other occupations. Literature, in fact, is only a means of expressing ideas like speech, and consequently a great deal of prose is written as well as spoken. All sorts of people, without being literary men or journalists, contribute a great deal of information to the newspapers; and books are written in a similar way. At the Literary Fund dinner the Norwegian and Swedish Ambassador put in a claim to have a high place in literature assigned to diplomatic despatches; and no doubt there are many specimens of this kind of writing which well deserve that honour. Again, Lord HOUGHTON started a theory that the literary instinct is closely allied with military courage, and that the soldier class supplies a large number of the best writers. This is a theory which will hardly bear analysis; but there can be no doubt that, as a matter of fact, military men often make valuable contributions to literature, both on their own and on other subjects; and the same might be said of sailors, lawyers, clergymen, and, in fact, of every professional group. Lord HOUGHTON remarked that the man of letters, as such, was the creation of a late civilization, and had come into existence only in comparatively recent days. This is no doubt true, but one reason for it is that in other days authors got little pay; and therefore to set up as solely a man of letters was much the same as giving up a livelihood. It was not till after DRYDEN'S time that copyright in England began to have a commercial value. Lord HOUGHTON also suggested a doubt whether the man of letters pure and simple was a happy creation; and there can be no question that literature, if produced exclusively by dreamers or bookworms, would lose its healthy and elastic force, as well as its influence on the public, which demands practical ideas. What is wanted in literature is the embodiment of every kind of thought, knowledge, and experience. It is, we fancy, not uncommon with men of letters, even when successful, to grow weary of mere writing, and to be seized with a desire to do something. We have heard that this was so with M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL. He had achieved a great reputation by his attacks on the Empire, but after all it seemed like whipping the wind. Could he not, he thought, get a hold upon the machine of government himself, and turn it, in however small a way, to good ends? And so he fell into NAPOLEON'S snare. There must of course be professional men of letters to carry on the systematic work of literature; but nothing could be more unfortunate than that literature should fall wholly or in great part into their hands. At the present moment, however, it does not appear that there is much chance of this.

Lord CARNARVON, in his speech on Wednesday, remarked that the general tone of modern English literature was, in the main, sound and healthy; and we are glad to believe that this is the case. At the same time there are symptoms of deterioration in certain directions. The mere fact that such a quantity of matter is published carries a danger with it. Literature is now manufactured with so much haste and in such large quantities that it is scarcely possible to keep up the quality at a high point. Again, the best market is apparently found among the most numerous class of the community, which does not happen to be the most intelligent or best educated; and in the midst of a vast mass of third or fourth-rate literature even the higher kinds are apt to catch the taint of looseness and vulgarity. The House of Commons, which is in more ways than one a representative body, is, as Mr. GOSCHEN has pointed out, declining, if not in intelligence, in culture and literary taste. By and by, when the mental range is widened among all classes of the population, there will no doubt be an enormous productive power available for literary creation; but in the meantime the tendency seems to be that the new body of readers, who have hitherto known literature only in its lower shapes, are by their encouragement diverting literary industry into the devious paths which lead to popular favour. Mr. DISRAELI observed at the Academy dinner that the conditions of life in England were not very favourable to the cultivation of high art, because "the "creation of the beautiful in a community required the "concentrated sentiment of a limited population." And the same remark may be in a certain degree applied

to letters. The influences which kept up a standard of taste are gradually being weakened by the pressure of the multitude. Not only does the critical faculty in the more refined and intellectual core of society fail to produce much impression on those outside, but it is even itself impaired and corroded by the surrounding passion for what is within the range of limited minds and rudimentary tastes. At the same time, that national spirit which comes from the strain of anxieties and difficulties, and which gives vitality to literature, is in danger of being diminished by the smoothness and ease of modern life. Still there is no reason that we can see for taking a desponding view either of the present position or prospects of literature. It must be expected to reflect the circumstances of the time; and this is undoubtedly a transition period. As education spreads there must, after a time, be a steady rise in the literary taste of the country.

In art the immediate effect of what was formerly the special possession of a select class being thrown open to the general public is perhaps more conspicuously observable than in literature. No one can visit the present exhibition at Burlington House—though it is perhaps in some respects better than usual—and compare it with the pictures of the older masters which have lately been displayed, and say that the standard of art has been raised in England. The practice and enjoyment of art have undoubtedly been widened, and it may be that the great body of the people have sounder views about art, and derive more refreshment from it than formerly; but this, though good in itself, does not compensate for a certain lowering of the aims of art which is only too obvious. At the Academy this year there is a great variety of pictures, and it is evident that proficiency in technical skill is extending. But the want of soul, of mind, of anything in the shape of idea, is depressingly apparent. The range of subjects is, with some important exceptions, painfully commonplace and uninteresting. Indeed a large proportion of the pictures are merely an improved reproduction of the men and women of the fashion-books. There are not less than three pictures in the Academy which rise to the height of excitement represented by the amazingly heroic feat of a young man helping a young woman over a puddle. Others are the sort of paragraph-pictures of events with which we are familiar in the illustrated papers, and which are rather a style of reporting than real art. It is perhaps not without significance that the members of the Academy, though they drank to the general interests of literature, passed over the interests of art, and contented themselves with "The Health of Sir FRANCIS GRANT and Prosperity to the Royal Academy." It does not follow, however, that the prosperity of the Academy implies the general prosperity of art; and, besides, prosperity has different meanings. That Academicians and Associates are prosperous in the sense that they get good prices for their works may be believed; but it cannot be said that art is prospering when such a very low standard of invention and beauty is exhibited on the walls. Sir FRANCIS GRANT expressed regret that so many pictures had this year to be rejected; but it might have been more reasonable if he had deplored the large proportion of bad and worthless art which has been admitted, and which must certainly discourage high aspirations, seeing that it is thus officially announced that almost anything may be passed off as art on an ignorant public, and that the Academy is willing to countenance the imposture. What art wants more than anything else is the exercise of authority in favour of a higher style of art.

MODERN MANNERS.

THERE are some things which everybody sees, but which there is a general reluctance to speak about until some kind of explosion occurs and compels attention. For some years past, for instance, there has been visible in English society a tendency to increasing freedom of manners, and a relaxation of those prudent restraints on giddiness or forwardness which used to be supposed to be an indispensable protection to all modest women. We have ourselves repeatedly called attention to it, and urged that the spread of habits of dangerous familiarity ought to be closely watched, and some check placed by social influence on the introduction of novelties of this kind, all tending in one direction. It would appear, however, that the departure from old-fashioned traditions of propriety is growing still more marked, and that a system of social intercourse is being gradually established under which all the once recognised rules of decent behaviour are completely set at nought. Indeed, it is becoming increasingly difficult in some fashionable circles to form any estimate of the personal respectability of a well-dressed woman from her bearing and conduct. It is to be hoped that the remarks which a judge has just felt himself bound to make in the course of his duty will suggest profitable reflections on this subject. In a divorce suit which has been tried this week, and into the nature of which it is unnecessary to enter in detail, Sir J. Hannen, in summing up the case to the jury, made the following remarks:—"Generally speaking, when a young woman made a secret appointment with a young man, only one inference could be drawn from it; but it should be remembered that the respondent had been leading a life of frivolous gaiety, passing her time in frivolous amusements, flirting with a variety of men, and conducting herself in such a way as to lead to her husband's remonstrances. It was also only fair to remind them that there had of late years been a very marked change in the habits and manners of society, and that formerly women would have shrunk from being seen with persons and at places in circumstances which were now thought nothing of. He spoke of the change with loathing, but it was a fact that there had been such a change as that to which he referred in fashion and in the habit of young persons. Therefore, in these days, the same conclusion ought not to be drawn from conduct which would have been drawn from it in former times."

It is evident that things must have reached a pretty pass when a judge, sitting on the bench could feel himself justified in drawing such a picture of fashionable life; and it can hardly fail to open the eyes of those who have either shut their eyes or winked at the continual loosening of social restraints. What Sir J. Hannen has said would seem to come to this—that nowadays it is impossible to say from a lady's manner and behaviour whether she is or is not a respectable person, seeing that a part at least of society has agreed to dispense with the old rules on the subject. No matter what may be the levity and freedom of a woman's ways, no matter what breaches of decorum she may commit, it is not to be concluded that she is not a most respectable lady, for that is the way in which many respectable ladies now conduct themselves. Once upon a time there was a difference between the manners of good and those of bad society, and a man could judge from the way in which a lady received him on what terms he stood with regard to her. But the test of propriety is now gradually being given up. A woman may be quite respectable, though not at all proper. Everybody knows that Prince's is a most select and respectable place. All disreputable people who apply for admission are strictly blackballed. Yet it seems that the society which congregates there, and which may, we suppose, be taken as a fair sample of the fashionable world from which it is extracted, is not absolutely immaculate. It is stated that all the parties in the suit which led to Mr. Justice Hannen's observations were members of Prince's Club, and that it was there that the co-respondent was introduced to the respondent, and that they appear to have passed a good deal of their time. The respondent, who is described as "well connected and moving in good society," and who was also young and had only lately been married, appears to have gone about as if perfectly free and unattached. She took a husband only as a matter of form. She "flirted with a variety of men" on the strength of meeting them in such company as that to be found at Prince's, and she even went so far as to pass an evening with one of them in his lodgings. But nobody is to be allowed to suppose that, because a lady "moving in good society" chooses to run about, to rink, dance, and have *tête-à-tête* dinners with any man she takes a fancy to, she is therefore likely to be unfaithful to her husband. It appears that, in this instance, the husband did not relish the treatment to which he was subjected, and no doubt his wife and the men whose society she preferred thought it very unreasonable. We cannot say that it strikes us in that light. It must surely be the duty not only of a wife, but of every virtuous woman, to avoid placing herself in situations where she is certain to be suspected, and in which it is probable that she will fall. A woman who had due respect for the marriage tie or for the character of her sex would certainly not behave in such a way. It must be remembered that general character is always an important element when a question arises as to the truth of any suspicions which may have been roused. The proof of actual guilt may depend on some accidental disclosure, but no woman can expect to be trusted who flagrantly adopts a freedom and looseness of manner similar to that of her abandoned sisters. People who make a point of carrying jemmies and skeleton-keys about with them have no right to complain if strange things are believed of them; and so with ladies who defy their husbands, and roam about with other men. Suspicion must necessarily be part of the penal system of society, and it is exercised in rightful defence. It might be difficult or impossible to procure conclusive evidence of a particular offence, such as would be necessary for judicial purposes; but society has a right to judge from appearances, and to place under a ban those who try to break down the barriers of propriety.

There is a sufficient accumulation of human experience since the world began to explain the necessity of those social rules which are now falling into contempt, and the danger of disregarding them. The conduct of people mainly depends upon their habits, and if those habits tend in a certain direction, and present constant temptation to and opportunities for evil-doing, the decline is usually found slippery enough by those who try how far they can slide, in the hope that they will still be able to pull themselves up again on the verge of sudden peril. It is not merely that the prevalence of free and easy manners affords a convenient cover-

ing to vicious courses, but that it also serves as an encouragement to innocent people to trust themselves on treacherous ground. Nothing is so fatal as the curiosity which leads women into experiments of this kind, and it is inevitable that out of a number of cases there should be some disasters. It is no excuse to say that some women are quite able to take care of themselves under such circumstances; for, in the first place, this is seldom true, and, in the next, mischief is done by the bad example which is set to those of warmer feelings or weaker resolution. Cases occur from time to time which supply illustrations of the way in which habits of ready and unreserved familiarity operate on a certain kind of men, if not on women. Womanly modesty has been likened to an onion which is composed of successive folds, and, these being stripped off one by one, there is found to be nothing left. The suppression of any of the precautions which are required to keep libertines at arm's length not only weakens the general line of defence, but fosters the audacity and unscrupulousness of the enemy. It is impossible for any one who really looks about him and sees what is going on under his nose to be blind to the injurious effects of those habits of gregarious fastness which are constantly becoming more daring and reckless. It would appear as if it were the object of a class of women to associate with men on the footing of male friends, to join in their sports, and even to share their dissipations. Under prudent arrangements, the association of the sexes is wholesome and beneficial; but the attempt to discard old-fashioned notions of prudence and propriety cannot fail to be unsettling and disastrous. At the rinks there appear to be great facilities for striking up promiscuous acquaintanceships, and carrying on familiarities under cover of the nature of the amusement. In other days mothers assumed that it was their duty to exercise some kind of supervision over their daughters' daily life, to see what sort of books they read, what companions they had, and what kind of talk and ideas was brought to bear on their young and unsophisticated minds. But modest timidity is now regarded as childish affectation, and girls are left to learn everything, and to do almost anything they choose on their own responsibility. We should be sorry to make too much of the sad consequences which occasionally ensue, but these are not the only evils to be guarded against. The mere approach to such things in fancy, the familiarity of the mind with subjects of scandal, exercises a deteriorating influence on the moral fibre, and plants dangerous seeds which may find congenial nourishment. Maidenly reserve is too delicate and precious a thing to be exposed to ruffling and jostling. Girls nowadays go about too much into places where they are likely to encounter equivocal people, and to hear of, if not to see, equivocal scenes. Nobody would wish to see English girls shut up like the pupils of a convent, but it can hardly be doubted that just at present the opposite tendency is being carried too far. After the judicial rebuke which has now been given, it cannot be said that the unfavourable reports of modern manners are a mere invention of malicious gossip. The disorder may not yet have spread so far or so deeply as some suppose, but that it is lurking in the system and requires stringent remedies has now been proved beyond the power of contradiction. However painful it may be, it is necessary to realize what society is coming to, if it goes on as it is doing, and as this case reveals—marriage without maternity, nominal husbands, and constant flirtation with other men pushed to the brink of guilt.

CHRISTIANITY AMONG THE NEGROES.

MR. GLADSTONE is not peculiar in maintaining that, while the dogma of Christianity is always the same, its outward form and clothing may, and indeed must, vary according to national, local, and personal differences. There is nothing in such a statement, rightly understood, to shock the most orthodox convictions, while the too common failure of missionary enterprise, and especially of Protestant missions, may be partly explained by a practical oblivion of it. A Bampton Lecturer some years ago observed on the absurdity of assuming that the same cut-and-dried system of religious usage and worship which had become stereotyped in an English country parish would therefore be the most suitable for transferring bodily to the Iroquois; and Jesuit missionaries in China, if some of their proceedings have been open to very grave censure, at least showed their good sense in not refusing to dress like Mandarins. It is a sad but significant fact that preachers like Dean Church, and historians like Dean Merivale, have felt obliged, in tracing the influences of Christianity on national character, to confine themselves almost exclusively to the various branches of the great Aryan stock. Few comparatively among the Semitic, Mongolian, or Negro families have embraced the religion of the Gospel; and it can hardly be doubted that the fault lies in great measure at the door of its professors, if not through their neglecting their duty altogether, through their erroneous method of discharging it. It is to the case of the negroes that we desire especially to call attention here in connexion with an interesting paper "by a Negro," which appears in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine*. The writer has naturally drawn his illustrations mainly from the Western world, as containing the greatest number of negroes who have come under Christian teaching, and especially from the United States.

We are met of course on the threshold by one great drawback which has necessarily prejudiced the efforts of Christian missionaries for centuries—the institution of slavery. It is painful to be obliged to acknowledge that the system owed its origin to a Christian priest, Bartolomé Las Casas, whose sympathy for the delicate Caribs led him to suggest that the hard work to which they were unequal should be laid on the shoulders of robust Africans. It is fair indeed to remember that Las Casas repented heartily before his death of the injustice he had committed, though his motive had been a good one. But his repentance, as in such cases usually happens, came too late to benefit any one but himself. The transportation of negroes from Africa which he had first suggested became a matter of national policy, and was continued for three centuries. The curious thing is that what had originated in a scheme of terribly one-sided benevolence, and was perpetuated from motives of interest sufficiently intelligible, however discreditable, came to be accepted and vindicated by Christian teachers of various creeds and of unimpeachable integrity, as a kind of Divine dispensation. That Aristotle should defend on philosophical grounds the principle of *φύσει δοῦλοι*, which was universally accepted among his countrymen, is explicable enough; but it is strange to find the descendants of a Huguenot or Puritan ancestry claiming a natural right to the absolute obedience of their dark-skinned serfs, and instructing such of them as embraced Christianity that acquiescence in serfdom was the most urgent of their Christian obligations. Yet we hear of one Southern Bishop elaborately embodying this doctrine in a volume of *Sermons, Tracts, and Dialogues for Masters and Slaves*, and another inditing a catechism which teaches that for a slave to disobey his master is to yield to the Devil; while a minister of another Christian denomination compiled a catechism deducing the same lesson from the story of Onesimus. General Hammond went further when he maintained that "slavery is not only not a sin, but especially commanded by God Himself through Moses, and approved by Christ through His Apostles." He adds, with [illegible] but quite unconscious irony, that "slavery is truly the corner-stone of every well-designed and durable Republican edifice"; and that it is unsafe for slaves to read the Bible, because there is an "abolitionist key" to it which "would convert the reader, not into a Christian, but [illegible] a demon." When the "peculiar institution" was unanimously upheld by men of the highest character and position of the dominant race and creed—governors, magistrates, legislators, [illegible] landed gentry, as well as clergy of all denominations—it is hardly wonderful that Christianity either failed to attract the negroes over the[m] at all or could only exert a partial and distorted influence on them. That, even so, it did more or less influence them for good is grievous much for the divinity of a religion which suffered so If, as a[t] at the hands of those who claimed to be its interpreters. saints of Ariter in the *Westminster Review* has intimated, the it must be [illegible]rica were chiefly to be found among its bondsmen, Christian instruc[tion] that their sanctity was rather in spite of their the saints were the exceptio[n] consequence of it. And, after all, vivals of heathenism, such as the horrible Obeah[ism] and strange superstitions described by Mr. Kingsley in his *Christmas in the West Indies*, continued to prevail among nominal converts to the Gospel. Yet even so late as 1864 the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church declared it to be the mission of that body "to conserve the system of African slavery."

It is perhaps more interesting to inquire into the effects of Christianity on the negro race since the period of emancipation; only it must of course be remembered that the evil effects of the false teaching and misgovernment of centuries cannot be removed in a day. It is not therefore surprising to meet with a very general complaint of the want of moral fibre, so to speak, even among the best of these coloured Christians. In the official Report of the Superintendent of Public Schools for Virginia in 1874 they are described as "polite, amiable, quiet, orderly, and religious," but "without moral character." The *American Missionary* quotes the sermon of a preacher who had entirely failed to distinguish between the Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and whose hearers were quite unable to correct him. The Episcopal *Spirit of Missions* deplores "the absence of the ethical element" from negro religion. This is however only the natural consequence of a long course of slavery, and unfortunately the change in the actual relations of whites and blacks does not seem yet to have effected a corresponding change in their relative estimates of each other. Slavery is still upheld as a doctrine by many Christians in the South, while the contempt for the subject race which it inevitably engendered is hardly less active in the North now than formerly. Thus a distinguished Professor of Straight University and Moderator of the Presbytery is excluded from hotel accommodation, when travelling on the business of his Church, simply because he is a negro. The Bishops of the African Methodist Church have addressed a pathetic appeal "to the American people," craving protection against the impositions and oppressions to which they, pastors of "the oldest and most numerous organization of coloured persons in the country," and their flocks are subjected. Under such a social condition—and our illustrations of it might easily be multiplied—it is not wonderful that the ethical element should be wanting. Education has done something, but it could not in any case do everything, and under existing social and ecclesiastical arrangements it can do comparatively little.

We have seen that negro slavery took its origin from the well-meant, though terribly misdirected, philanthropy of a Roman Catholic priest. It has since found champions among every class of American Protestants. The journals of the [illegible] were

have lately been employed in discussing the relative claims of the Catholic and Protestant Churches on the allegiance and respect of negroes. A negro Bishop of the Methodist community warned his fellows in the *Independent* newspaper against the "aggressions" of the Roman Catholics. This called forth a vigorous reply from a coloured gentleman, a friend of the late Senator Sumner, who insists that, while the Protestant Church proclaims the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, the Catholic alone acts upon it. "The cruel spirit of caste finds sympathy and protection under a Protestant Republic," but the Catholic Church freely opens its schools to the little ones who are excluded from the Protestant schools, on terms of equality, and educates coloured youths at Rome for missionary work. This view of the case is endorsed by the coloured writer in *Fraser*—apparently a Protestant—who thinks no reader of history can question the deep debt of gratitude owed by his class to the Roman Catholic Church. "The only Christian negroes who have had the power successfully to throw off oppression, and maintain their position as free men, were Roman Catholics. In the ecclesiastical system of modern, as in the military systems of ancient, Rome there seems to be a place for all races and colours"; the names of canonized negroes are to be found in the Catholic hagiology, and the negroes have risen to high positions in Catholic countries. On the other hand, he considers that under Protestant rule the negro is kept in a state of tutelage and irresponsibility fatal to the development of manliness and independence. The American Episcopal Church has, however, lately consecrated a negro Bishop for Hayti, the only dissentient voice in the Episcopal Convention being that of the English Bishop of Jamaica, who insisted that in that diocese no negro priest would be able to command respect. This certainly appears a strange account of the negroes after two hundred years of residence in the island and forty years of freedom, and a writer in the *Quarterly Review* of last July is probably right in attributing it to the strength of English prejudice. It is a trite saying that extremes meet, and our author holds that, next to Roman Catholics, they are the heterodox rather than the Evangelicals who have proved themselves friends of his race. Their ablest American champions belong to the ranks of Unitarian preachers and poets like Channing, Emerson, and Longfellow, and in England the *Westminster Review* has been readier to do them justice than the respectable organs of orthodoxy. It must not of course be forgotten that Evangelical heroes like Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay took the lead in the Emancipation movement in England, but they do not seem to have inspired the main body of their theological adherents with the same generous and Christian enthusiasm. Negro Christianity, however, where it is not Roman Catholic, almost always takes the form of orthodox Protestantism. It must be hoped that in the future Catholics and Protestants will learn to vie with each other in impressing on their coloured brethren by word and example alike the spirit as well as the bare letter of their creed.

THE WORKS AT ST. DAVID'S.

THE traveller who visits the most remote cathedral church of South Britain after an absence of a quarter of a century finds that even there change has wrought a good deal. We assume that by this time a class of people have arisen who at least know where St. David's is, who do not look on it as the same place as St. Asaph, nor yet invent curious etymologies to prove it to be the same place as Llandaff. But even within the diocese itself there are difficulties to be striven against. One sect, with a kind of holy simplicity, believes that the Bishop lives at the real St. David's. Another sect, because the Bishop lives on a more practical site in Caermarthenshire, believes that St. David's must be in Caermarthenshire also. A third sect often leads the unwary astray by a more wanton geographical confusion. Men who have been brought up at St. David's College, Lampeter, are apt to speak of their own place of education as "St. David's," and so either to win for the ancient city an undeserved reputation as a modern seat of learning, or else to transfer it in imagination from its own place to quite new quarters at Lampeter. But we will hope that there are some who have found the way to steer clear of all these errors, and who know in what corner of Britain to look for the mother church of the diocese which stretches further to the west than any save one in Southern Britain, and which once reached almost within sight of the inland city of Hereford.

The church of St. David has certainly seen a good deal of change during the last twenty-five years; but at first sight the church seems to have changed less than the village city, especially in those parts of it which immediately look down on the church. We say "look down," because every one who has either been at St. David's, or has studied its picture with any care, knows that the Welsh fashion of planting episcopal churches at the bottom of a hill rather than on its top is carried to its extreme at St. David's, where church and palace lie in a basin surrounded by higher ground on every side. The town stands on the eastern height, the top of the cathedral tower hardly ranging with its buildings. But those buildings have certainly not been improved by a phase of architectural zeal which seems to have come over the place. Contending religious denominations, contending theories of education, have crowned the heights with school-house and tabernacles, each uglier than its fellow, each less in harmony with the venerable buildings on which they look down. But, as we go down the hill, the change in the church itself seems less than might have been looked for when it is remembered that a great work of restoration has been going on there for many years. The eye at once takes in that, though the eastern chapels still lie roofless, yet the aisles of the presbytery, which once lay no less roofless, are now covered in and restored to their natural use as an essential portion of the church. Here is an improvement which cannot be spoken against. But it is rather a pity that the one thing in the restoration which may be spoken against is one of the first things to thrust itself on the eye. He who goes down the hill sees at once that the east end is no longer as it was in past times. The eastern limb at St. David's had a singular history. The original east end was a composition of lancets in two rows—perhaps, when perfect, of three—after the type of those at Ely and Southwell. But this design was very early hidden, and afterwards blocked, by the addition of eastern chapels. At the end of the fifteenth century, when the beautiful chapel of Bishop Vaughan was built immediately to the east of the presbytery, the presbytery itself was remodelled according to the taste of those times. The walls were raised, the roof was lowered, the lower range of lancets was blocked, the upper range was supplanted by a single wide Perpendicular window. This last, as so often happens, had decayed more rapidly than the earlier work; it needed a renewal of some kind, and the skill of Sir G. G. Scott was able to make out exactly from surviving fragments and indications what the upper range of lancets had been. Here was a case in which, as it seems to us, two courses were open, for either of which a great deal might be said. One course would have been to respect the history of the building in all its changes; to respect the work of the fifteenth century no less than the work of the thirteenth, and to give to both that amount of conservative restoration which was physically needed. On the other hand, as some repair of the window was unavoidable, and as the earlier window could be restored with certainty, there was a great temptation to restore the design of the thirteenth century in its fulness; to lower the walls, to raise the roof, to restore the upper range of lancets, and to design a gable in harmony with them. Either of these courses, either the bolder or the more timid, would, we think, have been better than the intermediate one which was actually chosen. The upper range of lancets was restored; but the roof was not raised, nor the walls lowered. Inside there is less to be said against the change; the more daring plan would have involved the destruction of a really good wooden roof. But outside, in the first glimpse which the visitor has of the restored east end, the effect is not pleasing. The range of lancets had its place and its beauty when it formed part of one greater design, with something in harmony with itself both above it and below it. It does not look in place with the low gable above it and the flat chapels below it. The visitor who remembers the church in its former state is perhaps tempted to wish the old window back again, which at least suited its place; if of a less conservative turn, he is sorry that he does not see a high gable with a further composition of the same kind rising above the restored lancets.

With this single exception, the traveller who revisits St. David's has the great comfort of looking on a building which has been made safe and sound, but which has not been made to look new. The roofless aisles have been covered, the blocked windows of the nave clerestory have been opened, but St. David's is still St. David's. It has not, like some of our restored churches, put on new forms which almost hinder us from knowing them again. The church itself, the gateway tower above it, the ruined college by its side, the ruined palace beyond it, are all essentially as they were. In looking down on them we turn our backs on the ugly buildings which have sprung up above them, and we feel that ancient Menevia is still herself. We enter the church, and we soon see, that without ceasing to be herself, she has learned how to improve upon her former self. Through the greater part of the building, through the whole part which is still in practical use, all signs of neglect and decay have passed away. The building has been made secure, its arrangements have been made decent and in order, a large amount of ornament has been introduced in many parts, and yet the whole has been so skilfully done that there is no feeling of newness. The old familiar building has been strengthened, cleansed, and adorned, but no one can take it for a new building. The traces of the history of the building, in which St. David's is so especially rich, the marks of the repeated changes which have been carried out, and the still more characteristic marks of the many complicated changes which were never carried out, the spaces traced out for so many vaults which have never been added, all have been respected—all are there to be seen and studied as fully and clearly as before any hand had been laid upon the building. Several things which were before hidden have been brought to light to form new subjects for study and for perplexity, but none of the old signs have been done away. It is hardly possible to give higher general praise to any work of restoration than this; every practical object is satisfied, while there is hardly a single change which can offend the historical sense.

But the works which have been done at St. David's suggest the works which are still to be done there. Unhappily the best work of all cannot be done. That would have been for the great prelate whom St. David's has lately lost to have been buried in a fitting tomb in the still roofless part of his own church, and for the roof which has perished to have been renewed as the noblest of canopies over his tomb. That unhappily cannot be; but the next best thing under the circumstances both can be and will be done. A vigorous effort has been made for the purpose of providing the church

with a more fitting west front as a memorial of Bishop Thirlwall. We gave our reasons some time back for thinking that, under the very peculiar circumstances of the case, this was the best course to follow, and it is the one which has been actually chosen. But exactly to settle what change should be made is a matter which calls for some thought. The present west front, though its great window, its doorway, and the finish of its turrets and gables are all hideous enough, is solid and not without a certain kind of dignity. On the other hand, the original form of the front, though it cannot be recovered with the same minute exactness as the four lancets at the east end, can be recovered in its main outlines from old drawings. Over the doorway there was again a composition of lancets, while there were round windows at the end of the aisles. The present gable is low, the whole outer roof of the nave having been lowered when the splendid wooden ceiling was added at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The question now arises whether in such a case, especially when the building is to have a special purpose and significance, the architect is at all bound to reproduce the lines of a front which is altogether gone, and of which all that is known is the general design, and not the detail. Here again there is something to be said on both sides. But it must not be forgotten that the special object of the work is to form a memorial of Bishop Thirlwall, and it is important that the design should be one in which a figure of him may form a prominent object. For this purpose hardly anything could be better than one of those large doorways set in a gable which would give a space in that gable for a statue in a niche. But as this would give the doorway a greater height than is usual in English churches, it would hardly be consistent with a window of the usual form. Would it not be lawful, in such a special case, to cast aside both the present ugly window and the lancets which went before it, and to carry out the idea suggested by the small round windows at the end of the aisles in a greater round window at the end of the nave? This would give more room for the tall gabled doorway and the statue. And anyhow we should be strongly inclined to restore the high gable. The front, above all if it is to consist of lancets, can hardly have a satisfactory outline without it. Yet there is the fact that the roof of the nave has been for ages low, and that not long ago it was newly leaded. But why not make the gable, not as a sham, but as a beginning, with a small part of the roof raised? This was done with the eastern gable of Dorchester, and the long line of roof gradually rose to meet it. The high roof outside would in no way interfere with the rich flat ceiling within, while it is the very thing that is needed for the external effect of the nave. We do not presume to dictate to Bishop, Chapter, or architect; but we at least throw out these thoughts for their consideration.

RECTORIES AND RECTORIES.

IN novels, and not unfrequently in reality, the English rectory is the embodiment of everything most attractive in English rural scenery. It would often seem as if the reformed clergy had inherited the good fortune of their Roman Catholic predecessors in the pleasant places where their lines have fallen to them. Making your way along woodland lanes between tangled hedgerows, or across breezy commons scented with furze and broom, you have been catching glimpses of the grey church tower, withdrawing itself modestly behind sheltering trees. As you come nearer, the homely thatch and quaint gables of the village cottages show irregularly through gaps in the timber, and at last a turn of the road brings you into the village street. There is the tavern sign swinging from the boughs of the elm over the gravelled space before the door of the Somebody's Arms; the horse-pond under the flowering chestnuts, where the waggoner is watering his thirsty team; and the little green pastured by its flock of geese, where the boys are getting up their game at cricket. The place is clearly well to do; the people look as if they had long been the pets of lords of the manor as liberal as the Hazledeans of Hazledean in *My Novel*. There is no lack of paint and whitewash, although the one and the other have generally been mellowed by time. Indeed for the most part the cottage walls disappear behind masses of climbers and creepers, while there is a blaze of simple old-fashioned flowers in the little borders that divide the dwellings from the roadway. The church you have been admiring from a distance naturally tempts you to a closer inspection, and there you distinguish the same signs of easy munificence. The lych gate in sculptured oak, with its pious inscription, is a graceful specimen of the very modern antique; so is the new chancel with the stained memorial windows that blend so happily with the ivy-covered Norman church. The grass in the churchyard is as carefully kept as the gravel; the crosses and wreaths enamelled by affectionate hands in bouquets of brilliant bloom on the new-made mounds relieve the shadows that fall from venerable yews on the moss-grown tombstones of long-forgotten generations. There is a sense of peace and beauty in the languid atmosphere which cannot but make its impression on the least susceptible. The man of the busy world most wedded to cities and the excitement to be found in them feels for the moment as if his own life were perhaps a mistake after all, and as if real happiness were more likely to be found here than either in Lombard Street counting-houses or Pall Mall clubs.

We may take for granted that he would be ready enough to change places with the squire. The oak park-palings and the snug lodges, the broad gravel approaches innocent of weeds, the herds of deer in the glades among the well-kept timber, the rambling *façade* of the Elizabethan mansion with its stacks of chimneys thrown back between the trees of the rookery above the lake and the terraced flower-gardens, tell no story of mortgages or other latent disagreeables. You can imagine the fortunate proprietor to be the happier in his ancestral halls, inasmuch as he can leave them in the London season, or at any other time, without unpleasant explanations with his banker. But even more congenial to the frame of mind into which the cheerful aspect of the village and the calm of the churchyard have for the moment thrown the visitor is the modest residence which he suddenly notices while still loitering musingly in the precincts of "God's Acre." A little gate opens in the low wall into a dense laurel thicket. A glimpse of a broad-eaved gable suggests the vicinity of the rectory or vicarage, though, from that side at least, it seems almost as carefully hidden out of view as any wren's nest in the roots of the neighbouring bushes. If the inmates care to meditate among the tombs, they must turn out for the purpose; the suggestive spectacle is effectually screened from them by masses of foliage. On the other side all is light and brightness, as you see when you go round by the road. The front is broken by great bow windows; the verandah, covered with clematis, is festooned with variegated sun-blinds, which seem dull by comparison with the gay arrangement of colours in the flower-beds that fringe the velvet lawn. The happy inmates may regard the park of the neighbouring Hall as their own, without being weighted with the burdens of wealth and position. They look across the stretches of grass and bracken to the timbered knolls, vocal with clouds of rooks; the deer come feeding up to the sunk fence that marks the limits of the little pastoral domain; there is a concert of soft rural melody in the sunny air, made up of the song of birds and the hum of bees, with the cooing of the ring-doves from the recesses of the coppices. Not inharmoniously, the subdued notes of a richtoned piano come murmuring out of the open windows of the drawing-room. You may make your passing observations without being obtrusive, for the little church path which has existed from time immemorial is carried along under the ha-ha. You can see that the clergyman does not live altogether out of the world, though he may be three long miles from the nearest railway-station and twice as far from the county town. The other open window is evidently that of the library; the massive bookcases contain good store of tomes in respectable calf, while the tables are heaped with lighter literature in periodicals. The soft-cushioned armchair in the bay, with all a landscape without and such surroundings within, seems like a deserved seat in a terrestrial paradise for a *dilettante* of refined taste. There is not too much of the sensuous about it for severe intellectual labour, although everything conspires to assure you that the master of the establishment can work easily. The comfortable old servant sunning himself on the steps of the door suggests a well-spread table and a well-stocked cellar. You feel sure that through all the fluctuations of fashion in wines the bins of orthodox port have been steadily replenished; that the circulars of cheap advertising Companies are altogether thrown away on such a household; and that it can still produce a bottle of venerable Madeira, notwithstanding the failure of the vines. And in fact the rector, although he may have his skeleton in the cupboard like the rest of mankind, has everything about him that can smooth existence. He is in that state of life between poverty and riches so lauded by the sacred sage whom he is fond of quoting in his sermons. It is a family living, and a very good one; but the incumbent had means of his own, and so had his wife. His fortune is safely invested in securities that make him indifferent to rumours of war abroad and disturbances in the stock market at home. He is ready enough to open his purse, but has very rarely occasion to do so, for the liberality of his kinsman at the Hall anticipates the calls of the parish. Being in such easy circumstances, of course he has only children enough to make his nursery lively, just half as many as his curate. There is not a Dissenter within his bounds; his loyal churchwardens have no opinions but his; and his parishioners to a man are tenants on the property, or labourers dependent on the landlord and the farmers. The brougham, the pony carriage, and the light waggonette, encourage him in the social dispositions that make him courted by his neighbours for a dozen miles round; and if we can suspect him of cherishing any special secret sorrow, it is that in all human probability he will be left to live and die in his Eden. For affluent indolence eats away active ambition; the springs that shoot a man towards high Church dignities have in his case lost most of their elasticity; and his dearest friends would be the last to dream of tempting him to a change of condition by the offer of some piece of wealthier preferment.

This is one picture of an English beneficed clergyman—rosily coloured perhaps, but by no means extravagantly so. The most that can be said by way of drawback is that our happy parson has drawn one of the prizes in the clerical lottery and can hardly be called a representative man. Let us take, by way of counterpart, the case of one of his old College comrades, who once congratulated himself on a fortunate start, but is now to all appearance hopelessly stranded. This time we are in one of the Northern counties, and the rectory, which is set upon a hill, is conspicuous from very far off. It is substantially built, as it had need to be, considering the bitterness of the prevailing blasts. Wood only thrives

under shelter, and the few trees about the parsonage are stunted and weather-beaten. The solid stone wall that surrounds the garden is decidedly useful, if not ornamental, for without it the less hardy vegetables would have even rougher times than they have. The architecture is as bald as that of the neighbouring church, whose builders seem to have borrowed a leaf from the book of ecclesiastical architects over the Scottish border. Though it is the beginning of summer, the small window-sashes are scrupulously closed, for a keen East wind brings up a touch of raw sea fog from the leaden-coloured ocean. The view is extensive enough, in all conscience; but there is nothing for the eye to rest upon better than the chilly sea on the horizon on one side and the barren hills on the other. Not a gentleman's seat is to be seen, for this and half-a-dozen of the adjacent parishes are inscribed on the rent-roll of a single great landowner. The sparsely scattered farmhouses indicate farms of portentous size, with a vast extent of moor and grazing land. Here, too, there is a village hard by, and a tolerably populous one, as it is the habit of the poorer classes to huddle together. But, though it shows no signs of positive poverty, the long single street is the very abomination of repulsive desolation. There is not a bit of green beyond an occasional kale-yard, enlivened with a struggling currant-bush or two. No one thinks of attending to appearances or undertaking superfluous repairs; the fetid gutters meander uncovered along the roadway; the pigsties are generally in front of the doors; the refuse is left to rot where it is shot down; and, in spite of excessive ventilation from every quarter of the heavens, the prevailing stenches are as horrible as they are miscellaneous. If the parson tried to play the reformer, he would only take the surest way to perpetuate abuses. By far the greater part of his parishioners are Presbyterians, while two-thirds of the rest belong to minor Dissenting bodies. He is regarded generally with suspicion, if not aversion. When he takes his walks abroad, people meet him with the slightest and rudest of greetings, if they do not go by with a sneer or a scowl. He preaches, as a rule, to half-empty pews, occupied by stolid listeners who have yawned over his most stirring appeals till his preaching has naturally lost all animation. He has a good deal of trouble about tithes, which create much bad feeling; but he cannot afford to make concessions. He is in the enjoyment of some 300*l.* a year, and thought himself the most fortunate of men when the bishop presented him as a youthful curate. But since then he has married, and his wife had as little as he in the way of private fortune. In compensation she has presented him with a dozen children, who have all survived the perils of infancy, since the climate is healthy, though disagreeable. Everything is dear except coal. He can only economize by dispensing with things which he used to regard as necessaries, and there is a steady professional drain on his scanty resources, as there are no resident gentlemen to lay under contribution. He is ten miles from a station, and it is long ago that he was compelled to put down his pony carriage. The parishes around are as big as his own, and it is a good forenoon's march to the nearest of his brother clergymen, who perhaps chances to hold diametrically opposite views to his own. His wife has to fall back on the society of the farmers' wives, or to go without. He cannot afford to buy books, and is far beyond reach of any decent lending library. He has even given up taking in a newspaper, since he began to find that his personal embarrassments gave him enough to think of, to the exclusion of all concern in public affairs. Poverty has proved at least as great a snare to him as affluence and elegant leisure to his brother parson in the South. His talents have rusted for want of exercise, and his ideas have become hopelessly cramped in their grooves, as the shadows of indifference and ignorance have settled down on him. The bishop who placed him, failing to make allowance for untoward circumstances, is half inclined to regret his choice, and certainly has no idea of helping him to further preferment. With everybody else he is out of sight and out of mind; in fact, the unfortunate divine is effectually shelved, and if he turns into a misanthrope, who can wonder?

It would be altogether impossible to make a misanthrope of a third class of incumbent, although he has seen far more than most clergymen of the least agreeable side of human nature. As a curate he was thrown over head and ears into hard work in a parish among the collieries, where the beershop is the grand institution and dog-fighting the favourite pastime. There he was so successful in winning his way, and crowding the hard benches of his schoolshed of a Sunday evening, that he was translated by a gentle pressure of episcopal authority to the charge of a district church in a "rising and flourishing industrial centre"—rising and flourishing, that is, in an industrial sense, though, so far as vegetation goes, the surrounding country is blackened with chemical deposits for a radius of a score of miles over a blighted flat broken up by slag heaps. The worthy pastor's rectory-house is a semi-detached villa in a brand-new suburban thoroughfare, founded on unstable deposit beds of oyster shells, broken crockery, and miscellaneous rubbish. Yet already the stucco begins to take the tint of lampblack; and the decomposing paint falls in flakes from the area railings. Possibly he might be hipped and unhappy had he any spare time to think; but he has far too much on his hands to indulge in melancholy reveries. He is continually up and about, saying a casual word in season here, looking in upon a sick-bed there, ventilating the oppressive atmosphere with the healthy sympathy of his cheery nature, while he has a worthy helpmate in his devoted wife. His parishioners consist of one or two wealthy employers, and a busy multitude of hard-working men doomed to what strikes one as most depressing drudgery. Yet it was only the other day that they sunk long-standing differences, ignored the memories of strikes and locks-out, and presented him harmoniously with a tea-service of silver plate, a Bible and Prayer-book, and a purse of sovereigns to boot. The plate and books he accepted cordially; the sovereigns he passed on to a struggling hospital, which he has been doing his best to establish and endow. In the enjoyment of some fruit of his arduous labours he is marvellously happy and contented, considering his surroundings. The other day he was well nigh tempted away by the offer of an episcopal see in the Fiji Islands, which held out the attraction of work seasoned by danger, with a fair prospect of martyrdom in reversion. But when it came to a decision he could not resolve to move. To all appearance he is likely to live and die in the sphere of usefulness which he fills so admirably; and who shall say that he is not to be envied, although few of us would have the courage to change places with him?

A NORTH-COUNTRY ELECTION.

THE East Cumberland election of last week has, apart from its political significance, an interest of its own which deserves to be recognized. It is refreshing in these dull, languid days to find so much public feeling and spirit as appears to have been shown by both parties in the contest. A notion has been spreading in recent years that there is no great difference between one party and another, and that it matters very little which candidate is returned, as long as he is respectable and not too crotchety. It is evident, however, that the Cumberland people still cling to the idea that there is a real difference in principle between Liberalism and Conservatism, and that a good deal depends upon which side a constituency throws its influence in choosing a representative. We are not now going to discuss which side had the best of the argument on this occasion. What gives this contest a distinctive character is the thoroughness with which the electors seem to have interested themselves in it, as if they felt that there was a vital question at issue, which it was worth while to take some trouble about. There has been, says the *Carlisle Journal*, an amount of speech-making on both sides quite unprecedented in the history of the constituency; scarcely a day passed without meetings being held by one side or the other. On the day of election the constituency was polled in a most exhaustive manner. About half of the whole body of voters had given their votes before noon, and by three o'clock the polling was virtually over. Altogether, of 7,323 electors on the register, 5,722 exercised their franchise, which, allowing for dead men and duplicate entries, is a very creditable proportion. Forty-five votes were lost because the voters had either not marked their papers at all, or not marked them properly. In one case the intelligent elector had simply written "yallow" on the back of his ballot-paper. Some alarm, which was shared by both sides, was caused by a decision of the High Sheriff that the whole of the votes in one of the polling divisions must be struck off, as the papers had been improperly marked by the Returning Officer's agent with the elector's number on the register as well as with the progressive number corresponding to that on the counterfoil. One hundred and eighty votes were thus affected, and neither party knew on which side the loss would fall. Happily, it turned out that they were equally divided between both, so that the cancelled votes had thus conveniently paired off. It would certainly have been very hard if so large a number of voters had been excluded from no fault of their own, but in consequence of a blunder on the part of one of the Returning Officer's subordinates. The Conservatives seem to have had the advantage over the Liberals in vehicles, for the latter had only 150 against the other side's 200. Each party issued a circular among its friends asking them to give notice at the nearest Committee-room of their having polled; but the Conservative card appears to have been drawn up in a disingenuous manner, so as to convey the idea that, if any other name than that of Sir R. Musgrave (the Conservative candidate) were marked, "the vote would not be counted." What should, of course, have been stated was that such a vote would not be counted to Sir R. Musgrave, but to the other candidate. It is satisfactory to observe that, though party feeling ran high and intense interest was taken in the contest, the polling was everywhere conducted in a very quiet and orderly manner. Formerly the throwing of bags of flour was a regular part of the entertainment, but this time the practice was given up, and there was, we are assured, "a marked absence of any attempt to disturb the peace and good humour of the people." There can be no doubt that the secrecy with which votes are given under the ballot tends, for the moment at least, to allay excitement, because there is nothing to be excited about. The race is going on, but out of sight, and the sense of a neck and neck competition is therefore lost. On the other hand, what is to be feared in such a case is an outbreak of violent disappointment when the figures are announced.

One feature of this election was the large display of party colours among the ladies of the district, which the haberdashers seem to have found very profitable. A return of the local sale of blue and yellow silk respectively while the contest was going on might be very instructive in its bearing on the question of woman's suffrage. At one place there was "a contingent of young ladies from Netherby, gaily decked in yellow ribbons and daffodils," and no doubt many "blue-eyed maids of Cumberland" were equally demonstrative on the other side. Indeed, we are sorry to hear that at Alston "enthu-

siastic female Blues pulled down all the yellow placards." However it was not only the shopkeepers who profited by the general enthusiasm; for it must, we imagine, have been advantageous to the community at large. Life in the country is apt to be so dull and monotonous that some occasional stimulus of this kind is required to prevent stagnation. The meetings which were being constantly held must have been a source of much interest and amusement to the people who attended them. It would be ridiculous to pretend that there was any great power of eloquence, in its higher sense, displayed on either side; but still the speeches were of a rattling spirited kind which could hardly fail to act as a useful tonic. Indeed, as the chairman of one of the Liberal meetings graphically remarked, "they were all as lively as a cow's tail in fly time." One of the chief promoters of this liveliness appears to have been Sir Wilfrid Lawson. When he at first came forward to support the Liberal candidate his intervention was regarded on that side with alarm, if not dismay: while the Conservatives could scarcely disguise the hopes which they based on the discredit which would thus be fastened on their opponents. It was soon perceived, however, that in Sir Wilfrid's case a want of logic on one point was more than counterbalanced by genial manliness and sense of humour. It is an old controversy both among philosophers and lawyers whether a man who is mad on one point must necessarily be regarded as mad all round; but Sir W. Lawson's case seems to support the theory that a casual eccentricity may be overlooked in one who is in other respects sound and sensible. Sir Wilfrid is of course, like other people in a free country, entitled to his own opinion as to the evil of intemperance, and the proper way of dealing with it; but when he proposes to solve a difficult problem by allowing every little borough or parish to make its own laws, regardless, or it may be in open defiance, of the general sentiment of the nation, he is flying in the face, not only of common sense, but of his own views on other subjects. For instance, he is apparently opposed to a standing army—or at least to an efficient one—to the Established Church, and to other institutions as to the advantages of which his countrymen are tolerably unanimous. But he does not venture to ask that the question of tolerating the existence of the Church or of contributing to the cost of the army and navy should be left to every borough and parish to settle for itself according to its own limited lights. If Sir Wilfrid were consistent, he would feel that his support of the Permissive Bill committed him to the absurd principle that Great Britain should cease to be a nation under common laws and a supreme constitution, and should become a mere fortuitous combination of obscure and insignificant atoms, left at the mercy of local ignorance and caprice. A man who really held such an opinion as a fundamental and essential part of his political creed would certainly be out of place in the midst of a party calling itself Liberal. It has been the good fortune of this country to have its affairs regulated by the general balance of public opinion throughout the land, and not by the crotchets of local cliques and sects; yet Sir W. Lawson and his friends wish to insert the wedge which would make ruin of the system that has made England not only great, but stable. A charitable view of Sir Wilfrid would, however, lean to the conclusion that, after all, his delusion is due only to his want of logic. Pope once described a complex character as—

> A very heathen in the carnal part,
> And yet a sad, good Christian at the heart.

And a similar distinction may perhaps be drawn between Sir W. Lawson's extravagance on one particular question and his general acuteness and common sense.

One of Sir W. Lawson's hits would seem to have derived its force from the position taken up by the orators on the other side. When answering the argument that Sir R. Musgrave must be the best man because he was born a Tory, he remarked that, if mankind had always remained as they were born, we should still be naked savages. There must be some progress in the world, and the weakness of the Conservative cause in this instance is that people like Sir R. Musgrave and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck pride themselves on being as ignorant and blind as to the actual condition and wants of society at the present day as their grandfathers. An important speaker on this side asserted that the child of an agricultural labourer received as good an education in being set to work in the fields as if sent to school. On the whole, it will be seen that the Conservative party was unfortunately represented, so that it showed its weakest instead of its strongest side. It is needless to say that the talk was not always kept up to a high level. One of the questions which obtained a large share of attention at this election was whether Mr. Stafford Howard, the Liberal candidate, was old enough for the House of Commons. It appears that he is twenty-five years old, while Sir R. Musgrave is thirty-eight. One of Mr. Howard's relatives and chief supporters appealed to what he called his "scholastic career," and another friend laid down the rule, on the authority of Professor Christison, that the brain-power of a man, if he had any, manifested itself before twenty-five. Mr. Howard and his friends also indulged in the use of the Cumbrian dialect, which was apparently foreign to their opponents, who therefore denounced it as vulgar. Still, the main question as to whether the administration of the country is at present being conducted in a proper spirit was not neglected. Whatever conclusion may be come to on that point, it must at least be admitted that it is a good thing that constituencies should apply themselves seriously to consider such questions, and should feel that the issue is of great importance. The loss which the Conservatives have sustained in East Cumberland may be a small matter in itself; but then there are other constituencies which may possibly catch the same earnest and searching spirit. The value of a popular election lies not merely in its result as far as one candidate or another is concerned, but in the enlightening effects of free and outspoken discussion.

THE "YANKEE EMPEROR."

THE Special Correspondents who have attended the Prince of Wales in India have not presented to the world an edifying spectacle, and if we comment on the absurdities of the American press in reference to the "Yankee Emperor," as they call him, Dom Pedro, we may be justly told that our own newspapers are equally extravagant. The real authors, whoever they may be, of the Royal Titles Act will be gratified to learn that the title of "Emperor" is so popular in America that the *New York Herald* declares that the United States are "an imperial soil where all are emperors." It is odd, if this be so, that so much fuss should be made about one particular specimen of the class; but if the readers of the *Herald* like to be told that Dom Pedro said they belong to an energetic people who may be allowed to be a little rough, it would be unkind to grudge them such a cheap and harmless gratification. We should ourselves think a visit to Chicago not particularly exhilarating, and the perusal of a description of an Emperor's visit to Chicago would have seemed to us one of the mildest forms of literary excitement. It was remarked in an unenlightened age that kings could do little to cause or cure the sorrows of humanity. But our age has discovered that emperors can be made the source of a whole nation's pleasure. In travelling to Chicago Dom Pedro was astonished to find the land so level. Owing to heavy rain, much of the low-lying fields was under water, and the aspect of the country was cold and cheerless, more especially to the Imperial party "arriving from the tropics," where we should think they might advantageously have stayed. It is perhaps the penalty of greatness that Chicago must be visited in April, and there is some compensation in a pressure of engagements which limited the stay there to two hours. Although the country was flat, wet, and dreary, the Emperor was favourably impressed by the comfort and well-being that met him on every side. Approaching the "Garden City," the general feeling, which we must confess we should have shared, was that its chief interest lay in the fact of its having been burned down and rebuilt. Along the line the frequent occurrence of splendid public buildings, in situations where they could scarcely have been expected, excited the visitors' admiration.

We cannot help thinking that the Emperor of Brazil in the United States, like the Seyyid of Zanzibar among ourselves, is an instrument on which clever people play their own tune. That potentate was replete with sentiments suitable for the annual meeting of a Missionary Society; and Dom Pedro says, or is said to say, the very things which an "enterprising people" like to hear. The splendid school-houses were especially admired, and "the Visconde de Bom Retiro declared they were educational palaces," which will be, no doubt, a great satisfaction to those who paid for them. Perhaps we might, if we tried, get an illustrious visitor to say as much for those School Board schools which adorn London, and afflict its ratepayers. To call Chicago, or any other newly-built town, a "Garden City," would be, we might think, a questionable compliment; but, if Dom Pedro has a taste for that kind of thing, he might see around London many acres of "residential mansions" which have grown as rapidly as short-lived plants. We have got Tyburnia, and we might perhaps get an emperor to look at it, and the *Daily Telegraph* would report, with embellishment, his remarks. Small growing towns thickly scattered along a line of railway may also be seen in England, and one of them is much like another. The waterworks of Chicago are probably worthy of the admiration ascribed to the Emperor, and it may be hoped that they will suffice to prevent a second conflagration. Dom Pedro was pleased to say that Chicago is a fine city, and a crowd of citizens which collected at the railway station made "quite a favourable impression" on the Imperial party. The Visconde de Bom Retiro declared that he did not know any city of Europe that could compare "for the general high character of its architecture" with Chicago. We do not know whether this nobleman was selected for his extensive travels, his taste in architecture, or his command of language and feature, as companion to the Emperor; but he is a good man all round for the place. Americans may expect an additional zest in European travel now that they are assured that it will teach them to admire more intelligently "the great commercial centre" of their own West. It appears that Dom Pedro is travelling by train to California, and the reporter who transmits to us his remarks cannot help allowing his Majesty to confess that the journey is rather dull. The history of the rise of the town of Corry interested him specially, although all that we hear of this history is that in nine years it has grown up from nothing to be a flourishing city of eight thousand souls, with many imposing public buildings. As Dom Pedro travelled he must have become aware that towns like Corry rise in exactly the same way *ad infinitum* in the United States. There is indeed one redeeming feature in these new towns, that they cannot have any excuse for holding centennial celebrations. When there is nothing to look at from the train the travellers begin to talk, and the reporter asks how the Emperor enjoyed himself in New York. The Emperor answers, "Very much. I went to a primary school

The system is admirable. Afterwards I visited the Normal School, and heard selections by the pupils. Very good." Afterwards there is a comparison between New York and London, which the reporter handsomely allows to have been advantageous to the latter. We may perhaps venture to say that the amusements which our capital offers to foreign visitors are about as lively as visits to normal schools and hearing "selections" by pupils. Sovereigns nowadays are expected to take interest in what reporters call the "educational institutions" of a people, but they might, if they pleased, stop short of saying that they enjoyed all they saw and heard. The waterworks and the grain elevators of Chicago, and the smelting-works of Omaha, may excite and repay intelligent curiosity; and the spectacle of continuous progress and unbroken prosperity must be, in general, deeply impressive; but when it comes to details, the imposing public buildings, and the exercises at the High Schools, as well as the scenery along the line, appear monotonous. If the Emperor had been taken to hear a "crooked whisky case" in the District Court at Chicago, he might have gained some notion how "palaces" are sometimes built and lived in by "energetic" people.

By an extension of the Monroe doctrine Yankee-land stands for North America, and even for America in general, and so it is perhaps right to call Dom Pedro the "Yankee Emperor." The *New York Herald*, having got an Emperor, naturally makes the most of him, just as vulgar people are likely to do with an Empress here. The reporter delights to write, as his public like to read, about "our Imperial visitor," and although Dom Pedro chooses to be spoken to as "Sir," he cannot help being spoken of by the biggest words that can be made available. He stayed at New York at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and he left the Empress there during his visit to California. His presence at this hotel had "a magnetic effect on the public," and "the most favoured patron" could only obtain storage for his luggage and the promise of a bed in the parlour. We perhaps do Americans injustice in thinking that they attain heights of flunkeyism beyond our reach, and if an Emperor could be got to stay at an hotel in London we are not sure that the price of beds might not be raised, and a profit—in some cases greatly needed—be thus secured to the proprietors. But still the idea strikes us as new and droll that even Republicans should be willing to accept a shake-down in a parlour for the sake of sleeping under the same roof with Majesty. One does this sort of thing willingly at hotels which are desirable head-quarters for excursions among lakes or mountains, or when a town is filled to overflowing by some interesting event. But there are plenty of hotels in New York where a room could probably have been procured for less money than was paid for a bed in the parlour, or, to speak accurately, the promise of a bed in the parlour, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The *New York Herald* represents that type of vulgarity which is not ashamed to own itself, and it is profitable reading, because we have on this side of the ocean the same fault, but not quite the same candour. When the "Imperial party" has started, the reporter becomes indignant at the "roughs" who crowd upon it whenever the train stops. He seems to forget that these "roughs" only follow the example of their betters. If they were rich, they would take beds at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or as near thereto as possible, and stare at the "Imperial party" without trouble or scruple of any kind. One of these "roughs," after carefully examining the Emperor, remarked that after all he was only a man, and the managers of the railway were perhaps under the same impression when they kept him waiting three-quarters of an hour before starting the train. The inventor of the saying that punctuality is the politeness of princes did not perhaps contemplate that the politeness would be all on one side. Happily on the line to the "Pacific Slope," with its one train per day, punctuality is not of so much importance as at Mugby Junction. But it seems that the habit of unpunctual starting described by earlier travellers in America still prevails. A steamer was announced to start at 2 P.M. An intending passenger having heard what was the usual practice, asked whether 3 P.M. would not be soon enough to come on board. The captain answered, "If you want to go with *us*, sir, you'll be on board by 2 P.M." The passenger took the warning, but at 3 P.M. and long afterwards the steamer was lying apparently immovable at the wharf. The manners and speech of Dom Pedro have intensely delighted the reporter, and, no doubt, his readers also; and, on the principle of promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number, a few emperors and empresses ought to be kept on, simply that people in general may have something to talk about. It may not be pleasant to be an emperor any more than it is pleasant to be a lion at the Zoological Gardens, but if there were no wild beasts in cages there could be no satisfactory holiday on Easter Monday. There are still, we believe, some Republicans in England, although they keep themselves tolerably dark. When next they appear on any platform they should be invited to explain the general interest and pleasure excited by the arrival of an Emperor and Empress at New York. The Emperor departed almost immediately, but he must return, and there is a Municipal Committee, certain as quarter-day and inexorable as fate, waiting to conduct him to such of the public institutions of New York as he may be pleased to visit, and especially those connected with education and with scientific and literary pursuits, to which, "amid the graver cares of State," he is known to have directed assiduous attention. Emperors and workingmen are the only classes of society that are conscientiously supposed to be incapable of frivolous amusement. In the middle classes a little beer and skittles or its equivalent is sometimes allowed. But the emperor in his palace, or the mechanic at his Institute, never goes lower than astronomy or universal history. An American deputation could not avoid comparing "popular institutions" and "paternal government" in their effects; but it is easy in addressing an emperor to assume that both come to the same thing, and the emperor can politely concur in this agreeable and comprehensive estimate of the future of mankind.

THE RAILWAY CLOAK-ROOM.

A FEW years ago a question arose as to the effect of certain conditions printed on a ticket issued by a Railway Company to a passenger for his journey from London to Paris. The Court before which this question came felt itself bound by authority to hold that when a man takes a ticket, with conditions on it, he must be presumed to know the contents of it, and must be bound by them. It was admitted to be harsh to hold a man liable by the terms which might be inserted in small print upon a ticket which he only gets at the last moment after he has paid his money, and when he is hustled out of the place at which he stands to get his ticket by the next comer, and moreover when he believes that he has made a contract binding the Company to take him, subject to the ordinary conditions of the general contract, to the place to which he desires to be conveyed. But still the law was assumed to be thus settled.

Last year, however, a Scotch case came before the House of Lords in which the opportunity was taken to apply a more rational principle to this class of cases. The passenger in that case took a steamboat ticket, having on the face of it only the words "Dublin to Whitehaven," and on the back of it a notice that the Company incurred no liability for loss, injury, or delay to the passenger or his luggage. The passenger stated that he had never looked at the ticket nor seen the notice on the back of it, no one having directed his attention to either. It was held that the passenger was not bound by the notice. The contract was complete upon the face of it, and the passenger, receiving the ticket in that form, without knowing of anything beyond, must be taken to have made a contract according to that which was expressed and shown to him. The Lord Chancellor described himself as asking with some anxiety what was the authority for the proposition that a member of the public was to be supposed to have contracted as alleged by the Company in that case. He considered that no satisfactory authority was shown, and, he said, "it is a question simply of common sense." Can it be held that when a person is entering into a contract containing terms which *de facto* he does not know, and as to which he has received no notice, he ought to inform himself upon them? It seemed impossible to hold this. Lord Chelmsford, like the Lord Chancellor, was anxious to be referred to the authorities; but none were produced establishing that presumption of assent is sufficient. Assent, he said, is a question of evidence, and the assent must be given before the completion of the contract. The Company undertakes to carry passengers for a certain sum. The moment the money for the passage is paid and accepted the obligation to convey arises. It does not require the exchange of a ticket for the passage-money, the ticket being only a voucher that the money has been paid. Or, if a ticket is necessary to bind the Company, the moment it is delivered the contract is completed, before the passenger has had an opportunity of reading the ticket, much more the endorsement. "It may be a question whether, if a passenger were to read the endorsement, and decline to agree to the terms, the Company could refuse to take him as a passenger." This question of Lord Chelmsford deserves attention. He was dealing with the particular case of a Steamship Company; but we may apply what he said also to Railway Companies. You cannot, if you would, obtain a ticket until shortly before the train starts, and several persons besides yourself are eager to be served. It is practically impossible to read and consider, much more to discuss, conditions, whether printed on the face or on the back of a ticket. Your choice is that or nothing. We assume that, as regards Railway Companies, the Legislature has limited their power to impose conditions as to passengers' luggage; but we have mentioned a case in which a condition was imposed, and the judge, who held himself bound to give effect to it, nevertheless expressed clearly his opinion that the passenger was allowed no option in the matter. We all know from our own experience that this judge was right. Such conditions, if any, as are proper to be imposed on passengers ought to be settled by some general authority and conspicuously exhibited. A little of the space devoted to celebrating the virtues of pills and pickles might advantageously be used to inform passengers of what they ought to know. "A ticket," said Lord Hatherley, in the Scotch case, "is in reality nothing more than a receipt for the money which has been paid." It would be well, we think, that a ticket should be nothing more.

This Scotch case has been followed lately in the Common Pleas Division at Westminster on a question as to passenger's luggage left at a railway station and lost. It is usual, as we all know, to receive luggage at what is called a "cloak-room," giving a ticket for it and charging 2*d.* for keeping it. This business, be it observed, is separate from the carrying business of the railways, and the Companies, so far as we know, might impose any conditions they please upon those who deposit luggage with them, provided

they make a clear agreement. The ticket in the case lately decided had on it the words "See Back," and on the back was a notice that the Company would not be liable for lost property beyond the value of 10*l*. Now, if the clerk who received the money and delivered the ticket had stated to the depositor that which was printed on the back of the ticket, and he, understanding the condition, had deposited his property, he would have been bound by it. In this case the primary object of the ticket appears to be to ensure delivery of the article to the right person. The depositor might think that all he had to do was to get the ticket and put it safely into his pocket, and if so, he might be excused for not noticing the words "See Back" upon it; and accordingly the jury found that he did not notice the words, and that he was not guilty of negligence in not noticing them. Thus the case was thought to come within the principle established in the House of Lords. A contract of "bailment," as the law calls it, was completed in ordinary terms unless it could be made out that the bailor had entered into any special contract.

The conclusion arrived at in this case is opposed to that of the same Court in a similar case decided fourteen years ago. In that case a lady deposited a bag, containing wearing apparel and jewelry of the value of 20*l*., at the cloak-room of the South-Eastern Railway Company at London Bridge station, receiving for it a ticket and paying 2*d*. There was printed on the back of the ticket a notice that "The Company will not be responsible for any package exceeding the value of 10*l*." The lady applied for her bag on the evening of the day on which she deposited it, but the bag was not forthcoming, having been delivered by mistake to a wrong person. The Company afterwards obtained it and forwarded it to the lady, but, on examination, a great part of the jewelry it had contained was missing. It appeared in evidence that there was a large placard posted up in the cloak-room containing a printed notice similar to that on the back of the ticket which the lady had received; but she stated that she did not see this notice, and she was not examined as to whether she had read the notice on the back of the ticket. The Court under these circumstances held that "the plaintiff must be considered to have known the terms imposed by the defendants in accordance with this notice, and to have conformed to them." The defendants having used all reasonable means to give knowledge to the depositors, and amongst them to the plaintiff, of the terms on which they received deposits, and the plaintiff, knowing that there were special terms, and what they were, or having the means of knowing what they were, chose, said the Court, to make the deposit. It will be observed that, even if the plaintiff had stated that she had not read the notice on the back of the ticket, the decision would have been the same, for the Court said that she either knew or had the means of knowing the terms of deposit. "In a contract of bailment the bailee may impose whatever terms he chooses, if he gives notice of them and the bailor has the means of knowing them, and if he then chooses to make the bailment he is bound by them." We are quoting from the judgment of Lord Chief Justice Erle, who further said that this was not a carrier's contract, and the defendants were at liberty to make any contract they pleased, and the reasonableness of the terms would be an irrelevant inquiry. But, he added, "Considering the nature of the accommodation, the condition appears to me very reasonable." Three other judges concurred in this judgment, and it is interesting to note the various reasons which they gave. One of them remarked that the plaintiff in her evidence did not deny that she did read the terms, or that she knew they were there. Another judge would have wished that the notice had been on the face rather than on the back of the ticket. But, said he, "a person could hardly put it into his pocket or take it out of his pocket without seeing that there was printing upon it." That being so, and it being plainly expressed, there was such an implied assent as would constitute a contract. This judge also thought that the limitation of liability was reasonable.

In the recent case the same Company were defendants, and they no doubt think it hard that, although they have adopted the additional precaution of printing "See Back" upon their tickets, their liability is now greater than it was. The plaintiff stated in his evidence that he looked upon the ticket as a mere receipt, and that he knew nothing of its contents; and the jury found that this was true, and further that the plaintiff had not been guilty of any negligence in being unaware of the contents of the ticket or the existence of a placard containing the same notice. There is, indeed, this difference between the two cases, that in the former the plaintiff was not asked whether she had read the notice, whereas in the latter the plaintiff stated that he had not read it. One of the judges in the former case expressed the opinion that the plaintiff really had read the notice, and that her counsel at the trial had relied on a view of the law which the Court overruled. But, be this as it may, the Court dealt with the supposition that she had not read the notice; for the judges said that she either knew or had the means of knowing the terms of the deposit. It is perhaps another aspect of the same change of public feeling which makes Mr. Disraeli Premier that judges now demand less intelligence and activity of mind from travellers than they used to do. "Rest and be stupid" might be taken as the motto of our age. How can an officer in a marching regiment be expected to look at the back of a ticket which he takes for a voyage across the Irish Channel? How can any gentleman be expected to look at the back of a ticket which he takes at a cloak-room for a portmanteau? It is true that fourteen years ago a lady was expected to do this; but ladies, as a rule, if not more intelligent, are more curious than gentlemen. We are reminded of one of Dickens's characters who declared with much disgust that he had something better to do than thinking. Nobody now can be expected to waste his time in reading the back of any ticket which he gets at a railway station, even if the ticket has "See Back" upon the face of it. The Court in this case, as in many others, made convenient use of the jury, who had found that the plaintiff was not negligent in not knowing the terms of deposit. In the former case the Court, being both judges and jurymen, held that the plaintiff either knew or ought to have known the terms. The moral of the recent decision is that reading is a dangerous accomplishment which had better be forgotten when we enter a railway station. Where ignorance gets damages 'tis folly to be wise. If you cannot keep your eyes and mind inactive, look out among the advertisements for the particular quack medicine most suitable to your complaint.

The decision of the House of Lords has, we think, been generally approved. Railway and Steamboat Companies had gone so far in imposing conditions on travellers who had no option as to accepting them that it became necessary, as Lord Chief Justice Erle was fond of saying, "to have recourse to common sense." But the application of this principle to the cloak-room at a railway station demands consideration, because the liability, whatever it may be, which the Company incurs by keeping such a room, is not a liability as carriers. It may be conceded that under Sir William Erle's presidency the Court of Common Pleas was generally averse to enlarging the responsibility of Railway Companies, and in many respects the advance made since that time has been improvement. We decidedly think that the conditions which Railway and Steamboat Companies may impose on passengers should be regulated by statute, and that it is absurd to suppose that a passenger in the hurry of departure can exercise an intelligent judgment in the matter. Nor would it be unreasonable to make some general regulations as to cloak-rooms.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

PURSUING the practice of previous years, we shall attempt to give an analysis of the contents of the Exhibition according to the subjects. We will begin with those exceptional pictures, now happily on the increase, which, without being precisely ideal, are something more than real—pictures which after some sort embody noble thought, and show man in his higher aspects, whether it be man individually as seen in biography, or collectively as portrayed in history. In judging of the merits of this class of art it may be well to remember the conditions to which it has to conform. All writers are agreed that a certain remove from common nature is imperative, and yet so close must each figure be to nature, that the painter abandons at his peril the living model even for a moment. We fancy that in the present day there is not an artist of mark who would venture to paint without the life, though it used to be said of Overbeck that he trusted to his inward sense. Certain corollaries follow almost as a matter of course. The drapery can scarcely be that of the cottage, and yet seldom quite that of the forum; the chiaroscuro is all the better when removed a little from the light of common day; as for chronology, it is well when the mind can be thrown from the immediate present into the middle or remote distances of time. Some of our English painters have of late adopted so imaginative a mood that the present Exhibition serves to confirm these fundamental principles.

Mr. Armitage, in the undraped, life-size figure of Phryne (909), challenges comparison with the greatest of Grecian artists. Apelles, in his most famous picture, the "Venus Anadyomene," is said to have taken Phryne as his model; and Praxiteles, it is supposed, in the Cnidian Venus, copied from the same original. It is probable, for more reasons than one, that the Greek picture and statue—both destroyed—were nude, as is the picture before us. The replica of the Venus of Cnidos in the Vatican has been in modern times half draped in bronze, a proceeding which we have never heard spoken of otherwise than with contempt and reprobation. Mr. Armitage has not been oblivious of ancient precedent. Phryne is on the seashore; her draperies are at her feet; she is preparing for a plunge into the blue waves. The style is something more than modern; on the other hand, it cannot be accused of the soft modelling of flesh which distinguished Praxiteles. As to Apelles, Reynolds conjectured that in his masterworks, did they exist, "we should find the figures as correctly drawn as in the Laocoon, and probably coloured like Titian." This "Phryne" is better drawn than coloured. The picture is one of the very few which come up to the high and austere standard of Continental schools. To an inferior order belongs an undraped girl, "After the Dance" (927), by Mr. Alma-Tadema.

"Atalanta's Race" (943), by Mr. Poynter, A.R.A., is the most uncompromising adaptation from antique sculpture and Renaissance painting that we have seen for many a day. The well-known story has been closely followed. Atalanta, finding her father's behest of marriage distasteful, made it a condition, being swift of foot, that her suitors should compete with her in public race; those that failed were to be killed, and only he who outsped her should wed her. After many had perished, there came forward at last Meilanion, favoured by Venus with three golden apples. During the course he dropped them one after another, and Atalanta, being charmed by their beauty, could not refrain from stopping to pick them up. This is the moment chosen; Atalanta,

by no means graceful, is in the act of bending to the ground, while Meilanion in hot pursuit is within a figure's length of his prize. Mr. Poynter has arranged his composition into three parts, distinct, yet connected in action. On the left is a group of eager spectators come to witness the contest. It is scarcely an accusation to say that by far the best figure has been taken from Michael Angelo's roof of the Sistine. The centre of the composition is occupied by as masterly a figure as was ever seen in an English Academy—that of Meilanion; rapid movement animates every limb, and possesses indeed the whole torso. Moreover, as is always found in the best antique sculpture—and the figure has much that is sculpturesque—this athlete, when thrown into rapid and headlong motion, preserves a perfect equilibrium; the lines and proportions fall into almost geometric symmetry; and so completely is the figure under the control of volition, that even in this last extremity of strife there seems the possibility of repose. This was a governing principle of the Greeks. Yet our English Academician can scarcely take full credit for absolute creation. There is at least one figure in the Elgin frieze, there are sundry running or dancing figures in Italian museums, also figures of Athletes and Discoboli from which he may have compiled—we do not say copied. Mr. Poynter, it must be admitted, has so well assimilated his materials as to make them here in the aggregate his own. Atalanta, the third and most important member in the composition, is a breakdown in more senses than one. She stoops to pick up the golden apple—a most difficult attitude—and it has been justly observed that, were she to rise, she would knock her head through the gold frame of the picture; yet the same objection might be urged against "The Death of Procris," by Piero di Cosimo, in the National Gallery. But, in an art point of view, a more unpardonable fault is that the figure becomes a confused heap of anatomies and draperies, that all breadth in masses, all distinctive emphasis in line, are absolutely lost. Strange also to say, calculated by historic styles, not less than twenty centuries intervene between the suitor and his captive, although they are within less than ten seconds of each other; in other words, the picture passes within the space of a few square feet from the age of Phidias to the eighteenth century of Italy and France. Thus from what has been said it will appear that three distinct epochs are brought together—the Greek, or Græco-Roman, the Italian Renaissance, and the Modern. It must be confessed that the problem to be solved was most difficult; and it must also be admitted that the work, whatever may be its mistakes, does honour to the English school. Some few pseudo-classic compositions may be briefly noticed, such as "The Nursling of the Muse," a repulsive abortion by Mr. P. Cockerell (972), and "Pallas Athene and the Herdsman's Dogs" (496), by Briton Riviere, an utterly mistaken composition which may recall a criticism passed on a picture of Balaam, the Angel, and the Ass. The artist, it was remarked, was an angel when he painted the ass, and an ass when he painted the angel; and so here of Pallas Athene and the dogs. Mr. Harrison has endowed "Alecto" (447) with metallic wings evidently of Brummagem manufacture. The drawing of the figure, indeed the treatment of the whole picture, is direful.

It is always interesting to observe, either in England, France, Germany, or Italy, the attempts, mostly unsatisfactory, which are made in these modern times at religious art. The inspiring faith has departed, and yet faith is not always found to be in itself sufficient; take, for instance, Mr. Herbert's impotent figures "Judith" (578) and "Mary Magdalene" (584). Each stands at too great a distance from nature, and the vital principle of a sound mind in a sound body has been so completely set at nought that we are sure no Insurance Company in the world would take these lives at any premium. Besides, the religious sentiment here and elsewhere becomes a negation; all that is positive has been eliminated, so that the personality left is little more than passivity verging on nonentity. Mr. Goodall has sometimes erred in this direction, yet "The Holy Mother" (182) will be generally accepted as a reverential embodiment of religious thought. But the Infant—by far the better part of the group—might equally well serve for a secular composition. The colour, though pure, is over-pale; the general style is that of the popular but passionless Sassoferrato. Mr. Long's enticing Pool of "Bethesda" (891) may be assigned to the school of Guido, or of a later decadence. The composition is so little of a sacred character, that it might almost be mistaken for a mutual consent to commit suicide by drowning. It is true that the principal figure, a mother with a child in her arms, turns up her eyes; but so did the mother in the Niobe group. By far the finest study is that of an old woman lying on her back, seen at an angle of sharp foreshortening. The identical subject has been treated in quite an opposite spirit by Mr. Robert Bateman (30); here we have not only the Pool, not only the awaiting sick, but a full-winged angel stopping down marble stairs to move the waters. The suspicion will be that the artist has looked overmuch at German engravings from Düsseldorf, though we do not happen to recall among them this special subject. The lack of colour and decisive chiaroscuro would also tend to the same conclusion. The painter has, however, well thought out his subject, and the execution, without ostentation, serves simply to give expression to the idea.

Sir John Gilbert brings us to history in "Richard II. Resigning the Crown to Bolingbroke" (165). The crown is handed across a small central table with due solemnity, and a bishop and ministers of state stand in solemn waiting. The composition is deliberately symmetric; the colour, as is habitual with this master, is deep and golden. "Crusaders," a medley (139) by the same artist, recalls the colour and the impetuous action of Rubens in the famous battle on a bridge in Munich; but it does not remind us of the studious design and accurate drawing of Da Vinci in "The Battle of the Standard." Mr. Hart, we presume, must take rank among historic painters, inasmuch as he depicts the children of Charles I. with their caretakers at "Dinner-time at Penshurst in the year 1655" (153). The performance lies rather beyond the reach of criticism. Artists have been known to mingle with the crowd in order to profit by the observations passed upon their works. Mr. Hart should be cautioned against an ordeal which might prove painful. Though we see him here in his most serious mood, he provokes amusement; a lady was heard to exclaim as her eye caught one of the Royal children, "O that hideous little object!"

"The genre of history," though a term more French than English, is usefully applied to certain picturesque byplays, wherein humanity is somewhat merged in draperies and accessories. Mrs. E. M. Ward's "Newgate, date 1818" (120), affords a favourable example of the style. Mrs. Elizabeth Fry is here seen in one of her visits to Newgate prison; the gaolers have opened the door, which reveals a crowd "of half-naked women struggling together for front situations with the utmost vociferation." The biographer, who was an eye-witness, adds that "she felt as if she were going into a den of wild beasts." Mrs. Fry, as we were accustomed to see her some fifteen years later, stands calm; she ever possessed her soul in peace. But the picture lacks somewhat of the supreme dignity and command which doubtless were a secret of her power in the conflict with evil. It may be objected also that the Quaker greys are a little gay. The works of Mr. Alma-Tadema this year deal less with man than with realistic accessories. Mr. E. M. Ward has certainly not changed his style for the better since the time when he raised himself to the dignity of an historic painter by scenes from the sufferings of Marie Antoinette. Certainly the picture now before us, "A Year after the Battle" (239), is little else than picturesque *genre*. In the same category must be placed Mr. Gow's animated scene, "The Relief of Leyden" (381). The figures are eminently life-like, as if depicted on the spot by an actual spectator; but somehow the art is comparable, not with a page from history, but with a paragraph from "Our Own Correspondent."

The speakers at the annual dinner on Saturday last threw out some scattered comments on the Exhibition which are worth recording. The President stated that the works sent in this year reached the unprecedented number of 5,025. "We could," he continued, "hang only 1,500"; that is, not quite one picture for every three tendered. This painful state of things, fraught with disappointment to more than three thousand artists and their friends, does not, we are sorry to say, admit of easy remedy. The existing walls cannot with advantage be more crowded than they are; and to add to the present suite of rooms is all but a structural impossibility. Moreover, the outside public feel that ten galleries and a lecture-room all devoted to pictures, together with three halls dedicated to sculpture, already sufficiently tax their time and strength. Also, it is not unreasonably thought that 1,500 works constitute a tolerably fair representation of the talent and produce of the year; and it certainly is to be feared that, if numbers are augmented, the standard of merit will be deteriorated. Much, however, depends on fairness of selection, and the charge has long been made that interest prevails over merit. One inference to be drawn from the ever-growing multitude of supplicants knocking at the door for entrance is that the power and importance of the Academy are year by year increasing, and this condition of things becomes all the more remarkable when we consider the constant multiplication of what might be deemed competing exhibitions. The Academy gathers strength by windfalls, such as legacies; thus, during the present year there accrues the bequest under Chantrey's will, estimated at an annual sum of 3,000*l.*, to be expended in the purchase of "works of fine art of the highest merit in painting and sculpture." The President's comment thereon is significant of the monetary relationships subsisting between artists and dealers. "The Council," said Sir Francis Grant, "had hoped to purchase some pictures out of the Exhibition, but they found to their regret that the dealers had been beforehand, and had already secured every picture which they thought worthy of purchase." This does not open a hopeful prospect of the early commencement of "a national collection of British art." The speeches at the dinner were not without gist. Sir James Paget contrived to give freshness and meaning to the threadbare duality of "Science and Art." Men of science and men of art, he observed, "study nature from different and distant points of view, yet both may gather and display the evidences of the same truth; for surely the principle of beauty which the artist seeks, and the principle of order which the man of science searches out, are alike the issue of divine law maintaining all things in mutual fitness." To these aphoristic words may be added Mr. Disraeli's glowing prophecy of immortality for British artists. The Premier claimed pre-eminently for the English school "originality"; "and where there is originality there will be immortality. The sap always rises, the spirit always is present."

THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

THE two-year-old running of 1875 was so contradictory that, of by far the larger proportion of the candidates for Two Thousand honours, it might have been said a few days ago that

one was pretty nearly as good as another. The best performers of the season were either not entered for the great three-year-old race at Newmarket, or were placed *hors de combat* by some unfortunate casualty. The names of Skylark, the Mineral colt, Farnese, and Springfield are missing from the list of nominations, and Petrarch, who won the Middle Park Plate with unparalleled ease, met with some accident which caused his preparation to be interrupted at a critical moment. Even had Farnese been entered, his infirmity, which steadily increases with age, would have effectually prevented him from winning; but the presence of Skylark and the Mineral colt would have relieved the first of the great three-year-old races of the year from any appearance of mediocrity. If we look at the antecedents of the fourteen competitors who came to the post on Wednesday last, we shall find that, as far as the majority of them were concerned, and of course excluding Petrarch, the most natural course for a person in search of the winner would have been to put their names in a hat, and depend on the first he might happen to draw out. There were Lord Falmouth's pair, Great Tom and Fetterlock. Last year the former ran once, and was beaten by Twine the Plaiden, and this year he has run once also, and has been beaten by Wild Tommy. The latter appeared in public on six occasions last season, but was only successful once. He was beaten by Kaleidoscope, Twine the Plaiden, and other horses; but in his solitary winning race he managed to beat Wild Tommy. On this running he would be superior to his stable companion Great Tom. But, despite the defeat of the latter the week before last, the stable continued to repose the utmost confidence in him, and averred that the Two Thousand would show the Biennial to have been all wrong. Nine times out of ten, when a horse is beaten he is beaten on his merits, and his subsequent performances fail to justify the excuses which are often improvised in explanation of his failure. Then we come to the French pair, Camembert and M. de Fligny. The two-year-old running of the former was so indifferent that he may be passed over without further comment; but the latter earned some sort of reputation as a sound honest horse who was thought capable of making improvement. Though he was only successful in three out of eleven races, his three victories were gained over fair performers, such as Retrospect, Bay Wyndham, Rosinante, and Hellenist; and when he was beaten he was beaten in good company by Skylark, Lady Mostyn, and on three occasions by Farnese. In the autumn he went off, and in the Middle Park Plate, where however he had the full penalty to carry, he was never conspicuous; but, on the whole he had a wear-and-tear appearance which gave his friends a certain amount of confidence in the prospects of his three-year-old career. Rosinante, a roarer, and Rascal, who ran five times without attracting the notice of the judge, may be passed over, while we take note of the doings of Kaleidoscope. This son of Speculum was a very uncertain horse last year, and had he not won his last engagement at Newmarket against a good field he would hardly have been promoted to the position he has occupied among the Two Thousand favourites. He was nowhere in the Middle Park Plate; he was beaten by Brigg Boy in a match at even weights; he was beaten in the Troy Stakes at Stockbridge by Retrospect and Hellenist as well as by the winner Margarita, and in the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom by Bay Wyndham, Father Claret, and Charon. On the other hand, he defeated Red Cross Knight, Levant, and Hellenist at Sandown Park, and the first named of this trio, as well as Fetterlock, Julius Cæsar, and Father Claret in the Prendergast Stakes at Newmarket; but it must be observed that on this occasion the moderate daughter of Scottish Chief and Gong got within half a length of him. Undoubtedly a horse with a fine turn of speed, but with questionable staying powers, the son of Speculum had, in our opinion, small public credentials to justify his being placed above the rack of the Two Thousand candidates. King Death won two races out of seven, but beat nothing of importance save Red Cross Knight. Coltness jumped into fame by winning the New Stakes at Ascot against a field which afterwards was shown to be of indifferent quality, but he positively declined to repeat the performance on any future occasion. At the Craven Meeting this year he was reported to be much improved, and his looks were certainly in his favour; but he failed to make even the show of a fight against Great Tom and Wild Tommy. Julius Cæsar was another hero of a solitary victory in 1875, but Charon won three out of seven races, and twice defeated Julius Cæsar, besides disposing of Father Claret and Bella. Father Claret himself, to make confusion still more confounded, beat Kaleidoscope at Stockbridge; and thus, in the case of at least a moiety of the Two Thousand runners, it would seem hopeless, on their two-year-old running, to give the preference to one over another.

Finally, there was Petrarch, whose running could not be in and out, for the simple reason that he only appeared in public on one occasion last season. That single engagement, the Middle Park Plate, he carried off in a style that has never been surpassed; and though, just as one swallow does not make a summer, so one race is not always a sufficient test of the real merits of a racehorse, yet what he had to do no horse that ever was foaled could have done better. Looking, too, at the history of the Middle Park Plate, we find that it has hardly ever been won save by a horse of distinguished ability; and, looking at the appearance of Petrarch, at his breeding, and at the racing powers of most of the progeny of Laura, it was only reasonable to assume that he was the best of his year, and to uphold him as such till the time came when he should prove himself undeserving of his position. The public certainly were prepared to trust implicitly to Petrarch as their representative in the great three-year-old races, but the news of his sale shook their confidence. There is always a prejudice against horses which are sold out of a stable shortly before a great race, and we think in the majority of cases the prejudice is just. It is felt that an owner of racehorses who has for years aimed at the highest prizes of the Turf would not be likely to let the chance slip out of his fingers just when his prospects were most promising. It is felt also that the buying and selling of horses is very often a conflict of shrewd wits, and that the seller generally knows more than the buyer. The price paid for Petrarch was so enormous—ten thousand guineas, we believe—as to be considered in itself a high testimony to his merits; but then, on the other hand, high-priced horses have often signally failed to return their purchase-money to their new owners. Kangaroo was sold for twelve thousand guineas, and never won a race afterwards; and many similar instances will readily recur to the recollection of racing-men. Certainly, from the moment it was known that Petrarch had changed hands, his position was shaken in the market; and even had all gone well with him, it is probable that he would never have firmly re-established himself in public favour until he had carried his new colours to victory. But things did not go well with the son of Lord Clifden and Laura. Only a few weeks ago he was stopped in his work for several days by an accident, and, according to all precedent, a preparation thus suddenly interrupted within a month of a big race could not under any circumstances be successfully completed. His stable companion Kaleidoscope, whose speed it was thought would enable him to get home first in a moderate field, speedily supplanted him in the market, and, though the supporters of Petrarch still clung to him for the Derby, his chance for the Two Thousand was abandoned as hopeless. In the Craven week Petrarch and Kaleidoscope were galloped together, and the result was to extinguish the last gleam of hope that the former could be got ready by the Two Thousand Day. It came to this, that his name was included among the doubtful starters; and when at length it was known that he was going to run, it was understood that he was only going to compete for the sake of some bets that had been laid as to his starting, and an almost unknown jockey was selected to ride him. Thus up to the very last moment Petrarch remained disregarded, while the battle for favouritism was carried on between Great Tom, despite his Biennial disaster, Kaleidoscope, Charon, Julius Cæsar, and Glacis, the last-named being pushed to the front on the principle, we suppose, that a very moderate horse is worth supporting in a very moderate field.

Whether the luxurious innovations of grand stands, refreshment-rooms, and the like, now in progress at Newmarket, will work a change in those good old simple virtues of punctuality and precision for which the famous Heath has been so renowned, we know not; but certain it is that last Wednesday there was an unwonted delay in weighing out and despatching to the post the fourteen runners. It was nearly fifteen minutes after the appointed time when they formally came under the control of the starter, and then the fractiousness of Glacis still further delayed the commencement of the race. When the flag did fall no complaint could be urged against the fairness of the start, and indeed on the Newmarket course there can be no excuse for those irregularities to which we are accustomed at other places. As soon as they had fairly got into their stride Camembert rushed to the front to make the running for his stable companion M. de Fligny, and he managed to maintain his lead for nearly half a mile. But after the first half-mile the race was over; for directly Petrarch was allowed to take the lead, he took it with such effect as never to suffer any of his antagonists to approach him. He never had to be ridden, for nothing ever got near enough to challenge him; but, pursuing the even tenor of his way, he sailed along down the Abingdon hill, and reached the winning-post, without having once been called upon, three lengths in advance of Julius Cæsar. So evident was it to the jockeys engaged in the race that Petrarch had it at his mercy at any point, that probably few of them seriously persevered after a certain point. We think, however, that Julius Cæsar was entitled on his merits to second honours, though some were of opinion that, if Petrarch had been out of the way, Kaleidoscope might have won. Yet the latter was ridden rather hard at the finish, but failed to get within two lengths of Julius Cæsar, who justified the assertions of his trainer that he would show himself a greatly improved horse. Close up with Kaleidoscope were a cluster, including Coltness, Great Tom, M. de Fligny, and Fetterlock, every one of the quartet being as good as the other, as might have been expected from their inability to get out of one another's way last year. The result of the race shows that Petrarch has preserved the superiority over the horses of his year which he manifested in his solitary race in 1875, that Julius Cæsar has made some advance, and that the rest are very much where they were before. Of course the ridiculously easy victory of Petrarch excited some feelings of astonishment. We are not thinking of the average spectators, who invariably discover the good points of the winner, when he has won, and who, after Petrarch returned to the birdcage, were positively lost in admiration at his magnificent appearance. We are thinking rather of those more intimately connected with the horse, who have been concerned with him either as owners or trainers, or lately as residents in Newmarket, with opportunities of seeing him from day to day, and who of course would not have allowed him to be

knocked about in the market and made the sport of the bookmakers unless they had despaired of his success. They must have been astounded at finding how utterly unfounded were their fears, and possibly they felt a little ashamed—if indeed racing-men ever do feel ashamed at anything—at the pusillanimity with which they threw overboard a horse who bids fair to earn a name second to few of the greatest celebrities that have ever trod the Turf. Such persons may plead that Petrarch had been stopped in his work, and was manifestly not wound up to what is considered a high point of preparation. But some horses run much better when they are on the big side than when they are worked up to the trainer's pitch of condition. Of course races have been lost through want of condition, but a far greater number have been lost through over-training. When Petrarch won the Middle Park Plate he was decidedly backward. Last Wednesday he was decidedly backward, and won the Two Thousand in a common canter. His owner and trainer will do well to bear this in mind. They have got a horse who can run away from the best form of the year when but half prepared. Let them be satisfied with the knowledge, and not strive to make assurance doubly sure by training Petrarch as fine as a greyhound, so that he may win the Derby by six lengths instead of three. Otherwise they may defeat their own object and lose the Derby altogether. There have appeared of late months in the pages of a popular magazine some reminiscences of a racing-man of the old school, and an excellent judge of horses and the proper method to treat them, Mr. Thomas Coleman. That veteran trainer narrates how often in his experience good horses have been spoiled and their chance of winning great races altogether thrown away through overwork and over-much trying. Lord George Bentinck was a great offender in this way. Strong work and constant sweatings were his one idea of preparing his horses for their engagements; and in their trials no task he could set them was hard enough for him. Then, if they accomplished what was asked of them, it seemed almost too good to be true, and he would try them over again to see whether there had not been some mistake; so that by the time the day of the race came they would be stale and done up. This evil example has been extensively followed in our own days, to the ruin of many a gallant horse, and the disappointment of his owner. The occasional victories of a horse like Petrarch, who had been indulged in his work before both the races in which he has taken part, may serve to show the impolicy of exhausting a horse's strength in preparation for a race, instead of reserving the full display of his powers for the race itself.

REVIEWS.

LORD ALBEMARLE'S REMINISCENCES.*

NO attempt has as yet been made to establish a copyright in witticisms; but every man has a moral claim to a "good thing" first said or told by himself. Lord Albemarle is therefore fully justified in repeating once more an excellent though now time-honoured jest, of which he was the original victim, although "it has several times found its way into print," the last who quotes it being "Charles Greville, and he had it from George Villiers, afterwards Lord Clarendon, who had it from me." Lord Albemarle, at that time Mr. Keppel, had recently published an account of his overland journey from India to Russia, of which he had presented a copy to Lord Wellesley, under whom, as viceroy of Ireland, he was then serving as aide-de-camp. The publisher of the book had induced the author to re-christen it as the "Personal Narrative" of his travels, and it was to the adjective "personal" that Lord Wellesley insisted on objecting. At dinner he sarcastically inquired from Lord Plunket what was his definition of "personal," to which the Chief Justice replied, "My Lord, we lawyers always consider *personal* as opposed to *real*." To the reminiscences before us Lord Albemarle has preferred to give a title on which it would be difficult to be witty or even censorious, since it would be worse than ungrateful to cavil at the circumstance that his record of fifty years of his own life is preceded by a sketch of the life of his house during the course of something like seven centuries. But, leaving this Introduction aside for the present, we may add that Lord Plunket's witticism would have been as stingless, if applied to these personal reminiscences, had they presented themselves to the public under that title, as it doubtless was to the record of Mr. Keppel's overland journey. We have never read any autobiographical memoirs with a better claim to be called both "personal" and "real," so long as those adjectives may be used as implying nothing more than a vivacity which never gives offence, and a truthfulness which is never dull. In a word, this *Fifty Years of My Life* is a thoroughly delightful book of its kind; and, if we were desirous of finding fault with it, we should have to take refuge in its misprints, which we cheerfully leave unenumerated.

Among the evils to which the family motto of the house of Keppel urges its members not to give way, that of inaction must assuredly have always seemed to them especially repellent. For the younger son of a great Whig family, and for an absolutely beardless ensign who had obtained his commission early in the year 1815, the prospects of an active life might not have seemed very hopeful; but fortune did something for the boy who had just "broken bounds" at Westminster School, and his own energy did the rest. On the day on which George Keppel precipitately left a school furnishing no sufficient opening for his talents (he had scaled the wall of his boarding-house once too often, and his father had been recommended to choose for him a profession "in which physical rather than mental exertion would be a requisite"), Napoleon entered Paris on his return from Elba. Hardly, therefore, had the lad received his commission, and consoled himself with the consciousness of it for having been told by his mother at an evening-party at Lansdowne House to "run away" for cakes into the tea-room, than he was ordered to join his regiment in Flanders. With his regiment—humorously called "Calvert's Entire," from its colonel being brother to a brewer of fame, and the regiment being in possession of its full complement of battalions, after the disbandment of one of which its *sobriquet* was exchanged for "Calvert's All Butt"—he served through the Waterloo campaign. In the battle he carried one of the colours in rotation with two or three of his comrades, the "boys" being encouraged by a colour-sergeant of the name of Moore, after the following judicious fashion:—"'Now you see,' said he, 'the enemy always makes a point of aiming at the colours, so if anything should happen to either of you two young gentlemen, I ups with your colour and defends it with my life.'" Soon afterwards poor Sergeant Moore was carried off the field; but Ensign Keppel came out of the battle without having suffered any worse casualty than the following, which, though it seems already to have been told in print, shall be given in his own words:—

> We were now ordered to lie down. Our square, hardly large enough to hold us when standing upright, was too small for us in a recumbent position. Our men lay packed together like herrings in a barrel. Not finding a vacant spot, I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was the Colonel's charger, which, with his head pressed against mine, was mumbling my epaulette; while I patted his cheek. Suddenly my drum capsized and I was thrown prostrate, with the feeling of a blow on the right cheek. I put my hand to my head, thinking half my face was shot away, but the skin was not even abraded. A piece of shell had struck the horse on the nose, exactly between my hand and my head, and killed him instantly. The blow I received was from the embossed crown on the horse's bit.

"The very young battalion of the 17th," to which Mr. Keppel belonged, received special mention in the Order of the General of its Division for having displayed at Waterloo "a gallantry and steadiness becoming veteran troops"; but on its return to England, in January 1816, it was disbanded, Mr. Keppel being thus saved from the fate of the troops embarked in its stead for Ireland in the *Sea Horse*, which, together with two other transports, was lost off Kinsale. Lord Albemarle mentions that, "beyond a short paragraph in the papers, no public notice was taken of the catastrophe," but that among the officers it was argued that

> With the return of peace, soldiers had become a drug in the market, while freight was a costly commodity; that hence our rulers were much disposed to accept the lowest tender for tonnage without examining too closely into the seaworthiness of the ships engaged, and that consequently vessels unfit to carry coals from Newcastle to London were taken up to convey troops to all parts of the world. Nor was the demeanour of the skippers of these transports reassuring; they were generally men of very little education. Their dialect showed that they belonged to the "black country," and though they seemed to have a practical knowledge of the soundings in the Channel, it was a question whether, to many of them, the use of a Hadley's quadrant was not an unknown science. It was frequently my lot, as a subaltern, to sail in one of these coal-tubs; and often in a gale of wind I have fervently wished that the craft in which I was a passenger might prove a better swimmer than the *Sea Horse*.

Being "out of the break" Mr. George Keppel was ordered with a detachment of his regiment to the Ionian Islands; but neither there nor at Mauritius, whither, having been subsequently appointed to an ensigncy in another regiment, and narrowly escaped the charge of a batch of convicts to Botany Bay, Mr. Keppel was next ordered, was there much chance of opportunities for distinction. The young officer, however, kept his eyes open, and his account of the condition of things in Mauritius (of which he frankly confesses he had never heard the name till ordered to form part of its garrison), during a period of peculiar interest for the history of its peculiar institution, is as curious as it is brief. After this his next experience of military duty proper was in Calcutta, where he was at once appointed aide-de-camp by Lord Hastings, a post which he likewise filled under that governor-general's temporary successor. Hereupon, amateur theatricals and jackal-hunting having alike ceased to charm, he set out upon the overland journey home which made his literary reputation, but deprived him of the chances of active service which opened after his departure with the Burmese war. After his return home he was gazetted to a captaincy in the 62nd regiment, and, with characteristic energy, set himself to acquiring the new system of drill then in course of introduction into the army. With equally characteristic sincerity he avows that he had the advantage over his superiors of having "very little to unlearn":—

> To me Torrens' "Field Exercises" were a pleasing novelty, and not the least agreeable days that I spent at this period of my military career were those passed in the "Sixty Acres," as our soldiers used to call the drill-ground in the Phœnix Park.

This enthusiasm was however cooled by a change of colonels; and the personal staff of the Lord-Lieutenant soon supplied the desired refuge. Mr. Keppel's literary reputation afterwards moved the Duke of Wellington to promote him to a majority with convenient promptitude; but, as it was unattached, Lord Albemarle, though he is now a full general, considers this appointment to have virtually put an end to his military career. He was thus obliged to indulge his military tendencies as a student and observer only, in the former capacity attending the Royal Military College at

* *Fifty Years of My Life.* By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

Sandhurst, in the latter paying a visit to Turkey in 1829 at a momentous crisis in the history of that empire. As to Mr. Keppel's acquirements in tactical science, we must refer the reader to his narrative of his interview with the Grand Vizier, Mohammed Redschid Pasha, who plainly informed a roomful of *mecralis* and *binbashees* that this young officer knew more of their profession than all of them put together. To judge from the accounts of the Turkish army recently published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the Grand Vizier's summary of the Turkish military system is not yet out of date:—

> It is not the fault of the Osmanli soldier, for he is brave enough, but of these ignorant fellows, that he is not oftener successful in the field.

Mr. Keppel's suggestions on the subject of military tactics probably failed to impress Redschid Pasha as permanently as did those offered by Herr von Moltke a few years afterwards; but the family promptitude of the young British officer is as undeniable as the sagacity with which he formed an opinion concerning the possibilities of progress in Turkey which, as he justly remarks, is more generally held nowadays than it was half a century ago.

The roll of Mr. Keppel's Parliamentary services is not less brief than that of his military services; though here again, on the occasion of his first appearance as a candidate, he displayed that boldness which is apt to command success, by following the advice of a member of the new Whig Government, to "shy his hat into the ring, and see what will come of it." Lord Albemarle's Parliamentary reminiscences are, however, neither numerous nor important; his politics came to him in his cradle, or at all events from the arm-chair in which Mr. Fox, then in his last days, played trap-ball with the youthful scions of the houses of Keppel and Russell. Nothing could be pleasanter than Lord Albemarle's anecdotes of a man who must have been the most loveable of all our political worthies—unless it be the account of a visit paid in 1838 by the author of these memoirs, the Duke of Bedford, and others to Mr. Fox's widow:—

> We experienced a most cordial reception. Our hostess, who lived very nearly a century, was in her ninety-third year, but still hale and hands me. She insisted upon showing us all over the house herself, pointing, among other things, to the tiny table on which Mr. Fox wrote his "James II." We all underwent a close scrutiny. When she came to George Byng she said musingly, "Ay, good-looking enough, but not so handsome as old George," meaning Byng's uncle and namesake, who represented Middlesex in her husband's lifetime. I reminded Mrs. Fox of my games of trap-ball with the statesman. She well remembered the circumstance, and explained that when the swelling of Mr. Fox's legs prevented him from walking, she used to encourage him to play this game with children as a means of taking exercise; "but," added she, "he required no encouragement from me, for you know, my dear, how fond he was of you all." I now learned that the Duke of Bedford was another of the boys with whom Fox had been in the habit of playing trap-ball.
>
> We spoiled our dinners by a sumptuous luncheon. A profusion of costly wines was placed on the table. The butler, nearly as old as his mistress, kept constantly filling her glass. "If you don't take care," said the Duke of Bedford to him, "you will make the old lady quite tipsy." "And what if I do?" was the reply; "she can never be so in better company." Turning round to the old man, the Duke inquired whether there were many Tories in the neighbourhood. "Please your Grace," was the reply, "we're eat up with them."

Something besides the spirit of Whiggism, and something besides the humour of the man who "considered alcohol the test of excellence" in wine, had lingered round his home. The test of geniality is the capacity of enjoying life in many and various forms, and of keeping a serene mind as well as a brave heart. Such fruits will ripen even under as cold a shade as that in which Fox so long lived and in which the present Lord Albemarle grew up.

It is true that the sunshine of royalty, though not until a late period derived from the central sun itself, never altogether ceased to illuminate the career of the author of these memoirs. Indeed those of his reminiscences which bear upon his connexion with royalty seem to us the most interesting part of this interesting book. George III. was, as a matter of course, no friend to the house of Keppel. Indeed, according to one of its family traditions, it was a paroxysm of rejoicing at having prevented a transfer of property which Admiral Keppel desired to make to the Duke of Cumberland which constituted the first symptoms of the poor King's subsequent insanity. And already in 1780 His Majesty was believed to have intervened in a Windsor election in which the Admiral was a candidate by canvassing in person on the side of his adversary, and entering the shop of a Keppelite tradesman with the muttered words—"The Queen wants a gown—wants a gown. No Keppel—no Keppel." Concerning the next generation of the Royal Family Lord Albemarle's impressions necessarily differ very widely. The kindly, but, if anything, over-punctual, Duke of Sussex he long attended as Equerry; he was constantly at the Court of King William IV., under whom the fourth Lord of Albemarle was Master of the Horse, thus acting an official part in the famous drama of the drive to the House of Lords; and his last Court service was as Groom-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria. In contrast to the regard and loyalty which Lord Albemarle expresses for these exalted personages are the sentiments which he clearly entertained, but wisely refrains from expressing at unnecessary length, in reference to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV. Unfortunately, he had at a very early period of his life, when a schoolboy at Westminster, gained too close an insight into the Prince's domestic affairs to be able to retain any doubts about them. He was the schoolboy friend and playfellow of Princess Charlotte, to whom his maternal grandmother, the Dowager Lady de Clifford, was governess till driven from her post by an outrageous breach of confidence on the part of the Prince. His father became Mrs. Fitzherbert's trustee for the custody of the documents relating to her marriage; and such of these as still exist Lord Albemarle's brother continues to hold in trust as his father's executor. And in his official position as Equerry to the Duke of Sussex, it was Mr. Keppel's fate to attend a great part of the trial of Queen Caroline, and to keep a watchful eye on much of the secret history of that shameful episode. But when we spoke of the attractiveness of Lord Albemarle's reminiscences of royalty, it was only one personage of royal birth that we had in mind. The Princess Charlotte of these memoirs is the figure which makes them both more personal and more real than any other—a sketch as brimful of life and nature as (*sit venia*) Sir Joshua's Miss Prue herself, with not even the dog missing. We will not mar its completeness by reproducing any fragments of it; but, lest the above comparison should mislead, we may add that no more pathetic and touching tribute has ever been paid to this true-hearted princess than the faithful record of what she was in the eyes of a simple schoolboy, and remains in his memory after more than half a century has passed away.

In his preface Lord Albemarle informs the reader that the present volumes are simply the result of a number of notes jotted down by the author after he had reached the age of seventy, to which time he had thought it safe to defer the beginning of his autobiographical labours. Such being the case, we must congratulate Lord Albemarle on two things. First, if born a Keppel and a Whig, he was also born an admirable teller of good things. Or, if this last gift be due to art as well as nature, its secret is not the less valuable because it admits of analysis. In a good story nine points are made by the way in which the tenth is prepared, nothing being left for addition or explanation afterwards. Lord Albemarle tells his stories one and all after this fashion; and the result is that none of them lose in his hands, whether they be soldiers' stories or sailors', anecdotes of princes and princesses, or reminiscences of the delights of private theatricals, or of the horrors of Westminster School. To have seen much is something, and to have observed it is more; but the freshness of Lord Albemarle's memory is not more striking than the straightforward simplicity of his style, so that he is as entertaining in print as he appears to have been *ore rotundo* when his and Lady Dufferin's gaiety caused Theodore Hook to string fifty or sixty lines on the theme:—

> If any one here is stupid and prosy,
> He has only to look at Nelly and Cosy.

Secondly, Lord Albemarle has provided his autobiography with an introduction which not only itself in a way leads up to and prepares for much of what is to follow, but is worth reading on its own account. The annals of the Keppels of Guelderland, which trace the fortunes of the house up to the knightly line of Van Keppel in the county of Zutphen in the twelfth century, have been put together with sufficient care and spirit. The fuller narrative of the fortunes of the house of Keppel in England has many interesting points, less perhaps in the pages referring to the "boezem vriend" of King William III. and the Duke of Marlborough than in those treating of the second and third Earls. From the papers of the former we here find some noteworthy letters of the ferocious General Hawley, mildly described by Horace Walpole as "clever, with a bias to the brutal," and some curious correspondence with the Pelham brothers, including a letter from the Duke of Newcastle which is chiefly occupied with the merits of a French cook, and ends not less characteristically, "All your secret service [as ambassador at Paris] is paid. The King should know a little *to whom*." But the historical glories of the house of Keppel culminate in the third Earl, favoured, like his predecessor, with the friendship of the Duke of Cumberland, and in his even more famous brother the Admiral, who shared with him and a third brother the chief glory (and the chief profit) of the capture of Havannah. The nation ran wild with rejoicings at this exploit, although Horace Walpole opined that "a Spartan countess would not have had the confidence of my Lady Albemarle without at least one of her sons being knocked on the head." "*The* Admiral" seems to have remained the historical hero of the family; but it is with a still more natural pride that Lord Albemarle reminds his readers that, if "in the last century 'Little Keppel' was the idol of the navy. . . . in these days we have a 'Little Keppel' who is on tolerably good terms with all hands." These introductory records conclude with a singularly frank statement of the motives which led the three famous brothers at an advanced period of life to "toss up which of them should marry"—the result being that the toss was won by the eldest, who died two years afterwards, leaving behind him a son and successor four months old. Warned perhaps by this example of the family spirit, the fourth Earl, when twenty years of age, married a bride of sixteen, in whose descendants we trust may long survive one of the most vigorous growths ever domesticated on English soil and associated with the memories of our later history.

FROM THE HEBRIDES TO THE HIMALAYAS.*

THERE is no conceivable reason why such distant regions should have been connected in these volumes, except that their

* *From the Hebrides to the Himalayas. A Sketch of Eighteen Months' Wanderings in Western Isles and Eastern Highlands.* By Constance F. Gordon Cumming. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1876.

names both begin with the letter H. The population, manners, climate, customs, are utterly dissimilar. It is not necessary to see the Cuchullins in order to appreciate the Himalayas; nor is there any reason why a journey to Calcutta should be preceded by a trip to Skye. It is true that the author makes a series of violent efforts to connect the Eastern Highlands with the Western Isles. Celtic legends are with her irresistibly suggestive of Oriental superstitions; and descriptions of scenery, by no means badly done, are followed by a great deal of borrowed erudition, or, if not borrowed, certainly not at first hand. For instance, the triple peaks of Ben Cruachan, near Oban, furnish material for a dissertation on the Hindu *Trimurti*, or Triad of Deities, and for references to the Sanchi Tope; a serpent mound in the same neighbourhood, of which there is an excellent engraving, leads to a dissertation on snakes for twelve or fourteen pages, ranging from the Bible to Macedonia, Congo, and Cashmere; midges recall a vision of Zeus, the disperser of flies; the tale of an old poacher in Skye sends the author to the Mahabharata in quest of a parallel; and from the recital of a quaint custom of "Burning the Clavie," which, by the way, exists not in the Hebrides at all but on the shores of the Moray Firth, is made the excuse for a laboured description of sun-worship, extending from Mexico to the Garo Hills in Eastern Bengal, and from St. Bridget of Kildare to Mount Aboo in Rajpootana. This sort of thing, resumed at intervals over three hundred and seventy pages, becomes rather tiresome. If there are similarities to be found in the habits of remote and unconnected tribes and nations, if coincidences in surviving customs tend to throw light on the migrations, birthplaces, and starting-points of the various races of the earth, such dissertations would be far better in the form of a learned or a scientific treatise. A work like Mr. Tylor's, or Sir H. Maine's, prepares the reader for extensive inquiry and cautious deduction.

A book of travels through regions abounding in picturesque scenery excites hopes of a different kind. Nor should we be disposed to find fault with explanations of local antiquities, if only they were apposite, correct, and of moderate length. But in these volumes there is enough of Orientalism to swamp half a dozen of the lesser Hebrides, while readers who wish to know something about South Uist or Benbecula may be irritated by a surfeit of scraps of Oriental learning on which it would be unsafe for beginners to rely. One statement, for instance, is made two or three times over, so that it cannot be a mere slip. Throughout Hindostan, Miss Gordon Cumming tells us, "the serpent is adored as one of the *Gram Devtas* or corn-gods, to whom special sacrifices are made at seed-time and harvest." That there are local deities with shrines all over India, at which the agriculturist performs his devotions, is perfectly true. Devata or Deota is a god. But *gram* unluckily means "village" and not "corn." The author, no doubt, has heard the word *gram* constantly used in Indian society, but it denotes the Cicer aretinum, or chick-pea, habitually given to horses, instead of or mixed with oats. The word in this sense, however, is a hybrid, neither English nor Oriental. We should, too, like to know the authority for the statement that "high-class Brahmins will eat wild boars to any extent." There are certain low castes, *Kooras* and others, who will eat the domestic pig, and a sportsman has no difficulty in disposing of the carcases of half a dozen wild hogs slain in a morning's hunting; but certainly the majority of Hindus of the better castes will not look at a dish of this animal. The account of the Holi, a well-known Hindu carnival during which natives throw red powder at each other, is evidently confounded with the Churruk Pooja, or swinging festival, in regard to which latter it may be said that people "erect a sort of May-pole, and dance round it." The Persian festival of the New Year should be the Nau-roz, and not the Nauruz; and the *Lat* or Monolith, which is to be seen at Poori on the shores of the Bay of Bengal, is in front of, and not inside, the Temple of Jagannath. Similar pillars, it is well known, are to be met in the Fort at Allahabad and under the shadow of the Kootub Minar at Delhi. But had the Orissa Lat been within the temple, no *Mlechha*, or outside and profane barbarian, could have had a sight of it. The word *Vetal* or *Betal* is used as if it were the name of some Oriental demon, instead of the Sanskrit word for devil. Every subaltern harassed with examinations while he aims at being adjutant or interpreter of a native regiment knows but too well the Hindu tale of the *Betal-Pachisi*, or "twenty-five stories of a demon." It is scarcely possible that these errors can be due to the failure of the author to correct and revise the proof sheets. But they are more excusable than unnecessary dissertations which spring from a suggestive memory and the practice of discursive reading. Nor is the combination of Asiatic researches and "auld wives' tales" the only fault we have to find with the book. Even the accounts of the Hebrides are not at first hand. It was too stormy for the yacht to traverse the sixty miles that separate Harris from St. Kilda, but that does not hinder the insertion of an account of this rocky islet, with its primitive population supported by exports of feathers and oil. While the materials for this sketch are supplied by Dr. Macculloch and an older traveller named Martin, the accounts of other islands are taken from a series of papers in the *Leisure Hour* for 1865. The author is candid enough to admit her indebtedness to these sources, but it is obvious that the life and spirit of personal adventure must be altogether absent from a narrative so composed. We have once or twice lately had occasion to deprecate such uses of borrowed plumes.

This is the less excusable because Miss Gordon Cumming has shown that she can use pen and pencil most effectively, and that she has the spirit of adventure and the readiness of resources and expedients which we might expect to find in a near relation of the lion-slayer of South Africa. The sketches of Hebridean rocks, lakes, and castles are excellent, and the descriptions of scenes familiar to readers only through the *Lord of the Isles* or the pages of Boswell are lively, faithful, and effective. The customs are so quaint, the civilization is so backward, the climate is so peculiar even for Scotland, that a good deal more might have been made out of a trip performed under such facilities. Even as it is, we are thankful for facts which are apt to escape notice, and for glimpses of places not often seen. Including Bute and Arran, these islands are 490 in number, 120 of which are inhabited. Round some the strong swell of the Atlantic sets in suddenly, in deep channels, making access difficult, or isolating chance tourists for hours and days. Others are connected by fords which can be easily traversed for a time by foot passengers. Vallay is connected with South Uist by an "unbroken beach of hard white sand for two miles." Four miles separate North Uist and Benbecula, made up of reefs of rocks and beds of seaweed, and marked out by beacons, many of which have been swept away. Benbecula, which sounds like a dactylic proper name taken from a mediæval Latin poet, is described as a dreary level of dark peat moss and sodden morass, interspersed with shallow lakes, and relieved by the ancient keep of Borve Castle. But South Uist, except in occasional sunshine, appears to distance all competitors in the race for dreariness and desolation; pitchy lakes, bogs and morasses, and mud huts with bulging walls and perforated roofs forming a picture which even Mayo or Galway could hardly parallel. Barra is a contrast, with its green hills, dark rocks, deep sandy bays, and good pasturage. And Bernera, six miles south of Barra, has a wonderful lighthouse erected on a rampart of granite, which can be seen, it is said, thirty-three miles off; and, lastly, there is Mingalay, rising a thousand feet from the sea, and white with myriads of sea fowl of every species. It may be easily conceived that the lives of the islanders are primitive, and that landholders of a practical and developing turn of mind find here very little scope for employment. The sea contributes quite as much as the land to the maintenance of the aborigines. Cockles and periwinkles and other shellfish are collected at low water in such abundance as to permit the export of twenty or thirty tons a week to London. Lobsters swarm, and oysters are, or were, found in numbers. Sea-fowl are killed, salted, and eaten, and their eggs are exported to Glasgow, not for human consumption, but to produce the peculiar glaze required in chintz manufacture. Trees are no more to be looked for than they were in the days of Dr. Johnson; but the Gulf Stream supplies what the soil will not rear; mahogany logs, masts of wrecked ships, carved wood, and even bamboos, are drifted right across the Atlantic into creeks and bays, where they are pounced on for firewood or even for building purposes. With these come such occasional godsends as bales of cotton and bags of coffee, and it is evident that the innovation of lighthouses is not looked on with unmixed satisfaction by these ill-provided islanders. Such scraps of information impart a value to the first of these volumes, and we could have welcomed more of them in preference to a chapter regarding the escape of Charles Edward. We admit, however, that the narrative of his adventures is brief and well put together. We may conclude our remarks on this part of the voyage by three observations which are not more disconnected than Miss Gordon Cumming's manner of treating her subject. First, we think that if Boswell may be thought somewhat of a toady, "his revered friend" is hardly to be hit off by the epithet "pompous"; next, that the author does not seem very well acquainted with the charming Diary which Scott kept of his tour to the Orkneys and the Hebrides in company with the Commissioners of the Northern Lights, from which Lockhart quoted, though she once refers to it for a very trifling incident in the novelist's life; and, lastly, we appeal to all sportsmen whether it is correct to write of the "low whistle of the curlew." This bird surely utters either a scream or a cry rather than a "whistle," and its note is anything but "low." Certainly Scott himself, who had heard it hundreds of times, wrote in a celebrated passage, "Wild as the scream of the curlew, from crag to crag," &c.

We pass at a stretch from Skye to the Taj Mahal, and are glad that Miss Gordon Cumming has spared us such a worn-out theme as the Overland Route. It is difficult to make out how many months of the eighteen were devoted to the study of Indian life and antiquities, but certainly the author made good use of her time. She saw Agra, Delhi, and Benares; she was present at Lord Mayo's Umballa Durbar, of which she gives a very fair and truthful account; she spent three months in the interior of the Himalayas, taking Simla as her starting-point; and she managed to pay a visit to the sacred Hurdwar, or the Gate of Hari, where the Ganges debouches from the mountains on the plains. Now, though a good deal of this is well known, and though the combined magnificence and poverty of Eastern capitals have just been the theme of a dozen "special" pens, a lady of Miss Gordon Cumming's gifts could hardly see a Brahman at his prayers, up to his waist in the waters of the Ganges, or a corpse undergoing cremation, without recording something worth perusal. Generally speaking, we prefer her own experiences, especially when they are set off by a most artistic pencil, to the dissertations which she bases on the works of other authors, or for which she possibly picked up materials at the table of the Commissioner and the General commanding the division. But there are, as might be expected,

many positive errors, several odd misconceptions, and sundry confident utterances on questions which to this day would cause irreconcilable dissension in a whole circle of learned Pundits. We should not recommend candidates for the Indian Civil Service to place implicit confidence in the historical discovery that Akbar, the founder of Agra and the contemporary of our own Elizabeth, was fourth in descent from Mahomet, or that high-caste bearers instruct the *mehter*, or sweeper, in household duties, with a view to his becoming a bearer or valet in his turn. *Paijammas*, or drawers, are the reverse of "tight," being loose, wide, and flowing. It will be news to many readers that the remarks of Hindus on paintings are "always intelligent and to the point," most Anglo-Indians having heard typical anecdotes of natives, when shown the winner of the Derby, gravely replying, "That, Saheb, is a *jahaz* (ship)." The sculptor of the tomb of the Begum Sumroo at Sirdhana was Tadolini, and not Adamo Tremolo; and the first-named artist used to exhibit some years ago a model of the tomb in his own studio at Rome. Sooray Khoond—it should be Suraj is the spring or fount, and not "the mirror," of the sun. Simla, the Viceroy's shooting-box according to Lord Salisbury, was "invented," not by Lord Amherst, but by Lord William Bentinck. It is as startling to be told that white men and women in India are remarkable for "an extreme laxity of Sunday observance," as that the native "language contains no word equivalent for gratitude." We will undertake to adduce terms from Persian, and from the Hindi and other vernacular languages, to show that natives can express a virtue of which before, during, and after the Mutiny they have given most signal examples. *Khudrow*, as applied to the resinous drops of the pine, can hardly mean "honey tears" in any native language. We take the term to be Persian, and to mean "wild" or "spontaneous," which is much more to the point. We are not quite sure about English ladies having to cover their heads with a shawl in the presence of the King of Delhi, nor is it necessary to imagine that a native with russet locks had dyed his glossy black hair. Occasionally high-caste natives and foreigners from Central Asia display red hair and fair complexions, and a Bengali Sudra with a red moustache, and even Albino children, have been seen and examined by competent and skilled officers in Lower Bengal. No native, we think, was ever known by the sweet and endearing appellation of Lullabhy. Probably Lalla or Lakhi Bhai may have been meant. We recently had an animated description of the Prince of Wales, Jung Bahadur, and all the royal suite running away from a wild elephant, which was finally chased and caught by the tame animals. But what is this to the story of a gentleman who informed the author that a rogue elephant had pursued him "for several miles" as he was seated on his own elephant, but that it had eventually to beat a retreat when he struck some lucifer matches out of a box. We must protest also against the introduction of the story of a Brahmin, his goat, and three rogues, as new. Macaulay long ago headed his review of Mr. Montgomery's poems with this very old tale, and by it pointed his warning against puffers of bad literature.

However, our criticism must not be one-sided, and we are glad to finish by drawing attention to some part of the second volume which are as good as the descriptions of Uist and Benbecula. There is one picture of a Himalayan sunset which is gorgeous and true, and another of an inundation which is not in excess of the truth. A Buddhist temple on the confines of Chinese Tartary is well described and illustrated; and Benares affords an opportunity for an exposition of the leading doctrines of the Brahmins and their rites, which has the merit of correctly compressing a great subject into a moderate space. Exceptions might no doubt be taken to some facts as questionable, or to some definitions as too narrow or too sweeping, but the leading points in the creed of that extraordinary aristocracy are correctly set down. Sir W. Jones, in his translation of Manu, made the curious blunder (for him) of translating the word Brahman by "Priest." Miss Gordon Cumming has at once apprehended the striking truth that the right of this caste to social predominance is founded on other considerations than religious teaching; that they enter various secular professions; that they claim to be lords temporal as well as spiritual over meaner Hindus; that their own divisions are infinite; and that a Sudra Raja owning ten thousand villages, or a banker who could lend the Government a million at a pinch, will bow down with reverence before the poor Brahmin whom he has just presented with a change of raiment and a bonus of five rupees. Such a dissertation at Benares is a fitting appendage to a lively picture of the Holy City with its bathers and its bulls; and, with this, we wish the author success in her present expedition to the Fiji Islands.

TAIT'S RECENT ADVANCES IN PHYSICAL SCIENCE.*

THIS volume of lectures might be truly, and yet not quite fairly, described as of a popular kind. The name of "popular science" is in itself a doubtful and somewhat invidious one, being commonly taken to mean the superficial exposition of results by a speaker or writer who himself understands them imperfectly, to the intent that his hearers or readers may be able to talk about them without understanding them at all. Professor Tait's teaching has nothing whatever in common with discourse of this kind. Indeed he not only rebukes it by example, but once or twice goes out of his way to denounce it in terms with almost needless emphasis. Neither does he set himself to make science popular in a higher sense, as some of our leading workers have done and are doing, by investing it with the charms of literature while preserving scientific exactness, and thereby awakening and winning the interest and intelligence of educated people at large. These addresses were given for a special purpose, and to a special audience of persons who did not want to be attracted to learning, but had come asking for it. Yet they are, in virtue of that same purpose, given *ad populum*, not *ad clerum*; they were spoken, and are published, for the benefit, chiefly at least, of laymen. Their object is to give an account, free from minute and technical treatment, but precise as far as it goes, of the leading results of what may be specially called modern physical science, and the methods by which they have been reached. Any one who has even a moderate knowledge of the subject will be aware that this is a task which only a master-hand should attempt; and there will be little doubt, we think, among the few who are really entitled to pass judgment on the execution of it that, notwithstanding a certain roughness in form, due to the manner in which the work was produced, the master-hand is here apparent.

The central and dominant theme of the book is the modern doctrine of Energy, now for some time well established in knowledge, but only just taking its due place in the process of learning. Till within a very few years the recognition of it in the current text-books of mathematical physics was of the most meagre kind, partly because of the natural inertia of established methods of teaching—or let us for once enjoy the luxury of an obsolete and misleading form of speech and say *vis inertiæ*—partly because new conceptions cannot at once be taken into elementary instruction, but must wait until the use of words has been made precise and adequate, which may be, and in this case has been, a rather long time. On this last point of the definition of the vocabulary, as distinct from the establishment of the facts on which the doctrine itself depends, we could wish that Professor Tait had found room to say somewhat more. The history and connexion of the discoveries are clearly given, but it is not shown when or by whom it was ascertained that these discoveries involved an extensive change in the current mode of approaching physical conceptions, and that all this time the books which follow the letter of Newton's words had been blind to the spirit of much of his work. For not the least interesting part of the earlier lectures of the series is that which tells us how very close Newton came to grasping the truth of the Conservation of Energy in its most general form, which he failed to do simply for lack of experimental knowledge which was not then to be had, and how free his own statements were from the weakness and confusion that crept into modern repetitions of them. However, we must be content as it is with noting the changes, at first sight almost startling, which have now, at any rate, been found to be wrought in the first notions of physics as formerly presented. Within the first twenty pages we are told that Energy has as much claim as Matter to be regarded as a really existing thing; while Force is merely a word which for the present affords us the means of describing events in which the real thing Energy is concerned in a more compendious way than we could otherwise do, but whose final resting-place will probably be the limbo "which has already received the Crystal Spheres of the Planets and the Four Elements," and other such matters.

The lecture goes on to describe the several steps by which the Conservation of Energy was established as a settled maxim of physics. He notices Rumford's observations on the conversion of work into heat by friction, which for a long time remained strangely neglected, the more definite experiments of Colding and Joule, and the theoretical argument of Helmholtz, which however rests, as Professor Tait points out, in one of its alternative forms on a hypothetical postulate about the constitution of matter—and to that extent, therefore, is purely speculative—and in the other on the experimental postulate of the impossibility of a perpetual motion, which has long since been inferred as a fact from the failure of all attempts to construct one. All these paths converge at last upon the general truth "that all physical phenomena" (including "everything which is really physical in life") "are necessarily transformations of energy of some kind or other"; where, it seems not superfluous to remark, *energy* is not a word taken at random from common usage, and used in its common sense, but is an exact term of physical science, and can be understood only by becoming familiar with its scientific use, and with the scientific bearing of the facts in whose description it is employed. The process is of course given in outline only; but any reader who can attentively follow it as here given will be enabled to perceive clearly that the Conservation of Energy is altogether a matter of physical experience, and that there is no sort of *à priori* road to it; a warning which appears to be needed by a considerable number of readers, and even by some philosophers. The special region in which the doctrine was first made certain is that of thermodynamics. We can barely glance at Professor Tait's lucid, though condensed, account of Carnot's discoveries in this quarter, and their various consequences, among which the most startling to a novice in such inquiries is perhaps the construction of an absolute scale of temperature—that is, a scale whose zero represents a total deprivation of heat; the absolute zero is found to be approximately 274° centigrade below the freezing point of water.

There goes along with the Conservation of Energy another no less important fact, which is often overlooked; this is the dissi-

* *Lectures on some Recent Advances in Physical Science.* By P. G. Tait, M.A., &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

pation, or, as Professor Tait prefers to call it, the degradation of energy. Energy is said to be more or less available according as it is more or less capable of being further transformed; in other words, as it is more or less fit to do useful work. Now, not only is the transformation of energy constantly going on, but, after every transformation, the energy is on the whole less available than it was before. "There is a tendency for the useful energy . . . to run down in the scale." Thus there is no limit to the possibility of turning work into heat; but we cannot reverse the process and turn back all the heat into work. Even with the best engine that is physically possible—much more with any that exists—about one-fourth at best of the heat employed is converted into useful work. The rest is sent out in the form of heat, but at a lower temperature, and is ultimately dispersed into space, whence, so far as we know, it cannot be recovered and restored to any higher form. The like results appear in other branches of physics, so that on the whole we find that energy is constantly being frittered down into less transformable modes, and (assuming the physical laws as now known to be constant in time and space) that all the energy in the universe will ultimately be frittered away into diffused heat, and the universe be reduced to an inert mass at a uniform temperature, out of which no more work can possibly be got, it being a necessary condition for getting any work whatever out of heat that there should be at least two bodies at different temperatures. Thus there is no escape from the conclusion that the physical constitution of the known universe, or of any given part of it, such as the solar system, is not stable or permanent.

A set of more detailed, though still of course approximate, results is obtained by a more particular application of the modern conceptions derived from the doctrine of Energy to the earth's history as a member of the solar system. This leads in part to a field of recent controversy upon which we cannot enter; but we must call special attention to the very clear and interesting exposition of the sources of terrestrial energy. We are constantly degrading energy which cannot be restored; converting energy of position into energy of motion, and energy of motion from higher to lower forms; work is frittered down into heat, and the heat ultimately scattered into cosmical space. Whence then does all the energy come which is thus used up? Animals are enabled to do work by taking in potential energy in food, and this is finally traceable to the stored-up energy of plants; and the plant nourishes itself by working up with other things the carbonic acid given out by animals, restoring to the air in the course of the process the oxygen that has been consumed by them:—

> Now, it is quite obvious that if plants were not assisted by some external supply of energy, here would be something equivalent to the perpetual motion on the grandest conceivable scale. If the plant were capable, merely by its own peculiar organisation, of taking the ashes as it were of the fuel burnt in the animal engine, and working them up again into fit and proper food, without external assistance, then that process might go on indefinitely—the animal all the time, remember, giving out animal heat and doing muscular work.
>
> This would be the perpetual motion on a scale never contemplated even by the perpetual motionists. It is obvious then that in order to escape from our difficulty—no less than a contradiction in terms of what we know to be a physical law—there must be some source of energy which the plant draws upon in order to help it to work up that carbonic acid, etc., and store up the available part of it as food for the animal.

That source of energy is the sun, which, according to the only probable hypothesis that can be formed, has in turn acquired its present immense abundance of kinetic energy by the falling together of its component parts.

Three lectures are assigned to the head of spectrum analysis, which, although scarcely twenty years old, is now a branch of physics of the utmost importance and of ever-increasing range of application. Before the days of the spectroscope it seemed merely chimerical to expect any knowledge of the physical constitution of the sun and stars beyond what might be precariously derived from conjectural analogies. We can now affirm with perfect confidence the presence of many known elements in the luminous atmospheres of these bodies; and, what seems at first sight incredible, we can obtain not only qualitative results of this sort, but quantitative evidence of motions which could in no other way be observed. One much vexed question which seems likely to yield to this method is that of the nature of comets. A really good opportunity for observation is still awaited; in the meantime, and by the light of such observations as have been made, Professor Tait has put forward a wonderfully simple and ingenious hypothesis, to the effect that a comet is nothing else than a cloud of meteoric stones.

Another lecture, too closely packed and comparatively too technical to admit of our saying more of it here, deals with the conduction of heat; and the last two are on the structure of matter. Under this head Sir William Thomson's beautiful conception of vortex-atoms is introduced and illustrated. Helmholtz has shown that, if a vortex-ring exists in a perfect fluid, it is absolutely indestructible:—

> Do what you like: bring the edge of the keenest knife up to it as rapidly as you please, it cannot be cut; it simply moves away from or wriggles round the knife; and, in this sense, it is literally an atom. It is a thing which cannot be cut: not that you cannot cut it; but that you cannot so much as get at it so as to try to cut it.

At the same time, if you have a perfect fluid with no vortex-ring in it, no such ring can be produced. The perfection here attributed to the fluid is a mathematical ideal, involving among other things a total freedom from friction, and of course cannot be observed in nature; still the characteristic properties of vortex-rings in their simplest forms can be approximately shown in the manner described by Professor Tait by producing such rings in air previously filled with smoke in order to make the rings visible. The nature of a vortex-ring is better described by a figure than by words, but may be stated thus:—Let there be a cylinder rotating uniformly about its axis; and suppose the cylinder perfectly flexible. Now let the ends of the cylinder be brought together and united, either directly, so as to make a circular or oval ring, or after tying the cylinder in any kind of knot you please; and let the rotation be kept up all the while. The rotating coil thus formed is a vortex-ring. Sir William Thomson's hypothesis is that the atoms of matter are nothing else than vortex-rings formed in a space-pervading fluid. "Thus this property of rotation" (giving a permanent individuality to each vortex-ring) "may be the basis of all that to our senses appeals as matter." Professor Tait is careful to point out that this is at present in the stage of pure speculation; but the speculation is a splendid one, and of the kind most eminently fitted to stimulate and to guide research.

There is one point in which we venture to think the book might have been made more useful. Professor Tait has eschewed mathematics throughout, but the wisdom of such an absolute rule seems doubtful. Audiences and readers who are capable of grasping such things as, for instance, the graphical method employed in Watt's "Indicator Diagram," can hardly be incapable of following elementary work with symbols; and the introduction of a small proportion of such work might have improved the earlier lectures in definition. It would be possible, as they stand, to miss seeing that the laws dealt with are laws of exact measurement, nor are we sufficiently told how the quantities are in fact measured. The measure of energy of position is indeed given incidentally in stating the dynamical equivalent of heat, but we cannot find that the measure of energy of motion is explicitly given at all.

Another thing which seems fair matter of comment even for a layman is the great severity of Professor Tait's judgments on investigators who, though they got valuable results, did not get them by accurate reasoning. It is natural for a worker who practises extreme accuracy himself to expect it in others; but if such measure as Professor Tait metes every now and then, in apportioning the merit of the discoveries of thermodynamics, were meted all round, it would go hard with more than one familiar name. It is notorious that even in pure mathematics there are many theorems of great importance of which no complete or satisfactory proof, or sometimes no proof at all, was given by the men who first enunciated them, and whose names they have always borne. But the credit of the discoverers has never been thought to be materially diminished by this. It has been well said that what is now proved was only once imagined. He does best who can both imagine and prove, but he deserves praise also who imagines rightly, though he leave others to prove, or even make mistaken attempts at furnishing proof of his own. As a corrective to some of Professor Tait's criticisms, we may cite the following words of Professor Clerk-Maxwell's:—"The true seat of science is not in the volume of Transactions, but in the living mind, and the advancement of science consists in the direction of men's minds into a scientific channel; whether this is done by the announcement of a discovery, the assertion of a paradox, the invention of a scientific phrase, or the exposition of a system of doctrine. It is for the historian of science to determine the magnitude and direction of the impulse communicated by either of these means to human thought."

MISS YONGE'S STORIES OF GREEK HISTORY.*

IF we criticize Miss Yonge's book in some detail, and if we find some faults in the course of so doing, we trust that she will look on the one process as on the other as really a tribute of respect. We remember years ago a book of Mrs. Trimmer's on the same subject with which we could not have found any fault at all. We do not speak of finding fault when we simply laugh from beginning to end. The one passage of Mrs. Trimmer which we can quote without book is that "the little Spartans never said they could not eat fat, or asked for nice bits." Miss Yonge, even in writing "for the little ones," and in writing something which is clearly meant to do the little ones good, does not point her moral in so inartistic a way as this. Yet Mrs. Trimmer enjoyed a reputation in her own day which was perhaps equal to that which Miss Yonge enjoys in ours. The difference between the two writers in the treatment of Greek history or of anything else marks the difference between the two ages, and the advance by which it is now possible to be good without being *goody*. We do not say that Miss Yonge has quite reached the standard of a critical history, and it would be easy to make a rather long list of particular slips in detail. But this set of "Aunt Charlotte's Stories" is a wonderful advance upon anything that any Aunt Charlotte could have written in the days of Mrs. Trimmer, or even at a much later time. It is good enough to make us wish that it had been better. It goes a long way towards winning our heart when we come to a History of Greece on any scale which does not end at any of the conventional points which even graver historians have hitherto as yet always outgrown, but of which the first chapter is headed Olympus, while the last records the unhappy event at Marathon a few years back. This is at least a step towards the right thing, a step towards the history, not merely of the land of Greece, but of the

* *Aunt Charlotte's Stories of Greek History for the Little Ones.* By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: Marcus Ward & Co. 1876.

people of the Greeks in all places and all ages. Miss Yonge has even got so far as to grasp that most mysterious and difficult truth that Achaia did not become a Roman province in B.C. 146. We turn over the last fifty pages, and we find chapters on Greece under the Roman Empire, the Frank Conquest, the Venetian Conquest, the War of Independence, the Kingdom of Greece. All this marks an advance which some years back no one could have looked for, and it is cheering to find that it has made its way into a child's book, while it is still far from having always made its way into books of much greater pretension. Miss Yonge has in truth come nearer than some great scholars, German and English, to grasping the true position of the Greek people in the history of the world. To have done this is so great a merit that we can unhesitatingly set it against all the mere slips in names, minute facts, and the like, which we have noticed in the book, though we are bound to say that there are more of them than there need have been. We speak of course of slips of that class which can be corrected. With the former part of the book we have to find a graver fault, against which it will be still more needful to set the real merits of the latter part in the balance. We must say that Miss Yonge's treatment of the purely mythical part of her story is one which goes on an inherent misconception which could not be set right by any correction in detail.

To take one point, which certainly might be corrected in detail by going through the whole book and making changes in a large proportion of its pages, Miss Yonge has most unluckily taken the backward step of calling the Greek gods by the Latin names which are supposed to answer to them. We really thought that we had got beyond this stage of things. We might perhaps endure to see Zeus called by the English form of his name *Tiw*, but we had really thought that the pre-scientific fashion of calling him *Jupiter* was long ago dead and buried. Miss Yonge's excuse is that "the common Latin titles of the gods and goddesses have, by long use, really come to be their English names, and English literature at least will be better understood by calling the King of Olympus Jupiter, than by becoming familiar with him first as Zeus." If this be so, English literature will be better understood at the cost of comparative mythology not being understood at all. Everything lies in that one word "first." When the pupil has first become familiar with the chief god of the Hellenic mythology by his own name, then let him be taught as soon as any one chooses that that name answers to Latin Jovis and English Tiw—that the Latin writers transferred the acts of the Greek Zeus to their own Jupiter, and the name of their own Jupiter to the Greek Zeus—that, till scientific mythology was the right of writers in all modern languages did the same. Such a process as this would be quite enough for the understanding of English literature, while it would not sacrifice scientific mythology to it. The distinction must be made in the interest alike of the Greek and of the Latin mythology. The confusion vulgarizes both, and wipes out the distinctive character of both. As Lord Lytton said long ago, it is hard to charge so grave and respectable a deity as Jupiter Optimus Maximus with the carrying off of Europa, and other like pranks of the Greek Zeus. Then as to the myths themselves, we are not at all clear that these tales ought to be told at the beginning of Greek history as part of Greek history. Should they not rather come when something of the true history is already known, as the belief of those who were the actors in that history? We would not positively rule this point; but we are quite sure that, at whatever stage they are told, they should be told as Mr. Cox has told them, and not as Miss Yonge has told them. A legend and a piece of true history should be told in two quite different ways. It is possible to tell a legend in a way which is perfectly simple, and yet not vulgar or undignified in any way. We cannot think that Miss Yonge has hit the right way of telling such a tale. Thus she says that "Saturn was said to have had the bad habit of eating up his children as fast as they were born, till at last his wife Rhea—who should be Ops, if we are to talk about Saturn—" contrived to give him a stone in swaddling clothes, and while he was biting this hard morsel Jupiter was saved from him." Presently we read, with an odd mixture of later astronomical notions, "Poor old Saturn, after the silver age, had to go into retirement, with only his own star, the planet Saturn, left to him." It is also, we think, a mistake to be constantly dragging in Scriptural references—Javan, the son of Japhet, and the like—and it is an odd style of chronology, after telling the heroic legends, to add, "All these heroes of whom we have been telling, lived, if they lived at all, about the time of the Judges of Israel." It is far safer to attempt nothing at all in the way of chronology till really trustworthy dates can be had. The heroes too, as well as the gods, are entitled to a certain respect in the way of telling their tales. It is not pleasant to read, within the space of a single page, of "poor old Priam," "poor Creusa," "Hector's poor little son," and "poor old Hecuba." And though Sophocles has made us accustomed to a good deal of howling and shrieking, one does not like to read how Philoctetes was left behind "because the poor man had a wound in his heel, which was in such a dreadful state that no one could bear to come near him." Miss Yonge moreover places the scene of his sufferings in Tenedos instead of Lemnos. The whole Trojan story is robbed of its poetry by the kind of treatment which it here meets with. We wish for Mr. Cox to tell the story in every page, and we gladly turn to the latter part of the book, where Miss Yonge is far more at home with Don John and Francesco Morosini than she is with the heroes. Mr. Keightley told the legends in one way, Mr. Kingsley in another, and Mr. Cox in a third. All three ways are good; but the way in which Miss Yonge has chosen to tell them is one which at once confounds legend and history, and takes the whole life out of legend. And we are the more surprised at this, because she shows in many places that the great outlines of mythological science are by no means unknown to her.

When Miss Yonge gets into authentic history, her way of dealing with it is much more to the purpose. A little of the old conventional pre-Grotian prejudice about the Athenian democracy may here and there be faintly seen, but it is very faintly. On the whole, she does far more justice to the great commonwealth than is usual in books of the kind. Indeed, the whole of the strictly historical part is an advance on any of the kind which we remember to have seen. Miss Yonge is clearly much more at home with facts than with fables; she understands them better and tells them better. The slips which we meet with here and there might easily be corrected. Thus, Æsop the fabulist is made an Egyptian, which is perhaps a careless inference from the story of Rhodôpis in Herodotus. Several birth-places are, as usual, attributed to him, but none of them is in Egypt. It is more important when among the illustrations, which form on the whole a very good part of the book, a cut which is surely meant for the Lion Gate at Mykênê is lettered "Ancient Remains at Athens." There are a good many things of this kind to correct; but, as we before said, they are of the class of mistakes which can be corrected, while the fault of treatment in the mythical part is inherent, and no improvement in detail can set it right. It is another kind of fault when the very doubtful story about Alexander's visit to Jerusalem, as told by Josephus, is brought in as if it were quite as certain as his three great battles. This of course is part of the same tendency as the references to Javan and the like. There is an evident wish to bring in Scriptural or other Hebrew talk whenever there is a chance. On the other hand, to bring in the New Testament narrative of the preaching of St. Paul at Philippi, Athens, and Corinth is quite to the purpose. That is really a part of Grecian history. We will not commit ourselves to Miss Yonge's theory as to the silence of the oracles or as to the death of the great Pan. But, whether St. Andrew was really put to death in Achaia or not, his connexion with Achaia is a part of Grecian history; for, at all events in the belief of the Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus, his head did great things at Patrai against the Slaves.

There are then some serious faults in "Aunt Charlotte's Stories," and we should strongly counsel the striking out of the whole of the mythical part. We doubt whether Miss Yonge could in any case deal with it successfully. The merit of the book lies at the other end, in the full grasp of the fact that Grecian history is a living thing going on to our time.

THE HAND OF ETHELBERTA.*

IN the description on the title-page of Mr. Hardy's new book, "A Comedy in Chapters," there is something of the affectation which we noted with some dislike in his last production; and we are the less surprised after reading this announcement to find that this unwelcome quality runs more or less through *The Hand of Ethelberta*, which title, it may be observed, has in itself a kind of deliberate oddity. It must be admitted that reasons of various kinds can be found for Mr. Hardy's having borrowed for his work a title from the stage. One is, that some of the situations and dialogues are conceived, as we may proceed to show by instances, in the true spirit of comedy. Another reason less creditable to the author's judgment is that the characters often resemble figures who upon the stage might come in and out, utter quaint sayings, amuse an audience by their bewilderment at events to which the spectator has a key, and by the aid of costume and appearance make each for himself some kind of individuality. These helps to identification are necessarily absent in the pages of a book, and it is also difficult to convey in type, without irritating the reader, such a trick of manner as is, we suppose, intended by Mr. Ladywell's constant "ha-ha," out of which a clever actor might easily enough make capital. It is hard to gain any very clear notion or to make a very consistent figure of Mr. Hardy's central character, Ethelberta herself. The daughter of a butler so attached to his employment that he will not leave it, who finds herself by a whim of chance cast into good society in which she holds a place on condition of keeping aloof from her family, and who afterwards, when money fails her, by turning her cleverness into an original channel becomes a fashionable personage and goes out to dinner at a house where her father stands behind her chair, might no doubt do and say many strange things. An author prepares many difficulties for himself when he invents such a character, and it is not surprising that Mr. Hardy should fail to inspire a reader with any strong belief in Ethelberta's existence.

When Ethelberta first appears—that is in the first page of the book—we are told that she was christened after an infant of title whom her mother nursed, that having grown up and been well educated she became a governess and was married to a son of Lady Petherwin, who died of a chill caught on the wedding tour. After this Lady Petherwin "took by the hand the forlorn Ethelberta, who seemed rather a detached bride than a widow," whatever that may mean, and Mrs. Petherwin became her constant companion, on the understanding that her poor relations were to be kept out of sight and hearing. For the purposes of his story

* *The Hand of Ethelberta: a Comedy in Chapters.* By Thomas Hardy, Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1876.

Mr. Hardy finds it necessary to represent Mrs. Petherwin—a butler's daughter, with various brothers and sisters some of whom are artisans, and some of whom subsequently become her own servants—as an accomplished gentlewoman. Such a thing is not impossible, and the author has succeeded in providing a good deal of entertainment for his readers out of the situation he puts before them. At the same time one is apt to get irritated not only at the unreality of which we have spoken as attaching to Ethelberta herself, but at a certain air of improbability which runs through the book; and the irritation is great in proportion to the evidence which Mr. Hardy gives of possessing undoubted and original power with his pen. There is a certain quality, which seems to have some share both of affectation and carelessness, which has been observed in some of Mr. Hardy's former work, and which is yet more observable here. At the opening of the book there is a dialogue between an ostler and a milkman who see Ethelberta passing, some of which is in the author's best manner, which, as all his readers are aware, is very good. But in the midst of it one's enjoyment is disturbed by coming upon such a speech as this from the ostler:—

Ay, the toppermost class now-a-days have left off the use of wheels for the good of their constitutions, so they traipse and walk for many years up foreign hills, where you can see nothing but snow and fogs, till there's no more left to walk up; and if they reach home alive and ha'nt got too old and weared out, they walk and see a little of their own parishes.

It would be rash to assert that no ostler in a country inn could make such a speech as this; but it is certain that the ideas seem to a reader to belong rather to the author than to the man who is supposed to utter them. At the end of the conversation in which this occurs there is an excellent touch:—

"Faith, I don't know the woman's maiden name, though she said to me 'Good evening, John;' but I had no memory of ever seeing her afore—no, no more than the dead inside church-hatch—where I shall soon be likewise—I had not. 'Ay, my nabs,' I think to myself, 'more know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows.'"

"More know Tom Fool—what rambling old canticle is it you say, hostler?" enquired the milkman, lifting his ear. "Let's have it again—a good saying well spit out is a Christmas fire to my withered heart. More know Tom Fool—"

"Than Tom Fool knows," said the hostler.

"Ah! That's the very feeling I've feeled over and over again, hostler, but not in such gifted language. 'Tis a thought I've had in me more or less for years, and never could lick into shape! O-ho-ho-ho! Splendid! Say it again, hostler, say it again! To hear my own poor notion that had no name brought into form like that—I wouldn't ha' lost it for the world! More know Tom Fool than—than—h-ho-ho-ho-ho!"

"Don't let your cheerful soul break out in such a heathen uproar, for heaven's sake, or folk will surely think you've been laughing at the lady and gentleman. Well, here's at it again—Night t'ee, Michael." And the hostler went on with his sweeping.

"Night t'ee, hostler, I must move too," said the milkman, shouldering his yoke, and walking off; and there reached the inn in a gradual diminuendo, as he receded up the street, shaking his head convulsively, "More know—Tom Fool—than Tom Fool—ho-ho-ho-ho-ho!"

Ethelberta, having passed out of sight of the milkman and ostler, goes for a walk, which ends in a run to see the finish of a race between a duck and a hawk, on a heath near the town; and we may quote a passage describing her progress as an instance of Mr. Hardy's close observation and also of a carelessness in composition which is not common in his writing:—

Her stateliness went away, and it could be forgiven for not remaining; for her feet suddenly became as quick as fingers, and she raced along over the uneven ground with such force of tread that, being a woman slightly heavier than gossamer, her patent heels punched little D's in the soil with unerring accuracy wherever it was bare, crippled the heather-twigs where it was not, and sucked the swampy places with a sound of quick kisses.

On her way back she meets a certain Christopher Julian who has been, and still is, in love with her. Ethelberta inspires various people with various forms of love in the course of the book, and Julian is apparently intended to represent the simple and romantic form; but unfortunately it is impossible to take any deep interest in him; he is a less improbable and incoherent person than Ethelberta herself by reason of his exceeding vapidness, and that is about all that can be said of him. Circumstances bring him and Ethelberta together continually; they meet, but without speaking, for the first time after their encounter on the heath, at a dance in a country house. Julian's family has had reverses, and he, who has turned a musical talent to account, is sent for to play dance-music. We touch upon this incident not for the sake of any bearing that it has upon the story, but because in its narration occur some striking examples of Mr. Hardy's besetting faults of giving incongruous dialogue to his characters, and going far out of his way for laboured similes. A servant has been sent with a trap to fetch Julian, and as they go to the house the musician asks if it is a large party, and the servant replies:—

"No, sir; it is what we call a dance—that is, 'tis like a ball you know, on a small scale—a ball on a spurt, that you never thought of till you had it. In short, it grew out of a talk at dinner, I believe, and some of the young people present wanted a jig, and didn't care to play themselves, you know, young ladies being an idle class of society at the best of times."

A little later on, the same servant, explaining a bas-relief of a battle-piece built into the wall of the house, says:—"When I am in one of my meditations as I wait here with the carriage sometimes, I think how many more get killed at the moment of victory than at the moment of defeat—'tis one of the contradictions of nature." Again, describing the appearance of the ball-room when the light of day is let in upon it, the author writes:—"Christopher turned his back upon the window, and there were the hitherto beaming candle-flames shining no more radiantly than tarnished javelin-heads, while the snow-white lengths of wax showed themselves clammy and cadaverous as the fingers of a woman who does nothing." The simile here is both artificial and untrue. Julian's next meeting with Ethelberta is in an open space in a wood, where he finds her surrounded by two young mechanics and several children, to whom she is telling an exciting story. Between this meeting and the last she has gained some fame as a poetess, and has also, by the death of Lady Petherwin, been thrown upon her own resources for a living. She has a peculiar talent for story-telling, which she is going to exercise in public; and the scene upon which Julian came was a rehearsal. She carries out her intention with success, becomes one of the topics of a London season, and at the same time adopts the singular plan of setting up house with her brothers and sisters as her servants.

Among the many people who aspire to the "hand of Ethelberta" there are two with the somewhat improbable names of Neigh and Ladywell. Neither of these characters is worked out with proper care; but between them some of the most amusing scenes in the book take place. Ladywell, a vain young painter, likes nothing so well as to talk about his passion for Ethelberta, and always selects Neigh as a confiding friend, ignorant that he also is a victim of Mrs. Petherwin. At the end of one of Ethelberta's public appearances the two walk homewards together. After some conversation:—

"How do you really stand with her?" said Neigh, with an anxiety ill concealed.

"Off and on; neither one thing nor the other. I was determined to make an effort the last time she sat to me, and so I met her quite coolly, and spoke only of technicalities with a forced smile—you know that way of mine for drawing people out, eh, Neigh?"

"Quite, quite."

"A forced smile, as much as to say, 'I am obliged to entertain you, but as a mere model for art purposes.' But the deuce a bit did she care. And then I frequently looked to see what time it was, as the end of the sitting drew near—rather a rude thing to do, as a rule."

"Of course. But that was your *finesse*."

Presently Ladywell observes that it would comfort him if Neigh were in such another hole, to which Neigh replies:—

"But what if your fellow-sufferer is not only in another such hole, but in the same one."

"No, Neigh—never. Don't trifle with a friend who——"

"That is refused like yourself, as well as in love."

"Ah! Thanks, thanks. It suddenly occurred to me that we might be dead against one another as rivals, and a friendship of many long—days be snapped like a reed."

The list of Ethelberta's admirers is presently increased by Lord Mountclere, an aged nobleman, who, as we learn in an absurdly impossible scene between him and his valet, is in the habit of taking in *Le Follet* and various other fashion-books, for the sake of looking at the faces of the women portrayed in them. One of the best scenes in the book is one to which we could not do justice by partial extracts, which occurs when Neigh and Ladywell run up against each other at the Hôtel Beau Séjour at Rouen. They have both come there to see Ethelberta, and they discover at the same time that Lord Mountclere, who is also there, is likely to be preferred to them. Here is the end of the scene:—

"She told me she would give me an answer in a month," said Ladywell, emotionally.

"So she told me," said Neigh.

"And so she told him," said Ladywell.

"And I have no doubt she will keep her word to him in her usual precise manner."

"But see what she implied to me! I distinctly understood from her that the answer would be favourable."

"So did I."

"So does he."

"And he is sure to be the one who gets it, since only one of us can. Well I wouldn't marry her for love, money, nor——"

"Increase."

"Exactly: I would not. 'I'll give you an answer in a month'—to all three of us! For God's sake let's sit down here and have something to drink."

They drew up a couple of chairs to one of the tables of a wine-shop close by, and shouted to the waiter with the vigour of persons going to the dogs. Here, behind the horizontal headed trees that dotted this part of the quay, they sat over their bottles denouncing womankind till the sun got low down upon the river, and the houses on the farther side began to be toned by a blue mist. At last they rose from their seats and departed, Neigh to dine and consider his route, and Ladywell to take the train for Dieppe.

The end of the complication between Ethelberta and her lovers is not much more probable than the beginning, and one lays down the book with a mixture of feelings. One cannot but admire the original force which is evident enough in Mr. Hardy's work, and one cannot help being a little put out at his having misapplied it. The book is full of faults, but their existence has not shaken the belief which we have long entertained, that Mr. Hardy is capable of making himself a place in the first rank of novelists. Only to do that he must, it seems to us, abandon such out-of-the-way subjects as he has chosen in the *Hand of Ethelberta*. Mr. Hardy has rare qualities—a keen observation of nature, a knowledge of country life and its ways that George Sand might envy, and, as he proved in his last book, a tragic force which few writers possess. We cannot but think that the *Hand of Ethelberta*, amusing as it is, is hardly worthy of its author's powers.

BANCROFT'S NATIVE RACES OF THE PACIFIC.—VOL. V.*

BEFORE we speak more particularly of the contents of this volume, it is but just to Mr. Bancroft to say that he has worthily

* *The Native Races of the Pacific States of North America.* By Herbert Howe Bancroft. Vol. V. Primitive History. London: 1876.

carried out a great design. He has gone patiently through the vast masses of matter, and worked his way through the multitude of volumes, relating to the political, social, and religious condition and fortunes of the Maya and Nahua peoples of Central America, has carefully examined their dialects, their architectural remains, their sculpture, and their plastic arts. He has thus brought together within manageable compass all the information forthcoming on these subjects to which any importance can be attached; and he has done this with a commendable abstention from theorizing. The promise that he would avoid it altogether was one which we could scarcely expect him to keep to the letter; and in this last volume he has approached that part of his subject in which the effort to keep to it at all would be subjected to the severest strain.

It must be confessed that this pressure has not been resisted as persistently as it might have been; and the result is a volume much of which looks like the work of a man who either has not carefully studied the laws of evidence or has been afraid of applying them in the instances before him. Briefly, he has had to deal with the so-called history of a multitude of nations, a history stretching back professedly over millenniums, crowded with miracles, prodigies, and portents, and exhibiting a fertile crop of inconsistencies and flat contradictions. Such traditions it was manifestly well worth while to relate; but they should have been related precisely as they have been given by the native writers or by the European conquerors, without a word of comment. Mr. Bancroft has thought that, by sifting and simplifying them, he can get at certain general conclusions which may throw light on the growth and decay of these American tribes—in other words, that he can separate grains of truth from beds of tradition, or, it may be, of fiction. Nor is he content to do this only with traditions relating to times not long preceding the Spanish invasions. He has no hesitation in applying the method to legends going back to a time which for Mexico, Palenque, and Copan would answer to the days of the Argonauts and the Herakleids in the old Achaian land: and here we need only ask the simple question why a method should be applied to American history which, by universal consent, has been abandoned by those who examine the early history of the nations whether of ancient or of modern Europe.

At the outset, however, Mr. Bancroft feels himself called on to deal with the earlier problem of the origin of these American tribes; and every theory which has been broached on the subject is examined accordingly with the most careful minuteness, and, we gladly acknowledge, with unfailing impartiality. Much of this portion of his task we might be tempted to regard as a work of supererogation; but he has perhaps done well in suffering no hypothesis to tempt him to a contemptuous dismissal by its absurdity, and in weighing even manifest imposturers in a fair balance. Thus we have here the whole array of notions which have traced these American nations to Mongolia and Egypt, or recognized in them the lost tribes of Israel or the descendants of the Welshman Madoc, winding up with the romance which has served as the foundation for the religious fabric of the Mormonite Prophet, Joseph Smith. Among all these theories there is scarcely one which can be regarded as seriously deserving consideration. The most trustworthy traditions, perhaps, relate to the voyages of the Northmen and their settlements in Greenland; but Mr. Bancroft rightly remarks that, even if these be accepted without question, they do not bear on the subject immediately discussed, for it is nowhere pretended that these settlements introduced men into an uninhabited continent. At most of the hypotheses we can afford to smile. They resolve themselves mainly into the old proof of the identity of Macedon and Monmouth because both have a river with fish in it; and thus the Mexicans are made akin to the Egyptians because both used hieroglyphics, because such writings must be of three kinds—phonetic, figurative, and symbolical—and because all these systems are to be found among both (p. 61). This method of resemblances is carried by those who would bring the Mexicans from the Holy Land to a pitch of extravagance which, but for the mischief done by all false theorizing, might be excellent fun. The division into tribes, the custom of hanging up the heads of sacrificed enemies, the dancing of a king, the death of leaders before they enter the land which they hope to conquer, the use of circumcision, the wearing of scarlet or other gaudily coloured dresses, the offering of water to strangers for the purpose of washing their feet—these and a thousand other things not less irrelevant are, for writers like Lord Kingsborough, proof conclusive that the forefathers of the Central American tribes came forth with the posterity of Jacob out of Egypt. Even these absurdities are capped by the outrageous folly which sees in these nations genuine Greeks from the Egean Sea. The demonstration is easy. "Both were idolaters, used sacrificial fire, indulged in Bacchanalian revels, held formal councils"; and if this is not enough, "strong resemblances are to be found in their marriage customs, system of education, manner of hunting, fishing, and making war, in their games and sports, in their mourning and burial customs, and in their manner of treating the sick" (p. 122). It is a relief when we reach at last the autochthonic theory. Nor do we feel disposed to offer any objection on reading Mr. Bancroft's remark that it is "an opinion worthy of the gravest consideration, and one which, as we may judge by the results of scientific investigation, may eventually prove to be scientifically correct" (p. 130). These words carry us only to independent centres of origination for the several families of the human race; on the further theory of the evolution of this race from lower types reaching back to the monad, Mr. Bancroft contents himself with saying that, as many of the American tribes "are quite content to believe that their ancestor was a dog or a coyote," they "seem entitled to some sympathy from the latest school of modern philosophy" (p. 19). Even with regard to this autochthonic hypothesis, he rightly holds that belief must be premature and unjustifiable until it has been satisfactorily established. It is quite true that "no one at the present day can tell the origin of the Americans"; but when Mr. Bancroft goes on to say that "they may have come from any one or from all the hypothetical sources enumerated in the foregoing pages," we can but protest against the notion of leaving a loophole for notions some of which have been dismissed as absolutely absurd, and others as manifestly impossible.

The habit of reserving opinion may be carried too far, and may easily pass into the profession of reserving it. We must therefore take even a stronger objection to those passages in which Mr. Bancroft sets forth the grounds for giving credence and weight to the main body of American tradition. There can be no question that the Spanish writers are not to be charged with wholesale invention or forgery, or even with conscious dishonesty of any kind. Nor are we justified in dismissing as unworthy of credit the native writers of the age of the Spanish conquest, or even in refusing to Mexican tradition the degree of trust which we should accord to Greek or Roman tradition for times immediately preceding the origin of a contemporary history. But it must be always strictly borne in mind that it is the contemporary character of the narrative which constitutes its value. We accept at once the statements of Herodotus respecting events of his own day; we are ready to believe that the older men with whom he conversed reported faithfully those matters of which they had personal knowledge, and that they gave him not less faithfully the statements which they may have heard from their fathers or their grandfathers. Thus, even apart from written records, something like a connected and trustworthy history may be preserved for three or four generations; but it must be preserved by one who then commits it to writing, for the oral tradition of the third generation is being rapidly modified by the state of flux which is the fate of all oral tradition of any sort and of any time, the briefest as well as the longest. Unless, then, it can be shown that American history rests on contemporary writings, we are manifestly sent adrift without chart or compass on an unknown sea, when we get back to a time preceding the Spanish conquest even by a very few centuries. We are absolutely lost when we go back still further for one or two thousand years or more. In such cases our business is to record the traditions without comment. The attempt to sift them can result only in leaving a residuum of possibilities; and Mr. Bancroft has unfortunately been tempted to speak of this residuum as if it were genuine historical matter. Having carefully weighed the merits and the faults of the various classes of writers who have treated of American history, he expresses his desire of avoiding the latter and imitating them in the former:—

> With the Spanish writers I would tell all that the natives told as history, and that without constantly reminding the reader that the sun did not stand still in the heavens, that giants did not flourish in America, that the Toltec kings and prophets did not live to the age of several hundred years, and otherwise warning him against what he is in no danger of accepting as truth. With Wilson and his class of antiquarian sceptics I would feel no hesitation in rejecting the shallow theories and fancies evolved by priestly fanatics from their own brain. With Gallatin I wish to discriminate clearly, where such discrimination is called for and possible, between the historical and the probably mythic; to indicate the boundary between firm land and treacherous quicksand; but also, like Brasseur, I would pass beyond the firm land, spring from rock to rock, wade through shifting sands, swim to the farthest, faintest light, and catch at straws by the way; yet not flatter myself, while thus employed, as the abbé occasionally seems to do, that I am treading dry-shod on a wide, solid, and well-lighted highway.—P. 155.

All this may show a laudable spirit of impartiality; but it is scarcely the spirit of the genuine historian, whose business it is to determine at the outset the conditions under which it is either "called for" or "possible" to discriminate between the historic and the probably mythic. Far from doing this, Mr. Bancroft takes the narratives of the Popol Vuh, and asserts that, "be they marvellous or commonplace, each is formed on an actual occurrence and has its meaning" (p. 183). The same may be said of the stories of the Argonauts, of Helen, or of the Phaiakians in the Odyssey; and comparative mythologists would assert, not less positively than Mr. Bancroft, that every one of them is founded on an actual occurrence and has its meaning. But they would add that these occurrences may and do take place in any spot and at all times, that the Phaiakian barks may be seen whenever the wind blows the clouds across the sky, and that the form of Helen, stolen from her Western home, is seen at Ilion when the dawn flushes the heaven. The statement, therefore, is manifestly misleading; but Mr. Bancroft obviously means that the given occurrence is a genuine fact of human history; and in this sense, taking the same story of Popol Vuh, he looks on the beasts of the forests mentioned in it as "savage tribes employed as allies":—

> Occasionally men are for some offence or stupidity changed to monkeys, or tribes allied with the self-styled reformers and civilizers prove false to their allegiance and return to the wild freedom of the mountains. It is difficult, if not impossible, to determine the meaning of that portion of the narrative which recounts the immaculate conception of the Princess Xquiq; but Brasseur, not without reason, sees in the birth of Hunahpu and Xbalanque from a Xibalban mother an indication that the rival nations became more or less mixed by intermarriage. The same author conjectures that the quarrels between the two twins and their elder half-brothers record dissensions that arose between the chiefs of pure and mixed blood.—P. 185.

It is easy to read tradition after this fashion, to draw precisely the same conclusion from the feuds between Romulus and Remus

and the people of Amulius, and to call up precisely the same doubt respecting Rhea Silvia and the princess with the less euphonious name of Xquiq. But in truth it is not, as Mr. Bancroft thinks, the only practicable course in such cases "to present the leading points of these early traditions as they are given by the best authorities, and to draw from them . . . some general conclusions respecting the most probable course of primitive history" (p. 189). In the only sense which gives any value to the word, we have no authorities at all, nor do we make a statement or a series of statements one whit the more historical because we have taken care that they shall assert nothing that is unlikely. Further, the name Popol Vuh belongs strictly not to the Quiché MS. so called, but to the national tradition which the later compiler sought to preserve from extinction by setting it down in his book. Whether he has adhered to the tradition with absolute exactness, and whether, if we had that tradition itself before us, we should find in it more of historical matter, we cannot tell; but in the Quiché version certainly we have none. It deals with times which to the Mexicans of the days of Cortes were as the stories of Danaos and Erechtheus to the Athenians of the days of Xenophon; and it is the duty of the historian to deal as trenchantly with the one as with the other. Nay, speaking of this Popol Vuh, Professor Max Müller holds that this remark applies with even greater force to American tradition. "The sooner this is acknowledged," he adds, "the better for the credit of American scholars. Even the traditions of the migrations of the Chichimecs, Colhuas, and Nahuas, which form the staple of all American antiquarians, are no better than the Greek traditions about Pelasgians, Æolians, and Ionians; and it would be a mere waste of time to construct out of such elements a systematic history, only to be destroyed again sooner or later by some Niebuhr, Grote, or Lewis."

We do not deny, and we have no wish to qualify, the importance of the difference thus raised between us. Had Mr. Bancroft's historical method been more rigorous we should have read this volume with more genuine satisfaction. As it is, we may fearlessly say that all historical scholars are indebted to him for the results of years of toil ungrudgingly spent, and spent to excellent purpose.

PRICE'S HANDBOOK OF LONDON BANKERS.*

CHARLES LAMB tells us of a paragraph writer whose work was easily recognized, for when news ran low and wit failed there constantly appeared the following note:—"It is not generally known that the three Blue Balls at the Pawnbrokers' shops are the ancient arms of Lombardy. The Lombards were the first money-brokers in Europe." Mr. Price's volume is an expansion of the information supposed to be conveyed in Bob Allen's paragraph. It does not mistake golden balls for blue, nor say that the arms were those of Lombardy, but it does endeavour to trace our great modern banking-houses to the goldsmiths of the middle ages, and in a few cases succeeds in showing that they are still the representatives of firms mentioned in the *Little London Directory* of 1677 as keeping "running-cashes." As the oldest of these houses is that then known as Blanchard and Child, and as it was in the course of some investigations into the history of Child's Bank that Mr. Price was led to write this book, he naturally gives it a large share of attention. The growth and fortunes of such a business as this are a subject well worth studying, and the wonder is that so few books have been written on our commercial history except dry treatises. There is something fascinating, almost romantic, in the details given us by Mr. Price; and though readers for amusement only may quarrel with his book because a full half of it is devoted to a banking directory, while the business reader may not care for the anecdotes, he has produced an interesting and unpretending little work, which may prove a useful contribution towards the history of a difficult subject. The alphabetical arrangement he has adopted, while it is very convenient for reference, is fatal to the sequence of the facts he narrates. A chronological table might have been added to counteract the effect of this arrangement, but as the list of goldsmiths only dates from 1677, and the list of bankers only begins in 1736, we must pick out and place in order as we best may the information which Mr. Price has gathered as to the older goldsmiths and the makers of coin from the Conquest downwards

The first name might be supposed to be the oldest. "Ade was goldsmith to King Edward I.," says Mr. Price. But at the end of the book we have mention of an older name. "Otto," we read, "was one of the earliest goldsmiths of whom we have any record." This Otto is, it seems, mentioned in Domesday as the holder of lands in Essex and Suffolk. But we could supply Mr. Price with a still earlier name. In the reign of the Confessor "Teodric aurifaber" held a manor in Surrey, and he continued to hold it at the time of the survey. Of the family of Otto Mr. Price has some curious particulars. There appear to have been several successive engravers to the Mint of this name, and Ruding and others have traced the history of the family until, like later bankers, they were absorbed into the ranks of the peerage. Mr. Price for the most part avoids questions of coinage, and stops with Thomas FitzOtho, who claimed by inheritance the broken dies of the Mint in the reign of Henry III., and who presented Ralph le Blund to the Barons of the Exchequer as a proper person to hold the office of Cutter of the King's Dies. This Thomas seems to have married a Beauchamp, and Maud, his daughter, carried the office and its emoluments to the Botetourts, who were barons in Parliament from 1305, and whose title is now enjoyed by their descendant, the Duke of Beaufort.

But, leaving these ancient goldsmiths, we may trace the rise of Child's long-famous house as a typical example. The future fortunes of Temple Bar are just now under discussion. If it is pulled down, it will leave a blank in the façade of Messrs. Child's banking-house. The mysterious little chamber over the archway, with its windows of small panes, looking up Fleet Street and down the Strand, was rented by Messrs. Child from the City for 50*l.* a year, as a place for storing their account-books. This is a fact apparently overlooked by Mr. Price. The name is not very ancient in the City. Two remarkable members of the family flourished in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and most accounts go to show that they were brothers, and that their father had been a very small tradesman. Josiah Child is remembered as Governor of the East India Company, and as the subject of some of Lord Macaulay's strongest language. Evelyn mentions that the fortune of Miss Child when she married Lord Worcester was 50,000*l.* Her descendant, the Duke of Beaufort, thus represents a second great City family. But Sir Josiah Child was not the banker. This was Francis Child, said to be his younger brother, but there is some obscurity on the point; and Mr. Price, like Mr. Parker, makes that darker which was dark enough before. Francis Child married his cousin, the heiress of the Wheelers who had first set up at the "Marygold, hitherto a tavern, next door to Temple Bar." William Wheeler had a partner, Robert Blanchard, and not only did Child marry the heiress of the senior member of the firm, but his mother, Mrs. Child, married the other partner. To Francis eventually came the fortunes of both, and he is remarkable as the first banker who gave up the goldsmith's business and devoted himself entirely to the business of banking. He deserves, therefore, the name given him by Pennant of the Father of the Profession. He lies buried in Fulham Churchyard among the Bishops, under a sadly neglected monument which sets forth his virtues and mentions that he had by the Wheeler heiress a family of twelve sons and three daughters. He and another Sir Francis Child, his second son, were in their turn Lord Mayors, but the second Sir Francis is chiefly remarkable as the introducer of a printed form of promissory notes; in other words, of bank-notes. For this, if for nothing else, he deserves the gratitude of posterity. But though this was the first firm to print notes, it was the last to adopt a printed form for cheques; at least Mr. Price tells us in the same paragraph that it was the last and also the earliest (p. 28); but he probably means that, though the Childs were the first to use printed cheques, they soon abandoned the custom, and did not revive it until it had become universal elsewhere. The old ledgers of the firm contain the names of many people of note. Eleanor Gwynne—so Mr. Price spells the name—Bishop Stillingfleet, Bishop Burnet, the great Duke of Marlborough, Titus Oates, Dryden, and John Evelyn, the diarist, have all left their marks in the books, and Oliver Cromwell is known to have kept his account at the Marygold, but the ledger which contained it has been lost for fifty years. Notwithstanding the number of Sir Francis Child's sons, Mr. Robert Child was in 1782 the head of the firm and the last of the name. It is of him that the famous story is told of his daughter's marriage. Lord Westmoreland, it is said, when dining one day at the bank, asked his host what he should do were he in love with a girl whose father would not give his consent. "Why! run away with her, to be sure," was Mr. Child's incautious reply. Lord Westmoreland took the advice literally, and ran away with Miss Child, the banker's only daughter. Mr. Heywood Hardy's picture, a couple of years ago at the Academy, represented a thrilling scene in the elopement; when Lord Westmoreland, finding that the anxious parent's pursuit had become dangerous, stood up in his carriage and shot the leading horse in Mr. Child's. Mr. Child never forgave the runaways. He left his fortune to his grandchild, Lady Sarah Fane, who carried it into the Jersey family. Lord Jersey is the present head of the firm, yet he is not, strictly speaking, the representative of the last Mr. Child. Lady Sarah had a brother and two sisters younger than herself, but her grandfather's will gave them no part or inheritance with her. It has often been reported that John, Lord and Lady Westmoreland's only son, and also the daughters, were all christened "Sarah," lest the legacy should lapse, but Mr. Price does not tell us whether there is any truth in the story.

Mr. Price's anecdotes of other firms are also entertaining. He gives the history of many houses which have not lasted as long as that of the Childs. The Royal British Bank was opened (with puffs, if we remember rightly), in 1851 and stopped in 1856, "overwhelming many hundreds of families in ruin"; the English Joint-Stock Bank was established in 1866, and stopped in the same year; and there is ancient precedent for this very quick work in the Land Bank, erected by Act of Parliament in 1696 to advance money on title-deeds. Not only did it fail within the year, but its fall brought about no less an event than the stoppage of the Bank of England, an institution then only in the third year of its age. Mr. Price's accounts of such unfortunate houses as those of Strahan and Paul, Masterman and Co. (afterwards the Agra and Masterman's Bank), Neale and Fordyce, and others which have failed through negligence or fraud, contain many interesting particulars; but it is more pleasant to read the full histories he gives of the successful houses. He mentions in the preface that, of the list of goldsmiths who kept running cashes in 1677, five still survive. One of these is

* *Handbook of London Bankers.* By F. G. Hilton Price. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

Blanchard and Child, at the Marygold—which Mr. Price, by the way, will only write as "Y^e Marygold," we know not why—now Child and Co.; another is Duncombe and Kent, at the "Grasshopper, in Lombard Street," which claims to represent the firm of which Sir Thomas Gresham was the head, now known as Martin and Co.; it was the Duncombe of this firm that bought the Villiers estate in Yorkshire, and was immortalized by Pope:—

> And Helmsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
> Slides to a scrivener or City knight.

It still belongs to the family, but Lord Feversham is not a partner in the bank. The other houses which date from before 1677 are those of James Hore, at the Golden Bottle in Cheapside, now Hoare's in Fleet Street; Stock's, at the Black Horse in Lombard Street, now Barnett's; and Williams's, at the Crown, also in Lombard Street, now Willis's. There is a great deal of amusing reading and some valuable information in this book—so much indeed that, with the materials at his command, it is difficult to see how the author did not make a better book. The account of the goldsmiths, though it is specially mentioned on the title-page, is very meagre, and, as far as the early part of the history of banking in England is concerned, we cannot accept this work as more than an instalment.

TWO DRAMAS.*

HENRIK IBSEN is a poet and dramatist of whom Norway may justly be proud, and any work of his deserves respectful attention. But, in planning the long Chronicle-Play which he published in 1873 under the title of *Kejser og Galilæer*, he chose a theme which seems to have proved somewhat too vast for his artistic powers. Skilled as he is in historic illustration, he failed in this instance to treat successfully the motley crowds which figure on his immense canvas. Accustomed as he had long been, both as dramatist and as director, to theatrical business, he produced a drama totally unfit for the stage. Original, powerful, and facile poet as he undoubtedly is, he conceived the idea of what surely ought to have been a dramatic poem, and accomplished it in prose, thus deliberately sacrificing one of his most important advantages. When we see tragedy go sweeping by, when we listen to such a tale as that of Troy divine, a musical accompaniment of some kind seems appropriate, if not necessary. Moreover, just as some great prose writers are deserted by their particular genius when they take to verse, so are there some poets who, when they doff their singing robes, are like a swan-maiden deprived of her feather dress, unable to soar aloft into the sky, and obliged to comply with the requirements of commonplace words and deeds. Ibsen, it is true, does not altogether lie under this disadvantage; for his prose, in the more elevated passages of *The Emperor and the Galilean*, is of a poetical nature, sometimes hard to be understood not merely by the vulgar, but even by an efficient interpreter.

It is said that he at first intended his work to form a trilogy; but the use of that term must not be allowed to suggest the idea that he wrote under Greek influences. Shakspeare and Schiller would rather seem to have been the two models he studied, so far as the form of his drama is concerned. As to its contents, he has closely followed the chroniclers of the period he illustrates, often inserting whole blocks of history but little modified or adapted, thereby rendering hasty admirers liable to the risk of attributing to his imagination incidents and expressions which are matters of fact. That period of history, however, possessing an undying interest, it is impossible to read without emotion the pages in which the Norwegian dramatist has told the story of Julian the Apostate.

First we listen to the ingenuous utterances at Constantinople of the princely youth on whom Fortune seems to frown. Then we hear him talking eagerly with sages and revellers at Athens, and with Christian philosophers and heathen mystics at Ephesus. In Gaul he figures as the victorious general whom his troops adore, and on whom they force the Imperial crown; and there also the close of the first part leaves him, the pagan neophyte whose wrongs have driven him into rebellion against his Emperor and his Emperor's God. The second part opens with the arrival at Constantinople of Julian as Emperor, and goes on to describe the rising of that sea of troubles, both there and at Antioch, into which he is plunged by his resolve to recall the ancient gods from exile. The fourth act reveals "the eastern boundaries of the Empire," and Julian marching doggedly on to the stormy death with which the fifth act ends. In the penultimate scene, it may be mentioned, the dramatist follows the doubtful tradition which asserts that Julian owed his death to a Christian hand, and makes him utter in falling the famous words about the Galilean's victory for which so little authority exists. There is much in the whole representation which is attractive—life and movement, and colour and light. But for our own part, if we are to gaze at the long drama of Julian's career, we prefer to do so by the help of the historian who happened to sit musing one day among the ruins of the Capitol while barefooted friars were singing vespers in what had been the temple of Jove.

The Emperor Julian remains one of the enigmatical characters of history. It is hard to say what he really was, but we may rest assured that he was not exactly what the Norwegian dramatist represents him as having been. In some respects, no doubt, the portrait is accurate. The blackness of Julian's studious fingers, the shabbiness of his philosophic raiment, the unloveliness of his objectionable beard, all these external signs are conscientiously rendered. But the real, the inner nature of the Imperial votary of the fair humanities of old religion—into this we gain but little insight under the dramatist's guidance. Weak, credulous, and modern, he frequently resembles a spiritualist of our own day more than a great general, a mighty monarch, of the days of yore. It must be allowed, however, that he shows a certain amount of force and vitality when contrasted with most of the forms which surround him. On them historic names may be conferred; their words and deeds may even be thoroughly authenticated; but, for all that, they have no more individual life than if they had been labelled "first" or "second citizen." Still, in spite of these drawbacks, this prose poem has no slight merit. There are scenes in it which evince real power, there are passages in which the genius of the poet makes itself unmistakably felt. In the first part, by way of example, may be mentioned at least one very remarkable scene; that in which Julian's wife, under the influence of poison, reveals the secrets of her life. And throughout both parts there are scattered passages which in the original are remarkable for bright and bold imagery, as well as for such vigorous and musical diction as only a master of language can command.

Miss Ray's translation is for the most part literal and accurate to a most praiseworthy degree. So long as the original remains at its ordinary level, the version is, as a general rule, everything that could well be desired. But when the dramatist begins to soar aloft on the wings of imagination, he leaves his interpreter far below him. To the driving storm, or the lustrous calm, of the Norseman's speech the English interpreter fails at times to do full justice. The sense may be correctly rendered, but the garb of words, which in the one case is often rich in colour and radiance, is in the other for the most part devoid of any special attraction. The difference reveals itself most forcibly on those fortunately rare occasions when the translation has to deal with the double difficulty of rhythm and rhyme. The songs which arise, at p. 212, from the contrasted processions of Apollo's worshippers and Christian prisoners, have a somewhat ludicrous ring about them in the English version, especially in the closing lines:—

> Apollo's Procession,
> Sweet to carouse beside Hope's sunny embers!
> Prisoners' Procession,
> We yield to bloody baptism our members!

It is true that for such strange expressions as the "solhåbs-glöden" and the "bloddåbs-döden" of the original it is hard to find English equivalents. To one case in which the sense has been obscured in the translation it may be worth while to refer. It occurs in the striking scene, already spoken of, in which Helena, Julian's dying wife, makes such terrible disclosures. Perhaps Miss Ray may have purposely clouded the meaning of the whole passage, fearing that the dramatist's close adherence to a revolting tradition might shock the feelings of her readers; for when, at the end of Helena's involuntary confession, Julian shakes his clenched fists in the air with a savage cry of "Galilean!" she makes him unmeaningly exclaim "Galileans!"

No one has done more towards making Ibsen known to English readers than Mr. E. W. Gosse, who has now brought vividly before their eyes a series of romantic scenes from Danish history. The story of Erik Ejegod, King of Denmark, has long been dear to Northern minstrelsy, and now it has been told by Mr. Gosse with a pathetic grace which ought to endear it to English hearts as well. The plot is simple, and the persons of the drama are few. The King, driven wild by causeless jealousy, disgraces his innocent Queen, and slays a minstrel on whom he suspects her of having too favourably looked. To passion succeeds remorse. Finding that he has wronged an innocent and loving wife, and conscious of having broken his own strict law against killing a Christian man untried, he vows a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Attended by his long-suffering and forgiving Queen, he wanders forth an exile from his realm. But before he reaches Palestine he is killed by the foster-brother of the minstrel who fell a victim to his hasty wrath. Mr. Gosse has adhered closely to historic truth, and his fidelity has compelled him to burden his heroine with a somewhat unromantic name, Botilda to wit. In all other respects, however, this reverence for truth has greatly conduced to the merits of his work. There is an air of reality about the scenes which he depicts. We breathe a true Northern atmosphere, we listen to good Scandinavian talk. Mr. Gosse has evidently studied the Sagas to good purpose, and held imaginary converse with Skalds and Sea-Kings long enough to be able to avoid the solecisms and anachronisms which beset the path of a poet who follows his fancy into a foreign country and a far-off time. In telling so simple a tale as that of the King's jealousy and the Queen's patience, a dramatic poet can find but little scope for the development of philosophical theories, but little excuse for the application of minute psychological analysis. But if he possesses the story-teller's gift of rendering clearly visible to other eyes the forms and scenes which memory and imagination call up before his own, and if he unites with it the playwright's faculty of enabling his characters to behave reasonably and speak to the point, as well as the singer's power of casting an indefinable charm about that which otherwise might be but coldly correct, then his comparatively simple work may surpass the elaborate productions of the highest intelligences that ever refused to lower themselves to the level of ordinary compre-

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* *The Emperor and the Galilean.* A Drama in Two Parts. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated from the Norwegian by Catherine Ray. Samuel Tinsley. 1876.

King Erik. By Edmund W. Gosse. Chatto & Windus. 1876.

hensions. Mr. Gosse possesses to a high degree the singer's and the story-teller's gifts, and of the playwright's faculty he possesses more than in these days generally falls to a poet's lot; and his tragedy, though neither harrowing nor appalling, is so elevated in tone, delicate in feeling, and felicitous in expression, that it is likely to win its way to the hearts of its readers, as well as to please their critical taste. In the first act the Queen joyfully welcomes home her lord on his return from victorious war. In the second she learns what she had never guessed before, that the minstrel Grimur, whom she had looked on only as a dear friend, has long nurtured a wild love for her, a love utterly unreturned. For, she says:—

> If love
> Be this, to feel a heightened pulse of life
> Beat when the loved one's footsteps touch the stair,
> To lose all drooping sense of bodily ill
> When he is near and smiling; to grow sad
> And weary when 'tis sure he will not come;
> Then once, and only once, since time began,
> Has love come down into this heart of mine.

But this is unknown to Erik, whom slanderous tongues drive into headlong wrath, so that he slays Grimur with his own hand. In the third act the King is about to enter the cathedral at Roeskild, when he is stopped by the Archbishop, whose stern rebuke brings home to him the consciousness of his crime. When we next see the King he is presiding in the Assembly of the People at Roeskild. Around his chair of state sit the nobles; the rest of the open air enclosure in which the Thing is held is occupied by the freemen, who "bustle about and speak noisily together." At length the King arises, and in spite of the protests expressed by his nobles and "the Leader of the Freemen," he announces his fixed resolve to do penance for his crime by means of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Then comes a scene described with great feeling and delicacy, in which Erik discovers that he has unjustly suspected his wife, and she forgives him for having so done. With this scene the dramatic interest of the story reaches its highest point, of which it falls far short in the act which follows. But the poetic interest is fully sustained by the brilliant account of Constantinople, where among the Væringar who come to offer homage to Erik is one Gisli, who tells how he had pledged brotherhood with Grimur "in the North, and in the best old way"; the two friends having gone out at midnight to the cliffs, and there let the blood of their gashed arms mingle beneath a loosened piece of turf. Then, hearing of Grimur's death, he vows vengeance on his murderer. This vow is in the fifth act fulfilled, Gisli slaying Erik in Cyprus, just as the King is allowing himself to believe that the time is close at hand when he will be able, free from sorrow and remorse, to return home, and once more steer through gathering storm Denmark's endangered bark. The royal corpse is conveyed on board ship, and the widowed Queen gives orders to weigh anchor at break of day:—

> For lo! the King and I are fain to come
> As swiftly as we may to Palestine,
> Where shortly ye shall leave us, for I know
> That after all the sorrow of our lives
> We shall not toil nor wander any more,
> But seek the sacred river and find rest.

By way of a specimen of the lyrics scattered through the play we may take the following, sung by a boy who says of it, "A Roman wrote it, though the words be Greek"; thereby apparently referring to a poem in the Greek Anthology by Rufinus, a Byzantine writer of Latin lineage:—

> I bring a garland for your head,
> Of blossoms fresh and fair;
> My own hands wound their white and red
> To ring about your hair.
> Here is a lily, here a rose,
> A warm narcissus that scarce blows,
> And fairer blossoms no man knows.
>
> So crowned and chapleted with flowers,
> I pray you be not proud;
> For after brief and summer hours
> Comes autumn with a shroud.
> Though fragrant as a flower you lie,
> You and your garland, by and by,
> Will fade and wither up and die!

ROGERS'S WASPS OF ARISTOPHANES.*

ALL students of Aristophanes will feel grateful to Mr. Rogers, already the translator of the *Clouds* and of the *Peace*, for the help he has now afforded them towards a just appreciation of the *Wasps*. Whilst a certain incoherence of parts forbade acquiescence in the over-laudatory verdicts of Mitchell and K. O. Muller, it must have occurred to most readers who had a competent knowledge of Aristophanic comedy that the *Wasps* did not deserve the sweeping accusation of feebleness brought against it by Schlegel. Extreme opinions are apt to be unjust, and in few cases could this be shown more clearly than in reading and weighing the merits of the *Wasps* under the guidance of Mr. Rogers's translation and notes. If the charge of "spun-out action" is not here answered, at all events such light is thrown on the scope and circumstances of the piece that the prolongation of it does not seem impertinent or superfluous; and certainly a play cannot justly be called dull or tedious which teems with amusing situations, is rich in Aristophanic jokes, and illustrates a phase of Athenian social life distinct from, although, as the translator shows, not without its bearing upon, the earlier subjects of the poet's ridicule and sarcasm. This play, as we are reminded in a lucid and learned preface, was a third labour of the Hercules of Attic comedy after smiting the monster demagogue in the *Knights*, and assailing, although ineffectually, the Sophistical school in the *Clouds*. In it Mr. Rogers sees the effects of the failure of the last-mentioned play ten months earlier, and he finds his clue to the whole structure and plot of the piece, as well as to its unevenness and inconsistencies, in the circumstance of its probable composition during the months immediately before and after that failure. "The grand earlier scenes following the entrance of the Chorus, the noble poetry of the Strophe and Antistrophe, Epirrhema and Antepirrhema, and the orchestral contest with which the play concludes," he takes to have been written before Aristophanes had experienced a check to his unbroken success; while the servile jokes, the sneers at the audience, and the tipsy pugnacity of Philocleon were introduced after he had been bitterly taught that he could not hold his own without retaining "the broad farce, the laughable personalities, and vulgar scurrility" of Cratinus and the older comic drama. These scenes and features, appealing to the lower instincts of the audience, are intelligible if regarded as afterthoughts distinct from the original scheme of the play; the drift of which is, according to Mr. Rogers, not simply, as Grote and others have regarded it, to ridicule the dicasts as monsters of caprice and injustice, but to hit another blow at the second of Aristophanes's two antipathies, the Sophistical school and the demagogues, by displaying the dicasts (Heliasts, or justices and jury in one, who numbered no less than five thousand in Athens), as not really the lords of all, as the demagogues would tell them, but rather the defrauded slaves and cat's-paws of the latter. This is very amply set forth in the preface, which throws considerable light on the Helixa, and the elections, sections, and characteristics of the Athenian dicasts, and at the same time distinguishes, independently of other authorities, the English jury system from the Athenian dicastic system. But a single note of Mr. Rogers on v. 650, where Bdelycleon, the representative of the anti-dicastic views as opposed to the old dicast Philocleon, his father, begins his speech before the arbitrators, sums up in brief the dramatist's main object. "His argument consists," runs the note, "not of any criticism upon the laws or on the practice of the Athenian dicasteries, but of proof that the power obtained by the alliance of the demagogues and dicasts is wielded exclusively for the benefit of the demagogues, and not in any way for the benefit of the dicasts." The two speeches may, in fact, be summed up in a very few words. "Ours is a *μεγάλη ἀρχή*," says Philocleon, "for all men, even the great demagogues themselves, are ready to court and flatter us." "Yours is a *μεγάλη δουλεία*," retorts Bdelycleon, "for the demagogues retain to themselves every substantial advantage, and leave you to penury and starvation." Reading the *Wasps* with this key, we shall see many reasons for believing that the poet's aim was to detach the dicasts from the demagogic alliance and allegiance, and so to contribute towards scotching one of the twin snakes he had vowed to exterminate. Even Philocleon, the blind advocate of that alliance, wedded as he is to the dicastic system, with its miserable stipend of three oboli and little or no liberty of judgment or conscience, owns now and then to misgivings in the course of the play, and in its latest scenes comes out as a thorough convert, though his conversion does but illustrate the evils of all extremes in the tipsy frolics to which the ex-juryman resorts when finally weaned from the absurd routine of a life given up to the law courts. It was probably for the sake of this lesson that the play was lengthened; but it is really in its first twelve hundred lines or so that its chief merit consists, as in the early appearances of Philocleon, and the little traits of his daily life, sketched by the slave Xanthias, and filled in with touches of his own drawing. The following lines from a speech of the slave will exhibit Mr. Rogers's union of exact translation with the life and spirit without which translation is dry bones and empty husks (89-110):—

> He is a law-court lover, no man like him.
> Judging is what he dotes on, and he weeps
> Unless he sits on the front bench of all.
> At night he gets no sleep, no not one grain,
> Or if he doze the tiniest speck, his soul
> Flutters in dreams around the water-clock.
> So used he is to holding votes, he wakes
> With thumb and first two fingers closed, as one
> That offers incense on a new moon's day.
> If on a gate is written *Lovely Demus*,
> Meaning the son of Pyrilamp, he goes
> And writes beside it *Lovely Verdict-box*.
> The cock which crew from eventide, he said,
> Was tampered with, he knew, to call him late,
> Bribed by officials whose accounts were due.
> Supper scarce done, he clamours for his shoes,
> Hurries ere daybreak to the court, and sleeps
> Stuck like a limpet to the door-post there.
> So sour is he, the long-condemning line
> He marks for all, then homeward, like a bee
> Laden with wax beneath his finger-nails,
> Lest he lack votes, he keeps, to judge withal
> A private pebble-beach secure within.

If it were only as an illustration of the features of the Athenian law court, the way in which it was summoned, its way of voting, its measurement of time, its modes of business, there is value in

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* *The Wasps of Aristophanes.* The Greek Text revised, with a Translation into corresponding Metres, and original Notes. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A., sometime Fellow of Wadham Coll., Oxford. London: George Bell & Sons. 1875.

such an intelligibly annotated translation as this. Not to go into all the details, we may note that the joke upon the time-honoured lovers' custom of "carving amorous vows on the rhind" or "wood," in v. 98, turns on the similarity in sound of *κηκίς*, the funnel of the verdict-box, to "Demus," the "toast of all the town" in his day. "The long-condemning line" refers to the custom of the judges declaring their opinions on a wax-faced tablet; if for the severer penalty, with a long stroke, and if for a lighter, with a short one. The humorous touch of the old dicast's being represented keeping "a private pebble-beach," lest his means of voting should fail, is repeated in another form at v. 696, where, when Philocleon is being wrought upon by his son's arguments, he cries:—

οἴμοι, τί λέγεις; ὡς μου τὸν θῖνα ταράττεις.

Ah me! the depths of my being are stirred;

or, literally, "how you disturb my seashore," "my beach." There is infinite fun, when this old gentleman means mischief, to find him, at 166, crying out for a sword, or failing that, for a "damage-cessing tablet" (*πινάκιον τιμητικόν*), that waxen instrument on which the "long-condemning line" referred to above could do as much execution; or when, as in 386, he takes a desponding view of things, bidding his fellow-dicasts, if ill befall him, *κατακλαύσαντες θάπτετε μ' ὑπὸ τοῖσι δικασταῖς* ("bewail my fate, and bury me under the court-house floor"); the reference being to the bar or rail which divided the dicasts from the rest of the court, and the sentiment akin to that of a bombastic senator in our own day who threatens to "die upon the floor of the House."

It must not be forgotten that a great deal of the fun of the early part of the play consists in the wily dicast's efforts to outwit his son and his son's slaves, bent on debarring him by close confinement from the exercise of his functions. One of the old man's tricks is to borrow Odysseus's device to escape the Cyclops, and to get out of his prison strapped beneath an ass's belly. He is, however, detected, and it leads to an observation on his son's part, which Mr. Rogers makes more intelligible by his note thereon. Bdelycleon remarks:—

ὦ μαιρώτατος,
ὃν' ὑποδέδυκεν, ὥστ' ἔμοιγ' ἰνδιάλλεται
ὁμοιότατος κλητῆρος εἶναι πωλίῳ.

O the villain,
The place he had crept to! Now he seems to me
The very image of a sompnour's foal.

The word *κλητῆρος* is referred by the scholiast to the summoner of dicasts, and there is more to be seen about this functionary's duties at v. 1408, and in the instructive note thereupon. Here, however, Mr. Rogers surmises that the poet commits a pun, and that "in the Athenian slang of the period a donkey must have been sometimes styled a *κλητήρ*, *a caller*, perhaps from its discordant bray." If this be so, what follows is all the more in due sequence, for the next two lines run in translation:—

PHIL. Come now, hands off! or you and I shall fight.
BDEL. Fight! what about? PHIL. *About a donkey's shadow.*

There is a further justification, if we admit Mr. Rogers's conjecture, for this bringing-in the proverb *περὶ ὄνου σκιᾶς*, which occurs, among other places, in a fable of Babrius. And by the way, we may note that the *Wasps* is full of proverbs. In v. 480, when Bdelycleon deprecates contests with and about his law-court-loving father, the Chorus tells him *οὐδ' ἐν σελίνῳ πούστιν οὐδ' ἐν πηγάνῳ* ("as yet you've hardly entered on the parsley and the rue"), *i.e.* "you've hardly reached the fringe or border of your troubles," parsley and rue being the bordering of Hellenic gardens. In v. 491 *τοῦ ταρίχους ἀξιωτέρα* is as near as possible Greek for Shakspeare's "As cheap as stinking mackerel" (*1 Henry IV.*, ii. 4). There is also the phrase, *σκίαν βλέπειν*, "to look like one who expects the whip." Again, in 928 Aristophanes has a parody of a familiar ornithological proverb, *ἐρυθάκους οὐ τρέφει λόχμη μία*, "One bush doesn't keep two red-breasts," an allusion to the solitary and pugnacious habits of the redbreast. In the *Wasps* the poet for his own purposes makes Xanthias use it as an argument for the condemnation of the dog Labes (*i.e.* Laches) that

οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποτε
τρέφειν δύναιτ' ἂν μιᾷ λόχμῃ κλέπτα δύο.

One bush, they say, can never keep two thieves.

Not much further on in the same very amusing mock-trial Bdelycleon apologizes for his speech failing him in the arduous defence of Labes by an appeal to proverb-lore which English ears can understand:—

O sirs, 'tis hard to argue for a dog
Assail'd by slander.

The appeal is clearly to the venerable saw, "Give a dog a bad name and hang him." Among the test-passages by which Mr. Roger's translation might be tried, we should place one which is a "locus classicus de piscibus," vv. 491-510, and as to which it may suffice to say that the notes to this translation furnish matter for a new chapter on Fish-tattle. But in truth the charm of Mr. Rogers's annotation is the opportuneness with which he blends things old and new—now illustrating an expression by a phrase of Shakspeare, confirming Aristophanes's natural history by Buffon, Cuvier, or Bechstein, and in one place paralleling Philocleon's shame at his own weakness and leniency as a dicast by citation of Lucas Beaumanoir's "crossing himself twice" in doubt whence arose his unwonted softening of heart at the trial of Rebecca, in *Ivanhoe*. The arbitration case, the mock trial of the dogs who represent the Athenian general Laches and the demagogue Cleon, and the famous parabasis of the wasps, are pretty well known to all who have any acquaintance with Aristophanes. From Bdelycleon's pleadings in the first of these we take a few lines of translation from Mr. Rogers, by way of sample. They represent the speaker's proposal for a better way of feeding the people, and of securing the voting power in the assembly, than the dicastic three obols. The orator says:—

Since if they wished to maintain you well, the way to do it were plain enough;
A thousand cities our rule obey, a thousand cities their tribute pay,
Allot then twenty Athenians each, to feed and nourish from day to day,
And twice two thousand citizens there are living immersed in dishes of hare,
With creams, and beestings, and sumptuous fare, and garlands and coronets everywhere,
Enjoying a fate that is worthy the state and worthy the trophy on Marathon plain,
While now like gleaners ye all are fain to follow along in the paymaster's train.—706-12.

The transcript of the original is sufficiently faithful, and the chief point here is Mr. Rogers's boldness in justifying *ἅζων ἐν πᾶσι λαγῴοις* (v. 709), for which so great a critic as Dawes had bidden us read *ἕζων ἂν πᾶσι λαγῴοις*. "The *ἂν*," says our translator shrewdly, "is purposely omitted in order to present a more vivid picture, as of an actual reality and not a mere possible contingency." About seventy lines later in the play Mr. Rogers proves equal to the occasion in translating a few lines placed in the mouth of Bdelycleon, which are memorable for a double pun, which he succeeds in preserving. The original runs:—

καὶ ταῦτα μέν νυν εἰλόγως ἦν ἐξέχη
εἴλη κατ' ὄρθρον, ἡλιάσει πρὸς ἥλιον·
ἢν δὲ νίφῃ, πρὸς τὸ πῦρ καθήμενος
ὕοντος εἴσει· κ.τ.λ.

The son is trying to prove to his father the superior advantages of his proposed domestic law-court. He can try his own servants for their peccadillos:—

And very aptly, if the morning's fine,
You'll *fine* your culprits, sitting in the sun.
In snow, enter your judgments by the fire,
While it rains on: and, though you sleep till mid-day
No archon here will close the door against you.

The equivoque here consists in the derivation of *ἡλιάσει* and *ἡλαία* from *ἁλίζεσθαι*, though it might seem from *ἥλιος*, and *εἴσει* from *εἴσομαι*, though it might seem connected with *εἶσιμι* "to go within doors."

Some points deserve notice as showing Mr. Rogers's editorial acumen. In vv. 39-42, where the two slaves are dream-telling, Sosias, in allusion to Cleon's unsavoury trade, plays on the words *βύσιον δημόν*.

Then the vile grampus, cesles in hand, weighed out
Bits of fat beef, cut up.

And Xanthias rejoins:—

Woe worth the day!
He means to cut our city up to bits.

Here Mr. Rogers surmises a scheme of Cleon to be alluded to, having for its object to split up the city into distinct wards for separate circumvallation and for a system of interior fortification, opposite to the famous plan of Themistocles. Further on considerably, at v. 897, he seems to us to have elucidated thoroughly a line of Bdelycleon's to the god, Apollo Agyieus, in behalf of his converted sire:—

ἀντὶ σιραίου μέλιτος μικρὸν τῷ θυμιδίῳ παραμίξας,

And into his heart so crusty and tart a trifle of honey for syrup instill.

The clue is a play on *θυμιδίον*, the diminutive of *θύμος*, a wild salad herb of the poorer sort at Athens, and *θυμίδιον*, the diminutive of *θύμος*, the mind. If this salad was flavoured with *σιραῖον*, syrup, the sense would be "Mix honey with his temper as he is wont to mix mulled-wine syrup with his salad." Thus we have *σιραῖον* contrasted with *μέλι*, not as the representative of sourness, but as the recognized sauce for *θυμιδίον*; and this is only one amongst the many elucidations which the readers of the *Wasps* owe to Mr. Rogers. It is hardly too much to say that he has given a new interest and value to the play.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FRENCH historians have lately bestowed a good deal of attention upon Mary Queen of Scots, and several works have been written on the other side of the Channel for the purpose of refuting the statements made by Mr. Froude and M. Mignet. We have on former occasions noticed the volumes of MM. Jules Gauthier and Wiesener; we must now mention the one recently published by M. R. Chantelauze.* It contains the reprint of a journal or diary purporting to have been kept by Bourgoing, physician to Queen Mary, who watched closely all the details of her trial. Bourgoing's journal is a manuscript which its owner, M. Chantelauze, says that he has submitted to the most competent judges, and he has no doubt that we have in it the narrative which Mary, in a letter addressed to Pope Sixtus V., announced her intention of publishing. If we may assume its genuineness,

* *Marie Stuart, son procès et sa condamnation.* Par M. R. Chantelauze. Paris: Plon.

there can be no question as to its value. It must be read in connexion with the correspondence of Amyas Paulet, lately edited by Father Morris.

M. Bougeault's History of Foreign Literature has now reached a second volume *; it is a useful work, written from the point of view adopted by M. Taine's school, and forms an interesting and valuable summary. England, the Netherlands, and the Slavonian races have supplied the materials for the present volume; and we must not expect, therefore, anything beyond a simple sketch. One-half of the Slavonic names to which we are introduced will be new to many readers; and if Lermontoff and Mickiewicz are to a certain degree appreciated throughout Europe, we cannot say that most people's knowledge of Russian intellectual history extends much further. M. Bougeault discusses, as occasion offers, certain points which are still *sub judice:* such as the authenticity of the Ossianic poems, and the oft-mooted question whether genius is not a modified form of madness. This last remark occurs *à propos* of Lermontoff's writings, which our author strongly denounces as unhealthy in tendency and exaggerated in style. In the part on the Netherlands we have an interesting account of Jansenius, Grotius, and the comparative claims of the Jansenist and Arminian schools to a place in the history of modern thought.

Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti, should be the motto of M. Gustave Merlet's new volume, which is composed with all his usual care and taste.† Selecting a small number of classical authors from the history of the last two centuries, he has been able to go into details, to study thoroughly the personages who have successively sat for their pictures, and to bring to bear upon them information derived from the most various quarters. Each chapter consists of a biographical notice, followed by illustrative criticisms on the writer's leading works. It is certainly difficult to say anything new about such men as Pascal, Voltaire, Bossuet, and Racine; but still it is always pleasant to be reminded of old favourites, and to see one more effort made to proclaim and uphold literary excellence in opposition to the rubbish with which we are deluged every day. In speaking of Pascal's *Pensées*, M. Merlet shows their superiority to Bossuet's apologetical writings, the permanent value which belongs to them, and their special correspondence with the distinctive character of contemporary scepticism. The *Pensées* contain an answer to many of the wants and doubts of the nineteenth century.

M. Charpentier has done much to familiarize us with Paris society as it existed a hundred years ago. The letters of Mlle. Aissé, the memoirs of Mme. d'Épinay, and of the Baroness d'Oberkirch, are invaluable considered from this point of view; and now Mlle. de l'Espinasse ‡ brings her quota to the evidence which critics have laboriously and zealously collected. When we think of the Paris *salons* in the days of Marmontel, La Harpe, and D'Alembert, we at once imagine to ourselves something preeminently artificial and stilted, a system of polished deceit and elegant corruption. Mlle. de l'Espinasse was a striking exception to that phase of life, and her correspondence, now published for the first time, shows from beginning to end as ardent and natural a character as ever lived. It is thus a really curious psychological study, and its chief interest is less in its anecdotal aspect than as a display of passion. Mlle. de l'Espinasse, as is well known, was first the companion of Mme. du Deffand; but after an intimacy which had lasted ten years, the two ladies quarrelled, and the result was the formation of a *salon* which soon rivalled that of Horace Walpole's friend. No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the tempers and dispositions of the two former associates, and the advantage is decidedly on the side of Mlle. de l'Espinasse. The letters addressed to Count de Guibert, originally printed in 1809, form of course a chief part of M. Eugène Asse's excellent duodecimo; but they are completed and illustrated by various other documents, and no pains have been spared to bring out in strong relief one of the most attractive characters of the last century.

This is not the first time that M. Moreau de Jonnès § appears before us as an archæologist and historian; already, in his essay entitled *L'océan des anciens*, he had given proof of ability and acumen. The present work will not detract from his reputation, whatever may be thought of the particular theories which he propounds. A study of comparative mythology has led him to the conclusion that the cosmogonies, theogonies, and mythological fables of the different nations of antiquity are all derived from one primitive idea, developed and modified according to the particular genius of this or that race; and he endeavours to show this by examining in turn the history of the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Jews, the Greeks, and the Persians.

We regret to find that M. Vivien de Saint-Martin is obliged to discontinue the publication of his *Année géographique.*‖ The volume now before us is the last, therefore, of one of the most valuable series of year-books published by Messrs. Hachette and Co. Let us join in the hope expressed by M. de Saint-Martin in his preface that another duly qualified writer may step forward and continue a work which has done so much for the diffusion of geographical studies. In the meanwhile it must not be supposed that M. de Saint-Martin is going to remain idle; and when we know that he is at present busy upon a dictionary of modern geography, a universal atlas, and a dictionary of historical geography, our only wonder is that he could find time for the compilation of the *Année géographique.* This thirteenth volume is done with the same care and exactness as the preceding ones; biographical and ethnological notices, descriptions, translations, bibliographical details—everything is complete. Many readers will turn with special interest to the account of the projected submarine tunnel between France and England, a work which M. de Saint-Martin regards as very problematical on account of the nature of the soil through which the tunnel must run. Until geologists have thoroughly done their work in determining the character of the ground, the success of the undertaking cannot be regarded as more than hypothetically possible.

We take up M. de Fonvielle's interesting monograph* with full assurance that on the subject of balloons and aerial navigation we could not have a better guide. His work is a compendium of the annals of that branch of science to which he devotes all his energies. It begins with Montgolfier, and ends with the catastrophe of the "Univers" a little while ago. The wars of the first French Revolution and the last siege of Paris by the Germans have given a fresh impulse to the construction and use of balloons; nor is it possible to deny that science has made important strides in that particular direction. M. de Fonvielle explains succinctly what has been hitherto accomplished. He points out the obstacles which are still to be overcome, and he is sanguine of ultimate success.

The history of the Roman Catholic Church in Russia is so little known to most readers that Father Lescœur's two substantial volumes will have all the interest of novelty. They describe a state of things with which England has nothing to do, and the interest of which seems confined to the Slavonic race.† But still all students of Church history may wish to know at least the leading events in the relations between the Czars and the Papacy, and secular politics are largely affected by the dealings of the Court of St. Petersburg with its Roman Catholic subjects. In spite of the express declaration of Catharine II., the system of persecution exercised in Russia against the Latin Christians began with the partition of Poland; interrupted for a short time under the reigns of Paul I. and Alexander I., it recommenced more actively than ever when Nicholas ascended the throne, and has not yet lost any of its severity. Father Lescœur's book is nominally only a second edition; but he has so completely recast his original work, and added so many fresh details, that it may be looked upon as really a new production; and the recent episode of the Franco-German war has enabled the learned Oratorian to draw a suggestive parallel between the dismemberment of Poland and that of France. The history is subdivided into four books, as follows:—1. The condition of the Latin Church in Russia from the reign of Catharine II. to the year 1860. 2. Preliminaries and details of the insurrection of 1863; its fatal consequences, ending with the diplomatic rupture between Rome and St. Petersburg in 1866. 3. Narrative of the religious persecutions from the year 1866 to the present time. 4. Considerations on the state and relative importance of the two communities. Father Lescœur is of opinion that the Russian Government will be compelled at no distant period to withdraw the support it now gives to the Greek Church, originally established by Peter the Great, and that such a measure must inevitably end in the ruin of the Photian schism. The second volume ends with a few *pièces justificatives* and a good table of contents.

M. F. Sauvage was not much known beyond the limits of the province of Languedoc, where he represented the University of France as Professor of Latin Literature; he certainly deserved the reputation for which he never was eager‡, and which has so often been granted to pretentious and vulgar writers. We are told in the preface, signed with the name Roschach, that M. Sauvage was equally distinguished as a teacher and as a brilliant talker; he has left at Toulouse an impression which his friends will not readily forget, and the volume of detached thoughts now published may certainly make us regret that the author did not care more for the judgment of posterity. The great snare of moralists who adopt the style of apophthegms is affectation, and a constant seeking after *point;* M. Sauvage generally keeps clear of this danger, and his remarks are both ingenious and simple. After some of them we find, by way of commentary, parallel extracts from La Rochefoucauld, Joubert, Chateaubriand, Mme. Swetchine, Alfred de Musset, and other writers, both ancient and modern.

M. Sainte-Beuve's admirers seem bent upon publishing every scrap of paper left by him, good, bad, or indifferent. We cannot help thinking this a mistake, and we doubt whether such indiscriminate editing will add to the reputation of the eminent critic. The *Lettres à la princesse*, notwithstanding a few curious autobiographical details, might have been left in manuscript; and it is not to be expected that the majority of readers will feel much sympathy for a man who was constantly harping upon his physical infirmities, and venting his spite against those who did not share his free-thinking views. The *Premiers lundis* would never have

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* *Histoire des littératures étrangères.* Par Alfred Bougeault. Tome 2. Paris: Plon.

† *Etudes littéraires sur les chefs-d'œuvre des classiques français.* Par Gustave Merlet. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

‡ *Lettres de Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse.* Publiées par E. Asse. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Les temps mythologiques, essai de restitution historique.* Par C. A. Moreau de Jonnès. Paris: Didier.

‖ *L'Année géographique.* Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. Vol. XIII. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Aventures aériennes.* Par M. de Fonvielle. Paris: Plon.

† *L'Eglise catholique en Pologne sous le gouvernement russe.* Par le P. Lescœur, de l'Oratoire. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Pensées morales et littéraires.* Par M. F. Sauvage. Paris: Plon.

been deemed worth printing had they not been the early productions of one who is justly considered the journalist *par excellence*; and we may say the same of the *Chroniques parisiennes**, recently collected by M. Jules Troubat. It appears that, during the years 1843-5, M. Sainte-Beuve contributed to the *Revue suisse*, published at Lausanne under the editorship of M. Juste Olivier, the articles now reprinted in the volume before us; they are merely a series of sketches written offhand, in which the French literature of the day is criticized with a freedom which would have been impossible if the *feuilletoniste* had not intended them for Swiss readers. The *Cahiers*†, expressly intended by him for publication, and originally intended to appear in 1868 under the name of M. Jules Troubat, is still more objectionable on account of the cynicism of some of the passages, and the spiteful way in which the writer treats men whom he had formerly praised, and of whose friendship he professed to be so proud. A few allusions which we notice here and there will be hardly understood by readers who are not quite *au courant* of Parisian gossip; some others are so trite and so generally known that we wonder they were thought worth preserving—for instance, M. de Talleyrand's witty remark on M. de Sémonville's "three consciences."

The French press still teems with works on Germany, and especially on the political system of Prince Bismarck. When a volume appears with the title chosen by M. Victor de Saint-Genis‡, we know before opening it what we are to expect. Seventy years ago the "hereditary enemy" would have been "Pitt et Cobourg"; now he is Cobourg, or rather Bismarck. Far be it from us to say that M. de Saint-Genis is merely a rabid pamphleteer, and that his scheme for a readjustment of the map of Europe is a utopian idea which cannot be realized. Such productions at any rate show that the wound inflicted upon France six years ago still bleeds, and that the disaster of Sedan will not easily be forgotten.

We have received an interesting volume on the Brain and its Functions, by Dr. Luys.§ After having for a considerable time lectured at one of the chief Paris hospitals, he now introduces the non-scientific public to his researches. Anatomical details naturally come first, and the second part of the work is devoted to physiological particulars. Dr. Luys reasons with the clearness, but also with the exclusiveness, of a physicist. The supreme contempt with which he refers to speculative philosophy is characteristic of a school who take no cognizance of what is beyond the world of sense, and who, notwithstanding their boasted liberalism, are as violently prejudiced as the staunchest champions of the Papacy.

There seems to be dissension in the Positivist camp. M. Auguste Comte's followers are not at unity with themselves, and the worship of humanity, simple as it may appear, is susceptible of being variously interpreted. Such, at least, is the impression we have derived from the perusal of M. André Poëy's book ‖, one of the most amusing specimens of conceit and scientific bombast we have met with for a long time. M. Poëy assumes that we are anxious to know his qualifications for discoursing about sociology, sociocracy, mesology, and psychophysics. We cannot say that we feel any eagerness on the subject, but his biography is given with such a flourish of trumpets that it is certainly amusing; never was the worship of humanity more thoroughly illustrated. The book treats of Positivism in its general applications to the several branches of human knowledge, and forms the introduction to a series of special treatises announced as being in preparation.

Professor von Hartmann's book ¶ is a curiosity. Attacking with equal energy Catholicism and the different schools of Protestantism, it assumes, on the other hand, in opposition to modern materialists, that religion is necessary, and it proclaims the advent of a system based upon a fusion of Hinduism with the Judæo-Christian element taken in its purity.

The three works we have just mentioned all express certain tendencies of modern science. Must we conclude that empiricism reigns supreme, and that no one protests in favour of the good old doctrines of Descartes, Leibnitz, and Maine de Biran? A reference to M. Charles Secrétan's article in the April number of the *Bibliothèque universelle*** will show that such is not the case; and from the able way in which the preliminary conditions of the inquiry are set down we may hope to see, when the work is finished, a complete refutation of those unpleasant theories which have rendered so famous the names of MM. Auguste Comte and Littré. The same number of the *Bibliothèque* gives us an interesting paper on the points of contact between science and the arts, suggested by the recent lacustrine discoveries in Switzerland. The fourth part of M. de Montalembert's description of Spain may also be quoted as one of the most important articles in this number.

Fiction and poetry are not strikingly represented just now. The four tales published together in M. George Sand's new volume are merely trifles which appeared long ago as the *feuilletons* of a daily paper.†† M. Champfleury's realistic novel is twenty years old*; and although M. André Theuriet's pretty tale is of more recent date†, it still cannot be said to be *inédit*. M. Emile Zola's satire against the Second Empire comes to an end in the volume entitled *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*.‡ It would be idle to deny the vigour with which some of the scenes are written, and the faithfulness of the descriptions given of French society under the reign of Napoleon III.; but the impression left is a disagreeable one, and, much as the late Emperor deserves to be blamed for the vicious moral tendencies of his system of rule, we should not forget that the state of things portrayed by M. Zola existed long before the *coup d'état*.

Military novels are very fashionable just now. Last month we had to notice two pleasant ones by Mme. de Chandeneux; we would now recommend as entertaining companions, M. Salières's artilleryman §, and M. A. Fiévée's sergeant.‖ The scene of the second tale is laid in La Vendée during the Royalist insurrection, and the author has grouped with much vigour and descriptive power a few episodes around the well-known names of La Rochejaquelein and Lescure, Carrier and Westermann.

M. Gustave Nadaud and M. Pierre Dupont have certainly managed to rival Béranger as *chansonniers*, and the former especially is in his peculiar line a model of wit and of originality.¶ We need scarcely say that all the pieces of M. Nadaud's collection are not fit for general reading, but his satires are amongst the best specimens of the true *esprit gaulois*, and in the two volumes before us there are lyrics to suit every taste. It is impossible to imagine that M. Nadaud will ever rise higher than the famous *Pandore*, his masterpiece; but the small poem entitled *Réactionnaire* is a capital instance of political joking, and if any one affirms that the author is the leading song-writer of contemporary France, we shall exclaim, quoting M. Nadaud's own words, "Brigadier, vous avez raison!"

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* *Chroniques parisiennes.* Par C.-A. Sainte-Beuve. Paris: Lévy.

† *Les cahiers de Sainte-Beuve.* Paris: Lemerre.

‡ *L'ennemi héréditaire.* Par Victor de Saint-Genis. Paris: Dentu.

§ *Le cerveau et ses fonctions.* Par T. Luys. Paris: Germer Baillière.

‖ *Le Positivisme.* Par André Poëy. Paris: Germer Baillière.

¶ *La religion de l'avenir.* Par Edouard de Hartmann. Paris: Germer Baillière.

** *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse.* Avril 1876. Lausanne: Bridel.

†† *La coupe, etc.* Par George Sand. Paris: Lévy.

* *Monsieur de Boisdhyver.* Par Champfleury. Paris: Charpentier.

† *La fortune d'Angèle.* Par André Theuriet. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon.* Par Emile Zola. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Les soirées fantastiques de Partillier Baruch.* Par A. Salières. Paris: Plon.

‖ *Le sergent d'Armagnac. Le Ressuscité.* Par A. Fiévée. Paris: Plon.

¶ *Chansons nouvelles, chansons inédites.* Par G. Nadaud. Paris: Plon.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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RETURN OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE accidents and disappointments of human life are so many and so great that it is seldom that anything which man proposes is carried out with such unbroken success as that which has throughout accompanied the long journey of the PRINCE. He has returned after seven months' absence on the day and almost at the hour when he was expected, having been able to fulfil without variation almost every item of the programme with which he started, and having added a visit to Madrid. On his arrival at Portsmouth on Thursday he remarked, in reply to an address from the Corporation, that what had especially struck him in his progress through the distant possessions of the Crown was that he found everywhere the same reign of law that he was accustomed to witness at home. This is a remark which might have occurred to any traveller, but which is peculiarly appropriate when coming from the lips of the Heir to the Throne. Wherever he has trod on soil belonging to the English Crown he has found law, order, good will, and loyalty; and in these days of jealousy and disturbance it is much that this can be said. It deserves also to be noticed that not only was the PRINCE always punctual to his appointments, always ready to do everything he was asked to do, and always pleased with what he saw and with what was done for him, but those whose business it was to prepare for his coming, and to carry out the complicated arrangements for his journey and for his reception at the different stages of his travels, discharged their duties with uniform zeal and efficiency. His safe return to his home has been the subject of unaffected popular rejoicing, and the meeting between the PRINCE and the PRINCESS has appealed with unusual force to the hearts of thousands. There is a universal impression that it was a very good thing that the PRINCE should go to India, a very happy thing that he has returned safe and well, and a most satisfactory thing that he has played a difficult part with marked success. He has done a piece of important business for the benefit of the nation, and the nation is naturally grateful to him for having done it well. The present is taken as an earnest of the future, and the PRINCE has not only been going through a most instructive preparation for the station to which, in the natural order of things, he will one day be called, but he has displayed qualities which inspire the belief that this great opportunity has not been lost on him, and that he will always be willing to do his best. He has what in his position is the immense merit of being ready to work. The QUEEN is one of the most industrious women in the country, and goes through business of the most varied kinds to the utmost limit that her health will permit. The business the PRINCE has to go through at present is necessarily of a different kind from that which occupies the attention of a reigning sovereign. But to many persons it would be even more repulsive and wearisome. It is very hard work going to one place after another, saying the right thing to men of every class, creed, and nation, having every meal turned into a banquet, and every hour bespoken. To go through this labour cheerfully and as a matter of course, and without any appearance of thinking that there is anything to bear, is a sign of many virtues of body, mind, and character. Even a thing so seemingly slight as to show himself at the Opera an hour or two after his arrival marks in the PRINCE a readiness to think of the wishes of others rather than his own comfort, which ought not indeed to be exaggerated into a wonderful act of virtue, but deserves recognition as a proof of the ardour with which the PRINCE discharges the duties which he believes are imposed on him by his birth.

At the very hour of his arrival in London the House of Commons was engaged in a discussion which must have some interest for him. The Opposition was calling attention to the terms of the Proclamation by which the QUEEN has assumed her new title. This, it may be fairly said, is the proper mode of describing what was going on. While the Royal Titles Bill was in Committee, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE observed that, whereas the intention of the Government was to limit the operation of the new title by the form of the Proclamation, the Opposition would be at liberty to call attention to the Proclamation if they did not consider that it fulfilled the declared intention of its authors. The Opposition thought that it failed in many ways to do what it had been promised it should do, and they therefore called attention to it. But to call attention to it on the ground that it did not carry out what the Government had undertaken that it should carry out was to say that the Government had not made good its promises. If this was what was meant, then, as Mr. DISRAELI remarked, a charge was brought against the Government which, if it could be sustained, would show them to be unworthy of the confidence of Parliament. This was not the issue which any one really wished to raise, or thought could be properly raised. It was only in obedience to Parliamentary forms that a very proper criticism on the terms of a public instrument was transmuted into a proposal for a vote of censure. All the virtuous indignation of the Ministry, all the denunciation of unavailing party spite in which it amused one Conservative speaker after another to indulge, had no real meaning. There was only a sham party fight, and all the firing was with blank cartridges. The Opposition was merely accepting the invitation of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and calling attention to the Proclamation, and every one knew that this was all that was meant. Whether it was worth while to raise a discussion, in itself unobjectionable, when it had to be raised in so very inconvenient and misleading a form, was a question which it no doubt gave the leaders of the Opposition much trouble to answer. For various reasons, among which the necessity of consulting the wishes of their supporters may probably be numbered, they decided that, even at this cost, it was better to call attention to the Proclamation in this way than to pass it by altogether. Having come to this decision, they were bound to make the best of a very uncomfortable position and to avoid all appearance of disagreement. Lord HARTINGTON very properly repudiated the insidious compliments that were paid him on his supposed reluctance to support the motion of Sir HENRY JAMES. But it was impossible that he and those who are accustomed to act with him should not have regretted that the party should be driven into a course which so extraordinary a conjunction of independent members as Mr. BUTT, Dr. KENEALY, and Sir ROBERT PEEL could agree in denouncing as factious.

As was to be anticipated, the Opposition had little to add to the criticism of Lord SELBORNE, unless it was the discovery of Sir HENRY JAMES that the new title must be introduced into every patent. The facts are really as simple as possible. The Ministry offered again and again

to localize the title and confine it to India. They have not so localized it, and it is not confined to India. They either could not or would not frame the Proclamation so that this promised object should be attained. On the other hand, they undertook that the use of the new title should be kept as much as possible out of the United Kingdom, and they have done much to prevent it from being used here. They promised more than they have fulfilled, but they have fulfilled a substantial part of what they promised. They used rash language, and could not make their rash language good. Mr. HARDY in vain tried to show that they had carried out their contract to the letter, and he had to resort to much uncomfortable special pleading in order to make out a case. Mr. DISRAELI, in a larger and bolder spirit, said that Ministers were not to be tied down to the letter of particular phrases used in the hurry and freedom of debate. This was really to yield the main point on which the Opposition insisted. Phrases which seemed to give pledges that have not been fulfilled were used by leading Ministerial speakers, and the excuse now given, which to some extent may be accepted, is that they were used in the course of conversation, and not as solemn assurances of what would practically be done. The Opposition has protested against the indiscreet use of such phrases, and this, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT observed, is their final protest. The controversy as to the title of Empress is now at rest. The QUEEN is Empress of India, and she is not to be called Empress here more than is unavoidable. How far it will in real life be avoided depends not on the terms of the Proclamation, but on the guidance of the Government and the unfailing good sense of the Royal Family. The painful episode of Mr. LOWE's indiscretion had at least the salutary effect of dispelling the illusion that the QUEEN personally had any thirst for a grander name; and the PRINCE's long journey, his reception at every point of his progress, and the warmth of his welcome home may be relied on, among other things, to have fortified his conviction that there is nothing greater or better on earth than to be King of England.

RUSSIAN POLICY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE was fully justified in bringing the question of the Russian advances in Central Asia before the House of Commons. There is a general consent in the conclusion that nothing can be done at present; but the attention of Parliament may properly be called from time to time to events which may probably hereafter lead to serious complications. There are two classes of alarmists on the subject; and the more reasonable of the two justifies its fears by plausible argument and respectable authority. Sir H. HAVELOCK apprehends a collision with Russia within five years; and perhaps other adherents of the same school of Oriental politics may think the danger still more immediate. On the other side are timid and sensitive optimists who fear that Russia, though otherwise harmless, may be irretrievably offended by the expression in or out of Parliament of any suspicion on the part of England of ambitious designs. The most unambitious of Governments, though it is incapable of cherishing designs of territorial aggrandizement, may perhaps invade India in resentment of an unjust suspicion. The *Times* especially deprecates with nervous anxiety any mention in speech or writing of precautions against the Russian advance towards the frontiers of India. It might be supposed, from the flurried warnings against indiscreet apprehension, that the policy of Russia towards Kashgar, Afghanistan, or Persia would be altered to punish Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE for his interference. The Russian journals are not restrained by the scruples which are urged on the attention of the House of Commons. Official and non-official writers vie with each other in taunts and menaces towards the Power against which, according to their representations, every movement in Central Asia is designed. The Russian Government has repeatedly acknowledged the propriety of the vigilant observation which has been suggested by recent conquests. Three or four years ago Prince GORTCHAKOFF concurred with Lord GRANVILLE in the definition of a boundary which was to separate the respective dependencies of Russia and England. It is difficult to understand how Mr. DISRAELI can have stated that the project of a neutral zone between the Empires had never been entertained. He probably repudiated the phrase without intending to deny the fact which it expressed. Lord CLARENDON and his immediate successor had always spoken of intermediate territory as a neutral zone. If the alarmists who are frightened at a hint of alarm are justified in their dread of discussion, statesmen in England and India who have watched Russian policy for many years must have been systematically and unanimously in the wrong.

It would be both unreasonable and useless to blame the Russians for their successive annexations of Bokhara, Khiva, and Khokand. In some cases the Government has declared beforehand, probably in good faith, that the success of an expedition against turbulent barbarians would not result in the permanent occupation of their territory. If there had been occasion to give diplomatic utterance to the intentions of Indian Viceroys and the Ministers from whom they received instructions, guarantees for the independence of many States which have ultimately been absorbed might probably remain on record. After the Afghan war it was not intended to annex Scinde; and in the first Sikh war the conquest of the Punjab was not foreseen. The Emperor of RUSSIA has more than once condescended to state to English diplomatists that his generals in Central Asia habitually exceed their instructions. It has not appeared that their unauthorized aggressions have been punished, nor is it certain that they have ever deserved censure. The Governor-General of Russian Turkestan has often found that the only effective mode of maintaining order in an adjacent country is to seize and administer the government. The tribes which he has from time to time punished and subdued are predatory, cruel, and untrustworthy. Any settled government must in those regions be a great improvement on a state of society which is perhaps the worst existing in the world. Under Russian dominion increased prosperity will follow the compulsory establishment of peace and order. Some parts of Central Asia were once comparatively civilized, and, under Russian administration, they may possibly flourish again. A Russian general, whatever may be his faults, is a juster and more honest ruler than a Khan of Khiva or Khokand. He might perhaps not compare so favourably with the remarkable chief who has formed a kingdom for himself in Eastern Turkestan. Mr. FORSYTH may have been justified in the assertion that, if the dominions of YAKOOB BEY were conquered by Russia, it would not be the business of England to interfere; but it was perhaps unnecessary to forebode an event which, though it may be inevitable, cannot be contemplated with satisfaction. Mr. DISRAELI's impression that Mr. FORSYTH had anticipated the conquest of Kashgar with pleasure was not unnatural.

The absence of moral disapprobation is compatible with an entire want of active sympathy. As long as Russia is sufficiently employed in reducing Central Asia to subjection, there is little fear of interference with India. The most injurious among the immediate consequences of the extension of Russian dominion is the exclusion of English commerce from regions to which it might otherwise penetrate; but it is impracticable to fight for the retention of markets which indeed are not extraordinarily valuable. When Central Asia is finally subdued and pacified, Russian generals will hope for more attractive and profitable occupation. A share in the possession of India will appear to them a natural reward for their labours, unless indeed Western China should seem to offer an easier prey. All military authorities agree in the opinion that, for the present, India could not be invaded from the North with any prospect of success. On the North-East the passes which were traversed by the mission to Kashgar would not admit of the passage of an army. In the defiles of Afghanistan it is hoped that the natives would aid the defence, and probably the most formidable line of advance would be from the West. It is evident that the enemy would be encountered to the greatest advantage at a distance from his resources and in the neighbourhood of India. The exact line of defence to be selected must be determined on purely military considerations. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, and others who think the danger of invasion remote, nevertheless expect that it may occur at some future time. There are many reasons for not guarding against it prematurely. It is not desirable to take an active part in the domestic politics or intrigues of Afghanistan, or to guarantee the existence of any ruler or dynasty. Lord LAWRENCE and Lord MAYO prudently contented themselves with the establishment of friendly relations with the reigning chief, being well aware that his death may probably cause a war of succession.

Mr. DISRAELI retrieved as far as possible the credit for prudence which he had risked by an idle phrase of rhetoric in the debate on the Royal Titles Bill. It is impossible to collect from his later expressions whether he concurs with Sir G. CAMPBELL or with Sir HENRY RAWLINSON. In diplomatic interviews with Russian Ambassadors he may possibly be more explicit. A free country with a Parliament and press absolutely unrestrained has the disadvantage of being overheard when it engages in discussions on foreign affairs. A responsible Minister has no business to think aloud, and Foreign Secretaries can seldom be accused of forgetting the reserve belonging to their office. Russian politicians sometimes commit the grave mistake of attending to colourless official generalities rather than to the utterances of national feeling. Those among them who care to understand English public opinion have ample means of knowing the determination of the country to maintain its power in India by more efficacious methods than the invention of newfangled titles. It is for the purpose of reminding those whom it may concern of the resolution of England that conversations such as that which was commenced by Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE are occasionally useful. It is difficult to believe that Sir G. CAMPBELL can have seriously inferred from Mr. DISRAELI's random phrases that the Indian Government was about to enter on an ambitious or aggressive policy. Of all orators in high political position, Mr. DISRAELI is the least liable to literal interpretation of words which are seldom carefully considered. The same purpose which was served by PEEL's elaborate circumlocution is attained by Mr. DISRAELI's simpler method of saying anything which may at the moment seem to promote his immediate object. His defiance of Russia meant as little as his celebrated declamation about those Straits of Malacca which have never troubled his repose before or since the time when they were suddenly appropriated to the purposes of the general election. A careless speaker is not necessarily a thoughtless or improvident statesman. Sir G. CAMPBELL's suspicions of a change of policy seem to have been strengthened by the selection of Sir LEWIS PELLY to accompany the new VICEROY to Simla. No Indian official is better acquainted with the politics of the tribes and nations between the Indian frontier and the Red Sea; but Sir LEWIS PELLY is at present engaged in administering the affairs of Rajpootana, and it has not been announced that he is likely to resign his post. There is no occasion to be immediately frightened by Russian policy, and there is still less reason for being frightened at last week's debate.

EGYPTIAN FINANCE.

THE scheme of the KHEDIVE for the consolidation of his debt has at last been published, and a very curious scheme it is. The KHEDIVE is almost, if not quite, an independent sovereign, and he likes to taste the sweets of the sovereignty he enjoys, and does not hesitate to deal with the rights of other people in a princely and free-handed manner. He bastinadoes his English creditors, and smiles on his French and native creditors in a grand Oriental style. It is the will of GOD and ISMAIL that there shall be a consolidated debt of 91,000,000*l.*, and this therefore is the figure. The present funded debt of Egypt amounts to 54,793,000*l.*, and to this amount, therefore, 36,207,000*l.* are added by a stroke of the pen. The existing bondholders suffer, in the first place, by having this enormous addition made to the total; in the next place, by having all their special securities taken from them; and, lastly, by having the date at which their capital is to be repaid postponed to a very distant day. A sinking fund is provided, which it is calculated will pay off the 91 millions in 65 years. A portion of the existing debt, amounting to somewhat less than five millions, ought, according to the engagements under which it was borrowed, to be paid off in five years from the present time, while the bulk of the remainder is not repayable until 1903. Mr. CAVE proposed that the small part of the debt repayable at an early date should be left altogether out of any scheme of consolidation, and should be paid off when due in cash. The present scheme treats the holders of these special bonds in a much ruder manner. Instead of receiving the bonds of the new consolidated debt at par, they are to receive them at 95, and they will thus add a bonus of one-nineteenth to their capital, which is a very small consolation to them for the postponement of repayment. One fraction of this special short-dated portion of the existing debt, known as the Moustapha Loan of 1867, was borrowed at nine per cent., and the holders of this loan are to have an extra quantity of new bonds given them to compensate them for the reduction of interest from nine to seven per cent. The capital represented by this difference of interest is to be reckoned as if now due, and then 70 per cent. of the amount is to be paid by the issue of bonds of the new consolidated debt. Although the terms used by the KHEDIVE are not perfectly clear, it is probable that this means that the difference between seven and nine per cent. is to be reckoned for the five years which are to elapse before the date is reached at which it was promised that the bond should be paid off, and then a new bond shall be given for 70 per cent. of the amount. Thus a holder of a bond for 1,000*l.* would in five years receive 100*l.* more at nine than at seven per cent., and he will therefore receive a new bond for 70*l.* on account of the difference of interest, besides what he receives for his capital in bonds issued at 95. The total amount of the new consolidated debt issued by way of compensation to the holders of the short-dated loans of 1864, 1865, and 1867, will be about 320,000*l.*; and if this is deducted from the 36,207,000*l.* which is to be added to the total existing debt, there will remain 35,887,000*l.*, which is left for the settlement of the floating debt and for what may be decorously termed the margin of the new operation.

When Mr. CAVE was in Egypt, the KHEDIVE stated his floating capital to be at least 21,243,000*l.* Deducting this amount from 35,887,000*l.* there will remain 14,644,000*l.*, or in round figures fourteen and a half millions sterling. These fourteen and a half millions are the poetical feature in the scheme. No one, from reading the KHEDIVE's decree, can form the remotest notion what is to become of them. We only learn that a portion of them is to be devoted to compensating the holders of the floating debt for the loss they will sustain by reason of the difference between the interest at seven per cent., which they will henceforth receive, and the rate at which the advances were actually made. How much is to be paid on this head, and what is the real amount of the floating debt, are facts completely shrouded in darkness. It is probable, or rather certain, that the amount of the floating debt is considerably in excess of the twenty-one millions of which Mr. CAVE was informed. Part of the fourteen and a half millions will be devoted to the repayment of this extra capital, and another part to compensation for the reduction of interest on the floating debt generally. Further, the KHEDIVE may be trusted to have reserved for himself a share not incommensurate with his princely views. Mr. CAVE, in his calculations, thought that a million sterling must be added for the Abyssinian war; but the Abyssinian war is even now not concluded, and the KHEDIVE would naturally like to have a little ready money to start with on his new career of virtue, besides being able to pay for his little war and other casual expenses. Then great financiers do not go through all the trouble of helping the KHEDIVE to frame a scheme without some reward for their trouble. The fourteen and a half millions will therefore soon melt away, and as the existing bondholders will never know what becomes of the amount, their best hope is that the framers of the scheme have treated themselves with sufficient liberality, and that the floating debt will be really cleared off by the issue of the new stock. At the same time they will now understand the meaning of the telegrams which have lately reached England to the effect that the KHEDIVE has lately been working cordially with the French financiers. They, as the great holders of the floating debt, have been bargaining with the KHEDIVE as to the extent of the more ornamental and poetical part of the new issue. He has been looking out for himself; and the end of the discussion is that it is the will of Heaven that fourteen and a half millions should be tacked on to the issue, and that the outer world should have no information as to the mode of its distribution.

If the floating debt is really extinguished, the KHEDIVE well started, and the framers of the scheme made reasonably happy by the new issue, then the bondholders will wish to know whether the promised interest and sinking fund can be paid for the future, and, if it can, whether it will be paid. The total annual charge is 6,443,600*l.*; but from this is to be deducted the sum of 684,111*l.*, which the Daira is to contribute, and Mr. CAVE stated in his Report that the Daira could well bear such a charge. The net sum to

be provided annually is 5,759,189*l.* The sources of revenue from which this sum is to be derived are set out in detail, and we learn how much is to come from each source. The total is 30,000*l.* more than is needed, which is very convenient; and it must be owned that the KHEDIVE is very fortunate to possess distinct sources of revenue the value of which he knows to a fraction, and which, when the whole debt has been fixed after prolonged bargaining at an arbitrary figure, give precisely the right amount to meet the current charges. Mr. CAVE showed, with some hesitation, that the revenue of the country would suffice to provide 4,700,000*l.*, which was the amount of the annual charge payable under his scheme. The revenue has now to meet almost exactly a million more, but still it can bear it. A revenue that could not bear an extra odd million of charge would not be the sort of revenue the KHEDIVE would like to have in his country. The operation of the Moukabalah is to cease, and although this will prevent a great reduction in the revenue hereafter, it will cause a diminution of a million and a half of current receipts. Apart from the Moukabalah receipts, Mr. CAVE estimated the revenue at nine millions, and the expenses of the KHEDIVE, if he would consent to go upon a short allowance and keep to it, at four millions. With the balance of five millions, the KHEDIVE, in his airy way, orders five millions and three-quarters to be paid. Bondholders would be more than sanguine who expected the full interest on the new debt to be regularly paid, and they would probably be quite content if they were sure that six or even five per cent. would be paid regularly instead of the seven promised. If Mr. CAVE's figures are to be taken as tolerably accurate, if the revenue is a real revenue and the taxes have not been augmented by extortion beyond what the people can bear, and if the KHEDIVE will keep within his limit of four millions, which includes his payment to the English Government and the tribute to the Porte, the bondholders, even now that the total of the debt has been swollen to ninety one millions, ought to get five per cent. Will they get it? It cannot be said that the KHEDIVE has not taken some precautions on their behalf. He is to appoint a Commission of competent foreigners, to whom all the assigned revenues will be paid, and the head collectors of these branches of revenue are to receive their quittances solely from the new Commissioners. This offers no safeguard against the various collectors of taxes stopping a portion of what they collect on its way to the Treasury; but it does ensure that the sums acknowledged to have been collected shall be appropriated for the benefit of the bondholders. The bondholders would therefore have something definite to look to for their interest, if they could only be sure that the KHEDIVE had done once for all with borrowing. But there is enough to make them unhappy in the concluding paragraphs of the KHEDIVE's decree. In the first place, under circumstances of great urgency, the KHEDIVE is to be allowed to make exceptional loans, although without encroaching on the assigned revenues, provided that the Commissioners assent to his doing so. What would happen if they refused their assent can only be guessed; but it is obvious that, if the Commissioners could forbid his borrowing under very urgent circumstances, they would really dictate the policy he should pursue at every serious crisis, and the KHEDIVE has repeatedly declared that he will not allow any one to dictate what his policy shall be. In the next place, the KHEDIVE, for his current needs, is to have a banking account which he may overdraw to the extent of two millions sterling in the year. These two provisions certainly open new vistas of a fresh floating debt, and are enough to inspire the bondholders with grave apprehension. Probably the KHEDIVE has wished, while providing as far as practicable for his own convenience, to give his various creditors as much as he saw his way to giving them. But the result for the holders of the existing funded debt is very far from satisfactory.

BARRISTERS AND CLIENTS.

MR. NORWOOD'S Bill for rendering barristers liable to actions for negligence will probably be the subject of an annual motion. When the measure is next introduced it will be judicious to alter its title. It is irritating to any class which may at any time be threatened with hostile legislation to receive an ironical assurance that the proposed change is designed for its benefit. Mr. NORWOOD has, probably without any malicious intention, imitated the deliberately offensive phraseology of the Liberation Society. The Dissenting ministers and others who desire on public grounds to deprive the Established clergy of their revenues and their position indicate by a standing joke in the title of their Association a dislike and jealousy of which some of them are perhaps unconscious. They well know that the clergy of the Church of England share with the laity of all denominations a dislike to projects for liberating or relieving them of their incomes and of other material advantages. It is also notorious that the whole body of members of the Church are, with few exceptions, opposed to the plan of their sectarian adversaries; but the managers of the Association cannot resist the temptation of a sneer. The Bar of England is also in some quarters an object of envy and dislike. Mr. NORWOOD, who spoke in excellent tone and temper, may be acquitted of any ill-will to the profession; but he will perhaps reflect on a future occasion that a proposal unanimously rejected by the Bar need not purport to be an enabling Bill in their favour. It was stated in the course of the debate that there are fraudulent solicitors who cheat young barristers out of their fees; but it may be hoped that the practice is not widely extended. A solicitor is not likely to perpetrate a dishonest act for the benefit of his client; and, if he has himself received counsel's fees, he would, if he appropriated them to his own use, approach dangerously near to the clutches of the criminal law. Mr. NORWOOD, indeed, has no reason for abolishing the old theory of honorary payments, except that a power of recovering fees implies a corresponding liability. It is scarcely worth while to prove, in jest or in earnest, that barristers work for the purpose of earning money, and not, like old Roman patricians, for the protection of dependents who were originally called clients, and for the promotion of their own political influence. Negotiation on the amount of fees is a vicious practice; but it cannot be touched by the law. When a fee has been accepted, no barrister ought to allow his clerk to suggest to the client the propriety of an increase.

The entire unanimity of the Bar, though it may not be conclusive as to the merits of Mr. NORWOOD's Bill, deserves consideration. The risk which would attend unqualified liability for mismanagement would be intolerable, and in the highest degree unjust. A solicitor can always cover his own responsibility, when legal difficulties arise, by taking the advice of competent counsel. The barrister would not be able to devolve the liability on any higher authority. Some of the opponents of the Bill perhaps laid too much stress on the tendency of Mr. NORWOOD's measure to affect the independence of the advocate; but under its operation nervous barristers would perhaps defer more habitually than at present to the instructions of solicitors. The old story about the late Justice WILLIAMS was an oddly chosen illustration of the evils which might result to a client from the pliancy of his counsel. According to the legend, a prisoner was hanged because his counsel, in deference to the urgency of the attorney, had, against his own judgment, asked a question which proved fatal to the defence. If the story had been true, the counsel ought to have taken the whole blame on himself, and he could certainly have found no excuse in the rejected Bill of Mr. NORWOOD, who may perhaps not have been born at the time. As a general rule, solicitors and counsel co-operate with sufficient harmony, each yielding to the advice of the other on the points on which the supporter of the prevailing opinion is more competent to form a sound decision. As far as the exercise of skill and judgment is concerned, litigants would derive no practical advantage from a power to sue the counsel who might have been employed in their cases. In their own interests, if from no higher motive, barristers do their best to ensure success to their clients. Mistakes are unavoidable, but it is the fault of those who dispense the patronage of the Bar if habitual blunderers enjoy continued opportunities of displaying their incapacity. The English system which interposes a solicitor between client and counsel materially affects the alleged need for legal protection to the party in the cause. The advocate is chosen by a skilled agent, who is bound to exercise his discretion for the benefit of his principal.

Although the Bill would render barristers liable for any kind of professional negligence, the complaint which was really preferred related entirely to failure of attendance. There were at least two strong objections to the measure. It would not have abated the evil against which it was directed; and, if it would have been effective, it was not

necessary for the purpose. Solicitors are not compelled to employ the counsel whose services are in the greatest demand. There are always many competent practitioners who would certainly not be absent when a case in which they were retained came on for hearing. It is by deliberate choice that solicitors prefer to obscure merit the reputation of the SCARLETT or FOLLETT of the day. It may perhaps sometimes be for the interest of their clients to secure the probable exertion of the highest ability in their favour, and the certainty that it will not be engaged on the other side. One of the opponents of the Bar made a curious apology for the solicitors who, in deference to the prejudices of their clients, retain a too popular counsel. It was, he said, difficult for a young and struggling solicitor to resist the fashion, or to incur the responsibility of preferring an advocate of inferior reputation. It is not necessary to counteract professional weakness by an Act of Parliament, which, after all, would probably be inoperative. Nothing would be easier than for great advocates to contract themselves out of any measure which might be passed for the purpose of confining them to a limited number of cases. A leader of the Bar who declined to take a retainer except on the implied condition that his attendance should be contingent on circumstances would find that his business was not at all affected by the Act. Experienced counsel are well aware that in the majority of cases a solicitor is offended by the refusal or return of a brief. If he insists on his demand of exclusive service, he can always require a promise that his case shall be preferred to all competing engagements. As such an assurance would not be given by a leading counsel in large practice, both the solicitor and the client have notice of the possibility of what is undoubtedly a serious inconvenience. It is not easy to understand the process by which attendance could be absolutely secured. Neither solicitor nor counsel can control the arrangement of business or foresee the order in which cases may be brought forward. At the Guildhall sittings causes are transferred from one Court to another at the shortest notice, and the barrister who may have been fully prepared to appear in three or four successive cases is helplessly embarrassed when they are all simultaneously tried. Mr. NORWOOD says that the Chancery Bar are not liable to censure. It is true that for many years Queen's Counsel have confined themselves to a single Court of Equity; but it is doubtful whether the rule will long survive the changes in the conduct of business which result from the Judicature Act. There is some reason to suppose that, when Mr. NORWOOD introduces his Bill next year, he will have to include the Equity Bar in his censure.

It would be absurd to contend that some of the practices which were noticed in the debate are defensible; and it may be hoped that they are not common. There can be no excuse for a breach of special promises which need not have been made if there were a doubt whether they could be kept. In the more ordinary case of a retainer which is given and accepted on the understanding that absence is possible, the client has obtained that for which he bargained. Solicitors, who are also liable to be troubled by conflicting engagements, have the comparative advantage of being able to discharge many of their duties by deputy. A managing clerk often commands as full confidence as his principal, and matters of routine can safely be entrusted to less experienced hands. A barrister must either do his work himself or leave it to the care of his junior, or in some instances to that of a substitute selected for the occasion. The practice of giving briefs to friends to hold may easily degenerate into an abuse. The monopoly of favour which is enjoyed at the first start in the profession by the relatives of solicitors would not be satisfactorily corrected by dependence on the patronage of the leaders of the Bar. There are anomalies in the profession, but they for the most part lie out of the reach of the Legislature.

FRANCE.

THE return of the deputies to Versailles finds the advanced Republicans in a somewhat better temper with the Government than they were before the recess. M. RICARD'S words are regarded as better than his deeds, and when words take the form of circulars to prefects they have pretty much the significance of deeds. M. RICARD has called upon the mayors who were not members of the Municipal Councils at the time of their appointment to send in their resignations; he has made new and liberal regulations with regard to the hawking of newspapers; and he has delighted the Republicans and proportionately irritated the Bonapartists by directing the prefects to lend themselves neither to equivocation nor to complaisance. Now under the late Administration a prefect's principal duties were to equivocate about the Republic and to be complaisant to the Bonapartists. Marshal MACMAHON'S name furnished a convenient way of escape from the necessity of defining the political system which the prefect represented; and if he was ever compelled to use the obnoxious word, he was careful to show in the next sentence that to serve a Republic was in no respect the same thing as to be a Republican. A prefect's enthusiasm, so far as it dealt with ideas and not with persons, was carefully kept for that peculiarly conservative policy which consisted in discrediting existing institutions, in the hope that, amid the confusion consequent on their overthrow, the Imperialist position would somehow be improved. Under the system which M. RICARD has now imposed on his subordinates, a prefect will no longer be able to reserve his favours for those who wish to displace the Government of which he is the representative. M. RICARD says, quite correctly, that for several years past persons appointed to conduct the business of the country have thought themselves at liberty, without any dereliction of duty, to maintain their personal opinions and to promote any cause which they might prefer to that of the Republic. The ratification of the Constitution by the votes of the electors has made this no longer allowable. For the future the prefects must declare plainly who and what they are. It is not necessary, indeed it is hardly permissible, that they should ally themselves with a particular political party; for the representatives of the Republic, like the Republic itself, should be above party. But, on the other hand, they must no longer treat the acceptance of the Republic as an open question on which political parties may lawfully take opposite sides. The interval in which the Republic was merely one of several candidates for the national confidence has come to an end. The Republic is now the legal Government of France, and it will assert all the rights which belong to it in that character.

It remains to be seen whether the satisfaction which this language has given to the Left will convert them into active supporters of the Government. M. RICARD has made himself so many enemies in the Right, and especially among the Bonapartists, who are the strongest element of the Right in the new Chamber of Deputies, that he will probably need all the support that he can obtain; and from this point of view it becomes important to know how far the votes of the Left can be depended on. They may be dissatisfied with much that the Minister does without any harm necessarily coming of it; but if they allow their discontent to go the length of a coalition with the Right against the Government, the situation would at once become serious. So far as probabilities go, there is no reason to expect anything of the kind. Allowance must be made for a certain number of Irreconcilables, who would think themselves forsworn men if they voted for any Ministry of which they did not themselves form part. But there is no union between these men and M. GAMBETTA, and so long as this is wanting the Irreconcilables are not really formidable. M. GAMBETTA'S attitude towards them since the elections has been that of a leader who does not wish to break with them until he cannot help it, but who perfectly understands that there is a point at which, if they insist on passing it, he will have no choice but to break with them. He recognizes that it is the duty of an Opposition leader to criticize the Government policy, and he so far defers to the extreme wing of his party as to make his criticisms as severe as he can without compromising interests of real importance. But the Left which M. GAMBETTA leads in the Chamber of Deputies is a very different body from the Left in the old Assembly. It is a homogeneous party, instead of being a mere agglomeration of sections, each distrusting the other as much as its avowed adversaries. In the new Left neither the Left Centre nor the Irreconcilables have the importance which belonged to them in the Assembly. At that time, notwithstanding all the calculations that had been made and all the indications afforded by the by-elections, the precise feeling of the country towards the Republic remained to some extent uncertain; and, until the elections had cleared up this point, it was possible that the Left Centre or the Irreconcilables might turn out stronger than was expected. Since the elections there is no longer any room

for doubt as to what the majority of the constituencies really desire. They are Republicans of a more decided hue than the Left Centre, but of a very much paler tint than the Extreme Left. This was foreseen by M. GAMBETTA at least two years before the dissolution, and his policy throughout the latter days of the Assembly was chiefly directed to gain the confidence of an electorate presumably animated by this temper. Now that the event has proved that France is of the precise political complexion which he believed her to be, it is not likely that he will do anything to forfeit the reputation for moderation which he has taken so much pains to establish.

It is quite consistent with this view that M. GAMBETTA's attacks on the Government should have related to matters on which the difference between him and them has been only one of degree, or to matters on which Opposition criticism seldom possesses much weight. The removal of the prefects is an instance of the former kind. How many dismissals M. GAMBETTA would have liked to see dealt out it is impossible to say; but, inasmuch as M. RICARD was disposed to make the list a small one, no great responsibility was incurred by maintaining that it ought to have been larger. It is pretty well understood that, when an Opposition demands and obtains a sacrifice, it is bound to find fault with the proportions of the victim. Again, M. GAMBETTA, or at least his organ, has been a good deal occupied of late in picking holes in the Duke DECAZES' administration of foreign affairs. He has not published certain documents which it is alleged he ought to have published, and the inference which the *République Française* draws from this reserve is that he has not expressed himself with sufficient force on the Eastern question. But no one knows better than M. GAMBETTA that it is not the business of a French Foreign Minister to make any claims on behalf of his country which would give colour to the supposition that France was contemplating a departure from the policy of devotion to home needs which she has pursued with so much success since 1871. His assaults upon this or that Minister are probably nothing more than so many field days designed to wean the Left from the notion that, if an Opposition is not overthrowing a Minister, and perhaps provoking a revolution, it is doing nothing worthy of itself. How far any attack which M. GAMBETTA may hereafter make upon M. DUFAURE will partake of this parade character is less certain. M. DUFAURE's position is somewhat different from that of his colleagues in the Ministry. He was a member of M. BUFFET's Cabinet, without being a specialist like the Duke DECAZES or General DE CISSEY or M. LÉON SAY, and his natural dislike of anything that looks like insubordination led him at times to associate himself with M. BUFFET more markedly and intimately than was necessary. In a Cabinet founded on the principle of temporary coalition until a particular event has come to pass, differences of opinion, and even of policy, are too natural to require concealment, and M. DUFAURE would have occupied a stronger position in the Chamber of Deputies if he had not supported M. BUFFET so heartily in the Assembly. Added to this, he is disliked by the Left on account of the many stinging speeches which he aimed at them while he was a Minister before 1873. In M. THIERS's Cabinet he was the least Radical element, and as the Left consider that the present Cabinet ought to show a marked advance on that of M. THIERS, they have some reason for objecting to M. DUFAURE as its head. Though it is improbable that any change will be made during the present Session, a serious attack on M. DUFAURE may be expected before the year is out.

THE EXTRADITION CONTROVERSY.

IF the discussion which has arisen in the case of WINSLOW ends in the temporary or permanent abolition of the Extradition Treaty, both England and the United States will incur a practical inconvenience for the exclusive benefit of the fraudulent portion of the community. Both countries will be prevented in many cases from inflicting wholesome punishment on their own criminals, and either will be compelled to extend unwilling hospitality to the fugitive rascals of the other. The temper in which the controversy has apparently been conducted by Mr. HAMILTON FISH is not surprising to those who have watched the course of American diplomacy. There is no doubt that the English Government is hampered by a conflict of law with international obligation; and the American SECRETARY of STATE deliberately affects to take offence, though he is well aware that no wrong was intended. The provisions of the Act of 1870 were perfectly well known in the United States long before the forgery of which WINSLOW is accused had been committed. The provision which has caused the present difficulty was inserted in the Act at the instance of the party which is more especially supposed to enjoy the sympathy of the Republicans of the United States. There can be no doubt that it limits the terms of the Treaty by rendering it impossible for English authorities to comply literally in all cases with the obligation of surrendering criminals. Mr. FISH has probably demonstrated in the correspondence, with superfluous and conclusive force, that an engagement under a treaty cannot properly be superseded by a municipal law; but he would admit that the subject or citizen of a State must at his peril obey the municipal law without inquiring whether its provisions conflict with international obligations. If the SECRETARY of STATE were, through a too delicate regard for treaties, to issue his warrant for the extradition of WINSLOW, the prisoner would at once be released on the return of a writ of Habeas Corpus. The PRESIDENT, with the consent of the Senate, may probably have a right, which will not be exercised, of declaring war against England; and in the meantime the SECRETARY of STATE is entitled to write as many disagreeable despatches as may be thought expedient. The only weak point in his case is that he must prove too much. If the Act of 1870 is invalid, as inconsistent with the Treaty, it follows that political refugees must be delivered up when they are charged with ordinary crimes. Since there is no American statute corresponding to the English Act, the surrender of a Fenian leader who might have shot a police officer could be required by the English Government; yet, if one of the Manchester murderers had succeeded in becoming an exile in America instead of a martyr in England, he would certainly not have been practically liable to extradition. Some years before the Civil War a slave escaped from one of the Southern States to Canada, after killing his master, who had attempted to prevent his flight. The English Government refused to surrender the fugitive, because the act of which he was accused had been performed in vindication of his natural right of freedom.

The sympathy which has been expressed by some English Liberals for the supposed wrong of which the American Government complains is not a little capricious and inconsistent. A few years ago no precaution was thought too stringent for the purpose of securing political criminals against extradition. Mr. MILL, and those who shared his democratic or revolutionary sympathies, thought that the only sufficient safeguard was that which was at a later period embodied in the Act. It is true that their jealousy was mainly directed against the Imperial Government of France, while their successors are anxious to conciliate irritable Republicans in the United States. Some zealous partisans have hastily adopted the American interpretation of the English Act, in opposition to the advice which has been given to the Government by the Law Officers. It might have been thought that the positive prohibition of surrender in all cases where the fugitive was not protected by law or arrangement against trial on a different charge was too plain to admit of dispute. In the 3rd Section, subsection 2, there is no such qualification as "except as hereinafter provided." If there had been any other part of the Act which purported to be inconsistent with the direct enactment, a Court would have determined the doubt in favour of the accused person. A question has nevertheless been raised on the words of the 27th Section, which is indeed expressed with customary awkwardness and apparent ambiguity. By the 27th Section the former Extradition Acts are repealed as to the whole of HER MAJESTY'S dominions. The only remaining power of extradition is conferred by the rest of the section. It was elsewhere provided that future extradition treaties should be brought within the Act by Order in Council. As to existing treaties, "This "Act, with the exception of anything contained in it which "is inconsistent with the treaties referred to in the Acts "repealed" (of which the Treaty of the United States is one), "shall apply in the case of the foreign States with "which these treaties are made in the same manner as if "an Order in Council had been made in pursuance of this "Act, and as if such Order had directed that every law

"and ordinance which is in force in every British posses-"sion with respect to such treaties should have effect as "part of this Act." The contention that the 27th Section virtually repeals the 3rd Section is not a little paradoxical. If the effect of the 27th Section is to provide for the unconditional surrender of accused persons, the prohibition in the 3rd Section of surrender except on conditions becomes wholly inoperative. The purpose of the 27th Section was to put existing treaties on the same footing with future treaties to which the Act might be applied by Order in Council. The exception purports rather to limit than to enlarge the scope of the provision, and yet by a forced interpretation it is made to incorporate in the Act all the clauses of the Treaty. It cannot be decorously assumed, though it may be privately believed, that the framer of the Act thought that one of its most positive and distinct provisions was inconsistent with the international obligation created by the Treaty; yet, unless the 3rd Section is included in the exception of the 27th Section, the whole Act, including the 3rd Section, is applied to the United States. Although the draftsman of the Bill has, according to custom, done his utmost to create confusion and obscurity, the general effect of the Act scarcely admits of reasonable doubt. Parliament, for reasons which were thought sufficient, passed a law which deprived the Government in certain cases of the power of fulfilling an international obligation. The proper course would have been to call the attention of all the Governments which had extradition treaties with England to the decision of the Legislature. As the precaution was neglected, the Government must take the consequences of having given the United States the satisfaction of a grievance. It was probably supposed that there would be no difficulty in obtaining from a Power which has always jealously maintained the right of asylum some legal or informal assurance which would have satisfied the conditions prescribed in the 3rd Section. It ought to have been known that the President had no power of controlling the action of State or Federal Courts of Justice. If the American Legislature had passed an Act prohibiting the trial of a surrendered criminal on a new charge, it would still have been necessary to obtain similar enactments by the several States.

The limitation imposed by the 3rd Section of the Act of 1870 on the power of extradition is evidently too large. There would be no reason for declining to satisfy Mr. Fish by a repeal of the section if any other security existed for the protection of political fugitives. On one occasion a criminal surrendered on one charge by the United States was tried on another charge in England. If there had been an American law corresponding in terms with the Act of 1870, either the criminal would not have been surrendered or he would not have been liable on a new charge. It seems not to be beyond the scope of legislative ingenuity to frame a clause which might by consent be inserted in a new extradition treaty. Probably the simplest course would be to secure immunity to political fugitives, and to leave to either Government on its own side a discretion to determine whether a criminal claimed for extradition was to be included in the political category. There is no reason why the American Government and Legislature should raise vexatious objections to a reasonable compromise. Their own policy with respect to the right of asylum is identical with that of England; and both countries have a common interest in facilitating the prosecution of ordinary criminals. It is a mistake to balance the mischief of surrendering a political fugitive against the evils which would follow the abrogation of the extradition treaties. In England and in the United States public opinion would condemn with irresistible force any legislation which seemed to infringe on the principle of an inviolable asylum for political offenders.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SOME time was wasted in Tuesday's debate on the Royal Academy in discussing whether that body was amenable to Parliamentary control. Whatever may have been the circumstances under which the institution was originally established, the arrangements which have since been made by agreement between the Academy and the Government settle the question as to the right of the latter to exercise some kind of supervision; and it may be believed that the members of the Academy themselves are well aware of the suicidal effect of repudiating the public character of their society. It is rather idle to say, as Mr. Baillie Cochrane did, that the House of Commons has no more right to interfere with the Royal Academy than with any other body of gentlemen in the country. Masters of foxhounds are exempt from official supervision because they are engaged in a private amusement; but the Academy has no right to be an Academy at all except on public grounds. The real question is, whether there is any reason for bringing external pressure to bear on the management of the Academy, and, if so, in what way this can be effected without doing more harm than good. Sir C. Dilke, with a certain degree of perception and fussy activity, appears to be incapable of bringing general principles into logical relation with practical proposals. He lately attacked a number of local bodies on the strength of the loose gossip which he had picked up during a pleasure tour; and he now arraigns the Royal Academy in the preamble of a Resolution as grossly neglectful of its duties, and winds up with a weak proposal for an Address to the Crown for copies of various documents published by foreign Governments. It is obvious that, if the organization of the Academy is really as bad as Sir Charles asserts, this would be a very ineffectual remedy. It is true that the Academy has not carried out all the recommendations of the Royal Commission of 1863, but it has carried out some of them; and the House of Commons itself has often set the example of dealing very freely with the Reports of Commissions.

As to the general question of the efficiency of the Academy, the first point is of course to ascertain what the Academy is expected to do. The pedantic pretensions with which it was started, with a staff of Professors of Ancient History and Literature and Secretaries for Foreign Correspondence, never had any real vitality, and have long ceased to be anything but empty forms. The functions of the Academy at the present moment may be said to comprise those of a school of art, a charitable foundation, an exhibition, and a corporation for the distribution of honours and the official representation of art. And, on the whole, it discharges these duties, if not in all respects with perfect success, at least without egregious failure. The members of the Academy not only give up to teaching an amount of valuable time which would perhaps surprise those who have but a vague idea of the working of the body, but also spend upon the school some 5,000*l.* a year. It is absurd to say that, because some artists have risen to distinction without having been trained by the Academy, the Academy is of no use. Genius does not always turn up exactly in the soil where it might be expected; but the Academy school can show very respectable results. Again, the charities of the Academy have apparently been managed satisfactorily; and if there has been delay in carrying out certain bequests, it has been from practical difficulties, and not from any lack of good intentions on the part of the Academy. As an official representative of art, the Academy has been, at least in recent years, somewhat weak; but this is a temporary and accidental circumstance. Perhaps, however, the critical question is as to the management of the annual Exhibition, and the distribution of honours. In regard to the latter, there does not appear to be much ground for the outcry which is raised from time to time. Some years ago there was no doubt a very narrow and prejudiced temper on the part of the majority of the Council, and there are still some traces of a want of sympathy with the higher and more original forms of art. The Academy discredited itself when it admitted commonplace artists while such men as Cooke, Leighton, and others were kept outside the doors. But it is only fair to observe that this obtuseness lasted only for a time; and it can hardly be seriously contended at the present moment that, with the exception of a few artists who have for their own reasons deliberately held aloof from the Academy, that body does not contain, on the whole, a fair representation of artistic capacity. It may possibly be desirable in the Academy, as in the army and navy, to quicken the flow of promotion; but, allowing for the ordinary weaknesses of human nature, the distribution of honours in art is about as impartial as could be expected.

In filling up vacancies in the Academy or any other corporation it is inevitable that there should be occasional mistakes; and the same remark applies to the exhibition of pictures. There is no substantial proof of the charge that the Academy is guilty of jealousy or favouritism in the selection of pictures. The members no doubt monopolize somewhat too much space as a matter of right; but, apart from this

rather excessive provision for themselves, they appear to be sincerely anxious to get together as good a show as possible; and it is their interest to do so. Here, again, blunders will of course occur, especially as long as the work of judging is performed in the same hasty and superficial manner as at present; but, as a rule, a good picture has always a fair chance. If there is a fault in this part of the Academy's work, it is mainly, we should say, in its overflowing good nature. There is much kindly feeling among artists, and Academicians, like other privileged persons, naturally wish to conciliate the outside community, who might otherwise be their enemies, as far as they can. The larger the number of pictures which are accepted, the stronger is the external support; and thus the interests of art are apt to be sacrificed to social expediency. In his evidence before the Commissioners of 1863 Mr. WATTS pointed out the root of the evil. "The Academy," he said, "has always been apathetic; I do not see its influence on our architecture or our taste in any way whatever." This indifference is perhaps what Mr. CARTWRIGHT the other night called "catholic taste," and Mr. GLADSTONE "diffusive liberality." The Academy is nowadays not the only Exhibition open to artists, and in order to justify its position, it ought to set itself resolutely against all contributions except those of a high class. It is not enough that the Exhibition should make a bright, pretty show; it ought to express the deliberate and serious critical judgment of competent and trustworthy judges on the art of the day, and anything below a certain standard of merit ought to be rigidly rejected. Just now more than a third of the space at Burlington House is covered with mere rubbish, bad in drawing, bad in colour, and imbecile in invention. This is injurious, not only because official countenance is thus given to a low and unwholesome style of art, but because the crowding of every spare inch of surface with miscellaneous pictures of the most diverse and antagonistic kinds is damaging to the effect of good works and confuses the taste of the spectators. A body like the Royal Academy, if it is to exercise its functions satisfactorily, ought to have the courage to take high ground.

The general conclusion would seem to be that, as far as the present machinery of the Academy is concerned, it would do very well if it were worked in a proper spirit. It is not an increase of numbers that is wanted, for this would probably tend rather to lower than to elevate the body, but a more ambitious and resolute spirit. An Academy exhibition ought not to be a mere bazaar for the sale of pictures or a fashionable lounge. It ought to do something to educate the taste both of the profession and of the public; and, though it ought to behave liberally in regard to novelty or even eccentricity of idea or treatment, there is a low range of art, trivial, mechanical, and without ideas, from which it ought to separate itself absolutely. We doubt whether this nobler spirit is likely to be infused into the Academy by any Parliamentary interference. It must come from a general rise in the spirit of the profession; and the most effective way of cultivating it would be by an increase of taste and judgment on the part of the classes who buy pictures. As long as a large majority of the patrons of art are ignorant and vulgar, ignorance and vulgarity in art, as in other things, will find their market and the inferior kinds of work will swamp the higher. The Academy has it in its power to do much in the way of diffusing sound ideas on art generally. As Mr. BERESFORD HOPE remarked, it ought not to be merely an Academy of painting and sculpture. It has indeed recognized architecture, but not in a cordial or sufficient way; and even then, the range of art is not complete so long as designers of art workmanship, architectural carving, glass-painting, and mural decoration are excluded. Of course any attempt to introduce these branches under the existing system of loose and careless selection, limited only by space, would be bewildering and depressing; but if the true principle of an Academy—the scrupulous choice of only the best work in each class as a standard of taste—were adopted, the general result would be a powerful stimulus to artistic feeling throughout the country. The efforts of the South Kensington Department are useful in their way, but they are necessarily weighed down by the conditions under which they must be carried on. What is wanted for the artistic elevation of England is not a vast production of mediocre art, but the cultivation of the highest aims and abilities, which are never to be found except in a small and select class, but which give the tone to the whole world of art, and keep it moving in the right direction. The practical enforcement of this principle must be looked for, not from any formal remodelling of the constitution of the Academy, but from the growth of a more healthy opinion among artists and their patrons. The great thing at present is to keep down the mushroom growth of puerile and meretricious art, which threatens to choke the better sorts, or to bring them down to its own level.

MR. FORSTER ON THE NEW EDUCATION CODE.

MR. FORSTER'S speech at the opening of the new buildings belonging to the British and Foreign School Society at Stockwell deals with a provision of the Education Code of the present year which has not met with the attention it deserves. It is a decided advance in the direction of a change of which Mr. WALTER was for some years the prophet. Why, he used to ask, should not the principle of payment by results be applied to teachers as well as to children? The object of sending a child to an elementary school is that it should be able to read, write, and cipher. Provided that this end is attained, what does it matter by what means it is attained? At present the great majority of teachers are brought up at some training college, they pass a difficult examination in subjects different from those which they will ordinarily have to teach, and they get a certificate. If this process enables them to turn out better scholars, by all means let it be retained. But, supposing that a rougher process would be equally serviceable, why not let this have a fair trial at the same time? It is the interest of school managers to employ the teachers who get the largest number of passes and the largest Government grants; and school managers may be safely left to find out for themselves whether the teacher who has been to a training college, or the teacher who has passed at once from the form to the desk, best answers to this description. So long as the children are examined individually, and only those who satisfy the Inspector are passed, the antecedents of the teacher are a matter of no consequence. If they have been such as to disqualify him for his work, the fact will come out the first time that the Inspector visits the school. The present system is a system of protection to certificated teachers. If it is so certain that they are better than non-certificated teachers, why not leave them to make good their claim in the open field?

The answer to this plausible theory is to be found in the fact that Inspectors cannot long remain uninfluenced by the condition of the schools which they have to examine. The standard by which an Inspector judges each child that comes up before him to read a sentence or two, to write a line in a copybook, or to work a sum, may in theory be absolute, but in practice it is sure to be relative. If the best children in the schools he visits are pretty much on a level, that level will represent to him the limit of what he can in reason expect, and those who come up to it will be sure of getting passed. Consequently, it is not safe to trust to Inspectors to maintain a high standard of education in elementary schools unless good teachers are there to give them their co-operation. If the quality of teaching were generally to decline, the attainments of the children who knew enough to satisfy the Inspector would decline in proportion; and though there might come a point at which the insufficiency of the instruction would become too glaring to be passed over, a great deal of time would have been lost, and in the end the Education Department would have to restore the very machinery of certificates which is assumed to have been abolished. It is a very great mistake to suppose that anybody who can read and write himself is fit to teach reading and writing to others. Teaching is a distinct art which must itself be taught. Even if it were not so, the ability to teach is not all that is wanted when children are gathered together in school. The power of maintaining discipline is not less important, and this again, though partly the result of native capacity, can be greatly developed by good training. Even if we allow, therefore, that the mere amount of knowledge imparted would remain the same after certificates were abolished, the standard of discipline would infallibly be lowered. There would be less order and less method in schools, and thus the characters of the children would inevitably suffer, even though their proficiency were maintained. The attempt sometimes made to represent the distinction between certificated and non-certificated teachers as merely a matter of "dogies" indicates a com-

plete want of acquaintance with the essentials of good teaching in any grade. The possession of a certificate does not simply imply that the holder knows more subjects than a non-certificated teacher; it also implies that the holder has been taught in some degree how to communicate knowledge to children, and this superiority is equally valuable whether the particular knowledge to be communicated is elementary or advanced.

Since 1870 three attacks have been made upon the provision which renders the employment of trained teachers a condition of a Government grant to elementary schools. The first of these seemed at the time to be a necessary concession to the needs created by the Education Act, though the use which has since been made of the principle suggests a regret that it was introduced. Under the code of 1871 masters and mistresses not under thirty-five years of age who had been teaching for ten years, could obtain a certificate of general efficiency from the Inspector, and could present thirty children in their school for examination, of whom not less than twenty could pass in the second or some higher standard, were excused training and examination, and given a third-class certificate which held good for a year. In 1874 the present Government extended this privilege by reducing the age to thirty for women teachers, and requiring only twenty children to be presented, and fifteen to pass. The Code of the present year makes a further and serious alteration. It reduces the age after which the concession may be claimed to twenty-five alike for men and women; it only asks that they shall have been teaching in a school for five years; and it is satisfied if fifteen children out of the twenty presented pass, and that in the very lowest standard. Whatever reason there may have been for relaxing the requirements of the department in the case of teachers who were too old to undergo an examination, and who had been teaching for a considerable length of time, there seems to be none for exempting young men and women of twenty-five from both examination and training, or for allowing them to qualify for exemption by so short a term of service as five years. The change would be more intelligible if the number of children to be presented or the proportion or character of the passes to be obtained had been raised instead of lowered. It might then have been pleaded that, though the age and the term of service had been reduced, the reduction would only take effect in the case of teachers who had shown by the number of children they had presented, the number of passes they had obtained, and the high standards in which these passes had been made, that they possessed exceptional qualifications for their work. But when the reduction of age and service is accompanied by no such increase in the number of children or passes, and by a positive reduction in the standard, this argument is altogether inapplicable. The change is then seen in its true colour, and becomes a simple concession to incompetent teachers who are too old to go to a training college, and too ignorant to pass an examination. If Mr. FORSTER'S fears are justified, and managers who wish to do the thing as cheaply as they can will try to get hold of this class of teachers without a certificate, nothing can save the quality of elementary education in this country from being seriously lowered.

In so far as this change has been effected in deference to the wishes of the managers of voluntary schools, it only proves how thoroughly the friends of an institution can misunderstand its true interests. When the present cold fit about education has given place, as it is certain to do some time or other, to a revived interest in the subject, the fate of voluntary schools will be largely determined by the answer they can give to the question, Have they tended to raise the standard of instruction by maintaining a healthy rivalry with Board schools? If they have done this, a practical nation will probably congratulate itself on having attained so excellent a result by means of a machinery which, on the whole, has tended to save expense. If, on the other hand, the greater cheapness of voluntary schools has been purchased by such a decided lowering of the standard of instruction as will follow upon the disuse of certificated teachers, they will assuredly go to the wall. If the Birmingham League had desired to draft a clause which should do the greatest possible harm to Denominational schools, it could hardly have been more successful than the authors of this provision in the Code.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

THE Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia was opened on Wednesday, and promises to be a success, so far at least as popular enthusiasm is concerned. The Americans evidently feel that this is a great occasion, and are determined to make the most of it. The President delivered what must be regarded as, under the circumstances, a singularly modest speech. He remarked that the necessities of a new country had compelled them chiefly to expend their means upon building dwellings, factories, ships, docks, warehouses, roads, canals, machinery, &c.; but that, even under this burden, they had endeavoured to rival the older and more advanced nations in law, medicine, and theology, in science, literature, philosophy, and the fine arts. He added that, while they were proud of all they had done, they regretted that they had not done more; but their achievements had at least been sufficient to make it easy for Americans to acknowledge superior merit wherever found. That the Americans now find it easy to make this admission may be taken as an indication that they have begun to understand their own position more precisely. The tone of bravado in which they were in the habit in other days of proclaiming their intention and ability to whip creation rather suggested a want of confidence as to what might happen in the event of their capacity being tested, and a desire to substitute assertion for proof. Every one must admit that America is a great country; but it has had to learn that it does not combine all the elements of greatness, and that, if it is strong in some points, it is weak in others. A Correspondent of the *Daily News* has given a description of the opening day at Philadelphia, which in some respects perhaps might be applied to the present condition of the country. The Centennial Exhibition is a great design, apparently as yet imperfectly developed. On Wednesday all the principal buildings in Philadelphia were, we read, covered with flags. The fronts of many private houses were also elaborately decorated; but "the mud beggars all description." "For half-a-mile and more around the Exhibition grounds everything is new; the streets are half-paved; the walks unfinished. Here the deep red mud renders the roads almost impassable; and many of the avenues are unfinished." This is not a bad picture, in some ways, of the condition of the United States. There has been a great scheme of national life, much enterprise and energy have been displayed, and a huge and showy edifice has been run up; but one cannot help noticing the want of finish and the miry paths. The "mud beggars all description," and the sense of national greatness scarcely compensates for the prevalence of social roughness and discomfort. A new country has many advantages, but it lacks the smoothness and steadiness of life of an older one, which has digested its experience, and settled down into fixed habits and convictions. It would be unfair to fasten upon the political and other scandals which have been disclosed in sad succession in recent years as a fair sample of the general state of society; but there can be no doubt that, among much that is noble and sound in American life, there is also much that is mean and dirty. The Erie Ring, Tweed's case, the Beecher case, Belknap's case, and the other disorders which have lately been exposed do not show what, in American phrase, is called a clean record. These things find no place in the Centennial Exhibition, but they can scarcely be kept out of sight of visitors to the States. The truth is that the period of fermentation is still going on. The yeast has been working briskly, and one day there will be a fine liquor, but for the present there is a good deal of unsavoury froth and refuse to be worked off.

There was a little incident at the ceremony of Wednesday which shows that the Americans are becoming liberal and tolerant in various ways, and that, though staunch in their Republicanism, they are rapidly getting over any prejudice against a monarch. It appears that the Emperor of Brazil shared with the President of the United States the honours of the occasion. The Emperor was there only in a private capacity, but this did not prevent him from taking up what is called a prominent position. The Americans would seem to be just now deriving intense enjoyment from the close study of an Emperor in the flesh, and feel rather elated by the presence of such a personage even as a casual and temporary importation. It is natural that, as a guest, the Emperor should be politely received; but there is evidently also a certain fascination in his rank which acts upon the public, and it is, to say the least, curious to find the Emperor joined with the President in the ceremonial of the day. In the Machinery Hall, we are told, the President and the Emperor together laid their hands on the levers of Collin's great sixteen hundred horse-power steam-engine, and, as they turned it with united grasp, the whole vast collection of machinery started into life. There is certainly no likelihood of Dom Pedro seeking to extend his dominions in this direction, but General Grant has himself been suspected of Imperial aspirations, and a permanent President might come to be very like an Emperor. That the Republicanism of the United States should ever be shaken may seem at the present time an extremely wild and foolish speculation; but stranger things have happened in the world, and it must always be remembered in reference to the States that the population is not of a homogeneous and continuous race, but varies in its elements from time to time according to the flow of immigration. It can hardly be said that the immediate effect of the introduction of new blood from Ireland and elsewhere has been of a strengthening or purifying kind; and though there is, it may be hoped, a sufficient power of healthy reaction in the

general body of the people to make head against evil tendencies, it would be idle to pretend that these do not exist. The progress of the United States has been so rapid, and down to the time of the civil war so uninterrupted, that it is no wonder the people should have had their heads turned a little by such unparalleled success, and should have imagined that the conditions under which they had achieved it would continue for ever. In the flush and elasticity of lusty youth, free from the anxieties and restraints of older and more complex societies, they exulted in their strength, and took no thought of the morrow. They have now, however, begun to learn from sad experience that young communities cannot expect to be always young, and that, as they grow up, they must be prepared to confront the difficulties and perils of a more mature condition. Till within a comparatively recent period the American Republic has had almost everything in its favour—a virgin soil, abundant food, and plenty of elbow-room; primitive and simple habits such as lead to savings, and an exemption from the ruinous cost of standing armaments. The civil war, though it shook the country at the time, stimulated its energy, and, when the war was brought to an end, a new period of prosperity set in. This has now been discovered to have been somewhat artificial, and the country has had to find its level. The truth is that the Americans have been moving too fast, and have not allowed time enough for the consolidation either of their political or commercial system. The problems with which older countries are troubled have already arrived, or are beginning to appear on the horizon. The questions of Protection or Free-trade, of capital and labour, of education, will have to be worked out there as they have or are now being worked out in England and various other European countries.

There is no reason to suppose that a nation so alert and spirited will break down under the responsibilities which its growth and prosperity have naturally imposed on it; but the struggle will cost it much effort and anxiety, and the political system which has hitherto prevailed will require to be thoroughly purified. As the President observed, the United States has been so absorbed in its "great primal works of necessity, which could not be delayed"—that is to say, the organization of its material resources—that it has given little thought to other things. It may be hoped that the scandals of every kind which have lately come to light, though they must long before have been known to, or suspected by, most people in the States, will serve a good purpose in sobering and steadying American character. What must strike most observers as at present the most conspicuous feature of that character is a dangerous faith in the possibility of leading two very different lives at once. It seems to be supposed that public life is to be one thing, and private life another; and that unscrupulous conduct in the former is neutralized or compensated for by general good behaviour in the latter. Whenever any bad Fisk or Tweed scandal arises, it is always pleaded that this is only one side of American society, and that there is a great body of respectable people who live quietly and honestly, and keep the community fresh. It is obvious, however, that there must be some connexion between these different classes, since they apparently do not operate in antagonism to each other, but work together in a friendly way. The respectable people seem to be quite willing that the disreputable ones should have public business as their portion, while they themselves are allowed to enjoy a snug private existence. No division of labour of this kind, however, is possible. As long as the respectables tolerate the disreputables, they are practically conniving at the malpractices of the latter, and must be regarded as responsible for them. It is quite certain that the Tweeds and Fisks and other vermin could not have flourished as they have done if there had not been some tacit encouragement on the other side. No doubt when disorders reach a climax and become insufferable, there is an outcry against the offenders; but it must have been known very well what was going on all the while, and some measures should have been taken to check it. It is often not so much what people do, or do not do, that produces evil results, as the spirit in which they act; and hence the dishonest conduct of public men in the States must be attributed in a certain degree to the countenance and toleration of the respectable classes, who in their love of ease and pursuit of a selfish material happiness are willing to compound with the rogues up to the point at which they begin to plunder too extensively. There will probably be no trace of this aspect of American life in the new Exhibition; but, as we have said, it is one which cannot be hidden or explained away. Nobody supposes that the great body of intelligent and respectable Americans in their hearts sympathize with such people as Tweed or Beecher, but they condone their practices as a matter of compromise. You can go your way, they say, and we will go ours; we really cannot take the trouble to look after you. And this is the cause of the hollowness of public life on the other side of the ocean. It may seem ungracious to speak of such things in connexion with such a celebration as that of the Centennial Exhibition, but no one who wishes well to the United States can doubt that, whatever may have been their advance in material prosperity, there is still a serious want of morality in their political life. And if it has been thought, in the President's words, "appropriate to bring together for popular inspection specimens of our attainments in industrial matters, agriculture, fine arts," and so on, in order that there may be "a more thorough appreciation of the excellences and deficiencies of American achievements," it is just as well that the process of instruction should be carried all round.

THE LOVES OF A PHILOSOPHER.

AMONG the many people who have read *Sandford and Merton* and the *History of Little Jack*, there are probably few who know anything about their author, although Thomas Day's life was full of interest, and, in spite of his eccentricities, he seems to have impressed all those with whom he came in contact with a sense of singular activity of mind and honesty of purpose. It is not that there is any want of materials from which details about him can be gathered; but the books in which they are to be found are difficult to meet with, and there is no memoir which is worth reading. Richard Lovell Edgeworth proposed to write the Life of his friend, an undertaking which, unfortunately, as happened also in the case of Dr. Darwin, fell into hands far less competent to perform the task. The information which Edgeworth had collected he gave to Mr. Keir, observing at the same time:—"The anecdotes I send you are very few; but they are all I could select to suit your plan, as we differ so materially in our ideas of private biography. You believing that nothing but what concerns the public should be published; I thinking that to entertain mankind is no inefficacious method of instructing them. When Mason was reproached by somebody for publishing the private letters of Gray, he answered, 'Would you always have my friends appear in full dress?'" It is not to be wondered that, holding these views, Mr. Keir wrote a very dull book, although he so far modified his opinions as to introduce an episode which he had before spoken of as "impossible." In addition to this, there is a small compilation printed in 1862, which, however, contains nothing that was not already in the possession of the public.

Thomas Day was born in London in 1748. His father, who occupied the post of Collector of Customs, died in the following year, leaving his son an estate of 1,200*l.* a year in Berkshire, and other property, out of which his widow had a jointure of 300*l.* It is any one has ever felt inclined to call the exemplary Sandford a prig in his pursuit of knowledge, it is likely that he would apply the same term to the author of Sandford's creator. Existence. Day was the ideal schoolboy, the first, and probably the last, of the kind. He did not take birds'-nests, he gave to [illegible] one, looked on mankind as his fellow-creatures, did not beat the poor, or hunt animals, drank water, ate vegetables, improved his mind [illegible] was the type of [illegible] and never used an improper expression. He and thirsting [illegible] all "enfants terribles." When still in petticoats of Babylo[illegible] for information, he asked his mother who the Whore parish, [illegible] was, and, on being referred to the clergyman of the by no [illegible] obtained the answer that the figure was allegorical. This [illegible] formation seems satisfied the inquirer, who, after looking at his in- "He knew with contempt, exclaimed in a loud voice to his mother, *and Mer*[illegible] was nothing about it." How far the incidents in *Sandford* many of the represent his own life at school we do not know; but As a schoolboy, we imagine, are drawn from his own experience. of money, and [illegible] he seems to have had the command of a good deal [illegible] many years afterwards, to have "found premature occasions for bestowing favours amongst persons not his equals in fortune or benevolence." This habit was continued through the whole of his life, and the little gratitude he met with may have been one of the causes of the misanthropy he displayed. After spending eight years at the Charterhouse, he went to Oxford as a gentleman commoner, where his main object is represented to have been the discovery of moral truths, and where we may picture him interrupting a lecture after the manner of Tommy:—"Sir, I am sorry to disturb you, but I shall be much obliged to you to inform me what sort of animal a camel is.' It was while Day was at the University that he made the acquaintance of Lovell Edgeworth, who was at that time engaged in the experiment of educating his eldest son in accordance with the system of Rousseau. *Emile* was now and remained through life Day's guide, and the two young men formed a lasting friendship. Day, however, carried his philosophical principles further than his friend, and in his protest against the luxury of the rich and the vices of fashion, neglected both his manners and his dress, censuring, like Tommy, the fine gentlemen and ladies who knew nothing but how to dress their hair and buckle their shoes. These indeed, it will be remembered, were not Tommy's opinions until he had gone through a long course of oral instruction from Mr. Barlow; for when he told him that, though he preferred Keeper, he would have washed him and combed him until he looked as well as Jowler, his tutor rebuked him by saying that, in that case, Keeper would have grown idle, fat, and cowardly like Jowler. Under these circumstances it was a pity that the study of moral truths could not wholly content the philosopher. Unluckily a perfect woman was conceived of as possible of attainment, and therefore had to be found; and it is a distressing but well-known fact, that among the many qualities in men that have at different times excited the interest and love of women, there has never yet been reckoned high moral excellence. Nor was Day's opinion of women such as was likely to prepossess them in his favour; for he speaks of them, when he has arrived at the age of twenty-one, as that sex whose weakness of body and imbecility of mind can only entitle them to our compassion and indulgence. In the spring of 1768, the year before these sweeping comments were made, he paid a visit to Edgeworth Town, where, in spite of his manner of eating and his slovenly habits, he recommended himself after three months to Miss Edgeworth so much as to induce her to say that, if he continued for a year in the same mind, and could in that time make his appearance becoming a man of his situation in life, she might be prevailed upon to give him her hand. Accordingly Day went to London, and entered himself at the Middle Temple;

but before the close of the year the engagement had come to an end.

Nevertheless he was not to be deterred from his search for Sophie. She was to be a woman possessed of a charming disposition, of beauty, of health; with a taste for literature, science, and moral philosophy; simple in her dress, diet, and manners; fearless as a Spartan wife or Roman heroine, and willing to spend her life in the society of her husband only, and in the retirement of some perfectly sequestered country spot. This was all he wanted, but London in 1769 was sadly like London in 1876, and she was not to be found. If, however, she did not exist, she might be created; so Day, with his friend Bicknell (with whom he shared the composition of a poem called "The Dying Negro," which has the merit of having been one of the first anti-slavery productions), went off to the Foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury, where he chose a golden-haired girl of eleven as a fitting subject for his experiments. She was called Sabrina, from the Severn, and Sidney, from the patriot. But two strings were better than one for his bow; so another child of twelve years old was chosen from the Hospital in London, and named Lucretia. A house was then hired for them near Chancery Lane, and their education was begun; but the general interest shown in the experiment by friends and neighbours induced their tutor to take them to France, unaccompanied by any servant, as he wished that they should receive no communication except from himself. On his arrival at Avignon he writes to Lovell Edgeworth, and passes, as might be expected, the severest censures upon the French, inveighs against their climate, their indecency and vapidity, and their miserable subjection to the female part of the community. The girls are model pupils, such girls as never were seen at the same age, are always contented, and think nothing so agreeable as waiting upon him. An original letter from Sabrina is sent by Day as a faithful display of her heart and head:—"Dear Mr. Edgeworth,—I am glad to hear you are well and your little boy. I love Mr. Day dearly and Lucretia. I am learning to write. I do not like France so well as England. The people are very brown; they dress very oddly. The climate is very good here. I hope I shall have more sense against I come to England. I know the cause of night and day, winter and summer. I love Mr. Day best in the world, Mr. Bicknell next, and you next." Miss Seward, who disliked Day cordially, gives an entirely different picture of the foundlings. According to her, they teased him, and quarrelled with one another continually; they caught the small-pox, and Day had to play the part of nurse and sit up with them at night. They were all upset in crossing the Rhône, but as Day carried his theories on the advantages of swimming into practice, he was able to save both the girls. After an interval of eight months he came back to England, and as Lucretia was hopelessly stupid, he got rid of her, giving her, however, three hundred pounds, a sum of money which in time procured her the hand and heart of a small linendraper. With Sabrina, who is described as having long eyelashes and auburn hair, he settled near Lichfield, where the society was of no ordinary character, and where a group of eminent men gathered round Mr. Seward, who was a canon of the Cathedral and lived in the Bishop's palace. Sabrina's education was proceeded with in strict conformity with the precepts laid down in *Émile*. That youth was to display no fear of firearms, and with that object Rousseau recommends that powder should first be flashed in the pan, then a small charge fired, then a large one, so that gradually he might become accustomed to "détonations les plus terribles." Sabrina was not an Émile, and when her guardian fired pistols at her petticoats which she believed to be loaded with balls, she howled with unphilosophic terror. Nor, though doubtless Day often read to her the story of the Spartan boy and the fox, could she forbear from wincing when he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms. So far from being able to naturalize these experiments in England, by which a race of patient and submissive women might have been produced for our benefit, we regret to say that thirty years later these methods were held to be peculiar, and in Wilson's *Eccentric Mirror*, published in 1802, a special engraving is devoted to Sabrina being fired at by her tutor. The creation and education of the ideal was an uphill task. Sabrina disliked books and science, could not keep a secret, and no doubt (though we have no authority for the statement beyond Mr. Thackeray's generalizations on the subject) fell madly in love with the little boy who cleaned her shoes and fetched the coals. The end of it was that the *école des femmes* was broken up, Agnes was sent to a boarding-school, and in 1771 Arnolphe started afresh on his chase.

Mrs. Seward at this time had the charge of Honora Sneyd, a daughter of Mr. Ralph Sneyd, of Bishton, in Staffordshire. At first she did not please Day. Her arms were not sufficiently round or white—a quality he always insisted upon; no doubt in order that the impressions of sealing-wax which he proposed to make might be brought more into relief. But gradually his indifference passed away, and on the departure of Sabrina the philosopher drew up a system of life for a married couple which he submitted to her. Packets were interchanged; the rights of men were asserted to be met on her side by a dispassionate statement of the rights of women. If moral excellence were unavailing, logic might succeed. It was thus that William Godwin conducted his courtship of a second wife, and with much the same success as Day. Miss Sneyd did not like the notion of retirement, and said No; her lover behaved with a great want of stoical self-command, for he went to bed, and was bled by Dr. Darwin. Man, it must be admitted, as well as woman, is an uncertain and changeable animal. In a short time Mr. Sneyd came to Lichfield with his other daughters, of whom Elizabeth was the youngest. In three weeks Day was in love with her, unwittingly complying with the fashion of the nineteenth, if not of the eighteenth, century, which requires that a man who has been refused by one sister should propose to the next. Elizabeth had prejudices in favour of the graces, so Day went off to Paris with his friend Lovell Edgeworth, to acquire them. "I have no prejudices, live on little, love nothing, and say all I think," was the creed of Marmontel's philosopher. But under the influence of Clarice the sage forgot himself; "the bath is a natural institution, let us bathe; the earth gives us her perfumes, let us not disdain them. 'En mangeant de tout, il déclamait contre la profusion des mets. Ah l'heureux temps, il disait, quand l'homme broutoit avec les chèvres! et il s'énivra en faisant la peinture du clair ruisseau où se désaltéroient ses pères.'" Day did not go quite so far as this, but in his endeavours to become a second Chesterfield he sadly forgot his *Émile*. He spent eight hours a day in dancing and fencing lessons, he pinched and squeezed his knees in boards in the hope of forcing them outwards. It was, however, as might have been expected, all labour spent in vain, and he returned to Lichfield more *gauche* and awkward than ever. Elizabeth gave him the same answer as her elder sister, considering the second state of her lover worse than the first. Soon after this, Lovell Edgeworth's wife died, and in the summer of 1773 he married Honora Sneyd. Day wrote a charming letter of congratulation to his friend on his marriage with his old love, in which he says:—"As to myself I can, I think, give no better picture of my own mind than what I wrote to you last winter from France; an indifference to all human affairs, an aversion to restraint and engagement and embarrassment continue to increase in my mind; so that there is great probability I am marked out by fate for an old bachelor and an humourist, destined perhaps to become very old because I am very indifferent about the matter, and to buy hobby-horses for your grandchildren; and perhaps as an old friend to be family admitted to mediate for some of the future Miss Edgeworths, when they run away with a tall ensign in the Guards or their dancing-master." Seven years later he was present at Edgeworth's marriage to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Sneyd. During the next few years he led an active life, taking a keen interest in the political controversies of the time, writing against the slave-trade, living now in his chambers in the Temple, now on the Continent or in Berkshire. Meantime Sabrina had grown up, and he determined to marry her. But alas! for the hold of reason and the influence of systematic education on the minds of women. One evening in his absence she went to a party in long sleeves, and he gave up consequently all idea of making her his wife. The episode of Sabrina sounds as if it might be introduced with effect into fiction, and another "History of a Foundling" written to delight the world. But Miss Edgeworth has not succeeded in her attempt in Belinda. Virginia St. Pierre is too weak a character to interest any one, and least of all Clarence Hervey, who in no respects resembles his prototype. Virginia is an exaggeration of Sabrina; at seventeen she is unable to write, she is indolent, romantic, falls in love with a phantom, faints at the sight of a picture, and, to sum up, is a special fool. The future career of Sabrina was commonplace enough. Some years afterwards she married Mr. Bicknell, to Day's disgust; he gave her, however, five hundred pounds, and settled an annuity upon her when she became, after her husband's death, Dr. Burney's housekeeper at Greenwich.

It is no small proof of Day's perseverance and confidence in his own mode of treatment of women that he was not prepared to abate any of his theories. The name of a girl fitted to be the mother of future heroes was submitted to him by one of his friends, when the following inquiries were made:—"Has she white and large arms?" "She has." "Does she wear long petticoats?" "Uncommonly long." "Is she tall and strong and healthy?" "Remarkably little, and not robust." The young lady in question was Miss Esther Milnes of Wakefield, at that time about twenty-four years old, and in possession of a large fortune of her own—namely, 23,000*l*. The courtship was a long one, the details of which, we regret to say, have not been handed down to us. We may assume that the lover ran pins into her arms, broke her china, alarmed her with cries of fire in the dead of the night, tore her dress, fed her on vegetables, and made her learn the "Dying Negro" by heart. In spite of it all she was in love with him, passed through the ordeal successfully, and in 1778 the philosopher at last found a wife. It is not often that we are able to learn anything about the studies and thoughts of a girl belonging to a country town in the middle of the last century, and therefore the miscellanies of Mrs. Day, published by her nephew, who ultimately succeeded to her property, are not devoid of interest. The editor was not a modest youth, for he prefaces his uncle's and aunt's writings with fifty-two pages of his own, in order to increase the size of the work, and show the propriety of the motto he adopts, "Tria juncta in uno." Nor did he display in his actions that contempt for the female sex which his education should have produced. He prints some verses "Upon a Lady who repulsed me as I was going to salute her, and put on a grave and angry look":—

> Oh, that I could but change my shape,
> And be an insect, too,
> That I might lovely Delia kiss,
> And all her beauties view.

Had he read his *Sandford and Merton* attentively, instead of conducting himself in this impropar manner, he would have requested leave to tell Delia the story of Polemo, or the Debauched Young Man. Had he read his *Émile*, he would

have remembered that Sophie quarrelled with her lover during their engagement, because he kissed the hem of her gown. Miss Esther Milnes was educated at "Mrs. Dennis' justly celebrated female boarding-school in Queen Square, and, like Cowley, was inspired by the muse at a very early period." Indeed she wrote nothing after the age of sixteen. We have no space to devote to either her themes or her poetry; but they show considerable cultivation and command of language. Some verses written after the purchase of *Tristram Shandy*, at the age of sixteen, are interesting as evidence of what was read by young ladies in 1768, though Bishop Porteus censured the book in question in one of his sermons, and Fordyce, in another, stigmatizes the novels of the day as the "infernal brood of futility and lewdness"; "the beautiful productions of Mr. Richardson's pen," he adds, "are the only books in the style of novel that can be read with safety and advantage"—a verdict which perhaps would scarcely be endorsed at the present day.

Mrs. Day, we have heard, on arriving at her husband's house, was taken into the kitchen, shown the uncooked constituents of a dinner, and told to get it ready. In order to accustom her to this mode of life, some wretched lodgings were taken in Hampstead by Day, where he kept no servants. He put a stop to his wife's correspondence with her Yorkshire relations, forced her to give up music, and continued his experiments on her temper; but she was a second Griselda, and acquiesced in all his vagaries. They first settled in Essex, where Day made some additions to the cottage they occupied. The late Sir Charles Monck built his house without a staircase, but we do not know that he did so intentionally. The masons asked Day where the window of a room on the first floor was to be. Could not the wall be built first, and the place for the window cut afterwards? The masons suggested that it was unusual; but Day had his own way, and three years later the house was sold without any window having been opened in that room. He next migrated to Anningsley in Surrey, where he began farming, living at the same time a life of the most complete retirement. His endeavours to benefit his fellow-creatures did not give him a better opinion of them. On being asked by one of his friends why he chose the lonely and unpleasant situation in which he lived, he replied that the sole reason was its being out of the stink of human society. He draws a picture of his own habits in the description of Chares in *Sandford and Merton*, where he says, "Amid tranquil and innocent employments my life flowed gently away like a clear and even stream." His farming was not profitable to him, for he lost 300*l.* a year by it, nor were his attempts to carry out his theories attended with more success. Considering the methods of breaking horses then in vogue to be cruel, he adopted some peculiar means of his own, the result of which was that the raw colt he was riding took fright at a farm engine by the roadside, threw him, and killed him on the spot. Mrs. Day only survived her husband two years, and died in 1791. It was during the last six years of his life, while he was hiding from the world at Anningsley, that Day wrote and published the book by which he will be long remembered. It is not necessary to be acquainted with the politics of the time to appreciate *Gulliver's Travels*, and to enjoy *Sandford and Merton* a reader need not reflect upon the social and moral lessons it is meant to inculcate. The book was published in three parts at intervals between 1783 and 1789, but we cannot find any allusions to it in the contemporary letters of that date. The fashion had just begun of writing for children, for whom there had been previously nothing except *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Arabian Nights*, and Fairy Tales. Mrs. Trimmer was reforming Brentford and writing her *History of the Robins*, which had no great sale at first, though Hannah More made an unfortunate friend buy three dozen of her books. Moral tales, however, were destined to carry the day, if we may judge from Charles Lamb's complaints long afterwards. "'Goody Two-Shoes' is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. 'A horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse.' Hang them; I mean the cursed reasoning crew." He little foresaw the dismal time when, for Billy's sake, such exquisite gems as "Cinderella" and "Beauty and the Beast" were to be travestied into the vulgar monotony of social life. But *Sandford and Merton* is far from being the commonplace moral lesson. Tommy's delightful conceit and adventures are a fitting counterpoise to the terrible propriety of Harry, and the stories which are introduced, with a complete violation of time and place, are full of vigour and models of style. It is true that the respectable mother of a family little knows that she has been brought up on *Emile*, and that Rousseau still spreads his influence over her schoolroom. Nearly all the teaching of Mr. Barlow and the sentiments of Harry will be found in *Emile*; and if the character of Sophie has only been hinted at in that of Miss Simmons, it may well be that his own experience of that "imbecile sex" deterred Day from representing either Harry or Tommy in their searches after a wife.

SYMBOLICAL PAINTING.

THE Bristol riots—we fall instinctively into a formula which had a well-known and ugly meaning more than forty years back—may have the effect of setting some minds thinking on one or two points in the history of art. As almost always happens, the popular outcry, absurd as was the form it took, had really something in it: like most other popular outcries, it had got hold of a half-truth. The captain or colonel who reviled Gregory the Great can be excused only on the theory that he is the one surviving believer in Woden; but it was not so easy to answer those who objected on historical grounds to Gregory wearing a triple crown and to Jerome wearing a Cardinal's hat. We may freely allow that there is not the least reason to believe that either of them ever wore or ever saw any such covering for the head as they are severally represented with. But it does not follow that, under some kinds of circumstances, they may not be lawfully represented as arrayed in this purely ideal fashion. Setting aside the theological madness which has been called forth by this particular case, the whole thing resolves itself into the question whether, in all times and in all places, it is necessary for painting and sculpture to represent a man as nearly as may be to his actual appearance in the flesh. The answer to this surely depends on the object of the representation. Some people are disposed to give painters and sculptors a very wide license indeed in departing from the truth of nature or history. We did once hear it argued that a painter might rightly paint Frederick Barbarossa with a black beard, if he could thereby make a more effective picture. And it was answered that it was open to him to paint any number of men with black beards, but that he had no right to call any of them Frederick Barbarossa. If a painter undertakes to paint a certain man who had a known physical peculiarity, who has even had a surname given him from that physical peculiarity, it does seem strange indeed to leave out that which has become his distinctive mark. But when it comes to peculiarities which are not personal but national, the case is less clear. For instance, a fair question for debate is supplied by those pictures of New Testament scenes in which Eastern costume and character are strictly preserved, and all who were Jews by birth are given the national look of Jews. Many people have doubtless been surprised, and even pained, at seeing subjects of this kind treated in a way to which they are so unaccustomed, even though it be a way which undoubtedly comes nearer to the historic truth of the scene. The comment will of course be that their surprise and pain arise from the treatment being different from that to which they are accustomed; that, under other circumstances, they might have been equally accustomed to the naturalistic representation, and equally displeased with any other. And this is of course strictly true; but this at once starts the whole question between conventional and naturalistic treatment. To put Gregory the Great in a triple crown and Jerome in a Cardinal's hat is certainly not naturalistic treatment, but it is not therefore follow that it is in itself objectionable.

Works of imagination will easily fall into two classes, those which are simply works of art and those which are works of art and something else as well. Some pictures, some statues, are simply creations of the artist's fancy. He represents a beautiful scene or a lovely figure, according to a pattern in his own mind. In such cases he paints as he chooses, with no standard but that of nature before him, and that nature, anatomically correct; we may ask whether his human or animal figures are physically correct; we may ask whether his representation of the sky, hills, the sea, in any given state of things is such as it is physically possible. But we do not ask whether the man that he paints has the possible, or whether any such man exists; we do not ask whether the faces that he paints are like those of any actually existing human beings. Such a work is purely artistic, and is to be judged by a purely artistic standard. The artist is a poet; he invents, and may rightly invent. He may create his story, his actors, his scenery, everything that he needs. He may paint black beards or red as he thinks good; but if he paints a black beard, it is not likely that he will write the name of Redbeard under it.

But if, instead of scenes and figures of his own creation, the artist undertakes to represent something which has any kind of distinctive and separate existence, the case is changed. If, instead of a beautiful landscape or a beautiful woman out of his own imagination, he is called on to paint this or that beautiful landscape or beautiful woman, he is bound by a stricter law. His work does not cease to be a work of art; but it is something else as well. He is bound by a law of accuracy by which in the other case he was not bound. His landscape or his portrait must be like the scene or the person that he professes to represent. If it be otherwise, it may be a very beautiful picture, but it is not the picture which it professes to be. So, if the picture assumes any character beyond what is simply artistic; if it professes to be historical or devotional, commemorative or instructive in any way. In all these cases an element comes in which is analogous to the necessity that is laid on the landscape or the portrait of being like the place or person which it represents. The picture is judged, not merely by a standard of art, but by a standard of accuracy of some kind. The historical, devotional, or other commemorative picture or sculpture must be, not necessarily like the persons represented, of which there may often be no means of judging, but like some conception of them of some kind. Besides purely artistic questions, such as whether the colouring is good or the anatomy correct, each spectator judges the picture by a certain standard of likeness in his own mind. Perhaps he judges the picture according to some conception which he has already formed of the things and persons represented. Perhaps, without having any such previous conception, he forms one out of the picture itself; the picture at once approves itself to him, or at once fails to approve itself to him, as a fitting representative of the scenes or persons which are painted. In the one case, he has already an idea of the subject and its proper treatment; in the other case the picture itself—positively or negatively—supplies him with such an idea. And he judges the picture by its conformity to that idea,

however formed. And, to fall back on the instance with which we set out, there must be very few people to whom a picture of Frederick Barbarossa which showed him with a black beard would seem to be a treatment of the subject that at all answered their ideas.

The whole class of works of art which we will call commemorative must, therefore, besides the purely artistic standard, be judged by a standard of accuracy of some kind. Do they fittingly represent the subject which they undertake to represent? But what is to be looked on as a fitting representation—what, in short, is to be the standard of accuracy—admits of a good deal of questioning. Let us suppose that the artist wishes to represent an historical scene which has never been represented before. He has surely a wider choice than if he undertakes a subject which has often been treated before, and about which many people will have preconceived ideas. Above all, he will have a freer choice than he can have if he undertakes a devotional subject, or one which brings in persons or things which large classes of people look on with religious reverence. In a subject absolutely untouched the only check on his treatment is the degree of historical accuracy which may be thought necessary in treating an historical subject. This is a point on which there is fair room for differences of taste and opinion. It would probably be now agreed on all hands that some degree of accuracy, some degree of attention to the time and place where the subject is laid, may fairly be looked for. But it should be remembered that this is quite a modern notion. The artists both of the middle ages and of the Renaissance were wholly indifferent to local and antiquarian precision. Jerusalem is represented as a German or Italian town, of Gothic or Palladian architecture, according to the taste, age, or nationality of the painter. Roman soldiers are put into the chain armour of mediæval knights or into the costume of Francis the First's day. This last practice no one would follow now; no one would represent the Holy Sepulchre as watched by soldiers in English, Prussian, or Austrian uniforms. As to the representation of Jerusalem, a little more license might be allowed; few painters would think themselves bound to make an exact architectural reproduction of the real city; still they would shrink from making it exactly like modern London or Paris. In all these matters there is a wide field between making the picture an antiquarian pattern-card and bringing in any monstrously violent anachronism. But what shall we say to the painter who painted Lady Godiva—the Godgifu of history—riding through a Coventry already adorned with St. Michael's spire? The anachronism could hardly be worse; yet there is something to be said for it. It was an artistic way of saying "This is Coventry, and not any other city." It was at any rate like something that really is; an attempt to reproduce the Coventry of the eleventh century might have produced something unlike anything that ever was in any time or place.

In short, to draw Lady Godiva riding by St. Michael's spire was a distinct case of symbolical painting. Let such a practice be established as the received way of treating the subject, and it becomes conventional painting. Now, when a particular way of treating a certain subject is in this way established, the custom has an historical value, even though the treatment itself cannot be historically justified. The conventional ways of representing persons, especially saintly or other famous persons, are endless. Many of them are historically inaccurate; many of them are physically impossible. Not only illuminators of service-books and makers of stained glass, but the great masters of painting, have represented holy persons with *nimbi* on their heads which are quite inconsistent with the laws of nature. The mediæval artist painted or carved the founder of a church with the church in his hand; it would be a very cold critic who would argue that he was meant to be carrying a model. On many a tomb the parents are seen, with the sons getting smaller in order behind their father, and the daughters getting smaller in order behind their mother; yet in real life the youngest child may have been the tallest of the family. In a well-known print of the installation of a Chancellor at Oxford, the hero of the day is made distinctly bigger than anybody else in the theatre; yet there is no physical law which decrees that the head of the University should always be the largest of its members. By the same instinct the sign-painter draws Charles the Second in the oak, not only larger than either his friends or his enemies, but with the crown royal set on his head. So in the illuminations to Froissart, Pope Clement and Queen Joanna of Naples are both shown on their death-beds with their crowns on their heads, and, according to the usage of the time, with nothing on but their crowns. And those who have the privilege of possessing an unmutilated copy of Stumpff's Chronicle will remember a picture of a Pope decked out in full pontifical array at a yet more unlikely moment. All this is of a piece with the ordinary symbols of saints. Nobody ever believed that St. Peter always carried a key and St. Paul a sword, or that Ignatius commonly walked about accompanied by a lion. All these are simply ways of pointing out who a person is; they are ways purely symbolical and conventional, which regard neither strict historical truth nor strict natural possibility. So to give Gregory the Great a triple crown, though the Popes certainly did not wear a triple crown in his day, is simply the shortest way of saying "This is a Pope." It is just the same as when, in pictures of the Exaltation of the Cross, Heraclius is often shown with an Imperial crown such as Charles the Fifth might have worn, but such as Heraclius certainly did not wear. But all that is meant is to say "This is an Emperor." The case is exactly the same as the case of Gregory; only theological frenzy is not likely to be awakened by the figure of an Emperor, while it is very likely to be awakened by the figure of a Pope. Had he been made with a tall mitre, such as surmounts the arms of modern Bishops, the departure from historical costume would have been quite as marked. But in that guise he might perhaps have been endured by all save those Welshmen or Wodenites who are determined to have no Gregory at all. If Gregory may not have his conventional crown, nor Jerome his conventional hat, because they certainly did not wear them in real life, a great sweep must be made, not only of stained glass, sculptures, and wall-paintings, old and new, but of many of the greatest works of the greatest masters.

EXCURSIONISTS BY CONTRACT.

ONE sometimes alights at a foreign hotel where one falls into the midst of a queer assortment of one's own countrymen and women. They have come over in a body for a Continental tour of a certain length of time, and are now doing their Paris conscientiously. All the stock sights—Napoleon's tomb, Père la Chaise, the Gobelins, Sèvres, Versailles, the Panorama of the Siege, and the Jardin des Plantes—are gone through with precision and diligence; but they do not go to the theatres, none of them being strong in the language, and most of them knowing nothing about it at all; nor even to the Grand Opera, where marble and gilding, the *foyer* and the vestibules, the decorations, the music, and the rest of it, have an eloquence of their own which indemnifies the unilingual spectator for his ignorance of the libretto. They do nothing out of the beaten track marked out for them by the managing authorities of the firm or company to which they have subscribed; but go the mill-horse round in herds, obediently, as they are directed, and are perfectly satisfied with what they get for their time and tickets. At the end of the week they believe that they have done Paris as it should be done; that henceforth they too are entitled to be classed among the experienced sojourners in strange cities.

Distinct enough in personality, there is very little difference in social status among our tourist compatriots travelling in these oddly constituted batches. For the most part they belong to what we may call the lowest third of the middle classes, with here and there one or two among them a degree lower still. Very many of them speak with a broad provincial accent, and many are pure Cockney: there are some rich brogues to be heard, and some unmistakable Glasgow voices; but very few speak good English both in grammar and accent, and style is no more to be expected than the rest. Their pretensions to be held as gentlefolk are of the most meagre kind, though some of them hold up their heads and tower above the others, at least in their own conceit. These others are mostly retired tradesmen with a snug little competency which yet does not admit of extravagant expenditure, who accordingly, when they want to give their "good lady" a treat, do it with commendable foresight, and pay down the lump sum which is to take them from Charing Cross to Turin and back again, with hotel charges and sight-seeing included. Or they are young men still in business, clerks and junior partners in small concerns, who want to know more of the world than can be known even in Manchester or Liverpool, Stockton or Newcastle, or wherever else it is that they turn their honest pennies and build up their future fortunes. Sometimes they are superior artisans who have laid by a few pounds, which they think will bring them more pleasure and profit in taking them to foreign parts than in being exchanged for bad tobacco and worse beer; or they number among them the widow and daughter of a professional man who have been left only just enough to live on "genteelly," but who by close economy for a couple of years or so have saved what will take them for a fortnight or three weeks abroad, and so have been able to fulfil the dream of the elder woman ever since she was a young one, and to give the daughter the vague "advantages" held to be included in the journey. The party is sure also to include the young couple just married, who, before settling down to the warehouse in Leeds for him, and the six-roomed house with its green door and brass knocker in the suburbs for her, think that a fortnight spent on the road between Leeds and Turin will be the most delightful way of passing half the honeymoon, and giving them a charming store of memories for the future; in which perhaps they are right. But, whoever these tourists may be, they are all generally well behaved enough, if a trifle rough, and for the most part good-tempered and amenable to reasonable discipline.

Now and then, to be sure, a black sheep gets into the flock who scandalizes the hotel by drink and bad language, by late hours and rowdyism, giving the sober foreigner but a mean idea of the British milor in tweed and a flashy tie, with a brass chain and a felt wideawake. At times, too, the travellers are sour and ill-tempered; and have that odd idea—apparently ingrained in a certain kind of mind—that mounseer is a born fool and their inferior, very plainly marked in their manners and language. These are the people who stick to their British habits as a soldier sticks to his flag, and disdain to adopt any of the modes and manners in use among their temporary hosts. They drink tea in the morning, and the "kickshaws" produced at breakfast and dinner are passed by with evident disgust; but good plain beef and mutton please them, and they appreciate the fowls, if they are given to such tender diet at all. Even here, however, some among them will recall regretfully the strong-coloured legs of the English bird, and hold the foreign creature tame compared with his congener at home. Woe to the hotel-keeper with whom the "conductor" contracts who should dare to put before his insular guests *soupe à l'oseille*, or the familiar

pot-au-feu. They are at home only with the dishes to which they have been accustomed from their youth up; and the choicest dinner at the Café Anglais would fall dead upon their palate. As for the wine, whenever they can they change it for honest Bass, one glass of which they hold to be worth all the Burgundy or Bordeaux ever made; and when they drink it they draw a deep breath and say, "That's something like!" approvingly. This is the general rule; but some of them, who aim at higher things and want to be men of the world and cosmopolites without more ado, go in for all the foreign fashions wildly, and can be got to praise the vilest *piquette* that ever disgraced a table, if only they are made to believe that it is the right thing to admire it.

The women of the party are often even more extraordinary than the men; and the first thing about them which strikes the critical eye is the fearful and wonderful manner in which they are attired. On this head they may be divided into two classes—the women who despise the current fashions altogether, and those who distort them by bad copies and exaggerations. There is the "good lady" of the retired tradesman living her tranquil life in the country, where she dresses for use and not for show, and takes no heed of what the local Worth propounds; and there is the town-bred damsel who dresses for show and not for use, and who would rather have the flimsiest bit of vulgarity, if made "as it is worn now," than the best gown that could be given her if made in the fashion of a year ago. Between the two beauty has no foothold anywhere; and the impossibility of an Englishwoman's dressing herself with taste becomes an article of faith with Alphonse and Josephine, not to be removed by any after experience of *les grandes dames qui ont du chic*. Dresses of a "good travelling colour"—chiefly a dirty brown—and oddly constructed heads are the main characteristics of these women. Sometimes we see the faded face of fifty and the familiar ringlets of our youth: sometimes a huge coil of false hair is stuck on the top of the head, more like a porter's knot than anything else, giving one the uncomfortable feeling that it will slip off, being top-heavy and badly balanced; sometimes a more than middle-aged woman appears with her "four hairs" gathered into a little screw at the back of her head, with never a cap or a bow to hide the nakedness of the land; and sometimes, early in the morning, a radiant young person comes down with her multitudinous tresses elaborately pulled and frizzed and ornamented with ribbons and stars as if she were going to a ball. Or one, sadly conservative, wears her hair hanging down her cheeks in a loose braid like a rabbit's ears; one has hers frizzed audaciously in front, like the forehead of a young bull; while a third wears hers parted on the side like a man, and a fourth shows the length and thickness of hers in a flowing cascade down her back.

The more particular among them—perhaps the widow and daughter of the professional man—are very particular indeed in some ways, finding most things inferior, and very scrupulous on the score of cleanliness. They examine the plates carefully, and send them away if only a shadow falls across the white; they sniff at the eggs and have them changed on the very slightest provocation, or on none; they turn and twist their *petit pain* on all sides, and scrape away the smallest spot as if it were so much poison left on the crust; giving you to understand that nothing is so good here as they have it at home, and that even the coffee fails to satisfy them, accustomed as they are to something so infinitely better. Though in the herd, they are not of it, and are careful not to form acquaintances among their fellow-travellers. In this they are singularly unlike the generality of their companions, who knit up what looks like friendship in an incredibly short space of time, having mutually told before three days have passed the whole story of their birth, parentage, education, and condition, with an engaging frankness that at least disarms the suspicion of skeletons in the closet at home. The stranger who stands by and listens to it all hears what is substantially to him a foreign language. Sly allusions are made at which the whole company laugh, and of which he neither understands the point nor sees very well how there can be any point to understand. There does not seem to be much humour in, "Well, Mr. Smith, how's your knee this morning?" but the whole table is in a titter when the question is asked; and the gentlemen look sly, while the ladies look demure, when "Were you late last night, Mr. Smith?" is the next joke set afloat, carrying with it a sense of exquisite subtlety and delightful humour to all concerned. There is always one funny man in the party who cannot open his mouth without his hearers beginning to laugh in anticipation, sure that some good thing will come. He is the man who keeps the table alive with these subtle allusions to the state of Mr. Smith's knee or to the hours which he is supposed to keep; and when he happens to be absent the whole party are flat, and feel as if half their life had gone from them. Sometimes there is a clergyman in their ranks who tries to check the exuberance of the wit, and who divides with him the feminine following in fairly equal shares; and sometimes there is a retired captain, who looks on the whole thing with the true military scorn of civilian snobbery, and fraternizes only with the widow and the daughter, alike disdaining the wit and contemptuous of the parson. The radiant young person with frizzy front and many ribbons is, however, the main supporter of the funny man among them, and her shrill laughs and "Oh my!" "Goodness me, if ever!" that drop at intervals act on his jocularity as spurs on the speed of a horse, and sometimes get her into trouble with the rest. For, if frank, the band is both decorous and censorious, and has its code of propriety like other communities, with anathemas of a mild kind on those who disregard it. The young married people "spoon" and giggle a little apart, and the matrons take a friendly interest in the bride and give her good counsel in whispers. The men talk business when they drift away from the jokes of the wit and the sights that they have seen; for not one among them knows anything of art or literature or history. Sometimes a couple of friends, men of culture and of limited means, have joined these ticket tourists, and keep themselves rigidly apart from the rest. But this is not often the case; for it is hard to be associated for days, perhaps for weeks, with the same people and not enter into some kind of relationship with them, more especially at a time when all are in high spirits and good humour.

Still, though the party is given to silly jokes and brainless conversation, though it is noisy, unintellectual, and underbred, it is good to see such happy faces and to know that so many worthy folks, if deadly bores, are thoroughly enjoying themselves, and that things are opened to them which a few years ago would have been hopelessly inaccessible. Certainly they are an infliction to those of their countrymen who may chance to be quartered with them; but even this vexation is not quite without its compensations. The hotels which these travelling hordes frequent are commendable for the English custom of sitz-baths and the like to which these visitors have used them; the tea is better than French tea in general; and the people get so tired of their odd customers that they appreciate any one with *savoir faire*, as they say, and make much of one who can talk fluently in their own tongue. It is a queer study, however, to see these tourists with tickets—a new phase of life for those who travel on their own account; but, if rightly viewed, it is one to teach toleration even through suffering. We may well endeavour to be glad that others can enjoy what we enjoy, though undoubtedly—such is the weakness of humanity—we could wish that that enjoyment was to be had anywhere but where we ourselves may chance to be.

TALL TALK AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

THE so-called "representatives of literature" at the Mansion House have added one more proof that there are many clever men who cannot make a good after-dinner speech. The Lord Mayor indeed makes so many speeches both before and after dinner that practice must in time make him perfect. The representatives of literature were entertained on Saturday last, and on Monday an "interesting ceremony" in which the Lord Mayor was a principal performer was transacted at the Mansion House. The old colours of the 77th Regiment were to be deposited at St. Paul's Cathedral, and for this purpose a detachment of the regiment, headed by the Colonel, came from Woolwich and marched through the City. "The Lord Mayor, who had been previously apprised of the ceremony, presented himself with the members of his family to welcome the escort as it passed." This account of the proceeding is given by a sympathetic reporter, and the Lord Mayor is thus convicted, after orating and perorating abundantly on Saturday night, of making of malice prepense a further oration on Monday morning. The reporter does not indeed tell us what the Lord Mayor said, but he leaves us to infer what his speech was from the answer to it. Colonel Kent on horseback responded to the Lord Mayor on foot, and if he talked the taller talk of the two, we must allow that he had the advantage of position. He mentioned that he was on his way to the grand old Cathedral dedicated to the greatest of the Apostles, and hallowed by the dust of Wellington and Picton. He might have added that this Cathedral is adorned with a remarkable variety of monuments of military and naval heroes. The Colonel expressed the satisfaction of the regiment at the resting-place chosen for its old colours, which will be well cared for and secure, "for there no foreign foe dared come." Strategists generally assume a hostile landing near Dover, and an approach to London from the south-east; and it is a comfort to know that, if an invasion should occur, the Lord Mayor will be ready at the Mansion House with an oratorical broadside, which will effectually confound and frustrate the enemy's march from London Bridge towards St. Paul's. Additional security for the trophies in the Cathedral might perhaps be gained from the probability that the invader would turn aside to the Bank of England.

It is again rather hard on the Lord Mayor that we can only gather by the same inductive process the purport of the speeches which he made on Saturday. Mr. Sala, in responding to the toast of "The Drama," assumed that those professors of theatrical art who were engaged elsewhere would read with pride and gratitude that their profession had been spoken of in such terms as the Lord Mayor had used that night. Unfortunately for this complimentary supposition, actors cannot read, either with or without pride or gratitude, what the Lord Mayor said of them, because the reporters who sat at his table have not cared to preserve his words. "The Lord Mayor then proceeded to propose the toast of the evening," and the reporter, who no doubt knew his business, took copious notes of the responsive speeches. As one line is to a quarter of a column of print, so is a Lord Mayor to a representative of literature, even when the Lord Mayor provides a dinner which his accomplished friends condescend to eat. However, the Lord Mayor may consider himself a modern Falstaff. He is not only a tall talker himself, but he stimulates his guests to mount the highest altitudes of eloquence. Like Colonel Kent on his Crimean steed, all these visitors to the City are mounted each on his peculiar Pegasus. Mr. Sala, in a burst of tempestuous hilarity, reminds his host that a person of the name of Dutton died on that very day, after bequeathing a collection of manuscripts to

the nation. The "cheers" which followed this announcement might indicate the company's appreciation either of manuscripts or of the mortality of the race of Cotton. Mr. Sala had mentioned that a manuscript of his own is still preserved at one of the theatres; and perhaps if the Lord Mayor wishes to imitate Sir Robert Cotton, he might obtain this unsuccessful play as the nucleus of a literary museum. If the materials for Mr. Sala's burlesque were chosen on the same principle as those of his speech, it might easily be a dismal failure. Mr. Froude, in dealing with another head of the same toast, mentioned that authors of former times had large experience of gaol and pillory, and he might have added that they got little venison or champagne. A Lord Mayor or any other giver of dinners deserves the gratitude of those who eat them, but dining in the name of history or poetry or dramatic art is a proceeding of questionable taste. Mr. Froude perceives an advantage which we do not in calling together many members of the literary profession, so that they may see each other and feel that they are members of one great body. There is a story of the late Lord Cardigan objecting to being invited to meet "writing fellows"; on which his hostess answered that she was a "writing fellow" herself. Although we do not form an exaggerated estimate of Lord Cardigan's conversational ability, we can conceive that a slight infusion even of the heavy-dragoon element might be better than having all "writing fellows" at a party. We do not know whether the Lord Mayor intends to give a succession of "banquets" to all the professions which flourish in London. Lawyers, for example, or doctors are quite capable of drinking their "noble selves," which is about what the performance of the literary gentlemen, as expounded by Mr. Froude, came to. Lawyers are quite willing to see each other across a dinner-table or any other table, and the more the merrier; for where one would starve two or three grow sleek. And they are always capable of feeling that they are members of a great body. They had probably happened to hear, before Mr. Froude quoted it, the saying, "Let me make the ballads of the country and you may make the laws"; and their mental comment thereon would very likely be, that in England, happily for them, very few people make ballads and a great many make laws. Just now the legal profession is in high spirits at finding that the last new law reform causes as much litigation as it cures, and if the Lord Mayor will invite the lawyers to dinner, they will certainly make a jolly night of it. He can have three Judges of a Common Law Division fresh from one of those arguments on the Judicature Act which read like a burlesque of the "Three Witches" in *Macbeth*, and he could proceed to propose the toast of the evening—namely, "Conveyancing, Equity, and Common Law"—with which he would associate the names of those eminent practitioners, Mr. Quirk, Mr. Gammon, and Mr. Snap. In emulation of Mr. Sala's rejected burlesque some draftsman might mention that a set of interrogatories prepared by him had been struck out with costs, and we believe that one of these compositions would be as lively as the other. There is, indeed, one difficulty in the way of such a festive gathering as we have suggested, that, although there are lady authors, there are no she lawyers; but perhaps a few elderly judges in full-bottomed wigs and robes might supply an adequate feminine element in the company, particularly as we know that bishops at the opening of Parliament have sometimes been mistaken for peeresses in their own right.

The Lord Mayor has at least succeeded in showing how much nonsense clever men can be got to talk. We saw until this week nothing wonderful in the fact that a nobleman who has written poetry should become Governor-General of India. But now it may almost be said that the presumption is that any "representative of literature" will behave foolishly on a sufficiently conspicuous occasion. There has been nothing like this dinner at the Mansion House since the *Dunciad* was written; and there is this difference, that Pope meant to be satirical, whereas the reporters of these speeches mean to be complimentary. The late Lord Campbell used to say that he only reported Lord Ellenborough's decisions at *Nisi Prius* when they were good law, and it were to be wished that reporters of after-dinner speeches could exercise some discrimination. It is pitiable to read Lord Houghton's expression of satisfaction at meeting at that great and friendly board the "Lords and Commons" of literature and journalism. He assumed that his audience knew who were the Lords and who the Commons, which is more than we know. He seems to compare authors to one House and critics to the other, and to suggest that by dining with the Lord Mayor each House may get on comfortably with the other, and ultimately an author may rather like to have his book cut up by a critic, if only they have partaken of the "loving cup" at the Mansion House together. When Mr. Carlyle's letter of apology was read one might almost have been tempted to exclaim that "he was too wise and too honest to be there." But if he had been there, and had described in his own style what he saw and heard, the world might have gained instruction and amusement. We are quite prepared nowadays to find that even Common Councilmen or their "ladies" write books, or at least pamphlets, and therefore we do not doubt that all the guests of the Lord Mayor were in some sense "representatives of literature in its various branches." The gentlemen who returned thanks for the army and navy might, if they had to justify their presence at this "banquet," contend that the forces to which they belong are to a great extent paper forces. And, besides, liberality in the issue of invitations might be justified by an august precedent:—

> From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
> On horse, on foot, in hacks and gilded chariots.

Allowing for the amelioration of modern habits, these lines fairly describe the motley character of the assembly. There seem to have been poets, historians, dramatists, booksellers, and critics, all united for the time in a mutual admiration society of the most harmonious and delightful character. As was said on a memorable occasion, "We cannot be all tailors," and it was perhaps to prevent the "intellectuality" of the company becoming too tremendous and overpowering that a few Common Councilmen with their "ladies" were introduced. They mix earth with nitroglycerine to make the dynamite of commerce, and perhaps a tradesman here and there might promote the cohesion and "stability" of the literary compound. We of course assume that one who makes or sells paper is as much a representative of a branch of literature as one who only spoils it. Here again the Lord Mayor might justify himself by a celebrated example:—

> With authors, stationers obey'd the call.

It is a pity that, instead of merely proposing and acknowledging toasts, the company could not have occupied itself in a revival of the antique ceremonies of the *Dunciad*. Competitors and prizes for heroic games were ready to hand, and the scene was almost the same. The only difference would be that in Pope's time journalists worshipped lords, and now lords worship journalists. In that sense it is still true that

> He wins this patron who can tickle best.

But in this, as in former ages, some flatteries are clumsy and ineffectual. Cringing as a fine art requires careful study, and it must be remembered that there is little pleasure in kicking a limp and abject victim.

THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION SOCIETY.

THE Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century, from whatever point of view, favourable or unfavourable, it may be regarded, is universally allowed to be one of the most momentous and pregnant events in modern history. Its influence, indeed, as a factor in the course of human development, has been rather of an indirect than a direct kind, having mainly consisted in the impulse it has given to intellectual and political progress. Religious liberty, as a modern author has justly observed, owes nothing to it as a dogmatic system. On the contrary, "persecution among the early Protestants was a distinct and definite doctrine, digested into elaborate treatises, indissolubly connected with a large portion of the received theology, developed by the most enlightened and far-seeing theologians, and enforced against the most inoffensive as against the most formidable sects." And yet to the Reformation, though not to the Reformers, "is chiefly due the appearance of that rationalistic spirit which at last destroyed persecution." The public revolt against the established religion of Europe created a general spirit of insubordination, and, through the number of questions which it became necessary virtually to submit to the decision of the multitude, provoked a spirit of restless inquiry, and led to the formation of a great variety of opinions on other subjects besides those which are handled in creeds and articles of faith. Hence Protestantism, notwithstanding its rigid and dogmatic character as it came from the hands of Luther and Calvin, has gradually developed what has been called, by friend and foe alike, "its admirable flexibility of doctrine," very much against the intention of its original founders and the will of some who inherit their name. The results of the Reformation, as a great movement of the human mind, are certainly visible enough, for good or for evil, at the present day, and hardly less visible, we may add, in spite of the seeming paradox, within than without the pale of the Roman Catholic Church itself. But the Reformation as an ecclesiastical and theological scheme or conception is a thing of the past, and it is the veriest anachronism to attempt to revive it. Reformed Churches there are, of course, both in this country and elsewhere, but their standpoint is not that of the men who moulded or remoulded them three centuries ago. The Church formed by Luther himself in Germany had long silently dropped his characteristic tenets, and now no longer even bears his name. The Anglican Church may have altered greatly for the better, but there can be no doubt that it has departed widely from the tone and spirit sought to be impressed upon it by such authorities as Cranmer and the authors of the almost forgotten *Second Book of Homilies*. The "Counter Reformation" in the Church of Rome which Ranke has so vividly depicted, and the general fermentation of civil and religious life which may be said roughly to date from the first French Revolution, are both in different ways fruits of the Protestant Reformation; but they have also gone far to obliterate from the modern world all traces of the state of things which it originally created or assailed.

Such are evidently not the thoughts familiar to the friends and supporters of the Protestant Reformation Society, which held its annual field-day this week at Willis's Rooms under the presidency of Sir Thomas Chambers, the veteran champion of the claims of deceased wives' sisters to marry their brothers-in-law. But they are thoughts inevitably suggested to our mind by the report of the proceedings. The Society represents just one of those "survivals" which are no less frequent, and certainly no less curious, in the moral than in the material domain. It is not so many years since a distinguished divine of moderate, though somewhat Evangelical, views unwarily suffered himself to be entrapped into presiding at a branch meeting of the Society for Converting Irish

Roman Catholics. His consternation may be imagined when the energetic "deputation from the parent Society" opened his address by glibly announcing as the fundamental principle on which it took its stand "that no Roman Catholic could be saved." Such startling avowals are, of course, not likely to find their way in the present age into the pages of a popular magazine. Yet we were rather surprised the other day to come across a sentence in the current number of the *Contemporary Review* which breathes a very similar spirit. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; where the Church of Rome is, there is none." There is not, to be sure, much civil liberty to be looked for where the Court of Rome, as at present minded, has its way; but St. Paul was not speaking of civil liberty in the passage quoted by the Reviewer, and the Church of Rome is not the same thing as the Curia. But to return to the Reformation Society. The Annual Report of the Society appears to be not yet published, and we are therefore obliged to trust to the brief account of it contained in the newspaper reports of the meeting. But, as far as our information enables us to judge, there is the strangest want of logical coherence between the reasons urged for supporting the Society and the recorded results of its labours. "The Report," we are told, "stated that it became every year more evident that the attempt to subjugate our country and Romanize its Church gained in force." And the Chairman seems to have fully endorsed at least the second half of this alarming announcement. "It was a great calamity that so many parties in the Established Church of the country were *now* actively endeavouring to pervert others, and bring them over to the Romish faith." Without pausing now to inquire into the grounds for these startling allegations, one cannot help feeling that, if there is any truth in them, and if their truth is really "becoming more evident every year," the Protestant Reformation Society, which has been at work, we believe, some thirty years or more, has been, to say the least, anything but a success. And it is therefore not easy to understand why the sentence we have just quoted from the Chairman's speech should have been immediately followed up by the remark that "all this showed the value of this and other similar Societies." It would appear on the contrary to an outsider to show how useless they have proved. There may of course be a great difference of opinion as to what precisely constitutes "Romanizing" the Church of England. Thus, for instance, at a meeting last Tuesday of the Church Association, which is a body expressly organized for putting down such practices, a clerical speaker and Canon is reported to have observed that "few abuses in public worship could be more painful to a heart longing to join in the service of God than that of a whole assembly of professed worshippers remaining silent, whilst a choir performed for their pleasure." But that is just what has always been, and is still to a great extent, the ordinary practice of our cathedrals, which are not usually regarded as centres of a Ritualistic or Romanizing movement. On the other hand, lovers of music are rather apt to complain, not without asperity, of the passion of so-called Ritualists for introducing congregational chanting of a character more fervent than harmonious. Be that as it may, there has been and is, according to the testimony of the Reformation Society, a terrible advance of the Romanizing propaganda, in whatever sense they understand it; and we therefore fail to apprehend how the facts, as stated by themselves, bear out their claim to having rendered valuable service in repelling it.

But this is not the only indication of a rather perplexing inconsequence in the statements of speakers at the meeting. The Rev. Dr. Blakeney proposed a Resolution, which was passed, "That at no period since the Reformation has the Church of Rome displayed greater zeal, or pursued a more fiery proselytism, than during the period between the last Œcumenical Council at Rome and the year 1876." It would again be obvious to observe on this that the efforts of the Protestant Reformation Society do not seem to have been signally blessed during the last five years. But we have cited the words of the Resolution for a different purpose. They apparently imply that proselytism is not only mischievous when conducted in the interests of "Romanism," but wrong in itself. And forcible proselytism cannot be intended; for, whatever may have been her will, the Church of Rome has had no opportunity of imposing her creed by fire and sword since "the last Œcumenical Council," as the Resolution expresses it, thereby putting the Vatican Council on a par with the Council of Nice. But the dwellers in glass houses should not throw stones, and if proselytism is wrong, it is wrong for everybody alike. A benighted Romanist may be altogether mistaken in his creed, but clearly, if it is right to convert people to the true faith at all, his only course is to try and convert them to the faith which he holds to be the true one. And the Chairman of the Reformation Society not only thinks it is right, but actually bases the special claim of that Society to public support on the fact that it is distinguished from all others by being a directly aggressive and proselytizing body. "The Chairman said, the Society, as distinguished from other Societies, *attacked the religion and the faith of Rome*, its object being directly to convince Roman Catholics of the errors of the Romish faith." That is to say, it does precisely what it condemns the Church of Rome for doing. The difference, according to its own estimate, is not in the policy pursued, but in the success, which does not seem in its own case to have been as yet translated from the pleasures of hope to the pleasures of memory. "All this" appears to us to show, not "the value," but the worthlessness, if not positive mischief, "of this and similar societies." If there were any reason—as there is not—for believing the rodomontade talked on such occasions about the subjugation of the country to Rome, and the like, which is periodically reproduced by such speakers as Sir T. Chambers and Mr. Whalley when the question of Convents or Roman Catholic Prison Chaplains comes before Parliament, there would be not the less, but the more, reason for deprecating the feeble fury that irritates and invites the aggression which it can do nothing to repress. It was currently believed at the time of the Civil War of the seventeenth century that Jesuit missionaries were in the habit of assuming the garb of Puritan preachers in order to aid in accelerating the downfall of the Established Church. The rumour was probably fabulous, but it was not altogether irrational. If we were privileged to enjoy the confidence of the modern Jesuit Camarilla, we may safely affirm that it would be found to regard with a mingled feeling of amusement, and of something more akin to complacency than impatience, these annual demonstrations of the "Holdfasts," as the members of the Reformation Society dubbed themselves the other day by a final Resolution. All the leading Tractarian converts began life as strong Evangelicals, and Exeter Hall has proved in the long run a most efficient forcing-house for the Vatican. We are more than half afraid that, if its annals were too curiously inspected, even the Protestant Reformation Society might turn out not to be immaculate. Indeed there is a suspicious ring about this closing exhortation to its members to "receive" the name of Holdfasts, "and commend it to all who waver, or are tempted by the seductions of Romanism." We will not quote the Scriptural warning to those who think they stand; but, if our "Protestant" friends would only take the hint kindly, we should be disposed to suggest that their Protestantism might be none the less unsuspected if they did not protest quite so much.

DAHOMEY.

THE King of Dahomey is required to pay an indemnity of five hundred puncheons of palm oil for an outrage committed on a British subject, and is threatened in case of refusal with a blockade of his coast by a British squadron. The King has answered the demand for indemnity by an invitation to the British commander to come and take it, and thus a prospect begins to appear of another African war, probably successful, doubtfully glorious, and certainly expensive. The blockade is sure to cause heavy losses to British traders, and it may or may not bring the King to reason. One version of the King's answer promises, if Commodore Hewett liked to come and get his fine, to pay him in powder and bullets. Another more polite form of response expresses the King's inability to pay the fine until he has seen the Commodore and judged whether the amount is correct. But it seems that the more brief and peremptory message is the genuine product of the King's mind, and, besides, the circumlocution adopted by the intermediate "authorities" comes practically to the same thing. We are told, and we should be glad to believe, that Commodore Hewett has not threatened more than he can perform. He will strictly blockade the two rivers by which Dahomey receives merchandize, and this will inflict so serious a loss on the revenue that there will be no need to accept the King's insolent invitation to his capital Abomey. We are also informed that the King's army have a considerable number of Snider rifles with ammunition, and are well practised in their use. The celebrated Amazons, if they exist, will probably not inspire British sailors with terror. But it may be expected that the Commodore, if compelled to adopt hostilities, will confine himself to the coast, and will await instructions and reinforcements from home before risking an attempt in which failure might be disastrous. If the blockade should bring the King to reason, it will show that an African potentate is capable of feeling in his pocket, and this will mark a decided advance in civilization.

If an expedition should become necessary, our recent experience of Ashantee will be useful. The Gold Coast and the Slave Coast extend from Cape Three Points to Lagos, and behind them are these two countries, Ashantee on the west, and Dahomey on the east, with the river Volta between them. The Kings of Dahomey occupy a conspicuous place in the literature of the last century, when the slave-trade was pursued with the same unhesitating energy with which we now "open up" a new market for ivory or palm oil. These Kings, observing that the greater part of the exported slaves were obtained from their territory, strove with vigour and success to bring themselves as sellers into immediate contact with European purchasers. As this policy commenced more than one hundred and fifty years ago, it may be hoped that the present King has an enlightened commercial intellect capable of appreciating the disadvantages of a blockade. He might, indeed, argue that the stress of it would fall firstly on European traders, secondly on his own subjects, and only in the last extremity on himself. He is, of course, cruel, and, if he is also obstinate, he may determine that, as long as his people have, he will not want, and thus the question which awaits solution seems to be whether his pride or his pocket is the more sensitive. Yet the first of his predecessors who came in contact with the English is described as a man of remarkable talent as well as ambition and ferocity, a character which might have been written for Peter the Great, under whom Russia first began to claim a place in civilization. All these African potentates have wants, real or imaginary, which only Europe can supply, and thus our naval commanders have perhaps

a hold upon them. Lieutenant Cameron lately described his reception further south by a King wearing a state dress consisting of a cocked hat and a Scotch plaid. The King of Dahomey, it may be believed, has at least an equal sense of what is due to his own dignity and comfort; and indeed the more courteous of his two supposed answers, which may be accepted as at least a plausible forgery, purports to invite Commodore Hewett to stop, or, as they say in the navy, stow, all war palaver, and be a merchant, and load his ships with rum, cloth, and other articles, and come and trade with him. The young lady lately quoted by Mr. Disraeli could no doubt favour him with an extract from some treatise on geography to the effect that the chief ornament of the Royal residence at Abomey is human skulls, and that, when a ceiling requires to be newly decorated, it is usual to massacre some scores of persons for the purpose. This statement may have been true when it was written; but, on the other hand, Lieutenant Cameron mentioned that the King whom he visited possessed and highly valued an arm-chair, and there can be no doubt that the desire to possess a solid and impracticable piece of furniture is one of the most powerful and general of human motives. Nobody, we believe, ever rested at an inn in the most inaccessible part of Switzerland without observing a ponderous sofa or bedstead and wondering how it got there. It may therefore be guessed that the King of Dahomey has got beyond the raw-head-and-bloody-bones style of domestic ornament, and requires clothes and furniture; and it may be further assumed that rum, or perhaps champagne, is necessary to his comfort. We do not know whether the ladies of his bodyguard appear on parade in Parisian bonnets; but we may be sure that they would wear European finery if they could get it, and, on the whole, we may assume that civilization is progressing in Dahomey. As long ago as 1724, when the King of Dahomey, fighting his way towards the sea, captured the chief town of the kingdom of Ardra, and made prisoner Mr. Bulstrode Lamb, factor for the English African Company, he had sense enough to treat his captive with kindness and consideration, although this was the first white man he had ever seen. The earliest account of Dahomey existing in our literature is, we believe, a letter written by Lamb after he had been some months in captivity, to his superior, Mr. Tucker, Governor of the English fort at Whydah, and dated from Abomey in 1724. It will appear from this piece of history that Commodore Hewett, is not the first Englishman who has been invited to come and stay at Abomey. Three years afterwards this same King marched to the coast, conquered the State of Whydah, laid in ruins the English, French, and Portuguese forts, and made prisoners of the captains of these forts, and all the European residents. We can imagine our countrymen bearing this adverse fortune with the same constancy and sense of duty that appeared in the Indian Mutiny of our own time, and it is not to be supposed that in moments of pain or danger their consciences were disturbed by any scruples about the morality of the business in which they were engaged. They would perhaps have argued that men were better off as slaves than giving their skulls as paving-stones for their King's palace.

Attention has been lately drawn to the life of one of the leaders of that philanthropic band which "rescued Africa from the woes and the British Empire from the guilt" of the slave-trade; and it may be interesting to observe by way of contrast those records of our early intercourse with Dahomey which belong to the latter half of the last century, when Bristol and Liverpool did a steady business on the Slave Coast. This trade was begun by Portugal as a religious work, pursued by all commercial nations for the sake of gain, and abolished for the reasons expressed on Zachary Macaulay's monument. Portuguese discoverers of Africa believed no less than the abolitionists of Clapham that they were guided in their counsels and labours by a "favouring Providence"; and as they showed us the way to India, we shall probably conclude that, on the whole, they did more good in the world than harm. Our own establishments on this coast, as in India, were originally commercial. The African Company of 1754 was charged with the maintenance of all the British forts between Cape Blanco and the Cape of Good Hope. This Company, unlike others which preceded it, was prohibited from trading on its own account. But all the forts and garrisons were vested in it, and it admitted, on payment of 40*s.* fine, any merchant to be a member of the corporation and to enjoy all the privileges of the African trade. The Government was vested in a Committee of nine persons, elected annually by the freemen of the Company resident in London, Bristol, and Liverpool. For the purpose of maintaining the forts and garrisons, an annual sum of 13,000*l.* was voted by Parliament, for the due disposal of which the Committee were responsible to Government. The salaries of their clerks and agents, with all other expenses of management, including compensation to the members of the Committee for their trouble, were allowed out of the sums received as fines of admission from the freemen. In the course of time it happened that the whole expense of the Company came to be defrayed by the public, and for this reason the charter of incorporation was recalled by Parliament in 1821. The possessions of the Company on the West Coast of Africa were by this Act annexed to, and made dependencies upon, the colony of Sierra Leone.

It is estimated that during more than a century one hundred thousand persons were annually removed from Dahomey as slaves. In the years that followed the abolition of the slave-trade there was a great decline in the number of vessels that visited the coast. Many of the numerous factories and forts erected for the protection of the slave-trade were broken up and abandoned on its abolition. The principal English fortress was Cape Coast Castle, which is still maintained. Next to this in importance was Accra, and the furthest of these fortified settlements to the east was the English fort of Whydah, where the present "difficulty" with the King of Dahomey has arisen. Similar establishments of French, Dutch, and Danes were thickly studded along this coast. The unhealthiness of the climate was proverbial. It was said that there were always two Governors of Sierra Leone, one going out to his post, and the other returning home dead. But it was a convenient place for Government to bestow on a supporter who affected Parliamentary independence. This settlement, be it observed, was founded in 1787 by philanthropists who undertook to show that colonial productions could be obtained without slave-labour, in which enterprise they have indifferently succeeded. We do not know whether those were also philanthropists who settled a lot of negroes in Nova Scotia; but we cannot help suspecting that, if they had known whither they were going as freemen, they would have preferred to remain as slaves in the West Indies. They could not bear the severity of the Northern climate, so they were removed to Sierra Leone, whither another lot, who had been living in destitution in London, and probably doing the "man and brother" business, had previously been carried. Then a lot of Maroons, probably rebels, were transported from Jamaica, and a black regiment disbanded in the West Indies were also added to the new colony. Thus the colony has continually increased; but probably, after the manner of their kind, these negroes have confined themselves to raising as much colonial produce as was necessary for their own consumption. The town has had during many years the advantage of whatever money its traders could make out of the squadron maintained for the suppression of the slave-trade. It lies, however, far to the west of Cape Three Points, which has usually been taken as the western limit of the Gold and Slave Coasts. It seems that there are still French and Portuguese as well as English "houses" or "forts" at Whydah, and all traders are alike interested in the peaceable settlement of Commodore Hewett's demand on the King of Dahomey. But whether it will be settled peaceably we cannot tell. If it be not, the present Government will obtain whatever glory is to be got out of a second edition of the Ashantee war.

THE OPERAS.

MR. GYE this year opened his musical campaign a long time before the other house entered an appearance. In the earlier part of his season, in accordance with what seems to be an established custom, he produced various new singers, none of whom have yet made any marked impression. Nor were the well-known operas which he presented given with any remarkable degree of excellence. It would be difficult to find anything much more ragged than the performance of the *Huguenots* which took place with Mlle. d'Angeri as Valentine. It is enough to say of it that its most satisfactory part, on the whole, was the Marcel of Signor Bagagiolo. Mlle. Marimon, who is too seldom heard, has appeared as Norma in *Don Pasquale*. She sang with rare perfection, and gave a singular charm to Norina's coquettish graces. But not even the acting and singing of Mlle. Marimon can save the fun of *Don Pasquale* from being somewhat heavy. In the performance of *Faust* at the same house Mlle. Albani appeared as Marguerite, and M. Maurel filled the place of M. Faure, in whom Mr. Gye has lost a tower of strength, as Mefistofele. Mlle. Albani has improved both as to singing and acting in the part of Marguerite. Her delivery of the jewel song was especially good, and her acting in the trying scene of Valentine's death had much feeling and skill. M. Maurel's performance of Mefistofele was more curious than satisfactory. M. Maurel was, as is known, a pupil of M. Faure, and he has, as we think injudiciously, been told that he can rival his master. In playing for the first time in London one of M. Faure's finest parts, the younger singer seems to have wished to show that he need not depend upon imitation for success. In the acting of the character he secured originality by being as little diabolical as may be. He was pleasant and gentlemanlike throughout; but that is hardly one's idea of all that Mefistofele should be. In the well-known scene of shrinking from the cross handles of the swords held up to him M. Maurel played with what has been justly termed an absence of exaggeration; but this included also an utter absence of spirit and effect. His singing was throughout steady, if inclined to tameness; he was at his best in the delivery of the serenade, which was for the most part modelled on M. Faure's. But the good-humoured laugh which he has added as he goes up the stage at the end might be judiciously omitted. M. Maurel has devised a new costume for Mefistofele, whom he dresses in black for the beginning and end of the opera, and in grey satin slashed with black, for the market and garden scenes. It has been objected that the conventional red is too eccentric, and would attract too much attention from the crowd. But it may be noted that many of the crowd are also dressed in red; only their costumes are less brilliant than that of the ordinary Mefistofele. In the cathedral scene M. Maurel appeared draped in deep black, with a living flame substituted for the feather in his cap. We may next expect to see him appear with a practicable tail.

The event of the season, as yet, at Covent Garden has been the production of *Tannhäuser*. It would in some respects have been more reasonable to bring out this opera before *Lohengrin*, which was a later development of the composer's ideas. *Tannhäuser*

consequently has much more resemblance to the usual forms of opera than is contained in *Lohengrin*. There are airs, or something very like them, to be found in it, and there is no passage so difficult to admire as the dreary dialogue between Friedrich and Ortrud in *Lohengrin*. The story of the opera, which is constructed out of more than one legend, has considerable beauty and interest.

The first scene, introduced by an overture through which there runs what we can best describe as a wave of tender, penetrating music, but which is, we think, disfigured by the undue prominence in one passage of the clashing of cymbals, opens in the Hörselberg, where Tannhäuser is lying asleep, watched over by Venus and surrounded by her attendant nymphs, who go through a kind of bacchanal dance, while the alluring song of sirens is heard from the background. Here the magic properties of the place must undoubtedly have been called in for Tannhäuser's benefit. No mortal under ordinary circumstances could have slept through the din of the ballet going on around him. In the course of this ballet, according to the stage direction, *una stanchezza e sonnolenza generale* seize upon the dancers, who disappear gradually, while a rosy vapour rises and conceals them, leaving Tannhäuser and Venus alone in front of it. The scene would be more effective if a greater attempt were made to carry out the composer's intention in this matter. There was certainly no sign of weariness in the activity with which the dancers ran off the stage, and there was very little mystery about the rosy vapour painted on the flat which shut in the scene. The stage of Covent Garden gives every facility for mechanical illusion, and it is a pity that its capabilities should not be turned to account when illusion is especially desirable. Left alone with Venus, Tannhäuser wakes from a dream of his life on earth before he entered the enchanted mount, and presently, taking up a lyre and addressing Venus in a passage of singular beauty, of which the theme reappears afterwards, he, judiciously beginning by celebrating her beauty, ends by pointing out that it is too great a privilege for a mere mortal to gaze on such divinity, and begs for his freedom. Venus is naturally enraged at this, and there follows a discussion between them. There is a striking simplicity in the English version of this given in the book of the opera:—

> *Venus.* Well, then, thou faithless traitor, mortal hateful,
> My prisoner, hence to thee you'll try in vain.
> *Tannhäuser.* To thy love, believe me, I'm not ungrateful,
> But still I can no longer here remain.

Venus cajoles and threatens by turns; but Tannhäuser's longing to return to earth is unchanged, and, when Venus tells him that he has already forfeited his safety on earth and in heaven, and had better stay with her, he replies by invoking the Virgin Mary, upon which, with a clap of thunder, Venus disappears, and Tannhäuser finds himself in a sunny valley, with the Castle of Wartburg at the back of the scene. Here there occurs a song, supposed to be sung to his pipe by a shepherd boy; and perhaps such music may have been produced by shepherds in the thirteenth century, but its reproduction in the nineteenth appears unnecessary. The scene is presently filled with a procession of pilgrims, by whose presence Tannhäuser is moved to repentance and prayer, and to these succeed the Landgrave of Thuringia and his attendant bards, returning from a hunting-party. They recognize Tannhäuser, who had disappeared a year before, and greet him with joy. He is, however, bent on leaving them and pursuing his way alone, until Wolfram speaks of Elizabeth, the Landgrave's daughter, whose hand Tannhäuser had won in a tournament of song just before he was enticed into the Hörselberg. This alters Tannhäuser's resolution, and he consents to go home with the Landgrave's party, filled with joy at the prospect of seeing Elizabeth again. There is much to admire in the music of this scene, of which the brightness and clearness make a contrast to the whirling and passionate strains of the former scene. But Herr Wagner's terrible fondness for the blasts of horns has produced an effect which is to us singularly unpleasant at the entrance of the Landgrave.

The second act is opened by Elizabeth, who comes into the Hall of Song in the Castle of Wartburg, and sings her delight at the return of Tannhäuser, who presently enters and joins her in a duet of great power and beauty. Then the Landgrave comes in, and shortly after his appearance preparations are made for a song tournament. To the music of the march, which is probably the best known piece in the opera, the Landgrave's nobles, knights and ladies, enter and take their places on a huge daïs ranged along the side of the stage. There is much that is impressive and majestic in this scene. As group after group come in, and, making their obeisance to the Landgrave, go up to the daïs, the music seems to swell both in volume and meaning until it carries with it an almost overpowering sense of vastness; and the eye, ranging over the immense crowd on the stage, takes up the suggestion made to the mind through the ear. When the court is assembled, the bards, robed picturesquely, crowned with wreaths, and each bearing a lyre, enter, and, after an address from the Landgrave, the contest begins. The theme given is love, and Wolfram (a character finely sung and acted by M. Maurel) begins by praising ideal love. There was much delicacy and feeling in M. Maurel's delivery of this passage, of which the music is strikingly tender, and his phrasing here, as throughout, was excellent. Tannhäuser replies to him in a strain indicating that he admires a more material form of love than that which Wolfram has sung. The contest is taken up by the other bards, Walter and Biterolf, to whom Tannhäuser replies so insolently as to excite the wrath of the assembly. The Landgrave rises to enforce peace, and Wolfram again puts forth his views, upon which Tannhäuser, burning at what seems to him the impious insult aimed at Venus, of whose memory he is full, bursts wildly into the song of the Hörselberg, and reveals the secret of his visit there. Consternation seizes the assembly at having harboured and listened to such a monster, and the bards are rushing on Tannhäuser with drawn swords, when Elizabeth throws herself between them, and obtains his pardon on condition of his making a pilgrimage to Rome and praying for absolution from the Holy Father. The music of this act is full of fire and depth. Towards the end there is a tempest of passionate sound rising and swelling in intensity to a very whirlwind. But it is so controlled and ordered that one thinks rather of the sweep of some planet through a vast orbit than of the chaos of a storm. The act ends with Tannhäuser's kneeling and kissing the hem of Elizabeth's robe, while the Landgrave and bards stand around in pity and grief. The poetry of the situation and the passion of the music are in the highest degree moving.

The fine effect of the whole scene was due in no small measure to Mlle. Albani's singing and acting as Elizabeth. She gave the music well throughout, although there was a slight tendency to force the high notes; and her acting was excellent, as well when she was listening to the bards as when herself engaged in the action of the scene. At the discovery of Tannhäuser's secret, and at her interposing to save him, Mlle. Albani displayed a power that one might not have expected. Signor Carpi (Tannhäuser) rose to the occasion much better than could have been guessed from his somewhat hard performance in the first act. Signor Capponi's fine voice and delivery told well in the Landgrave's music. He would do well to modify his costume. The gorgeous robes and the curious head-dress, which resembles a jewelled tea-kettle, make one think of the Emperor in "Aladdin."

The last act, which passes in the Valley of Wartburg, as does the latter part of the first, is in some sense an anti-climax. There is a beautiful prayer to the Virgin for Elizabeth, sung admirably in expression and execution by Mlle. Albani; and there is an address to the evening star for Wolfram, which M. Maurel gave with complete feeling and skill. The rest of the act is taken up with the return of Tannhäuser from his pilgrimage, his despair at the Holy Father's answer that he should be forgiven when his staff blossomed, his appeal to Venus, who reappears to him, and his salvation from her by the holy influence of Elizabeth, whose funeral passes across the stage just after Venus has vanished in baffled rage. The interview between Wolfram and Tannhäuser is too long, and should if possible be cut down. Indeed the whole opera is of a merciless length, which is partly due to the fact that almost all the times are taken too slow, with the exception of the march, which is played too quick.

Mr. Mapleson has not been very long in the field at Drury Lane; and one is naturally inclined to wait until M. Faure arrives to hear several of the operas which have been put up. When he comes Mr. Mapleson should be able to present a cast of very unusual strength. Meanwhile there are several fine singers besides him assembled at Drury Lane, and we hope to find an early opportunity for saying something of Mr. Mapleson's performances.

RACING AT NEWMARKET AND CHESTER.

A PETITION of some importance was presented last week to the stewards and members of the Jockey Club. It purported to emanate from owners and trainers of horses, but nine-tenths of the signatures belonged to the latter class, while not a single leading owner appended his name to the document. The petitioners draw the attention of the Jockey Club to the evils of the practice commonly known as touting and horse-watching, and to the fact that information as to the work, health, condition, capabilities, and private trials of racehorses is systematically, though surreptitiously, obtained from servants, boys, and apprentices in training-stables by the paid agents of the sporting papers. They proceed to say that the result of this system is to corrupt and demoralize the persons employed in training-stables, and to destroy the confidence that should exist between them and their masters; and they appeal to the Jockey Club to take immediate steps to resist the growth of a practice "so entirely subversive of the morality and best interests of the Turf."

Now, to a certain extent, the prayer of this petition is quite legitimate. Horses are the private property of their owners, who have to pay for their keep, their training, and their engagements, and who may reasonably object to any interference with them on the part of the outside public. And so far as trainers stand in the place of owners, and carry out the instructions given to them by their employers, they, too, are entitled to raise a similar objection. There is no doubt that the facts stated in the petition are in the main correct. The public, in its insane passion for betting on horse-races, will pay any price to get information about horses in training; and whether that information is accurate or not is a matter of comparative indifference, so long as it comes early. The sporting papers undoubtedly supply a part of this demand, and furnish intelligence as to trials and other training matters which it is reasonable to suppose can often be obtained only by unfair means. But it is ridiculous to allege that the sporting press alone is responsible for the nuisance of touts and horse-watchers. A great many people who are rich enough to afford the luxury employ touts and horse-watchers of their own. The big book-makers would be little satisfied with the scraps of news they can pick up in the sporting papers, but must have more regular and more authentic intelligence before they risk their

thousands; and the big backers of horses, though far more reckless in their ways, yet from force of example follow suit, and pay for information by which they do not always profit. We should be surprised if even the members of that distinguished body the Jockey Club could one and all lay their hands on their hearts and declare that they had never availed themselves of the services of that irregular body against which the trainers have declared war. Anyhow, the sporting papers are only responsible for a small part of the touting and horse-watching which regularly go on. We need hardly say that we have no sympathy with such practices. We regret the love of gambling, but for which there would be no such persons as touts and horse-watchers in existence; and we regret that, for the sake of gratifying an unhealthy passion, men presumably respectable should stoop to the meanness of bribing the servants of their neighbours—possibly of their friends also—and of sneaking after information which they cannot otherwise obtain. On the other hand, we have little sympathy with the owners and trainers who have just worked themselves up into a state of righteous indignation. They preach of morality and honesty, of the duties of servants towards their masters, and of the happy confidence which ought to exist between the two. But they say not a word as to the reasons why the secrecy with which their operations are conducted is necessary, or why it should be forbidden to the outer world to know anything that goes on within the prison walls of the great training establishments. Yet this is a question which lies at the root of the whole matter. Why should owners and trainers wish to make a mystery about the work, the health, the condition, the capabilities, or even the trials of their horses? Would their horses suffer in health or deteriorate in condition because that portion of the public which troubles its head about racing matters became acquainted with their several merits? What advantage is to be gained by keeping the public in the dark? We fear that there is a very intelligible answer to these inquiries. The few owners who race for honour and glory cannot care how much or how little is known about their horses; but the majority who race for profit are compelled to keep their training operations as much as possible from the light of day for fear of endangering their profits. These considerations of pecuniary gain actuate alike those who employ horse-watchers and those who clamour for their suppression. The employers of touts hope to make money by the information they may succeed in ferreting out; and owners and trainers hope to make money by the information they strive to keep to themselves. Sportsmen like Lord Glasgow in the past and Lord Falmouth in the present, having nothing to conceal, are not disturbed when all the world knows that one of their horses cannot go more than half a mile and another can stay for a week. Rather, when they have a good horse, they are proud that all the world should be aware of his merits, and they would not take the trouble, even if they condescended to the meanness, of bamboozling the public with mock gallops, and false trials, and laborious attempts, unfortunately too often successful, to make the worse appear the better horse. Such sportsmen, however, are the exception, not the rule; and the many in whose eyes a racehorse, to use the late Lord Derby's words, is nothing but an instrument of gambling, are naturally indignant at the thought that any outsider should pick a plum or two out of their own particular pie. The petition we have mentioned has been referred by the Club to a Committee appointed to revise the rules of racing, but we suspect we shall not hear very much more about it.

The field for the One Thousand Guineas was about up to the average in point of numbers, but the race attracted comparatively little interest, it having been clearly shown in the principal two-year-old races of 1875 that the fillies were much inferior to the colts. We may just refer to the performances of the most conspicuous among the thirteen runners. Camelia, the French-bred daughter of Macaroni and Araucaria, won two out of four races last season. At Newmarket she ran a dead heat with Gilestone for third place in that celebrated race which Fordham on Levant just snatched by the shortest of heads from Farnese, a like distance only separating the dead-heaters from Lord Falmouth's horse. This was Farnese's first appearance in public, and, looking at what he afterwards accomplished, as well as at the fact that the Mineral colt finished behind the four we have named, the performance was a good one on the part both of Levant and Camelia, and might seem to contradict what we said just now as to the inferiority of the fillies. Levant, however, never forgot the punishment she received in this race, and Camelia was none the better for her exertions on the next day, when her stable companion Allumette gave her 3 lbs. and an easy beating. Subsequently Camelia beat Solitude at Goodwood, and Gilestone and Levant at Brighton, after which she retired for the season. Allumette, a daughter of Caterer and Feu de Joie, gained her solitary victory over Camelia, but was beaten afterwards by Brigg Boy, Rosinante, and Red Cross Knight. Last week it appeared to be forgotten that Allumette had once beaten Camelia, for while the latter was second favourite, the former started at an extreme outside price. La Seine, also French-bred, by Tournament out of the famous La Touques, was made first favourite, though her two-year-old running hardly warranted her elevation to such a position. She was beaten a long way in the Middle Park Plate, and also in two Nursery handicaps at Newmarket and Brighton. Twine the Plaiden won five races out of seven as a two-year-old, but the company she met was not of the highest order. She beat Zee three times, and Camembert, The Flirt, Fetterlock, and Great Tom; but both Skylark and Springfield disposed of her with great ease. The Flirt and Zee were apparently held safe in the One Thousand by Mr. Bowes's filly, though it must be said that, as soon as the former passed out of Lord Falmouth's possession, her form began to show a wonderful improvement, and her new owner carried off three or four good races with her assistance. Margarita won two races out of six as a two-year-old, and her second victory was of great merit. It was gained at Stockbridge against a good field, including Kaleidoscope, Retrospect, and Hellenist. Later in the year, however, she failed to exhibit the same form, and was beaten at Doncaster by Ithona and Charon, while, in the second edition of the Troy Stakes at the Houghton Meeting, Kaleidoscope took ample revenge for his defeat at Stockbridge. Of the remainder of the One Thousand field, to which Mr. Crawfurd contributed a couple, and Lord Falmouth and Lord Rosebery one each, we need not speak. It was generally thought that Twine the Plaiden had not improved, and La Seine and Camelia attracted the greatest share of attention. There was only one false start, and when the flag fell La Seine and Twine the Plaiden took the lead, with Camelia and Allumette, on different sides of the course, in close attendance. To this quartet the race was confined after the first half-mile, and when Twine the Plaiden stopped in the last two hundred yards, it was clear that the French fillies would secure the first three places. The first of the three to give way was La Seine, and thenceforth a close struggle between the stable companions Camelia and Allumette was maintained to the finish. The issue was in doubt to the very last stride, when Camelia just got her head in front, and gained the judge's verdict. It is clear that the defeat of Camelia by Allumette last year was not such a mere matter of chance as was imagined at the time, and Count de Lagrange is fortunate to have two such good strings to his bow in the forthcoming Oaks. Lord Rosebery's representative, Majesty, ran sufficiently forward to give him some idea where Levant would have finished; and probably the daughter of Adventurer would be a dangerous antagonist at Epsom if her temper could be relied on. The more she ran, however, last year, the more shifty she became, and such dispositions do not generally improve with age. Twine the Plaiden will probably be in better condition by the 2nd of June; but she ran in the One Thousand very much like a non-stayer, and according to present appearances the Oaks seems destined to fall to the foreigners.

As far as the general racing was concerned, Newmarket never showed to less advantage than in the Two Thousand week, and it is well nigh impossible to discover even half-a-dozen items worthy of comment. Earl of Dartrey carried off the Prince of Wales Stakes in good style from Dalham, Tartine, Stray Shot, Lacy, and Timour. Mr. Savile's horse had beaten Timour in the Craven Meeting, but, as he had now to give 7 lbs. extra, it was thought that Prince Soltykoff's horses would turn the tables. He was beaten, however, far more easily than before, and Earl of Dartrey, who, though of a first-class quality, is yet superior to the average of handicap horses, had no difficulty in bringing his 8 st. 9 lbs. to the front. On the third day of the meeting Camembert, Wild Tommy, Coltness, and Dandelion met on the Rowley Mile, and a good race between the first three ended in favour of Camembert by a neck, a like distance separating Wild Tommy from Coltness. The winner ran very fast in the Two Thousand, and, though not persevered with at the finish, was evidently quite as good as, if not better than, the majority of the field. For the Newmarket Stakes only Skylark and Gheis put in an appearance, and Lord Falmouth's unbeaten son of King Tom cantered away at his pleasure from Mr. Crawfurd's horse, who, it will be remembered, had been suddenly made a leading favourite for the Two Thousand only a few days before the race. If Skylark stands his preparation for the Derby he will be a worthy antagonist to Petrarch; but there are threatening rumours as to his ability to do the work required of him, especially if the ground continues hard during the next fortnight. It will be a pity if anything should happen to Skylark; for he is, as far as outward appearance goes, a thorough Derby horse, and he has proved himself a worthy son of a worthy sire.

We may just add a few words about the Chester Cup, which brought out a fair field of the class usually represented in this contest. It is not every horse that can manage the merry-go-round course at Chester, nor every owner who cares to risk a valuable animal upon it, nor every jockey who cares to run the chance of being knocked over the rails and having his neck broken. If only on account of the badness of the course, the decline of the Chester Cup would fail to excite surprise or regret. The eighteen runners last Wednesday included several old hands at Chester, such as Freeman, Organist, and Prodigal, as well as Tam o'Shanter, a fair handicap horse last season, Grey Palmer, Snail, Pageant, and a couple of three-year-olds of superior class, John Day and Julia Peachum. The handicap was, as usual, framed on a very mild scale, especially for the old horses, and the five-year-olds in the race carried under 8 st. each, while the two aged horses, Freeman and Prodigal, were only burdened with 8 st. 2 lbs. and 8 st. 6 lbs. respectively. The former of this pair was within an ace of repeating his victory of last year (when he carried only 7 lbs. less than on this occasion), but was just beaten by a short neck by Tam o'Shanter, who won the Liverpool Cup last summer with about the same weight allotted to him at Chester. Grey Palmer and Pageant, some way behind the leading pair, ran a good race home for third place, while the three-year-olds were nowhere. Indeed, if a five-year-old with 6 st. 11 lbs., and an aged horse with 8 st. 2 lbs.—both of them, it must be remembered, previous winners of large races—

cannot dispose of three-year-olds, unaccustomed to the course, with 6 st. and 6 st. 2 lbs. on their backs, they must be worth very little indeed. In some handicaps the handicapper's object would seem to be to weight the old horses out of the race altogether. That fault cannot be imputed to those who take the Chester Cup in hand. The old horses are indulged by them to the utmost, and even the winner of the Cup one year is only raised in the weights 7 lbs. the next. We should be much surprised if, when the weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire come out next September, it were found that Duke of Parma and Sutton had only 7 lbs. extra each to carry on account of their victories in 1875.

REVIEWS.

ENGLISH VISITORS TO TIBET.*

THERE are some occasions when a traveller, whether his observations are profound or superficial, must possess a certain advantage over those who read or review him. He has actually looked on the bazaars, mountains, temples, rivers, and marts which he describes. But here we have a work in which, in one respect, the author and his critics stand on exactly the same footing. Very few Europeans have seen any part of Tibet, and only one Englishman has succeeded in reaching its capital. Whatever can be done by official diligence, geographical research, comparison of the works of British and foreign authors, and careful editing, to make a volume on Tibet accurate, interesting, and suggestive, that has been done by Mr. Markham. His volume is principally devoted to the reports of two Englishmen who managed to traverse a great deal of the country, the first just a century ago, and the latter within living memory. Their accounts are supplemented by some papers of certain Jesuits and missionaries, and there is a long introductory chapter of 160 pages into which Mr. Markham has skilfully packed everything that could throw light on the attempts made to open up a region almost as little known as the highlands of Central Africa. We have an excellent geographical sketch; a condensed account of the religion of Tibet; notices of Nepaul, Sikkim, and the Bhootan Duars; some fair illustrations and maps, old and new, and a summary of the English and native explorations in which pioneers, official and unofficial, for the last hundred years have tried to overcome the decided repugnance evinced by the Tibetan authorities to reciprocity of trade. The inaccuracies are so trivial as to be scarcely worth criticism; but we think that Mr. Markham has been so carried away by his zeal for geographical exploration as to overlook some of the political difficulties that beset governors and viceroys when they attempt to bring isolated potentates within the world's congress, and to convince them that bayonets and mountain guns are not the infallible accompaniments of pack-saddles, ponies, and piece-goods. In all that he says of the sagacity, the firmness, the tact shown by Warren Hastings, who is the father of Tibetan exploration, we entirely agree. But when he charges the successors of that able statesman with "indifference and neglect," and with carrying on "disastrous wars" not "waged for any broad imperial end, but on account of some petty squabble about boundaries," he forgets the essential conditions of our tenure of India, and he underrates the long series of conquest, war, and diplomacy, which after just a century has placed us where we hope to remain. There can be no such thing really as a "petty squabble" about the boundary of any portion of our Indian Empire from Chittagong or Tonghoo on the east to the sands of Beloochistan on the north-west. A dispute as to the true course of a river, or the rightful occupation of a jungly and pestilential tract at the foot of the hills, must be settled at once. Trade may wait. Questions of dominion or authority cannot stand over.

Before discussing the peculiarities of the two very different travellers whose narratives have now been brought to light by a combination of diligent research and rare good fortune, we may follow Mr. Markham through his account of the adventures in which perseverance, endurance of hardship, skill in overcoming obstructions, and acuteness of observation, have distinguished travellers of our own and other nations. A certain quaint Ralph Fitch, in 1583, had evidently heard of the trade with Tibet, but the honour of first reaching Lhassa belongs to a Friar Oderic of Pordenone, who got there some time between 1316 and 1330. Three centuries afterwards, Antonio Andrada, a Jesuit, penetrated to the sources of the Ganges, and through Tibet reached China. The missionaries Grueber and Dorville reversed this order of travel, and arrived at Agra, from Pekin, in 214 days, spending two months at Lhassa in the interval. Then came another Jesuit, Fra Desideri, who, with a companion, went from Leh to Lhassa, and was recalled by the Pope. This was in 1729. He was succeeded by Orazio Della Penna in 1780, who managed to establish a mission at the capital, which subsisted for a quarter of a century. After this came the conquest of Nepal by the Goorkhas, who expelled the Newars, and an invasion of the little state of Koch or Kuch Behar by the Bhutanese afforded Hastings a legitimate pretext for interference and for the eventual despatch of a mission to Tibet. Hence arose the expeditions of Bogle and Turner, the latter of whom was accompanied by two others, Lieutenant Davis and Dr. Saunders. Mr. Markham is, we repeat, needlessly severe on the successors of Hastings for not following up the commercial policy of their distinguished predecessor. But he knows quite enough of Indian history to remember some of the difficulties, internal and external, which are generally thought to have afforded scope enough for the talents of Cornwallis, Wellesley, and Minto, to say nothing of later Viceroys. The reorganization of the whole Civil Service, the establishment of executive and judicial courts over large provinces, two campaigns against Tippoo, wars in Upper India, and the Java expedition, sufficiently explain why those three statesmen postponed developing a commerce in which the natural impediments were enormous and the results comparatively small. With much better taste does Mr. Markham select for his praises such scholars as Csoma de Koros and Mr. Brian Hodgson, our Resident at Katmandhu for nearly twenty-five years. And he ascribes more merit than we feel inclined to give to Dr. Campbell, for many years Superintendent of Darjeeling. We endorse his praises of Dr. Hooker, and his mention of natives, who are commonly known as Colonel Walker's and Colonel Montgomerie's Pundits. Their adroitness and versatility deceived Tibetan sentinels, and carried them to Shigatze, Teshu Lumbo, Giansu, and Lhassa in the garb of traders and Vakils. It would be hopeless for an Englishman to attempt such disguises, or to

> put on the weeds of Dominic,
> Or, as Franciscan, think to pass disguised.

The odd thing about these Pundits is that in this volume they have no names. Like Jean Valjean at the galleys, in *Les Misérables*, their identity is lost and they become mere ciphers. One man is A, another B, and a third is C. A fourth is designated as No. 9. Oriental titles and names may be a source of perplexity and trouble; but we do think that men who have run the risk of imprisonment and, possibly, death, who have crossed snowy passes nearly 19,000 feet in height, who have been stripped of everything by robbers, and who, in spite of the danger of detection at the hands of a suspicious priesthood, have managed to collect and record a quantity of interesting particulars, ought not to be ticketed like cattle at a prize show or valuables at a sale. Such men are the worthy successors of Purungir Gosain, who, a hundred years ago, rode races on the march with Bogle, wrote an interesting report of the death of the Teshu Lama, and represented us as Diplomatic Agent at the Tibetan Court, after the departure of his English superiors.

The interest of this work centres in Bogle and Manning. Hastings, like every Governor-General of extraordinary capacity, not only achieved success himself, but developed it in others. He was sagacious to detect and employ young men of nerve and character in difficult and dangerous posts. Robert Lindsay at Sylhet, Cleveland at Bhaugulpore, Alexander Elliott on the Nagpore mission, Bogle in the Himalayan passes, all received that support and encouragement which in our time produced men of the schools of Dalhousie or Palmerston. Bogle's narrative seems to have been lost or devoured by white ants at Calcutta. Fortunately, a copy of his journal with bundles of private correspondence was placed in Mr. Markham's hands by a lady who represents the family, that of the Bogles of Daldowie on the Clyde. After graduating in the Revenue department, Bogle was sent to Bhutan and Tibet in 1774. The result, as displayed in these papers, fully justified the selection of the Governor-General. Bogle seems to have possessed exactly the qualities likely to succeed on such a venture. Scotch caution in dealing with treacherous or deceitful Orientals; physical strength, hardihood, and indifference to exposure; that indefinable power of disarming suspicion, conciliating regard, and overcoming prejudice, which Indian military and civil servants have so eminently displayed; a hearty liking for his work; a quick eye for natural scenery, as well as for social peculiarities—none of these qualities were wanting in the Envoy, and he had acquired a style which, if not that of a highly cultivated scholar, is clear, forcible, and correct. He seems to have been absent nearly a year, five months of which were pleasantly spent at the palace of Teshu Lama at Teshu Lumbo. He also stayed at Tassisudon, the capital of Bhutan, at Desheripgay, and at a Tibetan country seat. Nothing but the jealousy of a high functionary, termed the Gesub Rimbochè, prevented his winding up his story with a description of Lhassa. The English envoy and the Tibetan ruler seem, however, to have parted with a sincere regard for each other, which was justified by the good sense of the one and the simple and amiable disposition of the Lama. Much that is new and as interesting as M. Huc's work will be found in the two hundred pages reserved for Bogle and his correspondence with the Governor-General. We have only room for a few details. Bogle showed himself just half a century ahead of his age in condemning the practice of Suttee as degrading and barbarous. The Bhutanese, he remarked, knew of no such custom, which he left behind him with the mild Hindus of the plains. He was entirely against the occupation of Bhootan, or any military expeditions into Lhassa. When he dined with the Lama he was treated to some excellent mutton, dried fruits from China and Kashmir, treacle cakes, and "platted biscuits." When asked to speak English, he repeated some verses of Gray's *Elegy* On another occasion, in order to describe the bleak and desolate aspect of Tibet between Parigong and Desheripgay, he could find no lines more appropriate than those addressed to

* *Narratives of the Mission of George Bogle to Tibet, and of the Journey of Thomas Manning to Lhasa.* Edited, with Notes, an Introduction, and Lives of Mr. Bogle and Mr. Manning, by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

Scotland by the schoolfellow of Hastings, Churchill the poet. In the palace of the Deo Raja of Bhutan he lighted on a print of Lady Waldegrave, who subsequently became Duchess of Gloucester; though how this engraving got to Tassisudon, in company with silver pagodas, "silks, ribbons, and other gew-gaws," we are not told. The Vakil of Chait-Sing, whose episode with Hastings has been immortalized by Macaulay, had represented the English as "designing and ambitious," and as persons who insinuated themselves into a country on pretence of trade, and tried to become its masters afterwards. From a native point of view there is a good deal to be said in favour of this description. Yet, in spite of this tribute to our national activity, there does seem to have been some ground for the expectations formed by Bogle and relied on by the editor, of increased facilities for trade with these secluded regions. The real obstacle lay in the predominance of Chinese counsels, and in positive orders from Pekin. Possibly these obstructions might have been removed; but the Teshu Lama, who had reached the Chinese capital after an arduous journey, died there of small-pox, and Bogle himself, who had contemplated meeting his friend by a sea voyage to Canton, was cut off prematurely at Calcutta at the early age of thirty-four. He had just been nominated to a seat in the Board of Revenue, which was to have charge of "all the collections in the provinces."

It is curious that while three Englishmen entered Tibet on distinct missions at the close of the last and the beginning of this century, the crowning triumph of reaching its capital should have been reserved for the one man who, in point of character and qualifications, might have been thought the least likely to succeed. Not that Manning was wanting in talent, and his diary is replete with amusing and ludicrous incidents. But he seems to have been in some points a compound of Boswell, Pepys, and Leech's happy creation, Mr. Briggs. He had the vanity and self-assertion of the first, and the candour of the second; while he occasionally got involved in predicaments which seem fitted for the third in the pages of *Punch*. His education was peculiar. The second son of a country rector in Norfolk, he learnt classics, mathematics, and philosophy with his father, and eventually went to Cambridge, which he left without taking a degree because of his repugnance to oaths and tests. He became, however, the friend of Porson and Charles Lamb. Something turned his attention to the Chinese Empire, and his studies on this subject induced the first Napoleon to exempt him from detention, along with other Englishmen, on the commencement of the long war in 1803. He went from Paris to England, and then to China, and finally arrived at Calcutta during the administration of Lord Minto. Though backed by Sir Joseph Banks, by the Geographical Society, and by the merchants of Canton, he received little or no aid from the Indian Government: and he started with a few native servants, a slender purse, and his own resources, for Bhutan and Tibet, *vid* Rungpore, in September 1811, getting back to Koch Behar on the borders of north-eastern Bengal, in June 1812. Possibly his success may have been due to the unostentatious character of his undertaking, or even to the oddity of his appearance and manners. The man Friday of this queer Robinson Crusoe figures as a Chinese, picked up at Canton, whom Manning calls his "Munshi" throughout, as if he had been a Mahommedan teacher of languages. This person had learnt Latin somewhere from some Roman Catholic priest; but he was given to fits of ill-temper and grumbling. He had no appreciation of the beauties of natural scenery or "relish for prospects." He was cross-grained with sick people who flocked to Manning for prescriptions and were dosed with calomel and less powerful medicines. Once the Munshi substituted pewter spoons for his master's silver, but he was made to restore them by threats such as Frank Osbaldistone used to Andrew Fairservice when he brought him a three-legged animal called "Souple Tam," instead of a sound pony. Manning was equal to this and other trials. Though he more than once complains of the "cruel stones"; though he described the inhabitants as "all cheats," and the interpreter as stupid; though he was assigned a vicious horse, with stirrups of no kindred, like Petruchio's, that ran clean away with him over "concealed holes, frozen knobs of earth, and flakes of ice"; though he arrived at Lhassa, "muddled and dirty, with his face and forehead fiery red, especially on the right side," and though he was subjected to divers other strange inconveniences, he never lost heart or thought of turning back. He made the best appearance in his power when introduced to the Grand Lama, and gave him a *nuzzur* of fine broadcloth, brand-new dollars, some pieces of zinc, and two brass candlesticks; these latter articles, he is candid enough to confess, were the property of the Honourable East India Company, and had been only lent to him out of the stores at Canton. But his "faithful" old Chinaman stowed them away in his trunks at departure. However, Manning consoles himself with the happy thought that the Company cannot but be pleased at the fate of their candlesticks, and the "high and honourable use" to which they were put. Then there is an episode of a mad mandarin, uncombed, unwashed, and begrimed with dirt, whom he physicked with calomel. Indeed he seems to have done little else than prescribe for all sorts of complaints—sore eyes, dropsy, indigestion. The crazy mandarin was a patient who "could do him no credit," and this unlucky official died raving mad. A good and upright mandarin came to a worse end, and was executed because he would not be a party to the surrender of an innocent man to pass for a culprit when justice required one. This is a not very common instance of Oriental regard for truth and innocence. We must refer our readers to the book for other odd incidents; how Manning's clothes, which had been packed in a basket, were dropped into the river by the coolies and converted to solid lumps of ice; and how he threatened to knock down a Chinaman who brought him three coins instead of twenty, which he had fixed as his fee. This incident occurred at Lhassa, and evidently enhanced the respect in which this eccentric and high-handed foreigner was held. Other tender passages—of an interview with the plump and handsome mother of one of the Thalungs or head-magistrates, and with two well-dressed and clean-washed, but giggling lasses, who consulted him for their ailments, real or imaginary—read, as we have said before, like an extract from Pepys's Diary.

The work, we may say in conclusion, is full of interesting matter, arranged and set off by careful editing. There is a first-rate index. It is evident that the main obstructions to our intercourse with Tibet originate with the Court at Pekin. The fear of conquest under the guise of commerce, which is felt at Lhassa, Katmandhu, and elsewhere, might be got over. Mr. Markham's compilation is an abundant proof that this sensitiveness was aroused in the days of Warren Hastings, and there is no need to ascribe our exclusion from these regions to some dreadful incapacity on the part of less capable statesmen than the impeached and badly used servant of the old Company; the great statesman whose portrait, as Macaulay said, with its striking motto, still hangs in the Council Chamber at Calcutta, and who, to borrow what the same author said of Chatham, even now seems to bid India be of good cheer and to hurl defiance at her foes.

WRITINGS AND LETTERS OF DR. WHEWELL.*

THE form of the present work is unusual, and it must be confessed somewhat unattractive. We have abundance of books containing the lives of eminent men, or their letters, or life and letters thrown together. In the present case, however, the circumstances mentioned by Mr. Todhunter in his preface have led to a forced separation between the biographical and the literary part of the task. It appears that a regular biography of Dr. Whewell is under the hands of the persons most competent to do justice to the subject, and will shortly appear; and it is almost to be regretted that the publication of the matter now before us should not have been withheld so as to come after, or at least to coincide with, that of the biography. For this is really to a great extent in the nature of a book of reference to be used as an appendix to the Life, and will no doubt be so used hereafter. It has another peculiarity which makes it ill fitted to stand or to be dealt with as a book complete in itself. The character and contents of the two volumes are entirely different. The second contains a selection of letters written by Dr. Whewell to various persons, mostly on literature and science; such correspondence of a more intimate kind as it is thought proper to make public being reserved, as we understand, for the forthcoming biography. The first can only be described as a very full and elaborate *catalogue raisonné* and bibliography of the whole of Dr. Whewell's works. The history of the various writings, analysis of their contents, accounts of the notices and controversies they called forth, are brought together with minute care, and the editor adds a certain amount of comment and criticism of his own. We do not remember to have seen anything much like this before, and we have some difficulty in understanding what sort of readers Mr. Todhunter had in view in the preparation of it. It will, no doubt, be of great use to the librarian or book-collector who desires to possess or to verify a complete set of the works in question. But then the descriptive and discursive matter which makes up the bulk of the volume would for this purpose be not only superfluous, but inconvenient. In the same way, the historian of science and philosophy will find in various parts of the book a quantity of references and information capable of doing him good service; but these, again, he would find distributed amongst other matters of little or no relevance to his purposes. It is hardly needful to add that, by the very nature and conditions of the undertaking, the book has no pretensions to literary form, and cannot by any stretch of good will or interest in the subject be called readable in any natural sense. In justice to Mr. Todhunter it must be said that he is himself perfectly aware of this. He expresses his own conviction "that the separation of a biographical work into distinct portions under different editors, notwithstanding any apparent advantages, is really a mistake." His preface is not like a preface to an ordinary volume of memoirs; it leads us to expect nothing else than that which in fact comes after it—a severe and exhaustive text-book of Dr. Whewell's literary life. The directions given in the preface afford, indeed, all the means of getting up the book for examination, and, in the event of a Whewell tripos being established at Cambridge, we have no doubt that Mr. Todhunter's directions would be of great value to the candidates. This mode of treatment may have been in part unconsciously determined by the habit of writing mathematical text-books for examination purposes; but we admit that no better was possible under the circumstances. In spite of all the drawbacks, however, it is impossible to look through either this volume, or the volume of letters of which we shall presently speak, without being struck with the wonderful range and versatility of the late Master of

* *William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge: an Account of his Writings, with Selections from his Literary and Scientific Correspondence.* By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1876.

Trinity's tastes and pursuits. It is curious that in an early article on Greek mathematics he made a remark on the dangers of omniscience which precisely anticipates, though in a less epigrammatic form, the familiar remark made by Sydney Smith on Whewell himself:—

Eratosthenes was a cotemporary of the Sicilian mathematicians, and was a remarkable instance of great acquirements in very different branches of knowledge. He is generally called by the ancients Eratosthenes the grammarian or philologer; and though he comes under our notice as a great geometer and astronomer, he was also a poet and an antiquary. It is seldom that one person attempts to master so many subjects, without incurring the charge and perhaps the danger of being superficial.

But it is only fair to call to mind the graver testimony of Sir John Herschel on this matter of Dr. Whewell's omniscience:—

A more wonderful variety and amount of knowledge in almost every department of human inquiry was perhaps never in the same interval of time accumulated by any man.

Besides dealing fully with the published works, the editor introduces us in more or less detail to various unpublished pieces found amongst Dr. Whewell's papers. The most interesting of these is a scientific extravagance belonging to the time of the controversy which was excited by the essay on the "Plurality of Worlds." Reversing the usual order of such fictions, it sets forth the adventures of a moon-man who has found his way to the earth, purporting to have been related by him to a European traveller in the East, and by the traveller reported to the civilized world. It is not less interesting than other fictions of the same kind which have become popular in later years, and the physics of it are, as one would expect, much more plausible. Why it was left unpublished does not appear; but Mr. Todhunter has done well to bring it, though tardily, to the light. We cannot equally commend his judgment in printing several pages of stray notes and fragments in prose and verse which are of little interest in themselves and can certainly add nothing to Dr. Whewell's reputation. Some of the critical notes that occur among these are surprising. Take, for instance, this on Lamb:—

Elia (Essays by Ch. Lamb). Ingenious, and shewing a kind and good-humoured disposition in many places; but conceited and strained. The singular narrowness of his materials and mode of speculation forces him to follow out all the phraseological, moral, and metaphysical relations of his subject in the narrow field which his habits of combination and observation give him.

One or two good things are reproduced from occasional and now forgotten pieces in the course of the volume. The following appropriate anecdote occurs in a paper on the Use of Definitions contributed to the Philological Museum in 1823.—

At one of the meetings of the Geological Society of London, a memoir was read on "*The Green Sand*," by an eminent member of the Society. At these meetings, the readings are followed by oral discussions, usually conducted with a rare mixture of acuteness and good breeding. On the occasion just mentioned, a distinguished geologist, well known both for the extent of his knowledge and the fastidiousness of his taste, stated that he had three objections to the *Title* of the paper: First, to the article *The*, since there are several green sands; second to the adjective *Green*, since the stratum spoken of is more commonly red; third to the substantive *Sand*, because in many cases it is more calcareous than siliceous. The subtlety of this criticism was applauded: but the name still keeps its ground, and is to this day a good and serviceable name, inasmuch as it is universally understood to designate certain members in a known and widely extended series of strata.

As a rule, Mr. Todhunter confines himself severely to his bibliographical duties. Once or twice, however, his own feelings on particular subjects break through. The late Master of Trinity had, as is well known, a great fancy for English hexameters, and was always making experiments in that metre. A chapter is accordingly given to this subject, but the editor expresses a pretty positive dissent from Dr. Whewell's views. He sums up with justice the objections to English hexameters, which appear to us as well as to him sufficiently decisive. We are less able to follow him when from Whewell's Philosophy of Science he goes off, not merely to mention John Grote's *Exploratio Philosophica* (which so far is relevant enough, as Dr. Whewell's work is there discussed), but to volunteer some general criticism on it, and in particular to suggest that Professor Grote overrated Ferrier's Institutes of Metaphysic, which are, in Mr. Todhunter's opinion, only a clever academical exercise. Now Mr. Todhunter is by profession a mathematician, and not a metaphysician, and he is not bound to know Ferrier's work at all; but he need not have spoken about it without knowing that the opinion entertained of it by most competent judges, including two or three whose general philosophy was quite opposed to Ferrier's, has been an extremely different one.

We pass on to the volume of Dr. Whewell's letters, which cover a space of something more than half a century. A postscript to the first of them (April 1814) throws in as the last piece of news that "Babylon is fallen, that mighty city. The Allies entered Paris by capitulation on the 30th." A peaceable and private entry into Paris, intended by the writer a few years later, was cut short by a collision in the Channel, where the packet the travellers had embarked in foundered with all their luggage. Little touches like this bring home the difference of the times more strongly than the references to greater matters. Apart from the interest given to them by more distance, the letters of the earlier years are in themselves the most lively and interesting part of the series. They show us the first freshness and flexibility of a powerful mind which, although it remained large and comprehensive to the last, did nevertheless settle in latter days, as indeed commonly happens, except with a few men of surpassing genius or singular happiness of temper, into a certain rigidity. At all times, however, whether earlier or later, there runs through the writer's mind as manifested in his correspondence the same constant strain of scientific culture, and, one may add, without claiming any undue pre-eminence for Cambridge, of that culture as especially pursued in the spirit and method of his own University, which loves to deal with science as not sharply distinguished from common sense, but as being a development of it. Not only was Whewell a man of science, but his science was distinctly of England and of Cambridge. Under the date 1829 we find an amusing passage on the vagaries of some German speculation:—

These Germans are undoubtedly strange hands at system-making. I met with a fellow the other day who had made a system of what he called Biotomy, by which he explained how the elements of time in a man's life and space on the surface of the earth had a marvellous analogy with one another. You would not think it worth while to attend to the details of this wonderful theory, but the man (a very grave professor at Bonn) declared to me confidentially that he considered it as great a discovery as the Copernican system—provided, he said, it be true, of which I cannot doubt. Another man has got a project to determine whether the moon is inhabited by rational creatures; which is of this kind. You must build a huge wall on Salisbury Plain in the shape of the 47th proposition of Euclid. If the lunarians are rational they must by this time have made out a system of geometry, which must be the same wherever reason is. They will see your diagram. They will answer you by building something else, I suppose the 48th proposition. I think I shall go and see this learned Theban, who lives at Munich.

In a letter of 1831 to Mr. Jones are some excellent remarks on scientific method, and the impossibility of learning it in general terms without examples. "If there be any practical inference to be drawn from the nature of true philosophy, it is this, that general propositions can no otherwise be understood than by understanding the instances they include." We regret that we have not space to extract the whole paragraph in which this most true saying occurs. Among other matters of particular interest in this volume, we may mention the various references to the introduction of analytical methods in Cambridge mathematics, and other changes in the current studies and opinions of the place; the letters to Lyell and Faraday on scientific nomenclature, where we see Whewell actually coining the now familiar geological terms of *eocene, miocene, pliocene;* and several letters to Sir James Stephen in the autumn of 1853 on the special subject of the Plurality of Worlds. There is not much political allusion, but such as there is shows a gradual change from Whig to Conservative tenets, of the kind that might almost have been predicted in Whewell's position and circumstances. In 1820 he speaks of the conduct of the Government with the sarcasm of ardent and liberal youth; in 1838 he scouts the *Westminster* Reviewers as "destructives and utilitarians"; and in 1851 he holds Free-trade to be a palpable fallacy. There is a mistake in one letter which must be noticed because it is very common, and every repetition, especially by a man of learning and accomplishment, adds to the prevalent error. In writing to Murchison of the British Association, and of his own intended farewell to natural science, Dr. Whewell fell into the current misquotation of the last words of *Lycidas* as "fresh *fields* and pastures new."

THE GULF OF LYONS.*

M. CHARLES LENTHÉRIC is an engineer (des Ponts et Chaussées) with a strong taste for the study of antiquities, and a habit of collecting facts. Having passed the happiest time of his life on the shores of the Gulf of Lyons, and having always taken the strongest interest in that very curious and remarkable country, he has learned a great deal more about it than the passing tourist could possibly learn, and so it was that the materials for the present volume have slowly accumulated in his mind. It is easy to see how all the different studies pursued by the author, both in his professional capacity as an engineer and unprofessionally as an archæologist, have combined to produce a work which has grown as naturally as the fruit upon a tree. Every critic knows that the really valuable books are those which grow in this way out of the author's life, out of his studies and his experience combined, whilst the worthless books are generally those which have been systematically manufactured. The volume before us is a curious combination of science, history, and legend. It is both sentimental and practical; sentimental, not in any bad sense, but because the author evidently has strong sentiments of affection for the country he talks about, and for the legends which he believes; practical, because he always has an eye to what can be done, or could be done, or has been done, by human effort to alter its natural conditions.

Of all books of geography none are so interesting as those which deal with some very circumscribed extent of territory, thoroughly explored by the author, and known to him in all its minutest details. There is an art in reading such books which is necessary to the full enjoyment of them. The great thing is for the reader to get himself into such a state of mind that he can shut out everything else, and be seriously interested for the time in a little piece of the earth's surface. This ought not to be difficult in the present case, for the country about the mouths of the Rhône is one of the most interesting in Europe, and, although so many travellers pass through Marseilles, it is surprising how little is generally known about it. The reason of this is that the interest of the region in question is scientific or historical, but not picturesque.

* *Les villes mortes du golfe de Lyon, Illiberris, Ruscino, Narbon, Agde, Maguelone, Aigues-mortes, Arles, Les Saintes Maries.* Par Charles Lenthéric. Paris: Plon.

The delta of the Rhône is not a pleasant land, and therefore not a region which the ordinary tourist would ever explore thoroughly for his pleasure. Artists seldom feel much attracted to a desert; so they care nothing for the Rhône after Arles, and get on to Mentone and Monaco as fast as they can. The only tourist who is likely to give any serious attention to this region is either the scientific or the historical tourist; but, to make the enjoyment of it complete, the two characters ought to be united in one person. It would be better, for the enjoyment of such an ugly country, that the explorer should not be too much of an artist, or else he would very likely get out of patience with it, and leave it before his work was thoroughly done. All these positive and negative conditions are united in M. Lenthéric. He is scientifically educated, and has what the French call "le sens historique" very strongly developed. At the same time, although he shows some taste and judgment, we believe that his artistic perceptions are not keen enough to produce any strong repugnances. His style is readable, but a little heavy, like the well-known archæological style. It has no charm except the truthfulness and honesty of the writer and his desire to convey clearly to the reader the best information that he can offer.

The plan of the book is orderly and simple. The author begins in his "Première Partie" by studying the formation of shores and deltas geologically, with reference specially to the shore of the Gulf of Lyons and the delta of the Rhône. In the "Seconde Partie" he becomes more historical and more minutely topographic at the same time, travelling very carefully over the whole of the ground, and telling us a great deal which is not to be learned from ordinary travellers or guide-books. We ought perhaps to observe that M. Lenthéric is an ardent Roman Catholic, and therefore much more disposed than we should be to accept religious traditions, which, if they were only true history, would unquestionably add greatly to the interest of certain localities. At the conclusion of the work the author devotes a chapter to the decadence and regeneration of the region he has been describing, and then come nineteen documents of various kinds which he prints as "pièces justificatives." The book is illustrated by fifteen maps and plans, the only objection to which is that they are too exclusively antiquarian. The first map, for example, is a "Carte du littoral ancien du golfe de Lyon"—that is, a map of the Gulf in the days of the ancient Romans, while there is no such thing in the whole volume as a map of the Gulf in its present state. Out of the fifteen maps and plans ten are antiquarian.

The Rhône is described summarily in the first part of the work. It is the most important river, after the Nile, which falls into the Mediterranean, and it is the swiftest river in Europe. Its total length is 840 kilometres. It becomes "flottable" at Bellegarde, which means that from that point it is used for floating logs of wood. A French river is "flottable" from the place where logs of wood will be carried down the stream, and it is "navigable" from the place where it can be used by canal-boats. The Rhône is not classed as a navigable river till it reaches Lyons, but after that place, being enriched by its marriage with the Saône, it is good even for steam navigation all the way to Marseilles. There are a few rapids, but the ordinary swiftness of the current between Lyons and Beaucaire is from one and a half metre to two and a half metres a second in the ordinary state of the waters, though in flood-time it often exceeds four metres per second. If these measures are accurate, we may say that on an average the ordinary current of the Rhône will be about one hundred and twenty yards a minute, or more than four miles an hour, whilst in many places it will reach five miles, and in the rapids probably a good deal more. This is certainly much above the usual average of navigable rivers. During the whole of its course between Lyons and Beaucaire the Rhône rolls gravel and pebbles which become smaller as they approach the sea. Between Beaucaire and Arles the gravel is finally reduced to the condition of mud or fine sand. In this part of its course the stream becomes almost as level as a lake. At Arles its surface is little more than one metre above the surface of the sea, and yet it has still a course of 50,000 metres before it. The width of the river becomes very great; in some places several miles. In this region the Rhone deposits the burden it has brought down from the upper country, and here it forms islets which are constantly changing. There is also one great island which divides the river in two, and forms the delta. M. Lenthéric is very clear in his explanation of the difference between rivers with deltas, such as the Nile and the Rhône, and rivers with estuaries, such as the Thames and the Seine, a difference which is attributable to the presence or absence of tides:—

C'est à l'action de la mer seule qu'il faut attribuer cette différence radicale entre les formes des embouchures. Les estuaires les plus profonds se trouvent sur les côtes où l'influence du flux et du reflux est la plus sensible; l'oblitération des embouchures n'a lieu, au contraire, que dans les mers sans marée.

On conçoit, en effet, que lorsque les limons et les sables de fond entraînés par le courant du fleuve rencontrent la masse des eaux tranquilles d'une mer intérieure, ils se déposent immédiatement et forment un bourrelet d'alluvions qui affecte la forme d'une courbe dont la convexité est naturellement tournée vers la mer. Ce dépôt est plus ou moins remanié par le mouvement des vagues; mais il finit par atteindre une certaine fixité, se développe et forme une île qui divise le courant du fleuve en deux; telle est l'origine du delta.

Lorsque, au contraire, de fortes marées, après avoir fait gonfler les eaux du fleuve sur une étendue considérable en amont, déterminent par la retraite des eaux une chasse puissante, ces dépôts sont balayés par ce courant énergique et, transportés ensuite par les courants littoraux, vont se perdre dans des parties profondes ou concourir au développement de bancs de sable, à une distance assez grande des embouchures; c'est ainsi que se conservent les estuaires.

This is a good first statement of the case, but the author hastens to qualify it by observing that there are many instances of a mixed kind where islands are formed analogous to those of true deltas, and yet where, between the islands, there are openings of a certain depth, kept clear by weak tides, which have the character of minor estuaries. In all tideless seas the mouths of rivers closely resemble, in principle, that of the Rhône. Having led us to this point, the author goes on to compare the three principal deltas of the Mediterranean.

The sandy beach of the Gulf of Lyons has an almost regular slope to the sea of one in a hundred, and the action of the waves forms a rib of sand all along the coast, which M. Elie de Beaumont calls the *cordon littoral*. This is the line which divides land from sea, but a line continually modified. It is to this *cordon littoral* that M. Lenthéric attributes the formation of the lagunes near the shore, which were all originally shallow bays, and were afterwards separated from the sea by ridges of sand formed by currents running parallel with the coast. The Rhône brings every year an enormous quantity of sediment down to its delta and its mouths, a quantity estimated by an engineer, M. Surell, at 17,000,000 of cubic metres. Our author justly observes that armies of workmen would be required to perform the same labour. The land at the larger mouth of the Rhone advances into the sea at the rate of fifty metres a year.

M. Lenthéric affirms, what we have always supposed, that there is not the slightest connexion between the name of the Gulf of Lyons and that of the city at the junction of the Saône and the Rhône. In old texts it is generally called *sinus Gallicus*; but in the fourteenth century—not earlier—a few writers began to call it *sinus Leonis*, the Gulf of the Lion, which has nothing to do with Lugdunum, Lyons. Some have supposed that the leonine appellation was due to the fury of the winds and waves in the gulf, which made mariners compare it to the most terrible animal they knew.

Hardly anything is really known of the early Phœnician settlers on the coast about Marseilles. They are said to have set up different trading establishments about 1000 B.C., Marseilles amongst the rest; but we get nearer to authentic history when the Phocæan colony comes and establishes itself about 600 B.C. and expands rapidly, doing a considerable trade with the interior. These Greek settlers coined money much better than the local populations, and their coins are still continually found in the interior of France. It is supposed that the remarkable beauty of the women of the lower classes in some of the most southern of the towns on the Rhône is due to their Greek ancestors; and in the humblest arts, such as pottery, there are traditions still practised which have descended uninterruptedly from the Greeks. The Roman influences in the Gulf of Lyons are of course much more visible, especially in their architecture. This brings us to a very pretty example of antiquarian ingenuity. Given the fragment of a wall, how are we to calculate from it the population of a city? M. Lenthéric manages this, at least approximately, as follows. The city is Narbonne, and he wishes to find out how many inhabitants there were in the old Roman city of Narbo-Martius. The way he sets about it is as follows. Are there any remains of the theatre? Hardly any; all that is known of the Roman theatre is that it was situated near the present cathedral, on the site of the old cloister of Saint-Just, where, in the cellars of some modern houses, are still to be seen the vaulted arches which supported the higher seats. Are there more complete remains of the amphitheatre? Yes, there are a few fragments of its exterior wall. From the direction of these it is easy to recover, geometrically, the exact shape of the complete oval. Referring then to other known amphitheatres still in good preservation, M. Lenthéric easily estimates the number of people who could find places in that of Narbonne. The proportion between the number of people which a Roman amphitheatre would hold and the number of inhabitants in the town where it was situated is also pretty well known. That of Nimes is large enough to contain 25,000 spectators. M. Lenthéric affirms that the city never had more than 50,000 inhabitants. The amphitheatre at Arles contained 26,000 spectators, the theatre there contained 16,000, say 40,000 between them, and M. Lenthéric says it is very doubtful whether the whole population of Arles ever got beyond 80,000. After mentioning several other places, he comes to the conclusion that the proportion observed in Roman cities was as two to one between the population and the number of people who could sit down at once in all the great public places of amusement added together. This would give a population for Narbonne of something over 50,000, calculating by the amphitheatre; but as there was a theatre also, the general total may have been about 70,000.

The author gives a very interesting chapter to the strange little city of Aiguesmortes, which is surrounded by walls of the time of the Crusades, still in perfect preservation, and would be therefore, for this reason only, one of the greatest archæological curiosities in Europe; but its geographical situation adds greatly to the strangeness of the place, though not, we should imagine, to its charms as a permanent residence. The town is surrounded by an immense plain, upon which the great marshes and lakes and the barriers of sand that form the *cordons littoraux* are drawn as if on a map, and may be well seen from its lofty towers. In the year 1840 the Rhône covered all this space and washed the very walls of the old town all round, giving it exactly the appearance of a vast mediæval fortress rising directly from the sea. It thus recovered for a time something of its mediæval appearance, for in the middle ages the country around it was more frequently submerged than it

is now, and the *étangs* were both deeper and vaster than they are at the present day. In those days there was no port at Aiguesmortes, but the ships could come within about three miles of the town. In the present day it has a port, which is accessible by a good channel for small vessels; but it has no commerce, being only visited by about three thousand tons of shipping annually, chiefly small Spanish orange boats from the Balearic Islands. There is a good deal of fishing at Aiguesmortes by means of a fleet of forty large lateeners. The marshes in the neighbourhood yield a surprising quantity of salt; no less than sixty thousand tons annually.

M. Lenthéric says that the walls and towers of Aiguesmortes have been more perfectly preserved than any others in Europe of the same age, and perhaps even than any others in the world, having escaped the double dangers of destruction and restoration. At Narbonne Francis I. used the Roman temples, amphitheatres, &c., as a quarry for the building of his new walls, and these walls in their turn are now being destroyed at several different points. M. Lenthéric remarks, with reason, that in France people have gone from the extreme of destructiveness to the other equally dangerous extreme of excessive restoration. At Aiguesmortes the fortifications of Philippe le Hardi remain just as he left them. They form almost a perfect quadrangle, with fifteen towers and nine gates. The plan of this great fortress is that usually adopted by the Crusaders in Syria and all the East. The walls are embattled, but not machicolated, and are constructed of large stones with bosses on them. There is a very close resemblance between Aiguesmortes and the Antioch of the thirteenth century, as M. Lenthéric makes clear by an engraving from a manuscript of that time. All round Aiguesmortes is nothing but a solitude and a desert. The country is flat; there are few trees:—

La campagne d'Aiguesmortes est d'une incomparable tristesse; les marais qui couvrent le sol à perte de vue frangent l'horizon, dont les lignes sont brouillées par des effets de mirage assez confus. Le sol, pénetré de sel marin, ne donne naissance qu'à des plantes ternes, aux feuilles grasses, aux fleurs incolores, des joncs, des soudes, des salicornes, emaillés ça et là de quelques lis marins. La terre végétale n'existe pas encore, et il faudra peut-être des siècles pour que la culture prenne possession des bas fonds de ses étangs saumâtres, dernières lagunes d'une mer disparue. Les blanches mouettes et les flamants roses, si nombreux en Egypte, animent seuls la surface de ces immenses flaques d'eau, sur les rives desquelles on voit errer silencieusement des troupeaux nomades de taureaux noirs et de chevaux camargues, qui ont conserve l'allure sarrasine de leurs ancêtres ramenés par les croisés.

M. Lenthéric gives a remarkable description of "Les Saintes Maries," which consists at the present day of an old edifice, half fortress, half cathedral, with a few wretched dwellings grouped about it. He says that perhaps in all the world there is not a place with a poorer appearance, but to him it seems one of the richest in sacred associations, for he fully believes the legend that the family from Bethany landed here about the year 40 A.D. to escape the persecutions which had already attacked the early Christians. These holy emigrants were the sister of the Virgin, the mother of James the Less, and the mother of the apostles James and John. They were accompanied by a poor servant named Sara, who has since become the patron of wanderers in the Camargue. Lazarus, the resuscitated, was with them, so was Martha, and Mary Magdalene. Lazarus went to Marseilles, Martha to Tarascon, Mary Magdalene to Sainte-Baume, leaving the two other Maries with their servant Sara.

The last chapter of the book is dedicated to the study of the *littoral* in its slow decadence, and of measures which might insome degree restore it. M. Lenthéric is anxious that the authorities should plant trees in great quantities upon the sand-hills, and mentions the success with which this measure has been attended both in Holland and Gascony. Such a measure, if carried out with the necessary perseverance and authority, would, he is convinced, be of the greatest ultimate utility in fixing the sand and permitting agriculture in certain parts of the desert at the mouths of the Rhône. The shallow lagunes, which are very unhealthy, ought, he thinks, to be dried completely as soon as possible, and the navigable ones kept open. Unlike most archæologists, M. Lenthéric seems to have a lively sense of the needs of the present and the possibilities of the future.

MR. LOWELL'S NEW VOLUME.*

THIS book, like everything that Mr. Lowell has done in prose, is a most provoking performance. Few living writers have at once so much knowledge of poetical literature and so much critical power as Mr. Lowell, and certainly none of those who in power and knowledge are his equals would be guilty of the sad faults of taste which he seems to take a positive pleasure in committing. We have not studied the American mind profoundly enough to decide quite accurately how far Mr. Lowell's sins are to be laid to his own charge and how far to his country's; but we fancy we can detect in his extravagance and fondness for display something of the inexperience which besets literary men when they find themselves called on to set the fashion of a young society. No doubt the suggestion will make Mr. Lowell very angry, and he will take it as another instance of that "certain condescension in foreigners" about which in another book he has written in such an entertaining way. Libraries, in spite of what he there says, do *not* "make all nations equally old in all those respects, at least, where age is an advantage and not a defect." Even literary men are not formed by books alone, but by a hundred obscure influences, the taste of their readers being one of the most important. Unfortunately it is too true that Mr. Lowell's readers have not yet learnt, all of them, to distinguish subtlety from farfetchedness, a careful style from a laboured one, richness from decoration dragged in anyhow, vividness of treatment from extravagant illustration where the metaphors are as incongruous as the colours in a badly-arranged opera scene. Would any other nation in the world tolerate from one of its first-rate writers a paragraph like this from *My Study Windows*?—a paragraph, by the way, which Mr. Lowell must have composed as at once the caricature and the condemnation of his own manner:—"The vulgar intellectual palate hankers after the titillation of a foaming phrase, and thinks nothing good for much that does not go off with a pop like a champagne cork. The mellow suavity of more precious vintages seems insipid; but the taste in proportion as it refines learns to appreciate the indefinable flavour, too subtle for analysis. A manner has prevailed of late in which every other word seems to be underscored as in a schoolgirl's letter. The poet seems intent on showing his sinew, as if the power of the slim Apollo lay in the girth of his biceps. Force for the mere sake of force ends like Milo, caught and held mocking fast by the recoil of the log he undertook to rive. In the race of fame there are a score capable of brilliant *spurts* for one who comes in winner after a steady pull with wind and muscle to spare." Here, in a dozen lines, there are four distinct metaphors, none of them of especial elegance, to illustrate a very simple truth. If Mr. Lowell sees the pitfall so clearly, and knows its danger so well that he warns us against it in four different ways, it is distressing that he should fall into it so readily himself.

The passage we have quoted is from a book published some years ago; but it is only too fair a sample of faults which have become inveterate. The volume now before us, a second series of *Among my Books*, absolutely teems with sentences of the same sort. It is a series of essays on great poets—Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, and Keats. Mr. Lowell seems to have determined that, as it was difficult to say anything very new in substance about these writers, he would at all events say plenty that was new in manner. Let us give a few instances, premising only that, bad as they are when read by themselves, they are a hundred times worse when the reader comes upon them suddenly in the midst of dignified passages of biography, or fixed like a bit of harsh colour among sober criticisms, or, worst and oftenest, set as pendant and antithesis to some wise saw, such as Wordsworth might have uttered. In the essay on Spenser (p. 155) we have:—

Spenser wrote from a strong inward impulse . . . to escape at all risks into the fresh air from that horrible atmosphere into which rhymer after rhymer had been *pumping carbonic acid gas with the full force of his lungs*.

In p. 168:—

Spenser's notions of love were so nobly pure, so far from *those of our common ancestor, who could hang by his tail*, as not to disqualify him from achieving the quest of the Holy Grail; and accordingly it is not uninstructive to remember that he had drunk, among others, at French sources *not yet debauched by absinthe*.

In p. 184:—

So entirely are beauty and delight in it the native element of Spenser, that whenever in the *Faery Queen* you come suddenly on the moral, it gives you a shock of unpleasant surprise, *a kind of grit, as when one's teeth close on a bit of gravel in a dish of strawberries and cream*.

What follows in the same page sounds very pretty, but, after long meditation, we have given up the attempt to find a meaning for it:—

To characterize his style in a single word I should call it *costly*. None but the daintiest and nicest phrases will serve him, and he allures us from one to the other with such cunning baits of alliteration, and such sweet lapses of verse, that never any word seems more eminent than the rest, nor detains the feeling to eddy round it; but you must go on to the end before you have time to stop and muse over the wealth that has been lavished on you.

Now, after such a pointed beginning, we should have expected that the rest of the paragraph would have been an illustration of the "costliness" of Spenser's style. Nothing of the kind. We go from costliness to cunning baits, from cunning baits to sweet lapses; at one moment we are the object of the bait; at the next we, or our feelings, are the stream that will not eddy; at the next we are going on without musing upon the wealth that has been lavished upon us. If Lord Macaulay had come across that paragraph, how he would have immortalized it!

In p. 237, in the essay on Wordsworth, a protest against the poet's habit of writing prefaces and reducing his naturalness to a system ends in this way:—

The imagination is a quality that flouts at forecordination, and Wordsworth seemed to do all he could to cheat his readers of her company by laying out paths with a peremptory *Do not step off the gravel!* at the opening of each, and preparing pitfalls for every conceivable emotion, with guide-boards to tell each when and where it must be caught.

Two pages further on we find:—

Throughout *the Prelude* and the *Excursion* he seems striving to bind the wizard Imagination with the sand-ropes of dry disquisition, and to have forgotten the potent spell-word which would make the particles cohere. *There is an arenaceous quality* in the style which makes progress wearisome.

In page 246:—

This gift of his was naturally very much a matter of temperament, and, accordingly, by far the greater part of his finer product belongs to the period

* *Among my Books.* Second Series. By James Russell Lowell. Boston: Osgood & Co. 1876.

of his prime, *ere Time had set his lumpish foot on the pedal that deadens the nerves of animal sensibility.*

In the essay on Keats:—

The most profound gospel of criticism was that nothing was good poetry that could not be translated into good prose, as if one should say that the test of sufficient moonlight was that tallow-candles could be made of it. We find Keats at first going to the other extreme, *and endeavouring to extract green cucumbers from the rays of tallow.*

But we will not pursue any further the ungrateful task of condemning out of his own mouth one who is after all a critic of a high order. It is pleasanter to dwell on what is admirable in Mr. Lowell, on his great knowledge of the poets about whom he writes, on his own experience as a poet, and on the good side of Emerson's influence upon him. Long ago he showed that he was not only a competent critic of Chaucer's poetical qualities, but a learned Chaucerian scholar, and there is the same thoroughness about all the essays in this volume. That on Dante is at once the longest and the fullest of work, and, as a consequence, is the emptiest of metaphor—a great gain where we are dealing with a writer whose touch is so undiscriminating as to make no difference between a beautiful image and a vulgar one—between "Most men make the voyage of life as if they carried sealed orders which they were not to open till they were fairly in mid-ocean," and "In the Greek epic the gods are partisans, they hold caucuses, they lobby and log-roll for their candidates." Dante as a whole, not the Dante of the *Commedia* alone, is what Mr. Lowell tries to present us with; and the working in of the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convito*, and the *De Monarchia* is done as only a real student could have done it. And, after all the passages which we have picked out for blame, it is only fair to point to the last five pages of this essay as evidence of the writer's real power of sympathetic eloquence when his theme is great enough to make him forget effect and tricks of style. The study may be ranked near to that beautiful one for which all English lovers of Dante are grateful to Dean Church. "Spenser" is less satisfactory, perhaps because there was less to say, and Mr. Lowell is certainly unfair to these much-abused people, the English and Scotch writers of the fifteenth and early-sixteenth centuries. Still he sums up all the possible criticism of Spenser in the two statements, "Spenser was more habitually possessed by his imagination than is usual even with poets"; and that, in spite of the seduction of Spenser's remoteness, his abstractions have no human interest; "the vast superiority of Bunyan over Spenser lies in the fact that we help to make his allegory out of our own experience." More interesting, though shorter, is the essay on Wordsworth; a paper which, among the numberless ones that the last twenty years have produced, seems to be quite one of the most adequate. Mr. Lowell, like his master Emerson, feels the influence of Wordsworth in every pulsation of his mind, and sees him "in the clouds and in the wind" of the atmosphere in which the modern world is living. "Of no other poet, except Shakspeare, have so many phrases become household words as of Wordsworth." So far as a great poet can be, he is truly popular; not that he can be so in the exact sense of the word, for, as Mr. Lowell finely says, "The highest poetry deals with thoughts and emotions which inhabit, like rarest sea-mosses, the doubtful limits of that shore between our abiding divine and our fluctuating human nature, rooted in the one, but living in the other, seldom laid bare, and otherwise visible only at exceptional moments of entire calm and clearness." But Wordsworth is popular in the sense that in him all readers alike are constantly hearing their names "syllabled with a startling personal appeal to their highest consciousness and their noblest aspirations, such as they wait for in vain in any other poet." Mr. Lowell has plenty to say of Wordsworth's deficiencies, of his want of humour and dramatic power, of his "dry and juiceless temperament," of his curiously artless self-satisfaction, but he never loses consciousness of the poet's penetrative power. Of other poets he writes as of men of letters, who were alive and are dead; of Wordsworth he writes as of a father, whose blood is flowing in his own veins.

To sum up our criticism of Mr. Lowell, we should say, let him read more French—not the poetry, but the prose, not for the matter, but for the manner. There is no writer whose work more tends to bring home to one the crying need which exists in England, and still more in America, for a recognized standard of taste, for an authority to which even men of genius should be compelled for very shame to submit. Whether this standard is to be found in an Academy, as Mr. Arnold thinks, or in some far-off perfection of general education, is another question; all that the reader feels as he closes Mr. Lowell's volume is the need of something, of some correcting force, of some intellectual centre with power enough to keep these wandering bodies in their proper orbit. When Mr. Lowell allows himself to talk, as he did in the *Study Windows*, of art becoming, "instead of 'the world's sweet inn,' whither we repair for refreshment and repose, rather a watering-place, where one's own private touch of the liver-complaint is exasperated by the affluence of other sufferers whose talk is a narrative of morbid symptoms"—when he allows himself to talk in this way he is guilty of a provincialism that would have been wholly impossible to a French writer of powers equal to his. And it is quite certain that provincialisms of this kind will in the long run do irremediable harm to the writer. For a while they may catch the taste of his public and be voted "rich and imaginative"; but in the end opinion settles down, and extravagance and caprice are valued at their just rate; the writer, whatever may be his genius, who allows himself to indulge in them finds himself hopelessly relegated to the second rank.

WHITNEY ON LANGUAGE.*

THERE is something a little puzzling about these books. In a fly-leaf of *Language and its Study*, a work of Professor Whitney's is announced by the name of "Language and the Study of Language; Twelve Lectures on the Principles of Linguistic Science." Of these we are told that Dr. Morris has—with the consent of the author and publisher, as we are further told in his preface—reprinted the first seven lectures, so much as deals with Indo-European languages, with his own Introduction, &c. The fly-leaf adds, "*Life and Growth of Language*, by the same author, is an abridged form of these lectures; therefore the above ["Language and the Study of Language"] is the only course by Professor Whitney which thoroughly discusses the whole of the interesting questions involved in the Study of Language." But when we turn to the *Life and Growth of Language*, we find that it is one of the "International Scientific Series," and it is introduced by a preface coming from Professor Whitney himself, from which we certainly should not call it a mere abridgment, of *Language and the Study of Language*. We should call it a distinct work on the same subject, written on a different scale and with a special object, in which the author has naturally used again many of his old thoughts, and even many of his old illustrations. That is surely a perfectly legitimate process, as of course is also a mere abridgment, if it professes itself to be such. But the two processes are distinct; and certainly in reading *Life and Growth of Language* it did not occur to us that the two books stood in any nearer relation to each other than two books by the same author on the same general subject must stand. As we understand the fly-leaf of *Language and its Study*, it is meant as a warning against the *Life and Growth of Language*—that is, it sounds like a warning by Professor Whitney against himself. This is a little beyond us. We have lately seen something of a controversy in which Professor Whitney was an actor; is there to be another in which he is to be the subject?

But when we read Mr. Whitney's books, we heartily wish that there had been no controversy at all. Mr. Whitney is quite able to hold his own ground without running down Professor Müller or anybody else. In the world of the science of language there is room for both of them. Since we reviewed the last volume of Professor Müller's *Chips*, we have seen by chance some terrible things in the *New York Tribune*, not by Mr. Whitney himself, but by some very warm partisan. But in these books we are bound to say that there is nothing which can be called open running down of Professor Müller. We think that we can discern in the Yale Professor a certain satisfaction in getting hold of a theory of his Oxford brother, and pulling it to pieces if he can; but in the two or three places where the actual name of Müller occurs, whether for agreement or for difference, though it is not perhaps brought in as most English scholars would bring it in, it is not treated with any direct disrespect. Mr. Whitney has a great deal to say against the notion of the science of language being one of the physical sciences. This is a subject which he comes back to over and over again, and it is easy to see at what he is aiming. Mr. Whitney is always assuring us that the science of language is one of the historical sciences; that everything in language is not φύσει but θέσει; that language is "conventional"—that it is, as he puts it, an "institution"; that every language which a man speaks, his mother-tongue among them, he has learned in the strictest sense, as much as anything else which he learns afterwards. We are in no way inclined to dispute all this; and yet there is a side from which it is not very strange to speak of the science of language as a physical science. It certainly has to do with one class of physical phenomena in a more direct way than most of the historical sciences. It is only in a very indirect way that the study of laws and institutions and of recorded facts has to do with any physical phenomena. But the study of language must deal directly with the physical phenomena of speech. Mr. Whitney is, not wholly unreasonably, a little angry with the professors of physical science for the evident wish of many of them to claim the name "science" as belonging exclusively to their own pursuits, and he is unwilling to give up to them any form of science which can anyhow be kept in any other department. But surely it is neither desirable nor possible to draw any hard and fast line in these matters. It would be hard to deny that geology and palæontology are physical sciences; they deal altogether with physical phenomena. Yet they may be fairly claimed as historical sciences also. They are records of past facts, and the method by which they are studied is essentially the same as that by which other past facts are studied. The less the different branches of knowledge dispute with one another, either as to their respective merits or as to their respective extent, the better for all of them all round. In this case we could have wished that the whole dispute had been left alone; but it certainly has enabled Mr. Whitney to bring out many points of importance more strongly perhaps than he otherwise would have brought them.

Mr. Whitney throughout uses the word "Indo-European" for the family of languages which we have for a good while past learned rather to call "Aryan." He objects to the latter name that in strictness it belongs only to one class of the family. And

* *The Life and Growth of Language.* By William Dwight Whitney. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1875.

Language and its Study, with especial Reference to the Indo-European Family of Languages. Seven Lectures by William Dwight Whitney. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Rev. R. Morris, M.A., LL.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

this is in a sense true; for it would certainly be hard to prove that the forefathers of Greeks or Teutons ever called themselves Aryans. But, as Mr. Whitney teaches us, language is conventional and an institution. We must have some name, and a name like "Aryan," even if it strictly belongs only to part of the family of languages, practically does its work perfectly well. To those at least who study language for historical purposes it directly means the whole family, and nothing smaller. It is not as if it were the name of some part of the family which we are constantly using in a narrower sense. It is not as if the whole family of languages were called Greek or German. "Indo-Germanic" Mr. Whitney properly rejects; but that name has quite passed away. He might however, we think, in his list of writers who have done good service to the study of language, have mentioned the man who did most to show that the name Indo-Germanic, besides the awkwardness of all names of that formation, was in itself too narrow. This was certainly done by Dr. Prichard in his work on the Celtic languages. In the same list, too, he hardly does justice to the services of Sir William Jones; and, as he traces philological learning back to its very beginnings in old Greek times, it would have been only fair to give a word to Giraldus and Roger Bacon. Another point which Mr. Whitney tries to make is to establish a distinction between comparative philology and linguistic science, the latter of course being something more abstract and philosophical than the other. In the department of comparative philology he allows that the Germans have done great things; in that of linguistic science he does not allow much credit to them, nor seemingly to anybody else. All this we might have passed by without any special remark, or indeed any special consciousness, if it had not been for certain recent disputes; by the light of these disputes we are tempted to see digs at one particular scholar where otherwise we might not have thought of them. We are tempted to see a certain disposition to make the most of differences, sometimes to imagine them, in cases where things may be differently put by different writers, but where it is hard to see any real practical difference. Thus Mr. Whitney has much to say which is very well worth saying about the growth of dialects, dialectic divergence, and the like. Here is one of the places in which he directly disputes against Professor Müller. He affirms the priority of language to dialects, and argues against certain writers, who, he says, maintained a priority of dialects to languages. Here he directly quotes Professor Müller:—

> "As there were families, clans, confederacies, and tribes," we are told, "before there was a nation, so there were dialects before there was a language." The fallacy involved in this comparison, as in all the reasoning by which is supported the view we are combating, is that it does not go back far enough; it begins in the middle of historic development, instead of at its commencement. If families, clans, and tribes were ultimate elements in the history of humanity, if they sprang up independently, each out of the soil on which it stands, then the indefinite diversity of human language in its early stages—a diversity, however, fundamental, and not dialectic—might follow, not only as an analogical, but as a direct historical consequence. But, if a population of scattered communities implies dispersion from a single point, if we must follow back the fates of our race until they centre in a limited number of families or in a single pair, which expanded by natural increase, and scattered, forming the little communities which later fused together into greater ones—and who will deny that it was so?—then, also, both by analogy and by historical necessity, it follows that that is the true view of the relation of dialects and language to which we have been led above: namely, that growth and divarication of dialects accompany the spread and disconnection of communities, and that assimilation of dialects accompanies the coalescence of communities.

Now here we really cannot see any practical difference between the two Professors; the remarks of both are equally true at different stages. Clans were before nations, if we mean the existing nations of the world; dialects were before languages, if we mean the existing languages of the world. What we mean by modern English and modern French, what we mean by standard or literary English or French in any age, is simply that one among the Teutonic dialects of Britain, that one among the Romance dialects of Gaul, which happened at any time to have come to the front. The English nation was formed by the union of several kingdoms; those kingdoms were each formed by the union of several smaller districts, the *gá* or the *pagus:* and those again were formed by the union of smaller communities still, the clan settlements, which have grown into our modern parishes. But these smaller units, these smaller districts, with their local dialects, had of course at an earlier stage branched off from greater wholes. There may well have been a time when the Teutons had split off from the other Aryans, and still formed one whole. From this doubtless various great branches split off, and from this again the smaller units split off; but it was by the coalescing of these smaller units that the existing languages were formed. There was no such thing as a specially English group—we need not go about to prove that there was no such thing as a specially French group—at any stage of the Aryan migration; the actual languages grew in historic times out of the dialects which had thus split off. We cannot see any real difference between the two statements; only we cannot help thinking that Mr. Whitney has found a certain pleasure in making as much as he could of an imaginary difference.

We are sorry that this should be so, because the essential matter of Mr. Whitney's two books is thoroughly good. He is throughout clear, straightforward, and suggestive of thought. It is much indeed to be regretted that any kind of feud should have broken out between two scholars who might have done still better work by working in harmony than they have done.

BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.*

IN *Beauchamp's Career* Mr. Meredith has ventured upon a bold experiment. He has striven to combine the study of individual character with the expression and discussion of modern ideas, and, in place of the precise portraiture of contemporary manners which serves the ordinary novelist by way of background, he has here given us a complex network of social and political problems in which the chief figures of the story are caught and entangled. Indeed all the characters, from the highest to the lowest, are made in their different degrees to feel the intellectual pressure of their time. They are compelled to live and breathe in an atmosphere that is heavily charged with the strong and conflicting currents of modern thought, and by the skill of the artist they are made to absorb into themselves some of the elements of this conflict, and to express its progress and development in their own persons. Mr. Meredith is not, however, to be confounded with the novelist with a purpose. His outlook is too wide and his understanding of character too deep to permit him to use men and women as puppets summoned merely to enforce and expound a particular creed, nor is the author in his own behalf disposed to suggest any sure and ready solution of the many problems he loves to present. What he attempts is merely to bring individual character into sharp and close relation with the dominant influences of a chosen period. He forces the actors of his drama, not only to wear the appropriate costume of the time, but to bear its intellectual burdens, and he does not permit them even for a moment to indulge the placid indifference which in actual life is enjoyed by so vast a proportion of the human race. The value of such an experiment must of course in a large measure depend upon the fitness of its author to conduct it with effect, and in the present instance this, we think, has been attained, though in a peculiar way. For it so happens that the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Meredith's style perfectly accord with the conditions of the chosen scheme of art. Like the invention of a Japanese artist, his mode of workmanship reflects the singularity as well as the beauty of actual nature. It is attuned to the discords no less than to the harmonies of a present world, and, just as the changes of common existence are cynical in their abrupt transitions from high to low, so also are the changes of Mr. Meredith's style. The imagination which is one moment charged with a poetic intensity of feeling trips in the next upon a trivial fact, and retreats in discordant laughter, and the eloquence that seems strong enough to be sustained drops suddenly and almost unawares into mere shrewd speculation. Looking further we may perceive that these peculiarities of style answer to deeper intellectual tendencies. Mr. Meredith is never content with the mere artist's enjoyment of the permanent truths of character. His powers have often been proved strong enough for the highest order of work in this kind, and in *Beauchamp's Career* the imaginative insight is as keen and deep as ever; but here, as before, the work of the artist is constantly interrupted by the invasion of an active and restless intellect which seeks material for argument and speculation, arresting the deeper study of character by a brilliant statement of some of the unsettled problems of the time.

It is the special merit of the plan of *Beauchamp's Career* that it affords scope for the expression of both these tendencies. In the social and political aspects of the story the author finds ample opportunity for the play of sarcasm and argument, while in the portraits of Beauchamp himself, of Cecilia Halkett, or of Lord Romfroy, he proves that his control of the higher artistic gift has lost nothing in strength or certainty. But what is most remarkable in the book, considered as a whole, is the skill with which the writer has brought the two elements of his work into combination. The political and social portions of the novel do not stand apart as mere independent episodes in the progress of the story. There is a Parliamentary election, but its description is not dragged into the legend for the mere sake of picturesque or humorous effect, nor is the novelist often tempted to desert the main business of the plot for the discussion of social theories. The means by which he has escaped these defects are at once simple and successful. He has perceived that character may be developed by the agency of political conflict as well and as truly as by any other sort of circumstance, and he has accordingly forced the different persons of the story into political agitation. Love plays a certain part in the progress of the plot, but it is love complicated with politics. The women as well as the men, and the trivial as well as the more serious characters, are all made to circle round a set of political circumstances. Politics are made the test by which individual character is tried and its special qualities distinguished, and in the skill with which each actor is made to express and reveal his whole nature in the presence of these political ideas lies the artistic triumph of the book.

Nevil Beauchamp, the central figure in the story, may be taken as an example of the success of Mr. Meredith's method. Almost from the beginning of the novel he is represented as entirely absorbed by political ideas; but the type of character developed under the pressure of these ideas has an independent existence, easily separable from the special means chosen for its expression. The same type which is here made the champion and exponent of radical principles might with equal truth have been presented in the service of religious fanaticism, and it is of course to the praise of Mr. Meredith's powers as an artist that he has been able to endow his creation with so much vitality that we can

* *Beauchamp's Career.* By George Meredith. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1876.

realize the man apart from the special conditions of his growth. We can almost pardon the author's elaboration of the political parts of his work in consideration of the result, and we can feel that a piece of human portraiture of this depth and value was well worth having, whatever the means chosen for the painting of it. Nevil Beauchamp is represented as a man of aristocratic traditions who descends with enthusiasm into the popular arena. With the temper and ambition of a martyr, he is prepared for any sacrifice, either for himself or for his caste, and he never ceases to be indignantly surprised with others who are not equally conscious of their guilt, or equally anxious for chastisement. The secret of a character like this lies in the fact that the desire for sacrifice generally precedes the occasion of it, and, as a consequence, the result is often insignificant and sometimes ludicrous. For it is only by a radical defect of intellectual perception, nearly always accompanied and symbolized by entire absence of humour, that this kind of character can support itself with enthusiasm. Nevil Beauchamp is a type of the class who believe that all evil is curable, and who insist on regarding the permanent characteristics of humanity as moral deformities for which each individual is to be made morally responsible. To such minds contact with the world and experience of practical life do not bring increased knowledge, but only beget fiercer rebellion, and life often ends as it began in a sacrifice that is logical but ineffective. Mr. Meredith has worked out this character with entire mastery and skill, and with astonishing sympathy. Beginning with the youth whose generous instincts are still unpledged to any social theories, and upon whose intellect no excessive demands have yet been made, he traces the gradual ascendency of the social reformer, and marks with unflinching accuracy the sacrifice of proportion and the loss of force as the young man's enthusiasm passes under the control of an intellect too weak for its guidance. The passages of life at Venice and the love-making with Renée mark the transition from the one phase to the other. At first the lover stands confessed, fascinating us as he fascinates his companion by the splendid directness and sincerity of his impulses. We acknowledge the powerful presence of a gallant youth who has a right to woo and to win; but in a little while the spirit of the reformer is aroused, and the force of the individual passion is impoverished by the touch of calculating philanthropy. He begins to argue the social wrong of Renée's pre-arranged marriage with the aged French Marquis, and strives in the most natural manner to rest his own claims to the lady upon the claims of humanity. But this plan of summoning argument to the aid of impulse, though a very natural device for any lover in distress, has a special significance in the case of Nevil Beauchamp. It marks the beginning of a mental conflict which finally throws the character off its balance under pretence of asserting the control of reason. From this moment Nevil's intellect, which is weak, assumes command over his impulses, which are strong, and the passionate lover develops by an entirely natural process into the fanatical politician. Nothing in the book is finer, either in conception or execution, than the description of the night in Venice which closes this first stage in the hero's career. Mr. Meredith has a method of conducting dialogue which is admirably suggestive of the dramatic intensity of critical moments in the lives of his characters. He can reject the trivial realities of the scene without destroying its truth of colour, and so powerfully compresses the sequence of events that speech has no choice but to flash out the innermost meaning of the speaker.

The subsequent events in the life of Beauchamp, though they sometimes carry the reader too far into the realm of speculative politics, are of essential service in completing the portrait thus effectively sketched in. It is very natural, for example, that Beauchamp, on his return to England, should fall under the influence of the Radical Dr. Shrapnel, that in consequence he should find himself in sharp conflict with his own people, and that his next essay in love should be perpetually thwarted by separation of political ideas. And Mr. Meredith has been no less sympathetic in showing the constant courage and nobility of his hero than relentless in marking his feeble mental steerage. Beauchamp continues as he had begun, always ready for sacrifice, and indifferent to ridicule, often blundering, but always with a certain dash and distinction which no intellectual shipwreck can destroy. Once only in the course of a career which is made pathetic by its failures, and once more at its close, the real personality of the man reasserts itself and breaks away from its bondage of theories. Renée, the old love, with whom he had never thought of discussing politics, summons him to her side. She is married now, and he is in the midst of a contested election, but the summons is magical. He leaves his politics with the sudden alacrity of a soldier called into action, and, although the quick insight of the Frenchwoman perceives a change in her hero, he recovers in her presence something of the force and fascination of the earlier time. Here again Mr. Meredith has been peculiarly fortunate in his work. The rapidity of his method, the abrupt and pregnant statement of what is essential to expound the intellectual and passionate movement of the scene, is admirably adapted to paint the sudden meeting of old lovers who must as suddenly part again. But perhaps the stroke of strongest and truest art is that by which the author closes the career of his hero. It is in the logic of such a character that the measured results of its labours should be often insignificant and its courage always unfailing, and in the manner of Beauchamp's death both these truths are sufficiently expressed. He is drowned in trying to save another's life, but this other is not the heroine, nor indeed any character with a place in the story, but a nameless little urchin who had fallen out of a boat in Southampton Water. Beauchamp did not need a life's political conflict to teach him brave or generous instincts; but these instincts were from the first the better and truer part of him, and it is therefore right that they should survive his intellectual troubles and flash out again at the last.

We have only briefly touched upon the central figure in the story, leaving the reader to find out for himself the details of the picture, and to study without interference the subordinate figures who fill the scene. Of these Cecilia Halkett seems the most, and Lydiard the least, successful. It is true that the latter is only a slight sketch, but Mr. Meredith has himself shown in the case of Lord Palmet that the slightest sketch can be endowed with vitality. Among the characters whose portraiture is more decisive Tuckham is perhaps the most unsatisfactory figure, and his union with Cecilia Halkett is scarcely made credible to us. But these minor failures scarcely trouble the general progress of the story, nor do they hinder the expression of Beauchamp's personality. All the characters with whom he is brought closely into contact, Cecilia Halkett, Renée, Earl Romfrey, and Dr. Shrapnel are living creatures, upon whose portraiture the author has spent scarcely less care than upon that of the hero himself. Wider objections which might be brought against the novel depend, as we have already hinted, not upon imperfect skill, but upon defects inherent in the scheme, and which partly correspond with fixed characteristics in the author's method. The combined study of the permanent truths of character, and of the shifting and unsettled problems of political and social life, necessarily imports a discord which no skill can wholly conceal; but where the writer by the nature of his own genius is constantly tempted to this twofold labour it is better that he should choose, as Mr. Meredith has chosen in *Beauchamp's Career*, a theme which provides in itself the material necessary for the exercise both of his creative and critical faculties.

MINOR NOTICES.

MRS. GROTE has done well in reprinting her husband's letters analysing the causes of the civil war which broke out in Switzerland in 1847.* Mr. Grote was attracted to Switzerland by the differences of race, language, religion, civilization, wealth, habits, &c. which distinguish one part of the population from another, and afford an interesting field for the study of historical phenomena. He also perceived a certain political analogy between the Swiss and the ancient Greeks, whose history he was then writing. He accordingly went to Switzerland in order to investigate the conflict on the spot, and afterwards published the results of his observations in a series of letters which attracted a good deal of attention at the time, but has now been long out of print. It has occurred to Mrs. Grote that the recent German embroilment with the Roman Catholic Church imparts a revived interest to the almost forgotten Sonderbund quarrel, which contained the germs of the same problem. "It is," as Mrs. Grote remarks, "the same piece playing over again, only that the theatre on which the drama is enacted occupies a more extensive area of territory." She has therefore republished Mr. Grote's letters, with the addition of one to De Tocqueville, giving a retrospective view of the struggle. Whether the antagonism between the clerical and lay elements in society is destined, as Mrs. Grote imagines, to be sempiternal, there can be little doubt that it will at least find abundant play for some generations to come in various parts of Europe; and Mr. Grote's sketch of the Swiss dispute is a useful introduction to the study of the present aspects of the question. He shows very clearly how clerical influence in Switzerland was organized for political purposes. There were, for instance, eight monasteries in the canton of Argau which throughout 1840 were the great seats of politico-religious agitation. "While," says Mr. Grote, "the leaders from the three cantons held meetings and concerted their measures there, the ample funds of the convents were not spared for the movement, which was impressed upon the neighbouring population as a religious cause in the strictest sense, and enforced as well by the strongest appeals which the Catholic faith and the authority of priests and monks could furnish, as by unmeasured cries of irreligion against opponents." When a rising took place among the Catholic population of the Southern districts, the convents were used for the concealment of arms and ammunition, their funds were employed in distributing money, wine, and brandy among the insurgents, and their armed servants fought amongst the latter. The rising was, however, put down, and the suppression of the rebellious convents decreed, subject to provision being made for the existing inmates. The Clerical party of course protested, and, after prolonged discussion in the Diet, it was agreed in 1843 that the canton of Argau should restore four of the convents. Another revolt subsequently broke out in the Valais, where the Jesuits were in force, and were known to be fomenting public feeling against the civil authorities. This led to a demand for the expulsion of the Jesuits from Switzerland; but it only obtained a vote and a half in the Diet, and would probably have been dropped if the Jesuits had been content to remain as they were—that is, established only in Valais, Fribourg, and Schwytz. But, confident in their power, the Jesuits sought to ex-

* *Seven Letters concerning the Politics of Switzerland preceding the Outbreak of the Civil War in 1847.* By George Grote. John Murray.

tend their influence, and obtained permission from the Diet to add Lucerne to the cantons in which they were entitled to establish themselves. This naturally excited much indignation among the Liberal and Radical public; and *francs corps* were formed in the neighbouring cantons, which invaded Lucerne, but were easily defeated. There can be no doubt that this was a grave mistake on the part of the Liberals, but it was only a retaliation for the previous attacks on the Catholic party. It became obvious, indeed, that the civil Government must either be relieved from clerical domination, or become a mere instrument in the hands of the priests; and this conviction was deepened by the systematic aggressiveness of the latter. When the clerical party found the majority of the Diet against them, they formed a separate league of seven cantons, called the Sonderbund, which established itself as an armed Confederation, in defiance of the authority of the Diet. We cannot go into the details of the struggle which ensued, but may give Mr. Grote's summary of its chief features. He describes the Sonderbund party as "a knot of men trying to turn religion to political account and to put the priest above the political leader, employing for the purpose all the artifices of an ultra-democracy," and receiving the support of the Conservatives, who, though most of them Protestants, sided with the clericals from hatred of their political rivals, the Liberals. It need perhaps hardly be said that Mr. Grote writes as a strong partisan of the Liberal cause, and that allowance must be made for this bias. At the same time, his letters are an admirable example of clear, concise, and vigorous statement, and possess both literary and historical value.

In a paper on the Etruscan Language* Mr. Isaac Taylor exhibits very clearly and fully the present state of the important controversy on this subject which some still regard as shrouded in inextricable mystery. In his *Etruscan Researches* Mr. Taylor had put forth all his reasons for holding that the riddle had been solved, and that the old Etruscan speech belonged to a branch of the Turanian family of languages, now represented most nearly by the Yenisseian dialects. But although he sees no cause for abandoning or seriously modifying any of his positions, the publication of Dr. Corssen's elaborate work renders a complete re-statement of Mr. Taylor's arguments in a small compass especially useful for those who have no time to read either Dr. Corssen's or Mr. Taylor's volumes. The perusal of this short but very able paper will amuse as well as instruct the reader. Among the many attempts to argue from a foregone conclusion, the effort of Dr. Corssen to prove that Etruscan was but a form of Latin is one of the most ingenious, the most daring, and in its ludicrous results the most mournful. If it be impossible to repress a smile at the absurdity of some of his statements, the reader's merriment must soon give way to a feeling of profound pity for a life in great part spent, and prematurely cut short, on an impossible task. Even in Mr. Taylor's armour a few chinks may perhaps still remain open; but no one probably will deny that his conclusions generally rest on foundations not easily shaken.

Whatever may be thought of the speculative system of Shakspearian criticism with which Mr. Fleay has identified himself, there can be no question that he has rendered an important service to the study of the great dramatist by the Manual† which he has just published. The object of this work is, he tells us, "to place within the reach of the student such information as is essential for him to possess, but is at present unattainable unless he purchases many costly books." Mr. Fleay has accordingly prepared a careful and complete digest of all the authoritative information which has been collected with regard to Shakspeare's life, the chronological succession of his plays in order of composition, their relation to the contemporary drama, his manner and method of work, and the development of his artistic genius. This forms the first part of the Manual, while the rest of it is devoted to Mr. Fleay's own theories as to the use of metrical tests in determining the authenticity of the plays attributed to Shakspeare. Mr. Fleay's views on this subject are well known, and need not be discussed here. There can be no doubt, however, as to the value of the earlier and more practical part of his book, in which he presents a comprehensive survey of all the facts necessary to a thorough understanding of the circumstances and conditions under which Shakspeare worked. Mr. Fleay not only gives his readers in a brief and simple form the substance of books which they would find it difficult or expensive to procure for themselves, but he saves them the trouble of wading through a great mass of not very readable matter in order to obtain a few important particulars. He sternly avoids the fanciful style in which it was once the fashion to deal with Shakspeare's biography; sticks to plain, hard facts, and tells his story without any waste of words or idle ornament. In his first chapter, for instance, we have all that is in any degree authentically known about Shakspeare's life put together in concise detail, without any superfluous discussion of doubtful questions. Next comes a collection of the chief references to Shakspeare in contemporary writings. The third chapter summarizes the various grounds on which the authenticity, origin, and date of each play are to be determined; the fourth gives the writer's own views as to the extent to which the works published in Shakspeare's name are genuine, with an account of the chief editions; while the fifth reviews the latest inquiries as to pronunciation, metre, and metrical tests. In the succeeding chapter we get an interesting account of the way in which plays were presented in Shakspeare's time; while the next three divisions supply a connected view of theatrical history from 1575 to 1642, with tables of plays, companies, theatres, actors, printers, and publishers. Altogether Mr. Fleay's Manual is a valuable contribution to the study of Shakspeare.

Professor Tyndall has republished in a revised and, to some extent, remodelled form, and with some additions, a selection of articles and lectures on various questions of science*, such as Putrefaction and Infection (the discussion of which is brought down to the date of the latest experiments), Dust and Disease, Crystals and Molecular Force, &c. There are also sketches of Faraday, Niagara, and a voyage to Algeria. The charm of Professor Tyndall's clear and vivid style of exposition is fully maintained in this volume, and it may be taken up with the assurance that it is not only instructive but entertaining.

It was probably inevitable that the first edition of such a work as Mr. Venn's *Logic of Chance*† should require on various points subsequent correction and elaboration; and this has been supplied in a second edition, in the preface to which the writer frankly acknowledges various faults, including a too polemical tone, which he has discovered in the original publication. Several new questions are introduced, such as the nature and physical origin of laws of error, the material view of logic and probability, the practices of insurance and gambling, &c. At the same time, the writer adheres to the general view of probability which he adopted in the first instance.

Mr. Greg has reprinted from various publications a series of articles‡ showing, on the one hand, the mistakes into which the working classes are apt to fall in regard to their own interests, and, on the other, the means by which they could most readily and effectually improve their condition. This work has been already incidentally spoken of in our columns, and it is now only necessary to say that it is written with Mr. Greg's accustomed vigour and incisiveness, and that it deals not merely with the errors of the Trade-Unions, but with such questions as peasant proprietorship and the general progress and hopes of socialism.

Mr. King's biographies of French political leaders§ would hardly be worth notice in themselves, being only a rather poor sample of the ordinary style of American newspaper correspondence, if it were not that we have to protest against English publishers lending their aid to debase their native tongue by the introduction of American vulgarisms. Such words as "theater," "counselor," "flavor," "somber," "center," "endeavored," "defense" may pass in America, but they are certainly not English; and in reprinting this book the English publisher ought to have taken care to have them corrected. The tone of the work may be imagined from the fact that M. Victor Hugo heads the list of the political leaders of France, and that the sketch of him is chiefly made up of marvellous stories derived from M. Hugo's Memoirs, which is generally supposed to be the most romantic of his works.

Lord Ronald Gower has brought out in two vast folio volumes a series of drawings from the collection of Castle Howard.‖ It has often been said that to write oneself out is a bad thing. To draw oneself out may not be as bad; but Lord Ronald Gower would appear to be desirous of experimenting on its effects. These are two immense books, so big that it is only by the assistance of a confederate that they can be comfortably turned over, and it may fairly be questioned whether they possess advantages on account of their size to compensate for the bewildering and fatiguing exercise of going through them. A process of selection might have reduced the number. Some are not, from an art point of view, worth reproducing. Some again, which are fairly drawn, might, so far as any distinct physiognomy is presented, be labelled as portraits of Wellington and Napoleon, with an alternative of identification reserved to the spectator. When they had been well weeded, all that were left of three hundred would have made a very pretty volume for the drawing-room table, if extra margin had been cut down, and all superfluities of waste paper sternly repressed. But Lord Ronald has preferred to give us the number mentioned, and some people may find his book more useful and more pleasing, as it is certainly more conspicuous, on account of its size. The painter Clouet is better known in England by name than by his works. Lord Ronald, in his very short preface, justly calls him the French Holbein, and undoubtedly some of these heads are very like the drawings of the Court of Henry VIII. preserved at Windsor. Like so much of the art of Northern Europe at that day, the work of the Clouet family took its origin in the Court of Burgundy. Jean, as a receipt dated in 1495 goes to prove, was a miniature painter of Brussels. His son, also John, but known as Jehannot, or John junior, and familiarly as "Janot," was father of Francis Clouet, to whom most of the drawings in the Carlisle Collection are attributed. The frontispiece is supposed to be a study from

* *The Etruscan Language.* By Isaac Taylor, M.A., Rector of Settrington. Reprinted from the Journal of the Transactions of the Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society of Great Britain. London; 1875.

† *Shakspeare Manual.* By F. G. Fleay, M.A. Macmillan.

* *Fragments of Science: a Series of Detached Essays, Addresses, and Reviews.* By John Tyndall, F.R.S. Fifth Edition. Longmans & Co.

† *The Logic of Chance.* By John Venn, M.A. Second Edition. Macmillan & Co.

‡ *Mistaken Aims and Attainable Ideals of the Artisan Class.* By W. R. Greg. Trübner & Co.

§ *French Political Leaders.* By Edward King. Sampson Low & Co.

‖ *Three Hundred French Portraits: representing Personages of the Courts of Francis I., Henry II., and Francis II.* By Clouet. Autolithographed from the Originals at Castle Howard by Lord Ronald Gower. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

the face of Francis I. after death, for the waxen image required at the funeral. No. 2 is the same King alive; and very much alive, indeed, his face appears. No. 5 is labelled "feu monsieur (*sic*) le dauphim Francois," and also looks as if it had been drawn from a corpse, and so do one or two more. An interesting portrait is that marked "Marie Royne descosse en leage de neuf ans et six mois Lan 1552 au mois de Juillet." Unfortunately this is one of those drawings which show little but the outline of a human head, and might represent anybody. There are also portraits of Admiral de Coligny, of Margaret of Navarre, of Henry IV. as an infant, and many other remarkable people, besides some seventy which are without names. It is hardly stated with sufficient clearness in the preface that there is no proof whatever forthcoming that these drawings are by the Clouet family, except the very negative one that no one else could have done them. But we are only told, on the authority of Lenoir, that the fifth Earl of Carlisle purchased them in Flanders; for no record of the purchase is to be found at Castle Howard. Lord Ronald Gower has improved in his mastery of the autolithographic process since he made the drawings from the Sutherland collection (noticed in the *Saturday Review*, September 26, 1874), and he modestly deprecates comparison of his work with that of Chamberlaine on the Windsor Holbeins; but, while acknowledging the value of the present publication, we cannot but wish that a little more time and elaboration had been spent on a few of the heads, and that the rest had been let alone.

Mr. J. P. Fleming has compiled an analysis of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* *, which will be useful to the student if he does not rely upon it too exclusively in order to avoid the trouble of mastering the original for himself. There can be no doubt that in some respects Bacon's style and phraseology warrant an explanatory work of this kind, and it is also of advantage to have a digested summary of his system, as an introduction to deeper study of it. The work is designed for the use of candidates at military and Civil Service examinations.

Mr. Canning's *Intolerance among Christians* † is a boyish collection of quotations from eminent men of ancient and modern times intended to prove the necessity for greater toleration in matters of religion. His simplicity and confusion of mind are displayed in the conclusion at which he arrives, that it would be the greatest moral improvement which the world has yet seen if "the good and morally virtuous of all parties, religious and political, could recognize a common interest, and alike disown the wicked among their several denominations as the common enemy." As a matter of fact, all denominations do denounce what they think wickedness; but then there is a difference of opinion as to what wickedness really is, and what principles or systems of religion are most powerful in combating it. It may be also asked whether the phrase "morally virtuous" does not suggest the possibility of virtue being sometimes immoral.

The *Concise Law Dictionary* ‡, edited by Mr. H. Mozley and Mr. G. Whiteley, is not only concise, but compendious, and is well adapted for those who desire to refresh the memory or obtain a succinct explanation of legal terms without going through a mass of details.

The official record of the last year's meeting of the Social Science Congress at Brighton § contains, in addition to the usual matter, especially able and interesting papers on the City of Health by Dr. Richardson, on Economy and Trade by Mr. Grant-Duff, and on the Repression of Crime by Lieut.-Col. Du Cane.

The extension of the taste for gardening would seem to be indicated by the appearance of a third edition of *Villa Gardening* ‖ by Mr. Paul, the well-known rose-grower, and of a second edition of Mr. Samuel Wood's *Plain Guide to Good Gardening*. These works are both written by practical men, and give practical instructions which it is easy for amateurs to understand, if not to follow.

Mr. A. Lukyn Williams's essay on the causes and means of prevention of Indian famines ¶ gives an interesting summary of the practical conditions of the subject. He comes to the conclusion that scarcity of food must, from the nature of the climate, be regarded as at times inevitable, but that this danger may, by agricultural and other improvements, be kept within bounds, and arrangements made for preventing the disastrous consequences of famine. Much may be done, he thinks, to increase the productiveness of the country and to introduce new kinds of food; but, on the other hand, the protection of the people against famine must mainly depend on an advance in general civilization.

An "Old Draper" ** has published some reminiscences connected with his trade, which are not without interest. He began his business life as a lad in a draper's shop at Whitechapel. He had to be up very early in the morning to do the rough work now usually done by porters; ten o'clock at night was the nominal hour of closing, but the shopmen were often at work for an hour or two later, and on Saturdays the shutters were not put up till midnight, after which there would be two or three hours of clearing up, for which the young men were consoled by a good supper of beef-steaks and porter. We get some glimpses of the ways of business at this time. People used to chaffer very much about prices, and the system of fixed charges was only just coming in. Window-dressing was also a novelty. Customers were often bullied into buying goods they did not want; and the writer has seen girls going off crying on account of the goods thrust upon them. Business was conducted in the most slovenly manner, both quality and price being settled in a very haphazard way. In some cases the shopkeepers sold goods at a loss, while in others the price was excessive. The countermen were encouraged by tips. Afterwards the writer rose to be first shawl-man at Waithman's, at the eastern end of Fleet Street. His being a shopman, however, did not prevent him being one of the "bucks" of the period, but he admits he was "somewhat of a coxcomb." On Sunday mornings he used to walk in Kensington Gardens in top-boots and buckskins, with his neck tied up in a tall, stiff neckerchief, and in the evening he changed his attire to knee-breeches and silk stockings, which he displayed on the same promenade. The "Old Draper" appears to have been a shrewd and successful shopman, and recounts many of his feats in passing off goods which other shopmen could not dispose of. Among other things in which there has been a change, he notes how rarely made-up articles were on sale in his early days, materials being usually bought for making up at home, and how scanty was the ordinary stock of clothing of people even in a decent position compared with that of a similar class nowadays. The general lesson of the book seems to be that in the drapery, as in other trades, success is usually obtained by steady industry combined with sharpness and a touch of craft.

Mr. O'Leary, who tells us that he began life as a farm-boy and was afterwards a paviour, has visited Canada, the Red River Territory, and the United States as a delegate of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, and now publishes the results of his observations.* He writes in a rough, and occasionally rather wild, way, and the arrangement of the book is fragmentary; but perhaps it may be of interest to the class addressed. He has the good sense to warn English working-people not to expect a Utopia on the other side of the Atlantic, though he thinks there is plenty of room for emigrants who are willing to work hard and can keep away from the drinking-bars.

It is satisfactory to observe the gradual progress of culture and literary tastes in those new countries where the rough and arduous labour of the majority of the people leaves little time for intellectual pursuits. Proof of the advance in this respect which is gradually going on comes to us in the shape of two new periodicals† which have been started, one at Melbourne and the other at Dunedin. It may be taken as evidence that there exists in these communities a healthy appetite for letters when we find publishers, not content with smaller magazines, boldly venturing into the solemn sphere of quarterly reviews. Both of the works before us are of this order. The *Melbourne Review* is a half-crown publication, and the promoters intimate in a very candid preface that they cannot hope to compete with the abundant supply of English fiction and light literature, of which the colonial production is small, but think they are more likely to succeed with "subjects of a more solid character." Thus "articles on Philosophy, Theology, Science, Art, and Politics will form the leading features of the Review," and will be admitted, "no matter from what school of thought they may emanate." It is added that a principal source of interest will be the treatment of important subjects "from a colonial standpoint, and by writers of colonial education and experience." Whether any very great results are likely to be obtained in this direction remains to be seen, but the aim is at least a good one. As far as the present number is concerned, the general character of the articles appears to be very much that of an echo of familiar English voices, with perhaps a special predilection for what are called advanced views. In the pages on the relation of the State to the religious and ecclesiastical bodies of Victoria, we find something of the ring of Mr. Chamberlain, and it may perhaps be thought that the statement that in England "the fury of party spirit within the State Church—a spirit which State patronage provokes and fosters—calls loudly for the remedy of disestablishment" indicates somewhat one-sided information. Party fury has to English eyes been more conspicuous outside than inside the Church. We do not know how far the testimony of this writer is to be accepted within his own local range, but he relates a conversation which he says he overheard between two little boys, one of whom asked the other in regard to a new-comer, "What religion is he? an A or a B?" and, on the other replying, "Neither, he's a O," exclaimed, "Oh, —— him; there's enough of religions"; and the writer adds that he believes this sentiment is shared by a great majority of the people of Victoria. The next article deals with "History and Geography," and men-

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* *Analysis of Bacon's Advancement of Learning.* By J. P. Fleming, M.A. Longmans & Co.

† *Intolerance among Christians.* By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. Smith, Elder, & Co.

‡ *A Concise Law Dictionary.* By H. Mozley and G. Whiteley. Butterworths.

§ *Transactions of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science.* Brighton Meeting, 1875. Edited by C. W. Ryalls. Longmans & Co.

‖ *Villa Gardening.* By W. Paul. Third Edition. Warne & Co.
A Plain Guide to Good Gardening. By S. Wood. Lockwood & Co.

¶ *Famines in India; their Causes and Possible Prevention.* Cambridge University Le Bas Prize, 1875. By A. Lukyn Williams. Henry S. King & Co.

** *Reminiscences of an Old Draper.* Sampson Low & Co.

* *Travels and Experiences in Canada, the Red River Territory, and the United States.* By Peter O'Leary. Savoy Steam Press.

† *The Melbourne Review.* No. 1. Jan. 1876. Melbourne: Samuel Mullen.

The New Zealand Magazine. No. 1. Jan. 1876. Dunedin: "Daily Times" Office.

tions the startling fact that "most educated Englishmen confuse Thomas with Oliver Cromwell"; and there is another paper on "The Political Future of Europe," which goes to show that a process of reunion among the fragments of the Roman Empire has been for some time in progress, and that the new German Empire is the centre-round which "the still separate parts will aggregate," making her success "certain and irresistible." In an article on "The Drama as a Fine Art," it is remarked that the rise and progress even of opera-bouffe is a hopeful sign, and that the drama of the future will probably be musical in form, while retaining its essentially dramatic nature. The co-operative system is strongly advocated in an article on "Labour and Capital"; and the Rev. J. F. Bird, in discussing "The Basis of National Prosperity," says, "It is high time that we woke up to the fact that self-government can only be safe and practical when the people are educated; and also that we arrived at the frank admission that we are not an educated people." On the whole, the opening number of this Review, if not very brilliant, displays at least earnestness and vigour. The *New Zealand Magazine* is of a similar character. There is a long preface, in which the editors explain "(1) What the magazine is intended to be; and (2) what it is not intended to be"; offer to "make room for the most contrary arguments in successive numbers"; and encourage themselves with the thought that "perhaps the best testimony to success will be, if we find that we have not entirely pleased any one." The New Zealand reviewers, like the Australian, look for support to those "thoughtful and farsighted colonists who understand how greatly the problems and conditions before them differ from the problems and conditions that beset thinkers in old countries"; but perhaps it may prove that life at the antipodes is after all not so very unlike what it is elsewhere, and that young countries gradually grow old. Among the subjects treated in this number are "Darwinian Theology," "The Life and Growth of Language," "The Problem of Poverty" (this article is unfortunately cut short in the middle for want of room to insert the whole of it, but the editor ingenuously apologizes in a note, and adds that "readers will have no difficulty in following out the threads of the argument for themselves"), "Specialization in Government," "Birds of New Zealand," &c. The general style of the work is thoughtful and straightforward, though rather crude.

Although there is no particular novelty in the plan of Mr. Mitchell's collection of sayings and doings, which he calls *Human Nature**, the selections are, on the whole, creditable to his taste and reading, and form an interesting book for an idle half-hour. By chance we came upon a passage from Mr. Disraeli's *Tancred*, which may be acceptable at the present moment:—"All is development. First there was nothing, then there was something; then I think there were shells, then fishes; then we came. And the next change there will be something very superior to us, something with wings. This is development."

Mr. H. F. Biron has produced a model or relievo map of India †, which is embossed so as to give an idea of the undulations of the land. This map is very striking to the eye, which is enabled at a glance to take in the character of a particular region as compared with others; but we suppose it is an inevitable condition of all these model maps that mountains must be exaggerated for the sake of effect. We tremble to think what the Himalayas must be, if Mr. Biron's presentation of them is strictly according to scale.

Mr. Arthur Haygarth, the editor of Lillywhite's *Scores and Biographies* ‡, has brought out a couple of new volumes as a continuation of the series. In the preface it is admitted that, owing to the want of proper materials, many inaccuracies and omissions have occurred, but it is pleaded in pathetic italics that, in such a case "mistakes *must* occur," and we can easily understand it. The work was originally undertaken only for private amusement, but it contains at least the nucleus of a personal history of modern English cricket, which should be interesting to all who are partial to the game.

The Official Catalogue of the British Section of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia § has just been issued in two volumes, one giving a list of "exhibits" and exhibitors, and the other a Commercial Guide, embodying full information as to the American tariff and Custom House regulations.

An authorized edition of M. Jules Verne's stories ‖ has been issued in shilling volumes, with numerous illustrations. They are all very much of the same character, full of thrilling adventures and wild impossibilities, and, though one comes now and then on bits of genuine cleverness, the general effect is rather monotonous. The attempt which is made in some cases to combine scientific information with the marvels of fiction must be very confusing for young people.

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* *Human Nature: a Mosaic of Sayings, Doings, Opinions, and Reflections on Life and Character.* Selected by D. W. Mitchell. Smith, Elder, & Co.

† *Relievo Map of India.* By Henry F. Biron. W. H. Allen & Co.

‡ *Arthur Haygarth's Cricket Scores and Biographies from* 1855 *to* 1875. Vols. V. and VI. Longmans & Co.

§ *Philadelphia International Exhibition*, 1876. *Official Catalogue of the British Section.* Two Parts. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

‖ *Jules Verne's Works.* Authorized Edition. Sampson Low & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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CONTENTS OF No. 1,071, MAY 6, 1876:

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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—BREITNER, Pupil of Rubinstein, Tuesday, May 23, and RUBINSTEIN, Tuesday, May 30; with Papini, Wiener, Hollander, and Lasserre. No person admitted without a Ticket. No more Free Admissions will be given.—Prof. ELLA, *Director.*

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION is now OPEN. 5 Pall Mall East. From 9 till 7. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary.*

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRETORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Vigne," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," "Gaming Table," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

GAINSBOROUGH.—The BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE. Mr. SAMUEL COUSINS, R.A., has undertaken to ENGRAVE this magnificent PICTURE.
The Artist's Proofs will be issued at Ten Guineas each.
Subscribers' Names are now received by Messrs. THOS. AGNEW & SONS, the Publishers and Proprietors of the Picture, at 5 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall; Exchange Street, Manchester; and Liverpool and London Chambers, Liverpool.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND. Incorporated by Royal Charter, for the Relief of the Widow and Orphans of British Artists.
Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
The SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Saturday, June 17, 1876.
Sir WILLIAM FRASER, Bart., M.A., M.P., in the Chair.
Since the foundation of the Society, the sum of £37,077 10s. has been distributed in relieving widows and orphans of British Artists, and during the past year fifty-three widows and sixteen orphans have received annuities amounting to £1,125. This institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts.
Gentlemen's Tickets, 21s.; Ladies, 12s. 6d., may be obtained of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, J. YOUNG, Esq., 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

IN the INTERESTS of PUBLIC MORALITY.—Under the Joint auspices of the British, Continental, and General Federation for the Abolition of Government Regulation of Prostitution, and the National Association for the United Kingdom, 27 Great George Street, London, S.W.), A PUBLIC MEETING will be held in St. James's Hall, Regent Street, on Friday next, May 19. Père Hyacinthe, M. Ed. De Pressensé, M. G. Appia, the Right Hon. James Stansfeld, M.P., J. G. Shaw-Lefevre, Esq., M.P., and others will address the Meeting. Amongst those who have promised to attend are A. H. Brown, Esq., M.P., Thomas Burt, Esq., M.P., Thos. Blake, Esq., M.P., C. Cameron, Esq., M.D., M.P., J. Corbett, Esq., M.P., Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C., M.P., C. R. Hopwood, Esq., Q.C., M.P., Alexander McArthur, Esq., M.P., Duncan McLaren, Esq., M.P., A. J. Mundella, Esq., M.P., Russell Noel, Esq., M.P., F. Pennington, Esq., M.P., S. D. Waddy, Esq., Q.C., M.P., &c. &c. The Chair will be taken at Eight o'clock precisely by Sir HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, Bart., M.P. Admission at the Regent Street and Piccadilly Entrances free. Doors open at a quarter past Seven o'clock. The Meeting is open to Adults of both Sexes.—Application for Reserved-Seat Tickets to be addressed to the SECRETARY, 27 Great George Street, Westminster, S.W.

GUILDHALL LIBRARY.—The LIBRARY COMMITTEE of the Corporation of the City of London hereby give Notice that this LIBRARY will be CLOSED from Friday the 12th to Saturday the 27th of May instant, inclusive.
Guildhall, May 4, 1876. MONCKTON.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS. There will be an ELECTION to SIX in June next. They are open to all BOYS who on June 1 are between Twelve and Fourteen years of age. The Examination begins on Tuesday, June 20.—For further particulars apply to the Rev. the BURSAR, Wellington College, Wokingham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—EIGHT or more will be open to COMPETITION at Midsummer, 1876, value from £80 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £90 a year in cases of Scholars who require it.—Further particulars may be obtained of the SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE, May 1876.—TWELVE SCHOLARSHIPS, varying in value from £80 to £15 a year, besides a certain number of Free Admissions, will be competed for in June next. These Scholarships are open to Members of the School and others without distinction: Two will be offered for proficiency in Mathematics. Age of Candidates from Twelve to Sixteen. Full particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. SELLICK, the College, Marlborough.

HIGHGATE SCHOOL.—There will be an EXAMINATION for FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS of £75, £50, £30, £20, June 6.—Application to be made to the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, School House, Highgate, N.

GROVE HOUSE SCHOOL, Tottenham.—*Head-Master*—ARTHUR R. ABBOTT, B.A., Lond. Terms £120 [illegible]; Junior £50 a year. Scholarship Examination in July.—For information apply as above.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,073, Vol. 41. May 20, 1876. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

THE murder of the Consuls at Salonica, though it had no political motive or object, may perhaps have serious political consequences. The crime and the immediate impunity of the offenders undoubtedly illustrate both the fanaticism of the Mahometan populace and the inefficiency of Turkish administration. The circumstance that the French Consul was one of the victims may not improbably direct popular feeling in France against the cause of the SULTAN; and, although the French Government is not likely to be provoked into an abandonment of its temporary neutrality, one impediment in the way of Russian designs might be removed by a popular feeling in France against the maintenance of the Ottoman dominion. There can be no doubt of the sincerity of the Porte in its professions of regret. The mob of Salonica has gravely increased embarrassments which were already sufficiently perplexing. There will be no hesitation in executing the culprits or in punishing any local functionaries who may have been guilty of connivance or weakness. Public opinion among the Turks themselves will approve of vengeance against the blundering cutthroats who selected as victims of their fanatical fury persons who were entitled to the protection of powerful Governments. The Russians and the philanthropists will have rejoiced in a catastrophe which is singularly well timed for the accomplishment of their objects. The rumour of dangerous agitation among the rabble of Constantinople may perhaps have been suggested by the Salonica outrage, but the reported irritation of the conspirators against the SULTAN himself is not incredible. The populace has not the means of appreciating the reasons which render it necessary for Turkish Ministers to defer to the imperious remonstrances of great European Powers. The SULTAN is probably accused of disloyalty to his faith when promises of religious equality are published in his name. A Mussulman insurrection would tend more than any other occurrence to precipitate the overthrow of the Ottoman dominion. Since the massacre of the Janissaries half a century ago, no domestic revolt has occurred among the Mahometan population of European Turkey. The race of mutinous Pashas has long been extinct.

The Conference at Berlin has certainly not been suggested by trivial motives. The determination of the Emperor of RUSSIA to confer, in company with his principal Minister, with the German EMPEROR and Prince BISMARCK would have been significant even if Count ANDRASSY had not been invited to join in the discussion. It was justly inferred that, in the opinion of the Russian Government, the ANDRASSY Note has proved abortive, although it was readily accepted by the Porte. The refusal of the insurgent chiefs to accept the proposed compromise might easily have been foreseen if it had been known that the allied Powers were not prepared to enforce their own decision. Since the exchange of communications on the Note the Turks have achieved no considerable military success, nor is the bearing of Servia or Montenegro less menacing than before. A few weeks since the Russian press abandoned the pacific tone which it had recently employed; and on some occasions attacks on the policy and good faith of Austria were encouraged or permitted. It seems that at a ceremonious reception at Berlin the Emperor ALEXANDER formally declared that the maintenance of the alliance of the three Imperial Courts was the basis of his policy. Assurances of continued union are sometimes symptoms of commencing alienation; but it may well be believed that Russia would at present deprecate a political rupture with Austria. In the contingency of a divergence, it is not known that Germany would incline to the side of Russia. Count ANDRASSY may perhaps have been convinced by the EMPEROR and Prince GORTCHAKOFF that the danger of allowing the war to continue outweighs the numerous and obvious risks of intervention. Nothing would be more distasteful to Austria than the aggrandizement of Servia and Montenegro at the expense of Turkey. But a military occupation of the disturbed provinces would gain time, and, except indirectly, it could have no tendency to increase Russian influence. It is not known whether a change in the policy of Russia has been the cause of the sudden overthrow of the Turkish Minister. The conduct of the Porte is so far dictated by necessity that a Grand Vizier must for the most part tread in the steps of his predecessor. It matters little whether an unknown MEHEMET or a feeble MAHMOUD is the nominal head of a Government which has scarcely a will of its own. The personal change is less important than the immediate cause of the Ministerial revolution. It seems that a threatening multitude of so-called theological students required the dismissal of the GRAND VIZIER and of the SHEIKH AL ISLAM, and that the SULTAN complied with their demand.

The official announcement that the Berlin Conference has resulted in perfect agreement among the three Courts seemed at first to indicate the continuance of a temporizing policy. It is stated that there will for the moment be no armed intervention, and that the contumacy of Servia and Montenegro will not be rewarded. If the ostensible report may be trusted, it would seem that the three Governments have agreed on another ANDRASSY Note, except that on this occasion the authorship is attributed to Prince GORTCHAKOFF. In a short time the decision which is enveloped in conventional phraseology will become public in an intelligible form. Notwithstanding the vague disclaimer of vigorous intentions, there can be little doubt that a step has been taken in advance, and that it will be in favour of the insurgents rather than of the SULTAN. The Emperor ALEXANDER and Prince GORTCHAKOFF must have determined on some definite proposal when the Austro-Hungarian CHANCELLOR was invited to meet them at Berlin. That their policy is not violently aggressive is proved by the ready acceptance of the project by Count ANDRASSY; but if it had consisted in a new version of the scheme for reforming Turkish administration, it would not have urgently pressed. Perhaps a term may have been fixed within which the Porte will be required to procure the termination of the revolt, on pain of active measures which would tend to the partial independence of the Christian population of Herzegovina. It is not improbable that the real object of the Conference was to confirm a resolution previously adopted to form a permanent Commission representing either the three Imperial Governments or all the Great Powers. The proposal, whatever may have been its nature, was too serious to be accepted by the English Ambassador without reference to his Government. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE adds his high authority to the scheme of a joint supervision or protectorate. Whether such a Board would be too entirely controlled by other Powers will be a grave question for the English Government to consider. The difficulty of dealing with the Mussulmans of Herzegovina has not yet been overcome; but it might be more possible to deal

with the insurgents than with the larger population of Bosnia. Whatever conditions may be imposed on the Porte, it seems impossible to restore peace in Herzegovina except by the intervention of a foreign army of occupation, and the difficulties in the way of any arrangement of the kind, though numerous, are perhaps not insuperable. Any objection on the part of the Porte might perhaps be overruled, nor indeed is it certain that the Turkish Ministers might not consent to be relieved from the arduous task of suppressing the insurrection. Count ANDRASSY has up to the present time discouraged all proposals for an Austrian occupation which might also be regarded with jealousy by Russia. An odd solution has been devised in the form of a suggestion that the disturbed provinces should be occupied by an Italian force. The adoption of such a plan would be a curious resumption of the policy of CAVOUR. The contingent which Piedmont sent to the English and French expedition against the Crimea was adroitly offered for the sake both of asserting the position of VICTOR EMMANUEL as already the representative of Italy, and of conciliating powerful allies. It was scarcely pretended that the King of SARDINIA had any cause of quarrel with the Russians, who indeed have never since displayed any resentment of CAVOUR'S astute enterprise. The King of ITALY is now acknowledged as one of the Great Powers; but it may be thought desirable that he should illustrate his new rank in Europe by active interference. The finances of Italy will certainly not suffice for a gratuitous military enterprise to be undertaken in time of peace. It would not be easy to extract from Turkey payment of the expenses of an expedition which would scarcely be distinguishable from an invasion, but the Commander-in-Chief of an army of occupation would be more advantageously situated than an ordinary creditor. Nevertheless the Italian Government would not act wisely in listening to any proposal of the kind. The presence of an Italian army on the Eastern coast of the Adriatic would involve the risk of misunderstanding with Austria, and it is not for the interest of Italy to take part in the possible dismemberment of Turkey. Should it be necessary to employ foreign troops for the purpose of effecting a pacification, Austria would supply with least inconvenience the forces which might be required.

ROYAL GUESTS.

AMONG the many privileges of England and the QUEEN is that of being able to welcome with easy impartiality guests of all nations, parties, and opinions. Even Don CARLOS is said to be intending to take up his abode here, and, as there used to be a Cadet Committee in London, he may enjoy the attention and admiration of a select circle. Crowned heads, or heads that have once been crowned, fly hither in abundance, and enjoy hospitality, shelter, respect, and sometimes the transitory tribute of popular enthusiasm. It is not so very long since the SULTAN came to show himself in person to his admiring bondholders, and India was ordered to give him a magnificent ball as the head of the Mahometan world. The memory of the reception of the SHAH, with his diamonds, and his concessions, and his embarrassment in having to forego the ordinary execution of his attendants, still lingers like that of a fairy story. Other representatives of Royalty frequently come in a less pretentious manner, and it is when visits are made with familiar simplicity, and one guest succeeds another in a free and easy manner, that the thought naturally suggests itself how strange are the turns of fortune which these successive visitors have experienced. Within a very few days the German EMPRESS has been staying with the QUEEN, the Empress EUGENIE has been welcomed at Windsor, and now the King of HANOVER has arrived to claim the sympathy and share the happy fortune of his relations. The fortunes and misfortunes of Royalty could not have been better illustrated. The Empress AUGUSTA is on the very pinnacle of Continental grandeur, and her elevation indirectly cost our other two guests their crowns. One wins and another loses, but winners and losers alike come to England and receive the welcome befitting their respective positions. The best that can be said for Royal visitors is generally said when they are actually here. The German EMPRESS is, indeed, too high in the world to need that much should be said in her favour. She was Queen of Prussia when Prussia was a State despised alike by France, Austria, and Russia. She is now EMPRESS of United Germany; her glory is illuminated by the rays of Sadowa and Sedan; and the CZAR comes to her husband's capital to settle the affairs of Europe. Out of Germany the EMPRESS is principally known as the recipient of the famous telegrams in which her other self announced that he was wading through much slaughter to a higher throne, and was favoured by a peculiar and divine blessing. The establishment of the German Empire appeals to the reason rather than the imagination or sympathy of Englishmen. It costs an effort to see, but when the effort is made it is easily seen, that the establishment of a strong power in the centre of Europe, opposed equally to the aggressions of Ultramontanism and to the predominance of Russia, has incontestable advantages for England. The QUEEN, so far as descent and marriage have connected her with Germany, may have the mixed feelings of regret at the fallen fortunes of the minor German princes and pleasure in the general aggrandizement of the German nation. But she has one source of sympathy with the Empress AUGUSTA which may be one of unmixed delight. Their children have married, and the QUEEN has given in her daughter a prize to Germany such as few mothers have ever sent to a foreign home. The CROWN PRINCESS, better known here as the PRINCESS ROYAL, may be safely said to be, in classical language, one of the most remarkable women in Europe. In addition to the great qualities that befit a great station, she has gifts of intellect and of character which would make her the first woman in any society in any country. Any mother would justly proud of such a daughter, and the QUEEN has not only the delight of possessing such a daughter, but also of knowing that, in sending her to Germany, she has conferred the greatest possible benefit on the race from which she sprang.

The Empress EUGENIE has now resided for some years in England, and has won the respect which always attends the endurance of misfortune with unostentatious simplicity. Her position is in most respects the reverse of that of the Empress AUGUSTA. She has fallen from empire, not risen to it, and has borne the fall well. Of the private character of the German EMPRESS little is known in England, while her political position is one in harmony with English interests. Much is known of the private character of the Empress EUGENIE, while her political history has been one as divergent from the sympathies of ordinary Englishmen as possible. As Empress she encouraged, perhaps more than any one else, the senseless extravagance of the Second Empire, but she set the fashion to all Europe, and she had the higher merits of active sympathy with calamity, of giving dignity to her Court, and of bearing her trials with spirit and equanimity. Politically, she contributed largely to the ruin of her husband, for she sought refuge from the incapacity or recklessness of the Bonapartist following in the dangerous society of scheming ecclesiastics. She entered on the war that was destined to be fatal to her family with a heart even lighter than that of M. OLLIVIER, and she received a severe, if not unmerited, chastisement in finding herself left alone with the Count of PALIKAO to send the last army of France to its destruction. But in the trying times that followed she showed a high sense of what was due to patriotism and to herself, and steadily discountenanced the schemes of BAZAINE to re-establish the Empire at the cost of the honour of France and the miseries of a civil war. The death of her husband made her the head of the Bonapartists during the youth of her son, and the NAPOLEONS have lately been principally occupied in quarrelling among themselves. Nothing could be more fortunate for her personally than the present collapse of the Bonapartists, as it enables her to continue the education of her son in the unobtrusive and happy station of an English gentleman, and relieves her from the necessity of revealing how completely the interests she favours are opposed to the sympathies of at least a very large portion of France. The bread of exile is always bitter, but it is sometimes wholesome; and in the dignified retirement and irreproachable simplicity of Chiselhurst virtues are displayed which might be apt to be obscured if the EMPRESS were restored to the scenes of her ancient splendour, and recalled to share the exultation of the devotees of the Sacred Heart.

The King of HANOVER has many claims on English sympathy. He is an exile, he is blind, he is an English Duke, and he has been ruined not so much by his own fault as by having taken the wrong side. He has lost his

pendents are the wanted them. Like most persons of his class and education, he was governed while he still reigned by two deep feelings, contempt for Liberal ideas and contempt for Prussia. He thought that Liberal ideas led to revolutions, and that revolutions led to misery. He shared the general belief that, if Prussia provoked Austria to war, Austria would eat up Prussia as a cat would eat up a mouse. It must be remembered that this opinion prevailed very largely in Prussia itself, and Prince BISMARCK has recently recorded the complete isolation in which he found himself when he declared that the balance of chances was in favour of Prussia. Expecting Austria to win, and wishing Austria to win, the King of HANOVER did not shrink from doing all he could to contribute to the result he desired. He sent his little army into the field, and the only real resistance offered to Prussia by a minor State was offered by Hanover. At Langensalza Hanoverians actually encountered Prussians in the field, not without much credit to themselves. For a day they even repulsed their assailants, and the King of PRUSSIA said afterwards that he could not claim Langensalza as a triumph to his arms. The Hanoverians could not, however, do more than repel one attack, and the next day they were surrounded and had to capitulate. The Government of the KING had been by no means unpopular, and his people contemplated with sincere reluctance the prospect of being absorbed in Prussia. A Hanoverian deputation besought the King of PRUSSIA not to dethrone a Sovereign who held his throne by a title as good as that of the Prussian KING himself, and whose family could trace their rule through a period of a thousand years. King WILLIAM replied that he honoured the Hanoverians for their loyalty, and would have been much disappointed in them if they had not manifested it so freely; but that, as matters stood, he wanted Hanover, and must and would have it. He took it, and there can be no doubt that, if the end justifies the means, this high-handed act did much to bring about the unity of Germany. Prussia could not have crushed France if a hostile or lukewarm State like Hanover had been interposed to break the unity of its forces. Since the Empire was established, the King of HANOVER has given Prince BISMARCK much trouble, and the leader of the Particularists is returned to the German Parliament by a Hanoverian constituency. But there is no reason to suppose that the mass of the Hanoverians have any feelings apart from those of Germans generally, and they acquiesce with satisfaction in what has been done for them, although it was done against their will. They are better off than their former KING, for they do not now regret the past. It is impossible that he should display equal resignation; but he must, like humbler men, endure what he cannot help, and in returning to England, after a long absence, he has the satisfaction of knowing, and of knowing that England knows, that, although he comes here as an exiled sovereign, those over whom he reigned sorrowed when his reign came to an end.

THE BUDGET DEBATES.

MR. RYLANDS, in his Resolution on the second reading of the Income-tax Bill, assumed that it must pass. The Resolution was not appropriate to the occasion, for the Budget is a mode of providing for the expenditure which Parliament has already sanctioned. It may or may not be a cause of regret that the Government should have proposed an increase of expenditure, but the proper time for raising the question would have been during the discussion of the Estimates. According to Mr. RYLANDS, the outlay which he denounces has rendered it necessary to impose increased burdens on the people, and it seems to follow that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is only discharging a plain duty in adding a penny to the Income-tax. It may be doubted whether Mr. RYLANDS is opposed to the modern practice of imposing on the richer classes, in the form of an Income-tax, any additional burden which may be required. His recommendation that the system of exemptions should be carried further shows the dangerous tendency of any approach to graduated taxation. His assumption that the large increase of expenditure is derived from taxation indispensable is not to be hastily admitted. It would have been at least as reasonable to complain that the direct taxpayer was unnecessarily compelled to contribute to the payment of an instalment of the Northern Debt. Sir S. NORTHCOTE would undoubtedly have preferred, instead of incurring the charge of inconsistency if he had abandoned on the first occurrence of a difficulty the scheme which he had recommended to the House of Commons only a year ago. If the debt must in deference to modern prejudice be paid off, Sir S. NORTHCOTE'S system is simpler and cheaper than that of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE; but the imposition of an unequal tax for the purpose of investing the proceeds at 3½ per cent. is itself a proof that the gratuitous obligation ought never to have been incurred. The error which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has committed in raising the percentage of the Income-tax is illustrated by Mr. GLADSTONE'S recent reference to his own election Budget of 1874. As long as the rate was steady and low, the discontent which has often been caused by the tax would have been latent, if it had not altogether disappeared. It is because the percentage is raised that Mr. GLADSTONE has once more an opportunity of complacently recurring to the bribe which failed to secure the votes of the constituencies. The great objection to the Budget, or rather to previous Budgets, is that from time to time revenue has been unnecessarily sacrificed, with the result of rendering new taxation necessary when the public expenditure has been increased.

In the course of his elaborate and able speech Mr. CHILDERS wasted time and trouble in proving that Mr. DISRAELI, when he was in Opposition, used language which is inconsistent with the present proposal of his Government. HORACE showed that he understood character and the nature of things better than Mr. CHILDERS when he recognized the inutility of denouncing habitual and triumphant inconstancy. Mr. DISRAELI has in his time declared that the National Debt was a fleabite; and not long since he was gravely disturbed by a change in the political condition of the Straits of Malacca; but, as his opponents find,

> simul obligavit
> Perfidum votis caput, enitescit

he appears as Prime Minister with a larger majority than when he entered office. Whatever Mr. DISRAELI may have said, he has the good sense to leave the management of the finances in the competent hands of Sir S. NORTHCOTE; nor have Mr. HARDY and Mr. WARD HUNT any difficulty in convincing him that it is necessary to increase the expenditure on the army and navy. There is little ground for Mr. RYLANDS'S suspicion that Mr. DISRAELI is inclined to an ambitious and extravagant policy. Parliament has long since assumed the responsibility of approving the Suez Canal purchase; and it is an anachronism to go back to the acquisition of the telegraphs. No calculation can be less instructive than Mr. CHILDERS'S comparison of five years of Mr. GLADSTONE'S administration with five years during which the Conservatives were in office. The circumstances were wholly different; and some recent charges, including payments in compensation for purchase of commissions, belong properly to the Government of which Mr. CHILDERS was a member. Complaints of undue parsimony on the side of one party, and of unnecessary expenditure by their successors, are bandied backwards and forwards with little advantage. If stores and ships have at any time not been sufficiently provided, it is necessary to supply the defect. As to the main causes of the late increase of expenditure there is little difference of opinion. Those who possess special knowledge of naval details find fault with Mr. WARD HUNT for not building ships fast enough; and civilians cannot fail to understand that the universal rise of prices and wages must necessarily add to the cost of the army. More than two millions of the additional estimates of expenditure have been appropriated to the wants of the army and navy, and part of the remainder admits of easy explanation.

Criticism might be better applied to the charge of 1,400,000*l.* which has been granted in aid of local rates; but the addition to the Estimates in this case only represents the shifting of a burden. It may or may not have been right to relieve the ratepayers at the expense of the taxpayers; but the transfer cannot be regarded as an instance of extravagance. Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government had already admitted the principle which was afterwards applied by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. Both Administrations thought it necessary to defer to the strong opinion of the House of Commons, including independent members of both parties. A fourth considerable item of increase consists in the sum paid in reduction of Debt; and on this point also the Opposition is entrapped by its own tactics in attacking the policy of the Government. During a regular stress which will probably pass away, the House of Commons, and more especially the Liberal

party, has suddenly been impressed with the necessity of discharging large portions of the National Debt. Sir S. NORTHCOTE improved on the system of terminable annuities which was, as Mr. LOWE with characteristic candour explained, devised for the purpose of deluding the House of Commons into unconscious prudence. It may well be doubted whether the contrivance and the burden were expedient, inasmuch as taxes were imposed or retained for the sole purpose of investing the proceeds at 3½ per cent.; but the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER determined to attain by a simple and straightforward process the object which his predecessors had selected as desirable. Even Mr. RYLANDS can scarcely think that the employment of money in the discharge of debt is a licentious form of outlay. The severest advocates of parsimony shrink from attacking the new system of education, which is unfortunately expensive. The State is every year urged to extend its duties and liabilities, and at the same time everything which it undertakes becomes more and more costly. It must be confessed that there is little prospect of a diminution of expenditure.

Mr. LAING stated that England is the most lightly taxed of great civilized States; and he might have added that, in a comparison of military estimates, the heavy burden of personal service in Continental armies ought to be included in the calculation. One country after another has within the last fifteen years approached or passed England in the amount of its National Debt, nor can any other Government borrow as cheaply. As Mr. HUBBARD and Mr. CHILDERS remarked, a considerable part of the revenue is not raised by taxation. A large apparent addition to the expenditure was made by Mr. GLADSTONE in the earlier part of his career by including on both sides of the account the cost of collecting the revenue, which amounts to six or seven millions. If the net revenue only were included in the accounts, and if the Post Office receipts and some other branches of revenue were excluded, the amount raised by general taxation would be found to fall short of 60,000,000*l.*, of which 28,000,000*l.* is annually required to meet the interest on the Debt. On the whole, the grievances of the taxpayer may be patiently borne by his representatives, as they are habitually endured by himself. Mr. CHILDERS gave unqualified approval to the most questionable part of Sir S. NORTHCOTE's Budget. If, he said, additional income was required, the best way of providing the necessary sum was to increase the percentage of the Income-tax. It may perhaps have been impossible, when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had ascertained the amount of his needs, to supply them by any method which would not have been open to grave objections; but it ought not to be forgotten that alterations in the rate of the Income-tax create anomalies which efface themselves when the tax is permanent and equable. The operation of adding a penny to the tax for the purpose of paying off a portion of the Debt can only be justified on the ground that it was necessary to vindicate the consistency both of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the House of Commons. If a part of the surplus of 1874 had been retained, the Income-tax need not have been increased. The debate on Mr. HUBBARD's motion disclosed a general agreement in the principle which was nevertheless rejected on the division. No speaker, with the remarkable exception of Mr. GLADSTONE, condemned the Income-tax, nor was there any serious opposition to the limit of 150*l.* a year as substituted for 100*l.* On the other hand, strong arguments were adduced against the reduced liability on incomes of 400*l.* a year. Mr. GLADSTONE calculated that, in the alarming contingency of an Income-tax of 2*s.* in the pound, the revenue would be diminished in consequence of the exemptions by no less than 10,000,000*l.* The question is evidently one of degree, and the deduction which is readjusted by Sir S. NORTHCOTE was first introduced by Mr. GLADSTONE. It was well that a protest should be entered against the further extension of a system which might be used for mischievous purposes by financiers who shared the opinions of Mr. RYLANDS.

THE KHEDIVE'S DECREE.

THE telegraph has conveyed a long and obscure account of the new machinery for regulating his very irregular finance which the KHEDIVE has invented in order to cheer the sinking souls of his creditors. If they are not to benefit by the device, it cannot be worth while to have framed so complicated and laborious a scheme. Their object must be to know that whatever Egypt can afford to pay them shall really come into their hands. The elevation of the consolidated debt to a total of ninety-one millions was a crushing blow to them, and this decree is intended to be a compensating mitigation of their calamities. The KHEDIVE flays them with one hand, and plasters them with the other. He admits an unknown number of outsiders to share in the fund which they fondly hoped was reserved for their benefit; but he strives to convince them that what little is to come to them will not be stopped or squandered on the way. We must judge of such a scheme by the conditions under which it is framed. Its object is to do something without doing too much. The KHEDIVE has been obliged to declare himself insolvent, and he would perhaps have made considerable sacrifices and submitted to many unwelcome restrictions in order to avert a catastrophe which he felt to be humiliating. But no one would help him in any effectual way. He was obliged to own that he could not meet his engagements, and he thought that he could not do better than enter into an arrangement for the general treatment of his debts which should not be without its pleasant features for himself and the more pressing of his creditors. From this course of action he derived, not only some immediate financial comfort, but also the preservation of his own personal authority. He might be bankrupt, but he would be as much of a KHEDIVE as ever. Some change was, however, obviously necessary in his financial administration. His Ministers have been for some years profuse in budgets and estimates and figures of all sorts; and, if the simple system of drawing on imagination for financial facts would still have sufficed, no change need have been made. But, unfortunately, faith in Egyptian financial statements has gradually dwindled away, and a stern incredulity now greets those buoyant manifestoes for the production of which a few strokes of an inventor's pen used once to suffice. The parents of the new consolidated debt naturally wished that their offspring should not die as soon as it was born. It could be no gain to the KHEDIVE or his adroit friends to tack on a few odd millions to the debt unless the new debt commanded a fair price in the market. The use of bonds is to get other people to take them; and, unless the information supplied as to the mode in which the KHEDIVE disposed of his money had henceforth some degree of precision, purchasers for the new issue would be hard to find. The KHEDIVE has therefore offered to let a wondering world know exactly how much he gets in every year, and what becomes of it. But, on the other hand, the KHEDIVE, not having escaped bankruptcy, is not going to lose his supremacy. He is to remain the master of his own policy. He is not to transfer the government of Egypt into the hands of a Commission. He alone is to judge of the supreme necessities of his little State. His new decree has therefore been drawn up under the influence of counteracting aims. The bondholders are to have information, and to see that the revenue of the State is properly applied. The KHEDIVE is not to be lowered in his position, or fettered by the interference of foreigners. It is impossible that a scheme drawn up under such circumstances should not present many inconsistencies, that what one paragraph seems to establish another should not sweep away, or that positive regulations should not be made inoperative by sweeping reservations and exceptions. But it would be unjust to say that the security offered to bondholders is mere moonshine. They will know, with tolerable accuracy, what goes on in the regions of Egyptian finance, so long as no extraordinary causes of disturbance intervene. Had such a scheme been framed and worked with tolerable honesty for the last five years, the KHEDIVE would probably have escaped bankruptcy altogether.

The decree creates a Supreme Council of the Treasury, and sketches its constitution, its powers, and its duties. This Court is to consist of ten members—five foreigners and five natives—and of a President, whose nationality is left undetermined. It is to be divided into three sections. To the first section, consisting of three members, all foreigners, is entrusted the duty of superintending the receipt of revenue and its application to the proper purposes. The third section, consisting of three members, all natives, is to audit accounts. The second section, consisting of two foreigners and two natives, with the President, has functions of a still more important character. The Minister of Finance is to fix the Budget three months

before the close of each financial year, and the estimate is to be referred to the whole Council to see whether its members can suggest any improvement in its wording. This is a very humble task, and its narrow limits sufficiently show that the KHEDIVE intends to retain in his own hands the sole decision as to what money is to be spent and for what purposes. At the end of the year a statement is to be made showing how far the receipts and expenditure have tallied with the estimates of the Budget, and the Council is to receive a copy of this statement. This will inform the Council of the view which the Minister of Finance takes of his figures, but will do no more. But then, with regard to receipts and expenditure, the second section has important duties confided to it. It is in some vague way to watch over all receipts coming into the Treasury; and it has this control over all outgoings, that all orders for payment are to be submitted to it before being acted on, and, if found informal, or if found not to be in accordance with the provisions of the Budget, then the second section can stop their operations until a special order of the Privy Council declares them to be valid. This seems a device by no means deficient in ingenuity for reconciling the restraining power of a Council with the supremacy of the KHEDIVE. If the KHEDIVE wants to plunge into extraordinary expenditure he can do so, but then he must openly say, after express reference has been made to him, that this is his intention. This is the only part of the scheme, as transmitted by telegraph, which is easily intelligible. The nature and limits of the authority of the first section are almost hopelessly obscure. As it is to consist exclusively of foreigners, it might be supposed that it was created for the special protection of the bondholders. It seems intended to create a sphere of office tenanted by none but their friends, and expressions are used which may possibly imply that this section will be empowered to see that the revenues specially assigned for the payment of the bondholders are applied for this and no other purpose. But, again, expressions are used which suggest that, if any irregularity in the application of these assigned funds is detected, all that the first section can do is to get the second section to lay the matter before the Privy Council—that is, before the KHEDIVE—so that here again the check would be the same as that intended to restrain sudden and extraordinary expenditure. The KHEDIVE, if he meant to divert the assigned revenues, would have to say that he meant this. As the third section is to consist wholly of natives, and is to have the entire charge of auditing the accounts, the bondholders have no assurance that any obstacle will be placed in the way of those diversions of public money on the part of subordinate collectors by which no inconsiderable part of the revenue is supposed to be intercepted.

If this is really the basis of the scheme, as to which it is impossible to speak with confidence so long as the obscurity that overshadows a large part of the document is unremoved, then the gain to the bondholders may be said to be this. Revenue collected by natives and audited by natives will be paid into the Treasury. When it is there, so far as it forms part of the funds assigned to the bondholders, it will be held for them, unless the KHEDIVE expressly and deliberately orders otherwise. So far as it is part of the free income of the KHEDIVE, it will be paid in accordance with the Budget of the Minister of Finance, over which the new Council will have no other control than that of knowing, with more or less of exactitude, what it is that he says he is going to receive or has received, and what it is that he says he is going to spend or has spent. If expenditure is not according to the Budget, then the KHEDIVE will have expressly to declare that he accepts the responsibility, and orders it to be so. It must be allowed that something which they need not despise before it is tried is thus done for the bondholders. But everything will depend on how such a scheme is worked, and its working must depend on the character and standing of the foreign members of the Council. If the KHEDIVE respects them, if he feels that to lose their services, or to baffle or mislead them, or to see them condemned by official arts to inefficiency, would be a damaging blow to his credit and power, they may do considerable good. There are many abuses which they will not be able to prevent; but they cannot fail to know much more of the interior of Egyptian finance than has ever been known before, and the control afforded by the power of making the KHEDIVE expressly declare his intentions, if he is, for reasons, as he thinks, of great necessity, departing from his engagements or incurring unexpected charges, is not a slight one, if wielded by men whom the KHEDIVE respects. The foreign members of the Council are to be appointed by the Khedive, and by him according to the bargain he makes with each, and subject to dismissal at his pleasure. It would be easy for him to find five foreigners who would accept precarious posts, slur over their work, and do no good at all. But to make transparently bad appointments in order to nullify his own scheme is not the kind of fault which the KHEDIVE is likely to commit. He has his faults and he has his merits, and it is one of his merits that on conspicuous occasions he likes to employ foreigners who are not merely dummies. A very good start has been made by persuading Signor SCIALOJA to be the first President. It is improbable that he will consent long to hold the office; but it is fortunate that a man of ability and character has consented to watch over the first beginnings of the new system. If the other foreign members are well chosen, and the native members are not very badly chosen, the Council may from the outset establish for itself a position which will enable it to make the apparently limited functions entrusted to it of real utility.

LORD SANDON'S EDUCATION BILL.

WE are only imitating the caution of the speakers who followed Lord SANDON in a rapid succession of short observations on Thursday evening if we decline to commit ourselves to any decided opinion upon the Education Bill. We may, however, confidently say that the introduction of this measure is a landmark in the history of English public opinion on educational questions. It has—at all events since 1870—been the easy commonplace of political controversy to insist that the Liberal and Conservative parties were intrinsically opposed to each other in this matter, and respectively represented willingness and unwillingness to provide some effective process for bringing elementary education home to the entire community. An ostensible justification no doubt existed for this assertion in the fact that the special machinery for carrying out compulsion created by Mr. FORSTER'S Education Act was the detail which, in spite of the general applause with which that measure as a whole was received, was clearly not its favourite feature; while, in the years which have since elapsed, the popularity of School Boards has certainly not increased. The fortunes of war had emphatically thrown the Conservatives on the defensive at that time, and, in their then condition, to draw fine distinctions would have been nothing less than political suicide. Their policy was to criticize the details of Mr. FORSTER'S Bill within its four corners, and leave the future to take care of itself. The Act of 1870 did not venture upon universal School Boards, neither did it venture upon universal compulsion; but it yoked compulsion and School Boards together, with an assurance which served to blind men to the artificial nature of the ligature. The zealots of the Birmingham League were not slow to avail themselves of this casual advantage, and in the hands of Mr. DIXON and his party School Board and compulsion not only became convertible terms, but were synonymous with war against the great voluntary and denominational system which had grown up at a vast outlay of personal labour and munificence all over the country.

In face, however, of this disadvantageous conjuncture, impartial bystanders were compelled to recognize the growth of a conviction within the Conservative lines that the secret of true educational policy was to be sought in some system of wide compulsion which need not involve the burdensome addition of School Boards. Lord SANDON'S Bill is the overt proclamation of this principle, and it accordingly claims respectful consideration even from those who may feel misgivings upon details as to which the VICE-PRESIDENT, with all his clearness of exposition, was only able to give a cursory sketch. We are inclined to think that he did less than justice to his own plans by the carefulness with which he sought to distinguish between the power of "direct compulsion," which towns and parishes are hereafter to be allowed to place in the hands of their corporations or their guardians, and that compulsion which is to work itself all over the country by the stringency with which the educational test is to be made the direct necessary antecedent of all profitable employment. Surely it is only quibbling upon words to say that the latter kind of compulsion will be in-

genious trap for dunces, is not in its own way a very "direct" one, while, as Lord SANDON pointed out, it is undoubtedly free from the apparent meddlesomeness inherent in the employment of search officers. We do not pause to inquire whether, as a mere question of statistics, it will be equally efficient in bringing to school the whole residue of "wastrels"; for those who fight the question merely upon the battle-field of figures forget the very potent element of human nature, which ought pre-eminently to be respected in a period of transition from an old condition of happy-go-lucky to one of general tightening up. No matter how mechanically efficient you make a system, if you succeed at the same time in making it unpopular by your details, you are probably taking the most efficient course for securing the rapid decay of that efficiency. Now if there is one thing which—even more than being patronized by their betters in worldly means—our working classes are suspicious about, it is being hunted up. We do not justify the suspicion, while we recognize its existence; but we must observe that hunting up—however needful and however tactically carried out—is, after all, the essence of what we venture to call decidedly "direct compulsion." In matters of health police, such as—in spite of Mr. GLADSTONE—vaccination, the State must inexorably hunt up; but the process becomes very delicate within the moral sphere. As Lord SANDON proposes, any locality which chooses to put itself under this kind of compulsion may do so *mero motu*, and must then swallow the results, while his Bill is framed to make the process as easy as possible; but for the rest of the country we are not sorry that the directness of the compulsion will continue to be—at all events until the experiment has been fairly tried—a self-working one. Although Mr. MUNDELLA failed to see it, the risk to our national self-reliance in a system which would be after all one of universal police agency is at least sufficiently plausible to counsel caution. The point at which it may be weakest is that of girls in agricultural districts who may be looking, not to work either in the fields or the factories, but to domestic service, with its laxer relations between employer and employed, and we shall watch with curiosity to see if any special provisions are made to meet their case. Such provisions must be necessarily somewhat inquisitorial, but they cannot be more inquisitorial than those inherent in the more extreme form of direct compulsion.

Mr. FORSTER legitimately discharged his duty as critic of the Opposition when he foresaw difficulties in Lord SANDON'S suggestion, founded on a provision of the Act of 1870, to give exceptional help to the schools in places which were so poor that a threepenny rate would not represent six shillings per child. This is no doubt a deflection, so far as it goes, from ideal symmetry; but, as ideal symmetry has happily never been the rule in England, we may afford to consider the proposal in its practical bearings. It is obviously intended to do something towards redressing the illegitimate advantages which the new rate-supported institutions, with their wide powers of compulsory taxation, enjoy over the older and widespread system of voluntary schools—created, and in great part sustained, by immense efforts of spontaneous munificence—without which England would have remained an uneducated country. Lord SANDON no doubt offered the decorous explanation that the poor Board school would, if it made out its case, participate in the same privilege. Consistency required no less from him, but the independent supporters of the proposal had better rely upon less merely ostensible arguments. The stringency with which the Act of 1870 has—we must conclude against the wishes of its authors—pressed upon voluntary schools is a matter of notoriety. There can be therefore no motive for mystification about a suggestion which proposes to redress the existing inequality without creating a contrary injustice to the prejudice of schools set up by the Boards. We cannot see that Lord SANDON'S plan runs this risk, and we are therefore ready, without committing ourselves to any details, to give it favourable consideration.

The vehemence with which Mr. READ and Mr. STORER denounced the supposed interference of the ten years' limit with the needs of the farmer at least shows that this branch of the discussion will not be glossed over; so we hold ourselves exonerated from entering upon it at this moment. But we must note that, while the rhetoric of those members amounted to the virtual assertion that the Government Bill would make all employment of childish labour at an emergency impossible, Lord SANDON had particularly called attention to provisions for excepting the seasons at which the principal crops are harvested.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

M. RICARD'S death would have been a more serious blow to M. DUFAURE'S Cabinet if the political intimacy existing between the late MINISTER of the INTERIOR and his UNDER-SECRETARY had not made M. DE MARCÈRE'S succession a natural event. A serious effort seems to have been made to induce Marshal MACMAHON to replace M. RICARD by a Minister of less pronounced Republican views. The precise constitutional position alike of the PRESIDENT and of the Cabinet is still unascertained. In theory Marshal MACMAHON has no more to do with the appointment of Ministers than the Queen of ENGLAND has, but in practice he has hitherto exercised very much larger powers. Circumstances had marked out M. DUFAURE as the Minister best fitted to meet the new Chamber of Deputies, and M. DUFAURE was not likely to give a seat in his Cabinet to any one whom the MARSHAL would dislike. But M. RICARD had come more prominently forward on the Republican side since his appointment than he had done before, and when he was suddenly taken away the old Conservative party doubtless hoped that Marshal MACMAHON might have been frightened by the recent administration of the Interior, and might insist upon the new Minister being taken from the Conservative wing of the Cabinet. Had he done so, M. DUFAURE'S position would have become exceedingly difficult. To resist the MARSHAL might have been to provoke him to try the experiment of constructing a Cabinet more after his own taste, thereby throwing the whole Republican party into opposition and renewing the intrigues which were so rife in the late Assembly. Yet to yield to him would have been no less dangerous. The existing Ministry is essentially a coalition Ministry, and M. RICARD was the acknowledged representative of one-half of the coalition. M. DUFAURE might easily have found a colleague who would have been more in accord with his own views than M. RICARD, but then the Ministry would have become a purely DUFAURE Ministry, and, as such, would not have commanded the confidence of the Chamber of Deputies. The conflict between the Executive and the Legislature, which would have been imminent had M. DUFAURE refused to name a Minister such as the MARSHAL would accept, would thus have been equally imminent if he had consented to name one. It is easy to see how those possibilities must have excited the politicians who had once so much weight in Marshal MACMAHON'S counsels. The Duke of BROGLIE and M. BUFFET have for the present retired from public life, but there is no reason to suppose that they have ceased to interest themselves in politics. With the existing Chamber of Deputies they cannot hope to do anything; but if the MARSHAL could once be brought to quarrel with his Republican Ministers, and to carry on the government by a Cabinet composed without reference to Parliamentary considerations, there would still be a chance for them. It is a difficult matter for French politicians to convince themselves that the influence of the Administration in the elections has really come to an end, and though M. BUFFET cannot resist the evidence of this fact supplied by the composition of the present Chamber, he probably thinks that the change was accidental rather than permanent, and that if he were once more in office, more consistent administrative pressure might produce better electoral results. There is this much of reason in this notion that, if Marshal MACMAHON were governing in direct defiance of a majority in the Chamber, many of the electors might feel that they had to make their choice between the Executive, as the representative of order and public tranquillity, and the Legislature, as the representative of confusion and social weakness. If the case were thus presented, their new-born zeal for constitutional and Parliamentary privileges might not stand the trial.

Fortunately for France the plot, if plot there was, has completely failed. Marshal MACMAHON has accepted M. DE MARCÈRE with a frankness and loyalty which does honour to his political sagacity. To M. RICARD he had in a measure grown accustomed, and to a man of the MARSHAL'S temperament familiarity is probably an important element in liking. He is supposed to be exceedingly unwilling to differ from a Minister to whom he has once given his con-

fidence, and the hostility of the Extreme Left to M. RICARD'S dealings with the prefects had perhaps made him additionally in favour with the MARSHAL. But when it came to choosing a successor to M. RICARD, it would not have been strange if Marshal MACMAHON had hesitated as to persevering in the course to which M. RICARD had gradually committed him. M. RICARD'S policy was now suddenly dissociated from M. RICARD, and the MARSHAL was asked to accept the policy on its own merits. There was besides the fact that this policy had proved to be more decisively Republican than it had promised to be when the Ministry took office. There was a special element in its Republicanism which might very well have been distasteful to the MARSHAL. M. RICARD thoroughly understood that the Republic has only one enemy worthy of serious fear, and none of his Ministerial acts and speeches had been characterized by so much energy and resolution as his opposition to the Imperialists. To assail a Bonapartist in the Chamber was a real pleasure to him, and of all the many passages of arms they have had with the Republicans none perhaps gave the Bonapartists more annoyance than M. RICARD'S contemptuous distinction between a party which has been deposed and a party which has still the power of abdicating. Now, though Marshal MACMAHON is not an Imperialist, he has been a soldier of the Empire, and though he has from the first acquiesced in the establishment of the Republic, and has never shown the least disposition to intrigue on behalf of NAPOLEON IV., he may still feel that attacks directed against the Empire are to some extent aimed at those who served under it, as well as against those who are labouring to restore it. When Marshal MACMAHON steadily put all these considerations aside and accepted M. DE MARCÈRE as Minister of the Interior, he made the greatest concession to constitutional principles that has yet been demanded of him. The result is that M. RICARD'S death, which seemed at first to be fraught with so much danger to the Republican character of the Ministry, has brought its Republican character into fresh prominence. The fear of having a successor to M. RICARD who would virtually reverse his policy has led the Left to welcome M. DE MARCÈRE'S accession to power with a degree of enthusiasm which they have not previously displayed towards the Cabinet. M. DE MARCÈRE enters office with all the credit derived from the Circulars to the prefects, of which he appears to have been the real author, and without any of the unpopularity which M. RICARD had drawn upon himself by the alleged imperfection of his measures for reconstructing his staff in the departments.

The only matter which has occupied the Chamber of Deputies since the recess has been the several proposals made by the Left for an amnesty to the condemned Communists. The real motive of this demand was perhaps to commit M. GAMBETTA either to a quarrel with the extreme Republicans, or to an association with them which would dispose of his pretensions to the leadership of the Moderate Republicans. That any practical result could be expected from the proposal seems impossible. Even M. RASPAIL would probably admit, if he spoke truly, that the concession of an amnesty to the Communists would involve the overthrow of the Republican Government. It is almost certain that, if the peasantry and the middle classes knew that France was full of released Communists, and that these released Communists had been dealt with, not by a series of individual pardons granted as a reward of good behaviour since conviction, and with some ground for believing that they would not offend in like manner again, but by a comprehensive amnesty, which simply wipes out the past, and asks no proof from the objects of it that they have either modified their opinions or repented of the mode in which they gave effect to them, the conclusion drawn would be that the Republican Government either secretly sympathized with the Commune or felt too weak to dispense with the support of Communists. Either of these inferences would be fatal to the existing order of things. Republics have been credited with many virtues, but in France they have not of late years had the reputation of strength. The reconquest of Paris from the Commune did at least prove that a Republic could be as determined and even as cruel in putting down revolution as the oldest monarchy in the world. M. DUFAURE'S speech on Thursday showed that the Government has lost none of the resolution which characterized it five years ago. As regards the Communists now in the hands of the authorities, he asked the Chamber to leave it to the PRESIDENT and his Ministers to determine which of the prisoners can be justly pardoned, and which must, either from the nature of their offences or from their own obstinacy in denying that they have offended, be refused pardon. If the Chamber has not confidence in the choice of the Ministry, let it find Ministers in whom it has more confidence. As regards the Communists who have escaped, and who, living abroad, employ their activity in exciting hatred against their country, or in predicting the reprisals which they one day hope to execute, they accord no amnesty to France, and France can accord none to them. M. DUFAURE seems to have caught the temper of the Chamber, and to have made precisely the speech which was most certain to please it.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION IN SPAIN.

THE debate in the Spanish Cortes on religious toleration has ended in the adoption, by an overwhelming majority, of the formula proposed by the Ministers. Protestants and other nonconformists are by the letter of the law to enjoy freedom of worship, but they are prohibited from the celebration of religious rites in public. If the law is construed in its natural and obvious sense, the nonconformists have little reason for dissatisfaction. Protestants have no need of processions in the streets, and it may be presumed that prayers and sermons in their own chapels are not included in the prohibition of publicity. Difficulty is most likely to occur at funerals, which are necessarily conducted out of doors, but probably the law which may be ultimately adopted will provide for ordinary and unavoidable contingencies. It seems to be understood on all hands that the fragment of religious liberty which is conceded by law will depend for its reality on the spirit in which the law may be administered. Local functionaries will for the most part be indulgent or troublesome as they may think that liberality or intolerance is for the time in favour at Madrid. The present chief Minister, though he has often shown anxiety to conciliate the clergy, is not personally a bigot. Though his speech in the debate disappointed those who are in favour of religious liberty, his motives for avoiding a rupture with the extreme Conservatives were evidently political and not sectarian. Excessive caution induced CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO at the commencement of the KING'S reign to make imprudent promises to the NUNCIO; but some months afterwards he preferred temporary retirement from office to the redemption of his pledges. During the late discussion the Ministers have steadily adhered to the limited form of toleration which they had previously sanctioned; and they have undertaken that the concession shall not be unduly limited by a harsh and narrow administration. The question of religious liberty in Spain concerns a small part of the native population, and probably English and American residents will not be habitually molested. It is said that the Spanish Protestants number about four thousand, after thirty years of zealous proselytism, aided by a profuse distribution of Bibles. Except at the first beginning of the Reformation Protestant opinions and tendencies have found little acceptance in Spain. There, as in other Catholic countries, the clergy connive at the indifference of the educated laity to doctrines and practices which are successfully inculcated on a portion of the peasantry and on the women of all classes.

The interest of the discussion in the Cortes depended principally on the extravagant and yet logical demands of the Moderates, or ultra-Conservative party. With the exception of the POPE'S little territory on the right bank of the Tiber, Spain is now the only country in which the pretensions of the Roman Church are openly avowed. French prelates affect to found their claims to control education on their zeal for equal liberty of teaching, which is, as they plaintively contend, infringed by the more or less qualified monopoly of the State. In Germany the Catholic hierarchy assumes with some show of reason the attitude of a victim of persecution; and in England, Ireland, and the United States the organs of the Church profess to be the most earnest advocates of religious equality. French and English prelates probably regard with envious sympathy the happier condition of Spain. It is true that heresy is not summarily and finally suppressed by the secular arm; but Protestantism at most enjoys a contemptuous and limited toleration, which is conceded after a protest from orators who have great influence with the dominant party. The demand for religious unity in Spain would scarcely be attributed by Mr. GLADSTONE himself to the newfangled dogmas of the

Vatican Council. Down to the beginning of the present century the Spaniards were proud of the results of the Inquisition; and even in later times they have never heartily adopted modern notions of religious equality. The Concordat which was concluded by the pious GONZALEZ BRAVO four-and-twenty years ago admitted nearly all the pretensions of the Holy See. It was not until the dethronement of ISABELLA that heterodox forms of worship were nominally permitted; and, as soon as the anarchy of the short-lived Republic was at an end, the party which became dominant sought the alliance of the clergy. CANOVAS DEL CASTILLO and his colleagues do the Catholic Church good service in repressing the excessive zeal of their own Moderate supporters, while they professedly adhere to the Concordat. It cannot be the interest of any party to identify itself with a policy which is condemned by the opinion of the civilized world.

As the English papers have not thought it worth while to publish detailed reports of the debate in the Cortes, the arguments on both sides can only be conjecturally known. In substance the extreme party must have contended that, if religious dissidence was an evil to be discountenanced, it ought to be effectually suppressed. The Ministers and their more reasonable supporters probably demonstrated the imprudence of furnishing the adversaries of royalty and order with a plausible grievance. Señor CASTELAR had no difficulty in delivering an eloquent exposition of the rights of man, including freedom of conscience; but in an assembly which is proud of its orthodoxy the arguments of professed free-thinkers exercise little influence. It may be assumed that a brilliant exposition of first principles and general propositions suits the taste of a Spanish Cortes, though it would jar on the taste of an English House of Commons. The Moderates, like all thoroughgoing partisans, had had much to say for themselves, and in exposure of the inconsistency of their adversaries. Persecution has never been successful except when it was severe and uncompromising. If the consequences of intolerant doctrines are shocking and repulsive, the so-called falsehood of extremes is but an enlargement into visible dimensions of premisses which are originally false. It is impossible to reduce a sound proposition to an absurdity. The majority of the Cortes recognized the right of the Catholic Church to supremacy, but not to exclusive existence. The opponents of all toleration carried the same principles further. A hundred years ago the Roman Catholic Church in England and Ireland was subjected to not less stringent disabilities; but Protestant intolerance had some excuse in the earlier connexion between religious and political contests. The few Protestants in Spain have not been accused of disaffection, having indeed never been numerous enough to attain political importance. The Republicans, from whom danger may sooner or later be apprehended, have no sympathy with Protestantism. It is doubtful whether any kind of reformed faith would flourish in Spain even if the most ample license were extended to nonconformists. In the sixteenth century the removal of a certain number of accretions from the prevailing creed left behind it the doctrines and organizations which are known by the common name of Protestantism. No such nucleus is to be found at the centre of the modern Roman Catholic system. The Spanish Protestants have derived their opinions from external sources, and principally from the teaching of foreign missionaries.

The popular belief in the profound sagacity of Jesuits and others who direct the machinery of the Romish Church has been rudely disturbed by the successive alienation of almost all Catholic Governments from their former allegiance to the Holy See. Two or three years ago, while Spain was in temporary revolt, the POPE piteously declared that an insignificant Republic in South America was the only State in the world which retained its pristine fidelity to the Church. The adventurer who then ruled over New Granada has since been assassinated; but, by unexpected good fortune, Spain has voluntarily returned to the sacred fold. It might have been supposed that the policy pursued towards a repentant population would be considered with some degree of reference to the interests of the Church in other parts of the world. An English Cardinal would cultivate popularity at public meetings or charitable committees with more effect if the NUNCIO at Madrid were not incessantly demanding the forcible suppression of the Protestant heresy. It is easy to understand a wish to reduce England, France, and Germany to the condition of Spain; but the object is not likely to be attained by giving practical proof that the opponents of Papal aggression are justified in their apprehensions. Where outward uniformity of faith is, as in Spain, almost universally established, it seems scarcely worth while to call attention to the jealousy which may be naturally felt by the clergy on account of the establishment of a few insignificant dissenting communities. If the NUNCIO had been instructed to affect indifference to the moderate toleration proposed by the Spanish Minister, the representatives of Rome in other countries might have boasted of the liberal policy of the Church. The Syllabus indeed theoretically condemns both toleration and popular government; but the Holy See might have derived credit from a practical demonstration of its power and willingness to explain away its own more obnoxious doctrines. One result of the debate on religious toleration was to show how effectually the Cortes had been packed. There had been some reason to fear that the Moderates might prove troublesome; but in the end the opponents of the Government were left in a small minority.

LAW AND LIQUOR.

IT would be interesting to inquire, if there were any means of ascertaining the facts, upon what sort of evidence the alleged unanimity of the Irish people in wishing to see public-houses shut on Sundays really rests. Experience has proved that upon no question is the popular feeling more likely to be misunderstood. Where the clergy actively support a proposed change, and where a certain number of benevolent gentry are disposed to take the same view, it is not at all difficult to get together a very formidable array of petitions. Those who sign them probably do so with no idea that the prayer which they present to Parliament is at all likely to be granted; and when the danger of signing seems slight and distant in comparison with the danger of offending a neighbour who may some day have the power to do them a good turn, the chances are very much against a refusal. Serious opposition to a measure of this kind has an inconvenient habit of not showing itself until the mischief is done. It is certain that the zeal of the House of Commons for Irish sobriety would very soon grow cool if the news came that several public-houses had been wrecked on the previous Sunday, and that troops had been sent off in all directions to prevent the process from being repeated on a larger scale on the following Sunday. It would at once be discovered that, as the only motive for passing the Bill had been the belief that it was supported by the whole population of Ireland, and as subsequent events had plainly shown that an influential minority, at all events, would not have supported it, even by their silence, if they had understood what was going to happen, the best course to take would be to repeal the Act, and then to refer the whole subject to a Royal Commission. Yet the belief that the closing of public-houses on the Sunday is universally desired in Ireland rests on grounds which, poor as they may be, are irrefutable compared with the grounds on which the belief that such a measure would stop drunkenness rests. We have pointed out before now that this expectation would necessarily be disappointed by the keeping qualities of whisky. However much the noble spirit may have been injured by the addition of an inferior liquor from Scotland, it is not yet so bad that it will not remain good from Saturday night to Monday morning. It would take a week or two to convince people that there was no longer any possibility of entering a public-house between those limits, and during that interval sober Sundays might be more common. But as soon as the necessity of taking thought for the morrow has been mastered, the most careless Irishman will understand that his enjoyment on the Sunday will depend on his laying in a store of liquor on the Saturday. The whisky-bottle will become a still more permanent servant than it is already, and when once it has taken root in a household it is a familiar hard to be dislodged.

We are not careful, however, to go into the question how far the feeling of Irishmen is in favour of Mr. SMITH'S Resolution, because we are not prepared to support it, even if the advocacy of it were virtually unanimous. The compulsory closing of public-houses for twenty-four hours in every week is not a reform to be played with. Either it is right to make the good of the drunkard the measure of the sober man's liberty, or it is not. If it is right, why do we not begin the process in this country? It may be that the opposition likely to be aroused by compulsory closing on Sundays in England would prevent the immediate

passing of such a Bill; but why do we not begin to prepare the way for it? The answer is, that Sunday is the working-man's chief holiday, that it is the day when he sees his friends, and gets out into the country, or into the more open streets, and that consequently it is the day when he most wants to drink a glass or two of beer from time to time. Sunday is often a dull day even to rich men; but if we imagine what it would be to a well-to-do Londoner if his club were shut up, if his friends were all out of town, and if the key of the cellar had been lost, we shall get some idea of what it would be to a poor man if there were no public-houses open. Mr. SMYTH proposes that we should lay the sober population of Ireland under this disability, on the chance that a certain minority which gets drunk whenever it has a chance may learn self-control by being habitually kept out of temptation. There is nothing so specially interesting about Irish drunkards as to tempt us to throw overboard in their favour principles which we still think it right to maintain in the case of English drunkards. Drunkenness causes so much crime and so much poverty that, if only the drunkards were to be thought of, we might be glad enough to see public-houses closed in England as well as in Ireland, and on weekdays as well as on Sundays. But it is essential to remember that they serve other purposes in the social economy of the poor than that of enabling a man to fuddle away his senses in the shortest possible time. So long as these other purposes are served in no other way, the closing of public-houses is a point on which sober men have more claim to be listened to than drunkards; and if this is admitted, the question is not disposed of by the statement that a majority of the Irish people are in favour of Mr. SMYTH'S proposal. There must be a very much nearer approach to unanimity than this before a case has been made out for the closing of public-houses on Sundays in Ireland; and if once the whole population, sober and drunken alike, should come to this conclusion, the aid of Parliament will hardly be required to give effect to it.

The latest nostrum for the cure of drunkenness in England was discussed on Wednesday. Mr. COWEN asked the House of Commons to give a second reading to a Bill transferring the jurisdiction in licensing cases to a special Board elected by the ratepayers, and exercising all the powers as regards the granting or withholding licenses which are now exercised by the justices of the peace. Mr. COWEN must have extraordinary confidence in the sober dispositions of the people of England, or he would never have proposed to leave such a question as this to the decision of household suffrage. We are almost driven to think that he must have cherished a secret design of driving Parliament to prohibit the liquor traffic altogether rather than endure the scandals which would certainly grow up in connexion with such contests as those contemplated by this Bill. Every three years the publicans throughout England and Wales would know that their interests depended on the result of the election to the Licensing Board, and they would move heaven and earth to secure the return of representatives like-minded with themselves. In certain districts no doubt, where the organization of abstainers is complete, and their numbers are large, a victory would be gained for the cause of prohibition. A Licensing Board would be elected as consistent in its opposition to the liquor trade as the Birmingham School Board is to Denominational education. But the example would only serve as a warning in other parts of the country; and even in the district in which it was originally set it would have to hold its own against constant, and probably successful, attempts to reverse the decision of the ratepayers. The tribunal created by this Bill would never be better than the Licensing Justices, while it would in most cases be very much worse. Where it did not embody the principle of fanatical opposition or of interested deference to the publicans, it would consist of men unable to get elected to more important local Boards and glad to profit by the dislike which those whose time is already fully occupied with local business would feel to being members of a new and distinct body. While the country was startled by the violence of abstainers in one district, and shocked by the truculence of the publicans in another, the great mass of the licensing business would be transferred to men of lower social position and inferior social influence than those in whose hands it now is. It is hard to see how a powerful trade interest is likely to be kept under stricter control by such a change as this.

THE BURIALS QUESTION.

THE debate on Lord GRANVILLE'S motion with regard to the law of burial may be taken as a fair representation of public opinion on the subject. There is a general desire to do all that can fairly be done to meet any real grievance which can be shown to exist, and to put an end to a painful and unseemly controversy which jars on every one; but at the same time there is a difficulty in bringing the question into a form that admits of friendly compromise. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY expressed a confident opinion that, if people would only set their minds to the determined purpose of settling the question, it would be settled; but the result of his own cogitations in this direction is hardly encouraging. In the course of a series of remarks in which he ingeniously contrived to say something that could scarcely fail to be unpleasant to every party in turn, he ended by a proposal to settle the question by practically surrendering the rights of the Church without appeasing the hostility of the Nonconformists, or removing the pretexts on which the present hollow and artificial agitation is based. No logical distinction can be drawn between hymns and prayers; for whatever might be said in the latter case might be just as easily sung in the former, and the only effect of restricting the Nonconformists to hymns would be to enable them to argue that their rights were acknowledged in principle, but wantonly and capriciously curtailed in practice. Nothing can be more idle, and indeed mischievous, than a form of settlement which really settles nothing, and leaves the controversy open as before. The truth is that what the main body of those who support this agitation want is not so much anything for themselves as an opportunity of doing something to humiliate the Church. Of course no one doubts the sincerity of such men as Lord GRANVILLE and Lord SELBORNE when they protest that nothing is further from their thoughts than the idea of doing any harm to the Church of England; and, if they were the only parties to an arrangement with the Church, it might easily be made. It must be remembered, however, that behind their backs are ranged a very different set of people, who hold very different views. It is idle, after the distinct and repeated declarations of the Liberation Society, to pretend that, as far as that body is concerned, the question is confined within the narrow limits which Lord GRANVILLE assigns to it. At the meeting of the Society at Birmingham the other day, at which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose aims are well known, presided, Dr. LANDELS, the chief orator of the occasion, boldly proclaimed that the Burials cry was important to his party only as "a step nearer to the ultimate goal. "There will then," he said, "be not much between us and "the citadel. Having taken possession of all the out-"works, the fortress itself will soon fall into our hands; "for we do not conceal the fact that this is our final aim, "and that we cannot rest satisfied until that aim has "been realized." We see no necessity for accepting Dr. LANDELS'S fatalistic view of the future of a Church which was perhaps never so strong, energetic, and successful in its highest work as at present; nor can we admit that the right of getting into the churches should necessarily follow from getting into the churchyards. But it is at least clear that the demands now made are only part of a general assault on the existence of the Establishment; and, under such circumstances, the warmth of feeling on the part of the besieged is certainly not surprising.

It is obvious, indeed, that there can be no chance of an agreement until it is distinctly recognized that, as Lord SALISBURY said, there are two sets of grievances to be balanced. On the one hand, something may be done for the Nonconformists; but, on the other hand, the supporters of the Church have a right to stipulate for securities against that logical development of the present agitation which Dr. LANDELS so gleefully anticipates. As long as the question rests on its present footing, fresh bitterness will continue to be infused into the contest; unreasonable things on one side will provoke unreasonable things on the other, and nothing will be done. Every one will agree with the maxim quoted by Lord COLERIDGE that magnanimity is in politics often the truest wisdom; but the lesson requires to be enforced at least as much without the Church as within it. In itself the burials question is a comparatively simple one, and might be disposed of without much trouble; it is the ulterior objects with which it is associated that constitute the difficulty. It was hoped, no doubt, that the vagueness of a Resolution would attract general support, but it is evident that Lord GRANVILLE made a mistake in not reducing

his proposal to the precision of a Bill, for even the speakers on his own side took care to separate themselves from him on this point. The fact is that a Resolution in such a case was a mere waste of time, since, even if it had been carried, a Bill would still have had to be produced before the proposed plan could be clearly understood. It may be desirable, as the first part of the Resolution set forth, that facilities should be given for the interment of the dead without the use of the Burial Service of the Church of England, when this is desired; but when the second part goes on to propose throwing open the churchyards to "such Christian and orderly religious services" as may seem fit to the relatives and friends, it is necessary to know what authority is to interpret this rule, and what arrangements are to be made for enforcing it.

When the subject is regarded in its matter-of-fact aspects, it is at once seen how unjustifiable it would be to make a sweeping change in order to provide for a small and temporary difficulty. Lord GRANVILLE chose to assume that the existing arrangements are a serious grievance to the whole body of Dissenters; but, in point of fact, it is only a very small fraction of them which, on any supposition, is directly affected. This was shown very conclusively by the HOME SECRETARY in the House of Commons, and the Duke of RICHMOND repeated the facts on Monday night. In all the more populous districts cemeteries have been, or are in course of being, provided; and where there are cemeteries, Dissenters can have their own way without interfering with other people. It is only in rural sparsely populated places that the churchyard is the only burial-ground; and there is no reason to believe that this is found particularly oppressive by the Nonconformists immediately concerned. Lord SELBORNE stated very truly that, though there may be much occasional nonconformity and much preference for irregular over regular ministrations in rural parishes, there is little, if any, real alienation from the Church or its services. The people, whatever may be their tastes as to preaching, like to be married and buried according to the cherished traditional forms; and indeed it is found that, even in the great centres of nonconformity, where there is a choice of consecrated and unconsecrated ground, the former is deliberately preferred by a large proportion of the body. Under these circumstances, with the old churchyards being gradually closed up, and cemeteries being opened, whatever grievance in this respect may have hitherto existed is gradually reduced by a steady automatic process which in course of time will remove it altogether. The actual state of things therefore may be said to be this—that the outcry against the present system comes chiefly, if not exclusively, from those who themselves are not directly touched by it in any way, and who merely complain vicariously on behalf of others, while most of these others are apparently unconscious of the supposed injury which is done to them, and are quite content to submit to it. All that is wanted, therefore, is to make provision in these exceptional cases for a separate piece of ground if it should be wanted, or for opening the churchyard to funerals without the regular service if it is objected to. These are, in fact, the whole dimensions of the only real grievance which exists, and which must not be confounded with the purely imaginary injuries that are conjured up for the gratification of sectarian vanity and malice. There could hardly be a stronger proof of the hypocrisy of the cry, and the reckless perversion of notorious facts with which it is carried on, than the excuse which the *Times* puts forth for the change in the conduct of the political Dissenters. Formerly, it is known, they professed to regard the Church and everything connected with it as an abomination, and to be anxious to get out of its way as much as possible. They were afraid even of the shadow of the steeple. Now they cannot nestle near enough the Church, and dream of getting inside. But this feverish passion for burial in ground "hallowed by sacred" and ancestral memories" is not, as the *Times* pretends, an outbreak of dormant grievances, but a repudiation of old Nonconformist principles and ideas. When some distinct practical proposal for satisfying the Nonconformists without infringing the natural rights of the Church, or jeopardizing public order and decency, is propounded, it will be time enough to give it consideration. The Government has once more pledged itself to deal with the subject, and there can be no doubt that it can do so more advantageously than any one else. It may be regretted that the ecclesiastical dignitaries to whom the official defence of the Church is entrusted should apparently be more concerned in keeping up the forms of empty State than the reality of a distinctive Church; but it is to be hoped that the Government and Parliament will clearly understand that, while it is desirable to grant Dissenters the greatest possible amount of freedom for themselves, it is necessary to guard against those encroachments on their part on the freedom of others which have of late been so plainly and menacingly proclaimed.

SPENSER IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

APPRECIATION of Spenser, it is often said, is the best test of true poetical feeling. He is the "poets' poet"; his great poem is the pure essence of imagination, delighting in its own exercise, and therefore delightful to others. Moreover, it has generally been held of late years that the eighteenth century was a kind of poetical interregnum. Pope, according to the followers of Wordsworth or Shelley, was merely a writer of brilliant prose in rhyme. Therefore, it follows, people in the eighteenth century could not appreciate Spenser. Men who worshipped Pope must have had their instincts numbed. To this *à priori* argument it is added that, as a matter of fact, the critics of that period spoke with habitual contempt of this most admirable poet. Southey, for example, in the Life of Cowper gives as the sentiment of the official critics of the day that, "if the tiresome uniformity of Spenser's measure did not render the *Faerie Queen* insupportable, that poem would be laid aside in disgust as soon as it was taken up, because of the filthy images and loathsome allegories with which it abounds." And Southey is merely expressing the orthodox view of the Lake school and their admirers.

We do not deny that this statement contains a measure of truth. The critic must have a very catholic taste who can do justice at once to Pope and to Spenser; and most critics of the last century accepted the canons of taste embodied in Pope's poetry. Still it may be interesting to note some of the exceptions to this general rule; for it may possibly appear that, here as in some other cases, we are too ready to call our grandfathers fools. In our hasty classification we mark whole generations with a convenient label, and forget that a hundred years ago there were a good many people alive who had presumably many different standards of taste. Southey was possibly thinking of one of Johnson's *Ramblers*. Johnson admits in that paper that allegory is permissible, which, as he was much given to allegories after a fashion of his own, is no great concession. But he speaks strongly of the "tiresome" nature of Spenser's stanza, and objects to his obsolete diction. "Perhaps," he characteristically concludes, "the style of Spenser might by long labour be justly copied; but life is surely given to us for higher purposes than to gather what our ancestors have wisely thrown away, and to learn what is of no value but because it has been forgotten." The paper proves, however, whatever it may prove as to Johnson's poetical taste, that Spenser was then (1751) being frequently imitated; for it is expressly directed against the practice of such imitations, "which, by the influence of some men of learning and genius, seems likely to gain upon the age."

That Spenser was enjoyed by a great many readers may be proved by some remarkable instances. We are told, for example, by Warton in his Essay on Pope, that Lord Somers was passionately fond of the *Faerie Queen*, and desired to be painted in his last portrait by Kneller with a copy of Spenser in his hand. Other statesmen followed his example. The great Chatham is said to have read only one book—namely, the *Faerie Queen*—and to have been always reading it. The statement is not to be taken too literally; for, according to Lord Monboddo of ourang-outang celebrity, Chatham once said in the House of Lords that the most instructive book he had ever read was Plutarch's Lives. If a man's library were to be confined to two books, this would not be a bad selection. Spenser, again, was one of the favourite poets of Burke, who refers to him and quotes him with evident affection in the Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. Charles Fox, too, is reported to have been exceedingly fond of reading Spenser. These four eminent statesmen and orators, all of whom lived in the dark ages of poetry, form a satisfactory catena of authority to prove that Spenser was at least not forgotten by what may be called the literary laity. We should fear that it would not be easy to make out a similar list in our own day from equally prominent members of Parliament.

Turning from the statesmen to the recognized leaders of criticism, we naturally look to Addison and Steele. Addison gave laws, through his "little senate," to all who aspired to have a taste in the beginning of the century. The criticisms on Milton in the *Spectator* undoubtedly did much to spread a general conviction of the greatness of the noblest of English poets. But Addison, it must be confessed, did not appreciate the merits of the earlier poet whom Milton, according to Dryden, confessed to be "his original." He speaks with patronizing contempt of "old Spenser's" vagaries; and seems to think that the *Faerie Queen* will not bear inspection:—

> But now, the mystic tale that pleased of yore
> Can charm an understanding age no more;
> The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
> While the dull moral lies too plain below.

This is rather an unkind hit from the author of the *Vision of*

Mirror. Steele, however, was a writer who, with less delicacy of perception than Addison, had a more genial and catholic taste; and Steele was evidently a lover of Spenser. A paper in the *Tatler* (July 6, 1710) gives an account of the plan of the tenth canto of the fourth book of the *Faerie Queen*, which shows enthusiasm, if it contains little critical analysis; and in the *Spectator* (Nov. 19, 1712), Steele, after a compliment to Addison's papers on Milton, says: "You will lose much of my kind inclination towards you if you do not attempt the encomium of Spenser also, or at least indulge my passion for that charming author so far as to print the loose hints I now give you on that subject." The "loose hints" are little more than a sketch of Spenser's plan, but are sufficiently indicative of warm admiration.

Steele was not the only writer to protest against Addison in favour of Spenser. M. Taine says of Pope that his favourite amongst English poets was Dryden, "the least inspired and the most classical" of our poets. The remark, like many others of M. Taine's sayings about Pope, gives only a part of the truth, if it be not entirely unjust. Pope said that he had learnt his versification from Dryden—a fact which, in a certain sense, is tolerably obvious. But his favourite poets, until he was twelve years old, were Waller, Spenser, and Dryden, in the order named. To Spenser he was persistently attached. He says that Addison's character of Spenser is false, and that Addison confessed to having never read Spenser until fifteen years after writing it. He had himself read Spenser "with infinite delight" in his childhood; and a perusal in later years gave him equal pleasure. Pope, in fact, was extremely well read in our earlier poets, as appears by some of his thefts; and his taste was sounder than his practice might suggest. We may quote one other remark of his about Spenser. He had just been reading a canto of the *Faerie Queen*, as he told Spence, to an old lady (probably his mother), and she said that he had been showing her "a gallery of pictures." "She said very right," he adds; and indeed the criticism is good, though it may not be very abstruse.

If we come to the next generation, Horace Walpole calls Spenser "a true poet," as might be expected from the author of the *Castle of Otranto*; though, as might be expected from the author of the Letters, he is a good deal bored by the tedious prolixities of the *Faerie Queen*. More serious critics, Jortin, Hurd, and Thomas Warton, wrote upon Spenser in such a manner as to indicate careful study of his writings. Their judgment would not quite satisfy modern critics; but we must make allowance for their writing under the influence of an uncongenial school of taste. Hurd, though his frigid formality hampers his enthusiasm, makes some rather noteworthy remarks. In the letters on chivalry and romance (1762) he argues against Shaftesbury's practice of identifying "Gothic" with barbarous, and he says, with some anticipation of later criticism, that we may justify Spenser against some of the objections of the classical school if we judge him from his own point of view, and illustrate him from the old romances, instead of judging him by the orthodox canons about epic poetry. The *Faerie Queen*, he says, is "one of the noblest productions of modern poetry," though it has fallen into undeserved neglect. Hurd's idol, Warburton, contributed some criticisms upon Spenser to Jortin's essay. The labours of the two Wartons contributed as much as any other cause to the revival of the modern taste for our old literature. Joseph Warton's "Essay on Pope" caused some scandal by his apparent desire to lower the place of the great idol of his time, and by the explicit statement that Pope was to be deposed from the first rank by the side of Milton, and placed in the second by the side of Spenser. Thomas Warton published his observations on the *Faerie Queen* in 1754. They are a long and elaborate criticism upon his author, with many illustrations from classical and contemporary poems. In the concluding paragraphs Warton apologizes for pointing out faults more industriously than beauties; he adds that his task has been "peculiarly delightful"; and that the labour of criticism, generally "laborious and dry," has rather amused than fatigued him, because bestowed upon an author "who makes such perpetual and powerful appeals to the fancy." In a poem published in 1747, Thomas Warton had already expressed his preference of "magic Spenser's wildly warbled song" to Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. We may add that an edition of Spenser's works by Hughes, author of the *Siege of Damascus*, appeared in 1715; an edition of the *Faerie Queen* in 1751, with a Life by Birch, and in two editions, with notes by Upton and by Church respectively, in 1758. Whatever the shortcomings of these editions, they at least show that Spenser was not quite forgotten even in a bookseller's sense.

There is, however, another kind of testimony which in some respects is better than that of critics or independent readers. Johnson, as we have said, attacked the practice of imitating Spenser; and the number of imitations is a curious proof of the continuous popularity of Spenser with men of some poetical taste. Pope's imitation is a mere burlesque, which at best may be forgiven in consideration of his genuine love for the poet with whom he has taken an almost unpardonable liberty. Prior's imitation in an ode to Queen Anne, though more serious, is not much more significant of true appreciation. The two poets who showed the highest capacity in the middle of the century showed their love of Spenser in a different fashion. Gray said that he never sat down to compose poetry without first reading Spenser for a considerable time; and this is perhaps the most legitimate mode in which one poet can pay homage to another. Collins's love of Spenser might be inferred from the taste not ill described by Johnson: "he loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens." His ode on the poetical character begins appropriately by an appeal to

> That gifted bard—
> Him whose school above the rest
> His loveliest elfin Queen hath blest;

and, in the ode on the popular superstitions of Scotland, there is another affectionate reference in the description of

> Strange lays, whose power had charmed a Spenser's ear.

Other poets had taken the more perilous road of attempting to imitate the object of their admiration. Amongst the poems which encouraged dissent from the orthodox standard of Pope, none, it is probable, produced more effect than Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* and Beattie's *Minstrel*, both of them modelled upon Spenser. The *Castle of Indolence* was the last, and, in the opinion of many readers, as of Wordsworth, the most charming, production of the poet of the *Seasons*. Even Johnson admired it; and it is more surprising as a manifestation of true genius when we remember the period at which it was produced. Beattie's *Minstrel* has some fine stanzas, and begins impressively; though the second part becomes unpleasantly didactic. His popularity was doubtless indicative of an approaching change of taste, as indeed Beattie kept back his poem for some time from an impression that good poetry, and therefore of course his own, was out of fashion. Thomson and Beattie by no means exhaust the list of Spenser's imitators. Shenstone's *Schoolmistress*, though it seems to be one of the cases in which an intended burlesque has gradually turned to serious writing, is still pleasant reading. William Thompson—a now forgotten poet—imitated, and was declared by some critics to have rivalled, Spenser in a couple of poems. Gilbert West, better remembered, perhaps, as a defender of Christianity, in which character his arguments are said to have contributed to guard Chatham and Lyttelton against "the blandishments of infidelity," was another imitator of Spenser in poems highly praised by Johnson. Other imitators were Lloyd, the unlucky friend of Churchill, Wilkes, and Colman; Wilkie, author of that ponderous epic, the "Epigoniad," which Hume tried in vain to defend against the assaults of the critics; Mickle, best known as the translator of the "Lusiad"; and Cambridge, who tried in the "Scribleriad" to rival the "Dunciad" with better success than he attained in the "Archimage"—his imitation of Spenser. The greater number of these imitations came after Johnson's protest against the practice, which, like most protests, may have acted rather as a suggestion than a deterrent. One or two of the forms are as much burlesques as imitations, but the frequency of the attempt amongst men who in their day had a certain poetical reputation implies that Spenser was by no means so much forgotten as Southey's language would imply. The names we have mentioned include most of the eminent poets of the period of Pope's supremacy. We may add that Goldsmith, though he blames Spenser for following the romance-writers rather than Virgil, says that "no poet enlarges the imagination more than Spenser," and that his verses "may perhaps one day be considered the standard of English poetry." Goldsmith thinks that Akenside, as well as Gray, must have studied him attentively. This is not so obvious to us; but if, on the strength of this remark, we may add Akenside's name to the list already given, we shall be entitled to reckon amongst Spenser's admirers nearly every poet of the eighteenth century who enjoyed any high reputation, except Young, Johnson, and one or two less popular writers.

It remains true, of course, that Spenser, though read, as we have shown, by statesmen, critics, and poets, was not treated so respectfully as he has been by later critics. It is also probably true that men who loved his poetry did not venture to trust their instincts. The reverse is now the case. It requires as much courage to call Spenser a bore at the present day as it then required to deny that he was barbarous. The true feeling therefore may be less different than appears on the surface; for men are more cowardly in regard to canons of taste than upon any other subject; and we are certainly greater hypocrites, if we have possibly better tastes in these matters, than our forefathers. Lord Macaulay had the courage of his opinions, and we should guess that he only said what many have felt. Few and weary are those, according to his dictum, who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. The remark involves a curious slip, which, however, may confirm its general accuracy. The Blatant Beast never dies in the *Faerie Queen*, and indeed Spenser is of opinion that his life is probably not to end in this world. Some critics may be even inclined to fancy that this beast with his hundred tongues, most of them the

> Tongues of mortal men,
> Which spake reproachfully, not caring where or when,

who is ranging the world, and grown so strong that none can restrain him—

> Barking and biting all that doe him hate,
> Albe they worthy blame or cleare of crime;
> Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
> Ne spareth he the gentle Poet's rime;
> But rends without regard of person or of time—

is not altogether without modern representatives in the press of some civilized countries. But he has never, in spite of the poet's fears, been able to do much against the "homely verse" of his describer. In the worst of times Spenser was not entirely neglected.

SCIENCE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

MR. SPOTTISWOODE, in his address as President of the first of the Conferences which have been arranged in connexion with the Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington, said that he was disposed to regard this Exhibition as marking an epoch in the history of science; and there are undoubtedly reasons why it may be expected to exercise a deep and beneficial influence on the prospects of scientific culture in this country. We have here brought together, not only a collection of remarkable instruments from all parts of the civilized world, and representing almost every school and period of research, but also a numerous gathering of the men who are at the present moment engaged in extending still further the range of discovery, and the practical application of its results. It has often been a reproach against this country on the part of foreigners that it is indifferent to science except in the forms in which it can be turned to immediate commercial profit; and this criticism, though unjust to the heroic self-sacrifice which has characterized many of our leading scientific pioneers, must be admitted to be in a certain degree true as to the general attitude of the public. The germs of discovery, the truths of science floating about, as it were, in the air, and not yet subdued to the industrial yoke, have hitherto failed to excite popular interest. There is a disposition to think that such things may as well be left to those who have a fancy for them, and that it is time enough for ordinary people to give attention to them when there is a chance of some direct personal advantage. This apathetic feeling in regard to science may be easily accounted for. In the first place, it is impossible to take much interest in science without a degree of preliminary knowledge which, elementary as it may be, does not as yet come within the ordinary range of education; and, further, science has hitherto been rather in the habit of lurking in holes and corners, and not making any impressive public exhibition of its existence. In this country the Executive usually hesitates to do anything unless there is a strong pressure of opinion, and it is tolerably certain that science will have little to hope for from that quarter until it has the public at its back; and it is to it, therefore, that an appeal should be made. It may be hoped that the present Exhibition will be the beginning of a movement of this kind. The fact that it is opened under the auspices of a Government department would seem to show that there is not wanting a certain sympathy on that side; but whether any large, substantial measures will ever be taken, will chiefly depend on the interest which such a presentation of science excites among the community at large. Again, an Exhibition of this kind is useful in bringing to light the actual operations of the scientific world, the problems which have been solved, and those others which are still in a nebulous condition, with just here and there a clue peeping out; and thus the interchange of ideas is promoted. Nothing is more striking in a survey of modern science than the intimate and subtle relations which may be traced between one branch and another. There is every now and again some little link to be supplied, for help as to which a worker must look beyond his own speciality. There are always certain subjects on which many minds are meditating simultaneously, and while one is making way in one direction, another is, as it were, boring through on the other side, like the Abbé and his fellow-prisoner in *Monte Christo*. At present this sort of co-operation is loose, fragmentary, and disjointed; but an Exhibition brings the scattered experimentalists into systematic communication. Thus, both in the world of science proper and outside of it, a keener interest is likely to be cultivated in regard to scientific matters, and researches will consequently be conducted with greater spirit and efficiency, and better prospects of success.

This Exhibition is open on the same terms as the South Kensington Museum, of which it is, in fact, an offshoot—free on some days, and a small admission-fee on others—and it may be presumed that the galleries will continue to be visited by a large number of all classes. To persons of scientific training, or with even a rudimentary taste for such things, it is easy to conceive what service such an Exhibition will render. They will read the Handbook, an admirable summary of the chief branches of scientific study by competent authorities, and examine the objects exhibited; and thus lay up a store of suggestive information as a supplement to or a foundation for private studies. But there will also be a large body of people who will chiefly bring away from the galleries an impression of their own stupendous ignorance in such matters. This in itself, however, will be a good thing, for it may be expected, in some cases at least, to stimulate a desire to know something, and after that to know more. Even the dullest and least imaginative minds can hardly fail to be touched by the sight of the instruments by which the old masters achieved their triumphs, or of their earliest works—such as Tycho Brahe's rude quadrant, without telescopes; Galileo's primitive tubes; the air-pump of Boyle; the digester of Papin; Daguerre's first photograph on glass; Stephenson's first engines; De la Rive's apparatus for statical electricity; Ampère's homely work-table and instruments; the wires over which Faraday pondered, and other emblems of scientific effort. It is likely enough that many visitors will be little the wiser for looking at such things, but they will at least be led to wonder how such great results could be obtained from such simple materials, and wonder is often the beginning of inquiry. On the other hand, this Exhibition displays in a striking manner the wealth and luxury of scientific apparatus at the present day. There are appropriate instruments for almost every kind of work; and the greater part of what had formerly to be done by minute observation and laborious calculation is now done to hand by ingenious machinery. The galleries are crowded with contrivances for the measurement of time, space, gravitation, velocity, heat, &c.; delicate balances of weight and gauges of size; bathometers, for measuring the depths of the sea; tide-calculating apparatus; attraction meters, for dealing with the law of gravitation; telemeters and theodolites. There are also instruments for taking observations as to respiration, alimentation, and all the phenomena of life. A student in these days has obviously an immense start; where he has a firm footing his predecessors had to flounder about as in a shifting morass, and he profits by their painful experiences. Whether the comparative ease and certainty with which scientific investigation can now, up to a certain point, be carried on, tends to the development of that vigour and earnestness by which the highest achievements have formerly been reached, is another question. There are cases in which the difficulties of a task are the best stimulus to the spirit which overcomes them. At any rate it is instructive to observe how much the mind of man has accomplished with the sorriest materials, and this reflection should be an encouragement to make the best use of the facilities which now abound, and which should be valued, not because they make investigation easy, but because they give it a soundness and precision formerly unattainable.

The connexion between the progress of science and the improvement of its mechanism is strongly demonstrated in this Exhibition, as well as in the Handbook which gives a general account of its lessons. It is interesting, for instance, to trace the progress of the telescope with the help of Mr. Lockyer's annotations. Galileo's telescopes are slender tubes of wood, covered with paper, about the length of walking-sticks, with small object-glasses less than one inch in diameter. As the manufacture of glass advanced, the lenses were enlarged, and there are some specimens from Holland which are of enormous focal length, one of them extending to 360 feet. Telescopes of this kind, though powerful, were necessarily very cumbersome, and it was difficult to obtain valuable observations with them. Newton in his telescope substituted a mirror for a lens; and then we have other reflectors made by Sir W. Herschel—whose touching biography by his sister gives them additional interest, as recalling the passionate devotion and self-sacrifice with which he worked, neglecting alike his meals and sleep, and having to be fed by his sister putting food by morsels into his mouth—Lord Rosse, and others. The refracting telescope is now at least as handy and compact as the reflecting one, and the half-inch or so of Galileo's aperture is represented by the 25-inch aperture of the telescope by Cooke of New York, the 26-inch of that by Clarke of Boston, and the 27-inch, of which a model is shown, constructed by Grubb of Dublin, for the Austrian Government. In the class of reflectors, the 2-inch metallic speculum was extended to 4 ft. by Sir W. Herschel, 6 ft. by Lord Rosse, and back again to 4 ft. by Lassell; but, as the silvering of glass has improved, the heavy metallic speculum, sometimes weighing tons, has given way to a much lighter and thinner one of glass, of which the 4-ft. glass of the equatorial reflector at the Paris Observatory is given as a fine example. The use of telescopes has also been greatly simplified, and the awkward apparatus for moving them dispensed with. A single turn of a screw is now enough to adjust them. The introduction and various improvements of the spectroscope have also opened the way for important discoveries in chemistry and solar physics; and Mr. Spottiswoode, in noticing the use of this process not only for the detection of metals by their bright lines, and of other substances by their absorption bands, but, as suggested by Mr. Lockyer, for quantitative analysis by measurement of the lengths of the bright lines in the spectra of the vapours of metals under combustion, justly remarks that its application to practical purposes is doubtless still in its infancy.

Again, in the case of the biological sciences, as Professor Huxley points out, the very conception of many of the problems to be investigated was impossible until the physical and chemical sciences had reached a high degree of development, and were ready to furnish, not only the principles which ought to guide physiological experiments, but the instruments with which such inquiries could be carried out. He also remarks that the improvement of the compound microscope, in the early part of this century, by the discovery of methods of correcting spherical and chromatic aberration, and of illuminating objects, has enabled anatomists "to extend their investigations into minute structures to an unhoped-for degree, and to use magnifying powers of 2,000 to 3,000 diameters with as much confidence as was placed in those of a fourth that amount forty years ago." And again, he says, "Modern histology could hardly have existed in any shape without the modern microscope, inasmuch as the meaning of many optical appearances of animal and vegetable structures becomes apparent only under the high magnifying powers and perfect definition of our present instruments. But the precise and definable form which our notions of structure and development have been acquiring during the last ten or fifteen years is mainly due to the fact that the anatomist has been supplied by the chemist with compounds such as chromic acid, perosmic acid, picric acid, and the like, by which soft organic bodies can be rendered hard enough to be cut into the thinnest slices without alteration of their essential form and arrangement, and by which different

elements of the tissues can be made to assume different colours and thus become readily distinguishable." And he points to the number and variety of the instruments for the quantitative determination of functional phenomena of all kinds in the present Exhibition as a proof of the rapid progress of physiology since 1836. Another example of the value of improved apparatus is to be found in the case of engineering machinery. When a hundred years ago the idea of a steam-engine was at last taking practical shape, the insufficiency of the machine tools for shaping iron was a great obstacle to the progress of invention. The piston in Newcomen's engine was made air-tight by a layer of water on the top of it, and in Watt's first engine, which had a cylinder of only 18 inches in diameter, it was at one time feared it would break down from the difficulty of fitting the piston closely to the cylinder. These difficulties have now, however, been gradually overcome; and among Sir J. Whitworth's contributions to the present Exhibition may be seen a surface-plate which is the nearest approximation yet attained to an absolute plane surface. Sir Joseph has also, on the principle of employing the sense of touch instead of sight, produced a machine by which the accuracy of any measurement can be tested to the millionth part of an inch; and he has exhibited in the Conference Room the actual gauging of a pencil to within the twenty-thousandth of an inch. It must not be supposed that this minuteness is an idle pedantry. The value of a machine in a great degree depends on truth of surface, and it is also a great advantage to have the corresponding pieces of machinery interchangeable. What is called link-work—a system by which the friction of surfaces is greatly diminished—is also illustrated in this collection by the inventions of Sylvester, Kempe, and others, and excites much interest. It is impossible here to go through such an Exhibition in detail, and we can only say that it reflects much credit on those with whom it has originated, and that it is to be hoped that it may not be a mere passing show, but may develop into some permanent organization.

COUNTRY COUSINS AT THE ACADEMY.

WHEN three weeks have passed from the day of opening, the visitor to the Academy who has armed himself at starting with a season ticket finds the time arrive when he may look round. Day after day he has walked through the gallery with rapt gaze. Men and women have been unrealities to him. Skirts have been trodden on, toes have been tripped over, shoulders have been rubbed. So far the wearers of long dresses are nothing but shadows; so far the possessor of the corns is nothing but the utterer of a malediction. The broad-shouldered man is only an impediment to the view of Mr. Millais's "Over the Hills," or Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Bacchante." It is the pictures that have been realities. They have had flesh and blood. They have talked and laughed and cried. But when three weeks have elapsed the enthusiastic visitor finds that their aspect has begun to change. The flesh tint appears to be in the wrong place. It is wanting altogether, as in "Phryne"; it is superabundant, as in Mr. Linnell's landscapes. The smiles have become smirks, the tears do not trickle, the eyes are fixed. Our first gush of admiration is over; we have begun to criticize; we see faults where before we saw only beauties; and at last we find it a relief to turn our backs upon the walls and gaze at the gazers; the people become realities again, and we even remember to apologize for a ruined dress or a broken shin. Then it is that the place of the country cousin among the visitors is recognized, and pictures are to be found in the crowd to the full as amusing as any on the walls, with the further merit of being in admirably harmonious keeping. Country cousins do not differ in essentials from other folk. Mouths have they and eyes, noses, and especially hats. But they come from the country; they come to the Academy because it is their duty to do so, and they never for a moment think of whether or not they enjoy looking at pictures. To look at pictures is the function of the visitor at the Academy. To this end does he exist. And he looks at all, going regularly through the Catalogue, and never for a moment pausing to think if one picture pleases him and another displeases; or to choose what he will look at longest, and what he will pass by. To him there is no special failure in Mr. Cope or Mr. Hart, no special success in Mr. Perugini or Mr. Poynter. He goes to the Academy as part of a predestined programme of things to be done, and he does the Academy as he does St. Paul's and the Tower, with the utmost gravity and a conscience void of either undue interest or undue doubt. For Augustus the pictures may have one kind of lesson, for Arabella another. His eye kindles at a farming scene, hers at a flower piece. He is charmed to see the Duke at the head of his hunt, by Grant; she, to study the Duchess's back-hair, by Millais. She dwells fondly over domestic scenes, fashionable portraits, and babies. He loves the moorside and the kennel, and studies from the nude. And as it is with Augustus and Arabella, so it is too with Mrs. Brown and Mr. Jones. Piety, not painting, attracts the lady. She began the day with a May meeting at Exeter Hall. There is the young clergyman in the soft hat who sat next her. She comes to the Academy as part of the sacred ceremony of the morning. The two places have always been connected in her mind, and when the Academy was in Trafalgar Square their connexion was not so remote. She is all aglow at Mr. Goodall, thinks Mr. Herbert "too high," loves the camel because her uncle went to the Holy Land, and succeeds in admiring both Mr. Thorburn's "Christian" and Mr. Booker's "Ahab." Mr. Jones, on the other hand, who has a villa near Bath, and who began life as a farmer, loves nature. Girls with pigeons, husbandmen with stocks, the long-drawn furrow, the cow and calf, the frozen sheep—all these appeal at once to his taste, his experience, and his imagination, so he very soon feels quite at home.

Two branches of art are, however, as a sealed book to the country visitor. He cares little for architecture, and less for sculpture. Indeed, for the most part, he avoids the sculpture on high moral grounds. The curate, it is true, looks carefully through the drawings of restored churches; but the layman, though under certain circumstances he utilizes the sculpture-rooms, uses them as though they were not. The shadow of the great Duke serves by its height to cloak many a quiet flirtation. The bench by the wall is convenient for lovers. They sit all along it in couples, more or less united according to the exigencies of the space and the warmth of growing affection. There, when the first fatigues of the great galleries prescribe rest, do Daphnis and Chloe resort to linger with clasped hands in pleasant silence; or, gazing with indifferent eye on the throng ever surging past, betray the fervour of acknowledged passion or the incipient evidences of dawning love. There Amaryllis sports in the shade, with demure looks and downcast eyes; there Damon, amid the hum of other voices, woos the coy, reluctant nymph. For quiet flirtations no other place is so secure, no sylvan bower more sacred. And it must be allowed that the refuge it offers is fully appreciated, and that neither crowd nor bustle is able to interrupt the tale of hope or hush the frequent sigh. But to others no such sweet moments are vouchsafed. The country parson toils through the Catalogue, looking sympathetically at the burial scenes, the marriage processions, the christening ceremonies, with thoughts perhaps of his distant parish and the surplice fees. He takes suggestions for next Sunday's sermon from Mr. Long or Mr. Bateman; while his wife is critical over the knitting school of Mr. Crowe, and would speedily provide the "Widower" of Mr. Fildes with a nurse for his neglected children. The doctor wonders what Mr. Mark's "Apothecary" will do with his dried fish-skins and the hanging crocodile, while the young lady from Girton spells hopelessly with frantic shots at the name of Mr. Leighton's "Daphnephoria." Some wish the Cardinal could turn his stony eyes upon the sportive couple beside him, compare the Arctic bears to a well-iced wedding-cake, or think that Zenobia with Palmyra on her breast is like Queen Mary with Calais engraved on her heart. To such irreverent people nothing is too sacred for a joke. They wonder if the ships in Mr. Wyllie's "A. B." are seeking the Boojum, and if Mr. Hardy's hippopotamuses are inquiring tenderly after the poor feet of Noah. When they read the number of Mr. Sidley's naughty little girl throwing snowballs, they think the hanging committee put "555" to it as another way of saying "Fie! fie! fie!" and count it nothing strange that Lear should disinherit so ill favoured a Cordelia. But to most of the country visitors the Academy is the scene of a high and sacred solemnity. They take in the pictures and the people as parts of a memorable historical drama in which they are privileged to take part. They gaze with awe at the portrait of some great personage upon the walls, and step backward in astonishment if perchance they recognize the same features among the throng of sightseers around them. The regular Londoner is so well accustomed to see remarkable people in streets and assemblies that he scarcely looks at them as they pass him in the Academy. He is occupied with thoughts of his own dress or with seeking for a pretty face among the ladies. But to the country visitor such thoughts savour of frivolity. A shilling has been paid for admission and another for a Catalogue, and the value must be taken out of them to the uttermost farthing, and he takes them in the lump, pictures and statues as well as Royal Dukes and pretty faces. In many a country parsonage the results of a day or two in town must form the subject of evening conversation for months to come, and for the present nothing is more important than to hear the price Mr. Millais has received for a portrait, or to listen with retentive ear to the remarks of some audacious critic.

The country cousin appears, however, to the greatest advantage when contrasted with the knowing gentleman about town who shows him or her through the Academy. The simple and confiding faith, the touching belief in the absolute veracity of all he tells them, added to the open and evident admiration of his hat and gloves, his accent, manners, and boots, are all delightful to behold. He does not spend his patronage on them unless, if they are ladies, they are young and pretty, and, if they are of the other sex, rich and of county rank at least. The young ladies are particularly grateful to his feelings in their estimate of his talents and information. He tells them the exact circumstances under which every picture has been painted. He knows the name of the sitter for every head, and is familiar with all the models. He has original anecdotes from all the studios—anecdotes, indeed, whose chief fault is their very originality. Dick Palette, for instance, fell so much in love with Miss Oriana Brown while she sat to him as Dejanira, that on finding his picture was hung and on the line, he made her straightway an offer of his hand and heart. This devotion does not, however, commend itself to our town cousin's views of the fitness of things. Much more approvingly he details the feat of Draco Smith, whose new novel came out on varnishing day, and whose picture and book reciprocally advertise each other. He knows the name of the Ritualist clergyman who figures as first angel in Perugino Green's picture of "Jacob's Ladder." He has often had a friendly round with the prizefighter who lay as Holofernes in one painting, and sat for

Edward III. in another. He has danced at a ball with Lady Glorians, whose portrait is in the great room, and thinks it a poor likeness. He has a scandalous story about Mme. Petitdoigts, whose bust is on the shelf in the round room. He looks particularly mysterious as he tells of pictures not sent in, of pictures sent in and not hung, of pictures sent in and hung, but skied. One artist has purposely delayed to finish his great historical work that he might have an excuse for exhibiting it alone. Another has committed suicide with a toasting-fork, because no room was found for his panoramic landscape. A third is skied because he had boasted in the hearing of an Academician that the colour in his work would kill everything near it. All these tales of wonder, imagination, and humour does he retail at liberty. He knows the fair cousin has never before heard that old, stale anecdote about Byron, or that excellent joke of Theodore Hook's. He is safe and happy, his tongue is loosened, and his ideas and invention flow. Ah, if he could but talk so brilliantly at Lady L. S. Dee's dinners, or when he goes for a midnight smoke at Stodge's studio with fifty of Stodge's witty friends! But he cannot; old jokes will not go down there. The fun, if he has any at command, must be his own. How sweet, then, to him the incense of unaccustomed adulation, the laughter and the blushes of the country cousins. No wonder he should be able to enjoy the society of people who know nobody, who have never been presented at Court, who can give him no little dinners, nor bow to him from coroneted carriages in the Park. On the whole, the strangers have no reason to complain. They probably go away with a more adequate idea of an Academy Exhibition than if they had gone through the paintings only, and never had the poet Black, or the novelist White, or the Secretary at Peace, or the Countess of Purlpoudre pointed out to them.

ANGLIA TRANSWALLIANA.

THE last Teutonic settlement in Britain often passes without notice. The Englishry of Pembrokeshire, "Little England beyond Wales," can hardly be said to be an unknown land while it contains the well-known watering-place of Tenby. But we may guess that a good many visitors to Tenby come away with very faint notions of the remarkable ethnological phenomena of the land which they have been visiting. To many it is doubtless enough that they are in Wales; one part of Wales is the same as another. And certainly the authorities of Tenby have done their best to lead their visitors astray. On the castle-hill of Tenby is a statue of Prince Albert, with a bilingual legend in English and Welsh, in which the Prince has borrowed the epithet of the great British lawgiver, and appears as "Albert Dda." Moreover there is a display of heraldry, and a legend—in the British tongue only—about the Red Dragon of the Cymry. Now there is exactly as much reason for setting up a Welsh inscription at Tenby as there is for setting one up at York or Canterbury. The Welsh tongue was doubtless once spoken in all three places, and all three places are called by modifications of Welsh names. For Tenby must not be mistaken for a Danish *by*; the name is British, the same as the Denbigh of North Wales. It is possible that the *lych* may have been changed into the likeness of Danish *by* by the same kind of process by which Jerusalem becomes *Hierosolyma*; but that is the outside of the connexion, if there be any. In this purely English town in a purely English district, one looks up at the strange beast and the strange tongue with a feeling that the Lion of Justice has in some measure laboured in vain. King Henry the First took some pains to plant good seed in his field; whence then these tares of Red Dragons, and of legends in a tongue not understanded of the people of Tenby and of all South Pembrokeshire? Laying parables aside, we are at Tenby and the coasts thereof in a district of the highest historic interest. We are within the bounds of the last Teutonic settlement in Britain, as in Kent, on the opposite side of the island, we are within the bounds of the first. Henry wrought the last act of the drama which was begun by Hengest. We are here in the Englishry, in Little England beyond Wales. We are in a district where language universally, where local nomenclature generally, is as Teutonic as it is in Norfolk. To its inhabitants "Albert the Good" may give an idea; but "Albert Dda" is quite thrown away upon them. The Red Dragon of the Cymry was to their forefathers only as the Snark or the Jabberwock, a noisome beast to be hunted down without mercy. The strange fancy of Englishmen for turning their backs on themselves, for wiping out their own history to make room for the legends of somebody else, surely never took a stranger shape than in an outbreak of Welsh nationality at Tenby.

There is no doubt, from the direct witness of William of Malmesbury and other contemporary writers, that Henry the First, among his measures to keep the Welsh in order, planted a colony of Flemings in Dyfed, the modern Pembrokeshire. In the district allotted to them, the southern part of the county, they must have done their work thoroughly. The Briton has left but few traces. The one speech of the district is English, and most of the places have received fresh names. Most of them are called after individual settlers—Johnston, Williamston, Haroldston, Herbrandston, names which exactly answer to the Danish names in Lincolnshire, save that they end in English *ton* instead of Danish *by*. Here and there a place keeps a Welsh name, specially the towns of Pembroke and Tenby, just like London, Gloucester, and Winchester in other parts of the island. This Flemish settlement in Pembrokeshire is an undoubted fact; the alleged Flemish settlement in Gower is less certain. It rests on no such direct historical evidence as the Pembrokeshire settlement; but it is a highly probable inference from the recurrence of the same phenomena of language and nomenclature in both districts. We know that there was such a settlement in Southern Pembrokeshire; we infer that there was another settlement of the same kind in the peninsula of Western Glamorgan, and in the smaller district of Llantwit Major in the same shire. But the Pembrokeshire settlement is always expressly described as a colony of Flemings. It is recorded both by the English and by the Welsh writers; but the fact that the colony, which was originally Flemish, now speaks English has given rise to a good deal of puzzledom, and to the talking of no small amount of nonsense. Any one who knows the district and its local antiquaries will have heard the question raised over and over again. In local books, too, we constantly see mention of "Flemish houses," "Flemish architecture," "Flemish chimneys," and even a "Flemish court of justice," as if the Flemings had brought over some special style of art with them from their own country. We have even seen an elaborate comparison, which was meant to prove something, between the "Flemish houses" in Pembrokeshire and a house in some other part of England—in Cumberland, if we rightly remember—belonging to a family named Fleming. It would have been easy to improve upon this last notion; for, in some versions of the story, the Flemings whom Henry settled in Pembrokeshire are said to have been before that settled in the North of England. But the so-called Flemish houses are in no way distinctively Flemish, and they were built ages after the settlement of the Flemings. They are simply good, solid, stone-built houses, with pointed doorways and round chimneys. They show the general prosperity of the district at a time when so many stone houses could be built; and they also show in slight military touches that the days of warfare, or at all events the traditions of the days of warfare, had not wholly passed by when they were built. On the other hand, it marks an old-fashioned district where there has been comparatively little change, that so many of them should have lived on to our own day. But there is nothing special or mysterious about them, nothing on which to found any ethnological theory. To call them Flemish houses, attaching any distinct meaning to the word Flemish, is as much to the purpose as it would be to talk of a West-Saxon style in the stone houses of Somerset, or of a Middle-Anglian style in the stone houses of Northamptonshire.

We have brought in this last analogy of set purpose; for of course the great puzzle always is, how a Flemish settlement came to speak English. People constantly ask how the Flemings came to change their language. The difficulty is by no means a new one; it is as old as Randolf Higden, who looked on Flemings as barbarians, and says that in his day they had left off their barbarous tongue, and spoke good Saxon ("dimissa jam barbaric Saxonice satis proloquuntur"). And of the two Welsh chronicles known as the Brut, the later, fuller, and less trustworthy one tells us how Henry planted Englishmen—in Welsh, of course, "Saxons"—among the Flemings to teach them English, and how into his day they were English. At the Tenby meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Association in 1851 there was a vast deal of talk about the matter. It was clearly a standing local puzzle how Flemings could have come to speak English. What they were expected to speak, what the natural language of Flemings left to themselves was supposed to be, did not appear. Perhaps they were expected, as coming from the modern kingdom of Belgium, which uses French on its coins, to speak French rather than English. That native Britons should have come to speak English was clearly thought a much slighter difficulty than that Flemings should have done so. It seemed like a paradox to many to be told that the settlers in Pembrokeshire had never changed their language at all, and that they spoke English simply because they were Flemings. To one who really takes in the history and the relations of the Teutonic dialects of Britain there is no difficulty at all in the matter. The Flemish tongue is one dialect of Low-Dutch; the English is another. Even now the nearness between modern Flemish and modern English must strike every one who thinks at all upon such matters, and the nearness in the twelfth century, before English had gone through those changes which have parted it off from its fellows, must have been much closer still. The true way of looking at the matter is, as we have already said, to look on the Flemish occupation of Pembrokeshire as simply the last stage of the Teutonic settlements in Britain. First came the various settlements of the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes; then after a while the Danes; then after a while the Flemings. And the Flemish settlement has more in common with the earliest settlements of all than the intermediate Danish settlement has. For the Danes settled at the expense of earlier Teutonic inhabitants, while the Flemings settled almost wholly at the expense of the Celts, just as the Angles and Saxons did ages before. There have been later settlements in Britain, settlements from the same part of the world which sent forth the Flemish settlement in Pembrokeshire. Intercourse with the Netherlands, and the reception of refugees from the Netherlands, has given a certain tinge to East-Anglia in more ways than one. But here was a settlement altogether of the old kind, a settlement where the colonists drove out the old inhabitants, divided the land among themselves, and gave places new names from their new owners. The causes and circumstances of the Flemish settlement in Pembrokeshire were altogether different

from those of the earliest English settlements in Britain. But the process of settlement must have been very much the same; the only difference was that the Flemings were not, like the first Angles and Saxons, mere heathen destroyers. But to the second stage of Anglian and Saxon conquest, the stage represented by Cenwealh and Ine and other Christian conquerors, the settlement of the Flemings must have presented an exact parallel.

We need hardly say, at this time of day, that the question about language—the supposed difficulty of Flemings having come to talk English—is purely imaginary. What else should they talk? The processes which created the standard English tongue, or rather which brought it to the front amid a crowd of local dialects, have affected the Teutonic speech of Pembrokeshire, as well as the Teutonic speech of other parts of the island. The Fleming of Pembrokeshire speaks English for the same cause that the Dane of Lincolnshire speaks English. That is to say, one form of standard English is common to all. How far all parts actually speak it is another matter. It is for some local philologer to find out whether there are any local peculiarities in the Nether-Dutch of Pembrokeshire, and whether they at all approach to any peculiarities in the Nether-Dutch of Flanders. After such complete separation for so many ages, we should not expect to find any such special likeness between the two dialects. Still the point is quite worth looking into; and, though the colony was certainly mainly Flemish, we need not suppose that every single man in it had come from Flanders. There may be truth in the Welsh chronicler's statement that King Henry planted Englishmen among the Flemings, though it is not likely that he did it for the purpose of teaching the Flemings English. We may be sure that there were both French-speaking and more strictly English-speaking settlers among them. Normans, English, Flemings, when they got into Wales, largely forgot their differences, and formed one whole as against the Britons. Pembroke Castle was a strictly Norman foundation, the work of Arnulf of Montgomery before the Flemish settlement began. And the foundation of the castle would naturally lead, at Pembroke as at everywhere else, to the settlement of both French-speaking and English-speaking burgesses around it. And there is every probability that the Flemish settlement was a revival, or a continuation, or a strengthening, of an earlier Teutonic settlement from quite another quarter. Though Tenby is no Scandinavian name, yet other names in the district are. At the meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Association last year at Caermarthen, its president, the Bishop of St. David's, pointed out that the names Hasgard and Freystrop seemed to point, not only to Scandinavian occupation, but to Scandinavian occupation in heathen times. Whatever we make of Hasgard, it seems hardly possible that any place could have got the name of Freystrop—that is doubtless Freysthorp—if it had not been founded by people who still believed in Frey. If any Scandinavian settlements stayed on till the time of Henry the First, they would merge with the Flemings and the English into one Teutonic community, just as the Saxons at Bayeux were merged with the Normans, but helped to keep Bayeux Teutonic later than other parts of Normandy. In all these points of view, ethnological and linguistic, this little out-of-the-way corner of the Teutonic world is of very high interest, and its local history and peculiarities have never been thoroughly worked out from a scientific point of view. It has points in common with another isolated Teutonic land at the other end of Britain. The Scandinavian islands, Orkney and Shetland, speak English. Indeed we have seen documents in those islands drawn up in the Scottish form of English before they were mortgaged by Denmark. Both cases teach the same lesson, how easily a standard form of any language assimilates all the kindred dialects of a country, but how little effect it has on dialects which are not kindred. English has not assimilated, though it has largely displaced, the Welsh and Gaelic tongues, with which it has no connexion beyond the remotest Aryan kindred. But the tongues of the Dane and the Fleming, as well as those of the Angle and the Saxon, have all been drawn together by the attraction of a single type of standard English. The actual local speech of different parts still remains very different. But all understand the same standard tongue, and all read the same English Bible in which that standard tongue appears in its best form.

MARTYRS OF COMMERCE.

WE are afraid that the gentlemen who live at home in ease, pursuing occupations which are not absolutely distasteful to them and which bring them in a reasonable competency, are seldom sufficiently thankful for their mercies. Nothing would be more favourable to the growth of a grateful contentment than occasionally contrasting their good fortune with some other lots taken almost at haphazard. To point a practical and valuable moral they need not go to the lowest extremity of the social scale—to the occupants of city "rookeries," and the inmates of prisons and poorhouses, who may have been the victims of circumstances over which they had little control. They have only to look at men who have been brought up in a condition of life very similar to their own, but whose career, whether it has been more or less prosperous, has happened to lead them into out-of-the-way places of residence. Two incidents which have lately caused considerable sensation may serve as opposite illustrations of what we mean. One is the melancholy assassination of the French and German Consuls at Salonika by a mob of fanatical Mahometans; the other the Circular addressed by Commodore Hewett to the European traders settled at Whydah, intimating the prospect of hostilities with Dahomey, and recommending them to make their arrangements accordingly. Whether civilization advances or recedes, there must always be a broad and ill-defined debatable land dividing it from the strongholds of barbarism or semi-barbarism. Civilization has its outposts, picketed, rather than garrisoned, by men who have voluntarily condemned themselves to the hardships of exile, either in the way of duty, or of business, or of both. Habit reconciles one to much that might seem at first sight insupportable, and perhaps the thick-skinnedness of certain temperaments is more serviceable still; yet, when all is said, a life that has come to be accepted as a matter of course may well have its intervals of despondency and depression. There is of course much of the world that is altogether tabooed to Christians. The most enterprising of European adventurers would shrink from trusting to the protection of the Moorish Government by opening a depôt for the sale of Manchester cottons in the bazaars of some of the cities in the interior of the Emperor's dominions. Certain descriptions of cutlery are in extreme request among the rough and ready Turkoman and Chinese Tartars, and yet it would be considerably more than a man's life was worth to settle as the agent of some pushing Sheffield house in the Khanates or on the plateau of Central Asia; while the roads that lead from the ports of the Red Sea to the spice groves and coffee gardens of Arabia Felix would be the shortest of cuts to the gate of martyrdom, in whatever character you might choose to travel them, unless you knew how to disguise your nationality and faith. But, short of the places where the sojourn of a Christian would be pretty nearly tantamount to suicide, there are many where, on a nice calculation of chances, he may decide that the game is worth its risks. In the fierce struggle of commercial competition the boldest adventurers will push their way towards the front, and that very ignorance of the temper of half-savage populations which is at the bottom of the worst dangers they have to guard against will tempt them on with the expectation of better bargains. It is all, as we have said, a matter of calculation how far it may be worth your while to go in order to distance competitors who would raise the market on you, and to put yourself in direct relations with the savages whose inexperience is to be traded on. And other considerations besides the risk of actual violence are to be taken into account. It needs fully as much courage to face a pestilential climate as to maintain an air of self-relying assurance among a fanatical people who are given to act on sanguinary impulses with small regard to consequences.

A life of this kind must be wearing at the best, whatever the prospect or even the certainty of gain, and probably the prolonged endurance of it implies the cultivation of a certain constitutional recklessness. We can easily understand that elephant-hunters and ivory merchants in tropical Africa may be so exhilarated by ceaseless excitement as to fall in love with their calling. While they are moving forward through perpetual change of scene, they come to find a positive enjoyment in carrying their lives in their hands and facing danger in its manifold forms. Setting a watch over their night camp by way of precaution against an onslaught of skulking savages becomes to them as much a matter of course as making forced marches in search of water, or dodging the rush of a wounded elephant; and when they have come back to the settlement laden with their hard-won spoils, their only idea is to make a fresh start with the least possible delay. But the dull monotony of an unwholesome existence, with death perpetually hovering about one's doors, must be a very different thing. Take the case of a resident in a city of bigoted Moslems. The unfortunate Consuls at Salonica might have been supposed to be comparatively safe and comfortable. Salonica is one of the chief cities of European Turkey, and has long boasted a certain civilization. It possesses a responsible governor with a regular military force, and contains a very large proportion of Christian inhabitants—which, by the way, in this particular instance, was the immediate cause of the deplorable tragedy. But there are many merchants and merchants' agents, and much nearer to England, too, who pass their lives without any of these securities. As we have said, there is no possibility of settling in the inland towns of Morocco, and the few casual travellers who venture into the country go treading everywhere upon mined ground, in spite of Government protection and military guards. But there are great temptations to speculators to try their luck in the trading towns on the western coast. The country is rich in a variety of productions, while the glut of goods in the native markets keeps prices so low as to leave exporters a wide margin of profit. If a man with more enterprise than capital decides to take up his abode in one of these coast towns, the sole assurance he has for the safety of his person and property is probably an occasional glimpse of the flag of his country flying from the roof of some naturalized vice-consul, who is an object of contempt and hatred rather than of respect. As likely as not, indeed, the display of the party-coloured bunting may act on the Moors like a red rag on a bull, especially during the periodical religious festivals which set the people seething with excitement. When the European takes his walks abroad, he is the object of sullen glances which are eloquent of smouldering animosities, and his Frankish garb draws the attention of objectionable boys, who are egged on and encouraged to insult him by their elders. In the frequent disputes which arise with his customers his sole recourse is to the native law courts, where the only chance of obtaining questionable justice is by a lavish expenditure of bribes. Nor is he exempted from the arbitrary impositions of the agents of a needy Government. His

servants, who are generally Jews, are pretty sure to be scoundrels, and are almost certainly spies. Thanks to the climate as well as to other circumstances, he has to resign himself to a good deal of close confinement; and when he ventures beyond the gates for an evening ride in an uninteresting country where sand-hills predominate, it is at his peril. The sword of Damocles is hung over his head, and he has the feeling that at any moment it may break the flimsy thread that holds it. There is scarcely a man among his neighbours who does not regard him with loathing, and who does not believe that the shedding of his infidel blood would be a sweet savour in the nostrils of the Prophet. In ordinary times he may be tolerably safe; for even in Morocco the unprovoked murder of an infidel may entail inconvenient penalties. But it takes very little to warm fanaticism up to blood-heat, and a Moorish Mahometan under strong mental excitement is exceedingly apt to act upon impulse and cast all thought of consequences to the winds. Nor has the stranger the comfort of knowing that, in the event of the place getting too hot for him, the means of a speedy retreat will be at his disposal. There are many chances against Christian vessels happening to be moored in those dangerous roadsteads, and a storm or a ground-swell may easily prevent the coasting steamers from touching on the occasions of their periodical visits.

As, however, there are few lots in life so bad that they might not be worse, the gentlemen we have been compassionating may take comfort in their turn when they look southward to the settlements among the negroes on the coast on which they are vegetating. The seaports of Morocco are, no doubt, very like whited sepulchres; the climate is sultry, and the people are fanatical and unfriendly. But at any rate they compare advantageously in every respect with such heaven-forsaken trading ports as Whydah. Potentates like the King of Dahomey scarcely stand an inch higher in point of intelligence than the bulk of their barbarian subjects. The negroes are as devoted to the worship of their fetishes as the Moors to their Prophet, and the "customs" which embody their conceptions of religion are infinitely sanguinary and demoralizing. Taught to hold their own lives cheap, they are unlikely to have any great regard for the lives of the white strangers. One of the few arts in which they have attained some proficiency is that of poisoning; and in that there are thriving practitioners of no mean skill. The agents of the factories necessarily employ native labour; and as the negro is always on the watch to shirk and to swindle, there are constant difficulties between him and his master. The man who has been scolded or dismissed is pretty sure to be planning vengeance, stimulated thereto by a reasonable certainty of being able to perpetrate any crime with impunity. And the inevitable dangers to life are serious enough without having them aggravated by helpless exposure to assassination. One is quartered in a shadeless factory, exposed to the intolerable glare of a tropical sun. Probably the only vegetation in the vicinity is in the dense mangrove swamps on the shores of the tidal estuary, and these are rotting and steaming under the fierce sun rays. When one might hope for a fresh breeze from the sea of an evening, it comes blowing over festering leaves and stretches of fetid mud. This is followed towards morning by a thick grey fog rolling up along the course of the river, and if the windows are left open for a breath of air, the air that enters has the seeds of death in it. Under such circumstances, the various hideous forms of reptile and insect life are trifling nuisances scarcely worth mentioning, though there are snakes in the rifts of the walls, centipedes and venomous spiders in the cracks of the ceilings, swarms of poisonous flies and mosquitoes, and the certainty of occasional invasion by legions of ravenous white ants. It is well if men so situated do not seek consolation in drinking; yet strict sobriety is a matter of life and death. And most of those who have resigned themselves to this sort of exile cannot even count on the contingency of finding a short cut to fortune. They are mere stipendiaries with very moderate appointments, and their horizon is bounded, if they are given to meditation, by the crowded mounds in the neighbouring graveyard. Thus commerce has its martyrs as well as religion, with the difference that their martyrdom is a lifelong affair, while its end is frequently the most dismal part of it.

TRIAL BY NEWSPAPER

A CONSIDERABLE amount of space has been occupied in the morning papers of this week by a case of mysterious poisoning at Balham, and there appears to be no doubt that the Coroner's inquest on the case was conducted in a careless and superficial manner. This, indeed, is proved by the statement of the Home Secretary, that neither the servants nor the four medical officers who had attended the deceased were called to give evidence, that the depositions were not read over and signed in the usual way, and that he was entirely dissatisfied with the Coroner's conduct, and had ordered a special inquiry on the subject. An incompetent coroner is unfortunately by no means a rarity. In the inquiries into the *Mistletoe* disaster one coroner was so conscious of his own weakness that he was afraid to sum up the depositions, and the other accepted without remonstrance a verdict of which one part was in flat contradiction to the other. It might almost be thought that there is no class of judicial functionaries so destitute of discretion as coroners. There seems to be at least a considerable section of them who divide their time between holding inquests when there is no necessity for them, and muddling inquiries which are of importance. It would be well, therefore, if the Home Secretary could be persuaded to see the necessity of a general revision of this preliminary branch of justice. Considering the sort of people who are usually candidates for coronerships and the manner in which they are elected, as well as the absence of close supervision over their conduct, it is not perhaps surprising that the old reputation of the "crowner's quest" should still cling to them, and that the method in which their inquiries are usually conducted should be anything but satisfactory. As a rule, the use of a coroner's inquest is superseded by the activity of the police; but the general principle of a special investigation by a jury in cases of mysterious death is a good one, and ought to be maintained. It is probable, however, that, as at present managed, inquests tend rather to confuse and obstruct the course of justice than to serve as an assistance to it. It is not very difficult for persons who have an interest in a case to get up evidence which imposes on an ignorant jury presided over by an incompetent judge, or to procure what is called an "open" or meaningless verdict; and when a coroner's jury has given its decision it is usually final. However, admitting all that can be said against this form of tribunal, we must say we should be sorry to see it superseded by another form of judicial inquiry which appears to be coming into fashion—we mean trial by the newspapers. The liberties in which a certain class of journals indulge with regard to criminal proceedings have lately assumed a more audacious character. In civil cases they are perhaps deterred by the fear of actions for libel; but in criminal cases they apparently take it for granted that there will be no question of damages, and that they can say what they like. It is obvious that any interference from the outside with a case which is receiving, or is to receive, the consideration of a competent court of law is a breach of those conditions of order and reticence which are essential to the existence, or at least to the proper administration, of such a tribunal. When a case goes before a court it passes beyond the range of loose public discussion. This is a very simple rule, and it cannot be denied that, on the whole, the press has been scrupulous in obeying it. Of late, however, there have been various symptoms of a disposition on the part of some reckless traders in sensationalism to break the bounds, and to take into their own hands the investigation of cases of crime which attract much attention. In the Wainwright case more than one daily journal thought it necessary to employ detectives of its own, and to publish the results of their researches or imaginative speculations. In the horrible case of the murder of a little girl at Bolton the same thing was repeated; and now we have another illustration of the same tendency in connexion with the mysterious death at Balham.

During the last fortnight there have been various references to this case in the newspapers, and so far as these had to do with pointing out that the Coroner's inquiry was inadequate and perfunctory, and urging that a supplementary inquiry should take place, they were reasonable enough. The inquest was held in a private house, almost secretly, and the evidence at hand was not thoroughly exhausted. It is possible that the whole affair might have escaped public notice if it had not been for influences of some kind or another which have stirred the matter. It does not appear whether any reporter was present at the inquest, but no report of the proceedings was published till some days afterwards, and this consisted mainly of the written depositions. If the newspapers had stopped here, they would only have been doing their duty. It is very important to the public that there should be no risk of such inquiries being hushed up, and it is the business of the press to watch what goes on. Not content, however, with the ordinary way of dealing with such things, the *Daily Telegraph* has instituted what may be regarded as a court of its own. It has opened its columns to the gossipmongers, and has published a mass of rumours and conjectures which has reached it in this way. Among others, a person calling himself "A Barrister" has appeared before this singular court, and it certainly cannot be said that, in the present state of legal education, vulgar stupidity and ignorance of law are conclusive grounds for denying the genuineness of the professional title which he assumes. He begins by saying that he has read with great interest the various communications in the *Daily Telegraph*, and thinks that "some of them let a certain amount of light upon the circumstances of the case"; and that "when they are connected with such positive evidence as has already been made public," it seems to him that "the whole matter lies within a comparatively limited compass." He then lays down what he calls the well-understood rule, that in all investigations "we should move from what we know to what we do not know." Our own impression is that this is a very dangerous rule, at least in the sense in which the "Barrister" applies it, and that it is safer to stop at what you know, and let what you do not know alone. He assumes as a beginning—what indeed seems to be a fact—that the death in question was caused by poison. He then discusses the hypothesis of suicide, calling himself as a witness to prove the cheerfulness and contentment of the person supposed to have committed this act. He admits, however, that there are some points as to which it would be well to have some information, and urges Sir W. Gull "to clear up what actually occurred." Nevertheless, he does not think it worth while to wait for this elucidation, and in the very next sentence dogmatically pronounces that suicide is out of the question. The possibility of accident is next set aside on the ground that "a large dose of tartar emetic is not the kind of thing that goes straying

about at random in an orderly and well-regulated house," and that it would be "a very unusual mischance" if an antimony hair-dye should find its way into wine or soup. Therefore, he holds, the idea of accident is "absurd, on the face of it." He then coolly proceeds to the final alternative—"We are consequently reduced to the terrible conclusion that" the deceased "was murdered"; and not only this, but that "the poison was taken by him during the course of his dinner," and in fact that it was in his wine. Other persons partook of the dishes at dinner, and were not ill. Therefore the "Barrister" concludes that the mischief must have been in the burgundy which the deceased drank at table. This bottle of wine was not produced at the inquest, and there is as yet no evidence whatever as to its contents. But the "Barrister," with true judicial acumen, "takes it for granted." "I arrive at this conclusion," he says, "by what logicians call the 'method of residues'; it must have been in the burgundy, because it could not possibly have been in anything else." The fact is that there is really no evidence, one way or the other, on this part of the subject, not even the negative evidence that the poison could not possibly have been anywhere except in the bottle. Yet the "Barrister" in his confusion of mind says he will confine himself to "absolute and ascertained facts."

The *Daily Telegraph* has also printed a good deal of other correspondence on this exciting mystery, and no doubt there is an abundant stock of this sort of worthless gossip ready to be poured into any utensil that is provided for it. The question is, whether this sort of interference with the preliminary proceedings in what may turn out to be a criminal case is justifiable; and there can be no difficulty in giving an answer. It is very easy for a "Barrister" to conduct a case by evidence invented or coloured by himself, when free from the check of cross-examination; and if this class of practitioners are to find a forum in the newspapers, they will probably not want clients. In the present instance it may be said that the object is, not to assist a guilty person to escape, but rather to bring some person who is supposed to be guilty to justice. But in many cases the effect of newspaper interference in this way would be to obscure and bewilder public opinion on the subject, with a view to the offender's escape, and persons in that position would soon discover the use which might be made of such a system. In any case the discussion of such matters in the press must necessarily be injurious in confusing the public as to rules of evidence and mixing up facts and fiction in an inextricable tangle. The newspapers have a right to report evidence publicly given, and, when the inquiry is over, to comment on it if they choose. But it is certainly not their place to open their columns to all the loose, unauthenticated and unauthenticable gossip that may be sent to them on such a subject. It is to be regretted that the respect of journalists for the character of their profession is not enough to impose the necessary restraint; but if the scandal continues, something will have to be done.

DISCIPLINE IN MERCHANT SHIPS.

A DEPUTATION of shipowners and others has urged upon the Prime Minister the importance of maintaining discipline in merchant ships, and Mr. Disraeli has been advised to answer that the existing law is adequate for this purpose. It may easily be shown, by reference to authority, that the law has always allowed large powers of repression and punishment to the captains of trading ships, these captains being at the same time liable both civilly and criminally for abuse of the powers thus entrusted to them. In a case that occurred nearly fifty years ago, a sailor brought an action against his captain for assaulting and beating him and putting him in irons; and it was conceded in argument by the plaintiff's counsel that, when a ship is on the high seas, where it is impossible to procure assistance, a captain may inflict corporal chastisement on his crew; but it was contended that the rule was different when, as in that case, the ship was at anchor with other British ships within hail. A point of pleading arose in that case, in reference to which the plaintiff's counsel argued that, "if, under the circumstances, the defendant was not justified in flogging the plaintiff, the proceeding was void *in toto*," which perhaps would be small consolation to his client. As may be read in an Oxford translation of Aristotle's *Ethics*,

> Of this alone is Deity bereft,
> To make undone whatever has been done;

and neither Gods nor Barons of the Exchequer can unflog a man. But it may perhaps comfort Mr. P. A. Taylor to know that, if a sailor be flogged illegally, "the proceeding is void *in toto*." In the case to which we have referred, Lord Lyndhurst, who then presided in the Exchequer, laid down the law clearly and sufficiently in support of discipline. The ship was at anchor off Macao, and the captain was on shore. In his absence an inquiry was held by the officers into the conduct of a sailor named Cronan, and they determined that he had been guilty of disobedience to orders, and sent for the captain, who, coming on board three days afterwards, ordered Cronan to be flogged. The plaintiff Lamb, being probably what is called a sea lawyer, demanded by what authority the captain ordered Cronan to be flogged. And he and others riotously and mutinously resisted the execution of the captain's orders to flog Cronan. The other ships, on signals being made to them, sent boats with armed men, who quelled the disturbance, and Lamb was immediately flogged by the captain's order, and afterwards imprisoned and kept in irons. The jury having found their verdict for the defendant, it was sustained by the Court. It was clear, said Lord Lyndhurst, that Cronan misconducted himself, and "for the purpose of enforcing obedience in the ship's crew, the captain has authority to order any of the crew who misconduct themselves to be moderately and properly corrected." Then, as to the conduct of Lamb, he appeared to have been the leader of the persons who opposed the infliction of punishment on Cronan, and whose behaviour was extremely objectionable and mutinous. Under such circumstances the captain was justified in directing punishment to be inflicted on Lamb.

The law may be further illustrated by reference to a criminal case which occurred about seven years later, and which was cited in the opinion read by Mr. Disraeli to the deputation. It was laid down in that case that persons on board ship are necessarily subject to something like despotic government, and it is therefore extremely important that the law should regulate the conduct of those who exercise dominion over them. The captain and mate of a ship were indicted for manslaughter of a sailor who was really in ill health, and they pleaded guilty, but represented themselves to have believed the man to be a skulker. The Court said that the question was whether the phenomena of disease were such as would excite the attention of reasonable and humane men. "This," said Baron Alderson, "is a very aggravated case." The only circumstance stated in the defendants' favour was that the deceased was sent on board by a surgeon as fit for work, and this was not proved. They ought to have known that the man was in such a condition that he was likely to die, and therefore the Court would imprison them for a very long period. In several recent cases of shipwreck we have heard of great disorders and crowding into boats among both passengers and crew, and of the captain threatening to shoot those who resisted his authority. If the captain had shot even a passenger under such circumstances, the law would probably justify his act, but only on full inquiry and consideration of the facts. It might well be in such a case that destroying one life might save many. Within the last ten years a case occurred in which the authority of the captain over passengers as well as crew was recognized. But, said the Judge, this authority is based on necessity, and is limited to the preservation of necessary discipline and the safety of the ship. The captain is not bound to wait for actual mutiny, and he might arrest any movement towards it on the part of passengers or crew. But there must be some act calculated, in the judgment of a reasonable man, to interfere with the safety of the ship or the due prosecution of the voyage. "The necessity for exercising a due control over the exercise of this arbitrary authority was all the greater because it was exercised on the high seas, perhaps thousands of miles from land, without any opportunity, until weeks or months afterwards, of appealing to the law for redress in case the authority was abused." The late Baron Channell, who thus charged the jury, asked them to consider whether, in sober seriousness, it was really necessary for the safety of the ship or the due prosecution of the voyage that the plaintiff should have been seized and imprisoned. They would bear in mind that the ship was of considerable size, and must have had a numerous crew, and could they say that the plaintiff's conduct, whatever it was, rendered such measures necessary for the safety or due management of the ship? They must consider whether there had been any necessity for the exercise of authority, and even if there had been such necessity, whether there had been excess beyond what was necessary? The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff with 25*l.* damages; so that out of three cases which have been mentioned, redress was given in a criminal Court in one, and in a civil Court in another, while in the third the captain's necessary exercise of authority was justified. The result of all this seems to be, that the existing law is reasonably sufficient; but, like other laws, it is liable to defective execution through mistakes of judges. The Attorney-General, being questioned in the House of Commons in reference to the case of the captain of the *Locksley Hall*, answered in conformity with these authorities. He said that the legality or illegality of a captain's conduct depends upon the special circumstances which existed at the time when he committed the alleged wrong, and it is frequently necessary for him to exercise his power with considerable severity.

Whether or not it be expedient to man British ships with Greeks or Maltese, as a matter of fact many ships are so manned, and in dealing with a motley crew a captain's authority ought to be considerable. This is clearly shown by the recent case of the *Caswell*, whose captain would have been justified in taking prompt and severe measures to quell the mutiny in which he and his officers perished. This ship had originally an English crew, but at Buenos Ayres all except the two mates, the steward, the carpenter, and two apprentices were discharged; and three Greeks, two Maltese, a Scotchman, and an Englishman were shipped in place of those who left. The ship proceeded to Valparaiso in ballast, and some dispute occurring about provisions, one of the Greeks was heard to say that, if the captain lifted a hand against the crew, "they would see the deck running in blood." Nothing else exceptional occurred until after the vessel left Antifogasta with nitre for Queenstown and Falmouth. On New Year's Eve one of the Greek sailors was lying ill, and the mate told another of them, called "Big George," that he would have to go on the sick man's watch. He refused, and the captain went into the forecastle with a revolver. Being asked why he came armed, the captain answered that he meant to use his revolver if necessary. Big George then promised to take the

sick man's place, but he did not, and nothing more was done to compel him. This was on Friday evening, and nothing further occurred until Tuesday, the 4th of January, when, as the captain was instructing Big George how to put the "seasons" round the rigging, he suddenly and without apparent provocation stabbed the captain in the stomach. The two mates and the steward were simultaneously attacked with shots and stabs, and in the result these four Englishmen were murdered by the five foreigners. The plan was concerted, and may perhaps have been a complete surprise to the victims. If the captain had been a more resolute man, he would probably have compelled Big George to go on watch on Friday evening or put him in irons for refusal, and if in attempting to do this he had provoked a premature explosion of mutiny and violence, he might perhaps have saved his own life and the lives of those who perished with him four days afterwards. But, if he ought to have done this as a prudent and resolute officer, he certainly ought not to have been answerable to the criminal law for doing it. Indeed, if such cases as these occur repeatedly, the law is likely to be expounded by judges at least as adversely to mutineers as it was fifty years ago. It may, however, become questionable whether it is worth while to undertake a voyage with half the ship's crew ready to kill the other half at the shortest notice. The foreigners on board the *Caswell* actually did kill four Englishmen, and the only safety of the Englishmen manifestly lay in being as prepared and ruthless as their probable assailants. It seems a misnomer to talk of a ship's "company" under such circumstances, and probably half, according to the old proverb, would be better than the whole; for the Englishmen might have contrived to work the ship without any help at all, and the help which they had was worse than none. It almost seems as if the dangers of the deep were likely to be more largely experienced by the mercantile than by the Royal navy. A naval battle will be very terrible when it comes, but it is a long time coming, and even an ironclad on a holiday cruise in the Irish Channel is a safer place than a merchantman with irascible and long-knived Greeks on board. After the captain, two mates, and the steward of the *Caswell* had been murdered, the ship rounded Cape Horn, and off the river Plate the two Maltese left her, so that there remained on board the carpenter, two British seamen and two boys, and the three Greeks. It was now believed that the only choice for our countrymen lay between killing and being killed, and they accordingly determined to attack, and, after a severe fight, killed two of the Greeks and wounded and made prisoner the third. It is said that the Greeks intended to take the ship to one of their own ports in the Mediterranean, where they probably hoped to escape notice among the miscellaneous scoundrelism of their country. The ship was within a few days' sail of Rio when the second conflict occurred, and the victors with their wounded captive determined to bring her to Queenstown, and in this they succeeded. The statements which they have made are confirmed by the appearance of the cabin where the fight came off and by the ship's log, but, as their prisoner awaits trial, it must not be assumed that he individually is guilty. All we can say is, that those who perpetrate such atrocities and survive them cannot expect on capture and conviction any sentence short of death. Indeed, if there were now any considerable agitation against capital punishment, such a case as this would go far to quiet it. The murderers of the *Lennie* are awaiting execution, and the survivor of the alleged murderers of the *Caswell* will certainly be tried. We do not, therefore, quite agree with the deputation who urged on Mr. Disraeli that these cases, and the generally growing insubordination, show the need of immediate legislation. As the magistrate's decision in the case of the captain of the *Locksley Hall* has been as far as possible corrected by the Home Secretary, we must assume that the magistrate erred, as judges of higher rank sometimes err, in applying a law which, rightly understood, is sufficient for its purpose. The administration of any law will always depend to some extent on public opinion, and after these cases of the *Lennie* and *Caswell* mutineers are not likely to obtain much sympathy. It appears that Mr. Disraeli was right in saying that the ship-masters who addressed him rather underrated the power which they by law possess.

WATER SUPPLY OF HASTINGS.

A REPORT in the *Lancet* on the water supply of Hastings will be read with interest, not only as affecting a popular seaside town, but also as an illustration of difficulties which beset many other increasing towns. This town has outgrown the district from which its natural water supply comes, and a larger quantity must be brought from a longer distance. It has been suggested that the necessary supply might be obtained by boring down to the Lower Greensand at Glynde, about twenty miles from Hastings, and the engineering difficulty of such a scheme would not be serious, although the expense of this or any other adequate plan would be considerable. We believe that a similar method was adopted some years ago at the neighbouring seaside town of Eastbourne, but under more favourable circumstances, as the supply could be obtained nearer to the place requiring it. Expense, however, cannot in such a matter be regarded, and the townsmen of Hastings will find it dear economy to allow any stir to rest on the water supply of their town.

The total watershed area available for Hastings may be roughly described as a triangle, with the sea for base. It covers no more than 3,000 or 4,000 acres, and is broken into glens which run down to the sea. It lies in the Wealden deposit, and consists partly of sand and partly of clay. The surrounding hills are steep, the strata are broken by numerous faults and fissures, their dip is not favourable for the accumulation of water, and a considerable portion of the district is thickly populated. A Report was made last year to the Town Council of Hastings by Mr. Topley, of the Geological Survey, and the Report in the *Lancet* appears to be partly founded on Mr. Topley's statements. The present supply of water is said to be derived, first, from wells; secondly, from surface drainage; and thirdly, from superficial springs. A well at Hollington, which at present supplies St. Leonards only, has been lately acquired by the Corporation, and it is now proposed to add it to the general town supply. This proposal is naturally resented by the inhabitants of St. Leonards, who view it as an admixture of their good water with the doubtful water of Hastings. This well at Hollington is estimated to yield 75,000 gallons per day. An old well near the gas-works yields about 40,000 gallons per day. This well is stated to communicate with subterranean fissures of unknown extent, which prevent the water from rising above a certain height, and it is, in fact, utilized as a large storage reservoir. There seems, however, some danger in this practice, as no one can say how near the fissures come to the surface nor how far they reach. The storage of this reservoir is roughly estimated at 50,000,000 gallons, and it is connected by mains with all the wells and reservoirs of the town, except the well at Hollington, and even that will shortly be included. The supply of water obtainable from deep wells being limited, it is necessary to augment it with superficial spring and surface drainage water. At Shornden and in the valleys of the Old Roar, Clive, and Ecclesbourne reservoirs have been constructed, which are supplied from these sources. Each of these reservoirs collects and stores the water of the surrounding springs, and in one or two cases a stream is impounded. The reservoir in the Old Roar valley is the largest, and it holds 25,000,000 gallons. It is fed at the upper end by the Old Roar stream, which flows down a valley now pretty thickly inhabited. "This stream," says the *Lancet*, "is most objectionable," and we can hardly doubt that the objections stated are to a great extent well founded. "The springs which contribute to the reservoir seem little better"; Ecclesbourne and the two Clive reservoirs are described as presenting similar features. The water in all was "opalescent and swarming with water fleas." The general character of the water drawn from these various sources is said to be "unsatisfactory and dangerous," and although this is matter of more or less disputable opinion, there is the further consideration of quantity, and this is matter of fact. The present population of Hastings and St. Leonards may be taken at 35,000, exclusive of autumn visitors. The reporter estimates that only 30,000 are now supplied with water, and he adds that the private wells, which supplement the town supply, are in many cases badly polluted and should not be used at all. Allowing for the exceptional wants of the autumn, when water is most important, it seems no exaggeration to say that a present population of 40,000 should be provided for. The smallest daily allowance that can be sufficient is twenty-five gallons per head, which gives a daily requirement of 1,000,000 gallons. In London the allowance is about thirty gallons per head, and in some places it is still higher. A smaller quantity would of course be sufficient, with economy, for actual sanitary necessities; but in a fashionable watering-place the supply should be abundant, if only for the reputation of the place. It is highly desirable that a constant supply should be provided, and liberal allowance should be made for the flushing of sewers and the watering of gardens. Last year the average daily consumption of water was about 640,000 gallons, and with the additional works now proposed, and careful storage, the proper quantity might, in favourable years, be obtained. But bad years have to be provided for as well as good ones, and even bad seasons. It is stated that in four months of 1874, and these the most important months of the year—namely, from July to October—the daily consumption fell to 300,000 gallons—that is, twelve gallons per head for a population of 25,000, or seven and a half gallons per head for a population of 40,000, the latter estimate being the more probable. Now it is calculated that the deep wells, the yield of which is pretty steady and the water of which is good, cannot, by any improvement, be made to yield more than about four hundred thousand gallons per day. The rest of the supply must be made up by the impounding and storage of land drainage and superficial springs. It has already been shown that much of the present water supply is obtained in this way. It is now proposed to construct similar works, with the addition of filter-beds, in the Fairlight and Warren valleys. But these new supplies will hardly do more than balance the losses which must be submitted to elsewhere. The Old Roar and Clive reservoirs, if not those of Ecclesbourne and Shornden, must shortly be relinquished. "They are getting too dangerous," says the *Lancet*, adding that its judgment on this point is confirmed by Mr. Topley in his Report. It is also observed that water of this kind is ill adapted for storage, and during a long drought becomes very bad, and sometimes even dangerous.

Large towns everywhere must recognize natural conditions, and, as Hastings depends greatly for its prosperity on London, it need not complain of encountering a share of the same troubles. It is now living through the same experience as London did fifty years ago, with this difference, that it is a much smaller place, and has no considerable river. When alarm first began to be felt as to the quality of Thames water, various plans were proposed for

obtaining water from the upper part of the Thames, or from minor streams such as the Colne and Wandle, and also by boring wells. The popular belief that you could get as much water as you wanted by boring deep enough was soon disproved by experience. The object of such borings was to obtain water from the sandy strata which lie beneath the London clay, such water being originally collected at the points where the pervious strata rise to the surface at the boundaries of the great basin in which the metropolis is situated. But it was long ago concluded that water did not exist in these strata in sufficient abundance to afford a constant supply to the metropolis, or even to a considerable district by raising it from below the clay. Here and there Artesian wells, as they are called, succeeded, but sometimes a second well was found to tap a first, and it was soon discovered that, although these wells had been used immemorially in France and Italy, they were no adequate resource for a population accumulating so rapidly as that of London. Meanwhile, the Thames and its tributaries became more and more polluted by the growing population on their banks, and water was taken for consumption at higher points, and finally the use of the same stream as conduit and sewer was seen to be impossible. All this seems to be now happening over again on a small scale at Hastings, and its Town Council, after trying every means to utilize the water of its own area, will be forced to go beyond it. The very completeness of their arrangements, if they stop short of this final step, aggravates the existing difficulty. St. Leonards is now complaining that its peculiar water is to be mixed with that of Hastings, and for good or evil the two places have been made one. With many advantages they suffer this drawback, that they cannot easily obtain as much good water as they ought to have. Nature has not provided for a large town upon this site where modern society requires one; and the want of nature must be supplemented by art, and the question is how this may best be done. There are usually two plans and only two available, wells and surface reservoirs, and neither can be applied without danger of collision with existing interests. Even the supply from the Lower Greensand, near Glynde, although Mr. Topley believes that it would be very large, would not be unlimited, and we know not what drought elsewhere might be caused by sending this water to Hastings. The story of the two brewers who sank artesian wells in London is typical of the whole subject of water supply in England. It has become evident that economy on a large scale must be practised by preserving our rivers from pollution and by constructing storage reservoirs in suitable localities.

It is rather surprising that the vigorous agitation in favour of temperance or total abstinence does not direct itself, among other objects, to this of improving the general water supply of the country. Perhaps Hastings has too much beer, and certainly it has, or will have, too little water. No amount of scientific or moral lecturing will dissuade people from using alcohol as a supposed corrective of impure water, and beyond all question, much of the water now supplied to English towns is impure, and there are many places besides Hastings where the impetus necessary to real improvement must be supplied from without. An adequate plan for the future wants of Hastings could hardly be adopted without Parliamentary sanction, which is costly. It is not desirable that this Report in the *Lancet* should be used to excite immediate anxiety. But it will convey a useful warning against narrow measures and shortsighted economy. The general result of the inquiry is well summed up in a leading article in the same paper, which, after describing the natural features and circumstances of Hastings, concludes that "its water supply must be small or bad," that is, small having regard to the probable increase of the place, and the character which, as a health-resort, it would desire to maintain. Owners of property have derived benefit from the attraction of visitors to the place, and must accept the corresponding burden. It is to be feared that St. Leonards must surrender its valued well at Hollington, and if it could prevent Hastings from taking this water directly, the same result might perhaps be attained by subterraneous tapping. The inevitable tendency of the age is to deal with these questions, not by piecemeal, but largely. A time may perhaps come when St. Leonards will find itself associated for water supply, not only with Hastings, but with other towns on the South coast, drawing water supply from the lower strata of the chalk hills. The local authorities should remember that, although danger may be distant, panic may be near. Some accidental and limited pollution may be laid hold of by newspapers in want of a sensation, and a cry may be got up which ten years of unblemished sanitary administration will not allay. The general ignorance of the public on these matters makes it an easy victim to interested or hostile agitation, and it cannot be doubted that, in an exceptionally dry summer, the water supply of Hastings would offer a tempting subject to any writer possessed of a little scientific knowledge and a striking style. It may be hoped, therefore, that the warning of the *Lancet* will not be neglected by the Town Council. They have time and they can find means to effect a complete reform.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

THE picture of the season, as we have already said, is Mr. Leighton's "Daphnephoria" (241), "a triumphal procession held every ninth year at Thebes, in honour of Apollo." "Its name was derived from the laurel branches carried by those who took part in the festival—the laurel, or more properly the bay, being sacred to Apollo." The procession, though flowing onwards in an unbroken stream, may be divided into four or more constituent parts. It is led by a priest, with the commanding air of a god, impelled by passionate ardour. The figure is moulded after the noblest Greek type; but the rigidity of sculpture has been fitly made to yield to the mobility and suavity suited to a picture. The drapery, too, loses the rigidity of marble, and becomes decorative in ornament, apparently consisting in tasteful adaptations from Greek vases. Next follow three lads, bearing a trophy of golden armour. Thirdly comes a lovely choir of Theban maidens, crowned with laurel and bearing laurel branches, who sing a hymn to Apollo. The procession closes with boys carrying votive tripods. Nor must we forget the surroundings of nature. The climate of Greece, which has always been accounted an inspiring element in Greek art, is here at its prime; sunlight falls in dazzling rays upon the city of Thebes, seen in the middle distance; and the stalwart forms of stone-pines—too gigantic, because they dwarf the figures—together with the luxuriant growth of olivè, bay, and oleander, tell of the fertilizing power of the sun, whose chariot Apollo guided. To this general description may be added a few words of criticism. It is not irrelevant to remark that this procession in honour of Apollo, the art-inspirer, has none of the riot common to the numerous processions and dances in celebration of Bacchus, the wine-inspired. Neither Apollo nor the Muses are present, but their spell is felt. The lines and the tones are mellifluous even to a fault. The joyousness of the scene, so different from the ponderosity of a Roman triumph, is true to the Greek people and their art. The gaiety of the Greeks led them into games and festivities. The artist's treatment of the nude conforms in a good degree to the conditions laid down by Winckelmann; it is guarded by knowledge and guided by beauty. Beauty here, as with the Greeks, moves to worship; it is a beauty calm and serene, unshadowed by a cloud, unmarred by violent action. The ancients regarded slow movements as indicative of great minds. In this procession the movement comes out of repose, and to repose it will return. It may be fairly objected that the colour seems to derive its tertiary concords from Germany, with a possible infusion from M. Hamon and other vaporists in France. The generic style also, like the colour, is composite; assuredly it cannot be ranked as strictly Greek; perhaps it may be best designated as Romantic-Classic. If we mistake not, posterity will assign to Mr. Leighton the honour—shared by artists of all time whose names are recorded in history—of having formed an individual style which, notwithstanding certain infirmities, is essentially his own.

William Schlegel truly says, "When we ground our judgment of modern painters merely on their greater or less resemblance to the ancients, we must necessarily be unjust towards them, as Winckelmann undoubtedly has been in the case of Raffaelle." This passage strikes at the difficulties encountered in the three great classic pictures of the year. We should say that Mr. Leighton's "Daphnephoria" is the most romantic and modern; that Mr. Armitage's "Phryne" is in its modelling the most plastic; and that Mr. Poynter's "Atalanta" is the most of a go-between, two-thirds of the composition being pictorial, and one-third sculpturesque. The better opinion seems to be that in these days the antique needs adaptation to changed conditions, and it is always interesting to observe the varying points of view taken by different painters and sculptors. Mr. Albert Moore is a leader in the school which permits no compromise. "Beads" (258) is the all but meaningless title given to two sleeping figures which in their contour and diaphanous drapery might pass for literal transcripts from antique marbles. Mr. Eyre Crowe, the cynic among the newly-elected Associates, paints a "Rehearsal" (10) of *The Birds* of Aristophanes. The picture, which is of course comic, though in a pseudo-classic sense, might throw tragedy into relief; according to a Socratic saying, "All opposites can be fully understood only by and through each other; consequently we can only know what is serious by knowing also what is laughable and ludicrous." Euelpides and Pisthetairus are depicted by Mr. Crowe as having "fled from Athens and its vices" in order to enjoy a more tranquil region—a community of birds. The artist introduces the "Chorus of Birds," who exclaim, "Ah, ah! we are betrayed." "The scene chosen represents the rebuff of the intruders on being at first mistaken for bird-catchers." The handling of the picture is trenchant in touch, as befits pictorial sarcasm. We may also commend, for sound workmanship as well as for realism in the accessories, "After the Dance" (91), by Mr. Waterhouse. But the intrusion of a pretty girl, quite after the modern manner, into the midst of the antique world shows how hard it is to preserve the unities. Grand as a reading of the character is Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Cleopatra" (1282); proud as an empress, voluptuous as a mistress.

The vocal art of poetry translates kindly into the silent art of painting; speech is, in truth, suggested by the expression of the face, the action of the hands, and indeed by the attitude and movement of the whole body. This, the natural, and for the most part unconscious, language of the human framework, it is the business of the artist to render emphatically and clearly. Mr. Herbert has in good measure succeeded in this endeavour in his carefully studied and symmetric composition, "King Lear Disinheriting Cordelia" (189). Lear, enthroned in the midst, gives vent to a towering rage as he vociferates to poor Cordelia, "Here I disclaim all my paternal care." The three daughters are ranged around, and we must say that they are so little like to the creations of Shakspeare that they appear just as if they had escaped from a convent. Much more true to nature

and to the text of the poet is the well-known picture by Mr. Madox Brown. We have to do with a national tragedy; the scene is laid in Britain, the characters are British, and yet these three daughters as depicted by Mr. Herbert are aliens. The architectural surroundings are alien also. The baldacchino-like portico which enshrines, as it were, the majesty of the King, is in its architecture foreign to our island. This last objection, which we do not press strongly, may yet indicate in how completely a non-natural sense Mr. Herbert has interpreted our national poet. Nevertheless "King Lear Disinheriting Cordelia" cannot be forgotten whenever the history of English art in the nineteenth century comes to be written. Almost the only other illustration of Shakspeare worthy of notice is "The Meeting of Oberon and Titania" (175), by Mr. Poole. The technique is not so strong as might have been expected from what the artist has done in former years, yet the imaginative faculty is still conspicuous. The scene is laid in a wood near Athens, and the painter has taken the liberty of adding a lake glistening under the silver moon with blue ghost-like hills rising against the sky. Upon such a poetic landscape Shakspeare makes to "enter Oberon, on the one side, with his train, and Titania, on the other, with hers." Oberon's first words are "Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania." The artist introduces us to "moonlight revels" of wild weird devilry; strange umbrageous foliage offers a retreat wherein elves might nestle in the night, and elements of air and earth are present which haunt a summer's dream. The conception is not carried out to completeness, yet the artist succeeds in conveying the spectator into a land of visions possessed by spirits of the night. The present Exhibition has fewer pictures from Shakspeare than usual.

Every Exhibition contains a multitude of pictures which almost defy classification. Amongst such miscellanies the following may be thrown together, inasmuch as the artists severally appear to have striven to redeem their subjects from commonplace. In this endeavour Mr. Elmore has not failed in "A Morning Reverie" (50); the theme is a highborn lady, with sorrows laden, in maiden meditation fancy free. The study of lines, both in the pose of the figure and in the disposition of the draperies, is singularly responsive to the sense of beauty. The same room affords space to a repulsive, though well-painted, picture, "The Princess" (80), by Mr. Dollman, inspired by Mr. Tennyson's "Medley." A scimitar lies ready for use on the table, and "two tame leopards couch" on the ground; such would appear to be the threats held out against dissentients from the rights of women. A fanciful and zephyr-like figure, "A Breezy Morning" (528), by Mr. T. R. Spence, though not disagreeable, defies even the most elementary rules as to the composition of lines. Mr. Stokes, taking as his text "Coward Conscience, how dost thou afflict me" (596), falls into spasmodic sentimentality. Mr. Dallarn appears as one of the last survivors of the defunct brotherhood of Pre-Raffaellite painters in "The Forsaken" (419); what a compound of agony and ugliness! Mr. Strudwick would appear to be a disciple in the school of Mr. Stanhope—a painter whom we regret not to meet this year, because, though we often dissent from his art, he has a weight of thought with which it is instructive to come in contact. We are sorry not to be able to say much in praise of Mr. Strudwick's "Songs without Words" (577), because the picture is not only without words, but without meaning. Here, again, we have to contend against a non-natural art; the figure is on a scale at least double that of the landscape; the lady reclines disconsolate on the chilly ground, reckless of rheumatism. Were not the provocation unusually great, we should shrink from a hint at the one step which divides the sublime from the ridiculous. Mr. Dobson, as usual, is refined and not quite weak in a figure called "The Offering" (227). One or two spurious religious pictures are scattered about, we will not say as good seed, but as waifs and strays. Mr. Dickson is divided between divers winds of doctrine in "Elijah confronting Ahab and Jezebel in Naboth's Vineyard" (915); the style is neither wholly classic, Bedouin, nor sacred, but a mixture of the three. One sign of a great artist is unity of motive, while the mark of a man who has nothing worth saying is often a confusion of tongues. As a surprise, but scarcely as a pleasure, we encounter Professor Carl Müller, whose spiritual but feeble effusions in the way of "Christian Art" we have known in Dusseldorf, Remagen, and elsewhere. "The Virgin and Child in front of a Grotto" (355), and "The Virgin and Infant Christ with St. Joseph and an Angel Playing" (1252), are wholly wanting, not only in art mastery, but in the ardour and inspiration of religion. Fortunately the victory of the Germans in arms has been attended by the revival of a more robust and vigorous art.

SIGNOR ROSSI.

SIGNOR ROSSI, in a curiously illogical letter lately addressed to the daily papers, protested against the criticism which has implied that he is incapable of understanding Shakspeare's characters, and gave an explanation of his Hamlet which must have surprised most people who saw him play the part. In speaking of the actor's appearance as Hamlet, we observed that, as far as one could judge of an actor's conception of a character from what he did with it on the stage, Signor Rossi seemed to have settled very definitely the question whether Hamlet was mad or not. The impression naturally conveyed by the actor's extravagant, at times uncouth, behaviour was that he intended to represent a lunatic. From Signor Rossi's letter, however, we learnt with some surprise that this was distinctly not his intention, and that he imagines Hamlet never to have been completely mad. When an actor's meaning in an important part is so generally misapprehended as was Signor Rossi's in Hamlet, it is likely that the fault lies with him as much as with his audience. There are plenty of instances of actors whose means have failed them for transferring their impressions to their hearers, and who, with minds full of passion, have produced a cold effect upon their audiences; but it is somewhat astonishing to find so practised an actor as Signor Rossi giving an impression the opposite of what he intends through the whole of a long part. In the same letter which informed us that, though his Hamlet might appear mad, he was not really so, and that it was not his but our understanding that was at fault, Signor Rossi gave his views on King Lear, which it seems his hearers had been equal to comprehending through the medium of his performance on the stage. There is a novelty in Signor Rossi's method of first acting a part and then explaining what he meant by his acting, but it would perhaps be better if the explanation came before the performance. It would save a lazy playgoer some trouble if with his play-bill there were handed to him a critical account, from the actor's point of view, of the performance he was going to witness.

Signor Rossi's notion about King Lear is that he should be represented as what the Scotch call "doited" at the beginning of the play; and no doubt this view is capable of being sustained. The division of his kingdom between Goneril and Regan was certainly not the act of a wise man; and the dialogue between Regan and Goneril at the end of the first scene may be brought forward to show that their father's mind was in a shaky state. His age is "full of changes"; his poor judgment in casting off his favourite daughter may be the "infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself." "The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash"; from which speeches one may no doubt construct a theory that Lear was not only doting in his old age, but had been little better than half-witted even in the heyday of his youth. The commentators who delight in grubbing up meanings out of Shakspeare's text which no one else has ever supposed to exist there might do well to turn their attention to this passage. By sufficiently careful consideration of it they might arrive at the conclusion that Lear was a kind of vicious imbecile, whose slandered daughters were doing the best possible thing for him in refusing to encourage his extravagance and folly. Signor Rossi, from this and other passages, such as Lear's impatience for his dinner, has decided that the King's faculties should be shown from the first to be in a crazy condition. The actor exhibited with finished care in gesture, voice, and look the various symptoms of failing memory and reason with which he illustrates the change in Lear from a senile confusion and incompetence to more extravagant madness; and he may be given credit for carrying out his idea of the character at the expense of stage effect and interest. One can imagine how the representation of King Lear passing from a state of honour and grandeur to one of degradation, through which his grandeur should be yet perceived, would, in the hands of an actor with the necessary gifts and training, appeal to the hearts of an audience. But it is difficult to feel any deep interest in the fortunes of an old man who, when he has handed over his crown, has little token of kingliness left about him; and when King Lear's character is represented as answering pretty nearly to his daughters' description, it is possible to understand their conduct towards him. They might have expressed themselves more becomingly, but it was not strange that they should object to having a hundred knights, subject to no authority but that of a petulant dotard, quartered upon them. Signor Rossi would seem to have forgotten that Goneril and Regan are not the only people from whom one can learn something of Lear's attributes. Kent, in an assumed character it is true, says that he reads authority in the King's countenance, and that is precisely what one cannot read in Signor Rossi's. Kent's word may be taken to be worth as much at least as Goneril's and Regan's; and it is possible that, when they spoke to each other of their father's infirmities, both knew that their speeches were the expression rather of what they found it convenient to assume than of what they believed.

Signor Rossi, starting by presenting for King Lear a figure that fails to arouse any absorbing interest or sympathy, did not—and in this he was perhaps consistent—surprise his hearers' feelings with the more passionate parts of the play. Everything that he did was careful, but hardly once could one think of Lear's sufferings, and, so thinking, forget the presence of a clever actor giving a somewhat mean rendering of a great part. The skill with which the player indicated the gradual increase of disturbance in the King's brain was remarkable; but the burst of passion which one hoped for at the end of the first and second acts was wanting. After having learnt how different Signor Rossi's idea of Hamlet is from the idea which he conveyed to other people, we could easily believe that he had within him in Lear the feeling of his part, as much as the young actor in George Sand's *Pierre qui Roule* has. But, like that actor, Signor Rossi appeared cold when he should have seemed consumed with passion. By far his most successful scene was that with Cordelia in the French camp; here the tenderness which found expression once in the representation of Hamlet was more fully developed; here the actor seemed able to transmit his emotion to the spectators; and it is to be regretted that the whole of his performance was not up to the level of this scene.

As Macbeth, Signor Rossi was more successful than as Lear; but

In this character also there was a want of the quality which rouses an audience to forgetfulness of the stage and the actor, and makes it believe in the presence of the man whom the actor has to personate. The first scenes gave a kind of promise which was not fulfilled by what followed. The actor's air and bearing were, as they should be, those of a man accustomed to mix in strife and turn the current of battle. His byplay was intelligent and cleverly executed; it seemed altogether that Signor Rossi might here have found a part in which he could explain to an English audience the great reputation which he has in Italy. But when he had to grapple with the soliloquy at the end of the scene before the murder, the faults which had been observed in his other parts, of heaviness in diction and inability to carry his audience with him, appeared again. There was more merit in the following dialogue with Lady Macbeth, where the speech "Bring forth men-children only" was especially delivered with good effect. The dagger speech in the succeeding scene suffered from the dragging out of the action with which it was begun; the following of the phantom dagger with eye and hand was not so impressive that one liked to look on it for very long; and the speech itself was monotonous. This defect Signor Rossi avoided in the passage beginning "Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more," by pitching his voice in a higher key for the imaginary utterance, a device which was not imposing. The actor's tone might well be varied here, but it should take a deeper rather than a keener quality; it should be charged with the echo of a never-ending horror, and ring with prophecies of remorse.

In the banquet scene Signor Rossi took a view of Macbeth's dealing with Banquo's ghost which is often taken by German actors, and for which there is no doubt something to be said. It is not terror so much as rage at finding that when the brains are out the man is not dead, by which he is overcome. The courage which is naturally startled by the first appearance of the spectre asserts itself afterwards to such an extent that Macbeth rushes at it with naked sword as it vanishes for the last time. This pursuit of the ghost was less dexterous in execution than most of Signor Rossi's stage business, and the scene ran some risk of becoming ridiculous by the conduct of the ghost itself, which walked in and out like a neglected guest who on his first appearance was delighted to find an empty place, which he could not but leave on seeing that it belonged to some one else who was irritated at his occupying it; and who on his second entrance wandered aimlessly in search of a seat, and, finding none, went away as humbly and quietly as he could. There was some invention in Signor Rossi's start of terror and flinging away of his crown and sword at the end of the scene; but it did not seem to fit in well with what had gone before. It was difficult to judge of his acting in the scene of the Pit of Acheron, because the stage was needlessly dark and the actor stood for a great part of the scene far at its back. The success of this scene also was on the first night of the play endangered by the erratic behaviour of the show of kings, for which excuse might be found in the very small space in which they were allowed to show themselves. Some of Signor Rossi's best effects were found in the concluding scenes of the play. The action with which he dismissed the messenger who brings news of the advance of the English force was impressive; and the player's bearing was good throughout. But neither in *Macbeth*, nor in his previous performances, has Signor Rossi proved that he possesses any greater qualities than intelligence, care, and experience. In the Lady Macbeth of Signora Glech Pareti, who played Regan in *King Lear* remarkably well, there was much to admire. The part was invested with the tenderness for an individual, Macbeth, which is sometimes found allied with cruelty towards the rest of mankind; and there was a supple courtesy displayed towards Duncan on his arrival and towards the guests in the banquet scene. The intensity of the invocation in her first scene, and the smile of fierce triumph at its end, were admirable.

REVIEWS.

TAINE'S ORIGINES DE LA FRANCE CONTEMPORAINE.*

THAT history is capable of being treated as a science is a well-known theory of M. Taine. Given one "situation," the scientific historian of the future will be able to say that such or such another "situation" must inevitably succeed to it; and by means of this power of foreknowledge man may even hope to acquire a certain mastery over his destiny. He may so modify the circumstances under his immediate control as to alter the whole course of events for centuries to come; his eyes being opened to see the line of rail on which the train of events is running, he may be able at the critical moment to turn the points and send it off in another direction. This may seem to the ordinary unphilosophical mind rather chimerical, but at any rate the theory has its uses. It enjoins study of the past, even to its minutest details, as the only means of acquiring wisdom for the future. It puts an end to the devising of ideal states of society and forms of governments so dear to the French mind. A constitution, M. Taine believes, must be discovered, not invented; and, when found, must be accepted without regard to personal preferences; "d'avance la nature et l'histoire ont choisi pour nous; c'est à nous de nous accommoder à elles, car il est sûr qu'elles ne s'accommoderont pas à nous." M. Taine describes with some humour his early difficulties as an elector before the true theory of constitution-making, or rather constitution-finding, had dawned upon him:—

> En 1849, ayant vingt-et-un ans, j'étais électeur et fort embarrassé; car j'avais à nommer quinze ou vingt députés, et de plus, selon l'usage français, je devais non-seulement choisir des hommes, mais opter entre des théories. On me proposait d'être royaliste ou républicain, démocrate ou conservateur, socialiste ou bonapartiste: je n'étais rien de tout cela, ni même rien du tout, et parfois j'enviais tant de gens convaincus qui avaient le bonheur d'être quelque chose. Après avoir écouté les diverses doctrines, je reconnus qu'il y avait sans doute une lacune dans mon esprit. Des motifs valables pour d'autres ne l'étaient pas pour moi; je ne pouvais comprendre qu'en politique on pût se décider d'après ses préférences. Mes gens affirmatifs construisaient une constitution comme une maison, d'après le plan le plus beau, le plus neuf ou le plus simple, et il y en avait plusieurs à l'étude, hôtel de marquis, maison de bourgeois, logement d'ouvriers, caserne de militaires, phalanstère de communistes, et même campement de sauvages. Chacun disait de son modèle: "Voilà la vraie demeure de l'homme, la seule qu'un homme de sens puisse habiter." A mon sens, l'argument était faible: des goûts personnels ne me semblaient pas des autorités.

If ever his countrymen succeed in finding the constitution which suits them, it will, according to M. Taine's view, only be by studying themselves. Their usual method of procedure must be reversed, and they must understand their nation before they can make a constitution for it. But to know what a nation now is, one must begin by knowing its origin and its growth. The "régime nouveau" is the offspring of the Revolution, the Revolution is the offspring of the "ancien régime"; and, with the view of affording an answer to the question "Qu'est-ce que la France contemporaine?" M. Taine has undertaken to describe each of these phases of national life. It is the first, the "ancien régime," which forms the subject of the present volume. M. Taine assures us that he takes no side, and has no aim but truth; that he is writing history "en naturaliste," and has considered his subject only as if he were looking on at the metamorphosis of an insect. Whether such a scientific state of mind is really attainable may be doubted. The naturalist who watches the insect emerging from its chrysalis state never was an insect himself, and has no personal preference for one stage of insect life over another. But the historian, himself the result of the metamorphosis he undertakes to describe, can hardly be so indifferent. How is the Legitimist, who wishes he had remained a caterpillar and shudders at the memory of the agonies he passed through in the process of metamorphosis, to look at the phenomena under consideration with the same eyes as the Liberal, who feels that he has passed from a lower state of development to a higher, and that, whereas under the "ancien régime" he was a despised and down-trodden grub, he is now a beautiful creature, spreading his wings in the free air of heaven? However, M. Taine has at any rate striven to be fair; and his account of the "ancien régime" is full of interest, considered simply as the opinion of a clever and brilliant writer. It is crammed with extracts from writers of the time—perhaps over-crammed for a book of such pretensions, in which one expects the author to weave the result of his studies into his own narrative. M. Taine pours his materials out before his readers in a stream of quotations, mixed with lively incisive comments, and his work is more of a critical review than of a history or a philosophical study. As an easy and agreeable road to an extensive acquaintance with the manners and literature of the eighteenth century, the work will be a godsend to that class of ready talkers who affect universal knowledge. Who does not know the man who spends the morning in secretly getting up the last new book, and astonishes a dinner-table in the evening by a display of his learning? After perusing M. Taine such a one will be able to discourse with charming familiarity of "the classical school" and the "Encyclopædists," and will be a mine of neat French sayings and good stories. For a bon-mot, a piquant anecdote of private life, a fashion in dress, any and every incident may go towards assisting the scientific historian to form his conception of the period. Doubtless when the history of our own age comes to be written on scientific principles, the narrator will not forget to note how the triumph of the German armies over the French was foreshadowed when Parisian women unconsciously did homage to their future conquerors by assuming the yellow tresses of the Teuton. Seriously, a good deal of the new historical philosophy strikes us as being much on a level with this suggestion. It is easy to see how everything led up to a certain result, when that result has come to pass. M. Taine does not attempt to be severely accurate in the use of political terms. Thus he follows the common practice in speaking of the French *noblesse* as an aristocracy, when in the accurate sense of the word it had long ceased to be such. An aristocracy governs, and, after the establishment of the monarchical power, even the highest grade of the French noblesse, albeit pampered and indulged to the utmost, did not govern. So, in defending the rural *seigneurs* against the charge of tyranny, he says:—"Leur caractère n'a rien de féodal; ce sont des gens 'sensibles,' doux, très polis, assez lettrés, amateurs de phrases générales." Here we see that the writer is not using the adjective "féodal" with any strict political meaning, but simply as a synonym for brutal and tyrannical, just as some people employ 'democratic' in similar dyslogistic senses. The best informed Frenchmen are apt to get astray when they touch English matters, and M. Taine, when he speaks of "Le baronnet ou squire qui est justice sur son domaine," evidently conceives that the authority of a justice of the peace is connected with and limited to his own land. To

* *Les Origines de la France contemporaine.* Par H. Taine. Tome I. L'ancien Régime. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie. 1876.

believe in the mythical courtesies of Fontenoy, to which M. Taine alludes, seemingly with undoubting faith, is perhaps a point of honour with Frenchmen, however scientific. Otherwise we would refer him to Mr. Carlyle for an unvarnished account of that famous incident, where Lord Charles Hay's polite invitation to the French Guard to "fire first" resolves itself into a taunting expression of hope "that they would stand till we came quite up to them," and the equally polite answer of D'Auteroche does not appear at all.

M. Taine, with his minute researches into manuscript documents—the correspondence of intendants, farmers-general, magistrates, military commandants, prefects, and so forth, the *procès verbaux* and *cahiers* of the States-General, the reports on the *maison du roi*, and what not—stands in complete opposition to the unhistorical, miscalled philosophical spirit of the eighteenth century:—

Avec de telles ressources [he is speaking of his manuscript authorities], on devient presque le contemporain des hommes dont on fait l'histoire, et plus d'une fois, aux Archives, en suivant sur le papier jauni leurs vieilles écritures, j'étais tenté de leur parler tout haut.

It was just this sort of study which the leading minds of the eighteenth century feared or scorned:—

D'abord on ignorait l'histoire; l'érudition rebutait parce qu'elle est ennuyeuse et lourde; on dédaignait les doctes compilations, les grands recueils de textes, le lent travail de la critique; Voltaire raillait les Bénédictins. . . . La science était tenue d'être épigrammatique ou oratoire; le détail technique ou cru aurait déplu à un public de gens du monde, le beau style omettait ou faussait les points faits significatifs qui donnent aux caractères anciens leur tour propre et leur relief original.

The classical school, whether in fact or in fiction, dealt in abstractions and generalizations, suppressing the individual and the personal. It had no historic sentiment to be shocked when Greeks, Romans, Turks, mediæval knights, were brought on the stage, all talking exactly alike, all uttering the same cold and polished declamations:—"On ne voit dans l'homme qu'une raison raisonnante, la même en tout temps, la même en tout lieu." M. Taine shines in criticism, and his analysis of the classical school and the revolutionary philosophy is one of the most elaborate and best executed parts of his book. It is curious to find him attributing as malign an influence to the eighteenth-century philosophy as the most bigoted old Tory that ever execrated the name of Tom Paine could do. If, to quote his illustration, we saw a man, of somewhat weak constitution indeed, but of healthy appearance and quiet habits, drink eagerly of some new liquor, and then fall to the ground in convulsions, we should conclude that poison was mingled in the draught. And poison, he tells us, was in the philosophy of the eighteenth century. In England, he admits, the revolutionary doctrines did little harm, and soon died out. In France they took root and flourished:—

C'est que la nouvelle semence est tombée sur le terrain qui lui convient, je veux dire dans la patrie de l'esprit classique. En ce pays de raison roi omnante, elle ne rencontre plus les rivales qui l'étouffaient de l'autre côté de la Manche, et tout de suite elle acquiert, non-seulement la force de sève, mais encore l'organe de propagation qui lui manquait.

This philosophy, with its discredit of tradition, its notions of recasting all human institutions according to the principles of pure reason, its application of mathematical methods to politics and morals, its Rights of Man and its *Contrat social*, was fostered by the privileged classes who had everything to lose by it. Like the foolish woman of Scripture, they plucked their house down with their own hands. The edifice was so rotten that probably nothing could have propped it up for long, but the crash need not have been so sudden and so disastrous if the inhabitants had devoted their energies to restoration instead of demolition. M. Taine does full justice to the *privilégiés*—King, noblesse, and clergy—whose virtues as well as whose vices contributed to their ruin. They had once been living and creative forces, as he shows in the picturesque, but slight and rather superficial, notice he devotes to the growth of the Church, of feudalism, and of the monarchy; and even when, politically considered, the nobles had become mere parasites draining the life and strength of the nation, they were not in themselves the purely malignant beings they were made out to be in revolutionary declamations. However haughty the provincial nobility might be towards the *bourgeoisie*, they usually had kindly feelings for the peasants among whom they lived. More especially was this the case after they had become imbued with the new philanthropic spirit. As to the good done by many of the religious houses, M. Taine cites the reclamations in their favour sent up from the rural districts when their suppression was under consideration. The real crime of the seigneur was that he was a perpetual creditor, ever taking toll of the peasant's scanty earnings, and yet doing nothing to justify his existence. The jealousy of the central Government had left him no local authority or influence; twenty gentlemen could not meet and deliberate together without a special permission from the King. The greed of the Court noblesse, privileged among the privileged, monopolized all the good things the State had to give; the higher grades of the army were reserved for courtiers, and no outlet was left for the ambition of the poorer gentry. The Marquis of Ferrières describes the greater part of the lower nobility in 1789 as "si las de la cour et des ministres qu'ils sont presque des démocrates." Still stronger was the feeling of the lower clergy, who were condemned for the most part to abject poverty without hope of rising. Alike in the ecclesiastical and the noble orders, the men in the ranks were jealous of their chiefs:—

On s'en apercevra tout à l'heure à l'épreuve. Si les deux premiers ordres sont contraints de se réunir aux communes, c'est qu'au moment critique les curés font défection. Si l'institution d'une chambre haute est repoussée, c'est que la plèbe des gentilshommes ne veut pas souffrir aux grandes familles une prérogative dont elles ont abusé.

M. Taine's description of the provincial nobility and the lower clergy will be the more interesting to ordinary English readers because the life of those classes has not been made so familiar to them as that of the higher nobility of the Court. A hundred writers have acquainted us with the charming, useless, and wicked society of the "ancien régime," upon whose characteristic traits M. Taine dwells long and almost lovingly. The one thing to which the "ancien régime" gave its mind—social life—it understood to perfection. "Qui n'a pas vécu avant 1789," is the well-known remark of Talleyrand, "ne connaît pas la douceur de vivre." It was, in Mr. Carlyle's phrase, "a Universe all of Opera," and the opera was very well put on the stage—"Il faut dire que le décor est réussi," says M. Taine. Society flung about its money with theatrical liberality; it would have been ill-bred to stop for a moment to count the cost. Sooner than not spend, the *grand seigneur* would have thrown his money out of the window, as Marshal Richelieu actually did throw a purse which he had given to his grandson, and which the boy had, with misplaced economy, brought back to him unspent. The man of this type never agitated his well-bred calm by looking into the state of his affairs. "Monsieur l'archevêque," said Louis XVI. to M. de Dillon, "on prétend que vous avez des dettes, et même beaucoup." "Sire," answered the Archbishop, "je m'en informerai à mon intendant, et j'aurai l'honneur d'en rendre compte à Votre Majesté." They ruined themselves, in George Sand's phrase, "comme de beaux joueurs qui perdent sans montrer d'inquiétude et de dépit." Under the same imperious code of manners every passion was restrained or concealed; and so long as Desdemona and Cassio preserved the *convenances*, Othello, too well trained to make a scandal, only smiled cynically, and extended towards them the same indulgence which he claimed for himself. It is necessary to understand the conventional manners, the repression of individual sentiment and natural instinct, the studied indifference and heartlessness of this society, in order to comprehend how, when the inevitable reaction came, it took up eagerly the affectation of extreme "sensibility," piqued itself on being natural, cultivated the domestic affections, and, knowing in truth nothing beyond the four walls of a salon or the palings of a park, began to "babble of green fields." It learned the new philosophy of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and even began to put its doctrines into practice. "Jamais l'aristocratie n'a été si digne du pouvoir qu'au moment où elle allait le perdre." No previous Government had been so mild and beneficial, no prince so humane and charitable as Louis XVI. Society was dreaming of a golden age to come, and woke only to find itself in the death-throes of the Revolution. That the French noblesse made such a poor fight for their life was, if we believe M. Taine, because by long education they had become too elegant and amiable, too much in subjection to the proprieties, to protect themselves with their own hands. "Jamais on ne verra un gentilhomme arrêté chez lui casser la tête du Jacobin qui l'arrête. Ils se laisseront prendre, ils iront docilement en prison; faire de tapage serait une marque de mauvais goût, et, avant tout, il s'agit pour eux de rester ce qu'ils sont, gens de bonne compagnie." Peter Pindar has caricatured this sentiment in his *petit-maître* rebuking the felon howling in agony on the wheel:—

> "Sir," quoth the beau, "don't, don't be in a passion;
> Pray nought to say about your situation;
> But making such a hideous noise in France,
> Fellow, is contrary to *bienséance*.

We suspect, however, that something more than habitual deference to *bienséance* is needed to account for this predominance of passive over active courage in the French noblesse. Their submission to the power of the day—a weakness not peculiar to them, but even now more or less characteristic of all classes of Frenchmen—was in great measure the natural result of living under a despotic government. What would the blind instinct of hitting back when struck, with the lack of which M. Taine charges them, have availed a French noble against a *lettre de cachet* consigning him to the Bastille? He only bowed to omnipotent fate when personified by the Jacobin, as he had bowed to it when personified by the King. Another cause of the helplessness of those who should have been the defenders of order is pointed out by M. Taine. Their philosophy had been founded upon extravagantly high ideas of the intelligence and virtue inherent in humanity. They talked much about man, but they never took the trouble to study him, and never realized till it was too late that he was but a wild beast, imperfectly tamed at the best. When they had let the brute loose, and his carnivorous nature displayed itself, they still hoped to stroke and coax him into good behaviour. "Au plus fort de la Jacquerie, les sages du temps supposeront toujours qu'ils vivent en pleine églogue, et qu'avec un air de flûte ils vont ramener dans la bergerie la meute hurlante des colères bestiales et des appétits déchaînés." This delusion is not wholly unknown among political theorists in our own day, nor is the spectacle of men playing with doctrines to which, if carried into practice, they would themselves fall victims, peculiar to the eighteenth century.

STEPHEN'S HOURS IN A LIBRARY.*

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S second collection of *Hours in a Library*, which will be welcomed by all who read the first,

* *Hours in a Library.* Second Series. By Leslie Stephen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1876.

opens with Sir Thomas Browne; and it would not be easy to find a more entertaining companion in a library than this now too generally forgotten humourist. Mr. Stephen begins his essay with a quotation from a suppressed passage of the *Religio Medici*, in which the author wrote, "Let me not injure the felicity of others if I say that I am the happiest man alive. I have that in me that can convert poverty into riches, adversity into prosperity, and I am more invulnerable than Achilles; fortune hath not one place to hit me." This assertion may perhaps be included among the many things in his writings which Sir Thomas says are to be "taken in a soft and flexible sense, and not to be called unto the rigid test of reason." And yet, as Mr. Stephen observes, the statement may not have been "merely tropical." With a mind that never wearied of accumulating all kinds of disconnected odds and ends of knowledge, which his imagination at once set to work to bind together by some quaint analogy, with a store of poetical feeling and a happy absence from his disposition of any gall or bitterness even on subjects which most men of his time approached as if to the manner born in the panoply of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, Sir Thomas Browne certainly seems to have had unusually good grounds for boasting of happiness. His longest and perhaps his best-known work, the *Inquiry into Vulgar Errors*, lets us, as Mr. Stephen says, into some secrets as to his taste and character:—

> Every corner is filled with a strange, incoherent medley, in which really valuable objects are placed side by side with what is simply grotesque and ludicrous. The modern man of science may find some objects of interest, but they are mixed inextricably with strange rubbish that once delighted the astrologer, the alchemist, or the dealer in apocryphal relics. And the possessor of this miscellaneous collection accompanies us with an unfailing flow of amusing gossip, at one moment pouring forth a torrent of out-of-the way learning; at another, making a really passable scientific remark, and then lapsing into an elaborate discussion of some inconceivable absurdity, affecting the air of a grave inquirer, and to all appearance fully believing in his own pretensions, and yet somehow indulging himself in a half-suppressed smile, which indicates that the humorous aspect of a question can never be far removed from his mind. Mere curiosity is not yet differentiated from scientific thirst for knowledge, and a quaint apologue is as good a reward for the inquirer as the discovery of a law of nature.

And in ages when the elephant had no joints, and storks refused to live except in free States, there was plenty of matter for Sir Thomas to collect. There is no extravagant judicial sternness in his inquiry. He, it is true, warns us "that we must not believe on authority that the sea is the sweat of the earth, that the serpent before the Fall went erect like man, or that the right eye of a hedgehog, boiled in oil and preserved in a brazen vessel, will enable us to see in the dark. Such stories, he moderately remarks, being 'neither consonant unto reason nor correspondent unto experiment,' are unto us 'no axioms.'" But he discusses with the utmost gravity the existence of the phœnix, who is mentioned, "not only by human authors,' but also by such "holy writers as Cyril, Epiphanius, and Ambrose." He is spoken of also in Job and in the Psalms. However, no less than eight reasons are alleged against his existence, of which the first is that no one has ever seen a phœnix, and the last that no animals really spring or could spring from their predecessors' ashes. Yet, having marshalled this formidable array of facts against the phœnix, Sir Thomas ends by saying, "How far to rely on this tradition we refer unto consideration," and adds a reflection on the improbability of Plutarch's statement "that the brain of a phœnix is a pleasant bit, but that it causeth the headache." In Sir Thomas Browne's next book, *The Garden of Cyrus*, starting from this garden, he "rambles through the universe, stumbling over quincunxes at every step." One of his quaintest sayings, which Coleridge has noted, is in his peroration where, among other reasons for going to bed, he says that "to keep our eyes open longer were but to act with our Antipodes."

One of his finest and most remarkable characteristics was his toleration. "He doubted whether the damned would not be ultimately released from torture." In passing through Roman Catholic countries he felt no offence at their modes of worship, but rather sympathy:—

> At the sight of a cross or crucifix I can dispense with my hat, but scarce with the thought and memory of my Saviour. . . . I could never hear the Ave Mary bell without an elevation; or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to err in all—that is, in silence and dumb contempt. . . . At a solemn procession I have wept abundantly, while my consorts, blind with opposition and prejudice, have fallen into an excess of laughter and scorn.

In another passage, meditating upon hell, he says:—"Men speak too popularly who place it in those flaming mountains which, to grosser apprehensions, represent hell. The heart of men is the place the devils dwell in." This may be compared with the speech of Mephistopheles in Marlowe's *Faust*. Again, justifying his love of church music, he says:—"Even that vulgar and tavern music which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer." That power, says Mr. Stephen, "of extracting deep devotion from vulgar tavern music is the great secret of Browne's eloquence." There is another peculiarity of Browne's to be found in the *Religio Medici*:—

> His worthy commentators have laboured to defend Sir Thomas from the charge of vanity. He expatiates upon his universal charity; upon his inability to regard even vice as a fitting object for satire; upon his warm affection to his friend, whom he already loves better than himself, and whom yet in a few months he will regard with a love which will make his present feelings seem indifference; upon his absolute want of avarice or any kind of meanness; and, which certainly seems a little odd in the midst of these self-laudations, upon his freedom from the "first-and father sin, not only of man but of the devil, pride." Good Dr. Watts was shocked at this "arrogant temerity," and Dr. Johnson appears rather to concur in the charge. And certainly, if we are to interpret his language in a matter-of-fact spirit, it must be admitted that a gentleman who openly claims for himself the virtues of charity, generosity, courage, and modesty, might be not unfairly accused of vanity. To no one, as we have already remarked, is such a matter-of-fact criticism less applicable. If a humorist was to be denied the right of saying with a serious face what he does not quite think, we should make strange work of some of the most charming books in the world. The Sir Thomas Browne of the "Religio Medici" is by no means to be identified with the everyday flesh-and-blood physician of Norwich. He is the ideal and glorified Sir Thomas, and represents rather what ought to have been than what was. We have all such doubles who visit us in our day-dreams, and sometimes cheat us into the belief that they are our real selves, but most of us luckily hide the very existence of such phantoms; for few of us, indeed, could make them agreeable to our neighbours.

There is much more of interest to be found in Mr. Leslie Stephen's hour with Sir Thomas Browne; but if we dwelt longer on it we should have no room left to speak of his other papers. As it is, we must pass over Jonathan Edwards, William Law, and Horace Walpole, to come to Dr. Johnson's writings, of which Mr. Stephen shows a nice appreciation. He has some valuable remarks on Johnson's style, which, he says, Johnson himself, "like all other men of strong idiosyncrasy, formed as he formed his legs":—

> The peculiarities of his limbs were in some degree the result of conscious efforts in walking, swimming, and "buffeting with his books." This development was doubtless more fully determined by the constitution which he brought into the world, and the circumstances under which he was brought up. And even that queer Johnsonese, which Macaulay supposes him to have adopted in accordance with a more definite literary theory, will probably appear to be the natural expression of certain innate tendencies, and of the mental atmosphere which he breathed from youth. To appreciate fairly the strangely cumbrous form of his written speech, we must penetrate more deeply than may at first sight seem necessary beneath the outer rind of this literary Behemoth.

Mr. Stephen is perfectly ready to admit that the *Rambler* is unreadable and full of commonplaces; but he points attention to what is too little recognized, that much of Johnson's poetry is "noble in expression, as well as lofty and tender in feeling." How many of the people who quote the lines about pointing a moral and adorning a tale know that they are quoting Johnson? Mr. Stephen's explanation of the cumbrous style seems to us true. Johnson was always

> instinctively feeling after the grander effects of the old school. Nature prompts him to the stately lines of Milton, whilst art orders him to deal out long and short syllables alternately, and to make them up in parcels of ten, and then tie the parcels together in pairs by the help of a rhyme.

Mr. Stephen goes on to cite other writers of the time on whom the struggle between impulse and prescribed form had an injurious effect, and compares them to "men who have been chilled by what Johnson would call the 'frigorifick' influence of the classicism of their fathers, and whose numbed limbs move stiffly and awkwardly in a first attempt to regain the old liberty." We are not disposed to agree with Mr. Stephen's suggestion that, but for the inimitable Boswell, Johnson would probably have sunk very deeply into oblivion; but there is no doubt much truth in the sentences with which he ends his paper:—

> He was a great force half wasted, so far as literature was concerned, because the fashionable costume of the day hampered the free exercise of his powers, and because the only creeds to which he could attach himself were in the phase of decline and inanition. A century earlier or later he might have succeeded in expressing himself through books as well as through his talk; but it is not given to us to choose the time of our birth, and some very awkward consequences follow.

We must again pass over two interesting articles on Crabbe and on Hazlitt, and come to the last, which is certainly not the least interesting of the series, on Mr. Disraeli's novels. Here, as in other places, Mr. Stephen has with keen insight and in penetrating language pointed out a fact which is too little recognized, and which will no doubt be denied by many. It is the fashion to decry Mr. Disraeli's novels as impossible and artificial. Their poetry is said to be tinsel, their imagination mere Oriental exuberance. We suspect that most of the people who speak of Mr. Disraeli's novels in these terms speak with that perfect impartiality of judgment which is secured by complete ignorance of the matter to be judged, and we are inclined to go with Mr. Leslie Stephen in wishing that Mr. Disraeli could have stuck to his novels instead of rising to be Prime Minister of England. This opinion, Mr. Stephen is careful to say, is independent of any judgment which may be passed upon Mr. Disraeli's political career. He is, however, equally careful to observe in passing that Mr. Disraeli's ironical method, which is highly valuable in a writer, may not be so desirable in a Minister of State. It is probably the general inability to apprehend or admire this method which has prevented Mr. Disraeli's novels from being even more popular than they are. There are many people who are extremely angry if they find themselves unable to decide accurately whether a writer is in jest or earnest; and, as Mr. Stephen observes, Mr. Disraeli is constantly passing imperceptibly from one phase to the other:—

> The texture of Mr. Disraeli's writings is so ingeniously shot with irony and serious sentiment that each tint may predominate by turns. It is impossible to suppose that the weaver of so cunning a web should never have intended the effects which he produces; but frequently, too, they must be the spontaneous and partly unconscious results of a peculiar intellectual temperament. Delight in blending the pathetic with the ludicrous is the characteristic of the true humorist. Mr. Disraeli is not exactly a humorist, but something for which the rough nomenclature of critics has not yet provided a distinctive name. His pathos is not sufficiently tender, nor his laughter quite genial enough. The quality which results is homologous

to, though not identical with, genuine humour: for the smile we must substitute a sneer, and the element which enters into combination with the satire is something more distantly allied to poetical unction than to glittering rhetoric. The Disraelian irony thus compounded is hitherto a unique product of intellectual chemistry.

This description is happily expressed, and is in the main true; and Mr. Stephen's criticism on the various novels is full of insight and skill; but he has not to our thinking fully appreciated the fine qualities of Mr. Disraeli's writing. In *Contarini Fleming* he says the author "takes a more ambitious flight, and with considerable success." This is somewhat faint praise to give to a book which deals with one of the most difficult themes that could be found—a theme that writer after writer has attempted to handle and failed in the attempt—and deals with it with a success which is certainly little short of complete. *Contarini Fleming* is in fact exactly what its author styled it, "a Psychological Romance"; it is the history of a poet, the story of his character's development. It is no small feat to rivet a reader's attention on the sayings and doings of a dreamy sensitive child who is misunderstood and little liked by all around him, to make him so tell his own story that it catches one's sympathy, without a touch of false or maudlin sentiment, to follow up the gradual growth in him of the poetic faculty and its struggle with political ambition, to make the hero speak constantly of himself, expose all his weaknesses, and yet never become wearisome or disagreeable, and to induce one to lay down the book with a sigh for the abeyance of Contarini's poetic powers. Here we think Mr. Stephen has misapprehended the author; he says that Contarini's architectural scheme, which is the last thing we hear of him, was not the form of ambition to be expected from a poet. Nor was it; but was it likely that Contarini's restless passionate nature would long be content with such a scheme? Mr. Disraeli proved his knowledge of human nature when he told of Contarini Fleming's plan for the spending of his remaining years; but he knew, we fancy, well enough, though he left his readers to find it out for themselves, that the plan would not last, and that, long before the great tower was built, its designer's poetical impulse would overmaster him again. But for this Mr. Stephen's estimate of Mr. Disraeli's writing appears to us admirable; and the whole of his volume may be read with pleasure and profit.

BOUZIQUE'S HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.*

IF the merits of M. Bouzique's work fail of obtaining their due appreciation, it will certainly not be for want of a trumpeter. In a brief preface his translator informs us, with a distinctness which leaves nothing to be desired, both what is the true character of the present History and how it differs from all which have gone before it. The author, after tracing Christianity to its primal sources, has "presented the orthodoxies of the successive periods," which, "instead of being the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, are thus seen to be its corruptions and debasements." This view of the case is too obvious to admit of discussion. "The book is anything but controversial. It is as rigidly deductive as Euclid's Geometry." And whereas all former histories have been "facsimiles of partisan aims and interpretations, here at least is A HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY ITSELF"—the capitals are not ours—and not only that, but moreover "this History of Christianity is in reality a history of civilization in its chief constituent elements." Nor can there be any doubt of the public recognition of the great treasure thus offered for our acceptance. "Men and women, the young as well as the old, will welcome the volumes," which should "be put into the hands of all ages and all classes." As the author speaks the truth throughout he speaks it in regard to the Papacy, which, "founded in falsities, is seen to be built up of shadows, exaggerations, and assumptions." Finally, the reader will find himself "carried back from Rome to the uplands of Galilee, and the quickening presence of the great religious Teacher of the world." We confess that, after perusing this magnificent programme, we felt almost tempted to shrink in unaffected diffidence from the grave responsibility of reviewing a work which, if one-half that is here said of it were even approximately true, must constitute a new epoch in literature, in theology, and in modern history. We were perhaps somewhat reassured by finding that the entire history, which extends from the Birth of Christ to the year of grace 1870, is comprised in three small volumes, and that, even so, room is found in the first volume for a comprehensive sketch, occupying about one hundred pages, of all "the ancient worships" anterior to the Christian era, from Brahmanism to "Mosaism." Still the prospect looked rather an alarming one. And it was clear, even from a glance at the Table of Contents, that the author's own estimate of his achievements and confidence in the unerring soundness of his judgment were fully equal to his translator's. In the summary of the first chapter we find the dogmatic announcement, as a simple record of facts, that "the Apostle John was not the author of the fourth Gospel;" and in the summary of the second it is stated that "Nero did not persecute the Christians." Turning to the first page of the Introduction, we are told that "the history of Christianity is perhaps that which is least read," though it is that which it most concerns us to know. And a few lines further down we come upon the guiding principle on which the present work has been composed, and which is consistently assumed throughout as an axiom, and as supplying the key to all problems of ecclesiastical history:—

> There is no moral progress with superstitious forms of worship, which live only by the infatuation of the multitude. There is no liberty with sacerdotal castes of which the organisation, the doctrines, the traditions are a continued system of despotism for the chiefs and of servitude for the people.

As "sacerdotalism" in some form or other has been from the first an essential element in the Christian system, and still survives, not only in all the great historic Churches, but, with inconsiderable exceptions, in all the principal sects which have separated from them—that is, throughout nearly the whole of Christendom—no one can deny to this leading principle of the author's the merit of being sufficiently sweeping and absolute. As the priesthood is "the πρῶτον ψεῦδος" of actual Christianity, to borrow the words of another writer, it follows of course that the Christian Church has gone on a fatally wrong tack from the beginning. And that is just what M. Bouzique undertakes to prove, we were going to say, but, to speak more accurately, it is the fundamental assumption on which his History is based from beginning to end.

We have no time to linger over the introductory notice of the ancient religions of the world, which contains nothing new, and, from the attempt to compress so vast a quantity of matter into so short a space, is, if possible, even more unattractive and unsatisfying to the reader than the rest of the work. It is probably with a purpose that M. Bouzique dwells on the close similarity in some details of the Buddhist and Roman Catholic ceremonial and institutions; but the fact, however explained—and it is obviously capable of more than one interpretation—has long been familiar to all readers of M. Huc's interesting *Travels in Tibet and Tartary*. The fault to which we have already adverted would alone be fatal both to the interest and the usefulness of this singularly pretentious and disappointing book. It is in reality not so much a history as one of the dullest and dreariest of abridgments. As such, it might have been more or less serviceable for purposes of reference had it been furnished with a copious index, instead of having none at all, though it would in no case have been comparable in value to such a summary of history as Gieseler's. If M. Bouzique had not the leisure or perseverance for composing a complete Church History—which indeed would have been the work of half a lifetime—he would have done more justice to his subject and to his own peculiar views about it by selecting some special period, whether earlier or later in the Christian era, for careful illustration, just as Dr. Newman, *e.g.*, selected for his own very different purpose the History of Arianism. If it could be shown, for instance, from a review of the early controversies on the Trinity and the Incarnation and the Councils which decided them, that the dogmatic and hierarchical principle was a corruption of the more than Unitarian simplicity of the original Gospel—which is what our author wishes to have understood—he might have been content to leave to others to trace out the inevitable sequel in the later history of the mediæval and modern Church. As it is, he has set himself to crowd the events of eighteen centuries into a space quite inadequate for the treatment of the first three, especially by a writer who aspires to reverse *in toto* the received and traditional view of Christian faith and history. And accordingly he is continually propounding assertions of the most sweeping kind, which, to say the least, ought not to be made without some attempt to examine the evidence on the other side, but the unreserved acceptance of which is a fundamental postulate of the entire plan of his work. Thus, for instance, we come very early across the statement that, "with the exception of brief interpolations, there does not exist in the New Testament any trace of the Trinitarian conception. . . . . In the three first Gospels, as well as in Paul's Epistles, Jesus is veritably a simple man." That the great majority of readers of the New Testament have always understood it differently does not appear to him any reason, we do not say for distrusting his own judgment, but for taking the trouble to refute theirs. Again, a little further on we read, "With Paul you find no traces of the Trinitarian idea. He would have thought it a profanation to entertain the idea, and blasphemy to announce it. No more does Paul speak of the Word and his incarnation; this is a theory peculiar to the fourth Gospel." He had already asserted that the fourth Gospel was not written by St. John, and "its dogmatic portion is the work of a Platonizing Christian, not to say a Gnostic." But as scholars of such eminence as *e.g.* Professor Westcott and Professor Lightfoot are convinced of the contrary, the received view deserved at least the compliment of a refutation. If, however, the fourth Gospel "seeks to establish the deity of Christ," that belief was not received till the end of the second century in the Church; "it is not before the reign of the Emperor Commodus (180-192) that it seems to prevail." It did not indeed take definite shape till long afterwards. From the Council of Nice onwards the Catholic Church and its members are usually designated by the clumsy sobriquet of "Consubstantialists" and "the Consubstantial Church." And it was not till the seventh century that "by successive councils and by heaping no-sense on no-sense the imperial Church had at last succeeded, under the inspiration of Plato and Hermes, in constituting its three and one God, and its god-man Christ." The date is apparently fixed for the convenience of suggesting that Mahometanism was in truth a devout recoil from this corruption of the primitive monotheism.

Even in recounting plain matters of fact, the author, while he never betrays the faintest shadow of hesitation, lacks either the

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* *The History of Christianity.* By E. U. Bouzique. Translated from the French by John R. Beard, D.D. London: Williams & Norgate.

time or the patience to be accurate. When he comes across a critical question of any delicacy, he is pretty sure either to slur it over or to misrepresent it. Thus we are told that Liberius "subscribes *the formula* of Sirmium"; but there were three formulas of Sirmium, and the question hotly discussed among rival critics is which of them Liberius signed. M. Bouzique seems unaware of their existence. Again we read that Nestorius "did not the less believe, as his contradictors, that that union (of the Godhead and Manhood) took place at the instant of the conception." On the contrary, that was precisely what Nestorius persistently denied; he said that nothing should induce him to call an infant just born his God. Once more we are informed that the Fifth Œcumenical Council "with one voice pronounces the condemnation of Origen and his errors." It is most probable that the Council did condemn Origen by name, though that is disputed, but it is almost certain that the fifteen anathemas on his errors, to which the author is evidently referring, issued from a local Synod held ten years before. He again appears unconscious of the existence of the controversy. With a similar disregard of all critical principles, the Athanasian Creed is represented as a composition of the eighth or ninth century, like the Isidorian Decretals, without even a hint of any earlier date being suggested or conceivable by any one. It is rather startling to be quietly informed, on purely *à priori* grounds, that "the persecution attributed to Nero has all the appearance of an historical error, notwithstanding the [very detailed and explicit] testimony of Tacitus and Suetonius." The following extract on the state of the Church towards the close of the second century offers a fair example of the author's method, and an exceptionally favourable specimen of his style:—

> The greater part, ignorant, or no longer understanding the old discussions, come to believe that there has always been an identity of doctrine between Paul and the Churches of Judea. At the time that they preserve the Pauline doctrine, they none the less think that in all respects they are the disciples of the twelve apostles. The last assume a totally new physiognomy. They are no longer the exclusive preachers to the Jews, but the instructors of the whole human race; there are ascribed to them both the ideas of Paul and the diverse theories which circulate among the Christians of Hellenic origin. The trinitarian form of baptism is introduced into the Greek translation of the Gospel of Matthew. John, the presbyter of Ephesus, fades away to yield his place to the apostle of the same name, who thus becomes the putative author of the fourth gospel, the declared foe of the Ebionites, those zealous disciples of the twelve, and the consecrator of the oriental doctrine of the incarnate Word, of which beyond a question he had never the least suspicion. Peter, in his turn, is carried by the legends through the Hellenic lands, then conducted to Rome, where those same legends appoint him bishop and associate him with Paul in preaching and martyrdom. In the absence of history, which furnishes nothing respecting the last days of the life of the apostles and the first disciples, the same prolific source begins to create for each of them a fictitious existence corresponding to the ideas which prevail in that period in the Platonising Church.

It is hardly fair perhaps to criticize the author's style without having seen the original, but unless his translator has done him great injustice, it is as little inviting or helpful as his method. The narrative is written throughout in the historical present, and cut up into sentences which might have been composed for shilling telegrams. There seems to have been extraordinary carelessness in correcting the press, to judge from such literary curiosities as "there *were* no alternative," "Nectorius," "Philip *the* Bel," and many more that might be mentioned. But for the habitual ignorance or disregard of English idiom throughout the printers cannot be responsible. No one who read half a page anywhere could possibly mistake this for an English book; and were not Dr. Beard's name on the title-page we should certainly have presumed that the task of translation had been entrusted to a foreigner. Not to dwell on such queer barbarisms as "the *ascent* of Gregory VII." for accession, "*suspense*" for suspension, and the like, which are of constant occurrence, what is to be said of the following constructions, culled at random from a few pages only in the same chapter?—"Theophilus has no longer difficulty *to read* the writings of Origen"; "the civil power is an object of its enterprizes"—meaning, apparently, that the episcopate was aiming at civil power; "Constantine entitles himself *bishop of the outside*"; "decrees of councils frequently speak in condemnation of the *dissolution* of the clergy"—which appears from the context to mean dissolute conduct. Then again we read of "articles which are consigned," &c., of a Pope "*loosening* subjects from their oath of fidelity," of the Cardinals "*charging with nullity* the dismissal of Celestine," and plenty more in a similar style, which certainly is not English. And the same word is often written differently in different places; thus we have "clerks" and "clercs," "chorepiscopi" and "chorebishops." All this of course is not the fault, but the misfortune, of the author, whose forbidding style and method of writing has been caricatured rather than relieved in the process of translation. We have spoken already of his curt and careless manner of riding roughshod over critical difficulties. But he is scarcely more happy in his treatment of broader historical questions. Nothing can be more thoroughly one-sided and unappreciative than his estimate of the character and career of Hildebrand, which he might have learnt to understand better from German writers whose views are quite as widely removed from orthodox sympathies as his own. His account of Becket is still more unsympathetic and superficial; and it is simply an ignorant blunder to call him "a martyr to the doctrine of the Papal autocracy," with which he came into collision hardly less than with the Royal power. To call him a martyr to the doctrine of ecclesiastical independence, which is quite another thing, would be a plausible, though an inadequate, view. We cannot follow the author through his review of the Reformation, but we may just observe that to explain Protestant persecution, like Calvin's burning Servetus, by the trite commonplace that "the doctors of Wittenberg and Geneva had not entirely thrown off the old man, and still kept in their hearts the sentiments of intolerance which they had sucked in on the bosom of their Roman mother," is a view which no one familiar with the writings of the Reformers can for a moment admit as even tolerably correct. The translator, it may be added, when he volunteers his own explanations, is quite capable of capping the blunders of his author in the simplest matters of fact. He gives us, *àpropos* of the Vatican Council, a note to expound the meaning of bishops "*in partibus infidelium*, that is, *among the heretics*. These bishops, *having no Catholic charges*, hold an inferior position." We need hardly say that every one who knows anything about the subject, or about the Latin language, is aware that *in partibus infidelium* does not mean "among the heretics," but "among the heathen," and that the bishops in question very often *do* hold "Catholic charges." All the English Roman Catholic bishops before 1850 took their titles from places, like Melipotamus, in heathen countries, as the Scotch Roman Catholic bishops do still.

We must find room for one concluding extract for the edification of our readers, who will be struck with M. Bouzique's peculiarly lucid and appreciative estimate of the contemporary state of religious matters in England:—

> A portion of the Anglican Church allows itself to be drawn away, and a High Church [*sic*] is constituted in its bosom. However the Roman Catholics in no way take part in this movement notwithstanding the prepossessions of which they are the object. Far from that, it is at this moment that Pius IX. publishes the Bull which formed the kingdom of England into an ecclesiastical province. From all sides there resounded among the Protestants the cry *No Popery*. They inveighed against the Anglo-Catholics or Puseyites, whom they considered as the accomplices of the Court of Rome. Some of the latter [the Court of Rome?] give way, but the majority hold firm, and repel the internal tyranny as well as the papal authority. They form an alliance with the partizans of the High Church. Both deny to lay tribunals all power in matters of dogma. Provincial councils [of Oscott or of Canterbury?] proclaim that the Church of England is essentially one, and declining the royal supremacy, affirm to a general assembly of the clergy belongs the exclusive right of representing the church (1854–1855). They aspire to form a free church in a free state.

The subject is pursued through two or three more pages. We hear for the first time of a great assembly in 1865 of Anglican and Russian dignitaries presided over by the Bishop of Oxford and a Legate from the Metropolitan of Moscow, which decides among other things that "the Church of England . . . shall receive into its Universities the Orientals, *who shall be addressed to them* by the clergy of their country." The "Ritualists" will learn with satisfaction, not perhaps unmixed with surprise, that they "are united with the bishops," and that "more than half the Anglican ecclesiastics have given in their adhesion" to the same cause. We must leave our readers to construe for themselves as best they can the oracular summing up, "This is, with a few exceptions, an identity between Anglo-Catholicism and the High Church"; after which lucid announcement the author passes from narration to prediction, and into that shadowy region we must decline to follow him. M. Bouzique evidently took pains to collect a mass of statistics which might have been serviceable to future writers had he condescended to give his authorities, but he lacked either the leisure or the capacity to arrange and systematize them. What sort of history he would have written under more favourable conditions it is impossible now to determine. What he did was to fill three volumes with the undigested contents of his commonplace book. To publish the work in such a form was a great mistake; it was a more unpardonable error to translate it.

IN A WINTER CITY.*

PERHAPS the strongest impression made by Ouida's work is a doubt as to the author's object. She writes all sorts of hard things against the vices of the world, the sins of the age in which we live; but all the time we catch the flavour of the very things that she condemns lying underneath her objurgations, and we feel that she is spinning phrases rather than expressing genuine indignation, doing her best to fascinate her readers by the very naughtiness of the subject she has chosen, while professing to detest it. Why, if she dislikes the theme so much, is she always writing about married women and their lovers, their complaisant husbands, and the *chères amies* of those husbands? generally, ladies of the *demi-monde*, whose personality is in no wise important to the story, and who are dragged in, as it would seem, out of liking for unsavoury subjects. It is difficult to reconcile this incessant reprobation with so much evident delight in questionable details. If Ouida desires to sing the praises of virtue, she might do so in a better way than by chanting the litany of vice; with Mme. Mila and Maurice, Lady Featherleigh, and the rest of the undesirable people of whom she speaks with nauseous reiteration, she weakens the effect of her eulogies on Lady Hilda Vorarlberg and the man for whom she sacrifices all that such a woman would most value—that penniless but chivalrous Duke della Rocca, whose creed was "All for love and the world well lost."

Less coarse than she used to be, but still coarse—less like a

* *In a Winter City: a Sketch.* By Ouida, Author of "Puck," "Signa," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1876.

sign-painter and more artistic, but still a sign-painter and inartistic—Ouida indulges her besotting sin of gaudy colouring and profuseness in the *Winter City* as in all her works. She knows nothing of the strength which comes from reticence, from simplicity, from concentration. She never contents herself with one word where she can use two, and she has the trick of repetition to a wearisome degree. Unquestionably clever, she is also as unquestionably shallow; and even in her sharpest sentences we detect a certain ring which suggests successful imitation rather than absolute originality. She inveighs against dress and worldliness, immorality and heartlessness; but we should like to see her library, and to know what novels she had been studying before she wrote her own. She is clever, striking, glittering—but it is only mock work after all; and it suffers, as all such work does, when contrasted with that which is purely creative and real—that which has been honestly thought out by the worker, unassisted by hints and suggestions from foreign sources. The story of *In a Winter City* is simple enough. It is merely the narration of how the Lady Hilda Vorarlberg—a cold, disdainful, beautiful, and artistic young widow, with fifty thousand a year and an unpleasant temper, who has never known the faintest approach to love, and who lives like a passionless statue in the midst of companions who are, to say the least of them, odd—loves and is beloved by the Duke della Rocca, an impoverished Florentine noble, who, with the most urgent need to marry money, has not yet been able to make up his mind to sacrifice his name for any number of thousands to be had with the daughters of "rag and bone merchants from New York, or oil-strikers from Pennsylvania, or speculators from Wall Street." As Ouida says:—"Paolo della Rocca loved his name as a soldier does his flag, and he could not bear the idea of possibly transmitting to his children traits and taints of untraceable or ignoble inherited influences." Wherefore he constantly murmured to his match-making friend—"who, having had him as a lover when he was twenty and she was thirty, felt quite a maternal interest in him still as to his marriage and prospects"—"A little more time!—next year." Urged by his friend the Duke de St. Louis to make his court to Lady Hilda Vorarlberg, Della Rocca begins in the good old way of a little aversion. Here is the thing of all others that he most dislikes, but the thing which "seemed cast across his path by a caress of Fortune from which it would be madness to turn aside." She was cold; but he had little fear, if he once ended yourself, that he would fail in making his way into her graces. With an Italian love is too perfect a science for him to be uncertain of its results." She was a woman, too, of "unusual beauty and of supreme grace, and a great alliance"; but

he had a wholly different ideal for his wife; he disliked those world-famous *élégantes*; he disliked women who smoked, and knew their Paris as thoroughly as Houssaye or Dumas; he disliked the extravagant, artificial, empty, frivolous life they led; their endless chase after new excitements, and their insatiable appetite for *frissons nouveaux*; he disliked their literature, their habits, their cynicism, their ennui, their sensuality, and their dissipations; he knew them well, and disliked them in all things; what he desired in his wife were natural emotions, unworn innocence, serenity, simplicity, and freshness of enjoyment; though he was of the world, he did not care very much for it; he had a meditative, imaginative temperament, and the whirl of modern society was soon wearisome to him; on the other hand, he knew the world too well to want a woman beside him who knew it equally well.

Lady Hilda on her side cannot understand a life without money. For ten years she had had the possession of her enormous fortune of fifty thousand a year, and use had made it a second nature to spend as much as she liked and to gratify every whim, every desire, no matter at what cost. She had also lived on a certain moral pedestal in her own mind:—

She had loved herself very dearly all her life, lived for herself, and in a refined and lofty way had been as absolutely self-engrossed and amorous of her own pleasure and her own vanities as the greediest and cruellest of ordinary egotists.

When she finds that she is in love with Della Rocca, and that she cannot marry him because to marry him would be to give up her fortune and live on the poor pittance belonging to him—and that she cannot make him her lover, as her cousin Mme. Mila would have done, and indeed as any one in her society would have done, because she is cold, proud, and has the self-respect of a modest woman still untouched—then the conflict begins, and the dramatic interest of the story is at its highest. Della Rocca, who had allowed her to feel rather than see his love when he thought her the absolute mistress of her fortune, having so much pride as to be fearful lest she should think it was her money and not herself that he sought, now, when he knows from her brother that she will lose everything if she marries again, confesses himself warmly enough—more warmly, we imagine, than such a woman as Lady Hilda would have allowed, or than one so clever as Paolo, he who had erected love-making into a science, would have thought judicious. But the things of the world prove stronger even than a lover's love; and Hilda puts away the temptation offered to her of "voluptuous sweetness," "amorous endearment," "the joys of great and mutual passion," by which Della Rocca pleads his cause, and gives up the man for the money:—

He knelt at her feet, and held her hands in his.

"Does your life content you?" he said at the last. "Can greatness of any sort content a woman without love? Can any eminence, or power, or possession make her happiness without love? Say that I am poor; that coming to me you would come to what in your sight were poverty; is wealth so great a thing measured against the measureless strength of passion? Are not the real joys of our lives things unpurchasable? Oh, my love, my love! If you had no preference for me I were the veriest fool to urge you; but, as it is—does the world that tires you, the society that wearies you, the men and women who fatigue you—the adulation that nauseates you—the expenditure that after all is but a vulgarity in your sight—the acquisition that has lost its charm for you with long habit, like the toys of a child; are all those things so supreme with you that you can send me from you for their sake? Is not one hour of mutual love worth all the world can give?"

His arms held her close, he drew her down to him nearer and nearer till his head rested on her breast, and he felt the tumultuous throbbing of her heart. For one moment of scarce conscious weakness she did not resist or repulse him, but surrendered herself to the spell of his power. He moved her as no mortal creature ever had strength to do; a whole world unknown opened to her with his touch and his gaze; she loved him. For one moment she forgot all else.

But all the while, even in the temporary oblivion to which she had yielded, she never dreamed of granting what he prayed.

As the story, however, is not meant to be a tragedy, and as Lady Hilda is designed to be a beautiful character, superficially encrusted by the world's selfishness and the vices of the age in which she lives, but noble and pure at the core, we know that before it is too late she will follow the counsel of her heart against her prudence, and marry Della Rocca in spite of his ruined palace and diminished rent-roll. It would not have happened so in real life; but then authors have the rights of parents over their children, and can make them do as they like; and if it pleases them to create a moral harlequinade and make their characters of all colours, that is their own affair. To the critic belongs only the right of remark that the characters are of all colours, and that the actions ascribed to them belong to the same school of art as that which should give a tree the leaves of a pear, the flower of an orange, and the fruit of an apple. Neither Della Rocca nor Lady Hilda would have married into poverty, no matter what the love they had for each other. He, indeed, would have adopted Mme. Mila's view of their possible relations, seeing that anything else would have cost too large a sum in the ordinary estimate of values; and she would either have yielded to this arrangement, had her passions developed in proportion to their vigour at birth, or, more probably, she would have trodden them under foot altogether, and have discarded her love as a weakness to which it would be high treason against herself to yield. Granting all her weariness of society, her emptiness of heart, and her sense of desolation, still her wealth was as her second nature, and we can scarcely think that she could ever have been warmed up to the point of abandoning it. Ouida thinks differently; but we deny her symmetry of drawing, seeing that she has made this action of the heroine appear inconsistent with the earlier and stronger lines of her nature.

All this is, we fancy, a sop thrown to appease the Cerberus of British respectability and sentiment. The real meaning of the book, as we read it, lies rather in Mme. Mila, and in the invectives scattered broadcast against the women of the day, and society as Ouida knows it. And in these invectives the most noticeable points are their bitterness, their fierceness, and their coarseness. One could sometimes fancy one was reading a personal attack aimed at some living woman. Take, for instance, the description of "La Femme Galante" of the present day. "The frivolous and fragile faggot of impulses that is called Frou-frou"; that "poor, feverish, wistful, changeful morsel of humanity, a slender, helpless, breathless, and frail thing, who, under one sad, short sin, sinks down to death," is not, Ouida is careful to tell us, the Femme Galante whom she scourges. This, indeed, is the married woman of high place and fair name "who has studied adultery as one of the fine arts, and made it one of the domestic virtues"; beside whom "Frou-frou were innocence itself, Marion de l'Orme were honesty, Manon Lescaut were purity, Cleopatra were chaste, and Faustine were faithful. She is the female Tartuffe of seduction, the Précieuse Ridicule of passion, the parody of Love, the standing gibe of Womanhood"—and, in short, the peg whereon Ouida hangs pages of unpleasant verbiage, offensive suggestion, and equivocal denunciation. We at no time admire this writer's work, partly because of this very element of unfeminine coarseness which comes out now in one direction, now in another; but Ouida, coarsely moral and indelicately virtuous, is Ouida at her worst. What with foul themes, false sentiment, impossible action, and verbal sign-painting, *In a Winter City* will fail to please any educated taste; but there are no doubt other tastes which, for aught we know, it may suit well enough.

THE LIFE OF SCHOPENHAUER.*

THE author of this very amusing little volume proposes to effect for the general English reader what M. Ribot has already accomplished for the French student of mental science by diffusing a knowledge of Schopenhauer and his philosophy. M. Ribot's book has already been noticed in our columns (*see Saturday Review*, September 11, 1875); and we think he has given a more satisfactory account of the philosophy of the Frankfort sage than will be found in the pages before us. But the biography of Schopenhauer is here far more complete and detailed, and it must be borne in mind that in his particular case the man is quite as remarkable as the writer; indeed the latter cannot be fully appreciated without some knowledge of the former. The material of which Mme. Zimmern has availed herself was ample and easy of access, and she has made good use of it, the bulk of her work being

* *Arthur Schopenhauer; his Life and his Philosophy.* By Helen Zimmern. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

the Memoir of Schopenhauer by his friend Dr. Gwinner. The tendency of Schopenhauer's theory she perfectly explains, rightly defining his position as that of the earliest representative of that influence of the Indian intellect upon Europe of which we find abundant examples at the present day.

Arthur Schopenhauer was born in 1788 at Danzig, where his family, of Dutch extraction, had long resided, and had been known as great and influential citizens; so great, indeed, that when Peter the Great and his Empress visited the old Imperial city, the house of Arthur's great-grandfather, Andreas, was selected to lodge them. The memorable event gave rise to a family anecdote. When the Imperial pair entered the house assigned to them, they chose for a sleeping apartment, although it was winter, a room without stove or fireplace. Old Herr Schopenhauer met the difficulty by emptying several barrels of brandy over the tiled floor, closing the room, and setting the spirit on fire, to the great amusement of the Czar. When all was burned out, the guests lay down to rest in the hot air, and rose comfortably in the morning to thank their host for his strange display of hospitality.

Heinrich Floris Schopenhauer, grandson of Andreas, lived for many years in France and England, and imbibed a taste for the literature and manners of both countries, which he afterwards impressed upon his son, encouraging him from early boyhood to read the *Times*. He ultimately settled at Danzig, where he carried on the mercantile business of his forefathers with consummate ability, and at the age of thirty-eight married Johanna Henriette Trosiener, daughter of one of the patricians of the city. On the subjugation of Danzig in 1793, Heinrich, sacrificing a tenth part of his fortune, fled with his wife and little son to Hamburg, which still retained its privileges as a Hanseatic city. Two years were passed by the family in a tour through Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Germany, and towards the end of 1804 Heinrich lost his life by a fall from an attic window into a canal—a misfortune which calumny attributed to suicide on account of pecuniary losses. His memory was held in the highest respect by his son. Shortly afterwards his widow Johanna moved to Weimar, where, herself esteemed as an author, she shone as one of the stars of the place, then at the height of its brilliancy. Arthur, meanwhile, in compliance with his deceased father's wishes, had toiled, sorely against his will, in a merchant's office, lamenting that he could not devote himself to literature. At last, acting on the advice of her Weimar friends, his mother allowed him to follow the bent of his inclination, and he entered upon an academic career at Gotha, where, in addition to the ordinary curriculum at the Gymnasium, he took private lessons in Greek and Latin, thus showing a veneration for classical learning which he retained to the end of his life. Both as a student and as a writer of German he gained much local renown, cultivated aristocratic society, and became somewhat extravagant in his attire. However, at the end of six months a squabble with a professor caused him to leave Gotha and proceed to Weimar, where he took lodgings, that irritable misanthropic temperament with which all the readers of his works are familiar displaying itself even in these early times so habitually that his cheerful, easy-going mother could not tolerate him under her roof. It was a fortunate circumstance that he had for a fellow-lodger Franz Passow, afterwards celebrated as a Greek lexicographer, who greatly assisted him in his classical studies.

In 1809, on the completion of his twenty-first year, Arthur Schopenhauer matriculated in the medical faculty at the University of Göttingen, where, with unwearying energy, he studied everything, noting down in manuscript all that he heard, and adding comments of his own, in which his instructors were often severely criticized. The fame of Fichte attracted him in 1811 from Göttingen to Berlin, and with the disappointment occasioned by the celebrated Professor's lectures began that contempt for the post-Kantian philosophers of Germany the expression of which has so largely contributed to the popularity of his works. At Berlin he also heard Schleiermacher and H. A. Wolf. For the latter, the great philologist, he had the profoundest reverence; with the former it was otherwise. With respect to his abhorrence of Fichte, Mme. Zimmern rightly observes that, whatever views he held with respect to the "Wissenschaftslehre," he might have accorded a word of praise to the unflinching patriotism displayed in the address which Fichte delivered in 1808. But to Schopenhauer, as to Göthe, political enthusiasm was unknown, and the former had a special dislike for his own countrymen, as is well illustrated by the following anecdote, relating to an outburst which occurred during a sojourn in Italy:—

"The German Fatherland has reared no patriot in me," he once said; and he often repeated both to his own countrymen and to French and English, that he was ashamed to be a German, they were so stupid a people. "If I thought so of my nation," said a Frenchman in reply, "I should at least hold my tongue about it."

Schopenhauer did not long remain at Berlin, and his first work, the short treatise entitled "Die Vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom Zureichenden Grunde," which is by no means unimportant, and which was published in 1813, obtained for him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, bestowed by the University of Jena. His mother and he were never on good terms, and when, on his return to Weimar to reside there, he presented his mother with his treatise, she sneeringly pretended to infer from the title, the "Fourfold Root," that it must be a book for apothecaries, and was undutifully told in reply that the treatise would be read when her works would not even find a place in a lumber-room. Johanna was not to be set down. "The whole edition of yours will be still on hand," was the retort. Unlike Peacham and Lockitt, both mother and son were in the right. Arthur sold scarcely a copy of his first edition of the treatise, and Johanna's works, eagerly read at the time, are now, if they are ever mentioned at all, merely remembered as some very old English novel-readers remember the "Minerva Press." We should not, however, forget that it is to the mother we are really indebted for all we know of the earlier portion of the son's life.

There was a practical cause for the estrangement between Arthur Schopenhauer and his mother which perhaps had more to do with it than difference of taste or temperament. While he hated commerce, he abhorred the notion of gaining a livelihood by means of literature or philosophy. This feeling is prominently revealed in all his attacks on the University professors of his day. The men who live *for* science and those who live *by* science are as wide apart, intellectually and morally, as heaven and earth, and he who would teach truth should be in the enjoyment of a worldly competence not at all dependent on his teaching. Johanna was extravagant, and Arthur feared, not without reason, that she was squandering his patrimony. If left without it, what would he do? He might become as base as Fichte or Hegel. His mother's faults were in some measure compensated by her *salon*, which made him acquainted with many celebrated men, above all, with Göthe, who was highly pleased with the "Fourfold Root," and hoped to find a convert to his beloved theory of colour. Schopenhauer did not prove so subservient a disciple as had been hoped, and though the young man and the veteran much admired each other, there was no great sympathy between them. Those who know how frequently Schopenhauer appears in print as a declared misogynist may be especially amused by the fact that he was consumed by a passion for Caroline Jägemann, the chief actress at the Court Theatre of Weimar, and the recognized mistress of the Duke; but the circumstance is more important that about this time he was first introduced by Friedrich Mayer to that Indian lore which afterwards had so much influence on his thoughts.

Four years spent at Dresden, whither Schopenhauer removed in the spring of 1814, were chiefly occupied by the composition of his *opus maximum*, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, published in 1818 by Brockhaus of Leipzig. This was in one volume, the second not having been added till many years afterwards. A brief exposition of the theory which it inculcates we have given so recently that anything like a repetition here would be superfluous. Its completion was followed by the visit to Italy to which we have referred above, and under the Southern sky he led a life by no means corresponding to the asceticism which he so strongly inculcates in his writings. While he taught as a Buddhist, he lived as a European *bon vivant*, and, like Kant, was a hearty eater to the end of his days. Still, far from being a hypocrite, he honestly avowed his inability to act up to his own ideal. He expressed to his friend Dr. Gwinner his fears that he would never attain Nirvana, and once, after looking at the portrait of the Abbé de Rancé, the virtuous founder of La Trappe, an order which he regarded with profound reverence, he turned away with a mournful air, saying, "That is a matter of grace." He was suddenly brought back from Italy by the news that the mercantile establishment at Dantzic, in which a great part of his own and all his mother's fortune was invested, was threatened with bankruptcy. His genius as a speculative philosopher had by no means affected his character as a shrewd man of business, and while his mother, who would not listen to his advice, was left almost penniless, he, by anticipating the crash which ensued, saved the bulk of his property.

The most miserable part of his life was spent at Berlin, whither he removed in 1820, hoping to make a position as a lecturer on his own philosophy. Never were hopes more vain. His great work, on the fame of which he had reckoned as an introduction, had received even less attention than the luckless "Fourfold Root." He had no chance of rivalling Hegel and Schleiermacher, and every day his lecture-room became emptier. In 1831 he was driven from Berlin by the cholera, and it is a notable trait in his character that he was terribly subject to panics, which could with equal facility be produced by epidemic maladies and popular tumults. His extreme Conservatism in politics, his dislike to popular rule, which extended even to a condemnation of trial by jury, could be traced to natural timidity. At the same time his nervous irritability could make him on occasion even ferocious. While he was at Berlin, the discovery that his landlady was in the habit of allowing an acquaintance to hold coffee-parties in his ante-room so moved him to wrath that he threw her out of his door, and so severely injured her arm that he was sentenced by a court of law to maintain her for life. The annuity thus awarded proved a long one, and when the good lady died at last, he wrote on the certificate of her death, "*Obit anus, abit onus.*" Generally, however, he seems to have been a beneficent man, and to have done what he could for his poor relations. In 1833, after a few more migrations, he settled at Frankfort. With this ancient city, in which he passed the remainder of a life ending in 1860, his name is chiefly associated. Here at last he learned what celebrity was, and though his secluded misanthropic life first led people to style him the "Whimsical Fellow of Frankfort," he was ultimately recognised as the "Sage"; he was regarded as one of the lions of the place as he strode along the street, and the landlord of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where he dined every day, replied, when asked if he had any royal visitors, "Yes, Dr. Schopenhauer.

His first gleam of prosperity was his successful competition in 1839 for a prize offered by the Royal Norwegian Academy of Drontheim for the best essay on the Freedom of the Will. With the Royal Danish Academy, which in the following year offered a prize for the best inquiry into the grounds of moral obligation, he was, indeed, unsuccessful; nor did the publication in 1844 of a new edition of his principal work, with an addition, attract much attention. But the collection of miscellaneous essays which he published in 1851 with the title *Parerga and Paralipomena* was received with decided favour, and its success brought into more general notice his earlier productions. An article on his philosophy generally, in the *Westminster Review* for April 1853, was speedily translated into German by one of his disciples, and this helped to diffuse the knowledge of the long-overlooked "Sage" among his own countrymen. The third edition of *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* actually turned out a profitable speculation, and when, at the age of seventy-two, the great Pessimist peacefully, though somewhat suddenly, shook off his mortal coil, he was already a man of renown, with declared partisans and admirers.

If this book reaches, as it merits, a second edition, we would recommend a careful revision of proofs. No one can be more perfectly aware than the writer that whereas, in naming the author of *Faust*, every free-born Briton has a choice between "Göthe" and "Goethe," and, by way of a frolic, may write "Gœthe," "Goëthe" is a thing of naught.

UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.*

THE officers and crews of the North Polar Expedition have passed the winter in utter sequestration from mankind, beneath the sunless sky that bends over that region of our globe, which only becomes accessible by the yearly discharge of its ice-drift through Smith Sound into Baffin's Bay. They were last heard of at the Carey Isles, near the entrance to Smith Sound, by the finding of letters which Captain Nares on the 28th of July deposited in a cairn of heaped stones upon the summit of a hill in the south-eastern island of that group. It was Captain Allen Young, in his own vessel, the *Pandora*, who ran up twice, on the 18th of August and on the 10th of September, to call at the Carey Isles, several degrees north of his appointed course, that he might fetch any correspondence left at that *poste restante* by the *Alert* and *Discovery* some weeks before. We have to thank the *Pandora* for the assurance given us by their parting message that the North Polar squadron had also happily evaded the troublesome navigation of Melville Bay towards the close of the season. But the proper errand of the *Pandora* lay in quite another direction; not at all to the north, but rather west by south from Baffin's Bay, which is the common gateway of the Arctic regions in that hemisphere.

The ancient problem of geographical speculation and nautical experiment concerning the feasibility of a passage by water along the northern coasts of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, has not ceased to invite the adventurous mind. The geographical question of the existence of a chain of water-basins, gulfs, sounds, straits, or other channels, all the way between the two oceans, has long been settled. But the feat of nautical skill is yet to be performed. It seems to be generally acknowledged that no sailor could have been more competent to try it again last year than Captain Allen Young. He served under Sir Leopold M'Clintock in 1859, when three detached parties, journeying across the ice with sledges, explored the shores of Prince of Wales Island and King William's Island, around the closed southern end of M'Clintock Channel, or Franklin Sound. The obstacle to what is still inappropriately called the North-west Passage has been proved to lie in that piece of water alone. It is simply the accumulation and retention of drift-ice in summer, by the conformation of the mainland opposite those large islands and Victoria Land. The ice comes down M'Clintock Channel, which is funnel-shaped; but it is here stopped by the promontory of Boothia Felix from passing off either into Hudson's or Baffin's Bay. Let this one land-locked basin, at the suitable time of the year, be once crossed by a vessel equipped for such navigation, and the remainder of the voyage to Behring's Straits would not be difficult, as it lies through Simpson and Dease Straits and other channels, which are sheltered by Victoria Land from the northern drift of ice. The real difficulty is to get a ship round the southern end of Prince of Wales Island, whether approaching it through Peel Sound or through Bellot Strait, out of Prince Regent Inlet, from the eastward side. Captain Allen Young, indeed, should know more than any other man of the coast-line of Prince of Wales Island. He intends to try again this year, having been stopped last year by the ice, which covered all the width of Peel Sound below the La Roquette Isles, near the outlet of Bellot Strait. We shall be pleased to hear of his ultimate success.

These voyages have been undertaken at Captain Young's private cost, but he accepted the pecuniary aid of two partners towards the late expedition. One was Lady Franklin, who cherished a hope of the finding of some memorials of her lost husband where the survivors of the *Erebus* and *Terror* ship-wrecked company must have perished in 1848. The other contributor was Mr James Gordon Bennett, in whose service one travelling reporter met Dr. Livingstone on the shore of Lake Tanganyika, while another joined the Russian army at the capture of Khiva. Arctic scenery, and Arctic adventure in general, if not exactly the North-west Passage and the fate of Sir John Franklin, had become once more a topic of interesting newspaper discussion. As Mr. Stanley had once more plunged into Equatorial Africa, it was Mr. MacGahan who had to embark in the *Pandora* for a voyage to Peel Sound, and possibly that way to the Pacific Ocean. The *Daily Telegraph*, by an arrangement similar to that made in the case of Mr. Stanley's present African mission, shared with the *New York Herald* the current publication of Mr. MacGahan's letters. They are collected in the volume with which we have now to deal, and of which, from a literary point of view, there is not much more to be said. It is augmented by several chapters made up of tolerably pertinent information extracted from other books. These describe the migratory life of the Innuits or Eskimos, apart from their scanty settlements in Greenland, with their traditions of romance and mythology preserved by Dr. Rink. There is also some account of M'Clintock's efforts, and those of his lieutenants, Hobson and Allen Young, who went in search of the traces of Franklin sixteen or seventeen years ago. These matters need not here detain us further than to offer one or two remarks.

It seems, after all, not unreasonable, since we know there were a hundred men under Captain Crozier's command in April 1848 marching towards the mouth of the Great Fish River, to presume that they somewhere deposited the final records of that unlucky expedition, before the last man of them died on their dreadful journey. The probability of their having made such careful provision for the safety of those documents is rather greater from the fact of the Eskimo people being found in possession of a variety of trivial relics which our countrymen may have kept about their persons to the last. It is true that Lieutenant Hobson in 1859, after finding the latest written account of them at Point Victory, and the two skeletons further along that shore lying in a stranded boat, with the other tokens of their desperate condition and its end, looked in vain for the customary monument of a deposit, a conspicuous heap of stones. M'Clintock himself also went across Simpson Strait, and examined Montreal Island, near the mouth of Great Fish River, as well as the mainland coast and that of King William's Island, without seeing the cairn that might have been expected to mark a spot chosen for leaving the papers which we should have read with mournful satisfaction. But still there is a chance of their discovery, as there is much more than a mere chance of their existence; and the widow of Sir John Franklin was therefore justified in a hope, which she has not lived to realize, that something beyond the bare fact and date of his death, June 11, 1847, may yet be ascertained. It is doubtful, however, with a view to the interests of geographical science, whether the complete records of Franklin's expedition, sent out above thirty years ago, would prove of any great value at the present time. The enterprise of the North-west Passage, in which Captain Young perseveres with so much determination, has rather become a simple problem of dodging the ice-drifts, as we have explained, in sailing through waters now comparatively well known. It is an exploit of bold and adroit navigation, which may be worthy of ambition on the part of a seaman who loves his noble profession, and of which all Englishmen would feel in some degree proud. But it can hardly be said that the cause of science imperatively demands its speedy performance. From that point of view, one would think, it seems more desirable for our exploring ships to approach as near as may be to the North Pole. The incidental knowledge, too, which may be gained by the Polar Expedition concerning the ocean currents and the ice-drifts that so much affect the temperature of our Atlantic shores is likely to be of great practical utility. On the other hand, few persons would now dream of using the North-west Passage as a commercial route, though it was originally designed for access to the fabulous wealth of the Indies. Nor is there any temptation to colonize those vacant provinces of the British Empire in which not even the Eskimo can make a dwelling-place, and which the Arctic explorer visits scarcely once in ten years.

But where the conductors of popular journalism lead the way it is conceivable that the metropolitan caterers of excursion trips by contract may at some future time attempt a new field of operations. The successors to Messrs. Cook and Gaze will perhaps be enabled to issue return tickets from London, available within the season, ice permitting, for a summer voyage to the scene of Sir John Franklin's disasters, there and back, or even through Behring's Straits and round Alaska, to get home by San Francisco. Steam has almost rendered it possible to traverse the lesser of those distances and return to London between July and October, but for the obvious risk of being caught by the ice. The *Pandora*, which left Portsmouth on June 27th, was opposed in her outward voyage across the Atlantic by violent contrary winds; but twenty days would in ordinary circumstances suffice to reach Disco, the whalers' port of Baffin's Bay, and ten days more should bring the steamer, with a fresh supply of coal from Kudliset, well into Lancaster Sound. It is there, after proceeding further west through Barrow Strait to Peel Sound, or after turning directly south by Prince Regent Inlet, that the vessel incurs a danger of being prevented by the ice from getting out again two or three weeks later. The *Pandora* herself, in the first week of September, returning through Barrow Strait, had some difficulty with the ice blockade off Cape Rennell, the promontory of North Somerset fronting Wellington Channel to the north. In Prince Regent Inlet, east of North

* *Under the Northern Lights.* By J. A. MacGahan, Correspondent of the "New York Herald," Author of "Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva." London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

Somerset, there is not so much fear of obstruction as in Peel Sound on its western side; but the only way from the bottom of Prince Regent Inlet to the westward is through Bellot Strait, which divides North Somerset from the Boothia mainland. Whether Bellot Strait or Peel Sound be the more difficult passage to get into Franklin Sound is a question not yet positively decided. Each has been stopped up at the particular times when a passage has been sought; but a future attempt either way is perhaps destined to be successful. It cannot, however, be effected, with the present means and appliances, in the Arctic sailing season of every year, but only in the most favourable years; for the expedients of boring and cutting a way through packed ice are limited to a thin crust of it, and a short distance to be traversed. When the *Pandora*, on the last day of August, having run down Peel Sound to La Roquette Isle, within sight of the mouth of Bellot Strait, encountered a field of consolidated ice-floes, from five to thirty feet thick, which extended fifty miles and filled the whole space from shore to shore, nothing more could be done. After waiting three days for the chance of an opening by some change of wind, Captain Young resolved to turn back, and he was but just in time to escape being shut in at the upper or north end of Peel Sound. This should be a warning to the mere summer excursionists of the future, who might else be tempted by advertisements of the wondrous enjoyments of an Arctic voyage.

The better part of those enjoyments, to judge from Mr. MacGahan's report of them, can be obtained without going further than the Greenland coasts of Baffin's Bay. Icebergs of exquisite hues and a fantastic variety of forms, assuming different aspects from hour to hour by the magical power of transformation which there is in the low sunlight and softened atmosphere of a Northern summer day, are constantly met with in that grand vestibule of the Arctic seas. The land presents to view a broken line of high rugged mountains, rising abruptly out of the water, above three thousand feet, to the sharp peaks and pinnacles behind which lies the measureless expanse of an elevated glacier, stretching far away with a continual upward slope into the unknown interior of Greenland. That vast country, in size a continent, and belonging neither to Europe nor to America, but itself a distinct section of the earth's surface, lies hidden under a massive plate of ice which fills up its deepest valleys to a height not much below its mountain tops. It is in the condition even now through which our own and other European countries have passed in former geological epochs, being continually planed down, and hewn or filed into shape, by the sliding and grinding or cutting action of the glaciers as they slowly descend to the ocean. The iceberg is well known to be merely a broken-off fragment of mountain glacier, formed probably in some elevated recess of the Alpine region far inland by the congealed snows and rains of many years. It is often found to contain pools of fresh water, an acceptable supply to the crews of passing ships. Mr. MacGahan has an eye for the beauty of these superb works of nature, and feels an intelligent interest, though his scientific studies are not very profound, in the mighty processes of which such tokens may be seen where he went last year. He makes himself still more at home with the merry and hospitable settlers of the Greenland shore. They were visited by the *Pandora's* company at Ivigtut, a station for the mines of kryolite worked by a Danish Company; at the little seaport town or hamlet of Lievely, in Godhavn, the harbour of Disco Island; and at Yuyarsusuk, in the Waigat Strait, near the place where coal is got without any price but the labour of digging it from the face of a cliff above the sea-beach. The Eskimo people in these simple villages, with whom are a very few Danes or half-bred persons employed in Government office or in mercantile business, seem to be a kindly and gentle race. But Mr. MacGahan and his comrades, of whom Lieutenant Pirie, R.N., and the Dutch naval lieutenant, nicknamed Van Tromp, are most frequently mentioned, saw those friendly Eskimo people at a favourable time. The men were all gone away seal-hunting, so that the frolicsome women and girls, being left to amuse themselves and to entertain their English or foreign visitors as they pleased, were in a very agreeable mood of innocent freedom. The dress of an Eskimo fashionable young lady, consisting of a short jacket, a pair of seal-skin knee-breeches, pretty red leather boots with tops of white linen, and some trimmings of fur, with the hair in a top-knot on the crown of her head, would have a certain piquancy of effect at a fancy ball in Europe. Mr. De Wilde, the artist of the *Pandora* expedition, has lent the aid of his pencil to Mr. MacGahan in representing some of those queer native figures with whom the officers and sailors joined in a feast and dance to beguile their short delay in the port of Disco. These parts of the narrative contain an admixture of humorous anecdote and banter which may perhaps be appreciated more readily by Mr. MacGahan's travelling companions than by readers of his book not personally acquainted with "Tromp" or any of the party. One person on board is so described that we should have been pleased to have made his acquaintance when he was to be met walking in Fleet Street, as Mr. De Wilde has drawn him, with his umbrella held for the sake of dignity over his honest old head. This person is "Eskimo Joe," the brave and faithful servant of Captain Hall's *Polaris* expedition, by whose unselfish labours, after the death of Captain Hall, some of that party were fed and sheltered and kept alive through a whole winter. It appears, from what Mr. MacGahan says, that Joe has been very ungratefully and unfairly treated. He really seems to be one of those good fellows, simple heroes of a despised tribe, whose example has now and then proved a capacity for the virtues of true manhood in every race of mankind. As Joe and his wife Hannah are now residing at New York, it is to be hoped that Mr. MacGahan's testimony on his behalf may serve to win some kind of modest provision for his old age.

NEW CLASSICAL POETRY.*

IT is natural that the favourable reception given to the *Songs of Two Worlds* should have led the author to continue his poetical exercises; and it is no doubt a true instinct which has led him to "tread the classic paths of song," of a special aptitude for which he had given evidence in a sketch, "From Hades," in his third series. Not that he loaded the language of his blank verse with idioms or expressions closely imitated from the classics, as is the wont of some modern poets, or sought the ear of scholars by echoing, with little difference save of tongue, the words of Homer or the dramatists. It was rather the spirit than the letter of Greek poetry which was reproduced. In the *Epic of Hades*, now before us, we have an expansion of the little piece which we have just mentioned, and it deserves to be commended to the attention of all who take an interest in the problem how to turn classic models to good account. We have coupled with the *Epic of Hades* a volume of mixed pieces by the author of a neo-classic drama of some eight or ten years ago, *The Sorrows of Hypsipyle*, because those among them which are on classical themes have the merit of simplicity and directness, and so far belong to what one may hope is a new or a reviving school.

The form of the *Epic of Hades* is a dream of a visit to ghost-land by the author, a singer of our younger day. His handling of this theme cannot be called wholly subjective or wholly objective. He brings the various ghosts clearly before us in such a way that we can recognize them at once without the help of labels. In his choice of subjects the author has not shrunk from venturing on ground already occupied by at least two Victorian poets, those associated with the names of Marsyas and Andromeda. But in neither case need he shrink from comparison. His Marsyas is full of fine fancy and of vivid description; a blending of new and old in what a fabulist would call the myth and the after-myth. The finding of the flute, the contest with Apollo, the arbitrament of the Muses suspended for a time by the question of superiority betwixt breathed or hand-wrought—auletic or citharædic—music, the turn of the scale when the sun-god throws his voice into the balance, all these furnish passages of fine conception and execution; whilst the vindication of a noble strife for fame, even if its end be

> To fall upon the icy ledge, and fall,
> Where other footsteps dare not,

is a worthy tribute to the more modern shades which inspire this portion of the strain:—

> Him
> Whose sad young eyes grow on us from the page
> Of his own verse: who did himself to death:
> Or whom the dullard slew: or whom the sea
> Rapt from us.

But as the vision of Marsyas deserves study as a whole, we shall quote only a fragment of it, to show the author's nicety of description of nature's aspects. It is where the shepherd amid the summer stillness catches the goddess's flute-notes:—

> The time when a deep silence comes
> Upon the summer earth; and all the birds
> Have ceased from singing, and the world is still
> As midnight, and if any life there move—
> Some fur-clad creature, or cool gliding snake—
> Within the pipy overgrowth of weeds,
> The ear can catch the rustle, and the trees
> And earth and air are listening.

The Andromeda has to us one recommendation denied to Kingsley's—a more congenial metre; another is its unstrained and natural narrative, whether the heroine is rising within her palace home to a sense of destined self-sacrifice, or, as the strains of priest and procession fade in the far distance above, listening on the rock-ledge for the coming of the sea-monster, till the catastrophe

> At the dead dark hour before the dawn,
> When sick men die.

Both in this picture and in the kindred one of Medusa, later in the volume, sufferings for the salvation of a people, directly or indirectly, and the

> strange chain of sacrifice
> That binds an innocent life, and from its blood
> And sorrow works out joy,

are dwelt upon and interwoven with the myth. Andromeda dates her insight into the real meaning of her life and deeds from the time when the eternal calm of the tomb was broken for a brief space by

> One who was divine
> Not as our gods, joyous and breathing strength
> And careless life, but crowned with a new crown
> Of suffering.

In glancing at some of the other tenants of Hades who are mad to figure in this poem, we must be content just to mention the touching presentment of Laocoon and his sons, a group interpreted into new life by intensely natural treatment, and to confine ourselves to the portraitures of Helen and Heracles, the latter is wrought in the myth of Deianeira. The author has endeavoure

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* *The Epic of Hades.* By the Author of "Songs of Two Worlds." London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

Songs Now and Then. By J. Ashe. London: Bell & Sons. 1876.

to give consistency to the riddle of the resistless beauty who was "the Hell of men and fleets and ships," and to win for her the reader's condonation, as well as that of Menelaus and the Trojan elders. His clue to her fickle frailness, her quick wearying of the court and love which it is her curse to inspire, and

> A weary look no other than the gaze
> Which ofttimes as the rapid chariot whirls,
> And ofttimes by the glaring midnight streets,
> Gleams out and chills our thought—

is the secret of a shepherd first-love "in a little landlock'd bay, whose banks sloped gently downward to the yellow sand," on whom were expended her first-fruits of passion, and after whom Theseus, Menelaus, and Paris, were only so many successive pastimes, fraught with fate and ruin to nations. Looking back upon the scene of her love's young dream, her saddened spirit quickens to enthusiasm, and she fondly asks—

> Break they then still,
> Those azure circles on a golden shore?
> Is there a spot upon the older earth
> Where spite of all, gray wisdom and new gods,
> Young lovers dream within each other's arms
> Silent, by shadowy grove, or sunlit sea?

The key to the whole after-career is furnished in the following lines:—

> Love like a flower,
> Love springing up too tall in a young heart,
> The growth of morning, Life's too scorching sun
> Had wither'd long ere noon. Love like a flame
> On his own altar offering up my heart
> Had burnt my being to ashes.

Remembrances of the Greek chiefs of divers dates, of the false Paris and the nobler Hector, of the sack of Troy, the death of Priam, the carrying-home to Greece, the Rhodian episode, and her fate after others reigned at Sparta in place of Menelaus, are inwoven in the tale with considerable dexterity, and the "fairest woman of the poet's dream" attributes her escapades to the gods having marred "her life with too much beauty."

A key is also found for the tale of Heracles and his tragic death, worked out, by the way, with much force in Mr. Warren's Philoctetes. Our poet sets in prominence the weak side of the hero, as pleading excuse for the often-left helpmate's jealousy. In the course of a few pages we recognize scenes and thoughts borrowed from the *Trachiniæ*, though the loan is skilful and legitimate. But the gist of the whole tragedy as it is here epitomized is Deianeira's description of her hero, as

> Mighty in war, mighty in love; now bent
> To more than human tasks, now lapp'd in ease,
> Now suffering, now enjoying;

or, as Heracles's own interpretation of his life puts it:—

> I have lived
> As he lives who through perilous paths must pass
> And life-long trials, striving to keep down
> The devil within him; born of too much strength,
> And sloth, and vacuous days; by difficult toil,
> Labour endured, and hard-fought fights with ill.
> Now vanquished, now triumphant, and sometimes,
> In intervals of too long labour, finding
> His nature grown too strong for him, falls prone
> Awhile a helpless prey, then once again
> Rises and spurns his chains, and fares anew
> Along the perilous paths.

"Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem Testa diu." It is satisfactory to find Mr. Ashe, like the writer with whom we have coupled him, drinking still at the old sources, and displaying in his verse a kindred spirit and flavour. He, too, lays himself out rather to catch the spirit of classic models and to expand hints from ancient epics, such as the "Gift of Here," or the promise made by that goddess to Æolus on condition of his "listening to her hard behest" about the ships of Æneas. We are introduced to Deiopeia, fairest of Here's attendant nymphs, awaiting her destined bridegroom "on the windy top of old Pelorus," and the picture and soliloquy are equally classical. At first the nymph bemoans the lot that has withdrawn her from the splendours and glories of Olympus, now exchanged for the contemplation of her bridegroom's

> Stormy isles,
> Goat-feeding Lipara with heart of fire,
> Didyme, Ericusa, and the rest.

But anon the calming down of the elements is made to synchronize with her lord's coming. The waking up of the maiden, whose eyes had closed in fear and terror—

> when the dizzy whirl
> Of windswept motion numbed her brain to sleep—

to a morning of hope and contentment, is very pretty:—

> Gradually
> A sense of things grew out of troubled dreams;
> And she was lying on soft grass, beside
> The green marge of a fountain; but the sun,
> Bright on it, only shed stray beams on her,
> For shade of graceful poplars hung o'erhead,
> Whose leaves the breeze show'd silver, twinkling, made
> A pleasant pattering sound, like summer rain.
> Two streams, which took their sources from the fount,
> Ran near, reflecting many-coloured flowers.

Another like sketch, entitled "Psamathe," takes its warranty from a hint in Catullus's Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis (lxiv. 11-8), and follows the fortunes of a stray Nereid who, like the Muriels of romantic poetry, had a mind to visit the haunts of earth, "to hear the music of men's speech and clasp their hands in love." Her earth-dream ends in disenchantment, and we are permitted in the sequel of the poem to strain our eyes after her as she slips beneath green waves, and we

> Can see no more the snowy arm
> And pearl-white shoulders glancing mid the foam.

The story is prettily told, and the chief drawback to Mr. Ashe's poetry is a little mannerism, such as the tacking of the initial "a," which we find in "akin" or "afloat," to any number of words. We count three in as many pages, "aroll," "aroar," and "aglow," and we doubt whether the number might not be multiplied by a closer survey. Another poem, called "Acede," is indebted somewhat to classical fancies; and yet another, called "A New Alexis," which is graceful and tender, though the topic is, we cannot help thinking, of doubtful taste. Truer, and more to our fancy, is a blank-verse presentment of Cleobis and Bito, from the account of them in Herodotus (p. 85-7). But it would be wrong to leave our readers under the impression that the author of *Songs Now and Then* at all confines himself to classic themes. He is far from unsuccessful in modern love songs; he records passing thoughts and memories in short pieces that are sonnets in all but form. Still we like best the lyrics which tell a tale of his first love amongst the muses; and in closing our necessarily brief notice of his new volume we shall recommend it to the reader by quoting his "May Day" (p. 57):—

> O day, divine as love or dreams!
> The wizard sun
> Works such enchantment with his beams,
> As would have won
> The heart of Pluto to set free,
> Nor snatch to Hell,
> Ceres's fair child, Persephone,
> In Enna's dell.
>
> O splendid flashing of his eyes!
> The locks of gold!
> O revelry of youth, that lies
> Round brows, as old
> As death the phantom, as the glow
> Of dawn dew-pearled;
> As time, as passion, as the woe
> That galls the world!
>
> O day, divine as love or dreams!
> The hills are glad!
> I hear the laughter of the streams,
> Of Oread,
> And Fawn! O day! a Danae
> To this gold shower,
> The earth burns like a rose for thee,
> A virgin flower.

PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC.*

LET no one in search of information regarding pearls and pearl fishing turn to Mr. Boddam-Whetham's pages. The alliterative title which he has prefixed to them has no reference to real gems, but is an example of one of those devices to which bookmakers have recourse who are uneasily conscious that their literary wares stand in need of some adventitious allurement. Why Mr. Boddam-Whetham could not have contented himself with a plain title we cannot understand. His book is an account of travels in the Hawaiian, Samoan, and Fijian islands. A title which should say so simply would prove quite as taking, we should think, as one which admits of a double interpretation. But then it might seem to lack ingenuity, and accordingly it was rejected in favour of a grandiose but meaningless jingle of words. Moreover, on what grounds the islands above mentioned are dubbed pearls of the Pacific is not at all clear, unless it be that the figurative epithet is supposed to be poetical. But even in poetry we expect epithets to be suitable. When the Spaniards boastfully styled Cuba the Pearl of the Antilles, they were so far justified that the island is beyond all doubt the largest, richest, and most beautiful in the West Indies. But the superiority of the three groups visited by Mr. Boddam-Whetham over all others in the Pacific Ocean is an assumption for which there is no warrant. Want of taste and literary judgment are not displayed in the selection of the title alone, but constantly reappear, though most glaringly at the beginning of the book. Nor are the merits of the author such as make us readily forget his defects. Mr. Boddam-Whetham encountered no stirring adventures, and saw little out of the beaten track; his descriptive powers, too, do not enable him to throw the charm of novelty over an oft-told tale. Still the islands which he visited lie so far out of the course of all but a few English tourists that his narrative may for some people not be without a certain interest.

When Mr. Boddam-Whetham reached Honolulu, he found the Hawaiians in all the excitement of a most important contested election. The royal line of the Kamehamahas had become extinct in 1872, and the successor who had then been chosen to found a new dynasty had also died childless and without naming an heir. It devolved therefore upon the Legislature of the kingdom to elect a new sovereign. It speaks much for the political progress made by a people who were naked savages at the time of Captain Cook's visit, that a disputed succession gave rise to no civil war or disturbance of any kind outside the capital. The only riot that

* *Pearls of the Pacific.* By J. W. Boddam-Whetham. London: Hurst & Blackett.

occurred was a less serious affair than often might be witnessed a few years ago on the occasion of a Parliamentary election in a third-rate country town here at home; while in the rest of the kingdom the choice of the Legislature seems to have been at once acquiesced in. There were two candidates for the throne. Queen Emma, whose visit to this country some years ago may be remembered, was the popular favourite, at least in Honolulu. She was the widow of Kamehamaha IV., a former king, and was granddaughter of an Englishman who married the daughter of a native chief. Her competitor was a native chief. It would seem, if the scandal of Honolulu is to be trusted, that the Hawaiians have made progress in the less desirable practices of representative government, as well as in obedience to the decision of the constituted authorities. For the members of the Legislature are accused of having taken bribes. The Ministry then in office desired the election of Kalakaua, the rival of Queen Emma, and they carried their point. If Mr. Boddam-Whetham correctly understands the working of the Hawaiian Constitution, there were at the time two Legislatures in existence. The term of that elected in 1872 had not come to a close, while the term of that elected in 1874 had not begun. It would seem therefore that it was the old Legislature which ought to have assembled to choose a new sovereign. But, as a matter of fact, it was that of 1874 which came together. Of course, Queen Emma's partisans accused the Ministry of having summoned this body for its own purposes. As the election of a King, even in the South Seas, is not an everyday occurrence, our readers may desire to have the description of the scene before them:—

> The Legislative Hall was on the second story of the building, and on entering we found three-quarters of it occupied by the Assembly, the remaining quarter overflowing with anxious spectators, whites and browns. The desks of the nobles and representatives were arranged in a semi-circle around that portion of the hall assigned to them, the upper part being occupied by the throne, draped in black, and the dais of the President. On the right of the dais were the seats reserved for the Ministers, Consular representatives, &c. The roll of the nobles and representatives was called at twelve o'clock precisely, and all responded except one member, who was absent from the country, there being thirty-four representatives and eleven nobles. . . After the Prime Minister had read the announcement of the death of Lunalilo, the balloting for his successor commenced; Kalakaua, who had occupied his seat among the nobles, having previously left the hall. The whole proceedings were carried on both in English and Hawaiian, and in a most orderly and parliamentary manner; but the shouting and cheering which were heard going on outside betokened that those who were holding forth to the mob indulged in a more fiery and inflammatory mode of address than was considered proper in the Hall of Assembly. The result of the ballot was the election of Kalakaua by a vote of thirty nine to six for Queen Emma.

A Committee was at once appointed to wait upon the newly-chosen King to announce to him his election to the throne. But no sooner had the Committee issued from the building than it was assailed by the mob, the carriage in which its members had seated themselves was speedily wrecked, and the members were dragged out and severely beaten. It was with difficulty that they regained the shelter of the Court-house. The Ministers had made no preparations to quell a riot, possibly because they knew the native forces could not be depended upon, and shrank from suing for protection from the foreign Consuls. The mob soon learnt that it was master of the situation, and proceeded to break open the doors, to ransack the building, and to maltreat the representatives. Eventually, however, a party of marines from a British and an American man-of-war in the harbour restored order. During the remainder of Mr. Boddam-Whetham's stay in King Kalakaua's dominions, he encountered no adventure equally exciting. He saw the hula-hula, a native dance not unlike that of the Nautch girls of India; and of course he visited all the sights of the island, especially the volcanoes, extinct and sleeping. But in his descriptions there is nothing striking or novel. Of the natives he brought away a kindly opinion, having found them uniformly courteous and obliging. But they are slowly dying out. They pass their time chiefly in amusement, working as little as possible. Trade at the time of his visit was stagnant, the cotton industry was depressed, and altogether the future prospects were not bright.

The next group visited was the Samoan. The people are still in the naked savage state. The men tattoo almost the entire body, so that at a distance they appear to be dressed in blue; and they are as fond of idleness as the Hawaiians. But they are fine, stalwart, and well built. Their chiefs are especially fine-looking and tall, and they wield almost unlimited authority over their tribesmen. They have a dialect of their own, and a large number of words are used only in application to them. The Samoans are described as gentle in disposition and easily managed. A considerable number of Europeans have settled among them, and exercise great influence. They have introduced cotton-planting, which here has proved a profitable industry. And the islands are the centres of a brisk trade. It is a remarkable proof of the enterprise and commercial aptitude developed by the present generation of Germans that almost the whole carrying trade of these regions has passed into German hands. It was in a German sailing vessel that Mr. Boddam-Whetham made the voyage from Honolulu to Apia, the chief town in the Samoan group, and although at the time of his visit the harbour of Apia was crowded with shipping, only one vessel hoisted the Union Jack. But, although commerce seemed so much more flourishing than in King Kalakaua's kingdom, the Samoan islands have this great drawback, that the climate is very trying, being both hot and moist. A trip to the latest addition to the British Empire—Fiji—was the utmost limit of Mr. Boddam-Whetham's travels. He strongly approves of the policy of annexation, and is sanguine in his expectations of the benefits that will accrue from it. But we need not follow him in his history of the quarrels between the white settlers and the Ministry of the native King, which preceded annexation, and render it necessary. The scenery of the islands he describes as very fine, and their resources great. But cotton-planting there, as in the Hawaiian group, has proved a failure, and is being superseded by sugar-growing. The Fijians are described as powerful and well made, but, like the natives of the preceding groups, they are indisposed to work. Consequently the plantation hands are mostly brought from other islands. In the interior of the islands, the tribes, as we have all heard, are man-eating savages. And Mr. Boddam-Whetham quotes in full the report of a native of rank, who had been sent on a mission to one of these cannibal tribes, of his experiences amongst them, which gives a very vivid impression of the savagery of these interesting fellow-subjects of ours. Since annexation the hill-tribe chiefs have been persuaded to acknowledge British authority. It is to be hoped the acknowledgment is not merely formal. On the sea-coasts the people are orderly and have embraced Christianity; but an anecdote told by Mr. Boddam-Whetham (though, we are afraid, not a new one) suggests doubts as to the reality of the conversion as well as concerning the wisdom of the missionaries. One of the chiefs, we are told, asked to be baptized, but was refused on the ground that he had a number of wives. He went away with a very dejected countenance, but some time afterwards returned, and joyfully told the missionary that he had got over the wife difficulty. The good clergyman was profoundly pleased by the proof thus given him of the chief's sincerity, and bestowed many encomiums upon his convert. At last, however, he bethought himself to inquire how the convert had disposed of his surplus wives. "I have eaten them," was the triumphant reply.

THE DEMOCRACY.*

THE author of *The Democracy* has chosen a motive which has been pretty frequently used in poetry, but is rather less common in prose fiction. He tells the story of a man of ability and character, almost of genius, who, rising from the lowest class, and animated by a passionate devotion to the cause of the people, ultimately yields to the seductions of the world, forgets his aspirations, and with them loses everything that gave him importance and interest. It is obvious that success in the conduct of a plot so ambitious as this cannot be obtained without an unusual knowledge of the extremes of society. If the tale is to have any reality at all, the gutters and the gilded saloons must be described with much more tact and sympathy than are commonly given to novelists. Tact and sympathy are not wanting to the author of *The Democracy*, but he has not got them in sufficient measure to avoid an air of unreality, which is the chief fault of a very careful, and in many respects very praiseworthy, story.

Besides the general difficulty of which we have spoken, there is another to be overcome, in the delineation of the character of the hero. If he is to be made more interesting than the successful or unsuccessful agitator of everyday life, he must have a somewhat refined cast of talent, developed out of rather extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Kingsley, in a novel which *The Democracy* in some places resembles, made his Alton Locke a poet. Poets, of course, can go everywhere, and their native sensibility is fine enough for anything. It has proved more difficult to bring Paul Nethersole, the hero of *The Democracy*, within range of the temptations that were too much for the Republican virtue of Alton Locke. The writer has been obliged to bridge over the gulf between Clerkenwell Green and Grosvenor Square in a rough-and-ready way. On the other hand, there is much ingenuity in the development of Paul Nethersole's character out of surroundings and antecedents carefully disposed so as to produce an interesting "irreconcilable" of good taste and not ungentle manners. Everything is so arranged as to beget in him a kind of personal grudge against society, property, and authority, and, at the same time, a distrust of mere vulgar fanaticism and the rhetoric of Trafalgar Square.

Paul Nethersole was the son of a small tradesman who displayed in humble life qualities which, had he only been a king, would have endeared him to Mr. Carlyle. Lucius Nethersole was a miser, not absolutely from love of money in itself, but because he had his eye on an ever-receding future of ease and respectable good-fellowship. He was a fierce martinet in the matter of neatness, perpetually flicking particles of dust off his furniture, and arranging chairs and tables with mathematical precision. "On the rare occasions on which he was false to avarice the passion for domestic symmetry had led him astray." To the "veracity" and "thrift" thus indicated in his pleasing character, Mr. Lucius Nethersole added a violent and dangerous temper. Not very long after his marriage he had driven his wife and her infant child Paul from his house, and when the story opens he was living alone with his elder son Peter. Peter was a genius in his way. "At ten he announced a discovery to his father—how to tilt the scale and save a quarter of an ounce." In spite of Peter's congenial qualities, Lucius was beginning to think it would be respectable to bring his wife and her boy back again, and he acceded without much

* *The Democracy.* By Wyvis Thorne. London: Chatto & Windus 1876.

difficulty in getting them to return. Mrs. Nethersole had made a living while separated from her husband by her skill as a dressmaker, and had been aided by the patronage of a certain Lady Fermor. She had given Paul, now a lad of twelve, the best education within her reach; he was head boy of a Classical and Commercial Academy which had turned out many pupils afterwards distinguished in retail trade. When the young scholar and his mother answered the appeal of Lucius and went back to his house, their misfortunes began in earnest. There was no more education for Paul; it was proposed to make him a page in Lady Fermor's household, and, after resisting as long as he dared, he ran away from his ferocious father. Paul had only lately learned "that there were tribes of the English, and that he was one of the lower." The discovery was made more bitter by a kind of childish passion for Lady Fermor's daughter Henrietta. To be her servant, and that in buttons, seemed intolerable, so he fled away on a snowy night, fell asleep on the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, was rescued by a casual passer-by, and in his company made the acquaintance of some typical members of the "Democracy."

Paul's preserver was a working-man named Berdoe, whose object and aim in life was to do no manner of work. His delight was in conversation and contemplation of the spectacle of life. Here is his statement of the Cyrenaic philosophy:—

> Enjoy! Not to do that is the unpardonable sin. The one thing I think terrible is to grow old without having *tasted*. For my part, every dinner I eat, every pipe I smoke, every pretty woman or fine picture I look upon, every strain of sweet music I hear, I consider as one sensation of pleasure of which I have made sure. The thing is thenceforth and for ever beyond the power of fortune—nothing, not even Omnipotence, can take it away. Miss your opportunity; put it off, as so many people do their joys, to a more convenient season, and a thousand accidents may happen. It may never come in your way again, or, if it should, age may have taken away your relish for the feast of life.

This clever nonsense, with its scraps of Scripture misapplied, is much more what might be expected from the idlest of "idle fellows" than from a speculative working-man, however indolent. Berdoe's philosophy is meant to balance that of old Nethersole, always putting off enjoyment, till age has taken away his relish, or till it has ceased to be possible. Perhaps there is too much of this sort of reflection in *The Democracy*, and there is certainly too much about old Nethersole, who takes up the space that is sadly needed at the end of the story, where the incidents are crowded together with little art. This fault of inappropriate tone and incongruous language rather spoils the humour of all the characters drawn from low life. To take another instance, when Paul, after some queer adventures, gets a place as shopboy to an atheistic and Republican bookseller, he meets a certain "Robespierre Pegler." Pegler is meant to be the common agitator of Clerkenwell Green. He is the author of "The Secret History of the Royal Families of Europe"; he lives in a garret in a court off Drury Lane, where his furniture mainly consists of a gin-bottle, a dagger, and a list of persons whose heads are to fall in the next revolution. He describes himself to Paul as "not a man, but a cause. I am '89. I am the Revolution. I am the proletariat in arms. I am death to tyrants—do you mark the word, boy?—tyrants." This fustian is not inconsistent with the fact that Mr. Pegler used to earn a supper by taking the Tory side in the discussion forums of taprooms. But it does seem inconsistent with the fact that Pegler was a man a good deal trusted by the promoters of demonstrations, and by all the small political people of the book. Indeed none of them are very much better than Pegler, and the pity of the hero for the degradation and wretchedness of the proletariat is meant to be enhanced by the fact that he does not find in that class any leaders except foolish fanatics and interested sneaks. Paul passed two or three years with Frere, the atheistic bookseller, and with his pretty and religious daughter Lucy. Just as Berdoe talks too much like an æsthetic essayist, so does Lucy speak too much in the more serious tone of Mr. Matthew Arnold's theological criticisms. She has a vague spiritual orthodoxy of her own, expressed in choice language which she could hardly have learned from the literature in her father's shop. Her influence counteracted that of the Peglers and of Frere; and if Paul had been disposed to buy a dagger and to sneer at Noah's Ark, Lucy would have brought him back to common sense and decency. The natural result was that she fell in love with him, though the explosion of her passion was deferred by circumstances.

It chanced that a certain "swell," named George Chilver, was anxious to see something of the people. His philanthropy was at once "exploited" by a dirty little politician named Washington Bee. Bee, with Pegler and others, got up a "demonstration" *apropos* of nothing in particular, Chilver supplying the funds. There is an amusing scene in the Committee-room:—

> "There's banners," suggested a Committee-man.
> "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality!" said Mr. Pegler.
> "And Free Thought," added Frere; "that's worth all the rest."
> "Citizens," said Mr. Pegler, glaring revengefully on Frere, and rising with all the indications of a great oratorical effort, "I have an amendment against the words 'And Free Thought.' I do not oppose them as a sentiment, but as an expense. It will cost us an extra yard for every banner, not to speak of gold fringe."

The absurd demonstration ended in a puny riot. Pegler stopped a carriage, Lady Fermor's of course, and insulted her daughter. Frere was hit on the head, and died; his death-bed scene is very well described. Paul went on living in the same house with Lucy, and becoming more and more convinced that gold fringe and banners would never win the people's battle. Meanwhile, his father again drove his mother from his house, and, not being able to live on the twopence a day which she earned by sewing braces, she died of starvation. Recognizing in her death, and in his wretched old father's prosperity, an instance and a result of the institutions of property and of authority, Paul became a convert to socialism. To get knowledge, which he could not but see was absolutely wanting among his comrades, he studied at a working-man's college, where Chilver happened to be lecturing. The plot now moves pretty swiftly. Paul became the friend of Chilver, he took to literature, made money, and occupied himself much in deeds of charity. It struck Chilver that Paul would be a good man to have in Parliament, and as he himself was not Chilver at all, but Lord Fermor in disguise, he easily put his *protégé* into a Radical pocket borough which he happened to possess. Few things, in a mild way, can be much more improbable than that a man of title, living as a rule in ordinary society, should have kept his identity concealed for years from the people with whom he associated; but this rather clumsy device is necessary to bring Paul at once into connexion with public life, and with Chilver's, now Fermor's, sister, Lady Henrietta. At first Paul took the House of Commons by storm, and was cheered when he made speeches about the "Condition of England question," and brought forward motions for "an Inquiry into the State of the Nation." In its laxer moments the opinion of the House associated him with working-men's tea-parties and plum-cake. Unluckily, Fermor once asked his friend to his house, where the tea-party was of a more distinguished sort, and from that moment it was all over with Paul. He fell hopelessly in love with Lady Henrietta, felt much more pain at the thought of his own social awkwardness than of any other social difficulty, and tried to win Lady Henrietta's heart by learning to ride, taking rooms in May Fair, buying a gold latch-key, and toning down his political opinions. The end of it was that his partisans who had hailed him as the "hope of the human race," hooted him off the platform. Lady Henrietta, who was entirely indifferent to the fascinations of his seat on horseback, and probably ignorant of the existence of his gold latch-key, rejected him when he had the audacity to propose to her. From the day of her marriage to another Paul was no more seen, not at least by Lucy, who had showed him with extreme plainness that she loved him, nor by his father, nor by Berdoe, who became a parish beadle, and contemplated existence from the serene and lofty height of that office. *Pacem summa tenent.*

There is something inartistic in Paul's disappearance, like "a burst bubble on the waters of life." Probably we are meant to suppose that he committed suicide, which would have been a natural termination to his infatuated folly about Lady Henrietta. But the whole of the conclusion of the story, with Paul's wonderfully sudden lapse from virtue into second-rate dandyism, is rather hurried and unnatural. If the change had been confined to his opinions, it would only have been usual; but Paul has not been represented as a vulgar nature likely to be fascinated by "dressing-gowns cut and finished with almost as much nicety as a walking coat." Altogether, there is a want of distinctness in the conception of Paul, in spite of all the trouble that has been lavished on him, and there is a want of proportion in the various parts of *The Democracy*. An impression of melancholy is left, on the whole, and there is too much questioning of life. In spite of these blemishes, however, it is quite in a different class from the ordinary stories of the day. *The Democracy* has plenty of humorous scenes which are amusing enough, and would be even more so if one could be sure that they were true to life in Clerkenwell as well as in the House of Commons. The reader is tempted perhaps to wish that the book had been recast before publication, but he feels justified in hoping for satisfactory later work from the author.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE centenary of American independence has called forth a review of some of the most remarkable aspects, past and present, of American social and political life, from the pen of an intelligent foreign resident of long standing. Herr Kapp *, already favourably known as the author of a work on the employment of German mercenaries in America during the colonial connexion with England, has brought together some of the results of his American experience in two good-sized volumes. Most of these essays, indeed, have appeared before, but they were well worth collection. A considerable part of the book relates to a subject on which a German emigrant should be qualified to speak with especial authority—namely, the character of the immigration from Germany and the circumstances under which it takes place. The author sensibly dissuades his countrymen from entertaining any expectation of the permanence of the German nationality in America, or of the ultimate constitution of a Republic parcelled out among English, Irish, Germans, and Americans, as Switzerland is shared by German, French, and Italian Swiss. The circumstances are totally dissimilar, and the utmost that can be expected is that the German element may exert an appreciable influence on the national character. A large part of the essay is occupied with exposing the infamous frauds practised upon the immigrants, including details of the particular hardships and misadventures of certain vessels. There is also a very interesting account of the early struggles of the now flourish-

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* *Aus und über Amerika. Thatsachen und Erlebnisse.* Von Friedrich Kapp. 2 Bde. Berlin: Springer. London: Asher & Co.

ing German communities in Western Texas. The author's German feeling comes out strongly in the reprint of his correspondence during the Civil War. The Germans, it will be remembered, were far more uncompromising opponents of slavery from an abstract point of view than the native Americans; and accordingly Herr Kapp has scant patience with the prudent hesitations of President Lincoln, and does not enter at all into the feeling of American statesmen that the question was one to be considered in the light of its bearing on the preservation of the Union. Though living in the midst of Americans, he appears to have been as little able to appreciate the intense determination of the people as the majority of observers at a distance, and hence he is full of doubts, misgivings, and mistrusts which are shown by the event to have been wholly gratuitous. It is also significant to find him so influenced by national feeling as to prefer the incompetent Sigel to General Howard, who was regarded by Sherman as one of his ablest officers. With all these drawbacks, the letters are a lively record of the impressions of a thoughtful mind, placed at the centre of stirring events. An historical sketch of the slavery conflict preceding the Civil War, and a sound exposition of the Monroe doctrine as originally promulgated, are also among the more valuable constituents of these volumes. The Monroe doctrine, it is not always recollected, was elicited by the proceedings of the Holy Alliance on the continent of Europe, and was originally designed to obstruct any forcible interference in the contest between Spain and her revolted colonies. The more questionable denial of the right of a European Power to acquire territory on the American continent is believed to have been interpolated into the original draft by the Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams.

Herr Constantin Rössler * is a very wordy writer, whose handsome and substantial volume may be described as imposing in more senses than one. Any interest attaching to it arises from the author's honest belief in the Prussian State Church, not as a Church, but as a State Church. He disapproves most particularly of Strauss, Schopenhauer, and *id genus omne* on the one hand; he has so little affection for the Romish Church, on the other, as to hint, not obscurely, that the time will sooner or later arrive when it will have to be persecuted out of existence; but he seems somehow to have attained the conviction that nothing more is required than "the centralization of religion" as a department of State for the edification of the nation, the education of youth, and the reformation of manners. Starting from the basis of the most extreme Erastianism, he has reached nearly the same practical conclusions as those developed in Mr. Gladstone's early work on Church and State from the contrary point of view.

Count Baudissin's contribution to the history of Semitic religion † are acceptable reviews of the present state of our knowledge on a subject which is as yet very obscure from the poverty of material. It is indeed a question how soon the influx of information from Assyrian sources may render this observation inapplicable; at present, however, it is difficult to get much beyond the particulars of the polytheistic phases of Semitism incidentally imparted in the Scriptures. The clearness and copiousness of Count Baudissin's dissertation on the only strictly Biblical subject treated in his volume contrast forcibly with the inevitably meagre and speculative character of the remainder of his essays. This disquisition treats of the conception of the heathen divinities entertained in the Old Testament, very carefully, and with a great affluence of quotation, tracing the progress from the original conception of these deities as national tutelary genii endowed with an actual sphere of authority, to their subsequent subordination to Jehovah, and their ultimate resolution into mere figments of the imagination. Count Baudissin's views as a Biblical critic are moderate and conservative; he does not believe in the original identity of the Jewish Deity with any local Semitic divinity. A portion of his essay is devoted to an examination of the traces in the Old Testament Scriptures of the later view by which a substantial existence was accorded to the gods of the heathen, while they were at the same time regarded as evil spirits. Other essays discuss kindred topics, such as the traces of serpent-worship among the Semites, which Count Baudissin regards as purely indigenous, and the origin of the Sibylline and Gnostic sacred name Iao, which he considers as undoubtedly identical with the Hebrew Jehovah. Another investigation of great interest discusses the genuineness of the fragments of Sanchoniathon's Phœnician history, professedly preserved by Philo of Byblus. Count Baudissin does not believe in their authenticity, and considers that they were probably fabricated by Philo himself, or some other advocate of the Euhemeristic theory of mythology which they express, but to which a genuine Phœnician document would have afforded no countenance. A second volume is announced as in preparation.

Albrecht Weber's lectures on the literary history of India reappear in a second edition with the addition of so many notes and comments as to render them almost a new work.‡ The extremely unsettled condition of most Indian literary problems necessitates frequent modification either in the maintenance of the writer's own views or in his attitude towards the opinions of others, while his sturdy honesty suffers him to leave no difficulty unacknowledged. A more thorough and intrepid love of truth could not be desired, and the author's intellectual characteristics are reflected in the simple, straightforward, but at the same time rugged and arid, character of his exposition. The lectures are designed to afford a general view of the literary history of India from the time of the Vedas, including of necessity the religious development of the Indian mind, and to some extent the scientific also. The general tendency of his criticism is to bring down the dates of the masterpieces of Indian literature. The great epics, he thinks, may have been written about the commencement of the Christian era; Kalidasa may have flourished about the fourth century, and Bhavabhuti as late as the seventh or eighth. He points out the influence of the Greeks on Indian astronomy, and suspects that the author of the Ramayana may have been acquainted with the Iliad.

A curious and learned essay by F. Kittel * discusses a subordinate point of Indian mythology, the origin of the veneration of the Linga as a religious symbol, principally in the worship of Siva. The practice is usually supposed to have been adopted by the Aryan conquerors from the indigenous population. Herr Kittel, however, maintains the contrary view, and seems to assign strong reasons for his opinion.

Dr. Gilow's essay † on the relation of Greek philosophy to the national religion insists forcibly on the peculiarities which tended to mitigate the conflict between tradition and the spirit of inquiry, more particularly the indefinite condition of dogma among the Greeks, and the absence of a hierarchical caste and a body of sacred writings. He then proceeds to investigate the opinions of the philosophers prior to Socrates, classifying them according to their relation to the popular creed.

A work on the philosophy of the present epoch, by Karl Grün ‡, the biographer of Feuerbach, ought to have been interesting, its professed design being to trace the progress of speculation from the culminating point of Feuerbach's philosophical activity, some thirty years since, to this day, thus including the rise of the pessimistic systems of Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann, and the development of scientific materialism. Unfortunately, although Herr Grün's language is not ill adapted to serve as the vehicle of thought, the thought itself is usually imperfectly conceived in his own mind, and the course of his reasoning is impeded by all manner of sallies and digressions. He is more felicitous in citing the ideas of others, which fortunately constitute a large portion of the substance of his book.

The Munich Library § possesses twenty-four detached leaves taken from the covers of MSS. formerly in the Freising Library, and containing fragments of the Itala or primitive Latin version of the Epistles of St. Paul and St. John. The latter is particularly interesting from containing the verse of the Three Heavenly Witnesses, the MS. being apparently of the seventh century. The fragments have been very carefully edited by Herr Ziegler, with a photographic facsimile.

The Masora ‖, Professor Frensdorff remarks, has been greatly employed in the correction of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, but has virtually been only once edited itself, subsequent editions being only repetitions of the *editio princeps* of 1525. It is his ambition to produce a new and thoroughly critical edition, to which the present volume, containing the references of the Masora arranged in alphabetical order, and thus forming a Masoretic dictionary, is designed as a precursor.

Dr. A. Stadler ¶ remarks that philosophical controversialists in Germany are more and more grouping themselves around Kant, to the neglect of those successors who were at one time thought to have advanced beyond him. He has accordingly endeavoured to provide a concise exposition of Kant's doctrine of the Pure Reason, lest the actual teaching of the philosopher should be lost sight of amid the various glosses of his commentators, of which he seems to think there is some danger.

K. G. Andersen's ** essay on German etymology explains a great number of familiar terms, and contains a number of amusing examples of corruptions arising from misunderstandings and inaccurate pronunciations, which have given rise to false and misleading etymologies in their turn.

F. Becker has written an exceedingly interesting monograph on the employment of the fish as an emblem of Christ in early Christian art.†† A great number of examples, chiefly from the Roman catacombs, are brought together, and in many cases illustrated with woodcuts, some of which are extremely curious. The earliest example,

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* *Das deutsche Reich und die kirchliche Frage.* Von Constantin Rössler. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

† *Studien zur Semitischen Religionsgeschichte.* Von Wolf Wilhelm Graf Baudissin. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Grunow. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Akademische Vorlesungen über Indische Litteraturgeschichte.* Von Albrecht Weber. Zweite vermehrte Auflage. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Ueber den Ursprung des Lingakultus in Indien.* Von F. Kittel. Mangalore: Mission Depository. London: Trübner & Co.

† *Ueber das Verhältniss der Griechischen Philosophen im Allgemeinen, und der Vorsokratiker im Besondern, zur Griechischen Volksreligion.* Von H. Gilow. Oldenburg: Schultze. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Philosophie in der Gegenwart. Realismus und Idealismus.* Von Karl Grün. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Italafragmente der Paulinischen Briefe, &c.* Veröffentlicht von L. Ziegler. Marburg: Elwert. London: Williams & Norgate.

‖ *Die Massora Magna.* Herausgegeben von S. Frensdorff. Hannover: Cohen & Risch. London: Trübner.

¶ *Die Grundsätze der reinen Erkenntnisstheorie in der Kantischen Philosophie.* Von A. Stadler. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Ueber Deutsche Volksetymologie.* Von K. G. Andresen. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Williams & Norgate.

†† *Die Darstellung Jesu Christi unter dem Bilde des Fisches auf den Monumenten der Kirche der Katakomben.* Von F. Becker. Gera: Reisewitz. London: Nutt.

Herr Becker thinks, is one in the mausoleum of Domitilla, about the end of the first century, but here the symbolic character of the representation hardly seems adequately made out. He observes that the enigmatic character of the delineation rendered it a secret symbol, which accounts for its disuse after the general prevalence of Christianity.

Herr Conrad Fiedler's rules for the appreciation of works of art* appear in the main reducible to one, that the critic should possess as much æsthetic and philosophical culture as he can contrive to acquire.

It is a good idea of Herr E. Engel's to bring together the passages of Byron's journals and letters relating specifically to himself†, and by an arrangement of these in chronological order to frame a virtual, though in many respects defective, autobiography. The frequency of the egotistic poet's references to himself insures a sufficiency of material, and, as Byron always wrote well on the subject that mainly interested him, the literary attractions of the volume are very considerable. The weak point consists in the editor's own introduction and notes, which savour far too strongly of hero-worship.

Not more than three or four of Lessing's plays‡ have retained possession of the stage, and his European reputation as a dramatist is founded on two only. It will be a surprise to most people to learn that he left behind him no fewer than fifty-four plans for dramas, in some of which the outline is to a considerable extent filled up. As might be expected, these sketches mostly belong to an early period of his career, ere he had discovered his more genuine vocation as a critic. Some have been printed before, but the whole now make their appearance for the first time in a separate volume, and in a collective form. The most complete is a comedy on the story of the Ephesian Matron; the most interesting, perhaps, is a tragedy, unfortunately composed in Alexandrine couplets, on a contemporary event, the conspiracy of Samuel Henzi and other citizens of Bern to effect a revolution in the government. Fragments of tragedies on the stories of Codrus, Spartacus, and Cleonnis, also possess much interest, and characteristically evince Lessing's sympathy with the antique spirit of political liberty, and classical life in general. *Tarantula* is an amusing burlesque on the Italian opera, and *Fatima* is a very curious burlesque indeed. The fragments of an intended *Faust* are insignificant in compass, but would have been very considerable but for the loss of the greater part of the MS. The piece was undertaken in direct competition with Goethe, and would apparently have been modelled upon the precedents of the old English drama. It would hardly have added to Lessing's reputation, if we may judge by the few specimens preserved. Most of the other fragments are [illegible] æsthetic and drafts for comedies or domestic dramas, some borrowed from the French. It is interesting to find a translation of Calderon's "Life is a Dream" among them; and the idea of this piece seems to have formed the groundwork of another of Lessing's sketches, "The Horoscope," the plot of which is apparently his own invention. These glimpses into the workshop of a busy dramatist undoubtedly merit preservation, even though their strictly poetical merit is commonly inconsiderable, and their form too incomplete to allow much scope for constructive skill or the delineation of character. The editor has displayed the most laudable assiduity in exploring every corner of literary or historical reference that appeared capable of throwing a ray of light upon his subject. His view of the importance of the fragments published by him is naturally exaggerated; but we cannot regret an error which has so largely stimulated his exertions.

The last number of the *Russian Review*§ contains a valuable account of the literature on the emancipation of the serfs, the continuation of Professor Brückner's history of didactic literature in Russia during the eighteenth century, and a paper by M. Wesseloffsky on the affinities between Russian and Indian popular tales.

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* *Ueber die Beurtheilung von Werken der bildenden Kunst.* Von C. Fiedler. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Lord Byron. Eine Autobiographie nach Tagebüchern und Briefen. Mit Einleitung und Erläuterungen.* Von E. Engel. Berlin: Stuhr. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Vierundfunfzig zum Theil noch ungedruckte dramatische Entwürfe und Pläne G. E. Lessings.* Herausgegeben von Robert Boxberger. Berlin: Hempel. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Russische Revue.* Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands. Jahrg. 5, Hft. 3. St. Petersburg: Röttger. London: Trübner & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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The SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Saturday, June 17, 1876,

Sir WILLIAM FRASER, Bart, M.A., M.P., in the Chair.

Since the foundation of the Society, the sum of £37,077 10s. has been distributed in relieving widows and orphans of British Artists, and during the past year fifty-three widows and sixteen orphans have received annuities amounting to £1,123. The institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts.

Gentlemen's Tickets, £1 1s.; Ladies, 12s. 6d., may be obtained of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 6 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

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The HALF TERM for the College and School will begin on Monday, the 22nd inst. Prospectuses may be obtained on application to Miss GROVE, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., *President.*

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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TURKEY AND THE GREAT POWERS.

THE refusal of the English Government to concur in the resolutions adopted by the three Imperial Courts appears to be definitive and final. Until the nature of the Berlin proposal is accurately known, it is impossible for non-official politicians to judge whether it is compatible with the fixed policy of England. Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY might have merely declined to take an active part in an intervention which they might nevertheless have admitted to be expedient or justifiable; but there can now be little doubt that their refusal implies a total divergence of policy. The English Government is still not willing to precipitate the fall of the Turkish Empire. The appointment of an International Commission to superintend the administration of Turkish provinces would be inevitably followed by armed occupation. The three Powers will not ultimately entrust the execution of their decrees to Turkish troops, especially while the Porte is unable to suppress the insurrection. The English Government has no forces to spare for the pacification of Herzegovina or Bosnia; and it would not be inclined to assume responsibility for the acts of an Austrian commander. Still less would it be possible to follow Russian policy in dealing with the petty States which support the insurrection. Both Servia and Montenegro have hitherto been assured of impunity while, in a state of nominal peace, they carry on a ruinous war with Turkey. Sooner or later they may find that they have to deal with a more formidable Power; but as long as Austria ostensibly co-operates with Russia, the intrigues of the Governments of the Principalities will not be abated. The most significant circumstance in the refusal of England to adopt the Berlin resolutions is the comment which is furnished on the policy of the three allied Courts. It is not likely that a new and more stringent version of the ANDRASSY Note would have been rejected as unnecessarily urgent. The Turkish Government accepted the peremptory demands of the Note; and perhaps it would have redeemed its pledges of administrative reform if the insurgents had adopted the compromise. As in fact nothing has been done, it may be plausibly contended that want of power on the part of the Porte is equivalent to want of will. The concessions which were thought sufficient two months ago are no longer deemed satisfactory; and it has become necessary to suggest terms which may be imposed on the insurgents by force if they decline negotiation.

The whole nature of the controversy has been changed by the prolonged inability of the Porte to reduce the insurgent province to submission. When the rebellion began in the summer of 1875, its continuance was deprecated by dispassionate observers, not because it was thought desirable that Christians should be governed by Turks, but in the belief that, like former insurrections in Turkey, the revolt would be crushed after much fruitless suffering and bloodshed. It was also known that all European statesmen, except in Russia, regarded with uneasiness the possible commencement of a general war in the East. The danger has since not become less imminent; but with a change of circumstances the precautions which are required have become subject to modification. It has now become evident that, if the civil war proceeds, it will be both the right and the duty of the SULTAN'S Government to declare war against Servia and Montenegro; and yet it is a hopeless enterprise to retaliate on petty States which cannot be conquered or occupied. The Ottoman Government will never again be allowed by the Christian Powers to extend its dominion over countries which have once become practically independent; and the Porte is aware that a Russian general officer is now the military adviser of the Servian Government. The detachment of additional provinces from the Empire is likely to result from a continuance of the struggle. Both Governments and speculative politicians must be content to learn from experience, which is always repugnant to the feelings of angry partisans. The treason which prospers is no longer, in a political sense, treason; and the insurgents, by their own pertinacity, and through the aid of friendly neighbours and astute patrons, have so far succeeded as to keep their enemies at bay. It is impossible to decide between conflicting accounts of recent military operations; but it is evident from the most favourable statements that the Turkish Commissioner in Herzegovina has attained no decisive success. The contest is wearing out the financial resources of Turkey, although there may perhaps be no difficulty in sending reinforcements to the disturbed provinces. The hopes which even at a distance appear to be plausible are probably regarded by the insurgents as certain.

Incredulity, or rather habitual suspension of belief, is the ordinary mental condition of persons who take an intelligent interest in Eastern politics. Recent rumours of disturbances in Bulgaria may probably be more or less false; but, on the other hand, they may possibly be true. If the civil war which began in Herzegovina extends throughout European Turkey, the contest will soon pass beyond the sphere of diplomacy. In default of foreign intervention, a general rising of the Christian population would perhaps simplify the task of the Ottoman Government. It may not be practicable to provide troops for the pacification of all the disturbed districts; but the indigenous Mussulmans, whatever may be their faults, are a warlike race, and in defending their own property and homes they will need neither provisions nor pay from the Government. If the ordinary estimate that the Mahometans form a third of the European population of Turkey is well founded, it is by no means certain that they may not prove themselves a match for their miscellaneous adversaries. The worst of all civil wars is a struggle, not of hostile countries or districts, but among neighbours of hostile religions and races. In such a contest the atrocities which would be committed on both sides might perhaps seem to justify foreign interference; and an army of occupation would be practically engaged in a territorial conquest which could scarcely fail to provoke dangerous jealousies. The scheme of breaking up European Turkey into principalities either independent or nominally subject to the Porte would not solve the difficulty. The cheap device of expelling from Europe a race which is rhetorically described as an invading horde is simply impracticable. The wanton and wholesale deportation of three or four millions of inhabitants from their homes is a measure which has no precedent since the barbarous expulsion of the Moors from Andalusia and Granada. FERDINAND and ISABELLA were at least national sovereigns, disposing of the forces of Spain for the accomplishment of their cruel and fanatical purpose. The philanthropic pedants of the present day must appeal to foreign States, or, in other words, to Russia, to provide means for the extermination of the Turks with the object of establishing the absolute sovereignty of the conqueror.

In the present as in the past, English statesmen who have to deal with the Eastern question are principally concerned to prevent the acquisition by Russia of the countries which, under the Government of the Porte, are friendly, or at least neutral. The possession of Constantinople by Russia would be equivalent to the exclusion of English commerce from the shores of the Black Sea and from the Danube. In Central Asia it is impossible to protest with

effect against the constant extension of the commercial monopoly of Russia; but it is not expedient to acquiesce tamely in a repetition of the same process in Europe. It fortunately happens that on this point the interests of Austria are identical with those of England; nor is it improbable that Germany might resist the acquisition by Russia of the mouths of the Danube and of the outlet from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. There is no reason to suppose that the English Government has abandoned the policy of its predecessors, although, like Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, the Ministers may pursue the same objects by different methods. It might perhaps be prudent to connive at the gradual dissolution of the Turkish Empire, if there were any prospect that it could be peaceably effected; but as the Christian subjects of the SULTAN become more aggressive, the Mahometans will be more vigilant in defence of their lives and property. There was no difficulty in detaching the Danubian Principalities from the Empire, because the Porte had observed the ancient conventions which prohibited the settlement of Mahometans in Moldavia and Wallachia. The population of Servia also was homogeneous, with the exception of the Turkish garrisons in a few fortresses and towns. Montenegro had never acknowledged a dependence which was not enforced, and there are no Mahometans resident within its borders. In Bosnia and Herzegovina the difficulty arises from a mixture of religions and races, and it extends throughout the provinces which are subject to the direct authority of the SULTAN. A foreign ruler might, by means of military power, enforce on both parties order and peace; but there is no reason to suppose that Austria will undertake the duty, or that Russia would perform it from disinterested motives.

AMNESTIES.

IN France the long discussion on the proposed amnesty of the Communists has ended with an appropriate declamation from VICTOR HUGO. There never had been much reality in the discussion, for it was evident that the proposed amnesty could not be accorded, and it seemed probable that many of those who supported the proposal would have been very much disappointed if they had been too successful. Here too there has been some little stir over a proposal to celebrate the return of the PRINCE OF WALES by the release of the Fenian prisoners; but such interest as was awakened by it was chiefly excited by the language and conduct of those whose business it was to dwell on the wrongs and sufferings of Irishmen. It was equally impossible in both cases that the Government should consent to set free those who are still suffering punishment. The Fenians are few, and their release would not be attended by any direct danger to society, but they are suffering for crimes which it is especially necessary to visit with severe retribution. Those who merely took part in the Fenian conspiracy have long ago been pardoned or have come to the end of the lenient sentences with which they were visited. Those who are still undergoing punishment are not pardoned, because they committed murder or broke their military faith. Many of the Communists have been condemned for similar crimes; but a large proportion are no doubt confined in French prisons or kept in penal settlements for no other reason than that they took a leading part in the doings of the Commune. Moreover, the French proposal was for an amnesty, not for a pardon; and if a sponge had been passed over all that was done in 1871 there would have been thousands free to come back who have since sheltered themselves in exile. France, and above all Paris, cannot afford to have these men back. They are too dangerous to French society. A French Government, and above all a Republican French Government, cannot take the risk of having large bands of determined and dangerous men return who would plot either against or disgrace it according as it might provoke the equal dangers of displeasing or of pleasing them. In all cases where conspiracies or revolutions have taken place it is impossible to say what a wise and just Government should do with the offenders, unless the particular circumstances of the outbreak are carefully considered. After a civil war an amnesty is often, not only the most merciful, but the most prudent and the only possible, course. The Government of the King of SPAIN could not treat the defeated Carlists as rebels and punish the thousands of private soldiers who took part in the enterprise. After sufficient time has elapsed a strong Government is generally ready to grant an amnesty to conspirators who have ceased to be dangerous. Of the Communist convicts, or of the Communist exiles who would be convicted if they could be caught, a very large number have not been guilty of any acts beyond what have been repeatedly pardoned in France and every civilized country. They took part in an unsuccessful insurrection; and, if there was any reason to suppose that they had done with insurrections for ever, they might be allowed to come back to their homes on the plea that, on other occasions, other men who have done just what they have done have been allowed to come back. The reason why the bulk of the Communists are kept out of France, or imprisoned in it, is that the whole course of their lives, or at least of the lives of the classes to which they belong, shows that to import so dangerous an element into French society as it now exists would be to subject the country to a risk from which it has a right to be guarded.

Those who admire, as well as those who do not admire, VICTOR HUGO's compositions, must have been equally prepared to find that he did not for a moment address himself to the real question on which the wisdom of an amnesty depended. He had got to make a declamation, and he made it. He had got to use his own peculiar style, and he used it freely. He began by saying that, as it was a very special occasion, and every word he used was of the utmost importance, he had taken the precaution to write his speech; and he read it out exactly as if it had been a chapter from one of his novels. It was in point of fact exactly like a chapter in one of his novels, only that it was neither very extravagant nor very brilliant. There were, however, passages in it of much merit in point of style, and inspired by a feeling which no one could doubt was genuine. He drew a picture which had no other fault than that of irrelevance, showing how he had wandered up dismal staircases, knocked at humble doors, and been admitted into the bosom of famine-stricken families. What, he asked, was the cause of all the distress he witnessed? Why was the wife weeping? Her husband was away. Why were the children fainting with hunger? Their father, who should have given them bread, was in New Caledonia. The simple remedy in the poet's eyes was to bring the man back, and then VICTOR HUGO would go up the staircases again and find every one beaming with happiness and blessing the name of the Assembly. He also invited his hearers to remember that the faults of the Communists were committed under very extraordinary circumstances. They had been made nervous by the long fever of the siege; they had gallantly defended their beloved Paris, and then they were told it was no longer to be the capital. It would remain the capital of the world as a matter of course; but it was to be degraded from the superior position of being the capital of France. It was enough to drive Parisians a little mad, and that they had been a little mad their poetical advocate candidly admitted. He was too sensible, even in the height of his raptures, to contend that they had not done wrong. But then what were their crimes to those of the late EMPEROR? And thus VICTOR HUGO secured an easy transition to his favourite theme. He revelled in denunciations of NAPOLEON the Little; and, in fact, the greater part of his declamation was an echo of the different works he has published in the last twenty years. It was a piece of poetical prose altogether disconnected from current politics, and it was treated as such. It was made to be heard, not criticized. It was received in perfect silence. No one replied to it, or attacked or complimented the speaker. The only possible answer would have been to offer the aged poet a wreath of laurels. As the forms of a decorous Assembly did not permit this, the Senate quietly rejected the proposal and passed to other business.

The scene in the House of Commons presented an entire contrast to that in the French Senate. Mr. DISRAELI, with great moderation of language and a studied absence of everything that could justify the slightest irritation, explained that most of the convicts were in Western Australia, with very slight restrictions imposed on their liberty, and that those detained in England had either been convicted of murder, or had added some peculiar aggravation to the crime for which they had been condemned. But the Irish members were not going to let slip a fine opportunity of relieving their feelings and pleasing their constituents. Mr. O'CONNOR POWER protested against the policy, as he termed it, of vengeance and trampling mercilessly on a fallen foe, and he thought that more atte-

tion should have been paid by Mr. DISRAELI to a memorial signed by 138 members of the House, stating that the time seemed to them to have come when mercy might properly be shown. This gave rise to a very animated discussion, for many of those who had signed it alleged that they had been tricked into signing it. Great pressure, as Mr. ANDERSON explained, had been put upon them, and they had not understood that they were asking for the pardon of murderers, and some of them had received positive assurance that this was not the effect of the memorial. If any unfair means were used to procure signatures, those guilty of such conduct deserve the chief blame. But it is not very creditable to their victims that they should have yielded to pressure in such a matter, and that they should not have taken the trouble to examine for themselves the exact bearing of the document they were asked to sign. Anyhow, the controversy as to the mode in which the signatures to the memorial had been obtained entirely destroyed any effect which the memorial could have produced. But this was not all. The Irishmen soon took to quarrelling among themselves, and Mr. BIGGAR made a speech so wild and violent that Mr. BROOKS, the late Lord Mayor of Dublin, who had started the discussion, owned that he regretted what he had done now that he had heard Mr. BIGGAR. Another Irish member suggested that one of the convicts had got double the term of penal servitude allotted to another simply because he was an Irishman, while his accomplice was an Englishman; and as to the guilt of the convicts, he could state that another Irish member, who unfortunately was not present, "believed in his heart" that one of them was perfectly innocent. Mr. BUTT did his best to cover the follies of his followers and to give the discussion a general tone. He suggested that even those to whom the death of Sergeant BRETT was to be attributed were not guilty, except in a technical sense, of murder, as they did not go to the scene of their crime with an intention of committing it, and that, if political considerations had not intervened, they would have been released before this. The question, as stated by Mr. BUTT, would therefore be this. Persons engaged in an intended rising against the Government of their country, kill, in the execution of a special part of their design, an agent of the law engaged in the discharge of his duty. Is penal servitude for life too severe a punishment for them? On the contrary, it seems a mild punishment. It is essential for the safety of society that the Government should jealously guard the lives of those who are merely doing their duty as servants of the Crown; and a Government would be justified in regarding the crime of murdering a sergeant of police, merely because his death was necessary in order to effect a traitorous object, as a peculiarly dangerous one. It is satisfactory to know that the few Fenian prisoners who are still detained have been treated with as much leniency as the nature of their crimes permitted; and that, so far from there having been any merciless trampling on a fallen foe, the greatest disposition has been shown to consider how far, consistently with the first duties of a Government to the country, the punishment of the offenders could be mitigated.

THE EXTRADITION DEAD-LOCK.

THE appointment of Mr. PIERREPOINT, who has a reputation as a sound lawyer, to be Minister of the United States in England, may possibly tend to an amicable solution of the dispute which has arisen on extradition. The legal question, indeed, is simple and easy; but perhaps Mr. PIERREPOINT may understand better than the SECRETARY of STATE the inability of the English Government to accede to the American demand. Mr. HAMILTON FISH can scarcely be blamed for making the most of an argumentative triumph. It must be pleasant to reiterate in various forms the undeniable proposition that a municipal law cannot overrule a treaty. Lord DERBY, on the other hand, unavoidably answers "*non possumus*" to conclusive demonstrations that he ought to act in direct violation of law. Even if the Government were to yield to Mr. FISH's logic, the Judges of the High Court would undoubtedly discharge WINSLOW on the return to a writ of *habeas corpus*, if it were shown that he was kept in custody for purposes of extradition in contravention of the direct provisions of an Act of Parliament. It is impossible to deny that the Government of the United States has an excellent excuse for putting an end to the treaty, if, indeed, any justification were needed for the exercise of an undoubted right. There is no reason why any irritation should be felt either in England or America, and the SECRETARY of STATE has the less reason to be angry because he has the best of the controversy. It may be hoped that, after a short interval, both Governments will see their way to the conclusion of a new treaty which may be so constructed as not to lead to a hopeless dead-lock. The only weak point in Mr. FISH's contention is that he proves too much. If the treaty is to be literally interpreted, it provides for the surrender of political refugees who may be charged on sufficient evidence with the commission of one of the extradition crimes. The prohibition of surrender in the English Act of 1870 is unnecessarily comprehensive. There is no reason why a criminal who is surrendered on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences should not be tried in his own country for forgery or murder. The perpetration of several offences is not more commendable than the commission of a single crime. The framers of the Act of 1870 were thinking too exclusively of political refugees, when they ought to have devoted their principal attention to the case of ordinary criminals. In a future treaty both Governments might properly reserve to themselves the power of refusing extradition in any case which in their judgment might involve a confusion between ordinary crimes and political offences. In one sense the American argument is open to another objection. There is no practical use in proving that the Legislature of an independent nation has made a mistake. Parliament is supreme; and its decisions cannot be questioned by the Ministers of the Crown. A foreign Government may reasonably ask for a change in the law which has operated to its disadvantage; but it is useless to contend that the law, while it exists, should be disobeyed.

The correspondence, when it is published, will probably show that the discussion has not been confined to the simple issue of a conflict between the treaty and the statute. In the recent case of LAWRENCE, who was tried in Massachusetts on a different charge from that on which extradition had been granted, the PRESIDENT directed the representative of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL not to proceed with the prosecution. The Court determined that the PRESIDENT had no power to interfere with the course of justice; but the incident seems to show that the American Government was not indisposed to the kind of arrangement which is indicated in the English Act. The peremptory demand of the surrender of WINSLOW may perhaps have been immediately suggested by the decision of the Court in the case of LAWRENCE. If it should appear that the two Governments have been in the habit of acting on a friendly understanding, it would not be surprising that a change of American policy or practice should create a difficulty which has for the last six years been in some way evaded. If WINSLOW is guilty, he may think himself lucky in the difference or misunderstanding of which he seems to be the first occasion. There is no reason to suppose that he was in danger of prosecution for any offence except that on which the demand for extradition was founded. Lord DERBY has thought it necessary to pay literal obedience to the law; and Mr. FISH not unreasonably directs the American Chargé d'Affaires to give no assurance or promise for the purpose of meeting the objections of the English Government. If Parliament had passed an Act prohibiting payment of the damages under the *Alabama* award, the offence offered to the United States might perhaps have justified the declaration of war which would certainly have ensued; but, however great or evident might be the international wrong, the Minister of the day would have had no choice but to obey the law of his own country. Those who passed, or neglected to repeal, the law are answerable for the consequences.

It may be collected from some passages which purport to be extracts from Mr. FISH's despatches, that the Act of 1870 immediately attracted the notice of the American Government. Sir EDWARD THORNTON seems to have been instructed to propose a modification of the treaty in accordance with the English law; but the overture was rejected by Mr. FISH, who professed to be satisfied with the ambiguous language of the Act. The SECRETARY of STATE is perhaps entitled to the credit of having devised the far-fetched interpretation which has been with good reason rejected by the Law Officers of the Crown. Notwithstanding the distinct prohibition of unconditional surrender, Mr. FISH and the advocates of his cause in England contend

that, by a subsequent section, the entire Act, or rather every part of it which might seem to interfere with the American claim, is once more consistent with the provisions of the treaty. But even a Parliamentary draftsman is incapable of repealing in the same statute a distinct enactment by a vague exception of portions of the Act which may be thought inconsistent with a certain treaty. All previous Acts by which extradition was authorized are in the first instance repealed; and if the section ended with the repeal, there would be no law of extradition. It is further provided that the Act shall be applied to the case of certain enumerated treaties, with the exception of any part of the Act which may be inconsistent with the treaty. Mr. FISH must have been reduced to argue that the prohibition of surrender except on the specified conditions must have been in the first instance deliberately inserted with the knowledge that it was inconsistent with the treaty; and further, that the precautions which had been thought so indispensable as to justify a violation of treaty rights were afterwards indirectly but effectually abolished. The Law Officers will have little difficulty in maintaining the soundness of an opinion which scarcely admits of dissent.

Even if the American Government persists in its intention of abrogating the treaty, the Government would do well to amend the Extradition Act in the next Session. Although European Powers may perhaps be less punctilious than the United States, it is not improbable that the difficulty which has now arisen may occur in relation to other treaties. A Secretary of State who is compelled by Act of Parliament to refuse to a foreign Government the discharge of an undisputed liability, though he may have no choice as to his own course, must feel that he scarcely occupies a dignified position. Mr. FISH has, with the characteristic candour of his nation, spared no pains to illustrate the awkward position of a Government which is unluckily incapable of refuting his criticism. The principle of facilitating the course of justice in foreign countries may properly receive a liberal interpretation. The only excepted case is that of political refugees who may happen to be charged with ordinary crimes. It is possible that their immunity might give rise to serious embarrassment. Popular feeling in England would be opposed to the surrender of some fugitives who might nevertheless have been guilty of the gravest crimes. If ORSINI or his accomplices had escaped to England after their attempt on the life of the Emperor NAPOLEON, they would properly have been regarded as murderers, not as political offenders; but the Government, if it had given them up, would have been exposed to troublesome clamour; and cases might be imagined in which violations of law might admit of a doubtful interpretation. It was fortunate that the good sense and moderation of a later French Government prevented it from demanding the extradition of refugees who might have been charged with complicity in the atrocities of the Paris Commune. It would be expedient to throw on the Government which might receive a demand of extradition the responsibility of deciding in each particular case whether immunity should be allowed on political grounds. The American Government ought not to object to a mode of avoiding the disputes which might otherwise arise.

SIR SALAR JUNG.

AN unfortunate accident has detained Sir SALAR JUNG at Paris beyond the time when he was expected to arrive in London; but when he comes he will meet with the reception he deserves from all who know how immense are the services he has rendered to England. He has made the power of the NIZAM that of a cordial instead of a doubtful ally; he did more, perhaps, than any other man to help England in the crisis of the Mutiny; and he has set a brilliant example of what may be done in a protected State when the State is administered in accordance with English ideas. For a century the history of the Nizams of Hyderabad has been the history of princes who have been forced into an alliance which they have very much disliked, and by which they have very much profited. They were inclined to an alliance with the French, and we made them abandon that alliance. They sided with HYDER ALI, and we made them change sides and come over to us. They disliked fighting TIPPOO, and we made them fight TIPPOO. They were driven by a perverse good fortune into being always on the conquering side, they were paid handsomely for choosing the lucky cause against their will, and the present infant prince owes a large part of his territories to the munificence of a Government which shared the spoils of its victories with his predecessors. In the internal concerns of Hyderabad the British Government has interfered from time to time, being always desirous that the military power should be completely under British control, and occasionally shocked at glaring instances of misgovernment and oppression. After the fall of the French power in India, the Nizam of the day got together a small army, well drilled and organized, and commanded by RAYMOND, one of the most brilliant of the French adventurers of his day. Lord WELLESLEY thought this far too dangerous a weapon in the hands of an ally whom he thoroughly distrusted. He insisted that the French officers should be sent away and the troops they had trained disbanded; and this was effected nominally by the orders of the NIZAM, but really by the troops being forced to submit when they found English guns in command of their cantonments. Soon after an arrangement was effected which, with slight changes, has lasted to the present day. The NIZAM handed over a portion of his territory to be administered by the British Government, who undertook out of the revenues to provide a safe little army for him. The last treaty on this head was made in 1853; but the territories then ceded for that purpose made such rapid progress under British rule that the revenue was much in excess of what was needed to support the contingent. Accordingly, Lord DALHOUSIE gave back a part of the ceded territory, and Lord CANNING gave back all of it except Berar. It is reported that to get back Berar also is one of the aims of Sir SALAR JUNG in his present visit to England. The excuse for requiring territory was that the affairs of the NIZAM were so badly managed that the British Government, without a material guarantee, could not be sure of getting enough to support the contingent it undertook to provide; and now that Sir SALAR JUNG has put the revenues of the NIZAM into a state of great prosperity, he not unnaturally thinks that the British Government does not need any territory as a guarantee for payment. The use made of the contingent gave rise to the only direct act of interference on a large scale in the administration of the internal affairs of the NIZAM to which the superior Power has found itself driven. The revenue of several districts had been farmed to middlemen; the oppression was extreme, and British officers had to be employed in putting down the resistance of despair. To avoid the scandal, Sir CHARLES METCALFE was sent as Resident, and he established a land settlement which gave peace and prosperity to the country, and has subsequently had the advantage of teaching capable natives, like Sir SALAR JUNG, what is the meaning and what are the conditions of good government.

The lesson set by Sir CHARLES METCALFE in 1820 survived only in the memory and traditions of a few when, in 1853, Sir SALAR JUNG was called as a lad of nineteen to fill the post, previously occupied by his uncle, of chief adviser to the NIZAM. He found everything in confusion; the system of farming the revenue had again been introduced, and payment was enforced by the employment of mercenaries who sucked the life-blood out of the people. Sir SALAR JUNG set himself with unflinching resolution to bring in a new state of things, and he had already done much when the terrible crisis of the Mutiny came to try his courage, and to give him the opportunity of deciding the momentous question whether the great Mahometan State of Hyderabad should side with or against the insurgents. If Hyderabad revolted, it was beyond doubt that all Southern India would revolt too; and when Delhi fell, the Governor of Bombay telegraphed to the Resident of Hyderabad that, if the NIZAM went, all was over. But the NIZAM remained faithful, and that he so remained, in opposition to the earnest wishes of a powerful body of his subjects, was due to Sir SALAR JUNG. General HILL, who, as having commanded the Hyderabad contingent, is well acquainted with the facts, has stated, in his interesting letter to the *Times*, that when the Resident informed Sir SALAR JUNG of the fall of Delhi, he was told that the news had been already known three days in Hyderabad, and if Sir SALAR JUNG had ever thought of seizing an opportunity to desert the English Government, he had ample means of using his earlier information for the purpose. But he never wavered. He had made up his mind that the cause of England was the cause of good government. He knew that the success of the rebellion

would only make universal the state of things from which he had been for four years endeavouring to rescue the territories of his master. Those who surrounded him took a very different view, and could not bear to throw away a golden occasion of winning a triumph for their religion, and letting plunder and oppression run riot. He was exposed to constant menaces and much danger, but he showed himself thoroughly equal to the task he had undertaken. When the Residency was attacked, he saved the lives of those who were threatened. He stationed Arabs on whom he could depend at the gates of Hyderabad, and bade them shoot any one who incited the people to revolt against the English. He had such control over the Hyderabad contingent that the English Government found it safe to employ it, and derived considerable benefit from its services. In a word, our new guest is the man who, when Delhi had fallen and our power was for the moment tottering in the balance, saved Southern India for England. Even if Southern India had revolted, it is possible that by a profuse expenditure of men and money we might have conquered it back again and all the rest of India as well. But Sir SALAR JUNG spared us the expenditure of countless lives and countless millions; and if ever there was a clear occasion for acknowledging in a fitting manner an inestimable service, such an occasion is presented by the arrival in England of the Prime Minister of the NIZAM.

Sir SALAR JUNG has rendered a less striking, but still very considerable, service to England by his administration of the dominions of the NIZAM in recent years. He has made good order everywhere prevail. Roads, tanks, wells, irrigation works, a good police and schools, are among the benefits he has conferred on his country; and gradually he has achieved the most difficult success of all, and has made his fellow-natives see that he has been throughout in the right, and that in the pursuance of the policy which he started lie all their best hopes for the future. Naturally, like every one who tries to do good in a semi-barbarous country, he has provoked bitter personal hostility; and in 1868 an attempt was made to assassinate him. But the attempt only brought into relief the estimation in which he was generally held; and his escape was welcomed with delight by people of all classes. Nor is it only that he has made the Deccan one of the most flourishing parts of India. He has helped us to solve the difficult problem of how we are to treat the independent principalities of which we have lately heard so much. Mr. HUNTER records, in his Life of Lord MAYO, the anxiety which this problem caused to the new Governor-General. He determined that from the outset of his rule he would deal with the independent princes on fixed and definite principles. After long consideration, Lord MAYO came to the conclusion that there were three principles on which the Government ought consistently and resolutely to act. The first of these was non-annexation, the misrule of a native chief not being used as a weapon for aggrandizing the power of England. The second was that the Government should always acknowledge its responsibility for any serious misrule in a native State, and should be ready to interfere by displacing the offending chief, and administering the territory through British officers, or a native regency, in the interest of the lawful heir. The third principle was that all those who ruled well should be in every way honoured and encouraged. Lord MAYO had the strongest possible sense of the personal side of government, and he laid down as one of the duties of a Viceroy that he should be the friend and not merely the patron of good men. The English were to do their best to govern well in their own dominions, not only directly for the sake of those they governed, but indirectly for the sake of those governed by native chiefs. When it was seen that an honest endeavour was being made in a native State to copy the pattern set by England, then the highest honours were to be offered and the most cordial friendship was to be shown to those who had been paying England the most welcome of tributes—the tribute of imitation. The one road to favour was to lie through good works. What Lord MAYO wished to see done for the improvement of all native States has been done in the amplest manner by Sir SALAR JUNG for the territories of the NIZAM. He has abundantly earned the respect, the friendship, and the honour which Lord MAYO proposed should be the reward of the wise administration of native States; and Englishmen, who give Sir SALAR JUNG the reception he has merited will have the satisfaction of at once welcoming a benefactor and of knowing that they are helping to carry out a leading principle of Imperial policy.

THE CITY COMPANIES.

THE short discussion in the House of Commons on the City Companies, though neither profound nor exhaustive, was indirectly not wanting in amusement and instruction. According to the political doctrines which prevail in Parliament, the Companies have not much to say in their own defence; and the prospect of re-adjusting property to the amount of many hundred thousands a year is attractive to theorists and reformers; but both parties were fully aware that there was much to lose, and nothing for the moment to gain, by provoking formidable opponents. Behind the Companies is the City, and at the back of the City are, for many purposes, the provincial Corporations. Only a few years ago the City of London habitually returned four Liberal members; but in the last Parliament the number was reduced to two. In 1874 Mr. GOSCHEN, who has strong personal claims to the confidence of merchants and men of business, barely found his way into the House of Commons at the bottom of the poll. Some time before, Mr. GLADSTONE had unnecessarily threatened the Corporation with an investigation of its affairs; and, by a natural result, his party fell into disfavour in the City. The Companies are chiefly governed by members of the Corporation, and they consist almost exclusively of citizens of London. Their genial festivities, their quaint customs, and their easy munificence are regarded by their members, and by the civic community in general, with a grave attachment which is scarcely appreciated by critical strangers. The same forms have been observed and the same phrases have been used on ceremonial occasions for hundreds of years; and consequently those who belong to the Companies have something of the reverence for antiquity which is not conspicuously exhibited by ordinary Englishmen. Mr. JAMES and his constituents at Gateshead have nothing to fear from the offence which his speech and motion may have caused to the citizens of London. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the other hand, has made up his mind to disregard the hostility which he had previously provoked. Other leading members of both parties know by experience the power of the City; and Mr. CROSS, who is not extravagantly devoted to institutions merely because they are ancient, was eager to profit by the excuse, suggested by Mr. GLADSTONE, that an Address to the Crown for a Commission of Inquiry was not the proper form of proceeding.

The Companies rely more securely on their Parliamentary influence than on the arguments of their defenders. They contend indeed that their large estates were never public property, having been in many instances purchased by their predecessors from needy Sovereigns. The LORD MAYOR reminded the House that the charitable funds of the Companies, to the amount of 100,000*l.* a year, are administered under the control of the Charity Commissioners; and Sir G. BOWYER declared that the rest of their estates was strictly private property. Although external considerations prevented the House from adopting Mr. JAMES'S proposal, there is no reason to believe that the claim of the Companies to absence of responsibility is admitted by Parliament. There is a general conviction or prejudice that all property held in common by corporate bodies must be saddled with a trust. The ordinary imagination scarcely comprehends any middle form of possession between simple ownership and administration of public funds. It happens that on this question the most Conservative classes share or exaggerate the doctrines of modern Liberalism. To the great English landowner the principle of hereditary succession seems ultimate and almost divine; and his sense of the fitness of things is offended by the spectacle of any other mode of devolution of property. In the discussion on the pending University Bills the House of Lords has unanimously declined to listen to any suggestion that vested rights in College property could supersede supposed considerations of utility. By general consent Commissioners are appointed to redistribute at their pleasure the revenues of the Colleges; nor is any fear entertained of the future application in revolutionary times of the same system to great private estates. There is something respectable in the aristocratic security which allows privileged legislators deliberately to

raze the outworks of private ownership which exist in the form of corporate property. On the other hand, the strength of the Companies lies in the fact that their members are seldom of a station to provoke social or democratic jealousy. The tradesman sympathizes with fellow-tradesmen who are associated with wealthy and even splendid institutions. A festival in a splendid hall seems to put the guests who are entitled to be present on a level with the dispensers of private hospitality.

The condemnation of idle fellowships involves the principle of appropriating to public uses the much idler endowments of the City Companies; but their fate will probably be delayed both by reasons of party convenience and because their members are more uniformly loyal than College Fellows to the institutions by which they profit. Clever young men at Oxford and Cambridge have during the last twenty years published innumerable pamphlets to prove that various devices of the writers would be preferable to the actual distribution of College endowments. The residents have always cherished a disinterested desire for a monopoly of the College revenues, while the absentees have for the most part been too well contented or too busily employed to vindicate their own position. Members of the governing bodies of the City Companies are seldom given to the composition of pamphlets, and they never tamper with their trust by inviting Parliament to undertake a readjustment which, as they well know, would result in spoliation. Their boldest innovations consist in occasional proposals for reverting to the discharge of obsolete duties which once appertained to the Guilds. As the Companies can scarcely undertake in the days of strikes and Trade-Unions to supervise the industry of mechanics and artisans, some of them make more or less judicious attempts to encourage by prizes or by technical instruction the handicrafts with which they are traditionally associated. The Turners' Company, which has less to lose than some other bodies of the same kind, lately invited Mr. GLADSTONE to deliver a discourse on wood-carving, which included an undesired digression into the responsibilities of corporate property. If the Goldsmiths are well advised, they will scarcely ask so formidable a guest to compare their services to the industry of the precious metals with their gorgeous displays of plate and with the income which is partly applied to purposes of splendid hospitality. Their revenues are probably as well spent as if they belonged to a Duke, but still they might be diverted to more obvious purposes of utility.

The Companies show their wisdom in resisting preliminary inquiry, instead of reserving themselves for a defence of their evidence on the merits of the case. They are much too rich to oppose with effect confiscation of their property if they once admit that it is subject to the disposition of Parliament. When the Roman Empire was in its decline, it was with good reason thought imprudent to allow barbarian envoys to inspect the accumulated wealth of Rome or Constantinople. Commissioners and Liberal members of Parliament, instructed by the statistics of Blue-books, would be as dangerous as Goths or Huns. It seems that the rental received by different Companies from property in the City amounts to half a million, and it would be difficult to account, to the satisfaction of severe economists, for the expenditure of a fifth part of the amount. There would be no difficulty in devising useful modes of application for the superfluous revenues which would be discovered. The City and the metropolis still need public works of use and ornament; and even the opening to free passage of the toll-bridges would be more generally useful than a series of luxurious dinners. Only a few cautious politicians foresee the danger of enforcing the principle that all property should be deemed to be held in trust for the benefit of the community. Still rarer are the sceptics who doubt whether it may not be worth while to maintain some ornamental excrescences merely because they are old and picturesque. Neither class will afford the Companies any active aid when their establishments are seriously attacked. Things which cannot be defended on plausible and popular grounds are in modern England doomed to destruction. Unfortunately the City Companies have no reason for existing which can be intelligibly explained to an irreverent multitude. The present members will do well, in a figurative sense, to eat and drink, for to-morrow the Companies will inevitably die.

REVISION OF THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION.

THE French Senate is justifying the hopes of its creators in an unexpected way. It was meant to be the specially Conservative element in the Constitution, and it is apparently of opinion that there is nothing so Conservative as to do nothing. The consequence is that discussions which in the Chamber of Deputies would hardly rise to the level of an "incident" are clothed in the Senate with all the dignity of an "event." In his last Circular the late Minister of the Interior declared the Republic to be the definitive Government of France, and set up a distinction between the legitimate hopes entertained by the Monarchists previously to the voting of the Constitution and the factious hopes that they entertained now. M. DE FRANCLIEU, who feels that he is in all respects the same man since the Constitution was voted that he was before that date, and suspects moreover that at his age he is not likely to change, took offence at this distinction; and his own, or somebody else's, constitutional studies suggested to him that M. RICARD had not even a legal right to make it. The 8th Article of the Constitution reserves a right of revision; and, according to M. DE FRANCLIEU, nothing that admits of being revised can be called definitive. In the year 1880 the Constitution may be altered, if the representatives of the nation desire it. A special outpouring of Divine grace may by that time have convinced the French people that in the restoration of the BOURBONS lies their only hope of salvation. M. DE FRANCLIEU hopes that this moral miracle will be wrought, and he maintains that the 8th Article of the Constitution gives him the right to hope it. He admits that he must defer the realization of his hopes till 1880, but so long as they are expressed in no less future a tense than this, they are not factious. On the contrary, they are essentially constitutional hopes. One day last week M. DE FRANCLIEU confided his indignation at M. RICARD'S Circular to his brother Senators, and it fell to the new MINISTER of the INTERIOR to defend his predecessor's statement. M. DE MARCÈRE argued that the 8th Article of the Constitution must be interpreted with a proper regard to facts, common sense, and convenience. A general election has proved that the country accepts the Republic as the definitive Government of France. It cannot be supposed that the framers of the Constitution meant to undo their own work in advance, and, as it happens, the very article to which the Legitimists appeal was proposed by a Republican, M. CASIMIR PÉRIER. The object of the reservation was not to provide for the destruction of the Constitution, but simply for its modification. It is a safety-valve which will enable the nation to meet any unforeseen difficulties by revision instead of by revolution.

Of course M. DE FRANCLIEU was not satisfied with this explanation, and it was natural, therefore, that he should give notice of an interpellation. It is not quite so clear why M. PARIS, who belongs to the Moderate Right, if not to the Right Centre, should shortly afterwards make this interpellation his own. The friends of the Ministry which was overturned by the elections know perfectly well that M. DE FRANCLIEU'S hopes are vain, and that, so long as they remain vain, their own hopes must be equally impracticable. If the revision of the Constitution in a Legitimist sense is improbable, its revision in an Orleanist sense is still more improbable. Why then should they care to associate themselves with a mere quibble of this kind? Perhaps they had some notion that Marshal MACMAHON might be irritated by the limitation of the right of revision involved in M. DE MARCÈRE'S interpretation of the 8th Article. Down to 1880 the MARSHAL has the sole right of proposing that the Constitution shall be revised, and M. PARIS and his allies may have thought that, by presenting themselves as the champions of revision in its more unrestricted sense, they would show the MARSHAL how much more careful they were of his prerogative than the false friends who have superseded them. Perhaps they had ground for thinking that M. DUFAURE was not altogether in agreement with M. DE MARCÈRE as to the latitude allowed by the 8th Article. In that case it might seem worth while to bring this disagreement into clearer light. The partisans of the late Ministry cannot afford to despise trifles. As there is not the slightest chance that the country will come round to their way of thinking if it is left to itself, it must be helped towards a better mind by any instrument that presents itself. Now no instrument is on the whole so likely to be serviceable

for this purpose as the fostering of dissension in the Cabinet. If the Marshal can be made to see that there is an unmistakable gulf between M. Dufaure and M. de Marcère, he may be led to think of the terrible position in which M. Dufaure's death would leave him, and may thus be led to insist on the gradual reconstruction of the Cabinet in a more Conservative sense. At all events, the interpellation originally put forward by the Extreme Right became in the end the interpellation of the Right Centre, and was discussed in the Senate on Wednesday.

M. Dufaure's speech gives some indications that there were two opinions in the Cabinet as to the manner in which the interpellation ought to be met. M. de Marcère's speech had suggested the idea that the Ministers rather courted an opportunity of impressing alike on Royalists and Imperialists the uselessness of attempting to upset the Republic. M. Dufaure, on the contrary, began his reply to M. Paris by asking the Senate to give no vote on the question. If the Senate were to state their own construction of the 8th Article, it would not be binding on the united Chambers, with whom will rest the right of revision in 1880; and if it should prove that the Senate's construction of the Article is even now different from that which the Chamber of Deputies puts on it, a conflict might be provoked which it was their duty so far as possible to avoid. A Second Chamber which is told by a Conservative Minister that action must be useless and may be mischievous is not likely to do much. The Senate shrank from incurring the risk depicted by M. Dufaure. M. Paris proposed the order of the day pure and simple, thereby in effect withdrawing the interpellation, and M. de Franclieu declared himself satisfied with the explanation that had been given. There can be no question that M. Dufaure's reading of the 8th Article differs in some respects from M. de Marcère's. It does not appear, however, that the discrepancy is wide enough to have any political importance. According to M. Dufaure, the only hopes with which the Government is concerned are the hopes entertained by public functionaries. It has no intention of probing men's hearts or of censuring opinions which are not manifested in such a way as to disturb the public peace. But since the Republic has become the definitive Government of France, its representatives must no longer connive at the setting up of any other Government in its place. So long as there was no Constitution, official persons were the servants of a Government on which no special character had been impressed, and they were at liberty, within reasonable limits, to strive to impress upon it the character which they wished it permanently to bear. Now that there is a Constitution, the Government has become Republican, and official persons must know it in that character and in no other. Those who hope for a Restoration must no longer expect to obtain Government appointments, or to be left undisturbed in them if they have already obtained them, or to be allowed to make use of those who hold them for the advancement of their political ends. As to the limits within which revision will be possible, it is a question which cannot be debated to any purpose. There are those who hold that under the 8th Article France may be declared a Monarchy. There are those who hold that under this same Article France may be declared a Convention. There are those who hold that nothing will be permissible except modifications which do not affect the substance of the Constitution. Let the decision as to which of these interpretations is the correct one be left to 1880, and to the Assembly which will then have the power, if it has the will, of entering on the business of revision.

M. Dufaure's speech was marked both by good sense and by ingenuity. There is no getting over the fact that, whatever Ministers or Chambers may say to the contrary, the Assembly which will have the power to revise the Constitution in 1880 will also have the power to say in what sense and to what extent it shall be revised. If a majority in the united Chambers have by that time come round to M. de Franclieu's way of thinking, the Constitution will most certainly be revised in a monarchical sense. If, by that time, the Irreconcilable Left are the undisputed masters of the situation, the Constitution will certainly be purged of any elements which may have been found to work unfavourably for the development of Radical ideas. M. Dufaure's reminder that extreme interpretations of the right of revision may be put forward on one side as well as on the other may have helped to cool the ardour of the Right. After all, it is but poor comfort to M. de Franclieu to be allowed to retain his hopes if the Communists are to be allowed to retain theirs also. Yet even he must see that the more widely the door is thrown open under the 8th Article, the more motley will be the crowd that will come in under it. If in 1880 France may lawfully be declared a legitimate Monarchy, she may as lawfully be declared a federation of Communes. The strength of the existing Constitution lies in the fact that the majority of Frenchmen are content with it. So long as that is the case nothing can overthrow it; so soon as an extreme party on one side or the other can succeed in making the majority of Frenchmen prefer the substitute which it offers them, nothing can keep it alive.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE evidence collected by the Royal Commission on Vivisection, while it vindicated the humanity of English men of science, as a body, from aspersions which had been most unjustly cast upon them, at the same time showed clearly enough that a fashion of carelessness and indifference in regard to the sufferings of animals was gradually growing up in certain quarters under foreign influence, and was very likely, if left unchecked, to spread in a dangerous manner. The Commissioners did not venture to lay down the principle that vivisection was under no circumstances justifiable, for they admitted its valuable results in certain cases; but they held that the abuses of the system had reached a point which demanded some kind of regulation, so that "the progress of medical knowledge might be made "compatible with the just requirements of humanity." The Commissioners also came to the conclusion that, whatever opinion might be entertained as to the morality of vivisection, the only result of an attempt to put down the practice altogether would be either a general evasion of the law, or the flight of medical and physiological investigators and students to other countries, where they would be at liberty to make any experiments they pleased. The Government has now taken up the problem thus presented for legislative solution, and in the main has adopted the recommendation of the Commissioners, even going, at least on one point, somewhat beyond them. It is proposed that, as a rule, painful experiments on animals shall be allowed only when they are performed by a specially licensed operator in a registered laboratory, and on the strength of a certificate that the experiment is made with a view to the advancement of new discovery of knowledge which will be useful for saving or prolonging human life or alleviating human suffering, or for the purpose of testing a former discovery of this nature; and that in such cases the animals must be first of all rendered unconscious of pain, and, if seriously injured, killed immediately afterwards. An exceptional permission is, however, given to make experiments without anæsthetics, if it can be shown that insensibility would frustrate the object of the investigation, and to keep in life animals so treated, if that is absolutely necessary for the purpose in view. And in every case a report of the form and result of such experiments is to be made to the Home Secretary. Where it is shown to be necessary, experiments on animals under anæsthetics will be permitted as illustrations to professional teaching; but an absolute prohibition is imposed on any exhibition of painful experiments on animals to the general public, and also on the use of urari; and dogs and cats are to receive a special immunity from painful experiments. It is provided that penalties for offences under this law may be enforced by summary process, with an appeal to Quarter Sessions.

It is obvious that this measure is, in substance, a declaration of general principles which will afterwards have to be interpreted in particular cases, and it may be presumed that the working of the Act will not be altogether smooth and easy, at least at first. Cases will occur in which it will be difficult to say exactly what is "new "discovery," what is "useful for saving or prolonging "human life or alleviating misery," whether there is really a necessity for vivisectional experiments in teaching, and so on. There will also be some difficulty in getting evidence against offenders; and, if the law is harshly or vexatiously put in force, it may provoke concerted resistance on the part of scientific men. All this may be foreseen, and it will therefore be prudent not to expect too much from the direct operation

of the measure. Its chief value will perhaps lie in the fact that it is a grave public declaration of the right of animals to protection, and a protest against anything like wanton cruelty. But this in itself is very important, and its effect will be enhanced by the arrangements for Government inspection, the reports of experiments, and other means of ascertaining what is actually being done, and bringing the light of public opinion to bear on it. The higher professional authorities will no doubt be enlisted on the side of the law, and a more wholesome professional tone on this subject will be established, while at the same time there will be a general rise, as Lord CARNARVON said, in the standard of public thought and feeling. The fact that a stigma is thus thrown on cruelty when wantonly practised can hardly fail to have a deep influence, and it may also be presumed that these restrictions will have an effect in preventing the spread of the habit of reckless investigation by inexperienced or incompetent performers which has apparently been lately coming in. Lord CARDWELL observed very justly that at present the system was in its infancy, and might be dealt with more advantageously than if allowed to develop and harden. Custom is the familiar excuse for all cruelty, and it is well to check it at the beginning. Under such an Act as that proposed the area of lawful vivisection will be very much reduced, and the "convenience" of experimentalists will no doubt be found to be on the side of avoiding operations which may entail unpleasant consequences on themselves. The better class of them will also feel that they are put on their honour, and are bound to do all they can to inflict as little pain as possible. On the whole, it may be believed that this measure, which is framed in a spirit of moral suasion rather than of harsh penal correction, will do much good; and it is to be hoped that the professional support which may be looked for will not be alienated by an injudicious use of the law. It will be time enough when the new system has had a fair trial to determine whether it requires to be made more absolute in any direction.

It was of course not to be expected that this compromise of the consideration due to animals would satisfy the extreme party on either side, and they have naturally lifted their voices against it on opposite grounds. A conference of delegates has been held on the invitation of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to consider the Bill, and resolutions have been passed approving of the general restrictions contained in it, but protesting against the exceptions allowed, and demanding that the provision in regard to dogs and cats should be extended to horses, asses, and mules. On the other hand, the Duke of SOMERSET has come forward as the champion of freedom for vivisectors. It is quite true, as he says, that pain is daily inflicted on animals for the purposes of amusement, curiosity, and vanity; and that clumsy sportsmen and ladies who have a weakness for sealskins and birds' feathers are responsible for an enormous amount of misery in this way. There can be no doubt that he was justified in calling attention to this side of the question; but it does not follow that scientific men are to be allowed to be cruel without adequate reasons merely because there is a vast amount of promiscuous cruelty constantly perpetrated in private society. Obviously the argument points the other way—that the measures applied to science should be extended in other directions. It is of course easy to remark on the inconsistency of limiting the amendment of the law relating to cruelty to animals to just that class of cases in which, whatever may be the amount of pain inflicted, there is at any rate a plausible excuse for it. Nobody supposes that, as a rule, scientific inquirers are merely engaged in selfish sport; they are working for others, for animals as well as men, and, if they err, it is from mistaken zeal in an intrinsically beneficent pursuit. On the other hand, people who inflict pain purely for their own amusement and the indulgence of the meanest tastes are let alone. We are aware that usage blunts the sense of incongruity, and that an old custom, however bad in itself, is different from a new one. But, if we take our stand on logic, it is evident that not only this one part of the law relating to the ill-treatment of animals, but the whole of it, requires revision and enlargement. WINDHAM used to say that no one who condemned the noble and manly sport of bull-baiting could consistently defend fox-hunting; and nothing can be more flagrantly illogical than that a man should be fined for setting a dog at a cat, and should have full liberty to set a pack of dogs to run down a hare or fox and eat it. Working-men are constantly punished for getting up cock-fights, but there is no more cruelty in cock-fights or in dog-fights than in combats between dogs and other animals.

The truth is that humanity to animals is of modern date, and has kept pace with the growth of sympathetic perception. In other days people never thought of animals having feelings like themselves; but gradually this has dawned on them. Up to the passing of MARTIN'S Act there had been no legislation for the protection of animals; but since then there has been a continuous movement in this direction, and bear-baiting, bull-baiting, badger-drawing, cock-fighting, ratting, and dog-fighting have been made illegal. Yet other sports are still tolerated which in some of their incidents are equally brutal and disgusting. Otter-hunting, for instance, is especially of this character. It is quite right that otters should be killed as vermin, but the sport which brings out a whole country-side to gloat over the struggles of the wretched brute and to assist in its execution is surely as bad as anything of that sort can be. Again, it is usually pleaded on behalf of coursing and hunting that all that sportsmen care about is the exercise and exhilaration of the chase, and we should be the last to deny that this is a healthy element in English life. But it is impossible to be blind to the fact that other considerations enter into the enjoyment of the sport. Any one who reads the hunting reports even in so respectable a paper as the *Field* will find very unpleasant evidence of the sort of bloodthirsty delight with which the more brutal incidents of the chase are relished by a certain class of sportsmen. It is impossible to imagine anything more sickening than descriptions of wretched hares and exhausted foxes being torn into bits and eaten by the hounds. In one case we read of a fox being pursued into the cellar of a country house, and killed in the presence of an "excited crowd"; and in another the worrying of a couple of foxes is spoken of as "the cream of the day." The sight of an old hare plucked from its seat by furious dogs, and, as it is gracefully put, "allied to currant [illegible]," fills the mind of the chronicler with "a feeling "of [illegible] for an opportunity of sharing the sport "of such a pack." Again: "They ran into and killed "this fox on a window-sill in the middle of the main "street (of a village) to the delight of the whole "population, who, to judge by the crowd, turned out to a "man." In another case a fine old dog fox was killed in the shrubbery of a house and "eaten on the lawn," and the writer thinks "the hounds well deserved their fox"—a common phrase in these reports. It appears that foxes are also sometimes dug out of a hole for the mere purpose of being gobbled up by the hounds. There is really no necessity for hunting being associated with such stupid brutalities; but it is to be feared that custom has too strong a hold as yet to admit of any effectual treatment of such abuses until public opinion has ripened a little more. It is well, however, that people should face the fact that the kind of cruelty which is dealt with in the present Bill is only a small part of a far larger evil, and that the logic of the case requires uniform treatment all round.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING BILL.

THE consideration of the Merchant Shipping Bill as amended in Committee was a less revolutionary process than it at one time promised to be. There proved to be a limit to the capacity of the Government for learning wisdom by experience, and instead of the Bill being entirely remodelled with Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S consent, it was only amended in one important point and that against his will. How the detaining clauses of the Bill are likely to be received by shipowners may be guessed from a speech of Mr. MACIVER'S on Monday. The gist of his complaint was that the operation of these clauses had of necessity to be confined to British ships, because no foreign State would tolerate the Board of Trade espionage to which British shipping is to be subjected. It may be suspected that any system of detention which is really effective will come under Mr. MACIVER'S condemnation. Indeed without espionage it is hard to see how a detaining officer is to ascertain that there is reasonable cause to think a vessel unsafe. He is ordered to use his powers in all cases where a British ship is "by reason of the defective condition of her hull, equipments, or machinery, or by reason of overloading or improper loading, unfit to proceed to sea. But defects of this kind are not usually apparent

on the surface. A ship's hull may be very rotten, but the paint on it will be all right. There may be no visible shortcomings in her equipments or machinery, but if no ship is to be detained unless all the world can see the reason before they have been told it, the officials will have an easy time. Even as regards overloading, a ship may easily pass unnoticed just at the moment she is getting out of dock, and if the detaining officer is to make sure of his prey in all cases, he must form his ideas of the amount and stowage of the cargo from his own investigations. Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY cheerfully answered that Mr. MACIVER appeared to know the intentions of the Government on this subject better than they did themselves—a retort which was probably truer than Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY intended it to be. There is good reason to fear that the Government know very little about their intentions on this subject. If the consequences of giving these large powers to the detaining officer had been seriously weighed, it is not likely that the 4th Clause would ever have been inserted in the Bill. The Government may be acquitted of intending to make this part of the Bill a scarecrow, but they will probably find that the attempt to make it a reality will excite a much more formidable opposition than they have dreamed of. That well-worn fiction, the responsibility of the shipowner, was again paraded under the orders of Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY on Monday; but responsibility, if it means anything, means that the person on whom it devolves is left to do or omit to do certain acts in the knowledge that, if any harm comes of his conduct, he will be liable to punishment. Under the 6th Clause of the Merchant Shipping Bill the responsibility of the shipowner appears to be tantamount to his chance of escaping detection supposing that he sends an unseaworthy ship to sea. The shipowner is called responsible, and under the 4th Clause he is really made so. But then Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY was too genuinely anxious to protect the lives of seamen to rest content with this provision. He first shifts the responsibility on to the shoulders of the detaining officer, and then frankly confesses that he has no very clear idea of what the Government means by the transfer. We question whether the Government have ever asked themselves whether there will be many or few detentions under the 6th Clause. Yet upon the efficiency of this clause, considered as a deterrent, the safety of seamen in a great measure depends. If the detaining officer is active, and keeps his eyes and ears open, if he listens to every report he hears about a vessel, and then goes and verifies it by personal examination, very few unseaworthy ships will get to sea. But this end will have been attained at the greatest possible cost, both of inconvenience and ill-feeling; and the temptation to the officers to avoid the local unpopularity, and to the Board of Trade to avoid the cost and discredit, of unsustained detentions, will be very great. All this has been wilfully incurred by the Government rather than assent to the simple provision that the seaworthiness of a ship shall be ascertained by previous survey, undertaken at the most convenient time for the owner and the most effective time for the surveyor.

In one important respect the Bill was amended on Monday, but on this point also the Government resisted improvement as doggedly, though not as successfully, as on the principle of compulsory survey. They had been warned by the dwindling of their majority to eight on a previous night that they could not count on the support of their friends on the question of deck cargoes of timber, and the discussion of Monday showed that there was no weight of shipowning opinion arrayed against Mr. PLIMSOLL'S proposal to prohibit them altogether. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said very truly that the clause imposing a penalty on deck cargoes of timber carried in winter dealt with a very delicate question, in that it would refer not only to the condition in which ships reached this country, but also to the condition in which they sailed from the port of loading. This argument might have had some force if it had been used against subjecting foreign as well as British ships to the penalty; but there seems no reason why the House of Commons should be more scrupulous about prohibiting deck cargoes of deals not more than three feet in height than about prohibiting deck cargoes of timber generally. There seems to be a pretty general consent among shipowners that the exception which the Government were so anxious to retain would be a frequent source of danger, and a majority of nineteen reversed the previous decision, and forbade the carrying of any timber on deck during the winter months.

A contemporary has remarked that the Merchant Shipping Bill has greatly suffered from the circumstance that the President of the Board of Trade is not a Cabinet Minister. It is convenient no doubt to have only twelve contending opinions to bring into harmony instead of fifteen; but this advantage is dearly purchased at the cost of leaving the most important legislation of the Session to be prepared by a subordinate Minister, and discussed in its relation to the general policy of the Government in the absence of its author. If to reduce the number of the Cabinet is thought so important, it might have been obtained by the excision of the Lord Privy Seal and the Postmaster-General, instead of by that of the Presidents of the Board of Trade and the Local Government Board. The value of the Lord Privy Seal as the handy man of the Ministry has often been enlarged upon; and if the British Constitution had allowed Lord MALMESBURY to come to Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY'S aid, the plea might have been accepted as valid. But, as a matter of fact, it is the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER who has been the handy man of the Ministry during the present Session; and so far as legislation goes, the Lord Privy Seal would hardly have been missed. So long as Mr. SCUDAMORE was in the Post Office, it might have been contended that no one short of a Cabinet Minister would have the power needed to restrain so wayward and so capable a subordinate. But now that Mr. SCUDAMORE has gone, more important questions are likely to arise in connexion with trade and commerce, and with local taxation and public health, than any that can possibly present themselves in connexion with the receipt and despatch of letters or telegrams. The Merchant Shipping Bill will go to the House of Lords with a very curious uncertainty hanging over its operation on Canadian ships. We need not now attempt to decide between the *Times* on the one side and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE on the other. It is enough for our present purpose to point out that, if the *Times* is right, the Bill would have been greatly improved if it had come under Lord CARNARVON'S notice during the period of its preparation. In theory, no doubt, the Cabinet are as responsible for the Bills prepared by Ministers not of their number as for their own measures. But, though the responsibility may be the same in the two cases, the acquaintance with the contents of the Bill is not the same; and it has been reserved for the Merchant Shipping Bill to show that responsibility and knowledge cannot be safely kept apart.

THE POPE AND THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

A SIGNIFICANT "whisper of the throne" pontifical has lately been communicated to the outer world through the faithful columns of the *Osservatore Romano*, and has naturally attracted attention in this country, to which it pointedly refers. The object of the article is to show, for the shame and confusion of Italian and Catholic statesmen, how much of genuine Christian principle has been preserved in the Constitution of heretical England, which they profess their desire to emulate, and which in fact contains all that is requisite for the quiet, safety, and prosperity of a country. It remains, we are told, in substance what it was before the Reformation, in common with the ancient Christian Constitutions of mediæval Europe:—

> In the first place, then, it is to be observed that the English Constitution, under which denomination is comprised all that regards customs, institutions, laws, and English forms of government, has carefully preserved and incorporated into itself all that heresy has left of Christian belief and practice. England is religious, and her intimate union with religion has preserved for her the blessings of peace and prosperity. In fact, the English nation stopped short at the ruins of the Reformation. Separated from the Church and from the Vicar of Christ, she has, however, retained all the remainder of Christianity, and, above all, the Ten Commandments. These she has always maintained in her customs, her laws, and her government.

There is undoubtedly a certain amount of truth in this commendation. A country whose constitutional history "has broadened down from precedent to precedent" does present striking contrasts to the wholesale revolutions and equally wholesale reconstructions which, unlike Topsy, have not "growed," but have been made to order, severing, as by a sharp line of demarcation, the past and present of so many nations of the Continent. Let us take one outward sign which is by no means devoid of significance to an intelligent observer. There is probably no country in Europe, certainly no Protestant country, so rich in the remains of Christian architecture as our own. Not only have our cathedrals survived almost intact the double ordeal of the Reformation and the Puritan Revolution, to be restored in our own days to much of their pristine splendour, but we possess a wealth of ruined abbeys which the most Catholic and most c

foreign nations cannot match. The richly endowed and still influential convents of Austria, regarded as buildings, are the creation of yesterday compared to Tintern or Rievaulx or Valle Crucis. True, our abbeys are in ruins, but the very ruins have been religiously preserved, while cathedrals and parish churches of equal age still resound with solemn chant throughout the length and breadth of England. It may be said that these are external accidents, but at all events they are accidents characteristic of a nation careful of its Christian traditions, and which, to adopt the language of the *Osservatore Romano*, retains its respect for the Decalogue, "the Divinity of Christ, the Holy Trinity, and the principal dogmas," and has even "jealously preserved its ecclesiastical hierarchy, maintaining it in honour." There is indeed, paradoxical as it may sound to some persons to say so, much of the better elements of mediæval Christianity, social, moral, and political, which has been lost elsewhere, so deeply ingrained into the Constitution and national life of England, that nothing short of a revolution of the Continental type, of which happily we have had no experience hitherto, could eradicate it. Is there, for instance, another country in Europe where the most advanced school of theorists in the matter of higher education would gravely appeal—whether rightly or not, we do not here inquire—to the directions of the founders of our mediæval colleges as prescribing substantially just what is demanded by modern requirements? So far, then, the praise of the Papal organ, though it comes from an unexpected quarter, rests on a solid basis of fact.

But immediately after the passage already quoted follows one which sounds so strangely in the midst of an elaborate and evidently sincere panegyric as to suggest at first sight the idea of a veiled sarcasm. Our readers may recollect that we noticed some months ago a paper on Church and State by Sir George Bowyer which had appeared in the *Contemporary Review*.* Of a good deal of its contents we were able to speak favourably, but we ventured to intimate a doubt as to how far his exceedingly "minimizing" views of Papal infallibility, the authority of the Syllabus, and some other cognate points of controversy would pass muster in orthodox Roman circles. Our suspicions have now been confirmed with a directness and weight of authority which may perhaps be considered more flattering to our sagacity than to Sir G. Bowyer's soundness in the faith. Sir George, in the article in question, expressed his "abhorrence of the persecutors of former days, whether Catholic or Protestant," in the most unequivocal terms, and it is usual in the present day for religionists of all classes to profess, whether honestly or not, a similar estimate of persecution. We remarked at the time that such sentiments could not easily be reconciled with the Syllabus—which indeed Sir George Bowyer puts aside somewhat contemptuously as a notoriously fallible document—or with other and more venerable Papal pronouncements on the subject. But we had scarcely expected to find the extremest champions of Papal claims selecting its persecution of heretics as the crowning glory of a Christian State. Such, however, is the laudatory estimate of the *Osservatore Romano*:—

> England is not to be looked upon as having only persecuted the Catholics; she persecuted the heretics also, those who aimed at the foundations of Christianity. The Anabaptists were burnt alive by Elizabeth, the Arians were burnt under Edward VI., and the cry "*De Hæretico comburendo*" lasted a long time, and, after this, apostasy and heresy always drew down corporal punishment and civil disqualification.

On this theory it will be a redeeming feature in Cranmer's character that, in spite of his own frequent tergiversations, he had the grace, in his worst period of heresy, to burn some fanatical preachers, one of them a woman, who were probably not much more heterodox, and were certainly much more honest, than himself. We do not say that laws for repressing blasphemy or ensuring the observance of Sunday, to which our panegyrist also refers, are never defensible or expedient; but, when our pious continuance in the burning of heretics after the Reformation is cited as a signal evidence that English "customs are in perfect accord with the spirit of Christianity," it is difficult to know whether to smile or to sigh. At the same time we are by no means prepared to dispute the claim of the *Osservatore* to represent more accurately than Sir G. Bowyer the doctrines of the Vatican, as might be inferred from the unexceptionable but mournful testimony of the late Cardinal Vitelleschi, in his very remarkable volume on the Œcumenical Council lately reviewed in our columns.

The *Dublin Review* does not hold quite so high a place as the journal which is, in fact, the *Moniteur* of the Papal Court. But still it has received the most abundant *imprimaturs* and benedictions of Rome, and its editor must be considered in a peculiar sense the authorized, though unofficial, spokesman of the Holy See in this country. We looked, therefore, with some curiosity to see what he would have to say of Sir G. Bowyer's version of Liberal Catholicism, and were not at all surprised to find that it had anticipated the edifying teaching of the *Osservatore* on the persecution of heretics. After quoting Sir G. Bowyer's vigorous denunciation of persecutors, and observing that it will certainly be understood to denote "those who have co-operated in inflicting punishment—at all events capital punishment—on heretics, as such," the Reviewer adds, diplomatically, that he cannot really have meant this. We can only say that, if he did not mean it, he is either ignorant of his mother-tongue or culpably reckless in his use of it. But the reason why he cannot have meant it is, from the Reviewer's point of view, no doubt a very forcible one. "He cannot have forgotten what excited much attention at the time—namely, Pius IX.'s canonization of S. Peter Arbues, who in his time exercised the office of Inquisitor, and doubtless condemned more than one heretic to capital punishment." This is rather a mild way of putting it. Peter Arbues was so notoriously cruel a persecutor and condemned so many heretics to the flames, that at length, in sheer desperation, the relations of some of his murdered victims rose against him and put him to death. If Sir G. Bowyer has forgotten his canonization as a martyr at the instigation of the Jesuits in 1867—which is very improbable—we have not forgotten it, or the outburst of startled disgust which it elicited among Catholics as well as Protestants on the Continent, the more so as the process of canonization then revived by Pius IX. had been wisely suffered to drop for more than two centuries. The Reviewer adds, very truly, that many other canonized saints have taken part in the capital punishment of heretics; and he accordingly assumes that Sir G. Bowyer can only have meant to condemn those persecutors who have acted in a cruel temper or with undue severity. But it is quite clear that he does not speak in any such restricted sense; and moreover he expressly and by name condemns the Inquisition, of which "S. Peter Arbues," as well as S. Pius V., was an exceptionally cruel and severe, though perhaps a strictly conscientious, official, and which was an institution established and carried on for centuries under the fullest Papal sanction. It is not our business to reconcile Sir G. Bowyer's frankly avowed abhorrence of persecution with a belief in Papal infallibility, but we are glad to recognize in it an indication of that Christian spirit which the *Osservatore Romano* is kind enough to attribute to our countrymen. We shall not follow the Reviewer into his comments on the *ex cathedrâ* authority of the Syllabus, which Sir G. Bowyer summarily dismisses, as well as "the *personal* infallibility of the Pope," as "a figment and absurdity," further than to observe that, in spite of the high authority of Dr. Newman, it has always puzzled us to understand how, if the Pope is infallible at all, the Syllabus can possibly be anything short of an infallible document; which indeed His Holiness appears, from what the Reviewer says, to have himself officially declared it to be. Meanwhile it is noteworthy that Cardinal Vitelleschi, who ought to know, invariably speaks of "the personal infallibility" as the point at issue and eventually defined, throughout his able and interesting volume on the Vatican Council. Notwithstanding the lavish commendation bestowed by our Roman panegyrist on the English Constitution, we cannot help being afraid that Sir G. Bowyer's English feeling is more unimpeachably manifested than his orthodoxy in his treatment of Vaticanism and its results.

* *Saturday Review*, February 5, 1876.

HONEYMOONS.

In almost all countries, Christian and heathen, a certain amount of horseplay and roughness, amounting even in some cases to cruelty, is the portion of newly-married couples. But in England alone does fashion tyrannize so harshly as to prescribe the wedding tour. At a time when most people would seek quiet and seclusion, publicity is forced upon them, and they are made conspicuous even by the way in which they are hurried on their travels. Woes enough are in store for them without the additional inflictions of society. They are likely enough to make each other miserable without being tortured with specially invented troubles. But their feelings are never thought of in the ordering of the wedding festivities. By long custom we condemn the bride and bridegroom to many petty annoyances which might easily be avoided. They would, no doubt, be avoided did people take the famous advice to "marry early, yes, marry early—and marry often." But others will not learn by our experience; and, for the present at least, there is little reason to hope that any reform is contemplated. We condemn the unfortunate couple to a penance which would try the deepest affection and irritate the sweetest temper. When Hodge and his sweetheart crown their pastoral loves in the quiet old country church, they enjoy a walk in their finery and white cotton gloves, and then take possession of the cot beside the wood, and settle down at once to connubial comfort. But they have chances of happiness denied to their richer neighbours. It is a matter almost of moral duty, certainly of superstitious strictness, that when the squire marries the rector's daughter, or my lord marries my lady, the first month of married life must be passed in the discomfort of foreign hotels, or the still less endurable desolation of English inns, as if to strain to the utmost the strength of their newly-made bonds. Now and then, it is true, a bridegroom may know better. He has perhaps been married before, and does not forget his old experiences. When the carriage comes round, and his bride and he, amid showers of slippers and rice and other senseless manifestations of the inanity of the wedding guests, step in and are whirled away, he drives out by one gate and, after a short excursion over the hills, returns by the other, treading on the heels of the departing. But such a contrivance requires considerable forethought. Papa and mamma must be persuaded to wink at it. There must be no evening ball, and the junior branches of the family must be despatched elsewhere under various excuses. Most men contemplate some such escape from the tyranny of usage, but few there be that can accomplish the fulfilment of their scheme. My lord sometimes borrows a friend's house, and exchanges the prying glances of watchful friends for those of private domestics; but his fate is little different from that of his less distinguished neighbours; and while modern method grumbles at the

decline of matrimony among eligible young men, they forget that many a man who would walk coolly to the cannon's mouth, or even undergo the amount of ceremonial required by the social usages of a village, cannot, even if he would, face the long and bitter agony of a fashionable wedding—the preparations, the bridesmaids' lockets, the settlements, the bishop and three other clergymen, the sexton of St. George's, the dreary mirth of the breakfast, the speeches, the presents, and finally the four white horses, the down-drawn blinds, the railway station, the luggage, the horrors of the middle passage, and the yawning desolation of the wedding tour.

The foreign tour has, on the whole, its advantages in comparison with Killarney or the Isle of Wight. The newly-married are not so easily recognized abroad. There is some chance therefore of escaping from the curious gaze of people for whom everything connected with matrimony has a strange attraction, and who would go out of their way at any time to stare at a newly-married couple. A happy delusion is sometimes nursed to the effect that the recent nuptials are a profound secret to the outer crowd, among whom the victims would conceal themselves. But there are too many experienced eyes at the accustomed resorts; the young people labouring under such a delusion are sometimes tempted to the imprudence of an evening stroll along the Dover pier on their way to France, and fancy that the loungers may disregard them or think they are Darby and Joan of many years' standing. The bridal satin and the blue frock-coat have been laid aside; a quiet travelling costume has been assumed, but the disguise is not sufficient. The relative position of the young lady in the new Ulster and the tight boots to the young gentleman who looks so uneasily conscious in his shooting suit is manifest to all that infest the pier; and our unfortunate couple are only too glad to escape from the staring eyes outside to the scarcely repressed congratulations of the landlord within, and the obsequious but significant attentions of the smiling waiters. Unpleasant as is their brief sojourn in their native land, their next step is still more unpleasant. The crossing has somehow to be performed. They may wait a day, or even two, for favourable winds; but sooner or later they must go; and a shower of small troubles attends their start. The bridegroom is distracted by his new responsibilities. He may have travelled in other days with his sisters, but always found somebody only too willing to assist him in dispositions for their comfort. His new wife and her maid are wholly dependent on him, and while he feels that he could provide for the former, he fears and hates the maid. In his hurry to catch the early boat he leaves his cigars on his dressing-table; shall he be able to smoke those he can get at Calais? The hotel bill has extended to fancy dimensions, and he is foolishly conscious of having had to pay for his peculiar and novel position. He has an idea, confirmed by the subsequent inspection of his purse, that in the dim twilight of the morning he has dealt out sovereigns instead of shillings to the boots and porter. The new maid, too, racked with concern for the safety of all their lives in crossing the sea, of whose raging billows she has so often heard with awe, has forgotten the chlorodyne. No remedy is provided for the inevitable sea-sickness, and she is uncertain whether her mistress's new travelling bag with the gilt fittings has been left in the hotel or stowed away to take its rough chance with heavier luggage. But the troubles of the shore are soon forgotten, as the steamer bounds merrily "on a breeze from the northward free"; the bridegroom points to the white cliffs, and quotes Scott to the bride. She looks exceedingly pretty; and, standing with his arm round her, the proud husband shows his high spirits by wishing the recipients of his sovereigns joy of their windfall, and by facetious remarks on the appearance of the other passengers, interspersed with timely exhibitions of aquatic knowledge and the use of yachting and naval terms. Before long, however, certain white-crested waves appear upon the sparkling waters; and very soon the gay looks and sprightly conversation flag. A more taciturn period succeeds, and a snug corner amidships is gladly secured and made comfortable with rugs and wraps. But the steamer is now in mid-channel, and begins to perform such evolutions as materially diminish the happiness of our couple. The poor little bride experiences those gradual risings to unexpected altitudes, that sliding along the surface when a descent was expected, and finally, that awful sinking to remote depths, accompanied by an extra groan from the funnel, which thrills through her frame, and finally overcomes her. Long time, however, she battles bravely with the inclemency of the elements. So much the greater her ultimate breakdown. The husband holds out longer, but only to add another to the horrors of his position. His feelings are put to a severe test as he sees that his dearest one is suffering and that he cannot relieve her; but his affection itself is tried when he observes, as he cannot help observing, before the hand of sickness is laid upon him also, that the bloom of her cheek has been replaced by an ashy paleness, her rosy lips have turned blue-grey, her charming hat is cocked recklessly at an unbecoming angle, and he recalls with uneasy conscience the words he has so often sung in the days of devotion, the vows of constancy to endearing young charms, now that they seem indeed to fleet in his arms like fairy gifts fading away. If five minutes of sea-sickness can work such a change, what will be the case after years and misfortunes have made the present appearances permanent? But he feels that on this occasion the sufferings of his beloved demand from him at least a show of tenderness in the inverse proportion to his diminishing admiration, and he ventures to offer such comfort as she may derive from being asked "how she feels." All the reply is a melancholy shake of the head, for speech is dangerous, not to say impossible. After the first paroxysm is over he remembers that they have come provided with a domestic. To her care he will confide his suffering bride, and, betaking himself to the comparative retirement of the forecastle, will try to think of happier scenes. But where is the maid? Helpless though he feels as respects his wife, and queer as respects himself, he searches in vain, till the object of his quest is at last discovered in the noisome recesses of the ladies' cabin in a state of total collapse.

Such are the ordinary conditions under which a newly-married couple now-a-days begin matrimonial life; and during those early weeks sad memories are laid up of provoking mistakes, of trunks which will not pack, of trains which will not wait, of bonnets which cannot be tied under half an hour, of tiresome sight-seeing, of broiling sun, of headache, and, alas, sooner or later, of ill temper, and even a quarrel. The maid who was to be a comfort has proved only a trouble. Her knowledge of foreign tongues turns out to be a myth, and her nerves have required quite as much care as those of her mistress. She has left something behind at every stopping-place, and is herself abandoned on a Paris platform when the young couple start for Geneva. By telegraphy and the police she is eventually recovered alive, and she has, perhaps, once or twice been of use as a buffer. But, on the whole, the experiences of a honeymoon abroad are not of an encouraging kind. Differences of opinion, incompatibilities of temper, fretfulness, and above all weariness of each other, which, if they ever sprang into being, might easily have been hidden under better conditions, have come forward into the full light of day, and the honeymoon is the prelude to a married life in which indifference will rank almost as a virtue. Indifference may be attained by various means; it visits the cottage as well as the castle; but too often the honeymoon calls it into existence, and many a bridegroom but just returned from a "delightful tour on the Continent" will be able to sympathize with the remark of the country farmer to a companion in the train as he went to town to buy hay:—"Yes, it's been a bad winter for some folk. Old Smith's dead, and so is Jones, and my wife died yesterday. And how be the hay, master?"

COTTAGE PROPERTY.

THERE are several subjects in the treatment of which a writer is rather assisted than hindered by his own ignorance, and among these may be numbered questions relating to the occupation of lands and houses and the position of the occupants. Habits and customs differ so widely all over England, the agricultural labourer has so little in common with the mechanic, special prejudices remain so closely wedded to particular districts, that any attempt to generalize from any given locality can throw but little light upon the subject. No question, however, is more discussed or excites more interest, and it is impossible to expect that, in order to qualify himself for writing upon agricultural topics, a writer should be required to possess a freehold estate of at least a hundred acres. The present generation is bent on improvement, and is determined to see the effects of all its labour and expenditure during its own lifetime, and to feel certain that it has not spent its money and its advice in vain. In a few years houses can be built, railways made, School Boards elected, model schools set in operation; and it is expected that, after the study of Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People*, and when "the importance of cheerful obedience to duty, of consideration and respect for others, and of honour and truthfulness in word and act" (we quote from a memorandum issued by the Education Department) has been generally impressed upon the school children of the age, some marked change will take place in the condition of the working classes to correspond with the efforts made in their behalf. When the results are small or none at all, fault must be found with some one, and the Government and the landlord suffer alternately. Half-a-dozen critics run to the plant which was planted the day before, and, having pulled it up, are surprised to find that it has neither grown nor rooted itself in the night. Yet there is no royal road to civilization, and the adoption of a new code of morals requires almost as long a period of time as the introduction of physical changes by the selection of breeds. If we are to draw any lessons from the alterations made in the habits of thought and life among the upper classes during the last hundred years, several generations must pass away before a love of cleanliness or refinement can become common among the labouring portion of the population.

Suppose some one had gone to Mr. Western in the year 1750 and said, "Sir, I represent the spirit of the next century, and beg you to live more in accordance with it. Your mode of life is not that of a pious and well-conducted person. You use expressions both unnecessary and indecent, nor have you that reverence for the presence of your maiden sister which could be desired. Many of your cottages consist only of one room, there is no school in your village, and the clergyman has sadly neglected the spiritual wants of the parish. I request you to amend your ways by avoiding expletives, going to bed sober, and reading a chapter aloud from Mr. Doddridge's *Family Expositor*, which I have brought with me, every morning and evening to your household." Mr. Western would have used the most hideous language, thrown Mr. Doddridge out of the window, and sent Sophia into hysterics. Education is a very gradual process, and old customs die a very hard death. The manners of our upper classes improved with the roads. There is

an interesting passage in Tate Wilkinson's Memoirs, published in 1790, about the difficulty of travelling in the middle of the last century, which ends with the following anti-climax:—"Scotland was then imagined by the Cockney as a dreary place, distant almost as the West Indies; now an agreeable party may with the utmost ease dine early in the week in Grosvenor Square, and without discomposure sit down at table on Saturday or Sunday in the New Town of Edinburgh." If the Squire had had no opportunity of leaving his country house, but, like the labourer, had been tied down to his native parish from birth to death, his language and manners would have remained the same. It is only by substitution of other pursuits that the sports of the upper classes have been more humanized. Were there no covert-side there would be a bull-ring. By giving colliers a hunter and a grouse moor, dog-fighting and cock-fighting would become extinct; but until a paternal government can provide the former, savage instincts will find a vent in the only direction open to them. Meantime society has not been idle, and, were it possible, we should much like to see an estimate of the expenditure on cottage property during this century, an expenditure which has probably been in most cases unremunerative. We cannot conceive a better occupation for the philanthropist who theorizes about the duties attaching to landed property than that of buying ten cottages every year and transforming their occupants into cultivated beings. He would of course not confine his attention to a single district, but would form small Utopias in the centres of all the trades of the country. Each cottage would contain a kitchen and scullery, three bedrooms, a back-yard, suitable offices, a porch overhung by roses, and a garden bright with the flowers recommended by the writers of the seventeenth century. The tenant would defer his marriage from prudential motives, and regulate the number of his children subsequently according to the fluctuations in wages; and, if he pulled his head down by his forelock, or, as is the habit in manufacturing districts, gave a side nod to his landlord, he would carefully explain that this act of courtesy was in no way to prejudice his right of making a claim to his unexhausted improvements in the scullery at the end of his tenancy, when the Small Tenements Act came into operation. The philanthropist would probably die after a hopeless failure to draw the mean between despotism and self-government, [illegible] himself into the character of the ap[illegible] ages, "at once turning out any who betrayed distinct ved even the moral leprosy which it was his design to extirpate"; which we take to be a fine way of describing drunkenness. Where a landlord has his property in the neighbourhood of his own house, a gentle despotism produces pleasant enough results. The proprietor with his thirty or fifty cottages on the outskirts of his park, where no disturbing element enters into the life of the village and the same occupations have absorbed the youth and the age of successive generations, who regulates the number of public-houses, and, it may be, banishes them altogether to a distance of three or four miles, can make the whole of his estate one idyllic picture. His tenants' gardens may be as neat as his own, and he will be contented to receive two per cent. upon the gabled dwellings which he has built to harmonize with the lines of his lodge and school. He supplements the working of the Education Act, centres the compulsory powers in himself, and refuses to allow the introduction of lodgers, except perhaps in one or two licensed instances. This, however, charming as is the scene, is, after all, a forced condition of human life; and were the landlord to present each tenant with the fee simple of his holding, the Arcadia would crumble away in a couple of years. No squalor is greater than that which is to be found in the village of small freeholders or squatters, where there is no one to originate any scheme for the benefit of his neighbours, no one with any money to spare, no one to set an example to the others. As long as the walls will hold together, as long as the thatch does not drop through the roof, no repair will be dreamt of by the owner, on whom the blame is never laid. The well-informed Correspondent of some daily paper credits the neighbouring landlords with the wretched hovels, which some day, if they do not tumble to pieces of their own accord, are bought to be pulled down.

In speaking of the dwellings of the poor, it is not to the agricultural village which is at the doors of the great landowner that attention is to be turned. There are few men who have not some outlying property, and in many of the manufacturing districts there are no men of leisure, nor indeed any one who is not compelled to live there by his business or for his livelihood. In most cases the control is completely in the hands of the agent, who is not given to unproductive expense, and is not inclined to look from an æsthetic point of view upon the restoration or alteration of houses which pay from 4*l.* to 6*l.* a year. Where the original value of the property consisted in the political power it gave, and where that value was swept away, as it often was by the Reform Bill of 1867, it requires some philanthropy on the part of the possessor not to get rid of his responsibility and throw the decaying rows of houses into the market. If, on the other hand, he is determined to raise the condition of his tenants, he must possess patience, tact, and decision of character, be a rich man, and also have plenty of spare time to give to the question. If he has views about the separation of the sexes, he will be met at the outset by the existence of a wholly different code from his own, which he must be prepared to recognize. On one side is the exquisite delicacy of the Government, for whose sake the mud heaps on the banks of the Serpentine have been raised. When little boys can no longer be seen bathing after eight o'clock on a summer evening we shall become a moral and exemplary people. "Prenez-moi ce mouchoir (or mud heap), par de pareils objets les âmes sont blessées," the First Commissioner of Works cries with Tartuffe. "Society must not know that anybody is naked underneath his clothes." As to our language, it is Yes and No. Since Charles Lamb explained to Coleridge that by d—d he meant deuced, we have steadily improved, until no doubt half the House of Lords, including Lord Forester, do not know the meaning of even this latter word. But this state of things is not that in the midst of which the lower classes live. Their language is still rich in expletives, and they cannot see any object in the separation of the sexes. If the grown-up sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters prefer the same bedroom, the landlord, short of exercising Lord Hadda's power, is helpless. He cannot compel his tenants to use rooms which they dislike; all he can do is to provide sufficient accommodation. In a small village rules respecting lodgers can be enforced; but where life is more hurried, the population more migratory, and the demand for labour keener, no agent can, without exercising excessive inquisitorial authority, prevent overcrowding. The temptation to take in lodgers is no doubt great when the rent of the cottage is 6*l.* a year, and a man can be found who will pay 2*s.* 6*d.* a week for one room. There is, however, just the same difficulty even when the spare rooms are not wanted for lodgers. In the long, low bedchambers which run along the whole of the first story in a Lancashire farmhouse, all opening into one another, the first is often the only one used, the other two serving as storehouses or hen-houses. "It is more comfortable," is the reply to the agent, when, an alteration having been made at a great expense, the chickens are discovered in the new [illegible]. In one case, where two small cottages had been given [illegible] family in order that they might separate the [illegible], the mother explained that they preferred sleeping [illegible] two large beds touching one another. The family consisted of a mother, a son of nineteen, another of fourteen, a girl of twelve and another of eleven. Every additional room creates [illegible] trouble, and one great bed, with its sordid [illegible], requires [illegible]. Owns nothing more miserable with [illegible] than in some of the mining districts. The absence of herbs and flowers, the dirt with which the air and water are charged, all add to the desolation of the ill-fitting door patched with dirty cloths, the uneven floor with here and there a flag missing, and hardly an article of furniture downstairs or upstairs. Yet the tenants very likely earn good wages, and might surround themselves with comfort. What may be earned can be gathered from the fact that not long ago a father and his three sons were paid 20*l.* on a Friday and had spent it all before Monday morning. No doubt there is a desire for better houses on the part of some of the working classes; but the majority would prefer a hovel at 3*l.* to a good house at 7*l.*

If the difficulty is great of inducing a man to live in new rooms, it is still greater to persuade him to change his cottage. Even when no mason's art can avail to prop up the walls, and the wind and rain beat through the crevices of the latticed windows, it is with the greatest reluctance that the tenant will leave it. His father and grandfather lived there, and he wishes to die there, an event which is always looked upon with great satisfaction. To die in your house is a compliment to it and to you, and it is far more important that a house should offer facilities for this act than for any other. In cases of this kind no complaint will ever be heard by the agent. The tenant's only object is to show that there never was so model a cottage; the rain is like the rain at Marly and does not wet, and though the wind is high there is very little of it. We know of one case where a farmer pulled off part of the roof in order to dislodge his tenant, who, in no way discomposed, remained there until his landlord in despair put it on again. Altogether the question of accommodation for the working classes is one of extreme difficulty. As long as the cost of building remains so great, it will be a temptation to the small freeholder to patch up any collection of hovels he may own. Until a higher standard prevails, the wages will be spent in the old way. There is nothing to make any one hopeful at present. The history of the savings banks shows how small a proportion has been laid aside by those who have benefited by the great increase of wages, and competent judges say that in Lancashire the workingman is no better off now than he was ten years ago. Public zeal and private enterprise will go on doing what they can, but after all their efforts there will be a residuum left whose civilization will tax for many years the energies of our descendants.

SOUTH PEMBROKESHIRE CASTLES.

THE Flemish district of Pembrokeshire—in what sense Flemish we have already explained—is as rich in castles as Northumberland itself, and for exactly the same reason. The inhabitants were settlers in a conquered land, with dangerous neighbours on their borders; they held a small isolated territory which lay open to attack from the whole of a large district. Each town therefore needed its fortress to guard it; each dwelling of a considerable lord became a fortress itself. Yet perhaps castles are not so thick on the ground here as they are in some other districts. They are hardly so thick on the ground as they are in Glamorganshire.

Perhaps the difference is in some measure owing to the different nature of the settlement. The settlement of Glamorgan was essentially a settlement of lords with their followers. The Flemish colony can hardly fail to have been of a more popular character. Every parish church seems to have had its tower designed as a stronghold in time of need, and, as we have said, a military touch may be seen in the ordinary houses. And the churches as well as the houses are well worth studying. That they have less of ornamental detail than the ancient churches of almost any other part of the island is in no way surprising, nor is it in any way blameworthy. And what they lack in ornamental detail they make up in picturesqueness and complexity of outline. They add, too, the almost universal presence, though certainly in the simplest of forms, of the stone vault, so rare in all other parts of Britain, except in churches of a far greater size. In South Pembrokeshire, contrary to the rule of the rest of the world, a wooden roof in a church is a sign of finer work. It is a sign that the building is not a specimen of the local style of the district, but that it has been built after the pattern of churches of a richer type elsewhere. Where we see, as we now and then do, elaborate windows and other work of the fourteenth century, the plain local barrel vault would be felt to be out of place. So it is at Carew, so it is at Hodgeston, where a modern architect has ruthlessly mutilated the most graceful feature of the building; and, lastly, in the most characteristic of the greater churches of the district, the priory of Monkton, close to Pembroke.

From the churchyard of Monkton the view is one which is eminently characteristic of the district. Nowhere do we more thoroughly feel where we are than in Little England beyond Wales. The great physical feature of the district is brought strongly home to the mind of the traveller who passes from the town of Pembroke to its suburb Monkton. South Pembrokeshire is, before all things, a land of inland seas, of peninsulas, and of islands. It is not a land of mountains, but it is pre-eminently a land of hills. The English district is largely made up of two peninsulas, the northern of which is separated from Dewisland, the immediate patrimony of St. David's, by the noble bay of St. Bride, curving round like the bay of Penzance, or even of Naples, and with the islands off either horn suggesting memories of Ischia and Capri. This northern peninsula, itself made up to a considerable extent of smaller peninsulas, is cut off from its fellow to the south by the haven of Milford. Here again we seem to see a Scandinavian trace. The *ford* here is surely neither an English *ford*, nor a Welsh *fordd*, but a Scandinavian *fiord*, like Waterford and Wexford. And a *fiord* of very truth it is; a fiord with endless creeks running far up the country, so that points far inland stand on the salt water. We are here on a fiord of the ocean, subject to the law of tides, so that the look of one of these inland creeks varies greatly from one hour to another. But, at a favourable moment, the great fiord of Pembrokeshire may suggest the noblest gulf of the Hadriatic; and, on the bosom of the haven of Milford, we are tempted to say that we only lack the mountains to feel ourselves on the *mouths* of Cattaro. The creeks which run thus far inland wash the bases of three of the chief castles of the districts. At Haverfordwest, the most northern point of the haven—the spot where the traveller leaves the iron road of modern times to betake himself how he can to the ancient city of St. David's—the border stronghold of the Englishry—castle and town rise proudly over the low ground at their feet, low ground where, at the favourable moment, the inland sea shows itself. But the castle, noble in its position and its outline, is degraded and disfigured by its modern use as a gaol. At Haverfordwest the objects of greatest attraction are ecclesiastical). There is the church of St. Mary, of an uncouth outline enough outside, but sheltering within pillars and arches of the thirteenth century which might stand part of the richest minster. And there is the ruined priory by the water, with the shell of its aisleless cruciform church, once seemingly, with its long lancets, the fellow of the little cathedral at Killaloe. From Haverfordwest the railway will lead us to its most distant point at Neyland, or New Milford, with Pater or Pembroke Dock opposite to it. Here we are in the thick of the works of modern times. But we have only to cross the hill between the main haven and one of its creeks, and we come in sight of the opposite heights crowned by the castle of Pembroke and the priory of Monkton. The narrow inlet of the ocean, dwindled to the size of a small stream, ebbs and flows between the two hills, and the proud fortress into which the wooden structure of Arnulf of Montgomery grew rises straight from the rocks which form one of its coasts. A cave, the *Wogan*—the British name surviving for a natural object—not quite of the size of Wookey Hole—perhaps its namesake—in Mendip or of the Devil's Hole in the Peakland, but big enough to be striking and solemn, burrows, as it were, under the hall of the castle, and is itself taken into the line of the defences. The walls with their towers, the huge round tower—not quite the rival of Coucy, but the nearest surviving approach to it in Britain—the stately hall itself with its late thirteenth-century windows, the gateway, the whole circuit of the castle, all join to form a group worthy to be the head of the Flemish land, worthy to be the home of the great Earls of whom the one gained his fame by sheltering the youth of Henry of Winchester and the other by withstanding his miarule.

The castle stands nobly, whether as seen immediately from below or from the opposite side. But the Monkton view, though it brings out the architecture of the castle itself less perfectly, is perhaps the most characteristic of all. The priory stands on its height, one of the type of double churches whose arrangements seem at best to be beginning to be understood—a church without transepts, with a graceful choir and lady chapel of the fourteenth century, now in ruins, attached to a ruder nave of the native type. In its churchyard—so it is said on the spot—not so long ago stone seats still remained for the hearers of the out-door sermon preached from the churchyard cross. Below it stands, not exactly a castle, but a fortified house, a "domus defensabilis," thoroughly characteristic of the district. On the opposite side are the castle, the town wall, the massive tower of St. Mary's Church, contrasting with the slender one of the priory itself, but both such as could be found nowhere else. In mere extent the town of Pembroke does not rank above an English market-town; but, just as in the small towns of Germany, its position gave it importance. The capital of the conquered land, the seat of the local chief and of the burgesses gathered under the shade of his fortress, a town of this class really ranked rather with Exeter and Lincoln than with the petty places on whose level its mere physical size would place it.

As one horn of the haven reaches to Haverfordwest, and another to Pembroke, each washing a fortress which protects a considerable town, a third horn washes a third fortress, which stands all alone, the stronghold of a lord, but not the shelter of a civic settlement. This is Carew, a place whose name calls for a short lecture on its pronunciation. The name is British *caerau*, camps, a name handed on from some encampment of the race who were driven out. But the received English spelling is Carew, keeping in its last syllable a survival of the British plural; and its received English sound is exactly the same as *Carey*, not deviating very much from the sound of the Welsh original. From the place a family took its name, and, till within a generation or two, the pa- of both place and family was always sounded *Cárey*. But ith becomes Smythe and Smijth, so *Carów* was thought to have a finer sound, and the barbarous pronunciation is actually making its way from the family to the castle. The castle itself is in some points a contrast to that of Pembroke. While at Pembroke we have a purely military castle, mainly of the thirteenth century, at Carew we can trace the steps by which the mere fortress gradually changed into the great house. The gates and towers are there after the old pattern, but the great hall was thoroughly recast in the days of Henry the Seventh by Sir Rhys ap Thomas, a person who plays some part in general history, and who holds a very great place indeed in local imagination. Joining on to his work, built on by a most violent contrast against one of the original towers with its vast spur buttresses, is a range of large rooms of the confirmed domestic architecture of the Elizabethan age. The whole is forsaken and roofless; but, as often happens, the latest part of the building is the most ruinous. Huge square windows, with their mullions and transoms, are not so well fitted to weather storms without protection as the massive walls of a Norman keep.

The castle of Carew then is not only striking in its general outline and worth studying in many of its details, but it is specially instructing from its combination of military and domestic architecture. But on the road from Pembroke to Carew the traveller will do well to turn aside to take such a view as is allowed him of another forsaken and roofless building of the ecclesiastical-domestic class, the once episcopal manor of Lamphey. While the traveller is allowed an uninterrupted study of Pembroke and Carew, the sight of Lamphey is put under churlish restrictions; but the main features can be made out. The building, once a favourite residence of the Bishops of St. David's, is well worth the attention of the special student of domestic architecture; but in a more general aspect it is chiefly remarkable for the question which has been raised, whether its peculiar arcaded parapet, which bears a faint likeness to the beautiful parapets of the palace of St. David's and the castle of Swansea, is the work of the same architect, the famous Bishop Henry Gower of the fourteenth century. But, compared with the work in the other building, the Lamphey parapet is so very poor that it must surely be a weak imitation of later times. We may with more confidence look for the hand of Gower in the neighbouring church of Carew, one of the best of those in the district which do not conform to the local type.

From Carew, castle and church, the wayfarer will naturally make his way to Tenby, but he will do well to turn aside to give a glance to the church of Gumfreston on its slope, with a singular mineral well at the bottom of the dell in which either the natural philosopher or the physician may find some interest. The church itself has no detail of any kind, but no better specimen can be found of the strange, wild, picturesque character of the local type. At Tenby itself, the huge church has nothing local but the tower; but the process by which it has swelled to its present form is worth comparing with Grantham and Great Yarmouth. The most really interesting thing at Tenby is the town wall, which remains very nearly perfect throughout the whole of one side. Of the castle only fragments are left; but the peninsular hill stands nobly, looking over the sea two ways, to the island of Caldy on the one side and to the Worm's Head, the western promontory of Gower, on the other side. From Tenby the favourite excursion is, not without reason, to the castle of Manorbeer, the birthplace of Giraldus. Five-and-twenty years back there was not much to be made out here beyond a picturesque outline of walls and round towers. But the chief features have lately been brought clearly to light, a hall and a chapel whose changes are well worth study, and among which are parts of Giraldus' own day or earlier. The castle stands well on the south coast, looking down on a small bay, and with the wildest and

strangest even of Pembrokeshire churches on the side of an opposite hill. As to the origin of the name of this place many strange guesses have been made. It may be well to preserve the strangest. At some unrecorded time the land was laid waste by a huge and savage bear. For a while no means were found of killing, trapping, or otherwise getting rid of the enemy. At last a stout knight of those parts met the terrible beast in single combat. At last he slew him, but not till after so long and hard a struggle that it was for a while doubtful to which victory would fall, "man or bear." Wherefore the name of the place was called Manorbeer.

MAY MEETINGS.

THE speeches at Exeter Hall and its dependencies during the season of the Evangelical parliament may be divided into the sensible, the autobiographical, and the funny. We shall say nothing about the first class; we only mention its existence in order that whatever we say of the two other classes may not be misunderstood. The aim of a May Meeting is the gaining of additional sympathy and subscriptions for a number of "Evangelical" institutions, some of which are useful, some indifferent, and some mischievous. It is evident enough to the cooler bystander that the managers of these meetings, in whatever higher light they may regard them, certainly look upon them as entertainments, and that, in the arrangement of their annual company of movers and seconders, they take pains to provide a number of speakers who know the trick of raising a laugh. The fun during the present May seems to have been faster and more furious than in any previous year; and the Committees who cater for the Puritan pleasure-seeker may congratulate themselves upon having secured a considerable accession of comic talent. The railways have brought up to London a number of ministers of all Evangelical denominations from remote parts of our island. Some of these gentlemen are distressingly autobiographical; they seem to think that London not only wishes to know every meditation which occurred to their wise minds upon their journeys, but also wishes to have these valuable meditations reproduced and moralized upon in public. Thus the Rev. Dr. Brown, who came all the way from Cheltenham, told his audience that he was much struck by seeing a drop of dew upon every blade and leaf. The Rev. Mr. Evans, who came from Carnarvon, began his speech by informing the hearers that on his railway journey he "passed a very extensive nursery-garden"; and then, lest Londoners should not know what a nursery-garden is, he kindly defined it, and explained the use of it at considerable length. Of course the dew-drops and the nursery-ground were incontinently "improved"; and we find that the improvement of an insipid story invariably leads to the kind of noise which the reporters call "applause," and earns the speaker time to get his breath, wipe his brow, and collect himself for his next point. "Applause," however, is not the highest prize which the pious and pleasure-seeking audience has to bestow. Most of these fresh speakers from the country appear to have employed the tedious hours of their long journeys in the diligent preparation of themselves for their first public appearance in London by the study of a handbook of comic anecdotes. We do not know the title of this volume; we can only conjecture that it may be called "The Converted Joe Miller," or "Sanctified Sprightliness," or "Merriment for Methodists," or "The Playful Puritan," or "Saints at Sport," or "The Presbyterian Punster," or "Banter for Baptists." If either of these titles should be unappropriated, the Religious Tract Society is free to use them; we have no wish to claim the copyright. A May Meeting, if we may judge by the reporter's continuous parentheses of "laughter," "much laughter," "renewed laughter," "loud and long-continued laughter," has now become a sort of tournament of jokers. Mr. Evans of Carnarvon is a perfect Tannhäuser at this kind of contest. During the course of his appeal for the Home Missionary Society he was interrupted no less than sixteen times by expressions of the satisfaction of his gamesome and gleeful audience. There must be something inexpressibly comical in the act of carrying the Independent gospel into the rural parishes of England. The maintenance of a supply of farcical orators being a matter of such concern to the managers of the May Meetings, we take the liberty of throwing out a hint which may be of some service to them. Suppose that Lord Shaftesbury, assisted by a jury of newspaper reporters, should be asked to close the jocund season of the religious world by a solemn public coronation in Exeter Hall of the ablest joker of the year. The crown might be adjudicated in each alternate season to the broadest farce and to the best bit of unconscious humour. In the former instance it would become the prize of the speaker who had been most frequently interrupted by "bursts of laughter." In the latter instance Lord Shaftesbury, like the King of Prussia, would simply have to crown himself. No one would be startled at the latter proceeding. Exeter Hall is not only the earthly paradise of the self-conscious, but its frequenters already regard the noble lord as the human mainstay and crown of Christianity.

At the meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, Mr. Maguire told the audience that he had heard some friends who sat near him "concur in thinking and saying that there is no man to take Lord Shaftesbury's place when God takes him from us." This eloquent Irish clergyman, as if he were anxious to outdo Mr. Matthew Arnold's notorious "Three Lord Shaftesburys," amidst loud applause proclaimed it to be his belief that Lord Shaftesbury's death would "produce a dozen Lord Shaftesburys, perhaps even a thousand." The audience did not seem to perceive that it is the very singularity, the rare oddity, of this popular aristocratic humourist that makes him so precious. If they could multiply him, he would cease to be the treasure and the wonder that he is. We do not know how it may be with other hearers, but we ourselves find more fun in the quaint movements of Lord Shaftesbury's heavy-dragoon solemnity than in the sparkling jokes and puns of the light cavalry of the pious parade-ground. At the beginning of his speeches the Earl begins to chaff his hearers. He tells them that he has to be in "another place," whereupon the awed country listeners poke one another and whisper "the House of Lords." He implies that his presence is needed in that "other place" at that very hour, in order that he may make a speech or record a vote which will save Protestant Christendom from extinction. He next tells them that, in consequence of this urgent demand for his oratory or his vote elsewhere, he can only give them "five minutes," and thereupon he pours out his soul in passionate wails or sugared flatteries for twenty minutes or half-an-hour, or even longer. He has twice repeated this favourite performance during the present season, once for the London City Mission, and once for the Home Missionary Society. There is not a little humour in this performer's choice of platforms. He is proud of calling himself a defender of the Established Church; but he prefers to speak at those meetings in which an intolerant onslaught upon the largest section of the English clergy is expected to be a part of the programme. Thus he likes the London City Mission; the apostles of this Society, according to Lord Shaftesbury, have wrought a miracle of which most Londoners remain ignorant. "They have prevented London from becoming a city of devils." These apostles certainly are no St. Pauls; they are said to be for the most part under-educated men, who have failed as [illegible] or as small shopkeepers, and are ambitious to wear [illegible] taken for somebodies. We cannot discover any [illegible] Exeter Hall clique with whom they are popular; workmen notoriously make game of them, and many a clergyman who is labouring for the culture and enlightenment of his parish speaks of them as a standing vexation. Lord Shaftesbury said that all such clergymen were Ritualists or Rationalists; he scolded the former behind their backs at the London City Mission meeting, and the latter at the Home Missionary meeting, an entertainment got up by the Independents. Any other man who boasted of being a defender of the Established Church would lack the humour to perceive that the sending into hundreds of parishes of uncultivated rivals who measure their success by the number of men and women they can persuade to leave church and go to meeting is a cunning method of upholding the Church. Lord Shaftesbury says that he has such unbounded confidence in the apostles who derive their mission, orders, and jurisdictions from these two Companies (limited), that he is certain that they will never interfere with the clergyman of the parish, unless he is a Rationalist or a Ritualist. The managers of both Societies must smile at his agreeable innocence. They do not think it worth their while to remind him that the term "Ritualism," as employed by the foes of the Church of England, has a far wider range of meaning than that given to the same term by controversialists within the Church. As used at present within the Church, it describes a section of the High Church party; but as used by the managers of the Independent and Baptist Home Missionary Societies it covers the entirety of the historical doctrine and discipline of the English Church. The Bishop of Lincoln is as much a Ritualist in their view as Mr. Mackonochie, and Dean Burgon's doctrine is not much less anti-Christian than Mr. Orby Shipley's. Nay, the young apostles of the Dissenting Home Mission Societies know very well that their friends Canon Miller and Mr. Maguire are called "priests" in the Book of Common Prayer, and that whatever a person described as "the priest" in that book is bidden to do or to say is said and done by these Evangelical clergymen, who would soon lose place and pay if they declared that their consciences did not allow them to accept this designation. The Home Missionary Society very naturally concludes that, whenever a person is doing and saying that which a "priest" is ordered to do and say, "the sacerdotal virus is at work," and that its agents ought to be at work against it, calling as many English people as they can to forsake "Common Prayer," or religious fellowship with the majority of their neighbours.

Nothing perhaps is so conspicuously comical in the Evangelical May-monarch as his total incapacity to perceive the humour of his own funny stories. Messrs. Moody and Sankey have been much talked about during the May meetings, especially Mr. Sankey, his "sung gospel" having left a more reverberating echo behind it than his partner's preached gospel. Lord Shaftesbury told his hearers that he had lately "concluded an address in the very depths of Whitechapel" by quoting from Mr. Sankey's hymn—

Hold the fort, for I am coming.

"It was taken up," he said, "by the whole of that degraded and miserable population. They sang it with intense force"—evidently preferring it to the Earl's sermon. "They sang it while I went out of the room; and I am told they insisted on singing it several times afterwards." If Lord Shaftesbury had visited London Bridge Station on Easter Monday, and accompanied a train-load of costermongers and their lasses to Greenwich Park, he would have heard them singing "Hold the Fort," and other tunes of Mr. Sankey's book, with persistent gusto. He would probably have rejoiced in this evidence

of the great evangelical work going on in the hearts of the masses; he would not have taken pains to listen very accurately to the words which they had fitted to the tunes—words which it would be impossible to quote in a meeting of respectable men and women. He might have produced a similar result by closing his discourse with the words, "Tommy, make room for your uncle." Lord Shaftesbury has often proved that he is an enemy to all coarseness and vulgarity, and he has always shown a genuine anxiety for the refinement of the poor. We wonder that he has not made use of his almost dictatorial authority to attempt something for the refinement of the more disagreeable vulgarity of the jokers at Exeter Hall. The chairman of "The United Methodist Free Churches Home and Foreign Missions" (we trust that we have placed the three qualifying adjectives in their right order) at their field-day was a Mr. Butler, who had come from Bristol. One gentleman bedaubed the chairman to his face with whole pailfuls of superlative praise; he was "not like Pharaoh's Butler," who forgot the United Free Methodists in the day of his exaltation. He was "a prince in our Israel," and "he stood on a platform with the merchant princes of the ancient city of Bristol"; he had raised himself by a host of virtues and accomplishments, duly catalogued by the orator, from a William Butler to a "William Butler, Esq." The joke about Pharaoh's butler was thought to be so brilliant that more than one speaker played it off. The Rev. Joseph Kirsop, President of the Annual Assembly, on being called upon to speak, uttered, amid approving laughter, the paltry pun—"I respond with pleasure to the call of the chief Butler who remembers Joseph, and does not forget him." Will Lord Shaftesbury think it a triumph of the Gospel when bishops chaff like merry-andrews, and the Houses of Convocation ring with bursts of laughter? Adulation to the face is not enough for these orators; some of them are not ashamed to add a canonization of the living. "A Roman Catholic lady told a friend of mine," said Dr. M'Ewan, at the meeting of the Sunday School Union, "that he had no saints, and she cited St. Francis as the specimen of a saint of her own Church. My friend replied, 'We have such saints as St. Guthrie, St. Müller, and St. Barnardo; your saint found honest men and made them beggars, our saints find beggars and turn them into honest men.'" An appeal to history and an exhibition of the immediate effects of the Franciscan mission would be thrown away upon a speaker whose aim is applause for himself rather than the enlightenment of his hearers. We are not surprised that one of his saints should be a Scotchman, but he must have been ashamed when he recollected that two of them were still living. If the characters produced by St. Barnardo and St. Müller are copies of the persons who shout applause and scream with laughter at the May Meetings, we must express our conviction that the honest persons whom Francis of Assisi turned into beggars—for instance, Roger Bacon, William Occam, Alexander of Hales, and their scholars—were a very preferable human production. We have come across one good story amongst the hundred paltry ones related during the present jocund season, although we have some fancy that this, like its wretched companions, is an old acquaintance. "A vocalist" (which is the United Free Methodist periphrasis for a singer) "was singing 'There's a Good Time Coming.' One of his audience rose, and said, 'Would you kindly fix the date?'" A few men possessing this dry kind of common sense are much wanted at the May Meetings; they might be able to recall the speakers from their floundering historical, autobiographical, and anecdotical expatiations to the real business in hand.

AUTHOR AND REVIEWER.

IT is difficult to see what object the author of *Bishops and Deans* could have in bringing an action of libel against the *Record* for reviewing his book. The Rev. F. Arnold had commented with much frankness on the lives and labours of the leaders of various parties in the Church, and the *Record* naturally took under its protection those of its own peculiar favourites whom he had criticized. It seems that the late Mr. Joseph Payne, sometime Deputy Assistant Judge at the Middlesex Sessions, had, as many lawyers have, his hobby, and it was writing verses. The *Record* said that

> good taste and good feeling would have omitted the paltry sneer at what he (Mr. Arnold) calls the "doggrel" poetry with which that pious and self-devoted man (Mr. Payne) used to cheer the crowded evening anniversaries of the teachers and supporters of the Ragged Schools and Reformatory Unions, drawn together to enjoy a meeting with their noble President, and hear of the good effected in the alleys and slums of London and Westminster.

We quote this passage from one of the articles of the *Record* which were read in Court, and, as Mr. Arnold complained of it as libellous, it deserves attention. We have not been able to find the passage in Mr. Arnold's book which is referred to, but Mr. Arnold informed the Court that he did not use the word "doggrel"; and this, so far as we can make out, is his complaint against the *Record*, viz. that that journal said that he said that Mr. Payne's poetry was "doggrel," whereas he did not say so. But the *Record* itself admits, a few lines further on, that the "tail-pieces" of the "cheery annual addresses" of the learned judge were impromptus, and "no doubt often contained doggrel poetry." So that the *Record* admits that Mr. Payne wrote "doggrel," but thinks that Mr. Arnold should not have uttered a "paltry sneer" against it. The pious and worthy persons who enjoyed an annual meeting with their noble President, and heard all about his "movements on behalf of the City Arabs," and were cheered by Mr. Payne's addresses with "tail-pieces," had the faculty of being contented with harmless and cheap amusement. As the *Record* adds, these addresses served their purpose, and "they were emanations of deep feeling which is the soul of poetry," but nevertheless it is admitted that they contained "doggrel." The American who crossed the Atlantic to behold Mr. Payne as the author of certain "thrilling lines" perhaps considered that the soul of poetry was more important than the body, although it is generally expected that a poet should express what ordinary people can only feel. It may be feared that some of the "City Arabs" who were "gathered in" from the streets by the police did not appreciate the privilege of beholding the Assistant-Judge, whom they would have irreverently called a "beak," so highly as the enthusiastic gentleman from America. Mr. Arnold, we should remark, has not only stated his case to a jury, but has moved the Queen's Bench Division for a new trial. The Judges of that Division probably regarded the question of the quality of Mr. Payne's poetry as beyond the issue in the case. The reviewer said that "good taste and good feeling would have omitted the paltry sneer" at Mr. Payne's poetry, and this was part of the alleged libel. The self-sacrifice which the *Record* ascribes to Mr. Payne would, in our view, have been exercised rather by those who listened to his poetry; but this is by the way. It seems wonderful that an author should think it worth while to complain to a Court and jury that a reviewer imputed to him want of taste and feeling, and characterised his remark on Mr. Payne's poetry as a "paltry sneer."

The next subject of complaint is rather more important, although here also it only comes to this, that the *Record* warmly controverts Mr. Arnold's description of the Bishop of Durham as "the Bishop of a party rather than of a diocese." The *Record* admits that Bishop Baring is a "party man" in the same sense in which St. Paul and the other Apostles were party men, but not in the sense in which Mr. Arnold calls him a party man; and this seems very like saying, as they do in the House of Commons, that the other side is factious, but we are patriotic. But Mr. Arnold further stated that the diocese of Durham was "perturbed," and that its Bishop had aimed at the expansion of the "tyrannical power" possessed by Bishops generally over curates. The *Record* insists that there has been no special perturbation in the diocese, although it mentions with satisfaction that the Bishop's proceedings have "quelled the litigious designs of ultra-Ritualistic mutineers," and that "the diocese has not since been disturbed." The question who it is that troubles Israel has from old time received diverse answers, and perhaps the spectacle of laymen subscribing to provide their Bishop with a "guarantee fund" for litigation with his clergy might at first sight appear to justify Mr. Arnold's description of this diocese as fast becoming "the most perturbed" in the country. But if it be admitted that there must be parties in the Church, and that these parties must have what are called "organs," it follows that Mr. Arnold and his reviewer in the *Record* will disagree in everything connected with Dr. Baring except in classing him as a "Low Church bishop." It is, however, a droll result of our administration of the law of libel that this necessarily interminable question should be submitted to a jury. Speaking roughly, we should say that it is give and take on both sides. The Bishop is used by Mr. Arnold much as Mr. Arnold is used by the *Record*, and this view was adopted by the Judges, after hearing all that Mr. Arnold could urge against it.

The strongest point made by Mr. Arnold against his reviewer was upon the words, "On almost all crucial theological questions the book is stamped both with uncertainty and inconsistency." But here again the *Record* has a right to express its opinion in moderate language, and it applies to all such matters the maxim, "He that is not with us is against us." Mr. Arnold, in commenting on this passage, assured the Court that he had avoided entering into such questions; but one of the Judges hereupon remarked that men might differ as to what were crucial questions, and we can clearly see that the author and reviewer do differ on this point. As regards "uncertainty and inconsistency," the same Judge observed that any man who wrote two volumes on such a subject could hardly be so fortunate as to escape such imputations. The *Record* regrets "that Mr. Arnold's own views are very indistinctly shadowed forth," whereas Mr. Arnold's notion seems to be that, as an historian, he is not bound to have "views," at least not on "crucial questions"; and if his book was intended as a mere collection of clerical gossip, we should be inclined to agree with him. There seems to be some mistake about the words "unbelieving Positivist," which (in the passage to which, as we understand, Mr. Arnold in his argument referred) are not applied to Mr. Arnold, but to a person with whom it is suggested that Mr. Arnold has some sympathy. In reference to the late Professor Maurice, Mr. Arnold said that he succeeded "perhaps a sounder thinker, the late Professor Grote"; and the *Record*, in commenting on this passage, confounded Professor Grote with Mr. Grote the historian, and intended to call the latter an "unbelieving Positivist." This error was corrected in an early number, and it was an error that only slightly affected Mr. Arnold. There is another passage, in which the *Record* says that Mr. Grote "avowed his sceptical positivism to the last"; and Dean Stanley admired Mr. Grote, and Mr. Arnold admires Dean Stanley. This, briefly, is the substance of a passage to which we suppose Mr. Arnold to have re-

ferred, and it falls far short of imputing to him "unbelieving positivism." The treatment of Dean Stanley in the book is said, indeed, to be illustrative of the "uncertain sound" of the author's trumpet, and in the same connexion it is said that on a certain great question "the author fails himself to speak out distinctly." It is manifest that such matters as these could be only very slightly and imperfectly considered by either Court or jury. It may be said that, instead of going to a jury, the plaintiff might have had his case tried by a judge, and perhaps by a judge of theological attainments, with or without skilled assessors. But the defendant would probably have been unwilling to surrender his right to have the question of "libel or no libel" submitted to a jury; and if, on the whole, a jury cannot be got in such a case to see libel, it is well to assume that it does not exist. Our own impression would be that Dean Stanley, notwithstanding the author's supposed sympathy with him, is treated pretty much like Bishop Baring. To call the Dean's funeral sermons in the Abbey "orations for the English Valhalla," and to distinguish between the way to Heaven and the way to Palestine, is not a usual mode of expressing excessive admiration. The author has a chapter on "Palmerstonian or Low Church Bishops," which is criticized by the *Record* in its characteristic style. The popular belief that those Bishops were really appointed by Lord Shaftesbury does not quite satisfy the *Record*. We are informed that there was a gradual improvement in Prime Ministers, which culminated in Lord Palmerston. There had been a tendency in the right direction, and "Lord Melbourne also indicated a sense of the importance of good Bishops by avowing that nothing so much disturbed him" as an episcopal vacancy. Liberals may be glad to learn on such high authority that their former leaders have been the Church's best friends. Somewhere about the same time an eccentric Evangelical clergyman remarked that "the Devil had had too much to do with choosing Bishops"; but from 1855 to 1865 "Lord Palmerston acted so as to raise the standard of the Episcopate." He had been, says the *Record*, in early life "a man of fashion and of pleasure," but he never adopted the "sceptical notions" of the Whigs of Holland House, and the Rector of Romsey, Canon Carus, the friend of Simeon, has testified to his demeanour at church. The *Record* therefore believes that Lord Palmerston sincerely desired to exercise his patronage for the good of the Church, and the best proof of this desire is to be seen in the fact that he availed himself of the advice of Lord Shaftesbury.

This sort of discussion, partly historical, partly theological, and largely personal, fills nearly eighteen columns of the *Record*, and we can imagine the bewilderment of the jury when the whole was read to them right through. It seems to us that the *Record* on this occasion was thoroughly itself. Mr. Arnold tells us that the present Dean of Carlisle annoyed Bishop Monk of Gloucester by speaking of the clergy of Cheltenham as "my clergy," and the *Record* defends the speech. This, we think, ought to console Mr. Arnold for falling under the *Record's* censure in matters of good taste. Bishop Monk's perception of the propriety of language was probably not confined to Greek, and if Dean Close did use the words imputed, we should have thought that even this reviewer would have had some sense of their absurdity. But perhaps his mind has been too long imbued with the "doggrel" poetry of pious and worthy Mr. Payne.

LIABILITY OF EMPLOYERS.

THE question which is raised by Mr. Macdonald's Bill with regard to the liability of employers for injuries negligently caused to persons in their employment is not altogether so abstruse and difficult as some of the speakers who took part in the debate tried to make out, but the Home Secretary showed his characteristic good sense in proposing that it should be sent to a Select Committee. It is evident that the question has excited much feeling among working-men, especially miners, and that a decision of the House of Lords has produced in Scotland something very like a reversal of local law. There are always two sides to a controversy of this kind, and it is well that each should have a fair hearing, and that no ground should be afforded for saying that proper caution and pains have not been taken in adjusting the points of difference. Even if an inquiry does not throw any new light on the matter, it will at least ensure that the facts of the case will be fairly sifted. It is not enough that a question of this kind should be settled in the way which justice may require; but the justice of it must be made manifest, so that both parties may understand the grounds of any decision that may be come to. As the law stands, an employer is liable for the consequences of any act of a servant which injures a person not in his employment, but is not responsible for an injury to one of his own men, if it is occasioned by the negligence of a fellow-workman. It may be, as the Attorney-General suggested, that there is some risk of the liability in the first of these cases amounting to absolute injustice; but the case he put does not quite bear out this view. It was that of a greengrocer in a small way of business, whose servant happened to drive his master's cart over, and thus to injure, a person holding a lucrative office, the unfortunate greengrocer being thereupon mulcted in damages which would utterly ruin him. It is obvious that in such a case the penalty which may fall on the greengrocer is likely to have the effect of making him very careful as to the sort of drivers whom he employs; and that such a check is needed is shown by the number of accidents of this kind which are constantly occurring, and which have, in fact, recently called forth a strong circular from the police. No doubt, if the accident is due to some casual and unforeseen fault on the part of a servant whose employer has taken every reasonable precaution to ascertain his fitness for his duties, it is very hard on the employer to make him pay for it; but, on the other hand, people in the street have a right to protection, and if the greengrocer were not made personally responsible for the acts of his servants, he would be probably much less particular in selecting them. It can hardly be denied that a tradesman who employs drivers who are drunken or incompetent, knowing them to be so, or without taking the trouble to look into their characters, very properly suffers if any mischief is thereby caused to other people, and that this liability is a great security to the public.

Next comes the question why this rule should not equally apply to injuries done by fellow-servants to each other. It is true, as Mr. Burt frankly admitted, that there are cases in which it would be most unjust that employers should be liable for accidents to their workmen; that is to say, cases in which it is the workmen's own fault that an accident happens, or in which it is a part of the natural risk which is inseparable from the business. It would be preposterous to punish employers in this way for things with which they have nothing to do, and which they cannot guard against; and in every case the test should be, whether there has been any neglect or insufficiency of precaution on the employer's part which led to the accident. It is quite clear at least that "common employment" is not in itself a sufficient answer in such a case. There is no reason why an employer should be responsible to his own people as much as to the public for any injury which is brought about by his keeping incompetent or careless servants. If an employer uses a dangerous boiler which blows up, he has no right to plead that it was only his own servant who was killed and maimed, and that it was part of the bargain that he should not be liable for compensation in such a case. And what is the difference between a weak boiler and a blundering or careless workman who endangers his neighbours' limbs or lives? An employer is bound to see that his works, including both the human and the inanimate machinery, are kept in such a condition as shall give reasonable security to all persons concerned, whether in or out of his service; and this, it seems to us, is the principle which ought to be insisted on. How far this rule should be held to apply in particular cases must of course be often a difficult question to decide, and must turn on the facts in each case; but as a general principle it is surely indisputable. It would appear, then, that, whatever else may be done in this matter, the confusing and misleading plea of "common employment" ought to be got rid of; and that the responsibility of employers for the safety of their servants, as well as of the general public, ought to be distinctly proclaimed. Nothing can be more dangerous than to allow people to contract themselves out of their rights as ordinary citizens. There are some occupations which in the nature of things are notoriously dangerous, and the men who engage in them are well aware of this, and on this account obtain compensation in higher wages than they could expect if the element of danger were wanting. Still there is a limit to the fair risks to be run, and it is well that an employer should have it kept before his eyes that, if he does not keep down these risks to the lowest practicable point, he must bear the consequences. One member who spoke in the debate, and who is a large coal-owner, seemed to think he was a very ill-used man because he had to pay 100,000*l.* for an accident in one of his collieries which killed a large number of men. He said that "he knew it was a fiery mine, and he worked it as such, providing five times the ventilation absolutely required." It is obvious, however, from the fact that an explosion occurred, that his estimate of the sufficiency of the ventilation of the colliery was too sanguine; and most people will think it a very good thing that speculators who experiment with men's lives in "fiery mines" should be made to give compensation for their miscalculations, as a lesson both to themselves and others. Mr. Macdonald made a very unjustifiable assertion when he said that all mine explosions were crimes; but it was equally foolish for the Attorney-General to argue that miners, because they get good wages and are said to carouse on champagne, had no right to compensation if they are exposed to unnecessary risks. It would be absurd to say that in every case of an explosion or other accident the employer should be held responsible; but, on the other hand, there is an obvious danger in relieving him of responsibility by the use of such a plea as "common employment," which does not touch the merits of the question in any way. Mr. Forsyth argued that every person entering on employment must be understood to accept the risk of accident through the default of a fellow-servant; but then there is the counter proposition, which must not be left out of account, that the employer is responsible for the capacity of those whom he employs and for any precautions which may be required for the safety of the workers. And it is difficult to see why this principle should be affected by the fact of the injured person being under the same employer as the person who inflicts it. Mr. Serjeant Simon put as another illustrative case that of a chamber-maid who put her fellow-servant into damp sheets, whereby the latter caught cold and fever ensued, and the employer was made liable for damages. This, of course, is a fanciful case, and it is easy to make things appear ridiculous by such means. Every one

will admit that it is impossible to carry a principle of this kind into every detail of private life, and that, before an employer can be made liable, negligence or other failure of duty must be traced to him. All we contend for is, not that compensation should, as a matter of course, be extracted from employers, but only that the question should be argued on its merits, and not barred by an empty plea of "common employment." In such a case as that cited by Mr. Dodson—that of a guard killed by the neglect of a platelayer or foreman of the permanent way—the connexion is purely nominal; and the Attorney-General also admitted as much in regard to placing managers of mines on a level with the working miners as fellow-servants.

The Home Secretary fully acknowledged that the law, as it stands, is wrong, but he also pointed out that the proposed Bill, though it might set the law right in one way, would throw it off its balance on the other side. The effect of getting rid of an irrelevant and perplexing legal phrase ought not to be to place employers in a false position, but to enable the questions which arise to be fairly tried, and it may be hoped that the Government will find the means of doing so. There is one aspect of the question which especially deserves consideration, and that is the probable effect of a change in the law on the men themselves. Apart from the justice which is due to employers, it may be asked whether it is for the benefit of the men that facilities should be given for interminable litigation on all sorts of petty questions, involving law expenses and tending to keep up a feverish irritation between employer and employed. Mr. Pease pointed out that the effect of such a system might in more ways than one be injurious to the workmen, as, for instance, in making them less cautious and careful among themselves, and also in leading to a reduction of wages, which are at present higher than they otherwise would be because something is added as a kind of insurance for accidents. These are points which will require to be dealt with very cautiously, and the possibility that any attempt to deal too hardly with employers may react on the interest of the labouring class ought not to be lost sight of.

THE ART OF DRESSING.

IT is a pity that in a series of so-called "Useful Books" any should be included which are clearly useless; and a shilling manual now before us on the Art of Dressing (Warne and Co.) certainly comes under this category. The writer, who calls himself "a Lounger at the Clubs," is possessed with an unfounded notion that he is bound to be funny; but, if his book should reach a second edition, he will do well to strike out all the jokes, and replace them by a few additional facts and figures, if he has any at command. The mischievous influence of the Special Correspondent's style of writing appears strongly in this author, who, having nothing to say, says it in as many words as possible. He wishes to make a suggestion, by no means abstruse, that, before condemning a lot of old clothes, his reader should look them over, and pick out any that may possibly be capable of further service. "Separate the sheep from the goats," he says, intending to convey a plain precept in what he thinks a graceful metaphor. He might have remembered that in this age of shoddy neither sheep nor goats have much to do with human clothing. It might be thought, too, that his advice as to beating, brushing, and scouring old clothes supposes a tenacity of substance which is seldom found in them. Some of his precepts are certainly economical, but whether they are practicable may be doubted. Thus he says that a man must wear gloves at garden parties and other resorts of ladies, but if he only frequents clubs he may do without them. Tight-fitting gloves look "elegant," but they afford more satisfaction to the wearer than to the outside world. It is satisfactory to be told on such high authority that, if we dislike the trouble or cost of wearing gloves, the happiness of mankind will not be sensibly affected by our discarding them. "One can please oneself whether to wear them or not," even in Piccadilly. The author disapproves of cleaning gloves, but the process would seem to be more hopeful than beating old clothes, rubbing them with spirit of turpentine and benzoline, and expecting that after being hung up in the air for a week they will lose their smell. He advises that one umbrella should be kept for fine days and another for wet days, and he thinks that gaiters, although sometimes worn "in high quarters," cannot be relied on to give an air of fashion; and here he is probably correct, because at one time the notion rather prevailed of connecting gaiters with respectability and responsibility. For a tie he recommends plain black silk, and in summer "a chaste effect" may be produced by wearing a French crape handkerchief passed through an ebony ring. The practice of describing articles of ladies' dress as "very chaste" has, we believe, been abandoned, as liable to injurious misconstruction, but the epithet is perhaps unobjectionable as regards gentlemen. But we should adopt with less confidence his commendation of "a made-up sailor's knot" as substitute for a necktie. All "make-ups" betray themselves at a glance, and whether or not ease be desirable, the affectation of it is certainly unpleasant. As regards pocket handkerchiefs, after calling them "nasal attendants," he has little to say except that cheap ones are good enough to lose in washing. As to white hats being cooler than black hats, he tells us that "this is a fancy on the wearer's part," although he had stated a few pages back that "dark-coloured clothes are warmest in summer," and had given the familiar explanation of this tolerably well-known fact.

The comparison between present and former fashions in dress which this manual suggests is, on the whole, favourable to the common sense of the men of our time, although it must be allowed that the women still sacrifice health, comfort, beauty, and even decency, at the bidding of that capricious and unseen divinity which regulates their appearance. The American ladies who are now clamouring for liberty might at least emancipate themselves and others from the tyranny of fashion. They have been holding indignation meetings to complain of the inferior place awarded to them at the opening of the Philadelphia Exhibition, and they also object to the gigantic figure which is about to be erected by French subscription at the entrance to New York Harbour. A female figure, they say, has been chosen to symbolize freedom, when the female sex are slaves. Perhaps the propriety of the model might be enhanced by placing on the figure's head a Parisian bonnet to indicate that women, under whatever country or form of government, obey the same universal laws of dress. It would be true, although not complimentary, to apply to men and women as regards dress the distinction between progressive and stationary societies. Men have made a clear advance, and they are not likely to recede from their preference for comfort and utility over show. But there is no fashion of bygone times which women would not resume if only it be credibly reported that "they" are wearing it. We doubt whether even "H. R. H." could persuade members of Parliament nowadays to wear trousers made with straps of the same material to go under the feet, as Sir Robert Peel may be seen wearing in some of H. B.'s sketches. Such trousers could only be put on after pulling on one's boots, and they must have been not very nice on dry days, and detestable on wet days. The fashion of wearing moveable straps, or even chains, for the same purpose was probably founded on the notion that no gentleman ever walked; and we have even heard that a nobleman who led fashion in his day had his trousers made to look well as he sat in his phaeton, and was seriously incommoded when an accident compelled him to dismount in the Park. With us military fashions have usually been an exaggeration of the follies of civil life, and it is remarkable how the notion that soldiers were to be looked at rather than to march or fight gained influence during the reign of stocks, straps, stays, and lemon-tinted under-waistcoats. The trousers were, as this writer says, strapped closely down and tightly hauled up, "to the total preclusion of all sedentary occupation." But it was perhaps a compensation that in those days gentlemen were not supposed either by their tailors or anybody else to be generally devoted to the desk, and they did not universally write books as they do now. As regards the stock of those days, it was nothing when you were used to it, and an elderly gentleman of the period would have been uneasy if he had not felt a stiff collar sawing him under the ears. A pair of "Wellington" boots required, not "pulleys," but hooks, to pull them on and a bootjack to pull them off; but it is a mistake to suppose that they were not useful as well as ornamental. In a new and rough country at this moment there is nothing like them, and we forget, in quizzing the fashion of fifty years ago, that at that time there were not railways everywhere. The coat of many capes, which Lord Albemarle describes as one of the fashions of his youth, was a comfort, and almost a necessity, on a stage-coach journey in winter. The laced cravat called by the French a "Steinkirk" was an easy as well as graceful fashion, and it prevailed, as Lord Albemarle also tells us, until high stocks and stick-up collars superseded it. This change of fashion is well shown in the portraits of the Dukes of Gloucester and York, successive Colonels of the Grenadier Guards, engraved in General Hamilton's History of that corps. The coat cut away to allow the waistcoat to show below it when buttoned was another fashion of the Duke of York's time, which was absurd in civil, and mischievous in military, life. It may almost be said that for more than fifty years after 1750 all changes in dress were for the worse.

We must confess that our courage would be hardly equal to adopting some of the suggestions of this manual. We are advised to get one pair of trousers made by a first-rate tailor to our entire satisfaction, and, when they are nearly worn out, to use them as a pattern from which our own cloth may be made into other trousers by an inferior artist. The author confesses to some difficulty in finding even in a back street a tailor who will condescend to be a mere copyist. But even if we could trust the tailor, could we trust ourselves? for we also have our part to do in producing the beautiful and economical result of three pairs of new trousers for 66s. "The stuff bought must now be soaked in a bucket of water in which is put a handful of salt, which will effectually prevent the colours running." You must see this done yourself, and then the cloth must be hung up to dry thoroughly, and afterwards sent to the tailor to be cut, made up, and hot-pressed. We cannot help thinking that the fortunate possessor of stuff of well-selected patterns sufficient for three pairs of trousers would act wisely in letting well alone. The salt-and-water method of treatment might answer, and it might not, just as cutting up an old man and boiling him to restore his youth would certainly kill him, and might possibly fail to bring him back to life. The process of finishing cloth is probably better performed by the manufacturer than it would be by the combined skill of the purchaser and his jobbing tailor; and, on the whole, we should prefer not to "insure our materials against shrinking" by this hazardous experiment. It resembles rather too closely the author's treatment of old clothes with "benzoline and turps," and then allowing a week to elapse "before

they lose their smell," which perhaps they might retain. To keep trousers in shape, he says, you should damp them with a sponge, fold them in brown paper, and put them under a weight. "How do soldiers, with their limited stock of trousers, manage to turn out so well?" The author's answer to this question is perhaps less satisfactory than he thinks. "They damp their overalls, roll them up, and place them under their bed or pillow." Here again is a process which we should like to see tried by somebody else before adopting it ourselves. The management of soldiers' uniforms is one of the most occult branches of military science. As long as white trousers were worn by the Guards it was possible to maintain unlimited faith in pipeclay, but what answers to pipeclay in the treatment of dark trousers? Then, again, the process by which a pair of leather breeches is restored to something like its pristine splendour after a hard day's duty in drenching rain is intelligible, particularly when the soldier has ample time to perform that part of his duty properly. Any shoeblack or kitchenmaid could clean a cuirass, but the scarlet or blue coat under it presents a more serious problem, and this author does not help towards its solution. As regards clothes generally his advice is to fold them up the moment you take them off, because "while "the cloth has the warmth of the body in it, it is more plastic and impressionable than when cold." We should have thought that clothes "having the warmth of the body in them" had better be allowed, for the sake of health and comfort, to lose it by hanging in the air; but we live and learn.

We may almost say that the only practical suggestion contained in this book is to pay ready money for our clothes, and it did not need a manual to tell us that. Such a book might have been made useful, which this is not; or it might have been a clever and not too obtrusive puff of some particular tailor, which this is not. But we fully believe that it was written by a "lounger" at Clubs or elsewhere. When a man calls himself a "lounger at the Clubs" it seems to imply that he has, like the London Correspondent of a country newspaper, access to every Club and every social circle in London. This author quotes the saying that Eve sinned that she might dress, and we may remark that not the least of the blessings of Paradise was that Adam did not need a manual on "the Art of Dressing with Economy."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

IT is a distinctive merit of modern art that it deals closely and faithfully with human life and the outward aspects of nature. Moreover, in the Northern nations of Europe—Great Britain, Scandinavia, Denmark, and North Germany, forming a geographical and in some degree also an ethnological group—man is thrown by an uncongenial climate and an almost hostile nature back upon himself; he is forced into moods of melancholy which by reaction break out fitfully and even tumultuously into merriment; the battle of life, too, may become so hard that endurance takes the place of enjoyment. These severe conditions mould the art of Northern Europe, and we accordingly find in English pictures a seriousness and earnestness which nevertheless, as in the dramas of Shakspeare, find relief in the play of humour and the flash of wit. The Academy, which, notwithstanding its shortcomings, reflects pretty faithfully the outer world, often a "chaos of mingled purposes and casualties," would appear in some degree to illustrate Dr. Johnson's famous "Preface," wherein he insists that

> Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind, exhibiting the real state of a sublunary nature which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination, and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of the one is the gain of the other; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hastening to his wine and the mourner is burying his friend. . . . . Upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

English artists are often at their best when they take inspiration from English or French authors; they do not succeed so well with Italian classics, and they but seldom hold converse with German literature. Certainly Mr. Frith makes a step in the right direction when he passes from a railway station or a gambling table to the "Vicar of Wakefield" (250) and Molière's "L'Amour Médecin" (132). The manner is sufficiently smart, and yet it does not, as is too often the case, degenerate into flashiness. Mr. Marcus Stone has somewhat in common with Mr. Frith, and occasionally he seems on the point of surpassing himself, and yet he never quite succeeds. "An Appeal for Mercy, 1793" (1326) scarcely rises above the genre of history; a serio-comic composition, "Rejected" (42), has more colour and better surface texture. One fault of the men of this class is that the pigments lie on the canvas thin and smooth, so that, instead of depth and richness, they have a poverty-stricken aspect; this defect always stood in the way of Mr. Frank Stone, the father. The son, Mr. Marcus Stone, is felicitous in narrative; his situations speak out dramatically, his incidents sparkle with point. Here, in the "Rejected," a graceful girl, in coquettish hat and with tearful eyes, makes an exit by aid of a curtain; a painful interview has ended in the defeat of an elderly but well-preserved country squire, who, though sustained by high black boots and a red coat, seems ready to sink utterly, either from wounded love or mortified pride. Mr. Marcus Stone thus wins his way towards an Associateship in the Academy. Another possible candidate may be Mr. Pott, who has long done good work, and assuredly he now adds to his position by an extremely clever and well-conceived scene, "His Highness in Disgrace" (936). The little fellow writhes in his chair under the chastisement of a keen-eyed cardinal, who would appear to be the caretaker of his small conscience and the keeper of his large conceit. The execution and colour are worthy of the conception. Also to be commended is a well-painted picture, "For the King and the Cause" (1333), by Mr. Lucas. Our artists find themselves specially at home in compositions where, in accordance with the before quoted passage from Johnson, tragedy forebodes a shadow and comedy thrusts a sting.

The little colony of clever painters known as "the St. John's Wood school" does not confer distinguished honour on the Academy. Mr. Calderon has failed of late to nerve himself to arduous effort; a priest bowing to pretty girls on a flight of steps (1346) may be said to be making fun on canvas—a habit much now in vogue. Mr. Yeames also plays off a good joke in "The Last Bit of Scandal" (233). Two sedan-chairs meet—let us suppose, in the streets of Bath—and two flunkies raise the roofs in order that a lady of a certain age and an old gentleman, evidently an inveterate gossip-monger, may exchange a few words about the last new scandal. We are sometimes surprised that so few of our painters follow, even at a distance, in the steps of Hogarth. Mr. Wyntield, with congenial innocence, depicts (101) "The New Curate" sharing in an afternoon tea; the daughters look upon him sweetly, but the mother seats herself as a full stop between them. The artist, mindful of the delicacy of the occasion, has fitly kept down his colours, and an oversmooth brush shows his sympathy with the situation. Mr. Storey does little to sustain his recent election as Associate by "The Dancing Lesson" (121). Mr. Leslie must indeed have been rather hard up for a theme and a title when he indited "My Duty towards my Neighbour" (169). It might lead to more deliberate results if our artists would fall into the practice of jotting specific subjects in a book kept for the purpose. The mind, thus buckled down, would [illegible] consistency almost unconsciously, and the themes, if [illegible] owed a cant phrase, might assume a more crystal[illegible]e-books of topics are kept by authors, and Jo[illegible]e was accustomed to jot down on the spur of the moment [illegible]y thoughts and passing incidents ready for use. But it cannot at all events be laid to the charge of Mr. Marks that he did not mature "The Apothecary" (156). He has not only matured his conception, but has repeated himself; the skeletons and bottles come as old acquaintances. The labour thrown into these realistic details is almost unexampled since the time of the Dutchmen. Yet perhaps the painter might afford us a little more variety, say, perhaps in the direction of "The Temptations of St. Anthony." Mr. Marks and Teniers have much in common. We have already found occasion to commend "Following the Plough" (301), by Mr. Hodgson, also one of the St. John's Wood brotherhood.

Italy once again favours the painter's art. Mr. Henry Wallis, in a well-conceived composition, "Outside a Prison in Southern Italy" (322), becomes poetic. A pretty child, violin in hand, is made to charm prisoners peering from behind an iron grating. Mr. James is also to be commended for intention in a picture of students in the famed "Gardens of the Medici" (33). Likewise clever in the delineation of local character, and impressive from its religious devotion, is "Worship in the North of Italy—Cadore" (73), by Mr. Benson. Not less devout, though removed far away in geographic latitude, is Mr. Clausen's picturesque group kneeling on the bare earth at "High Mass in a Fishing Village on the Zuyder Zee" (141). The artist falls into Frère-like moods of sentiment and simplicity, and a congregation of people kneeling in one accord under the sway of a common faith can scarcely fail to be impressive, especially when painted with this earnestness.

Eastern climates and costumes do not glow in the present Exhibition with their accustomed character and colour. "A Cairo Bazaar" (222), by Mr. Lewis, is wholly incoherent. We owe so much to this artist that our regret is all the greater when he becomes garrulous. Mr. Goodall is almost more than Eastern. His progressive endeavours after perfection culminate in "Sheep-Washing near the Pyramids" (585); but the flood of light and the romance of colour are not much in keeping with "sheep-washing"; and the forms are throughout feebly pronounced. We congratulate Mr. Frank Dillon on his "Courtyard in Cairo." This faithful study from the spot, crowded out last year, now justly obtains a place on the line.

Naturalism and realism, though certainly not on the increase, at least in their lower phases, still abound in divers varieties. Mr. Thomas Faed is sure to fall into moods of rustic melancholy in "She never told her Love" (219). More rudely realistic are Mr. Nicol in "A Storm at Sea" (152) and Mr. Small in "The Wreck" (13); the latter deserved a better place than at the ceiling. Mr. Fildes scarcely escapes coarseness in "The Widower" (476). The subject here forced up into one of the principal pictures of the year is overdone. To accumulate all imaginable circumstances of grief, to load on a widower dirty clothes, to surround him with desolate motherless children, to pitch the whole painting in direst tones and colours, is an art within the reach of most penny-a-liners, either on paper or on canvas. "The little more and the little less" used to be a golden rule, and in this case we desire a little less of claptrap, and a little more of art. Mr. Fildes has confessedly so much talent, and is so near to a distinguished success, that he will do well to become the severest of critics on himself. Mr. E. W. Macbeth, in "A Lincolnshire Gang" (46), has brought to light a painful social condition of things, if we may trust the Catalogue

and his picture. Here is a farmyard, with little children of the age of five years and upwards, hired to a gang-master to do eight or nine hours' agricultural work in the Fens. They walk to their labour, "sometimes eight miles a day," "and during the last hour they are at work they will ask," said an old gang-master, "forty times what o'clock it is." The artist throws himself into the scene with pathos; the composition is rather distracted and scattered, the local colour and the texture are also a little obtrusive, but all this is to be ascribed to the mannerism of the school of Messrs. Walker, Pinwell, and North. To a cognate style also belongs "Death's Door" (412), by Mr. Herkomer. The spectator, supposed to be on an elevated plateau, looks upon a company of "peasants of the Bavarian Alps in prayer, awaiting the arrival of the priest who is to administer the last rites of the Church to a member of the family." The colour has the disadvantage of being over-crude and red, but the general conception is carried out with singleness of motive; the peasants are weather-beaten, and they meet in the presence of death in the silence of the upper mountains.

As usual, a few miscellanies which defy classification have to be thrown in promiscuously. It would appear that small cabinet canvases, after the manner of the old Dutch panels, are on the decrease. The only names that we have to mention are Mr. Thomas Webster (193) and Mr. J. Clark (56). Mr. Horsley (209), Mr. G. Smith (917), Mr. John Faed (867), and Mr. C. Calthrop (870) are in accordance with their accepted antecedents. Mr. Jerry Barrett, who passes incontinently from grave to gay, appears to advantage in the latter mood, "Where the Bee Sucks" (65). Mr. F. W. W. Topham is again overflashy in "A Bridal Welcome—Florence, 1565" (879); while Mr. Holl, of whom much was hoped, at last degenerates to mawkishness in "Her Firstborn" (286). Mr. Tissot also, who began with sunny prospects, ends in "The Thames" (113), with umbrellas and steam funnels belching out smoke. The picture is washed out, yet dirty in colour, and, as to the choice of subject, it will be felt by most people that what happens to be disagreeable in nature needs no repetition in art. Mr. Fahey, in a monologue, "He Never Came" (388), cannot be quite dismissed with faint praise. Somewhat after the manner of Mr. Leslie when most sentimental, here is a solitary love-lorn maiden casting tearful eyes over a waste of stagnant waters, while her lover is nowhere to be found within the four corners of the canvas. The tranquil lines, the subdued lights, and the monotone of colours secure the unity which gives expression.

Lady artists, we are happy to say, distinguish themselves, perhaps because only a select few obtain entrance. The two sisters, the Misses Mutrie, retain, as they deserve, their prescriptive position on the line for their truthful and tasteful flower pictures—a sphere of art specially congenial to the female mind. Mrs. Staples, *née* Edwards, known also by her book illustrations, is scarcely at her best in almsgiving on a snowy night (1340). One of the recipients is so daintily dressed that he might be mistaken for a dandy young gentleman. This forced-up and false kind of sentiment has long been a fatal infirmity among female artists. They are prone to be lachrymose, as if in the act of painting they were shedding tears over the sentimentalities of Mrs. Hemans's "Songs of the Affections." What they should aim at is a strength not less than masculine, with a sensitiveness and refinement wholly feminine. It has often been said that genius in man in certain moods becomes womanly; antique art and Renaissance works in Italy, especially under Raffaelle, owe much to the divinely ordained allegiance between the two sexes; and if in our day women will work as thoroughly as men, there is a possible Renaissance in painting, and even in sculpture, analogous to, though different from, the new birth due to womanhood in poetry and in prose romance. To some small degree these conditions are foreshadowed in a picture deservedly on the line; "They Homeward Wend their Weary Way" (551), by Miss Havers. The sentiment is here sustained by sound technique. Also good, after its kind, is "Alsace" (149), by Mrs. Jopling. We must regret the absence of Miss Thompson. "Balaclava," the best picture she has painted, failed, it is said, to be finished in time for the Academy. Another statement is that dealers in the copyright made it a condition that the work should be exhibited only where subscriptions could be received for the engraving. The absence of this masterpiece is to be deplored, chiefly in the interest of the artist herself. Miss Thompson made her reputation within the Royal Academy, and she owes much, we will not say quite everything, to the applause which has in consequence been generously and universally accorded. We have usually observed that when an artist passes from the Academy into the hands of dealers, the birthright of genius becomes bartered away.

THE OPERAS.

THE company at Covent Garden has been strengthened by the return of Mme. Patti, and that at Drury Lane by the first appearance at that house of M. Faure. One could wish that Mme. Patti's marvellous flexibility and certainty of execution were heard in parts less well known than those which she has been singing. *Aida* is promised, and Mme. Patti is to appear next week in the well-worn *Traviata*, but there are many parts less well known than Rosina, Violetta, Dinorah, or even Giulietta, in which Mme. Patti has formerly appeared, and there seems no reason why she should not appear in them again. Mlle. Zaré Thalberg has sung Lady Enrichetta in *Marta*; her singing possesses its old charm of freshness, and has improved since last year, but it would undoubtedly have been better that she should have studied more before appearing at Covent Garden, instead of turning the stage, as is too frequently done now, into a practising ground. She might thus also have gained some notion of the art of acting, which for such a part as Lady Enrichetta is especially desirable. The spinning quartet loses half its meaning when Lady Enrichetta is a lifeless figure, and the following scene between her and Lionello, which clumsily enough introduces the air "Qui sola vergin rosa," demands some attempt at least at representing varying emotions on the part of Enrichetta. Signor Graziani, who sang Plunkett, appeared in the early part of the opera to have lost, not only his voice, but all control over his intonation; for this he made up by his spirited and admirably finished singing of the beer song in the third act. Signor Marini's performance of Lionello was steady, and his singing in the interview with Marta in the second act was charged with true passion; but the delivery of "M' appari tutt' amor" was far from satisfactory. The singer announced his intention of dying with a robustness which removed all apprehension for his well-being.

Among the performances that Mlle. Titiens has given since her return from her visit to America, which seems, if anything, to have improved her splendid voice, perhaps that of Norma is the most striking, inasmuch as the singer has here to produce a tragic effect with music which has but little dramatic quality. Mlle. Titiens has a singular power of indicating, so to speak, the surrounding atmosphere of every part which she undertakes. The grandeur and dignity with which she first appears on the stage as Norma seem to have in them a different quality from those displayed in *Lucrezia Borgia*; they carry the imagination back to the savage majesty of the Sacred Forest. The music following Norma's entrance was grandly sung, and Mlle. Titiens's acting during the prelude to "Casta Diva," when she looked upwards in a kind of ecstasy, and, gradually folding her hands together, assumed a look of deep prayerfulness, had in it a commanding and awful effect. The feeling and execution of "Casta Diva" were admirable, as was the case also with "Deh con te" in the second act, where the struggle in Norma's soul when she is advancing to kill the children was rendered with a wonderful depth of emotion. Signor Fancelli sang well as Pollione, though there was a tendency, especially in the first air, to force his voice. This air is, by the by, a most ludicrous instance of that incongruity of words and music in Italian opera which set Herr Wagner's soul aflame. It describes a bad dream, and is introduced by the words "In rammentarlo io tremo," repeated four times in an ascending passage. Mlle. Bauermeister's performance as Adalgisa was, like all her performances, highly creditable; the singing indeed was excellent, but the acting would have been better if the singer had not, whenever it was possible, turned her back to the person she was addressing. It is difficult to speak as to the merit of the chorus on account of the overpowering din of the orchestra, which has, if anything, increased in loudness since last year.

M. Faure's first appearance at Drury Lane was the occasion of a combination, not too common, of three great singers and players—M. Faure, Mme. Trebelli, and Mme. Nilsson. Each of these singers, besides vocal excellence, possesses the faculty, expressed by them in various ways, which, as we have said, belongs also to Mlle. Titiens, of giving a distinct personality to every assumption of character. Mme. Trebelli gives to Siebel in *Faust* the same boyish grace and petulance that she does to Urbano in the *Huguenots*; but the two personages are made different by the study which mimics nature. Siebel is invested with the tenderness of a boyish love which avoids weak sentimentality; and this is relieved by touches of the gaiety natural to Siebel's age. Mme. Trebelli's byplay, which is always careful without being obtrusive, brings this quality out with special skill while Siebel, leaning on Valentine's arm, listens to Mephistopheles singing the "Dio dell' Or." The mixture of petulance and horror at Mephistopheles's interference in the following part of the market scene, and the expression of the despair and hope that belong to early years in the garden scene, when the flowers, drooping first at Siebel's touch, regain their natural bloom under the spell of holy water, are alike admirable. Mme. Trebelli's acting in the scene with Marguerite after she has been mocked by her companions at the well conveys the very essence of unselfish devotion, and her singing at this point of "Quando a te lieta" is as perfect in feeling and style as anything can be. Mme. Nilsson's Marguerite, of which we gave last year a detailed description, seems to have gained yet more in force and delicacy. The *piano* delivery of the repeated laughing expression in the jewel song appears particularly to be given with even more art and insight than before. In this one passage Mme. Nilsson, by her acting and her singing, which, with all its skill, seems as natural as the song of a thrush, gives the whole meaning of Marguerite's character. M. Faure's Mephistopheles certainly does not lose by being transferred to a narrower stage than that of Covent Garden. The part is filled with an appalling power of mockery assumed for immediate purposes, which at moments, and through the whole of the Cathedral scene, gives place to a native and diabolical majesty. The arrangement of this scene is in one point better at Drury Lane than at the other house. At Covent Garden Mephistopheles disappears almost as he utters his last sentence of damnation; at Drury Lane Marguerite advances to the niche where he stands, shrieks, and falls back as he watches his prey with a devilish curiosity and sense of command. As

rendered by Mme. Nilsson and M. Faure, the situation is overpowering, and is made instinct with the tragic power of Goethe's drama. Signor del Puente's singing of Valentine was correct and dramatic, but a little rough, and the violence of his death throes was excessive. The choruses were, on the whole, good; and Sir Michael Costa's conducting was of course admirable, but for the matter to which we have more than once taken exception. The noise of the "Soldiers' Chorus" was stunning, and gave vulgarity to the most commonplace piece of music in the opera. A fashion, which we could wish to see followed, of combating the senseless habit of *encores* seems to have arisen at Drury Lane, and, on the occasion of M. Faure's first appearance, was only once broken through, when he was compelled to yield to the demand for a repetition of the serenade. Signor Stagno was less successful as Faust, in which part he constantly forced his voice and made too violent transitions from a soft to a loud tone, than as Roberto in *Roberto il Diavolo*, not the least melodious, nor, in spite of its marvellously incoherent plot, the least dramatic, of Meyerbeer's operas. His dress was better chosen in this than in Faust, and he displayed a force both in acting and singing which he missed in Gounod's opera. He gave the air in the gambling scene with great spirit and with skilful modulation; and he got through the trying temptation scene, where Roberto has first to refuse and then to succumb to the wiles of a dancer in dumb show, with considerable success. In this opera Mme. Nilsson, who sang with admirable power and correctness, gave a representation of a peasant girl entirely different from that which she gives in Marguerite; the rusticity of Alice was marked with a most delicate touch, and preserved even through the excitement of the scene where she suspects and opposes Bertramo. This character was performed by Herr Behrens, whose deep and resonant voice is well suited to Bertramo's dark deeds. The singer's intonation was more correct than it sometimes has been, and his large presence gave a good notion of Bertramo until he was called upon to express emotion, when his efforts at acting were painfully praiseworthy. Mlle. von Elsner, who appeared as Isabella, displayed considerable dexterity of execution, but unfortunately this was not always employed upon the true notes. The dancing of Mlle. Katti Lanner (Elena) had agility and grace, a combination which is not too frequent, and, more than this, it had the full meaning of the scene. The unaccompanied chorus of men in the second act was well given, but some of the others were hopelessly out, and for this there is less excuse at Drury Lane than at Covent Garden, where the chorus is harder worked.

If the noise of the orchestra were modified and the chorus were more certain at Drury Lane, there would be little fault to find; and as things are, if the season there goes on as it has begun, it may well fulfil its promise of being brilliant. It seems a pity that, with M. Faure for Pietro and Mme. Nilsson for Cattarina, Mr. Mapleson should not mount *L'Étoile du Nord;* but perhaps we may hope for this, as for other things, when the new opera house is opened.

REVIEWS.

CEYLON.*

BEFORE Indian railways had transferred from Calcutta to Bombay a considerable part of the passenger traffic of what is called the "Overland Route," Ceylon used to be a resting-place for two sets of travellers, by whom it was regarded with very different feelings. The outward-bound merchant or civilian, who had almost welcomed the aridity of Aden after the heat and glare of the Red Sea, and who in mid-ocean had caught a glimpse of the not very attractive coast of Socotra, gazed with rapture on the splendid vegetation fringed with white surf, that met his eyes as he was piloted by a boatman in an outrigger-canoe into the harbour of Galle. It was a doubt whether India could offer any picture so inviting as the dense groves of cocoa-nut trees, the lines of hills clothed with perennial verdure, and the salient features of Adam's Peak or the Haycock in the background. To the Anglo-Indian, homeward bound after ten or fifteen years' residence in Madras or Bengal, the cinnamon island appeared simply odious. The sea breezes could not atone for the even monotony of the temperature. The numerous comforts and appliances of India were wanting. The houses were ill constructed, with small verandahs, and the rooms wanted punkahs. Beef was unknown; fowls dear; mutton stringy and tasteless, and unlike the "gram-fed Patna sheep." Add to this that the openings for administrative talent and commercial energy were few. Coffee had been ruinous and unremunerative, and official salaries were fixed at an absurdly inadequate scale. What could possibly be the delights of a colony where there were no hill-forts to storm and no fine provinces to annex, and the revenue was not equal to that of a couple of good-sized Bengal Commissionerships? Yet the appearance of the work now before us by an unknown author was not necessary to prove the existence of many features which afford a fine field for the talents of the scholar, the administrator, the sportsman, the naturalist, and the merchant. Ceylon is the Taprobane of Ptolemy, the Singhala Dwipa of Hindu literature, the Lanka of modern Hindus, the Serendib of the Arabian Nights. The introduction of a purer faith by the Buddhists who were forced to flee from India has formed the subject of much scientific inquiry. The degree of intercourse which the Singhalese had with Roman galleys, Arabian *ghurrabs*, and Chinese junks is discussed by authorities summed up in several chapters in the volume before us. There are long strings of Kandyan kings, and there are histories which tell how the Portuguese acquired the sovereignty of the island, and had to succumb to the Dutch, while the latter, in their turn, were compelled to yield to the British. Within the last sixty years Ceylon has been the scene of two insurrections. It has an increasing revenue, considerable natural advantages, and one splendid harbour; and though no longer a rest-house for nearly every passenger connected with two out of three Presidencies of India, it commands attention as lying directly in the track of steamers bound to Australian or Chinese waters, and it can be reached in less time than Jamaica, Trinidad, or any other of our dependencies in the West Indies.

The island is comprised within less than four degrees of latitude and about two degrees of longitude. It is not quite 300 miles in length, and nowhere 150 in breadth. The greater part of it may be described as a series of undulating plains, unlike the wide flats of Behar or Hindostan. Here and there are spurs or offshoots from the ranges of mountains which cover the remaining portion, and which, in the southern provinces, attain to an altitude of 6,000 to 8,000 feet. The exuberant vegetation is at first suggestive of the fertility of Lower Bengal. But somehow the geology of the country is not favourable to cereals, nor, except in places, to the cultivation of coffee. On the eastern coast there is a series of lagoons or salt-marshes. In parts of the island are tracts for which the European can find no better names than the native terms *Paténas* and *Talawas*. The former are open spaces on the sides of hills or on the bottoms of valleys, varying from a few yards to several thousand acres in extent, and covered with a natural lemon-grass of coarse texture and overpowering smell. *Talawas* occur on the eastern side of the island and in the tract watered by the Mahavilli-Ganga and other streams. They are picturesque glades, studded with fine timber, like a chase in England, and frequented by herds of wild deer. We have all heard of the variety of precious stones which the island conceals, and it has small amounts of gold and iron, but there is nothing to lead us to expect large returns from mines or metals, unless it may be from a peculiar kind of iron ore. Only one river in Ceylon has a course of more than a hundred miles, though several pass the half hundred. The fault of the climate is, perhaps, its uniformity and the want of that dry and exhilarating cold weather which enables Anglo-Indians to live in hope through the damp of one province and the hot winds of another. Cyclones or hurricanes are rare. There are of course great atmospheric changes and violent storms of thunder and lightning, and a wind called the "along shore" wind comes down unpleasantly from India, divested of every particle of its original coolness, and warms up March and the latter end of April into the decent semblance of a hot season. But what with sea breezes and a rainfall of less than a hundred inches in the year, the thermometer in the plains appears to have a range of six or eight or ten degrees, between 76 and 85, and gives a mean, in the twenty-four hours, of 75 or 76. Of course there are exceptions, as at Jaffna; and at Trincomalee the temperature more resembles that of the Madras Presidency, while at Nowara Ellia, in the hills, the invalid may enjoy a climate equal in some respects to that of the Nilgiris or the Himalayas.

So much for the general aspect and conditions of the dependency which these two volumes describe. The author has several qualifications for the discharge of his task. He has resided a long time in the island, though, as we gather from some expressions, not within the last few years. He is entitled to the praise of great industry and research, and he has laid under contribution historians, travellers, classical authors, Portuguese and Dutchmen, geologists and naturalists, Sir E. Tennent and quaint old Captain Knox. Unluckily, he has not arranged his voluminous materials to the best advantage. He seems to be nothing of a sportsman; he tells us little about the reforms of the executive administration, the progress of government, the repression of crime, or the education of the people. A sporting contemporary has pointed out several errors in his chapters on birds and reptiles, as well as the want of recent information on other topics. It is easy to pounce on several mistakes in Oriental terms and phrases, some of which may be misprints; but Sir E. Tennent is made responsible for the following original reading of a passage in the Æneid:—

> Ægyptus et Indi,
> Omnis Arabes vertebant terga Sabæi.

Pestis serica may very easily be a mistake for *vestis*, and *semmar* for *janeo*, the sacrificial thread worn by Brahmans to this day. But Tumlook is not on the river Hooghly, but on one of its affluents. Hindoo mendicants are not in the habit of disporting themselves in the streets of London, though Mahommedans may sweep our crossings occasionally; and the liquid called *tari*, corrupted into our "toddy," is in India usually obtained, not from the cocoa palm, but from the *tál* tree, or the *Borassus flabelliformis* of botany. However, in a work so crammed with facts and so full of the discoveries and conclusions of a host of writers, these errors might be easily condoned. The serious defect of the work is that it is a laboured compilation, and nothing more. We

* *Ceylon: a General Description of the Island, Historical, Physical, Statistical.* By an Officer, late of the Ceylon Rifles. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1876.

have too much of ancient disquisition and too little of recent observation and adventure. As a storehouse of opinions, and as a signpost showing the way to original sources, the work may be useful, but for a general view of the Singhalese dependency we much prefer the volumes of Sir E. Tennent, or the "Eleven Years" of Major Forbes. This is the more to be lamented because, in the inevitable progress of a Crown colony with natural resources not fully developed, there is always room, after the lapse of ten or twenty years, for a fresh work bringing down events to date. It may be very creditable to an officer of a local regiment that he should have spent his time in rummaging old libraries in preference to consuming tobacco and cursing the climate; but something beyond plodding diligence is requisite to produce a good standard work which shall either throw previous authors into the shade, or at least take rank on the shelves with them.

We must leave to our readers to select for themselves such topics of this "historical, physical, and statistical" work as they may fancy. The range is so wide from Buddhism to crustacea and mollusca, and from mediæval accounts to reptiles and botany, that every fancy can be indulged. We shall select three or four subjects characteristic of the island, which are not unskilfully handled. The pearl fishery, vaguely renowned even in the days of Pliny, is carried on principally at Aripo, on the west of the island, a little south of Mannar and Adam's Bridge. Few places, from the description, can be more dreary than the shore at this spot. A sandy beach, a few cocoa palms, some thorn bushes, and enormous mounds of shells which have accumulated for centuries, do not sound attractive or picturesque. From March to May this spot is thronged by some hundreds of thousands of people interested in the catch, and houses are hastily run up of mats and palm leaves, while boats of all sorts and sizes crowd the beach. The divers mainly come from the Malabar coast, and their operations begin at sunrise. The plunge to the bottom is facilitated by a stone weighing thirty pounds attached to a rope, in a loop of which the diver places his foot, and drops perpendicularly. As soon as he reaches the ground the stone is drawn up, and the process of filling a basket with shells commences. Experts remain under the water not quite sixty seconds, though the Government Inspector had known one man who could stay eighty-seven seconds. They can go down nine fathoms, but work has been done in thirteen. Danger from sharks is only apprehended, and not felt. A professional "shark charmer" is, however, always in attendance, who recites a formula, and supplies charms and amulets for the divers. The immunity from attack probably arises from the noise and disturbance of the waters by so many hundred boats. Some divers can bring up 3,000 or 4,000 shells a day, and earn nearly 4*l.* in eight days' work. Failures in the fishery are not uncommon. During the occupation of the Dutch, which lasted 140 years, sixty years were unproductive, and there were only four really good seasons. In our time there was a failure from 1820 to 1828, and another from 1837 to 1859. It is not very easy to estimate the financial return of this branch of the revenue, which is usually farmed out to a speculator. In 1814 seventy-six millions of shells were brought up; and in 1798 the farmer paid the Government 140,000*l.*, and realized about 50,000*l.* of profit. There is still some doubt, it would seem, whether the pearl itself is the result of disease, or of an "independent natural concretion." One naturalist ascribes the origin to parasites. Even greater uncertainty exists as to the possibility of facilitating the growth of pearls by systematic treatment. But we should say that there can be no doubt as to the careless and unscientific way in which the shells are buried in the sand, and the valuable part either extracted after decomposition or forcibly torn out. The stench, by the way, which arises from the putrefaction of such vast numbers of shell-fish is horrible, and yet Aripo is not converted into a huge hospital. The sea breezes and the short time of the fishery may perhaps account for this immunity from epidemics.

It is well known that we do not look to Ceylon alone for a supply of cinnamon. It has been cultivated in Java and Malacca; but some hold the opinion that cinnamon is really indigenous to Ceylon, or, if introduced there from some other country centuries back, it has been developed by a combination of climatic influences to an extent elsewhere unrivalled. Cinnamon gardens formed by the Dutch in the neighbourhood of Colombo were kept up by the colonial Government, and were one of the sights of the island, until the year 1840, when the competition of Java, China, and some of the West Indian islands extinguished monopoly. These celebrated gardens were sold, neglected, and either turned to wildernesses or displaced by villas. There are, however, some good plantations still at Negumbo, not many miles north of Colombo, and at Galle, where the growth of the plant and the curious process of peeling may be watched. Cinnamon requires shade and manure. The tree naturally would grow to twenty or thirty feet in height, but the larger branches are pruned in order to produce a crop of shoots. In the sixth season, when about five feet high, the bark may be peeled, but a good crop is not obtained till the ninth year. When the shoots are cut after heavy rains, they are tied in bundles till the sap ferments, and then the bark is skilfully removed. These operations are entrusted to a particular caste termed Chalias. The exquisite aroma of the bark soon vanishes, or is exhaled during a sea voyage. A kind of oil is also obtained from the leaves and bark, and the berries and young shoots used to give a substance called "Colombo wax," used by the Portuguese as candles for their altars. The only revenue derived by Government from this source consisted in the export duty, which was reduced many years ago from three shillings in the pound to one, and finally abolished. Cassia, which resembles the cinnamon plant, but is not found in Ceylon, competes with this product in the European market, though our author declares it to be more rough to the palate.

The account of coffee-planting is good as far as it goes, but more might have been made of such an unworked field. The sale of lands and the growth of coffee-plantations commenced in 1837 and culminated in 1845, when there came a crash. Protection was withdrawn; credit collapsed; and many estates were either sold for nothing or returned to their original jungle. We are told that two estates worth 10,000*l.* each were bought for 300*l.* and 500*l.*, and that ninety per cent. of the planters lost everything. But the lowering of the differential duties in 1845 was not the sole cause of these disasters. Some men did not understand how to manage natives, or entrusted their properties to dishonest or incompetent agents. Others selected places with a wrong aspect, and either too high or too low, and sometimes forgot that you must have land or water carriage to convey your produce to port. Some plantations were damaged by elephants, monkeys, and storms. Then labour was dear, which added greatly to the cost of production, and coolies had to be imported from the Malabar coast, as the Singhalese from the low country or the Kandyans from the hills would not or could not work. We believe, however, that coffee-planting may now lead to independence, if not to absolute wealth; and for a young fellow who is hesitating between Assam tea and Australian sheep-farming we would suggest a visit to the Rambodde district. There and near Pusilava a planter's bungalow, 3,000 or 4,000 feet above the sea level, would give a cool climate, and (subject to the drawback of loneliness) pleasant occupation, health, and opportunities for sport.

The chapters on Buddhism do not differ much from other accounts of that remarkable religion. A more condensed account of a faith whose author inculcated some excellent moral precepts with the dreary prospect of final extinction may be found in the *Indian Wisdom* of Professor Monier Williams. We could have wished that the author of the work before us had given us his opinion of the practical effect of this creed on the morals and manners of the Singhalese. But though the last chapter contains several particulars as to the dress, physical appearance, amusements, and social customs of the races that people the island, we have no attempt to show how far the precepts of Sakya Muni have been modified or abandoned in the practice of 2,400 years. An appendix gives some slight particulars of the Maldives, but the author never landed at those extraordinary coral formations. Any account of Ceylon would be incomplete without a notice of the aboriginal Veddahs. Sir E. Tennent and our author seem to have divided these jungly creatures into more sections than necessary. An excellent paper in the March number of the *Fortnightly Review* shows clearly that the tribe consists of only two divisions—the Kelè or Rock Veddahs and the Gan or Village Veddahs. The former are the pure type of the noble savage. They never smoke, or weep, or laugh, or chew betel, or, except in rare instances, use any shelter but rocks, trees, and holes. They live in the forests of the North-Eastern provinces, and carry bows and arrows, and no other weapon than a small axe. They are adepts at killing wild animals with arrows, though not always proficient in shooting at a mark; and, besides roots, fish, and honey, they will eat deer, monkeys, and wild boars. The Village Veddahs submit to live in huts, and will occasionally employ themselves in fishing and making mats. Their intellectual faculties are on the lowest scale, and though they speak truth and are quiet, affectionate, and submissive, some of them have given way to revengeful passions. Efforts are made to civilize them by some excellent missionaries, and we cannot avoid the conclusion that the pure Veddah must soon be extinguished. Sir E. Tennent estimated their number at 8,000. In 1858, if that estimate were correct, they had dwindled down to 380.

Ceylon has not the historic renown nor the wonderful architectural remains of India, nor the political problems with which that empire amazes, repels, and captivates us by turns. Like India, it never can become the home of successive generations of Englishmen. Colonists will not find "nuggets" there nor "fleece a thousand flocks." But the religious system, the geographical situation, the picturesque scenery, the coffee, cinnamon, pearls, and other products, must raise it to a high rank amidst our most prosperous colonies. By a freak of nature its only good harbour lies out of the shipping track, in the East of the island, and whether a breakwater at Galle or Colombo ought to be erected out of Imperial as well as local revenue, is a question which, however seductive, cannot be discussed at the close of a review.

SIXTY-NINE YEARS AT THE COURT OF PRUSSIA.*

In a literary point of view the Diary is not an attractive form of composition. Nobody cares to be neat and happy in the terms in which he addresses his future self; and history piecemeal, whether of a period or of a single life, is fatiguing unless the disjointed, fragmentary nature of the narrative is corrected by some qualities in the writer's character and circumstances which are rarely met with. The conduct of human affairs is seldom

* *Sixty-nine Years at the Court of Prussia: the Recollections of Countess von Voss.* Translated by Emily and Agnes Stephenson. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.

satisfactory to the reader in the position of looker-on; blunders, incongruities, unfitnesses disturb the effect of what possesses permanent interest; the journalist and his business in life seem constantly at odds. He is not satisfied with his work and place in the world, or else we are not satisfied for him or with him. There must be a growing confidence in the writer, or we soon tire. Of course there are some diaries dressed up for publication, to which our remarks need not apply. In the diary simple we require to take an interest in the leading character and to be supported by a sense of stability and reality resulting in success. It is this success which carries it over all drawbacks in the journal of Countess von Voss. We see a piece of the world's work well done; and a character of exceptional force and vigour placed exactly in the position best fitted to bring it out. Sixty-nine years spent at the Court of Prussia, beginning at the age of thirteen, when she was appointed lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Frederick I., and ending at eighty-five, when she still held office as Mistress of the Household under Frederick William III., carried the writer through times of wonderful change and trial. But it not seldom strikes one that the happiness of a life depends very little upon the times in which it is lived. Misfortune and tragedy in their acute form, such as take hold of the reader or observer of a life or a period, are short in actual endurance; and if the character exposed to them or living in them is equal to emergencies as they arise, there is some satisfaction, at any rate some bracing, to be got out of them. Nobody is utterly miserable who is equal to the occasion and plays his part well. In proportion as a life is passed in always knowing what to do and always doing it, it is a happy life; and this felicity, we may say, always attended Sophie Marie von Voss, from the date when, as a child, more womanly than her years, "beautiful as an angel, but resolute as she was charming," she gave Mr. Carlyle's hero, Frederick William I., a hearty box on the ear for attempting to kiss her, down to extreme old age, when she was still able to carry out to the letter the very sensible rules she laid down to herself on being appointed, at the age of sixty-three, mistress of the household to the interesting and unfortunate Louisa, Queen of Frederick William III. Her conscience was sound and serviceable rather than scrupulous—that is, she accepted the ideas of her age in their best sense. The virtue which predominated was loyalty. From infancy she lived in the Prussian Court, and the claims of the Royal Family took with her the lead of all others.

Beauty, which thus far in the history of the world has had so much to do in fostering the great qualities of women and developing their intellectual powers, gave her early an opportunity of manifesting this devotion. Her attractions had inspired the Prince of Prussia, heir-apparent of Frederick the Great, with an absorbing passion. As Thiebault, in his *Souvenirs de vingt ans*, writes:—

> The lady who has inspired the Prince of Prussia with so warm an attachment was Fräulein von Pannewitz, and the world must at least confess that she was fully worthy of being the object of so passionate and unconquerable a love. Tall and slight, with the form of the huntress Diana, and yet fair and lovely as Venus, she was as charming, as innocent, and as amiable as she was beautiful. The Prince had set his mind upon obtaining a divorce from his wife, that he might offer his hand to her, and the highest authority was obliged to interfere in the matter. At last, overpowered by a storm of remonstrances and admonitions, her high spirit was so worked upon that she voluntarily sacrificed herself, and that with a courage and self-denial which all noble and feeling hearts must understand and admire. To make all future hope impossible to the Prince, she suddenly and most unexpectedly resolved upon marrying.

Her cousin, Count von Voss, was made fully acquainted with the truth that she could not love him—in fact, her own affections had been so touched by the Prince's devotion that no similar sentiment was again awakened in her—but he too was in love. The marriage was not a happy one. He was jealous without cause, as she devoted herself to her children and to his wishes and interests. But the Prince's devotion and sad and early death were lasting influences, and infused a melancholy and romance into her character which probably added to its interest and dignity. And doubtless her conduct on this occasion inspired the Royal Family with a regard and affectionate respect which made her one of themselves to the end of her life. Her marriage took place in 1751, at the age of two-and-twenty. More than thirty years after we find the same drama performed in the same Court, with a different ending. Frederick William II., the son of her princely admirer, falls in love with Julie von Voss, her husband's niece and the Queen's Lady-in-waiting. The entries of each day note the King's growing attentions with anxious disapproval; "it must be put a stop to." But Julie would lend herself to no measures that should stop it. Julie's beauty as well as character was of another type, "in the style of Titian, a beautiful form, and delicate features dazzlingly fair, but entirely without colour, her marble paleness relieved by rich reddish yellow hair"—this luxuriant golden hair getting her the name of Ceres. The affair ends in the great historical scandal of a left-handed marriage. Julie has scruples of conscience, and demands conditions, which are granted:—

> The conditions put before the King by Fräulein von Voss, as mentioned by the Mistress of the Household, were as follow:—That the Queen should give her written consent to their union, that the King should wed her solemnly by the left hand, and that Frau von Rietz and her children should leave Berlin for ever. The King was willing to concede the two first points, but the third he would not give in to. And yet many influential persons, notably the Minister Finkenstein, her brother's father-in-law, urged her compliance, advised her to sacrifice herself for the happiness of the country and the true welfare of the King, by banishing from his neighbourhood the influence of interested, dangerous people; even the Queen herself did so, in the hope of setting aside through her the dreaded Frau von Rietz. She had always had an affection for Fräulein von Voss, and now sent her word "she was glad to know the King was in such noble, good hands." . . . And so at last it appears the left-handed marriage was performed by the Court preacher Zöllner, in the Royal Chapel at Charlottenburg. The Consistorium declared this to be an allowable proceeding, on the precedent of the permission given by Melancthon for the double marriage of Philip the Magnanimous of Hesse.

The aunt, however, was not in the secret; and it is observable that, in spite of this clerical sanction, nobody was in the least taken in by the proceeding, or regarded the marriage as anything but a sham. "It grieves me sorely," we read; "with the best will I cannot avoid a feeling of disgust and abhorrence at a thing so unlawful. They may give what seeming reason for it they will; her conscience will tell her so soon enough, and will never be at rest again." Kings, however, were certainly privileged persons. Nobody liked to say them nay; and the old Queen invited "the Countess Ingenheim" to dinner; and, when she was ill, Princess Frederica and the Princess of Brunswick, with the King, dined in her room at her bedside. "It is too strong!" writes the correct Mistress of the Household; but even she pronounces the King "the best Prince that can be found in the whole world. What a pity that he is so weak, so devoid of energy, and sometimes so impetuous!" Julie did the best thing that was left for her. She went into a galloping consumption, and died quite suddenly.

We get into a purer air when the Queen Louisa comes on the scene, and Napoleon brings the world to its senses; though the part the King played in the great tragic action of his day was so far beneath the occasion. There is something touching in the clearness with which these two women, the poor Queen and her devoted servant, saw all things go wrong, and often knew what ought to be done, and yet were too loyal to husband and sovereign to betray by a word their real feelings and convictions; except, indeed, by whispered comments in this journal. Religion was a real influence with both, though it came to them in courtly garb, and the same pastor, Zöllner, whose subservience in the left-handed marriage we have just recorded, held office in the new Court. "Pastor Zöllner," we read, "who is our director and confessor, came and remained a long time with the Crown Princess." We find curious entries. Thus the first child and heir, born in 1797, was baptized one day in the Audience Chamber by Sach, the Lutheran pastor, and next day was carried to "the Radziwills, where the little new-born Prince received Catholic baptism." Nothing of this sort excites remark. Sermons are always praised; it was not the day of criticism in such matters, but of docile submission. Yet, where there is this docility, there may be error of another kind, and there is a compunctious notice on one occasion, soon after the accession, that on Sunday nobody had thought of going to church.

We cannot wonder that Napoleon figures as a monster in these pages. There is a sort of suppressed grudge against Providence for permitting this scourge to her country and her Queen to live—"and this scourge, this vile man, is permitted to crush and torment us"—even interfering, as it were, with the course of events in his favour. At one time rumours reached them that he had nearly been drowned in the Elbe, when a "miserable sailor" saved him from a fate that would have done such a good turn to all the world. Her portrait of him is not flattering. She accompanied the Queen in July 1807 when she joined the King at Tilsit:—

> A quarter of an hour later came Napoleon. I received him with Countess Tauenzien at the foot of the staircase. He is excessively ugly, with a flat, swollen, sallow face; he is very corpulent besides, short, and entirely without figure; his great round eyes roll gloomily about; the expression of his features is severe, he looks like the incarnation of fate. Only his mouth is well shaped, and his teeth are good also.

Yet this was an occasion on which the Queen's action promised some advantage to the cause:—

> He was extremely polite, talked to the Queen for a long time alone, and then went away. Towards eight o'clock we went to him, as, out of consideration for the Queen, he had dined earlier than usual. At table he was in very good humour, and talked a great deal to me. After dinner he had a long conversation with the Queen, who seemed pretty well satisfied with the result.

But the next day they heard that he recalled everything he had promised the Queen. "He avoided her, and when they did meet looked malicious and spiteful. On taking leave she said to him that she went away feeling deeply that he should have deceived her. My poor Queen, she is quite in despair." At this time the Countess von Voss was seventy-seven; but nothing either in her own tone or in the conduct of others towards her reminds us of age. The feeling towards "My Queen" has youthful enthusiasm in its mode of expression. Her sense, judgment, courage, resource, show all her powers in full exercise. Probably such a character might have wearied of the formalities of etiquette if they had not had to be enforced under difficulties; but she could not endure to relax in observances when to do so would imply admission of defeat. Duty and care for others prevented personal fears. Wherever there was hurry and risk she accepted the post of danger. When the Queen had to fly from Königsberg to Memel, the Mistress of the Household followed with an aide-de-camp, General Köckritz, and they were detained at a post-house for want of horses. The General's courage failed with the French in pursuit. They had wished to cut off the King, and they would hasten after him, would find them out, would massacre them, or at best would take them prisoners. "Not that they would take two old women prisoners," said the Countess, quietly, and the General was silenced. We are struck by the absence of any parade of personal danger. More

and then we read entries like "As usual, every one comes to me," but more naturally her pen runs into pity of her poor Queen struggling with such feminine sweetness, endurance, and good sense under the adversities that eventually broke her heart. "Her language was wonderfully beautiful and touching," "My poor Queen cries too much," "there is no one like her." But our space fails. In spite of the public troubles that harassed this life at its close, troubles so keenly entered into and shared, in spite of wounded patriotism and outraged public spirit, the book leaves a cheerful impression. Existence is in itself enjoyment whenever there is a part to play, with the power to play it well; and, after all, in the stormiest periods there is an under-current in every life which does not take its flow from the course of outward events.

ANTONIO DE TRUEBA.*

AT the present moment, when Spain has just brought her latest Carlist war to a successful end, and when the Basque provinces which maintained the struggle are on the point of losing, perhaps irrevocably, their cherished and long fought-for *fueros*, the English reader may find not a little to interest and enlighten him in the stories of the Basque novelist and chronicler, Antonio de Trueba. Fernan Caballeros, the Spanish counterpart of George Sand and George Eliot, has made the orange groves, the peasants, and the legends of Andalusia familiar to a large public all over Europe. Several of her most striking stories have been translated into English, and their genius and freshness have invested even the fierce Ultramontanism of their author with something charming and piquant to English eyes. What Fernan Caballeros has done for Andalusia, Trueba has done with equal freshness, though with less genius, for the Basque provinces. His subjects are much akin to those of Caballeros; to both the pious, laborious Spanish peasant is the ideal of humanity, and Spain, when all deductions have been made, the ideal country. Both are passionately attached to local scenery and local traditions, and the pencil of Caballeros is not truer to the glowing skies, the bare, sun-scorched hills and tropical plains of Andalusia than is Trueba's to the white farm-houses, the cherry-orchards, the ravines, the streams, and the northern sea of Biscay. Thus far Trueba seems to be little known in England. He has attracted some attention in France, and a pleasant edition of his works has been published in Germany. In Spain, especially in his native province, he enjoys, or did enjoy till the recent war broke out, an extraordinary popularity, which was at its height in 1862, when the representatives of the ancient seigneury of Biscay, assembled "under the oak of Guernica," appointed Antonio de Trueba archivist and chronicler to the Basque provinces. Trueba, however, is not a pure Basque. He was born in the small district of Las Encartaciones, lying between Bilbao and Santander, a tract of country where the peasants speak, not Basque, but Spanish, and which, both in race and traditions, is more nearly assimilated to Castile than any other part of Biscay. His parents were superior labourers living by agriculture, and Trueba, born in 1821, spent fifteen peaceful years in a corner of country famous for its natural beauty, its fertility, and the fine physique of its peasantry. Here he learnt to sow and reap, to shake orchards and tend goats; and here, while quite a child, he made a name for himself at the country festivals by his gift for verse-making. Here he first fell in love with a beautiful maiden, seen once, and only once, on the high road; and here too, like Wordsworth at Hawkshead, he gathered in a harvest of natural and simple impressions, the reproduction of which was afterwards to give value and poetry to all he wrote. He was just fifteen when the Carlist war of 1836 broke out. The whole of Northern Spain, then the most flourishing part of the Peninsula, woke to war and the horrors of war. The Basque provinces had very little to gain and everything to lose; but a cause backed by the Church and pledged to the *fueros* appealed to them irresistibly, and soon along the whole line of the Ebro the country was in arms. Levies of the population began, and the parents of Trueba, in their home at Sopuerta, foresaw military service for their son as a peril close at hand. He was of a delicate and nervous temperament, and they resolved at all risks to send him safely out of the way. Accordingly, they wrote to some relations in trade at Madrid, and before the war was fairly on foot Trueba was established in the capital as an assistant in his uncle's shop in the Calle de Toledo. He was past thirty before he saw his native country again.

During the sixteen or seventeen years which elapsed between the arrival of the penniless, broken-hearted boy at Madrid, and the return of the successful author to the home of his childhood, Trueba was first occupied in learning and then in writing. His education in the village school of Sopuerta had naturally been of the scantiest. The keener life of the capital roused in him a desire for knowledge, which he set to work to feed as he best could, spending his time after business hours in incessant reading, varied with attempts at writing. But though Trueba read many books during these years, he never attained to anything like general cultivation. His lack of education, of that rudimentary apparatus of general knowledge which the reading public of France and England demands from an author as a matter of course, has remained throughout his greatest drawback. Those of his stories the scenes of which are laid outside Spain are full of the most laughable mistakes, and there is no European country of which Trueba has such hopeless notions as of England. His serious account of a Sunday service in an English country church is one of the most comical things in modern fiction. To his want of higher cultivation the greater part of his most glaring faults may be traced—his childish self-conceit, his lack of literary proportion, and the over-sentimentalism which spoils so many of his best stories. In this he is a strong contrast to another contemporary Spanish novelist, Galdos, a writer of great natural gifts and an artist of the first rank to boot. Trueba as an artist is nowhere near the first rank. He would be the first to tell the reader that art has little or nothing to do with his work, and his contempt for "philosophers"—for people, that is to say, who limit and sift and make reservations—is always candidly expressed. He is not a novelist as Europe understands the word, but he is one of the first of story-tellers. In the combination of simple types, in the description of country life as he knows it and has seen it, in the reproduction of popular beliefs, popular malice, popular sentiment, he is second only to Fernan Caballeros in Spain, and—*longo intervallo*—to George Sand among her Berry peasants.

His first successful appearance as a writer, however, was as a poet. The *Libro de Cantares*, published in 1852, when he had been for several years struggling to maintain himself by literature with very small success, was followed by one of those bursts of popular applause which are peculiarly Southern, perhaps peculiarly Spanish. The freshness, the vivacity, the genuine popular tone of the *Cantares* delighted the Madrid public, and their glorification of Biscay won them an eager welcome in the North. The book ran quickly through five editions. The Duke of Montpensier paid the expenses of the fourth edition, and Queen Isabella herself defrayed those of the fifth. Trueba's name was made, and a journalistic appointment secured him daily bread till he should do something better still. Luckily he soon found out where his real strength lay, and gave up poetry for prose. Five volumes of *Cuentos*, or tales, followed one another in quick succession, and still the public bought and praised his books with unabated relish. Trueba married; he saw once more the white houses and the orchards of Las Encartaciones; he had the delight of finding his name a household word in the beloved Northern valleys, and his poems on the lips of countrywomen who did not know their author. In 1862 came the appointment of chronicler to the seigneury of Biscay, and a fresh and rather odd phase in Trueba's life began.

To justify his position the new chronicler must needs think it incumbent upon him to write a history of the Basque provinces. It was as if Burns had set to work to rival Gibbon. The natural result followed. Trueba dived with interest into numberless old documents preserved in the archives of the various Biscayan towns, delighted himself with picturesque anecdotes and bits of striking biography, and was finally seized with a great curiosity to trace the history of his own family—a curiosity which some papers in the municipal collection at Bilbao enabled him to a great extent to gratify. But the history of the "very noble and very loyal seigneury of Biscay" has not yet been written, nor is it much to be desired that Trueba should ever write it. Some fragments indeed, the results of his studies, he has given to the world under the title of *Capitulos de un Libro*. The *Capitulos* has gaiety, discursiveness, *naïveté*, all the characteristic qualities in fact of Trueba; but, as a French critic too politely says of it, "peut-être cependant sentirait-on parfois chez l'auteur l'absence de savoir et d'instruction générale nécessaires à ce genre d'études; le sujet n'est pas toujours suffisamment pris de haut." When the recent Carlist war broke out, Trueba was living with his family at Bilbao. He was known politically as an ardent supporter of the *fueros*, and seems to have been suspected of Carlism in general by the Liberal party; so that, in spite of his boyish flight from Carlism, no sooner was Don Carlos the younger up in arms for legitimacy and the *fueros* than Trueba became a marked man in Bilbao. An informal meeting of the citizens revoked his appointment and its emoluments, and Trueba once more took the exile's road to Madrid, burdened this time with a wife and family. Since 1873 he has courageously resumed his career as an author, and has produced a second series of books, of a very different tone and style, however, from his early ones. It can scarcely be doubted that the abolition or modification of the *fueros*, whenever it comes, will be a severe blow to what has been at least a cherished sentiment of Trueba's whole life.

The subjects of his stories are as various as the merit of them. They are for the most part slight, and owe their attractiveness, not to any skill of plot or elaboration of character, but to the ease and sparkle of the conversations, the humour brought to bear on common things, on children and childish mischiefs, on household cares, on the ways and whims of domestic animals—always a favourite subject with Trueba—and on the gossip and merry-makings of village life. There is, in general, a moral of some sort—the superiority of country to town life, the advantages which flow from industry and family love, the harm of family discords and of foolish ambitions; these, and similar maxims, lie at the root of all Trueba's work. But he handles his moral lightly, and seasons it with so much humour and so much grace that the reader is always ready to forgive him the monotony of his themes. A story called *Las Siembras y Cosechas*, "Sowings and Reapings," in the *Cuentos Campesinos*, is a fair illustration of his prevailing manner. The plot is of the slightest—is, in fact, nothing more than an amplification of the proposition that, if a man sows seed in November, he will reap wheat in June, and that, if his wife sows harmony and thrift in the household while he is away from-

* *Cuentos Campesinos*. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1865.
Cuentos Populares. Leipzig: 1866.
Cuentos color de rosa. Leipzig: 1869.
Mari-Santa, &c. Madrid: 1874.

it, she will reap a harvest of loving and industrious children; but the various domestic scenes—the waking of the children, the feeding of the fowls, above all, the harvest and the harvest supper—are given with delightful zest and freshness. In any short account of an unknown author it is impossible to make an extract or two represent the writer fairly; but we cannot refrain from translating a passage from the children's talk in this story as a specimen of the crispness and simplicity of Trueba's manner:—

Canute is eight, Periquito six, and Hermengilda four, and they all sleep in one bed.

Here is the conversation which the children keep up while the little girl feeds and rocks her doll, which has lain warm in her arms all night:—

"I'm going to sow wheat in my garden." "So will I in mine! And shall we get much corn?" "Yes, a great deal." "And what shall we do with it when we've got it?" "Sow it again in the garden and get ever so much more." "And then?" "Then we'll sow lots and lots down in the field." "And more after that?" "Yes, we'll go on sowing and sowing!" "And when we have got heaps and heaps?" "Why, then we shall be rich!" "Rich! what does that mean?" "Why, it means having an india-rubber ball, like the mayor's Tommaso." "How jolly! Does it cost much to sow?" "Ask father if it costs him anything!" "And we shall really get an india-rubber ball?" "Really and truly."

Hermengilda, Merigilda, or Minigilda, for she owns to all these names, has been busy feeding her doll while her brothers have been sinking deeper and deeper in economics. Presently she hugs and kisses it, and begins to sing:—

Sleep, my little one, sleep,
For the cuckoo is coming this way,
And he eats up the children who cry,
And are cross to their mothers all day.

"Good-for-nothing chit! Won't you go to sleep now that I've filled you as full as you can hold? Well, then you shall be whipped. There!—

For the child who is good
Gets a blessing;
But the child who is naughty
A dressing!

There, there," she went on, "now the child's asleep! Bless its little heart! It's worth more pennies than all the world. Oh, *my* child is sure to be good, because her mother's so good! . . . She'll be rich and live many years, and then she'll die happy and go straight to Heaven!"

The only objection the reader is inclined to make here is that Hermengilda's remarks to her doll are a little too old for her supposed age of four years; but the practical agriculture of the boys is delightful. Or, to take a graver passage, could there be a more suggestive description of a girl's grief and longing when fate separates her from the playfellow of her childhood whom she is just beginning to love than the following, taken from an earlier volume of tales?—

Santiago set out with his father.

Quica and Catalina remained behind disconsolate, following them with their eyes till they disappeared over the top of a neighbouring hill.

Then the girl made an almost superhuman effort to calm her grief and said,

"Señora Madre, I will go and take the sheep to the mountain."

"Do what you will, daughter," replied Quica, mechanically.

It was Catalina's office every morning to open the doors of the sheepfold, and to lead the sheep to a pasture a stone's throw from the farm, where they might be left for the day. But on this day she took them on to the hill which Ramon and Santiago had just passed, and from that hill she walked to the next, and on still further to another and another, keeping the road to Bilbao perpetually in sight, till at last, sinking with fatigue, and half dead with sorrow, she bowed her beautiful head and turned her backward steps, not to the farmhouse of Ipenza, but to the church in the valley, and to the sheltering altar of the Virgin of Consolation.

A girl's yearning after a lost playmate could hardly be better given, though the sentences are so few and simple. As an illustration of Trueba's powers of pure description we will give a passage or two, premising that it is impossible to do justice to them by a couple of extracts. The Biscayan landscape in Trueba is not relegated to a stray paragraph here and there. It lives perpetually behind his characters, and the reader is never allowed to forget its heaths and gorges, its chattering streams and yellowing maize-fields. His happiest sketches of it are sometimes the effect of a chance phrase or sentence. But the following description of a Biscayan spring, with its mixture of realism and fancy, is full of charm:—

The spring had just dowered Las Encartaciones with a rich mantle of green worked with cherry and apple blossom, and was now doing homage to it every morning with a miraculous bird-concert—a thing to hear, so magical and wonderful was the labour of the musicians, inspired with the prospect of the rich breakfast of wild cherries which the spring had promised them for a fee.

In the fields at the bottom of the valley, as well as in those girdling the scattered upland farms, life and merriment reigned. All the land was joyful—not so much because of the coming of the leaves and the flowers and the birds, as because hope had come with them, golden hope, just risen like a butterfly from its chrysalis, out of the spike of maize already showing its reddish head in the ground turned and sown a fortnight before, out of the blade of corn swelling with pride to feel the ear in its bosom, or out of the fruit-blossom which, like a happy mother, lives to see her children in their turn parents. In the walnut and chestnut woods, boys are cutting whistles from the bark, or hunting for nests in the hazel groves by the river, while the oxen pasture in the rising meadows, and men and women are weeding among the forward crops or breaking the clods round the backward ones. The men have their pipes, the women are singing and laughing noisily, and all alike, children and men and women, are overflowing with a gaiety and contentment unknown to us choked by the harmful air of cities.

The lively opening of one of his least successful stories, as such, *Desde la Patria al Cielo*, is worth quoting as a specimen of the indirect satirical tone which is very common with him, and sometimes extremely effective. He is describing to his favourite bugbear, the "philosophical reader"—that is to say, the typical town-bred scoffer at rustic life and family joys—a certain village in Biscay which is to form a background for perhaps the most violently improbable and sentimental of all his stories. The village, he admits, has been so cruelly neglected by the geographers as to be found with difficulty on any map; its church, architecturally speaking, is contemptible, and its houses are mere mean cottages, beneath the notice of an educated eye; still, for all that, its inhabitants are benighted enough to cherish an absurd and proud affection for their native place, and

when the deep-toned festival bells ring from the white church tower, and when the people coming in find the altars heaped with rose-boughs and lilies, and the pavement strewn with thyme and bulrushes, these idiots weep for joy, and imagine themselves happy in their poverty, their church, and their village, which you can scarcely find on the map!

O philosophical reader! is it not true what the French say, when they tell us that Africa begins in the Pyrenees?

S—— has its river, but that too the maps have forgotten, neither have the poets ever called it *Father* So-and-so, nor have any of these gentlemen said of it that it draws the heart out of your breast, or that it talks in this way or that way, or the other way; in fact, it is a river so stupid that it contents itself with being always clear and fresh, and with breeding trout and dace to fatten the barbarians we have been speaking of, with setting in motion the mill which grinds flour for these savages, or the iron-works which provide employment for these Hottentots when the weather does not allow them to work on their farms, and with keeping perpetually gay and verdant the fields and gardens which yield grains and fruits, vegetables and flowers, for the use of these animals!

But the best is still to come.

The historical and monumental curiosities of the parish of S—— are the following:—

A rose-tree which Teresa planted when her son was ill, offering to give to the Virgin all the roses it might bear thenceforward if her son should get well, as in fact he did.

An inscription on the bridge recording how on such a day of such a year So-and-so plunged into the river at the risk of his own life to save Such-an-one.

And a hermitage of San Roque older than Methusalem, which these fanatics hold in great respect because the Saint revered in it freed the parish from the plague in the days of Maria-Castaña.

But you my philosophical reader will say—

That Teresa's urchin got well because good-for-nothings take a long time dying.

That So-and-so plunged into the river because the day was warm.

And that the parish got rid of the plague because the weather changed.

Well, I grant you,—so it must have been. Only these rustics are such superstitious dolts!

Even in his latest work Trueba is never tired of reproducing this Northern life and landscape. His Madrid public has begun to find it a little monotonous, and to weary of its perpetual white-walled farms and blossoming cherry-orchards. But Trueba writes of what he knows, and, however limited his circle of experience, he is right in thinking that nothing else makes good work. The English reader who cares to get a lively picture of Northern Spain and of Biscayan life, and who knows Spanish enough to enjoy them, cannot do better than while away a few summer afternoons with the *Cuentos Campesinos* or the *Cuentos Color de Rosa*. He will find them often foolish, still oftener sentimental, but very seldom dull; and in these days of far-fetched griefs and out-of-the-way passions their unfailing sunshine, and their unpretending reflection of the simpler elemental aspects of human life, have a peculiar charm. Unlike Fernan Caballeros, who likes nothing so well as to bring half her characters to a violent end, there is very little tragedy in Trueba. The griefs he describes are mostly simple and cured by simple means. The lost lover comes back, or the prodigal repents, or, if Death steps in, religion and the Church offer unfailing consolations. So that the reader is never harrowed, while it is always in his author's power to make the slightest theme sparkling and attractive, by the use not only of abundant natural gifts, but of rare stores of impression and observation.

FIVE WEEKS IN GREECE.*

MR. YOUNG calls his little volume "this trifling book of travel, containing nothing of original interest to the scholar or archæologist." Nor can we say that he is wrong in so calling it. It is a trifling book, and it does not contain anything of original interest. Yet Mr. Young can add with truth that he has not been "guilty of mere scribbling." One does not exactly see why he took what must in many ways have been a very disagreeable journey through the interior of Greece; but it is in some points well that he did take it. He does not seem to have made a single important observation of any kind; but he has seen what Greek travelling is like, and he reports both its good and its bad side for the benefit of others. The first thought that will come into most minds on the mention of travelling in Greece is whether the thing is possible at all, whether the attempt would not lead to being at once snapped up by brigands. Now we have for some time heard it whispered by Englishmen who ought to know, that there has always been a good deal of exaggeration on this head, that in the worst times the danger lay largely in the precautions taken, and that a traveller who drew no attention to himself might get about pretty safely. But Mr. Young is able to report a better time. By his account, Peloponnesos is absolutely safe; Northern Greece is safe as long as the Greek and Turkish authorities continue to act zealously and in concert along the frontier. Without such concert neither side is safe, as in that case the brigands escape from one country into the other. The state of things is somewhat pre-

* *Five Weeks in Greece.* By James Foster Young. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

carious; the removal of a single energetic officer on either side may jeopard the safety of the whole border. Still it has been shown that the peace can be kept, and at the time of Mr. Young's visit last year it was kept. In saying this Mr. Young is not simply repeating what he has heard from Greeks or what has been said in Greek official reports. He relies on cautiously worded English official testimony, that of Mr. Malet, who allowed that brigandage had stopped, though he was clearly afraid that, if a particular Turkish officer were removed, it would begin again. This however refers only to Greece north of the Isthmus; Peloponnesos certainly seems from Mr. Young's account to be safe enough. He himself went through both parts of the country, and saw and heard nothing of brigands, save only that he fell in with a sergeant in the Greek army who had once shot one. This exploit, it seems, was performed by firing when the brigand's back was turned. This was near Parnassos, where the brigands once had it all their own way, but which seems to have been as clear from them as Peloponnesos when Mr. Young was there. We are here of course only dealing with Mr. Young, and repeating what he says. His visit was in 1875. The last accounts in the daily papers, especially since the departure of the King, tell another and a worse story than all. The doers of mischief now are said to be not brigands, but soldiers.

But, however safe Mr. Young found his journey, his record of travel does not describe a journey in the interior of Greece as at all inviting, except to those who either enjoy hardships for their own sake, or are willing to go through a large share of them for the sake of knowledge. No roads, no inns, filthy quarters, chance food, the journey to be made on wretched horses at a snail's pace—such is Mr. Young's picture of travelling in Greece as soon as the traveller gets away from Athens and a few other chief towns. That is to say, the civilization of the country is topheavy; the head has developed too fast for the members; it would be better for Athens to be a little less civilized, and for the land in general to be a little less barbarous. When we say "barbarous" we mean merely in the lack of those artificial comforts which Western Europe has learned to look on as necessaries. No people can be less barbarous in any other sense than the Greeks of the districts visited by Mr. Young, as far at least as their treatment of strangers is concerned. The appearance of strangers sometimes awakened a degree of curiosity which was inconvenient to its objects; but Mr. Young and his companion everywhere met with the kindest treatment from all classes, rich and poor, official and non-official. Once only did they meet with the least approach to incivility from an official prig, but even this was mere incivility of manner which did no real harm. The Greeks, as seen by Mr. Young, if they have their vices, have also their virtues; and in both they present a contrast to Northern nations in general, and to Englishmen in particular. They are thoroughly sober, as indeed Southern nations are commonly; and one would think that this was an acquired virtue of later times, for the word μεθύειν and its cognates fill a greater place in old Greek talk than we should fancy that they would in a state of things described by Mr. Young. The Greek is easily excited; Mr. Young several times saw men draw knives on one another on slight provocations; but they are easily appeased and do not bear malice. All that he saw of their domestic and private relations was in every way amiable.

Mr. Young's witness as to all these things is valuable as describing a part of the country which is not often traversed by English travellers; and, if he had kept himself simply to setting down what he himself saw of the country and its people, we should not have found any fault with his book, or have confirmed his own unfavourable judgment of it. A book which discharges its own purpose, if that purpose be at all a rational one, is not to be found fault with because it does not answer some other purpose. So far as Mr. Young's book describes modern Greece, and the modern Greeks as he saw them, so far well and good. But he had better have stopped there, and not have said anything about ancient Greece at all. Of Byzantine and mediæval Greece he seems never to have thought at all; nor are we disposed to find fault with him on that score; for travellers or writers to care about such matters is so rare that we are more inclined to rejoice in any one who shows any knowledge of them than to complain when they do otherwise. But Mr. Young thought it necessary to put in something about the earlier days of Greece. As we gather from one or two passages, he put it in as an afterthought. Mr. Young describes himself on his title-page as "Of Brasenose College, Oxford," and in one place he speaks of Oxford undergraduates as if they were a class to which he did not himself belong. We must infer, then, that he has gone through at least as much study of the Greek language and Greek writers as is needed for an ordinary Oxford degree. Whether his name is to be found in any class list we have not taken the trouble to look. But one might have thought that even so much study as this would have awakened some little interest in old Greek matters, especially in one who for some reason or other felt a call to go to Greece. Yet seemingly Mr. Young did not care for these things, but he thought it needful to put in something about them, and also thought it needful to be funny in the process of putting it in. Now it is wonderful that a man should go and look at the Harbour of Pylos without thinking either of its ancient or modern associations; yet such, by his own showing, is the case of Mr. Young. But, such being his case, he would have done much better to have said nothing at all about either. It is intolerable that a man should write two meagre paragraphs, partly made up of extracts and figures, about the exploits of Demosthenes and the exploits of Codrington, and then add this kind of thing:—

> It is perhaps needless to say that, like Thackeray's celebrated answer, which was utterly to annihilate his opponent in an argument, I did not really recall all these associations till afterwards (and then with the help of Messrs. Thucydides and Finlay), too late to be of any use! However, it is a pious fraud, and I believe a writer's licence, to pretend one *did* recall it all on the spot!

Mr. Young is fond of telling us over and over again that he is not a scholar, but that his companion "B." was. And his notion of Mr. Finlay seems odd:—

> Another afternoon we were so fortunate as to be able, through an introduction, to visit the house of the late Mr. Finlay, who lived thirty years in Greece, sometime as Consul and correspondent of the *Times*. He appears to have been a man of extraordinary industry; for, in addition to his duties as Consul and Correspondent, which must have been considerable, he found time to write his works on Greece (ancient, mediæval, modern), which are standard books and much read. He came out, in the first instance, like his contemporaries, Lord Byron, General Gordon, Sir R. Church, &c., to assist in the cause of Independence, and for a short time (so we were told) held a commission in the Greek army.

We do not remember to have ever heard of Mr. Finlay in the character of a consul; but it is hard to prove a negative, and we would not swear that he never was one. But Mr. Young clearly thinks that the letters to the *Times* which Mr. Finlay wrote in the later years of his life, after the *Times* had at last found out that he was something more than "a gentleman of Scotch extraction," were the main work of his life, and his great Histories something quite by the way. So it is throughout; when Mr. Young comes to any place of historic fame, sometimes he makes a dry summary of history, sometimes he merely jests about his own lack of scholarship and the superior knowledge of "B." Mr. Young makes the complaint, true but not new, that our way of pronouncing Greek in England simply makes it harder for an Englishman to have any dealings with a Greek. But one might almost think that he found out this fact in the country; for he tells us, as if it were a piece of news, that the Greeks pronounce by accent, and that with them ἄνθρωπος is sounded as ἄνθρωπος, and not as ἀνθρῶπος. But he seems to have hardly made any attempt to speak or understand the language. He is still in the state of thinking the thing funny. He does tell us how a Greek boy wrote down the word for a flea as ψηλός, but he seems to have no notion what word was meant, and how much was implied in the spelling. Mr. Young will perhaps be surprised if we tell him that he has been playing Liudprand of Cremona without knowing it. In modern Greece the Corinthians and the δήμαρχος ἐκ τῶν στρωμάτων are as vigorous as when they assaulted Strepsiades; and the little animal which leapt from the head of Socrates to that of Chairephón is still called by his old name ψυλλός. But the change which has come over the sound of the letter υ leaves hardly any perceptible difference between ψυλλός and ψηλός. The misspelling is therefore of exactly the same kind as the misspellings of Liudprand, which teach us so much more than he could have taught us if he had spelled right.

Mr. Young has thus done himself damage. We have to thank him for some useful information as to the present state of things in a country of which we know at once so much and so little. But he has in a great measure spoiled it by talk about "Messrs. Thucydides and Finlay" and the like; still he has made one good observation even with regard to ancient remains. He remarks on the rarity of fragments of antiquity in Greece as compared with their frequency in Italy. There must be plenty below the ground. The modern Greek plough is so feeble an instrument that it does not even turn them up. With regard to matters of art, as well as in regard to many other matters, we may say "From Pope and Turk defend us both." But the Turk is, after all, the more dangerous enemy of the two, and Italy has never seen the Turk on her shores save for one moment at Otranto.

FOX BOURNE'S LIFE OF LOCKE.*

IT certainly seems remarkable that we should have had to wait so long for a complete biography of Locke; but, as it is, there is perhaps little reason to regret the delay. One important part at least of the materials has lately become more accessible than it ever was before; and it is satisfactory to find that a task so long neglected, or but partially touched, has been at last taken up by good and careful hands. Mr. Fox Bourne has put much honest work of his own into the fulfilment of his task, and of course has now and then to call specific attention to the results of his own inquiries; but he never forgets that the first duty of a biographer is to put his subject before himself. The result is a book which, without making any special pretension to literary finish or graces of composition, is clear and interesting to read, and will be of permanent value to the students of Locke's work and times.

The feature of Locke's career of which ordinary readers will perhaps most need to be reminded is his almost constant activity in public affairs. A very common opinion has been entertained among mankind, from Plato downwards, that there is some necessary antagonism between philosophy and the practical commerce of life; so that a philosophic turn of mind is hardly compatible, for example, with fitness for political undertakings. Among the

* *The Life of John Locke.* By H. R. Fox Bourne. 2 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

many proofs of the injustice of this notion there can be none more signal than is furnished by Locke. Not only had his philosophy distinct political bearings—as indeed is sufficiently manifest by some of his best-known writings—but the greater part of his action in life was determined by political motives, and the leisure that enabled him to put his great work into the form in which it was at last published was none of the philosopher's own seeking. The *Essay on the Human Understanding*, such as we now have it, is due to the compulsory seclusion of a time of political exile. This, indeed, might have been the case with one who had no further connexion with affairs of State than as a holder and open maintainer of opinions then counted dangerous. But Locke's part in such matters was at all times more weighty and intimate than that of an advocate or pamphleteer. His relations to the first Lord Shaftesbury gave him abundance of active work, mostly quite apart from the duties of his nominal office, and much of it of such a confidential kind that as little record as possible was kept of it; but quite enough evidence remains to show its extent and importance. For the production of this evidence, and still more for the setting of it in its proper light, we are in a great measure indebted to Mr. Fox Bourne. At a later time there is good reason to believe that Locke had a considerable share in the preparations made in Holland for the action of the Whig leaders which ended in the Revolution of 1688. Very soon after William III.'s accession he had the offer of being sent as ambassador to the Elector of Brandenburg, which he declined on the score of his health and strength being insufficient for the post, and with the special observation, which throws a curious light on the diplomatic manners of the time, that, as on the one hand "their warm drinking" in Brandenburg would not suit his constitution, and on the other hand there was "no such rack in the world to draw out men's thoughts as a well-managed bottle," he "should think it more for the King's interest to send a man of equal parts, that could drink his share, than the soberest man in the kingdom." After this Locke held for some years an office of no ostensible importance, but was in fact consulted on important matters, and on more than one occasion the public expression of his opinions had considerable—it is hardly too much to say decisive—weight. He did as much as any one man to save England at a critical season from embarking on the downward course of a debasement of the currency. His views on this subject are as clear and sound as those of any modern economist. Only the other day he was cited by M. Michel Chevalier as laying down the true principles needed for the decision of the question, now much agitated in France and elsewhere, of adopting the single or the double standard. Lord Campbell even spoke of Locke (in a passing remark in the Life of Lord King) as the founder of Free Trade; this, however, was an unlucky piece of hyperbole, for the record of Locke's subsequent work in the Council of Trade leaves no doubt that he fully shared or at any rate acquiesced in the protectionist assumptions on which the commercial policy of the time was founded. The wonder is that on the currency question he had so thoroughly emancipated himself from prejudices whose prevalence and strength are shown by the fact that his conclusions, the truth of which now seems elementary, made their way but slowly. The tract on the liberty of the press which he issued a few years later had an immediate and absolute success. Here, indeed, he had a partial foreshadowing of Free-trade doctrine, when he pointed out in strong and homely language the ill effects of the protected monopoly of publishing the classics then enjoyed by the Stationers' Company.

In 1696 Locke was at last induced to accept a more adequate public recognition of his abilities—involving, however, a burden of new and severe work which taxed his failing health to the utmost—in his appointment as one of the original members of the Council of Trade and Plantations. While he held this post, he was not only active in its duties, but the "chief director and controller" of the business of the Council. They had not been long at work before "Mr. Locke was desired to draw up a scheme of some method of determining differences between merchants by referees that might be decisive without appeal." The draft prepared under his instructions became the first of the series of Acts by which arbitration has taken a most useful and important place in the administration of justice. In the following year the Council produced an exceedingly curious scheme for suppressing the woollen manufacture in Ireland—as being, on the economic suppositions then current, of "very ill consequence to this kingdom"—and by way of compensation establishing and protecting that of linen. Still more remarkable is an elaborate proposal for the reform of the Poor-law submitted by Locke in 1697, and in substance, it seems, adopted by the Council; but it had no practical result. Among other means of diminishing pauperism, Locke demanded "the suppression of superfluous brandy-shops and unnecessary ale-houses," probably not seeing, as later experience has forced modern statesmen to see, how much easier such things are said than done. A little after this he had a special summons from the King on business whose exact nature is not known. Mr. Fox Bourne conjectures, with much plausibility, that the King had chosen him as the best person to accompany the Earl of Portland on the special mission to France which followed the Peace of Ryswick. What is certain is that some important public employment was at this time proposed to him and declined, as the embassy to Brandenburg had been, on the ground partly of health, partly of "want of experience for such business."

Turning to another aspect of Locke's life, the reader will find much to please and interest him in the course of the friendships and domestic relations which are now for the first time fully brought out. It is not a little curious to see the bachelor philosopher more than once called upon to act as a match-maker, or to give advice in the critical conjunctures of a suit, though it does not always appear what success attended him in the business, or even who the principal parties were. His last appearance in company was at a feast in honour of the wedding of his "cousin King"—Peter King, afterwards Lord King and Chancellor, to whose descendant we owe the publication of a great part of Locke's correspondence and papers. The friendship with King was one of those attachments which some rare temperaments like Locke's can form in the evening of life, renewing in them all the warmth and happiness of earlier hours. A devoted follower acquired by him still later, indeed in the very last years of his life, was Anthony Collins, a name now little remembered, and to whom scant justice is done by English biographers, but obviously a man of no common abilities. But all Locke's friendships are full of interest, and to dwell on them separately would almost be to tell his life over again. Every one of them is interwoven in some important way with the very substance and fabric of the work of his life; for he was no solitary thinker, indulging in society as a recreation or luxury, but was social and human in all his ways, and not least in his favourite pursuits. There was William Molyneux of Dublin, who became Locke's fast and intimate friend, through a correspondence arising out of the famous Essay; their meeting was long put off, and when it at last came their fellowship was very near its end, for Molyneux's death followed a few months after. There were Continental men of letters with whom Locke, having once known them in their homes, for many years corresponded on terms of half-romantic affection. Limborch and Le Clerc he took to himself, or rather took shelter with them, in his days of troublesome and sometimes dangerous exile in the Low Countries. Nicholas Thoynard was some years their senior in Locke's acquaintance; they met in Paris in the course of a journey, the reports of which are among the most interesting parts of Locke's earlier correspondence. And Lady Masham, Locke's admirable disciple and host, is to be remembered chief of all; but here we can only add that the praise of her and hers is worthily given in these volumes.

Mr. Fox Bourne has rightly withstood the temptation—and it is easy to see that it was a grave one—of dwelling at any length on the philosophical part of his theme. It is perhaps a question whether he might not have retrenched even more to make room for the results of his own special work; an abridged account of the contents of the Essay, for instance, seems either too much or too little for the occasion. One cannot help reflecting, when one is fresh from the record of Locke's extensive culture and acquaintance, on the curiously insular character of his philosophy. The slighting allusions to "Messieurs les Cartésiens," in letters belonging to the time when he was conceiving the Essay, would alone show that he never appreciated Descartes. To Spinoza, his exact contemporary by birth, he paid no attention whatever, whether he was in this instance biassed by the prejudiced reports which are known to have been afloat, or took it for granted that there was nothing to be found in Spinoza but a peculiar development of Cartesian principles which his own judgment had finally rejected. However, this did not prevent one or two coincidences from happening. When he laid it down in his tract on Error that "the sincere and steady purpose of a good life" is the only rule of orthodoxy men are entitled to impose on their neighbours, he stood on precisely the same ground as the much-denounced author of the *Tractatus Theologico-politicus*. But we are far from feeling any regret for the perfect independence of Locke's philosophical work; it was just this independence which fixed its commanding position in European thought, and marked it as the starting-point of a new line of advance.

SHAKSPEARE'S PLUTARCH.*

IN this handy and interesting volume we fancy we see the fruits of the Archbishop of Dublin's very suggestive Lectures on Plutarch which were noticed in our columns some three years ago. In discussing the Lives Dr. Trench touched on the probability that, had Plutarch never written—nay, perhaps, had Sir Thomas North never translated from the French version of Amyot the lives of Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Marcus Brutus, Marcus Antonius, and others—"Shakspeare's three great Roman plays would never have existed, or would have existed in forms altogether different from those in which they appear." Owing to the cumbrousness of the folios of North it was difficult to give sufficient extracts from them in an edition of Shakspeare; and it has been a happy thought of Mr. Skeat's to reproduce in a separate volume, either wholly or in part, seven of Plutarch's Roman and Greek Lives from which Shakspeare has drawn plot and matter and incidents, adding some critical remarks with a view to afford an insight into Elizabethan and Bible English, and also to serve as a test of our great dramatist's indebtedness to indirect historic sources. Here we see that not

* *Shakespeare's Plutarch; being a Selection from the Lives in North's Plutarch which illustrate Shakespeare's Plays.* Edited, with a Preface, Notes, Index of Names, and Glossarial Index, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A., formerly Fellow of Christ's, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

even his "little Latin" was taxed, much less his "less Greek"; whilst it is perhaps matter of congratulation that in North's racy and vigorous old English version he found his material in the clearest and handiest form. Mr. Skeat does not mention the volumes of select parallel Lives of Plutarch edited by Mr. George Long, though he attributes to the appearance of the Langhornes' translation, and, later still, of Mr. Clough's modification and improvement thereof, the comparative oblivion into which till recently North's version had fallen. This neglect was undeserved, for the "various hands" for whom Dryden wrote a preface were a sorry lot; and the editions which succeeded do not combine the interest and spirit of North's *Plutarch*. The Lives which are now published present the text of 1612 (the date of the fourth edition) collated with that of 1631 (the fifth) with a few readings from that of 1609. The first edition was published in 1579. A special interest attaches to Mr. Skeat's choice of the fourth edition from the fact that a copy of this edition, presented in 1870 to the Greenock Library, which was once Shakspeare's own, bears his initials on its title-page, and seems, from a note, to have been purchased by "W. S." for eighteen shillings. It appears, however, that Shakspeare was acquainted with one of the two earlier editions, though he may have bought that of 1612 for his own use.

Mr. Skeat's twofold object in editing the volume before us is such as to commend itself to all who have a wholesome interest in our literature. He seeks not only to furnish in a handy form biographies written in a graphic and lively style which makes them still a standard model, but also to enable the general reader to examine for himself the use made of them by Shakspeare for his Roman plays. It is to be hoped that in the first respect this work may do good, for of late years biography has outrun its normal limits, and has consisted rather of an unlimited quotation of letters than of the essence of correspondence, anecdotes, facts, and collateral history. So that any one who takes us back to a Plutarchian model of biography, fresh and lively, brisk and portrait-like, will deserve the thanks of an oppressed section of the reading public. Of course Plutarch had faults which it would be well to eschew, and there might be danger in letting biography owe its attraction to "curious myths"; but let any one read Julius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, or the extracts from Plutarch's Alcibiades in North's version, as here set before us, and say whether a spice of Plutarch's antidote to weariness might not be a boon to his English successors in this branch of literature.

In truth it is this vital essence of biography which, being at hand in Plutarch, has made so many vivid pictures for Shakspeare's Roman plays. He laid hold of the anecdotes which kept historic narrative from becoming wearisome, and shaped them to his purpose. A parallelistic study shows us how independently and with what true genius he did this. Nothing escapes him in his authorities, though his use of the matter they supplied is the very reverse of servile. In Plutarch's Marcus Antonius, p. 207 of this edition, with regard to the battle of Actium it is set down "that the Admiral Galley of Cleopatra was called 'Antoniad,' in the which there chanced a marvellous ill sign: swallows had bred under the poop of her ship, and there came others after them that drove away the first, and plucked down their nests." At the parallel place in Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, as he had plenty of matter to fill his scene, all the reference he makes to this is barely to name "the Antoniad, the Egyptian Admiral" (Act iii. sc. 10). But later on, in Act iv. sc. 12, where we are transported to the last battle and final crash of Antony's fortunes off Alexandria, Shakspeare shows that he has held this omen in reserve for use on a fit occasion, where he makes Scarus croak to his leader,

> Swallows have built
> In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
> Say they know not, they cannot tell, look grimly,
> And dare not speak their knowledge.

Just in the same way the dramatist seems to have noted for use on occasion a remark of Julius Cæsar cited by Plutarch in his Marcus Antonius, p. 163, c. 6, when "some accused Antonius and Dolabella unto him for some matter of conspiracy: 'Tush,' said he, 'they be not those fat and fine-combed men that I fear, but I mistrust rather these pale and lean men, meaning by (*i.e.* referring to) Brutus and Cassius.'" Shakspeare did not find a place for this shrewd remark of Cæsar's in the play which had its substratum in Plutarch's Mark Antony; but in *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. sc. 2, when the conspiracy is a-brewing, and Julius Cæsar chances on Antony and others in a public place, he is made to say to Antony:—

> Let me have men about me that are fat,
> Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
> Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
> He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

It is from Plutarch's Mark Antony, too, in the very same chapter on the ceremonial at the Lupercalian Games in which Antony was figuring, that Shakspeare took the materials for the famous speech in *Julius Cæsar* attesting that "on the Lupercal" the future triumvir "thrice presented him a kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse"—facts which he used more in detail in the 1st Act and 2nd Scene of the same play. And towards the close of *Antony and Cleopatra* two slight instances show further, were it needful to produce further evidence, how closely our dramatist had mastered and digested the pages of Plutarch with a view to his immediate object. When Antony's death is announced to Octavius Cæsar, c. 41, after bursting into tears, "he called," so we read in North's Plutarch, "for all his friends, and showed them the letters Antonius had written to him and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife; and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him." Now let us see how Shakspeare makes use of this. Octavius, at the close of Act v. sc. 1, is sending Gallus and Dolabella to Cleopatra, but bids the rest of his council of war

> Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
> How hardly I was drawn into this war;
> How calm and gentle I proceeded still
> In all my writings; go with me and see
> What I can show in this.

Both biographer and dramatist trace the same identical lines. At the very close of the play, also, we find Shakspeare making Octavius Cæsar, on receiving the news and learning the attendant circumstances of Cleopatra's death, conclude—

> Most probable
> That so she died; for her physician tells me
> She hath pursued conclusions infinite
> Of easy ways to die.

Turn we hence to Plutarch, M. Antonius, p. 217, c. 39, and we find that, as his fortunes failed amidst the rioting of Alexandria, Antony and his Cleopatra "did break up their first order, which they called Amimetobion (as much as to say 'no life comparable'), and did set up another, which they called Synapothanumenôn, signifying the order and agreement of those that will die together." In connexion with this order, the biographer goes on to tell us that the Egyptian Queen was very busy in testing the force and action and relative painfulness of various poisons, and that she found "none so fit as the biting of an aspick." Here is the basis of Octavius's hearsay.

No passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* is more famous as a piece of word-painting than Enobarbus's description (Act ii. sc. 2) of the Queen going forth in her barge to take Antony captive by the dazzle of her charms and splendour. But, though it is a passage which commentators and illustrators have often traced in a cursory way to Plutarch, it needs word-for-word comparison to arrive at a full appreciation of Shakspeare's debt. Sir Thomas North's whole passage describing what the Alexandrians said was "the Goddess Venus come to play with the God Bacchus for the general good of Asia" is a piece of rich and graphic English. Thus runs a fragment of it:—"Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them, were apparelled like the nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, *others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wondrous passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side*, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people" (M. Antony, c. 13, pp. 174-5). Now for our poet:—

> Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
> So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
> And made their bends adornings: at the helm
> A seeming mermaid steers: the silken tackle
> Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
> That *yarely* frame the office. *From the barge*
> *A strange invisible perfume hits the sense*
> *Of the adjacent wharfs.*

But it would be unfair to deprive the reader of the pleasure of comparing the two for himself. It is just, however, to Mr. Skeat to illustrate the usefulness of his glossary by a single word in both the copy and its model. In the one the curious old English word "pestered" is duly explained as "crowded," with minute reference to this passage. The equally archaic adverb "yarely" in the other has all needful light thrown on it in the glossarial index under the head *yaraje*, where we read as follows:—

> Yarage. s. management, 208, 5, 211, 4. From the adj. *yare* nimble, active. Shakspeare has *yarely*, Tempest, i. 1.

Mr. Skeat might have added A. and C. iv. 2; but his glossary shows that the word means "nimbly." But we must not dwell longer on the comparison of Shakspeare and Plutarch (for which the life of Marcus Antonius seems to afford the richest field) than just to enumerate a few passages in *Antony and Cleopatra* which have their original in Plutarch, or rather in North's version of the French translator. The story told by Philotas, the physician to Plutarch's grandsire, about Antony's cook roasting eight wild boars whole for twelve guests "because we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, being uncertain of the hour he will sup in" (p. 176, M.A.), reappears in the scene of Shakspeare from which we last quoted, where Enobarbus tells Mæcenas how they did "sleep day out of countenance and made the night light with drinking." In both we find mention of Antony and Cleopatra's custom of traversing Alexandria by night in strange disguise; in both we find the pirate Menas's overture to Sextus Pompeius off C. Misenum to cut the cables of the vessel in which he is feasting those who have robbed him of his father's house, and so to place in his power his rivals Octavius and Antony. Shakspeare makes much capital out of Octavia's strait between her husband and brother, and the soothsayer's valuation of the relative luck of Antony and Octavius, whether the battle be between cocks and quails, or consuls and triumvirs. In both he follows close on Plutarch. To Plutarch towards the catastrophe Shakspeare is indebted for Antony's challenge of Octavius to single combat, and Octavius's reply. "Cæsar answered him that he had many other ways to die than so" (M. A., p. 219). "Let the old ruffian know" (thus Shakspeare puts it) "I have many other ways to die; meantime laugh at his challenge" (*A. and C.* iv. 1.) So again

the dramatist takes from the biographer the tradition of the strange noises heard, though nothing was seen, in the night before the final battle off Alexandria, which men interpreted "that it was the god, unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them." Eros's suicide to escape killing his master, and Antony's dying advice to Cleopatra to confide only in Proculeius, are among innumerable minor borrowings of Shakspeare from Plutarch's translator for the material of this play.

Enough perhaps has been said to indicate an attractive field of literary comparison; and with Archbishop Trench's Lectures on Plutarch, and Mr. Skeat's suggestive preface, excellent indices, and capital editing of the text, a pleasanter occupation or recreation could scarcely be conceived. The insight it would give into Shakspeare's materials and his mode of using them would be found ever increasing. For instance, Mr. Skeat, in pp. xvii.-xviii., shows some colour for the conjecture that various names of characters in the *Winter's Tale*, *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and several allusions to Roman history and biography, are drawn from the folio of North, either that for which "W. S." paid "18s." or an earlier edition. Doubtless there are some incidents in the Roman plays not to be found in these folios, *e.g.* the episode of Enobarbus's treachery to Antony and his speedy repentance (*Ant. and Cleop.* iv. 6); and as to such Mr. Skeat might have given a prefatory paragraph. Too high praise can scarcely be awarded to the glossarial index or to that of proper names, whilst the brief textual notes are all that is wanted. Apart from the dramas and the history a certain interest attaches to a chronicle in which we read of legions being "billed" (*i.e.* enrolled) and paid, probably through a *cofferer*, *i.e.* a treasurer; of Antony at one conjuncture "causing his tents and fardels to be trussed up; and at another disposing the *rereward* and the *coward* of his army." We find ourselves here in the very midst of Bible English, at the same time that we learn that in North's day *huswives* and *hussies* were synonymous, and dancing women were called "tumbling gillots." In whatever light we regard Mr. Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch*, it is entitled to rank as a timely and useful addition to English literature.

SPORT IN ABYSSINIA.*

LORD MAYO'S book shows that there is excellent big-game shooting [illegible] ing to be had in Africa within comparatively easy reach of Mediterranean steam communications. The Cape at best is a long way off, and it is a serious matter spanning up for a tedious journey to the remote interior with teams of sluggish oxen who may fall victims to the bite of the *tsetsche*. Sir Samuel Baker made magnificent bags of everything, from elephants and giraffes downwards, on the Upper Nile tributaries of Abyssinia; but it is not every one who has the enterprise to undertake expeditions inland from remote back settlements, like Khartoum, among warlike tribes in a state of chronic hostility. Lord Mayo and his companion simply took shipping at Suez for Massowah; they carried with them a very moderate amount of stores, which they had laid in in the Egyptian bazaars; and they would probably have met with few difficulties on their way up country had they conducted their march with a little more discretion. They were not very many weeks absent, yet they came across almost every variety of game. Near the coast they found birds in abundance—guinea-fowl, partridges, snipes, sand-grouse, &c.—besides the smaller deer and antelopes. Further on, they came on such larger species as the hartebeeste; there was the wild boar in the jungles and the hippopotamus in the rivers; there were lions, tigers, leopards, and other ferocious creatures to enliven their beats with the element of danger; and, finally, they too came upon troops of giraffes, and apparently might have enjoyed elephant-hunting to their hearts' content, had they had somewhat more experience. In point of fact they were seldom successful, and for Lord Mayo at least the expedition ended unfortunately. Just as he reached the best shooting ground, an imprudent bivouac under exposure to the night damp struck him down with a severe attack of dysentery. He had separated from his companion, who had gone on ahead, and had to beat a precipitate retreat to the coast, having a very solitary and miserable time of it.

We cannot say that the party seem to have managed matters well, nor are their proceedings likely to have smoothed the way for any of their countrymen who may follow in their footsteps. Lord Mayo seems to have been somewhat in the habit of treating natives as "niggers." He and his friend were exceptionally fortunate in being accompanied through many of their stages by the well-known General Kirkham, the English commander-in-chief of the Abyssinian forces. Yet they would have been perpetually in difficulties about obtaining supplies had they not gone on the principle of requisitioning the country. It appears that the farmers and villagers were quite open to bargains; but if they hung back or seemed disposed to take advantage of the white strangers, the latter simply helped themselves. It sounds strange to hear an English gentleman mention incidentally that, as his coolies generally had their hands pretty full of an evening with pitching the camp and other indispensable duties, they found it saved trouble to waylay the women coming from the wells, and empty their water jars forcibly. If the women came to see it as a joke after their first alarm, it says much for the amiability of the native temper. Another time we are told with much gusto how the Englishmen's followers made a rush at a party of funeral guests who were returning laden with fragments of the feast. These spoils they appropriated to their own use, to the equal astonishment and disgust of the jovial Abyssinians. No wonder that three or four villagers who came by said, "You have been robbing our people; you will see what they will do to you to-morrow!" But when they went on, with what appears to us to have been a very mild and natural remonstrance, "You are a Rass" (which means a lord in Abyssinia), "and ought to know better than let your servants do this," Lord Mayo found that they "got a little too cheeky," and "was rather annoyed." So he jumped across the stream, snatched one of their sticks, and "gave them two or three cuts across the back, as hard as he could," explaining that that was how a Rass was accustomed to treat people who were insolent; and we can only hope these ignorant Abyssinians have laid his moral lessons to heart. We might multiply instances of the kind, opening the pages at random; and even when Lord Mayo was being carried back to the coast sick in a litter, and felt a sick man's inclination for some little delicacy, he found strength to rise and shoot a kid in a passing flock, refusing afterwards to indemnify the owner. His only explanation is that the man "had been ordered to supply him with food, and a young kid was very little out of a large flock." We are aware that necessity has no law, and that, once beyond the limits of civilization, a man may be excused for resorting to violence rather than resign himself to starvation. What we object to in Lord Mayo's proceedings is that, by his own admission, the party sometimes did wanton damage simply in order to save themselves trouble, as when they emptied water-jars in the neighbourhood of a spring, and tore down hedges to feed their fires when there was no lack of wood for the fetching. Nor do we understand that they were by any means in the habit of insisting on the natives receiving adequate recompense for these arbitrary exactions; and, indeed, Lord Mayo accomplished many long stages towards the coast carrying only five or six dollars for pocket-money. Yet, when they saw him prostrate and suffering, many of these poor people treated him with extreme kindness. Frequently he was indebted to them, as he is ready to confess, for tolerable night-quarters and more comfortable transport; and repeatedly they came to the invalid's bivouac with milk, eggs, and other little luxuries, and that without any expectation of repayment.

Although rough diet and exposure brought on dysentery, Lord Mayo pronounces the country to be very healthy on the whole. There was abundance of wood and water, and the scenery generally was extremely picturesque. Indeed he seems to have advanced over the ground that was traversed subsequently by the ill-fated Egyptian expedition; and, speaking of the chances of an invasion of the kind, he predicts what would be the probable result. Access to the interior from Massowah lies through a succession of narrow gorges, completely commanded by the surrounding hills. Roads, properly speaking, there are none; and although King Johannes is fully alive to the indirect profit of opening up easier communications, he is too chary of his considerable treasure to part with any of it for the purpose. But even as things are at present, there is a good deal of desultory trade with the coast, and the sportsmen came across more than one caravan, besides single merchants with mules laden with gold dust and other valuable produce. It does not seem likely that Abyssinia will ever do much in ivory, for the tusks of the Abyssinian elephants are small. But Lord Mayo was greatly impressed with the agricultural capabilities of these districts, and repeatedly regrets that English speculators have not been turning their attention in that direction. In the meantime the best land seems to be cheap enough. The King had generously made General Kirkham a grant of a large tract in one of the most fertile valleys, and the General presented Lord Mayo with a sunny selection from it, in return for which he is to receive a box of English seeds. Of General Kirkham we necessarily hear a good deal, as he passed so much time in the society of the travellers. He began life in the service of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and appears not only to be a resolute and intelligent man, but what we should call "a good fellow." It says something for the mild and liberal administration of Abyssinia, as contrasted with the system in Egypt and Turkey, that even the General, although his sovereign's right-hand man and commander-in-chief of all the forces of the kingdom, hesitated about laying hands on articles he stood in need of, and occasionally ventured a remonstrance against the fashions of his English companions. The sport, as we have said, was less successful than it should have been. To be sure, Lord Mayo was unfortunate in having to make his start without the better part of his battery, and by the time he was overtaken by the missing guns his failing health had crippled him for the field. But he appears to have been unlucky too in not finding native experts to direct his arrangements, and we know that even an experienced sportsman left to himself in an unfamiliar country is practically helpless. The party were, indeed, continually following up fresh elephant trail; the animals showed themselves so tame and fearless that once they came routing round the camp in the night-time; and not unfrequently the sportsmen were face to face with them. But some untimely shot or other *contretemps* came off at the critical moment, and after many wild-goose chases not a single animal was bagged. Apparently they were in the habit of neglecting the elementary rule of the sport, which is never to fire at meaner game when there is any suspicion of elephants in the vicinity. On one occasion when they were out after

* *Sport in Abyssinia; or, the March and Tackazzee.* By the Earl of Mayo, Lieutenant Grenadier Guards. London: John Murray. 1876.

elephants, and "burning" in the pursuit as the children say, a lion crossed their path and the temptation was too strong to be resisted. They fired and missed, and had to regret the hasty impulse too late, when they heard a band of the huge animals they were in search of crashing away through the branches of the forest. As their native followers remarked, very sensibly, if they had only disposed of the elephants first, they would have had lions in plenty coming prowling round the carcases. Unambitious sportsmen might make satisfactory mixed bags almost anywhere with very little trouble, and could eke out such preserved meats as they might carry with them with an ample variety of fresh game. The covers swarmed with red partridges, but the birds were hard to flush, and unluckily Lord Mayo and his friend had taken no dogs with them. But there were geese, ducks, and snipes in the streams; the sand-grouse repaired to their drinking-places at stated seasons, and sometimes came actually circling round the tents; while the deer let themselves be approached easily enough, and without any very scientific stalking. Indeed, from the general tameness of the animals which are usually the wildest it would seem that the natives in those parts are no great hunters, and leave their preserves very much undisturbed for the benefit of strangers.

It will be seen that the book contains a good deal of useful information on its special subject, but the author does not often travel beyond that. We only hear incidentally of Abyssinian politics, and we learn little in detail of the condition and resources of the country, although we might have imagined that conversations with General Kirkham over the camp-fires might have supplied many facts worth repeating. But as the author is never in the least reticent, either as to his failures with the rifle or the questionable relations he established with the natives, we feel throughout that he is thoroughly trustworthy. And the impression he leaves on us as to the native population is decidedly favourable. Their nominal Christianity may not go for very much in practice. They have some singularly unpleasant habits, such as that of fortifying their courage by gorging themselves with raw flesh, and devouring as choice delicacies the uncleansed intestines of newly-killed animals. Although easily excited, they are by no means very warlike; they are disposed to take life easily, and have a sharp enough perception of their personal interests. But they are good-humoured, and even kindly, if taken in the right way, and possess a very fair share of intelligence. On the whole, we think that Englishmen who are fond of wild shooting might do worse than follow in Lord Mayo's route, although we fear that the local recollections of his visit will scarcely secure a welcome for his travelling countrymen.

TURNER'S BIBLICAL AND ORIENTAL STUDIES.*

THE practice of pouring out on the public the contents of writing-desks and note-books has become so general that we must submit to the infliction with the best grace we can. Mr. Turner has thought it right to put forth as a volume a number of papers, some of which have appeared in the *Journal of Sacred Literature*, while the others were lying beside him in a more or less unfinished state. They may be divided into two classes—the one dealing with subjects illustrating the course which, in his belief, Divine Revelation must follow; the other handling questions which, in strictness of speech, are purely historical. Of the former we have nothing to say. On the "History of Job and its place in the scheme of revelation" so many theories have been held, and, so far as we see, may be entertained legitimately, that we do not care to enter into an argument which concludes with the assertion that "the narrative describes real events" (p. 170), and that these events and the composition of the book belong to præ-Mosaic times (pp. 173–5), although we are warned that "we know nothing at all as to the origin of the book or the history of its composition" (p. 177). The views taken by Mr. Turner of the Israelitish economy, or of the tenses of the Hebrew verb, may be both sound and instructive; and to his examination of these subjects no objection can be taken except such as may be concerned with his competence for dealing with them. This we have not the least wish to call in question. But when a writer, in his anxiety for the maintenance of that which he regards as truth, makes the acceptance of certain conclusions relating to alleged facts a matter not of history but of theology, we are bound to ascertain, if it be possible, whether the claim is to be admitted, and whether the data on which it rests have been fairly established. It is unjust to excite prejudices against the methods of Egyptologists and Assyriologists, and then to leave those prejudices to work without making an attempt to show that they have any justification in fact. It is absurd to shut our eyes to conclusive proofs of the satisfactory decipherment of ancient inscriptions, nor will the impartial historian hesitate to accord to these documents their proper authority, as soon as he has sufficient grounds for regarding them as put up by men who recorded events belonging to their own time, and did so with good faith. But the historian will signally fail of his duty if he allows the acceptance or the rejection of such records to be reckoned to him either as a religious merit or as a heresy, more or less seriously affecting his soul's health.

Against such theories all who have the interests of historical truth at heart are bound to protest; but Mr. Turner goes even further. He looks on the discoveries made under Assyrian or other mounds and ruins as an earnest of still more important discoveries to be made hereafter. In this he may be right, and we hope that his expectations may be realised; but we are very sure that he is not right when he tells us that these records have been buried by the special providence of God, to be doled out in portions as they may be needed to furnish an answer to certain persons called gainsayers and infidels. Mr. Turner seems to have come across a set of critics, to us wholly unknown, who profess to reject in a lump the whole mass of Jewish tradition as a "void and formless chaos"—that is, who will receive no single event in Jewish history preceding the notices given of it in Roman or Greek writers. He is also able to inform us that thirty or forty years ago the idea that any records of Mesopotamian history would ever be recovered and deciphered would have been scouted as a wild and ridiculous dream. We are not aware that even Sir Cornewall Lewis went to such lengths; and even his incredulity on the subject of decipherment was quite subordinate to his reluctance to regard either chronology without history, or history without chronology, as of any intrinsic value. We know that many Jewish traditions, not only of the Exodus, but even of later times, have been disputed; but it is a new thing to learn that there are not wanting men who disbelieve every event in Jewish history prior to the time of Alexander the Great. Certainly Ewald is not among the number, although he may have ventured to call in question some statements respecting times so comparatively recent as the reigns of David and Solomon. But Mr. Turner seems to exult in the discovery of slabs or cylinders telling us that "Samaria was depopulated, Jerusalem invested, Lachish stormed and pillaged," just as though these facts had been seriously and generally disputed. With an enthusiasm not easily to be understood he exclaims, "So much, at least, of the strictly historical in the Old Testament is now secure as the rock upon the sea-shore against the surgings of unbelief." This unbelief, it seems, is to grow more formidable; and then we are to have a fresh supply of Assyrian or Babylonian inscriptions corroborating the Jewish accounts of events belonging to the reigns of Cyrus, Darius, Nebuchadnezzar, and Artaxerxes. "Who knows," he asks, "what testimonies of a like kind are yet hidden in those mysterious mounds, kept in reserve against the fit time for their production, when the spiritual conflict between faith and infidelity shall have waxed yet more fierce?"

We would only ask, Against whom are these shafts directed? There are some persons who have never for a moment been tempted to question the great verities of the Christian faith, but who nevertheless feel quite unable to resist the evidence which led Sir Cornewall Lewis to the conclusion that the Roman traditions of events preceding the war with Pyrrhus are very little to be trusted. There are others who have no objection to believe the story of Romulus and Remus, or Hector, or Aristomenes, or even Sindbad, but who yet hold that thought is a function of matter, that the idea of will as a power or cause acting freely is a delusion, and that this life is the be-all and end-all of man. The latter are quite ready to believe anything they may be told about Ismidagon, or Sargon, or Asshur-bani-pal. The former may possibly reject the statements about them as unproved, or inconsistent, or self-contradictory. Yet these are to be treated as heretics and infidels, although it is hard to see how the digging up of bricks and cylinders in Mesopotamia is to change their convictions of the nature of historical evidence, or to rescue the speculative unbeliever in God and a life to come from the slough of materialism. It is a pitiable policy which insists on seeing enemies where there are none, and leaves the real adversary unmolested.

This dread of an opposition which is all but imaginary has led to the writing of the first three essays in this volume, which treat of the decipherment of the Cuneiform inscriptions as a well-established fact. We certainly have not been unwilling to make this admission, although, in examining M. Lenormant's Manual of the Ancient History of the East, we regretted the necessity for changing the names of Assyrian or other kings, sometimes partially, sometimes wholly. It is no hard matter to understand that Durrigalazu may be the same as Kurgalazu, Purnapuryas as Burnaburyash, and Gurguna as Gunguna; but by the light of nature it is impossible to recognize our old friend Ivalush under the new styles of Hu-likh-khus, Binlikhish, or Binnirari. The matter of importance, however, is not names, but things; and we turn with some eagerness to the essays which are to tell us, not that the inscriptions have been read, but that they add substantially to our historical knowledge. All history beyond doubt has its value; but there are also records on which time spent brings weariness both to the flesh and to the spirit. It may be well worth while to study the chronicles of despotism or cannibal savagery; but the task is not inviting, and the harvest is scarcely so precious as to tempt us to linger over it long. How then is it with the monuments of the Mesopotamian kings? Not only, it seems, must different phonetic equivalents be assigned to the signs, or some of the signs, which indicate their names, but in some instances, by no means unimportant, the order of their dynasties must be changed. Not many years ago Mr. Rawlinson told us that, if the scheme of Berosus might be regarded as sufficiently established, the reign of Nimrod, who, as being deified by the name Bilu-Nipru, became the Belus of Ovid, began with B.C. 2237. If we are to follow Mr. Turner, he is to be brought down to the period which closed the fourth Berosian dynasty of forty-nine Chaldeans, according to Mr. Rawlinson in B.C. 1518. In Mr. Turner's essay the date becomes 1550. It can scarcely be said that the reasons urged for this

* *Studies Biblical and Oriental.* By the Rev. William Turner. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1876.

change are without force. On the whole, they hang well together, and seem to be supported by the narrative of the wars of the confederate Kings of Shinar and Elam, with their allies the chiefs of the cities of the plain, in the days of Abraham. If the empire of Nimrod, he argues, was already an established fact, how is it that we have nothing said of it here, while a confederacy exists which seems to leave for it no room whatever? The plea that God could not have allowed so mighty a dominion as that of Nimrod to be established immediately after the confusion of tongues at Babel is less intelligible and convincing. But when we are told that there is no space for Nimrod until after the reign of Ismidagon, who was by no means the last of his dynasty, and that the date of Ismidagon is "certainly determined to about B.C. 1860" (p. 94), we are brought back to the old device against which we have already protested in the case of M. Lenormant *, who assigned a certain date to Kedorlaomer, King of Elam, because Asshur-bani-pal places his capture of Susa 1635 years after that monarch. We know nothing of the grounds on which Asshur-bani-pal made this statement; we have as yet no reason for supposing that he had before him continuous registers for the whole of that long period; and the date thus assigned is some seventy years earlier than that of Mr. Rawlinson. So with Ismidagon, the certainty about whom is, Mr. Rawlinson informs us, got at thus. The inscription at Bavian relates that Sennacherib recovered from Babylon certain images carried thither 418 years previously by the Babylonian King after his victory over Tiglath-pileser; and, again, Tiglath-pileser speaks of himself as having rebuilt a temple which had been taken down sixty years before, after having lasted 641 years from its foundation by Shamas-vul, son of Ismidagon, who is thus driven back to the middle of the nineteenth century B.C. Mr. Turner insists that the Assyrian kings were truth-loving men, who would not without adequate reason speak of an event as a fact of history. But we in our turn must insist that we in no way question the veracity of Sennacherib when we decline to accept his alleged conviction as sufficient evidence of the age and the existence of Ismidagon. Before we can do so we must simply assume the fact of contemporary registration, between the days of Sennacherib and Tiglath-pileser, and from the monuments we have not even continuous information of the monarchs who reigned in the interval. But, in truth, it seems impossible for Assyriologists, as for Egyptologists, to escape from the charmed circle of ingenious conjecture and devices for the reconstruction of lost annals, if ever those annals were written. We have [illegible] the [illegible] still to build "on the most reliable reconstruction of the chronological scheme" of Berosus (p. 103); and this plan is that of Herr Gutschmid, which comes briefly to this, that the duration assigned by Berosus to a certain dynasty, added to that of the mythical dynasty which precedes it, gives a period of 36,000 years—in other words, a Babylonish *sar:* therefore the later dynasty is historical. On similar grounds Niebuhr thought that the period assigned to the reign of the second Tarquin at Rome may perhaps have been historical, because to this reign alone he could not apply the arithmetical scheme of the artificial chronology of Rome before the burning of the city by the Gauls. But in spite of this Niebuhr had the honesty and the courage to dismiss the whole scheme as a forgery and a fiction; and that of Herr Gutschmid has no higher value. Mr. Turner, it is true, devotes an essay to Berosus, whom with Josephus he delights to honour as an entirely capable and trustworthy writer. We cannot say that the evidence adduced in it justifies us in reversing the verdict given against him by Sir Cornewall Lewis.

LADY SILVERDALE'S SWEETHEART.†

MR. BLACK'S last volume of short stories was welcome, in the first place, for its merits, and also as an infraction of the senseless custom which forbids the writer of fiction to put anything before the public within the compass of a solitary volume. We may presume that publishers imagine they serve their own immediate interests by fighting shy of one-volume books; and there are of course certain obvious trade advantages possessed at present by the three-volume system. A publisher who resolved persistently to oppose prejudice in this respect would no doubt have to encounter difficulties at the outset; but, supposing that he was prepared for this, there seems no reason why he should not find fiction in one volume as good a speculation in London as it is in Paris. On the appearance of Mr. Black's *Maid of Killeena* we dwelt upon this matter, and expressed a hope that the author would repeat the experiment he then made. It would be well for many writers, as well as for readers, if this form of fiction became more popular. A bad novel would be more tolerable in one volume than in three; and there are many clever authors who would produce better work if they found it possible or advisable to compress their productions into a less space. To some writers it would be a relief to escape from the necessity of filling up the inevitable third volume; to others the exercise of art required to compose a satisfactory story within close limits might be a useful lesson. Mr. Black's charm of style and light touch appear peculiarly well fitted to deal with this kind of work, and the stories he tells seem to illustrate the adage "As easy as lying"; but it must be remembered that this ease is the result of labour and practice.

We could wish that Mr. Black in his present volume had given us more new matter. "The Marriage of Moira Fergus," which is one of the longest tales in this collection, does not seem to us one of its author's happiest efforts. Both in this and in "The Strange Horse of Loch Susinabhal" the representation of the Gaelic pronunciation of English, which he made familiar in the *Princess of Thule*, is overdone; and here, as in that book, he has fallen into the mistake, which is perhaps of no great importance but still is a mistake in art, of making his Highlanders talk broken English to each other. Mr. Black has the art of giving a certain charm to this quaint manner of speech in his printed version of it; but it is not likely that his personages would find it so captivating as to abandon for it their native tongue. However, there are no doubt many readers who will be glad to welcome old friends in these stories as well as in "The Man who was like Shakspeare" and "The Highlands of the City," which are, to our thinking, more successful.

Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, which appears here for the first time, is a very good specimen of the art of story-telling. There is no very striking incident in it, and the people concerned in it are such people as one may meet any day; but the narrator manages to excite a lively interest in them and in their fortunes. Lady Silverdale is a widow of thirty-five with considerable beauty, who does not look as old as her age. At the opening of the story she is walking in the Mall with her son of eight or nine years old, whom she asks if he remembers his uncle Frank, who is coming back to England, "and you must tell him how glad you are to have your dear uncle back again." "I am not glad, mamma, and I hope he won't come and see us," said the young gentleman frankly. "Why?" "Because he is a bad man, that wants to kill the Queen, and give our house, and my pony, and all that we have, away to the beggars." On asking for the source of this startling information Lady Silverdale finds that "Maudey read it in the newspapers." Uncle Frank, who, as may be guessed from Harry's account of him, holds Radical views in politics, is a cousin of Lady Silverdale, who would have married him in their young days; but Frank Cheshunt had no money, and his cousin Mary's parents wished her to marry Lord Silverdale. To this, being a dutiful daughter, she consented, and not long after a passionate leave-taking, with many vows of secret constancy between the cousins, Frank saw that a marriage had been "arranged" between Silverdale and [illegible] Mary:—

> Of course, he flew into a series of violent frenzies; at one time vowing to himself that he would go and shoot the man who had stolen his sweetheart's love from him; at another declaring ruthless war with the perjured aristocracies of all countries; at another resolving to write a book that would hold the mirror up to heartless women and cause them to blush—if any shame were left in them—at the picture of their own meanness, and cruelty, and corruption. Happily for himself, he had his living to work for; and these wild schemes were unable to struggle against the immediate pressure of actual facts.

He was called to the bar more with the hope of getting some appointment as a reward for the traditional Conservative devotion of his family than with the intention of practising. But he forfeited all chance of Conservative patronage by joining "an informal association of what were at the time known as 'Aristocratic Radicals,' and becoming one of their most vehement speakers and pamphleteers. Some of those young noblemen and gentlemen had a mild way of toying with revolution over their claret, and spoke of barricades in the same breath with blue china; while, having been compelled by the higher criticism to give up revealed religion, they had consoled themselves with a gentle deification of the British workman."

This description is accurate and amusing enough; but Mr. Black has, we think, made a slight slip as to the effect which Frank Cheshunt's joining this party had upon his fortunes. He is described as having none of the *dilettante* spirit which belonged to the admirers of blue china and the red flag; his writings gained immense influence, though without the aid of money he failed to get into Parliament. He is represented altogether as being just the kind of man to whom a Government would be likely to give a place by way of muzzling him. However, the Government of which Mr. Black writes may no doubt have had a soul above such a proceeding. Frank Cheshunt in the midst of his active life had his fits of recollection and despair like any one else. "Sometimes, sitting alone by himself at night, he would go back to the old days, dream for a while, and then seek refuge in Alfred de Musset or Heinrich Heine. Grief seemed more bearable when it was put into musical words." Presently Frank met with a certain Alexander Thompson, a merchant who had made a fortune at the Gold Coast, and might have been fairly expected to join the respectable ranks of Toryism when he came back to England to spend it. This, however, was not the case:—

> Nothing but rank Communism would do for him—theoretical Communism, that is to say; for of course a man who had worked hard for a fortune could not be expected to share it among the poor. He bought for himself a big house in Palace Gardens; he had it luxuriously furnished; and he gave elaborate dinners to those young men—mostly younger sons, it is true—who were vastly discontented with existing institutions. He acquired a pretty taste of his own, too, in the way of luxury. A lady once asked him where he got a certain very beautiful service of dinner glass, as she was anxious to have some of the same; to which he replied that, wishing to have the service unique, he had had the moulds broken. The theory of Communism, one sees, has its limitations in practice.

This man took a great liking to Frank, partly because he had not the trick which many of the revolutionary aristocrats had of

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* *Saturday Review*, Nov. 19, 1870.

† *Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart, and other Stories.* By William Black, Author of "A Daughter of Heth," "A Princess of Thule," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

staring silently at him through a single eyeglass, and swore that he would get Cheshunt into Parliament if money would do it. "We know quite well," says Mr. Black, "that money cannot. Sure enough, however, Frank Cheshunt got into Parliament." Mr. Thompson was kind enough to complete his benevolence by dying and leaving Frank a fortune; after which he lost his seat in Parliament, took to travelling, heard of Lady Silverdale's widowhood, and after two years had gone by drove up to her door in a hansom.

It is from this point that the movement of the story begins, and it is kept up with singular art to the end. Frank makes his proposal, and is accepted, and he dreams of a life in a foreign land by the side of some blue lake where the time of their former separation shall be as forgotten as a dream. "It is perhaps needless to point out that these vague aspirations were but the incipient signs of retrospective jealousy—one of the most perilous of the passions." Unfortunately the blue lake and the foreign home do not appeal to Lady Silverdale in the same way that they do to her lover. She does not see their approaching marriage in the romantic light which it has for his eyes; and she is anxious to avoid any appearance of haste. During the few months of waiting Cheshunt is bitterly oppressed by Lady Silverdale's friends and relations, who force upon his attention the time that he has determined to ignore. But he consoles himself by looking forward to the day when he shall have separated his wife from old associations, and made her so happy that she will be well content to be where he is, and desire nothing more. But when they have married Frank discovers that his wife does not take the same view of what their married life should be that he does. At Dover she insists on waiting a few days to cross, on the chance of getting better weather. Presently he finds that by waiting she has managed to get a packet of letters from her country house, and he immediately goes out to smoke a cigar. "I hope," said he, when he returned, "that you don't mean to have letters dogging your footsteps all over the Continent?" "My dear Frank," said she, looking up in perfect innocence, "we are not going into banishment, are we?" The end which must follow such a beginning is tolerably plain. As the two go on, Cheshunt becomes more and more irritated at his wife's constant references to the children she has left behind, until at St. Martin he breaks out in wrath:—

> Every one who drives from Geneva to Chamounix ought to stop at the small village of St. Martin, where, while lunch is being got ready, he may walk down to the bridge over the river, from which the first impressive view of Mont Blanc is to be obtained. Frank Cheshunt and his bride did so; and as they leaned on the stone parapet, over the chalky-green and rushing waters, they found before them the great white shoulders of Mont Blanc standing far, and high, and clear in a cloudless sky. It was a spectacle that called for silence.
>
> "It is very pretty," said Lady Silverdale. "Really, the white and the blue are exactly like—"
>
> "Like one of Maudey's drawings?" said he, fiercely. "Is it literally impossible for you to look at any given object, or to pass a single moment in the society of any being, without continually harping on Maudey and Ernestine, and Ernestine and Maudey?"
>
> She did not answer him. She turned her head away, and tears began to run down her cheeks. He knew he had been a brute.
>
> "Come, Mary," said he, and he took hold of her arm, "you must forgive me. I am very sorry. I did not mean to hurt you."
>
> For the rest of that day she maintained a strict silence as regarded Maudey and Ernestine—an enforced silence that was perhaps more irritating than free speech. It raised a certain barrier between them.

Lady Silverdale on her side has a certain denseness of apprehension in the matter of jokes, and is apt to construe good-humoured raillery into intentional insult; and her feelings are liable to be constantly hurt by the expression of her husband's political views. This state of things is common enough and unpleasant enough; the author's merit is in having managed to tell such a story without leaving a jarring impression on the reader's mind. The end is reached at Ouchy, where again Frank for a moment expresses his anger at Lady Silverdale's anxiety for letters from England. A little after this they agree to get back to Paris as soon as possible, and Frank says he must run over to London for a day or two to write an article. From this day his dream of romantic happiness with Lady Silverdale disappears, and they both live comfortably ever afterwards:—

> So far the story is its plain truth: this may be added, perhaps, as a guess—that if Frank Cheshunt should now and again—by some such accident as happens to many—see a beautiful, tender face in his dreams—a face familiar, yet strangely unfamiliar, to him—the face of a woman whom he has loved; and if his heart should grow sick with the pain of seeing her turn away from him; and if he should follow with a pitiful agony the receding form wringing its hands with grief, and withdrawing from him at last the beautiful, bedimmed, never-to-be-forgotten eyes, you may be sure that the face and the figure he beholds with mingled yearning and anguish in these phantom halls of sleep are those not of Lady Silverdale, his wife, but of Mary Cheshunt, his cousin, and his early love.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE life of Alexander Hamilton is perhaps, to thoughtful readers, the most interesting of American political careers; and the biography executed by Mr. Morse* is the best extant biography of Hamilton—a former very elaborate Life, written by a member of his own family, being too long and too minute in detail for the patience and leisure even of the most diligent students of modern history. Mr. Morse has condensed into two volumes of moderate size, and in large type, all the most interesting facts and incidents of Hamilton's political career; and as the great Federalist statesman entered upon public life before he was eighteen, and, with a few short intervals, during which he took a lively and active interest in public affairs, was among the most prominent of American politicians down to the moment of his premature death, his political career is in truth nearly the whole of his life. Perhaps we might have been told a little more concerning the personal character and domestic history of so distinguished and so estimable a man. Room might have been found for a few more of his letters, and we might have been informed a little more clearly respecting details which would have thrown some light not only on his individual character and habits, but on the general tone and style of life prevalent among the first Republican statesmen of America; of whom, in his private circumstances, manners, and mode of living, Hamilton was probably a better average example than Virginian planters like Jefferson and Washington, or stiff, hard, formal Puritans like the two Adamses. Nevertheless, Hamilton was so early, so completely, and so passionately a politician and a public character, that even a biography more purely political than this might have afforded a fuller insight into his nature than memoirs usually do, however fully and however deeply they may enter into domestic history. There is perhaps among the great actors in the Revolution and founders of the American Republic no character so thoroughly estimable, so entirely free from stain or suspicion, so distinguished by public virtue and personal amiability, as that of Alexander Hamilton. It is impossible, of course, for Englishmen to approve the conduct of an English subject who, within a year after his first landing in America, threw himself heart and soul into a wanton and needless rebellion, and, without the excuse of birth or close personal interest in the revolted colonies, took up arms against his sovereign and his country. But it is easy to understand how a youth of eighteen, at a time when the philosophy of French Liberalism was at the height of its influence, might be carried away by popular sympathies and by enthusiasm for a cause that professed to be that of liberty; and it should be recorded, as highly to the credit of so young a partisan, that Hamilton, who at once became a leader among the rebels, distinguished himself by his moderation and his sense of justice, and offered a strenuous resistance to those senseless and brutal outrages on the large minority that adhered to their allegiance, the perpetration of which disgraced the revolutionary cause. As a soldier, Hamilton was distinguished both by skill and daring; and, though he was the aide-de-camp of Washington, his conduct in the case of André was such as to exempt him entirely from the indelible stain of innocent blood which rests on the character of his chief; while he indignantly repudiated the infamous attempt to purchase the surrender of Arnold by the release of André, which Washington undoubtedly made, though his admirers, not daring to defend, now endeavour to deny it. In like manner, in his subsequent political career, Hamilton showed himself a profounder statesman and a purer moralist than any of his associates and rivals. He exerted himself to the uttermost against that wholesale repudiation of public obligations which disgraced the Confederation; he was the one American statesman who seems clearly to have foreseen the dangerous weaknesses of the Federal system, which but for him would have been even weaker than it actually was; and his memory is free from the stains which a crooked policy and a disloyal intercourse with the French Minister, Genet, have left upon that of Jefferson, as well as from the factiousness of Adams and the even graver errors of Randolph. At thirty-two he was a poor man, with a family to support, and with splendid prospects at the Bar; but he sacrificed fortune, and, as the event proved, life, to his public duty; he accepted at Washington's request the most difficult and critical post in the first Government formed under the Union—the charge of finances embarrassed by bad faith and previous insolvency—and retrieved them in spite of a desperate and persistent opposition which at one time took the shape of a formidable rebellion. It was owing to his exertions that the efforts of Genet, favoured if not actually seconded by Jefferson, then Secretary of State, to involve the Union in the French war with England, were baffled; yet no man more earnestly and decidedly upheld what he believed to be the rights of America against the high-handed maritime belligerency of Great Britain. His early death, at the age of forty-seven, was due to his vigorous and resolute advocacy of political purity. Aaron Burr was the first of those political adventurers without character, principle, or position, who are the peculiar pest and scandal of America; and Hamilton used all his influence, and even at times separated himself from his party, in order to resist the elevation of such a man to various posts of public dignity. Jefferson was his personal enemy and political opponent; yet Hamilton individually turned the contest between Jefferson and Burr for the Presidency in favour of the former. At last Burr picked a wanton quarrel with Hamilton, forced him into a duel, and killed him under circumstances which excited the bitterest public indignation, and for ever ruined the political prospects of the murderer. Hamilton died extremely poor, not like Pitt, through carelessness—for he was frugal as well as honest—but because, having no private fortune, he had deliberately devoted himself to the unremunerative service of his country. The South may have produced two or three men who could be compared with him; the North, since his time, not one.

A new and very convenient edition of [illegible]

* *The Life of Alexander Hamilton.* By John T. Morse, Jun. 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

the United States *, of moderate cost, but quite good enough for private libraries, bears the title of "Centenary." It has undergone the author's last and most careful revision, to which, according to the preface, "a solid year of close and undivided application has been devoted;" and the writer claims to have considered carefully every noteworthy criticism that has been sent to him, to have examined every statement plausibly challenged, and corrected whatever, after such investigation, appeared to him erroneous. Six volumes of a small octavo size, but thick and closely printed, complete the History; the first two which are now before us, containing some twelve hundred pages, bring down the record of American discovery and colonization, of the Indian and French wars, only to 1748. We need hardly say that this History is the standard work on its subject; and no man's education can be considered complete who has not mastered it—the story of the great Republican experiment beyond the Atlantic, incomplete as it is, being almost as interesting and important a part of the records of the human race as the story of the ancient Republican experiment tried for a somewhat longer period in Athens. To use the stereotyped phrase, the book is one "which no library should be without."

The Autobiography of a Crystal † is one of those extraordinary books which are more often written than read. It is not difficult to understand that a fanatic with strong religious prejudices, with an exceedingly imperfect apprehension of his topic, and, if possible, a still more imperfect knowledge of his own powers, should undertake to set forth in a single volume the history and philosophy of creation. Nor need we be altogether astonished if such a writer, finding his views of the subject inconveniently vague and somewhat too misty to be safely developed with that approach to scientific accuracy which prose may seem to demand, and having ideas of poetry as dim and uncritical as the rest of his notions, should resort for concealment and protection to the indefiniteness of verse, as such men understand verse. We might also assume, as a matter of certainty, that he would choose the blank heroic metre, as that which combines the license of so-called poetry with the facility of prose; and that the lines so produced would differ from prose only in that they might possibly admit of scanning. Such is, in short, the book which Mr. Dunn has produced. But though the fanaticism of an ignorant theorist or the vanity of authorship may conceive such a work, and even bring it forth in print, we can hardly think that there exist in the reading world a score of persons in whom ignorance, curiosity, patience, and leisure are so happily combined that they should wish and be able to read the volume through.

There are few departments in which American literature is so prolific as in that of biography, and especially sectarian and clerical biography. Almost any leading minister, head of a theological seminary, or prominent preacher, seems to be thought entitled to have his memory preserved, at least in the libraries of schools and colleges belonging to his sect and on the shelves of the booksellers. We cannot say that the quality of these biographies at all corresponds with their quantity, and we should fancy that few of them are read except by the immediate friends and disciples of the deceased. They probably owe such circulation as they have to the same feeling which obliges rich or well-to-do men to give their one, two, or twenty dollars to every object recommended by their Church, however uninteresting it may be to themselves. The *Memoirs of Dr. Eliphalet Nott* ‡ are a specimen of this class of literature. They have at least the merit of comparative brevity, as they do not extend over four hundred pages, and those not very closely printed. On the other hand, they possess singularly little intrinsic interest, and the chief reason why Dr. Nott's life has been written appears to lie in the fact that he lived to the age of ninety-three and was for sixty-two years chief of a great Presbyterian seminary.

A History of Philosophy § which undertakes in the course of 390 pages to deal with all the teachings of all the philosophical schools of Europe, from Thales, Pythagoras, and "the Sophists," down to Mill, Spencer, and Bain, must necessarily be superficial, and is scarcely likely to be accurate. Of course under such conditions Dr. Haven's book can only be serviceable to schoolboys or college students harassed by the demands of a course of instruction as wide in its scope, and therefore as shallow, as this terse account of the thought of twenty-five centuries. It may possibly help such readers to pass an examination conducted by men of the same calibre as the author, and may encourage in them that "belief of knowledge without the reality," that empty affectation of thought beginning and ending in mere words, which was the special abhorrence of the first great Hellenic educator, and seems to be the paramount end and aim of modern instructors; but we cannot recommend it to any one who would rather remain honestly and confessedly ignorant than acquire an incoherent and incorrect smattering of knowledge.

Dr. Brinton's treatise on the Religious Sentiment * is more theological and more metaphysical than its title led us to expect, and is tolerably free from any sectarian bias or special ecclesiastical character. It contains some original suggestions, and a good many gleanings from various sources, which give it a certain interest; though it can hardly be said to throw any new light on the long debated and little understood questions affecting the origin and nature of the feeling which is supposed by writers of a certain school to account for and underlie all the religions of the earth.

A collection of Essays by Mr. John Fiske† which takes its title from the first of the series, contains a variety of reviews of different books, controversial, historical, and other, most of them among the principal works of the last few years. Mr. Fiske handles his subjects with vigour, care, and reasonable independence of thought; and two or three of his essays will certainly repay the trouble of perusal.

A Summer in Europe ‡ is the title of a small volume of lively sketches by an American lady who has devoted "a week" to Holland, "a day" to Ascot, and proportionate time to the rest of Europe, all within the period of a few months; good for railway reading, and so brief that their levity does not become tedious.

Mr. Packard's "Life Histories" § are interesting and valuable, if somewhat technical, accounts of the construction, physiology, and habits of various creatures, principally of the lowest orders of existence; man and the mammals occupying a very few pages at the end of the volume, and more than five-sixths of it being devoted to the Invertebrata.

Mr. Burges's *American Kennel and Sporting Field* ‖ is a somewhat elaborate work on the breeding and training of sporting dogs, in the course of which a very large space is devoted to the pedigrees of particular animals.

Mr. Ewbank's treatise on Hydraulics ¶ is correctly entitled "descriptive and historical." It contains an enormous quantity of curious and interesting information regarding ancient methods of obtaining water for agricultural and other purposes, canals, aqueducts, irrigation, and so forth, as well as regarding mediæval and modern inventions, and a great variety of irrelevant and somewhat incoherent, but not the less interesting, matter. This occupies six hundred pages of the largest octavo size in very close type, sufficiently, but not profusely, illustrated. As it is not a scientific treatise, nor yet available for practical purposes, it will probably find but few readers, and is likely to be largely plundered; containing as it does matter enough to make the fortune of a plagiarist, who will feel himself protected from conviction by the ponderous weight and uninviting appearance of this rich but ill-arranged treasury.

Mr. Lundy's *Monumental Christianity* ** may not improbably share the same fate. The author is wrong-headed, and his leading ideas are so far antiquated as to repel all but the most persevering students; but he has collected a great mass of matter from the early monuments of the Church and from the religious sculptures and inscriptions of the East, illustrative sometimes only of the author's particular crotchets concerning the relation of false creeds to the true, but occasionally throwing valuable light upon the antiquity of particular doctrines or ideas, and even documents; as when several Christian sculptures of the second century are produced to show that the parable of the Vine (and therefore the fourth Gospel, in which alone that parable is found) had already taken a strong and general hold on the mind of the Church. If the author had known how to use his materials, his book might have brought him as much fame and profit as it has evidently cost him care and labour.

A large and heavy volume on the Iron Ores of Missouri and Michigan †† has been compiled by official geologists from the Re-

* *The Religious Sentiment, its Source and Aim: a Contribution to the Science and Philosophy of Religion.* By Daniel G. Brinton, A.M., M.D., New York: Holt & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

† *The Unseen World, and other Essays.* By John Fiske, M.A., LL.B. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *A Summer in Europe.* By Mary H. Wills. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§ *Life Histories of Animals, including Man; or, Outlines of Comparative Embryology.* By A. S. Packard, Jun., Author of "A Guide to the Study of Insects," &c. New York: Holt & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‖ *The American Kennel and Sporting Field.* By Arnold Burges. New York: Ford & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

¶ *A Descriptive and Historical Account of Hydraulic and other Machines, for Raising Water, Ancient and Modern; with Observations on various Subjects connected with Mechanic Arts, including the Progressive Development of the Steam Engine.* In Five Books. Illustrated by nearly Three Hundred Engravings. Seventh Edition. By Thomas Ewbank, Author of "The World and Workshop," &c. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

** *Monumental Christianity; or, the Art and Symbolism of the Primitive Church as Witnesses and Teachers of the One Catholic Faith and Practice.* By John P. Lundy, Presbyter. New York: J. W. Bonton. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

†† *Iron Ores of Missouri and Michigan.* By Raphael Pumpelly, late Director Geological Survey of Missouri; T. B. Brooks, State Geologist Lake Superior Iron District; and Adolf Schmidt, Assistant in the Geological Survey of Missouri. With Illustrations in the Text and Topographical and Geological Atlas. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

* *History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent.* By George Bancroft. 6 vols. Thoroughly Revised Edition. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *The Autobiography of a Crystal in the Formation of the Solar System, from the Incremation of the Sphere of Equity in the Heavens, the Fall of Lucifer, Dissolving of Chaos and Beginning of this Resurrection, commonly called the Creation of the Heaven and the Earth, to the Expulsion of Adam from Eden.* By Cyrus George Dunn. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‡ *Memoirs of Eliphalet Nott, D.D., LL.D., for Sixty-two Years President of Union College.* By C. Van Santvoord, D.D. With Contribution and Revision by Professor Taylor Lewis, of Union College. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

§ *A History of Philosophy, Ancient and Modern.* By Joseph Haven, D.D., LL.D., late Professor of Systematic Theology in Chicago, Ill., and late Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Amherst College and in the University of Chicago, and Author of "Mental Philosophy," &c. New York: Sheldon & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

ports of the State Surveys. Both States, Missouri especially, are rich in available deposits of the metal; and these are near enough to great coal-fields to ensure the creation of a new Glamorgan or Staffordshire beyond the Mississippi whenever the growth of population and the removal of an absurd tariff shall have rendered possible the development of those mineral resources in which the United States are as rich as they are in fertile land and in a climate suited to the production of nearly every one of the most valuable fruits of the earth.

We have several fictions on our list, of which the most attractive is the little volume of stories of the Far West by Joaquin Miller, entitled the *First Families of the Sierras*.* Mrs. Moore has brought herself as well as her characters "On Dangerous Ground"† in the treatment of some of the most delicate and difficult of social and ethical problems, with only a woman's appreciation of legal and practical necessities, and with all a woman's vehemence of impulse and sentiment. *Davault's Mills* ‡ is a novel of ordinary American life, with that amount of sensational element which a novelist is always entitled to introduce; and *Romances and Realities* § form a readable volume, in which the romances are perhaps a little more real, as well as more agreeable, than the realities. Mr. Spencer's *Rue, Thyme, and Myrtle* ‖ is a collection of juvenile pieces which it is creditable to the author's ability and taste to have written before he was eighteen, but by no means so creditable to his good sense and judgment to have published; they are rather better, however, than our next volume, *Hawthorn Blossoms* ¶, the production apparently of a maturity as ripe as the mind of the author is ever likely to attain. It would not be fair to expect much from "Centennial" Poems **; the "other" pieces in this volume suggest that Miss Kate Harrington may write better when the Centenary is over and has for a time sickened the Americans of anniversary demonstrations, which are always provocative of exceeding bad verse.

* *First Families of the Sierras.* By Joaquin Miller, Author of "Songs of the Sierras," &c. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

† *On Dangerous Ground; or, Agatha's Friendship.* A Romance of American Society. By Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. London: Sampson Low & Co.

‡ *Davault's Mills.* A Novel. By Charles Henry Jones. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

§ *Romances and Realities: Tales of Truth and Fancy.* By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. New York: Ford & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

‖ *Rue, Thyme, and Myrtle: a Collection of Poems and Songs.* By Charles Edgar Spencer. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

¶ *Hawthorn Blossoms.* By Emily Thornton Charles (Emily Hawthorne). Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

** *Centennial and other Poems.* By Kate Harrington. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Sampson Low & Co.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, *including postage to any part of the United States, is* £1 10*s.* 4*d.*, *or* $7 58 *gold, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher,* Mr. DAVID JONES, *at the Office,* 38 *Southampton Street, Strand, or to* Mr. B. F. STEVENS, *American Agency,* 4 *Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.*

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

RUBINSTEIN'S LAST PERFORMANCE this SEASON, also Papini, Tuesday, May 30, at the MUSICAL UNION. Tickets, 7s. 6d., to be had of Lucas & Ollivier, Bond Street, and Austin, St. James's Hall.

MUSICAL UNION.—Programme, Tuesday, May 30, Quarter-past Three, St. James's Hall—Quartet, "God preserve the Emperor," Haydn; Grand Trio, Op. 70, in D, Beethoven; Quartet, Andante and Scherzo, Op. 81, Mendelssohn; Piano Solos. No free admissions without a Ticket. Visitors can pay (Regent Street Entrance) at the Hall. Director, Prof. ELLA, 9 Victoria Square, S.W.

HORSE SHOW, AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington.

HORSE SHOW OPENS SATURDAY, JUNE 3.

HORSE SHOW, MONDAY, JUNE 5.

HORSE SHOW, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY.

HORSE SHOW, THURSDAY and FRIDAY.

THE SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The EIGHTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION is now OPEN. 5 Pall Mall East. From 9 till 7. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
ALFRED D. FRIPP, *Secretary.*

DORÉ'S GREAT PICTURE of "CHRIST LEAVING the PRAETORIUM," with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "La Verna," "Soldiers of the Cross," "Christian Martyrs," "Gaming Table," &c.—DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

GAINSBOROUGH.—The beautiful GEORGINA, DUCHESS of DEVONSHIRE.—This renowned PICTURE is now ON VIEW, at the Gallery, 39 Bond Street, Piccadilly, from Ten to Six o'clock. Admission 1s.

MR. GEORGE LANDSEER'S DRAWINGS and SKETCHES of INDIA Will shortly be EXHIBITED at 168 NEW BOND STREET.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND. Incorporated by Royal Charter, for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of British Artists.
Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
The SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Saturday, June 17, 1876.
Sir WILLIAM FRASER, Bart, M.A., M.P., in the Chair.
Since the foundation of the Society, the sum of £37,077 10s. has been distributed in relieving widows and orphans of British Artists, and during the past year fifty-three widows and sixteen orphans have received annuities amounting to £1,125. The institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts.
Gentlemen's Tickets, 21s.; Ladies, 12s. 6d., may be obtained of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—Notice is hereby given, that the next HALF-YEARLY EXAMINATION for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on Monday, June 26, 1876. In addition to the Metropolitan Examination, Provincial Examinations will be held at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw; Stonyhurst College; St. Stanislaus College, Tullamore; Owens College, Manchester; Queen's College, Liverpool; and Queen's College, Birmingham.
Every Candidate is required to transmit his Certificate of Age to the REGISTRAR (University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W.) at least Fourteen days before the commencement of the Examination.
May 22, 1876. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., *Registrar.*

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS. There will be an ELECTION to SIX in June next. They are open to all BOYS who on June 1 are between Twelve and Fourteen years of age. The Examination begins on Tuesday, June 20.—For further particulars apply to the Rev. the BURSAR, Wellington College, Wokingham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—EIGHT or more will be open to COMPETITION at Midsummer, 1876, value from £35 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £90 a year in cases of Scholars who require it.—Further particulars may be obtained of the SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

HIGHGATE SCHOOL.—There will be an EXAMINATION for FOUR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS of £75, £50, £40, £40, June 28.—Application to be made to the Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, School House, Highgate, N.

MALVERN COLLEGE. The Third Term will begin on Monday, September 18.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Cambridge.—The School House is now ready for Boarders. At the last revision (Christmas, 1875) there were 36 Boys from this School at the University, of whom 21 had obtained Scholarships, Exhibitions, &c., at their respective Colleges. An Open Scholarship at Christ's and a Sizarship at Trinity have just been obtained.
For Terms, &c., apply to the Head-Master, J. B. ALLEN, M.A.

HURSLEY, WINCHESTER.—A. M. HEATHCOTE, B.A., Oriel Coll., Oxford, prepares BOYS, between the ages of Seven and Twelve, for the Public Schools. Terms, 100 and 120 Guineas. Holidays as at Winchester College.—Address, Horse Close, Hursley, Winchester.

THE RECTOR of LAVENDON, experienced in Tuition, is prepared to receive Two or Three PUPILS, under the age of Fifteen years, into his House to prepare for the Public Schools, &c.—Address, THE RECTOR, Lavendon, Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

THE Rev. T. L. MONTEFIORE, M.A., Rector of Catherstone, Dorset, and Rural Dean, would be glad to receive TWO PUPILS to Read with his Sons. Terms £150. Healthy situation. Good Sea-bathing.—Address, Charmouth, Dorset.

PRIVATE LIBRARIES, and those of Colleges and Literary and Scientific Institutions, CATALOGUED and ARRANGED by W. T. AYLOTT, Librarian. References will be given to parties by whom he has been engaged.—Address, 27 Cheapside, E.C.

MEMORIAL to LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY.

WESTMINSTER TRAINING SCHOOL and HOME for NURSES.

Chairman—His Grace the Duke of WESTMINSTER.

Vice-Chairman—Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B.

At a Meeting held on May 3, in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, to consider the best means of establishing a Memorial to the late Lady Augusta Stanley, Lord Hatherley took the Chair, and it was

Resolved: "That it is the desire of this meeting that an enduring Memorial should be founded to perpetuate the honoured name of Lady Augusta Stanley; and it is their opinion that such an object may be best accomplished by associating that name with a work of beneficence originated by her, and in which, to the close of her life, she evinced an active and sympathizing interest. They therefore suggest that means be immediately taken, in connexion with the Committee of the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses, to obtain the Funds required to place that Institution on a solid and permanent foundation in association with her name, and in such form as may be hereafter determined on by that Committee."

It was mentioned at the meeting that the sum of £15,000 would probably be required to purchase a site, and to erect and furnish the Home, which would then be a self-supporting institution.

The Committee gratefully acknowledge having already received the following subscriptions:—

	£	s.	d.
The Duke of Westminster	500	0	0
Lord Hatherley	500	0	0
Lord Overstone	100	0	0
The Rt. Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P.	100	0	0
The Rt. Hon. W. Cowper-Temple, M.P.	100	0	0
The Duke of Westminster	200	0	0
Countess, Marchioness of Lothian	50	0	0
The Rt. Hon. Russell Gurney, M.P.	50	0	0
Mrs. Russell Gurney	50	0	0
The Rev. Lord J. Thynne	50	0	0
J. M. Bate, Esq.	50	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Lindsay	25	0	0
A Friend of Lady Augusta and the Cause	25	0	0
M. M.	200	0	0
M. M. when the Home is completed	100	0	0
Lord Pembyn	50	0	0
The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Scott	10	0	0
F. M.	100	0	0
Lady Smith	10	10	0
Lord Elgin, Lady Louisa Bruce, and Hon. F. Bruce	20	0	0
Charles Stuart Parker, Esq.	25	0	0
R. C. Browne Clayton, Esq.	25	0	0
The Dean of Lincoln	10	10	0
The Ven. Archdeacon Jennings	10	10	0
The Rev. C. Alfred Jones	10	10	0
Mrs. Cowper	10	0	0
The Hon. Mrs. Bathurst	10	0	0
Total	2,192	0	0

Further Donations will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Vice-Chairman, Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, K.C.B., 11 Great Queen Street, W.C.; Chancellor the Hon. Tp. Lyttelton, G. HELMORE, Esq., Shorthands, Bromley, Kent; the Hon. Secretary Miss A. DICEY, 107 Victoria Street, S.W.; the Lady Superintendent Miss MURRAY WEBSTER, 8 Broad Sanctuary, Westminster; Messrs. RANSOM, BOUVERIE, & Co., 1 Pall Mall East.

A GENERAL MEETING of the SOCIETY for the PROTECTION of ANIMALS liable to VIVISECTION will be held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on Thursday, June 1st, at 3 o'clock precisely. The Earl of SHAFTESBURY, K.G., in the Chair. His Eminence Cardinal Manning, Lord Coleridge, Q.C., Right Hon. and Hon. W. Cowper-Temple, Right Hon. Lord de Tabley, Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.S.I., A. J. Mundella, Esq., M.P., and Rev. Dr. Abbott, will take part in the proceedings.

The Committee of the Society gratefully accepts the Bill now before Parliament to "Prevent Cruel Experiments on Animals," and especially directs attention to Clause 5, prohibiting all physiological experiments on Dogs and Cats. This exemption was recommended by Mr. Hutton in the Report of the Royal Commission, and the Society deems it to be eminently just and reasonable. In the first place, the creatures in question are exceptionally sensitive; inasmuch that the same experiment inflicted on a dog and on a rabbit may be estimated to involve twice or three times as much pain in the former case as in the latter. And, in the second place, the familiar relation on which these "Household Friends" base their claim to the humane tolerance of the human fellow-creature renders it peculiarly heinous that they should be the victims of cruelty. Against the abuses of exclusion clause it may be remarked that it will affect the only subjects—whether respecting breeds or action on which much reliance can be placed—whose properties may be safely left to be evaded, with impunity, or the use of an esthetics, however judged, is generally taken from the owner for more or less futility; but that by this means it places the experiment beyond the reach of successful prosecution.

The only Amendment which the Committee approve is to the Proviso, that Animals should be used at present under the Act, and Mules. These creatures are likewise extremely sensitive, and extended to Horses, now would ignore, when not for disabled, the ordinary motive for the infliction of experiments. Such a conclusion to their lives would be a cruel service to man most painful, unjust and inhumane.

GEORGE HOGGAN, M.B., } *Honorary Secretaries.*
FRANCES POWER COBBE. }

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INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—The following are the SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES at the recent Open Competition for the Civil Service of India.

No. in order of merit.	Name.	Total of Marks.
*1	Lawrence, Edward	1,918
2	Baker, Edward Norman	1,854
*3	Collin, Edward Woodfall, M.A.	1,770
*4	Shakespear, Alexander M. W.	1,711
*5	Macpherson, Duncan James	1,690
6	Collins, Arthur Herbert	1,662
*7	Monro, Charles Herbert	1,608
*8	Crawford, James Adair	1,591
*9	Bradley, Herbert	1,[illegible]
*10	Cappel, Edward Louis	1,555
*11	Johnstone, James William D.	1,541
12	Atkinson, John Nathaniel	1,527
13	King, Lucey White	1,475
14	Gray, Percy	1,430
15	Irwin, George Robert	1,422
*16	Williams, George Mawdsley	1,415
*17	Impey, W. H. Lockington	1,407
18	Sankey, Henry	1,392
19	Casperz, Charles Peter	1,390
20	Bate, C. Landseer, Modeller	1,351
*21	Nethercole, William	1,308
22	Drew, William Wilkinson	1,307
23	Hull, William Thomas	1,274
*24	Gray, Evelyn	1,272
	Sim, Henry Alexander	1,272
*25	Meredith, Arthur	1,269
*27	Porteous, Alexander	1,260
*28	Dingwall, Arthur	1,257
29	Maurice, H. Hajohn Tyrrel	1,254
30	Seaton, James Clark	1,242

* Pupils of Mr. WREN, M.A. (Christ's College, Cambridge), 4, Powis Square, Westbourne Park, who Prepares Resident and non-Resident Pupils for India Civil Service.

THE Rev. H. J. GRAHAM, M.A. Oxon., receives TWELVE PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools, at Ashmansworth Vicarage, Faringdon, Berks.

PRIVATE TUITION.—The Rev. F. W. YOUNG, M.A. Oxon, Scholar of his College, Three of whose Pupils (Eleven, Thirteen, and Fifteen years) have recently gained open Public School scholarships, receives a few High Class PUPILS. He is assisted by an Eighth Wrangler, an Oxford Honour Man, and other able Masters; offers every facility for the Modern Languages, and unusual advantages to backward Boys. References to Parents of position. Inclusive terms 100 Guineas.—Cheriborg House, Malvern.

WOOLWICH ACADEMY.—A BENEFICED CLERGYMAN, Wrangler and successful Tutor, wants a COMPANION PUPIL for his son (well advanced), whom he is preparing for the admission Examination, Christmas 1877. Special advantages in Mathematics and Modern Languages. Terms less an object than a boy willing to work.—Address, N. H., Post-Office, Tamworth.

READING PARTY.—The MATHEMATICAL and SCIENCE MASTER at a Public School, a High Wrangler, going to spend a couple of Months this summer in Germany (Recidelberg and the South), would be glad to meet with One or Two GENTLEMEN who might Read with him Mathematics and Physics, or prepare for Matriculation at the Universities.—Apply to DELTA, at David Nutt's, 270 Strand.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The COUNCIL desire to appoint a SECRETARY. He must be a Bachelor of a University Graduate. Candidates will be required to state their age. The initial Salary will be £600 per annum. Further information may be obtained at the Office of the College. Applications and Testimonials will be received not later than June 10.

HARRY BROWN, *Assistant-Secretary to the Council.*

A LADY (thirty-six), daughter of a University Professor, wishes to engage herself as COMPANION to a Lady or Elderly Lady and Gentleman. She is clever, very well educated, and speaks and reads several languages. Is a good reader and musician. Would not object to travel or to chaperone young Ladies. Is sometimes to good society and would be a pleasant companion in a country house. Highest references.—Address, M. A., care of Mrs. Hannover, Upper Terrace House, Hampstead Heath, London, N.W.

HEAD-MASTER for the GROCERS' COMPANY'S MIDDLE CLASS SCHOOL, Hackney Downs.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of the Grocers' Company will, on or about the 10th day of June, 1876, proceed to the appointment of a HEAD-MASTER of their School at Hackney Downs, estimated to accommodate from 500 to 600 Boys, and expected to be ready for opening at Michaelmas next. Fixed Stipend £600 per annum. Capitation Fee of £1 per Boy up to 450, and 10s. per Boy beyond that number. A minimum salary of £800 per annum guaranteed for first Three years commencing from Michaelmas next.

The Head-Master will be appointed subject to the provisions of a Scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners. He need not be in Holy Orders, but must not accept or hold any benefice having the cure of souls or any office or employment which in the opinion of the Court may interfere with the proper performance of the duties of Head-Master.

Further particulars may be obtained upon application to the CLERK of the Grocers' Company, Grocers' Hall, Poultry, London, E.C.

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MESSRS. BROAD, PRITCHARD, & WILTSHIRE, will SELL BY AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Tuesday, May 30, 1876, at One o'clock precisely, in One Lot, the valuable FREEHOLD SITE, known for Centuries past as "LADY PLACE," HURLEY, situate immediately on the Bank of the Thames, and having an unInterrupted frontage thereto. The Land comprises about Fifteen Acres, and is enclosed within a massive wall. It is the site of the Old Monastery, and has many interesting historical associations connected with it. From its position it is eminently well situated for the erection of a first-class Residence. The surrounding Society is of a most desirable character, and Sporting is close at hand. The Views from the River are of a charming description, and it is doubtful whether such a site is to be found in this favourite neighbourhood.

Possession will be given on completion of the purchase.

The Land may be viewed, and Plans and Particulars and Conditions of Sale may be had at the Mart, of Messrs. PAWLE, PEARON, & COLDHAM, Solicitors, 11 New Inn, Strand, W.C., or of the Auctioneers, 7 Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.—TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1876.

First and Third Class Tourist Tickets, available for Two Months, will be issued from June 1 to October 31, 1876.

For Particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes, issued by the Company.

Derby, May 1876. JAMES ALLPORT, *General Manager.*

HOTELS.

BRIGHTON.—BEDFORD HOTEL.—Facing Sea and Esplanade. Near the West Pier. Central position. Long established. Suites of Rooms. Spacious Coffee-room for Ladies and Gentlemen. Sea-Water Service in the Hotel. P. O. RICKARDS, *Manager.*

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HYDROPATHY.—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill. The late Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. For Invalids and the convalescent and Others. Turkish Bathroom in the premises. Private entrance to Richmond Park.

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THE REVOLUTION AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE surprising revolution which has been accomplished at Constantinople appears to have resulted from a deliberate conspiracy or combination rather than from a spontaneous popular movement. The Ministers who were shortly before placed in power on the demand of the Softas had probably instigated the original movement for the purpose of obtaining official facilities for the attainment of their further objects. MIDHAT PASHA, whose appointment as Vizier was demanded by the Softas, was content in the first instance to take a seat in the Cabinet without the control of a special department. The new SHEIKH UL ISLAM was also privy to the plot, and probably his co-operation was indispensable for the satisfaction of the people. The Ministers seem to have required from the SULTAN a contribution from his private funds to the urgent wants of the Treasury. On his refusal, which had probably been anticipated, the SHEIKH UL ISLAM announced to him his deposition; and as the consent of the troops on the spot had already been secured, resistance would have been useless. The dethronement of an Ottoman SULTAN by an informal but unanimous vote was perhaps to his subjects a less revolutionary proceeding than it might have appeared in Western countries. There has always been a vague belief that the Commander of the Faithful was in some undetermined sense responsible to the people for the exercise of his temporal and spiritual functions. Like a delinquent ecclesiastic in former times, ABDUL AZIZ was forced to resign his pontificate before he was deprived of his sovereign power. It may be hoped that the authors of the change are so far within the influence of civilization as to spare and protect the unfortunate victim of his own vices and of the disasters of his country. The project of limiting the power of his successor is a bolder innovation than the dethronement itself. A fixed Civil List is to be substituted for uncontrolled disposal of the public funds, and it is proposed that a permanent Council of Notables shall share in the administration of public affairs. The demand that the Seraglio shall be suppressed perhaps refers rather to the private advisers of the SULTAN than to his domestic arrangements. Nothing is known of the character of MURAD V., who may be presumed to possess the ordinary qualities and defects of an Ottoman prince. The circumstances of his accession may perhaps serve as a warning against the follies which have proved fatal to his predecessor. ABDUL AZIZ was supposed to have a comparatively manly and vigorous character when he succeeded his brother fifteen years ago. He has since that time taken some interest in the organization of the army, and more especially in the material increase of the navy, but the combination of avarice with gross personal extravagance deprived him of all title to respect. Even his ironclad ships were constructed as expensive playthings, and the army has not lately proved its efficiency. He was not sufficiently a statesman to understand the necessity of conciliating the Christian population, and he actively promoted the financial ruin of the Empire. Since the death of AALI and of RESCHID the SULTAN has constantly changed his Ministers, and of late he has excited the bitter indignation of his subjects by habitual deference to the counsels of his natural enemy. The submission to Russian influence which chiefly provoked the indignation of his subjects was not without apology. As lately as in 1870 the SULTAN or his Ministers offered to resist the abrogation of the Treaty of Paris, on condition of receiving the assured support of England. But no excuse can be devised for the cupidity and prodigality which have tended largely to accelerate the ruin of Turkey. No deposed ruler will have excited less regret or compassion at home or abroad.

The tendency of the revolution will only be ascertained by experience; but it seems to indicate the existence of a public spirit for which the better classes of the Turks have not hitherto received credit. There is reason to believe that the promoters of the movement are not unfriendly to the Christians, though they are resolved to suppress the insurrection in the provinces. If it is true that the late SULTAN had accumulated large hoards of money, the immediate difficulties of the Government will be sensibly alleviated. A permanent Assembly of Notables seems to be an impossible institution. The authority of the SULTAN is in its nature absolute, although it may sometimes be administered in his name by vigorous Ministers, and Notables would be another name for Pashas contending with one another for power and place. Probably the leaders of the reforming party will contrive for the present to exercise the functions of government. As the French Foreign Minister has already suggested, the deposition of the SULTAN may perhaps facilitate judicious concessions; but, until the opinions and the temper of the Softas and of their instigators are better understood, no confident judgment can be formed of the consequences of the revolution. Religious enthusiasm and national self-respect are motives which may easily degenerate into fanaticism and political obstinacy. One great advantage will consist in the check which will probably, for a time, be offered to corruption. The success of the conspiracy explains and justifies the arming of the population which lately caused alarm to foreigners. It will be well if the victorious party is satisfied with its triumph, for it is always dangerous that a multitude should learn the secret of its strength. The garrison of the capital appears to have taken an active part in the deposition of the SULTAN, and the feeling of the army in the provinces will almost certainly be favourable to a change of rulers. The sudden rise in Turkish and Egyptian Stocks as soon as the news was known on Tuesday last curiously illustrates the sanguine and hasty character of speculators. The dangers of Turkey are not yet sensibly diminished.

The events at Constantinople have, as an incidental result, furnished a temporary solution of diplomatic embarrassments. The five Powers who had hastily pledged themselves to a Note devised in the exclusive interest of one of their number have determined to delay the communication which would have been made to the late SULTAN. Austria and France, and perhaps Italy, will not regret the occurrence of a plausible pretext for withdrawing from an untenable position. The secret of German policy has been carefully kept, but for the present it probably consists chiefly in the maintenance of an ostensible concert between Austria and Russia. The party now in power at Constantinople is believed to be unfriendly to Russia, but Prince GORTCHAKOFF may probably not be unwilling to wait until the intentions of MIDHAT and his colleagues are fully understood. Mr. DISRAELI'S admission that there is still great cause for anxiety is certainly not exaggerated. No change of persons can effectually remove the causes which threaten the Turkish Empire with ruin. A homogeneous nation may possibly be regenerated by indignation against previous abuses, but Turkish enthusiasm for reform would tend to the application of principles which are inapplicable to present circumstances. No statesman can obliterate the distinction between the hostile races, or rather between the two religious creeds. The unpopularity of the dethroned SULTAN was caused, not only his vices, but by his in-

ability or unwillingness to employ vigorous measures in the disturbed provinces. One of the Ministers who took an active part in the deposition has from the first been an advocate for immediate war with Servia and Montenegro. It may be found necessary to satisfy popular opinion by a display of energy which will probably furnish Russia with additional pretexts for interference. The rumour that General IGNATIEFF had been recalled has thus far not been confirmed. There is no doubt that one of the unfortunate SULTAN'S chief offences was his supposed deference to the counsels of the Russian Ambassador; but similar influences may perhaps be brought to bear on the present Government.

It would be too much to hope that MURAD V. should prove himself a vigorous and beneficent sovereign. His uncle and predecessor was a selfish voluptuary and spendthrift, but he was not a tyrant. The grandfather of the present SULTAN might have rivalled the fame of PETER THE GREAT if the task which he undertook had been possible. He crushed the mutinous satraps who from time to time had long affected a provincial independence; he destroyed in a pitiless massacre the dangerous organization of the Janissaries; and he introduced among his subjects, with doubtful results, European costumes and habits. His elder son and immediate successor was comparatively gentle in disposition, and he offered no active resistance to the promulgation of decrees of religious equality under the dictation of the European Powers. ABDUL AZIZ might perhaps have prosecuted schemes of improvement if there had been a more hopeful prospect of success. It seems impossible to interrupt the decay of the Empire; yet the ruin which impends cannot be precipitated except at the cost of a desperate struggle between the Mahometans and the rest of the population in European Turkey. MURAD V. probably took only a passive share in the recent changes. His advisers have assumed to themselves the responsibility of amending a condition of affairs which seems to foreigners hopeless. According to some accounts, they have already declared to the five Powers that they decline the two months' armistice, and that they deprecate the presentation of the Berlin Note because it is impossible for them to comply with its terms. If they listen to English counsels, they will not promote the designs of their enemies by obstinate resistance.

ENGLAND AND THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.

THE strange statement that insurances at LLOYD'S were made a few days ago to cover war risks in the Mediterranean has not changed the general opinion that the refusal of the English Government to accept the Berlin Resolutions was prudent as well as bold. The rumours of active preparation in arsenals and dockyards can scarcely be founded on serious apprehensions of war; but the powerful fleet which is now assembled in Turkish waters may produce a salutary impression that the English Government is in earnest. Before the Palace revolution at Constantinople Lord DERBY informed the three Governments which were represented at Berlin that England will not concur in a policy which can only have been adopted by Austria under urgent pressure. The allied Governments, intentionally or otherwise, offer the insurgents a reward for prolonging their resistance. It is absurd to found a complaint against Turkey on the inability of the Porte to introduce effectual reforms until the provinces are at least temporarily pacified. It may be assumed that the armistice which is recommended to the belligerents is not intended to operate for the benefit of Turkey. No guarantee is offered for the withdrawal of Servia and Montenegro from their hostile proceedings. There can be no doubt that both Principalities would obey an intimation from Russia that they will no longer be protected from retaliation. The English Government is not disposed to repeat the sacrifices which were made twenty years ago for the protection of Turkey against unprovoked aggression. Still less would the country approve of aid to the Porte against its revolted subjects; but it is too much to expect that the ancient policy of discountenancing the dismemberment of Turkey should be abandoned in deference to Powers which have formed among themselves a temporary and precarious union. The language addressed by Count ANDRASSY to the Austrian and Hungarian delegates plainly indicates the jealousy with which Austria regards the agitation promoted by Russia. Within a few days the Servian Government has adopted measures which seem almost to amount to a declaration of war. The armaments which were prepared with the aid of Russian officers have sometimes seemed to be directed as much against Austria as against Turkey. As long as none of the great Powers take part in the struggle, it will become the English Government to maintain a watchful neutrality.

The ready adhesion of France and Italy to the successive resolutions of Russia, Austria, and Germany, is easily explained; and it probably means little. Italy is a new, though not unwelcome, member of the singular League or Committee of Great Powers which has for sixty years assumed the right of regulating the affairs of Europe. The most obvious mode of securing an uncertain position, and of laying the foundation of future influence, is to defer with prudent courtesy to the prevailing opinion. As long as the three great military Empires are really or ostensibly united in their policy, the Italian Government could do nothing to counteract their designs. The choice which it may hereafter be necessary to make between a Russian and an Austrian alliance need not be prematurely anticipated. It is probable that popular feeling in favour of the Christian population of Turkey may also affect the policy of the Italian Government. The passionate antipathy of GARIBALDI to the infidel Turk is probably shared by the mass of his countrymen, as it is unconsciously inherited from the time when the Mahometan power was formidable to Christendom, and especially to the Catholic Church. The hasty acquiescence of France in the ANDRASSY Note, and afterwards in the Berlin Resolutions, probably expressed only a fixed determination to abstain for the present from all external action. No French Government will permanently relinquish its claim to independent influence in the course of events in the East. It is suspected that the French Cabinet has already regretted the precipitancy which rendered it impossible to concert a common policy with England. While all parties in France approve of an unenterprising and pacific policy, public opinion would deprecate any appearance of subserviency to German dictation. The paramount object of averting or postponing the outbreak of a European war is not judiciously pursued by the adoption of a vague project which must almost certainly lead to armed intervention in Turkey. If it is a principal aim of French policy to dissolve the union of the three EMPERORS, eager acceptance of their joint decrees seems at first sight anomalous and inconsistent. If it is true that the French Government has suggested the convocation of a Conference or Congress on the Turkish question, the proposal may cause some embarrassment. With every desire to encourage overtures tending to a common understanding, the English Government could scarcely consent to subject a definite policy to the decision of foreign Powers. A Congress sometimes furnishes a convenient method of registering a foregone determination, but it can scarcely be converted into a deliberative Council. An independent State can seldom pledge itself to acquiesce in the decrees of a majority; and in the present instance, though no Congress has been assembled, England deliberately stands alone. Thirteen or fourteen years ago Lord RUSSELL caused great offence to NAPOLEON III. by an argumentative Note in which he demonstrated the inutility of a Congress. It would have been better courteously to decline the EMPEROR'S proposal, without proving that it was unseasonable and absurd; but the reasons which were unnecessarily urged in defence of the refusal to join the Congress are applicable to nearly all experiments of the kind. Soon afterwards Lord RUSSELL himself strove in vain to terminate the Danish war by a Conference which was held in London. Prussia, then allied with Austria, had resolved to detach Holstein and Schleswig from the Danish monarchy, and there was little use in discussing other methods of settling the quarrel with Germany. At the last European Conference, which was held in Brussels, the English representative was not furnished with the powers of a plenipotentiary, and Lord DERBY positively refused to send a delegate to the adjourned Conference which was expected to meet at St. Petersburg. The first condition of international discussion is that all the members of a Conference should be at liberty to form any combination among themselves which may from time to time be thought expedient. On the Eastern question Russia, Austria, and Prussia have repeatedly announced their adoption of a common policy; and they have hitherto

only communicated to the other Powers resolutions which had been already formed in concert. It is possible that the French Government may remove by confidential communications the objections to a Congress which will certainly be raised on the part of England. Perhaps the proposal is mainly designed to remove the impression which had been produced by the hearty assent of France to the Resolutions of Berlin.

At the dinner of the City Liberal Club Lord GRANVILLE said that the course adopted by the Government will deserve approval or censure as it may be found hereafter to be a part of a definite policy or merely a negative measure. If the issue is accurately raised, the rejection of the Berlin Resolutions will scarcely be justified by the application of Lord GRANVILLE'S test. The English Government has assuredly not discovered any miraculous contrivance for the regeneration of Turkey. It has already assented to the project of reform which is contained in the ANDRASSY Note; and whatever party may be in power, England in the future, as in the past, will always urge the adoption of equal laws and of honest administration. The independent position which has now been assumed amounts to a reassertion of the established principles of English policy in the East. The Government will not be an accomplice, and will perhaps not be a passive spectator, while foreign intrigues render the re-establishment of peace impossible. It was not worth while to affect belief in the cordiality of an alliance which may perhaps not long survive the declaration of the intentions of England. The Russian journals already begin to denounce as a hypocritical absurdity the pretence of a harmonious understanding between Russia and Austria. It is well understood that the Austrian Government will not allow Herzegovina to become independent, although guarantees may perhaps be given to the insurgents if they are willing to lay down their arms. If England had acquiesced in the decision of Berlin, the pretence of union might probably have been maintained for some weeks longer. It might then have become necessary for the English Government to make a stand against a new infraction of the Treaty of 1856. The powerful fleet which is assembled in Besika Bay will not now be called upon to resist an attempt to violate the neutrality of the Dardanelles. A comprehensive scheme for reconciling the Government of the SULTAN with the doctrines of civilization would have been more ambitious, and, if it had been practicable, it would have been more beneficial. If the new SULTAN should unexpectedly show a disposition to favour an enlightened policy, he will receive every encouragement. In the meantime the English Government must be content with the more modest enterprise of discountenancing war and revolution.

THE MINISTRY AND THE OPPOSITION.

A NEW Liberal Club has been founded in the City with the certainty of providing an eligible place for luncheons, and the possibility of checking the supremacy of Conservative organization. Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON attended the ceremony of laying the first stone, and said all that two polite peers of moderate views could say to explain the existence of the party they lead and to encourage their supporters. One of the speakers on the occasion remarked that, in preparing for the erection of the new building, it had been found necessary to go down forty feet before a stone could be laid, and that he thought this an apt symbol of the Liberal party. He was not very wrong in his view of the matter. It seems a particularly apt symbol of the party to which he belongs. The Liberals have lately been not unlike people who carefully put a hoarding round their premises and then sink gradually underground. They are, no doubt, preparing to do great things in the future, but at present they may be said to be at least twenty feet off being able to begin to make any show. To keep quiet and organize is at once their safest, their easiest, and their only policy. For the Liberals in their present condition no better leaders could possibly be found than Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON. Lord GRANVILLE frankly owns that he finds it delightful to be out of office, and Lord HARTINGTON feels more and more secure without having even the semblance of a programme. It would not do for him, as he intimated, to be even present when Mr. TREVELYAN'S motion was discussed. It happened by a mere chance that the discussion took place on the eve of the Derby. But Lord HARTINGTON had the graver excuse to offer for his intended absence that scarcely anything would have disconcerted him more certainly than the motion being carried. So long as the county franchise is merely a theme of desultory conversation, there can be no harm in Liberals talking of it in an enthusiastic fashion. But nothing would spoil the electioneering tactics over which Lord HARTINGTON is now called to preside more than a Bill for extending the franchise and redistributing seats, adroitly framed by the Conservatives. It is from a mere party point of view much better to go on digging gently at the foundation, opening Clubs, and mildly reproaching the Ministry. Liberals, like the rest of Englishmen, are for the moment in a state of political comfort. If in home matters the Ministry does not, as the Liberals say, do any one much good, it is equally true that it does not do any one much harm; and, as to foreign affairs, Lord GRANVILLE has the perfect confidence in Lord DERBY which Lord DERBY would extend to him if the Liberals were in office. Lord GRANVILLE was not even quite sure whether it was proper for him to assist in a Liberal organization for election purposes; but he had discovered that the Duke of RICHMOND had done quite as much in this way as he was asked to do, and so he felt easy, and knew that he was doing right. What a Conservative Duke did must satisfy the highest standard about which he need trouble himself; and so he felt fully at liberty to secure decent luncheons for decent Liberals, to paint the sweets of repose, and to assent beforehand to the proposition that a leader in so peculiar a position as Lord HARTINGTON would do well not to show himself while the county franchise was being discussed.

Criticism, bland but not ineffective criticism, is, as these unaspiring but sensible leaders appropriately suggested, the true function of an Opposition which has no immediate hopes of office. And as critics the leaders of the Opposition have lately been by no means unsuccessful. It is not perhaps fair to say that they steadily, by their mere presence, imbue the Ministry with a Liberal spirit; for from the outset the Ministry has been a Liberal Ministry, and, as Lord HARTINGTON owned, it is willing to go in some directions of Liberalism further than the unfailing Conservative majority at heart approves. But at any rate the Liberal leaders are always at hand to remind the Ministry that they would lose ground at once if they leant towards reaction. On several occasions, too, the criticism of the Opposition has borne striking and evident fruit. Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON were far too prudent to revive the wearisome and painful subject of the Imperial title; but they could not forget, and the caters of future luncheons could not forget, that the criticism of the Opposition was in this instance exceedingly effective, and made the Ministry promise to be wise in spite of themselves. The most curious effect, perhaps, of the Royal Titles Act is that it has made for a moment Mr. LOWE, of all men in the world, a popular hero, and for the first, and probably for the last, time in his life he has seen his carriage attended by an admiring crowd. An opposition that ended in making people desirous of getting as nearly as possible under the wheels of Mr. LOWE'S carriage is an opposition which even the sternest Conservative must own to have been effective. In the same way the Liberal opposition succeeded in entirely altering Mr. DISRAELI'S views as to interference in Egypt. Lord HARTINGTON remarked, as he was fairly entitled to do, on the contrast between the grandeur of Mr. CAVE'S mission as it was originally conceived and the tame result in which it ended. No doubt there was such a contrast; but before the Ministry had taken any decisive step it learnt to be wise. To own this does not do the Ministry much harm. The Duke of RICHMOND might mention it at lunch to those whose repasts he organizes, and no one would think the worse of him. The Cabinet were nearly making a mistake, or rather they put themselves in a position in which it was reasonable to suppose they were contemplating something that would be a mistake. But they did not make it, and if it is creditable to the Opposition to have shown the Conservatives their danger, it is also creditable to the Conservatives to have avoided this danger when it was pointed out to them. This is one of the most disheartening features of the times to the organizers of Liberal luncheons. The Ministry are not above being taught. When they see that a thing is fair, they agree to it. When they see that they have made a mistake, they say so and move

in some other direction. Lord GRANVILLE, for example, was eloquent on the improvements which the energy of some young Liberal peers had imparted to the Oxford University Bill; but he forgot to add that Lord SALISBURY was as ready to have his Bill improved as any of his opponents could be to improve it. There never perhaps was a Ministry with so large a majority and at the same time with so little obstinacy.

Lord HARTINGTON commented on the paucity of measures with which the Government is trying to mark the Session. It is quite true that the Government has not many measures which it wishes to carry, that those which it does wish to carry are for the most part unimportant, and that these unimportant measures are being pushed along very slowly. It would, perhaps, be impossible for a Parliament to do less between Easter and Whitsuntide than has been done this Session. Most people would find it difficult to say whether the Government has any measures, and, if so, what has become of them. Some day possibly the Government may try its hand at a really difficult measure; and every now and then a vague idea seems to come over the minds of the more aspiring members of the Cabinet that they would like to distinguish themselves in this way. They dream of settling the problems of local taxation, and even of paring away the anomalies of banking. But for the present they are content with doing little, and doing that little safely. They are not pushed on by any one to do more, and if they attempt more it will be rather from a regard for their own fame and from public spirit than through any external influences. The minds of men are not in the temper to face large problems. This state of quietude is partly due to political tranquillity, and it is also partly due to the pecuniary anxieties which are now telling on so many homes. When distress touches the lower classes, there is often an effervescence of political agitation; but when, as now, the distress chiefly touches a higher class, politics attract a small share of attention; and it seems simpler to laugh over the declaration of an Irish member that, if Ireland had its own way, Irishmen would go not once only, but twice a year to the Derby, than to rack a weary mind with problems of bank issues or the incidence of rates. The country is not really at all discontented with the Ministry for giving it little to think of, and it certainly does not wish any other Ministry to be in office. But this does not prevent it being wise for the Liberals and advantageous for the nation that the Liberal leaders should use this time of lassitude for digging down as deeply as they can, and for nursing their party into readiness for office. That ability and eminence should be fairly distributed, and that there should be a succession of men of different parties ready and fit to serve the QUEEN, is a clear gain to everybody. It is with great satisfaction that impartial judges observe the continual advance of Lord HARTINGTON, not only in political knowledge and prudence, but in mastery of language and command of men. He has more than justified the choice of those who selected him as their leader. He began by being merely the son of a Duke, and he has gone on to be in a fair way to the front rank of those who secure the respect of Parliament and the country.

MR. TREVELYAN'S MOTION.

THE debate on Mr. TREVELYAN'S Resolutions was confined with unusual closeness to the real issue before the House. *Mr. TREVELYAN himself, Mr. FAWCETT, Sir C. DILKE, Mr. BURT, and Mr. BRIGHT exhausted among them* the reasons which convince a large section of politicians that the extension of household suffrage to the counties is just and expedient. Mr. DISRAELI may be considered to have spoken, not only for his party, but on behalf of Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. GOSCHEN, and the other leaders of the moderate Liberal party. His own personal opinion perhaps inclines to a large popular franchise; but he shrinks from the wide changes which must necessarily result from an equalization of the suffrage. Mr. LOWE alone took higher ground when he declared, in consistency with the convictions [redacted] has always entertained, that the test [redacted] tendency to produce the best [redacted] tained. Mr. TREVELYAN in [redacted] with [redacted] by a majority of his own party should discuss principles more seriously than if he were merely expressing a popular opinion. There are few members of either party who share on the question of the suffrage Mr. LOWE'S clearness of perception or his courage. Nearly all the rest of the speakers of the majority contented themselves with excuses for delay, which will be ultimately overruled. Mr. LOWE'S conclusions will perhaps be confirmed by experience when Mr. TREVELYAN'S proposals are in a more favourable season adopted. It is an obvious and easy criticism of Mr. LOWE'S warnings to say that they were uttered in a similar tone ten years ago, and that they were also probably urged at the time of the first Reform Bill. One legitimate argument against every extension of the suffrage has been that it tended to promote further changes in the same direction. Small householders in boroughs naturally desire to increase the power of their own class by giving labourers county votes. If a million of electors were now added to the constituencies, agitation for universal suffrage would become more formidable. It has hitherto been found possible to govern the country under the system of household borough suffrage, distributed in a highly artificial manner which might be thought capricious if it were not accidental; but the experience of two general elections scarcely warrants complacent and absolute security. There is a point at which democratic supremacy would change the whole character of English institutions, and, in Mr. LOWE'S words, would "destroy the "noblest fabric of liberty and justice that human hands "ever raised."

Mr. BRIGHT'S speech had the unusual fault of being an accumulation of commonplaces and of fallacies. For the twentieth time he enumerated with perfect satisfaction all the instances in which his opponents had been in the wrong; and he assumed that the labourers, if they enjoyed the franchise, would have supported his own sounder doctrines. In other words, a low franchise facilitates change, and weakens the Conservative party. The same argument may be used in favour of universal suffrage, which is, as Mr. BRIGHT said, established in the United States, in the great Colonies, and over the greater part of Europe. On the Continent the natural consequences of a wide franchise have been for the most part counteracted by the simple process of not allowing elected Assemblies to control public affairs. There is universal suffrage in Spain, where each successive Minister returns a Congress of his own partisans, and in the German Empire, where Prince BISMARCK exercises almost uncontrolled power. In France the experiment of a sovereign Assembly returned by the votes of the whole population has been for the first time tried since the close of the German war. The establishment of the Empire had been accompanied by the restoration of universal suffrage, which had been previously limited by the Legislative Assembly. The Legislature which was elected in 1871 for the purpose of concluding peace happened to contain an aristocratic and Conservative majority. The country consequently enjoyed for five years a representative Government for the first time since the overthrow of LOUIS PHILIPPE. A Republican Legislature has now maintained itself for two months, and possibly the alarm which prevails among the upper and middle classes in France may prove to be groundless. As Mr. BRIGHT himself is believed to have once remarked, a low franchise is more democratic in England than in any other country, because the great majority of Englishmen live on wages, and not on the returns of property. In the United States, in Canada, and Australia, it would have been impossible to restrict the *franchise; but the result of universal suffrage is not satisfactory. In the Colonies, as in America, the better classes* are excluded from political power, and consequently the conduct of public affairs is entrusted to adventurers and trading politicians. In one of the principal Australian Colonies legislative scandals have recently occurred which would be impossible in England. The prevalence of pecuniary corruption in the United States may be directly traced to universal suffrage.

Mr. FAWCETT'S speech was principally remarkable for the anxiety which it showed to prevent the institution of equal electoral districts. He wished electoral power to be largely redistributed, but in such a manner as to secure a representation of minorities. Reformers will never understand that minorities are much better represented at present by the operation of the anomalies and inequalities which Mr. FAWCETT strenuously condemns. Sir CHARLES DILKE said that the constituency of Liverpool increased every year by

a larger number of voters than the entire constituency of a small borough. If Liverpool and other great towns each returned twenty members to Parliament, the representation of the whole community would not be more complete than at present. London would, with equal electoral districts, return about the same number of members as Scotland. It is not surprising that Mr. FAWCETT should deprecate a mischievous uniformity which Sir C. DILKE seems to approve. A calculated and deliberate representation of minorities is liable to strong theoretical objections, and it is intrinsically insecure. In times of political excitement the majority will not be inclined to submit to limitations which can be abolished in a moment of its own supreme power. Mr. FAWCETT in some degree agrees with Mr. LOWE in believing that external symmetry matters less than the adoption of a system which may lead to good government. Mr. BURT not unnaturally treats the franchise as a right or a privilege, and the exclusion from the right of voting as an affront. The illustration of his argument which he derived from his own personal experience scarcely supports his conclusion. It seems that Mr. BURT worked in pits from childhood to the age of twenty-eight, when, becoming a ratepayer in a borough, he for the first time acquired a vote. Mr. BURT had already shown the fitness to exercise political influence which has since procured him a seat in the House of Commons. The majority of working colliers cannot be credited with equal intelligence and enterprise; yet the objection to give them votes is founded on their numbers, and not on their want of capacity. If all miners vote, the votes of coalowners, of overseers, and of shopkeepers become valueless because they are utterly swamped.

There is neither weight nor sincerity in the arguments which are deduced from the alleged moderation and good conduct of Mr. TREVELYAN'S clients. It would be at the same time insolent and unjust to attack classes which nevertheless may not be prudently admissible to the franchise. The newspapers which circulate among the members of the Labourers' Union advocate revolutionary doctrines, probably because they are supposed to be acceptable to their readers. Mr. ARCH is an agitator of the most extreme type; and it seems that, having been a Dissenting preacher, he devotes himself as earnestly to attacks on the Established Church as to agitation against farmers and landlords. The enfranchisement of some hundreds of thousands of his disciples would not tend to the security of existing institutions; but it will probably be effected in time. The temper of the House of Commons is not favourable at present to sweeping changes. The Government had every reason to be satisfied with a majority of nearly a hundred; and probably some of Mr. DISRAELI'S colleagues were not sorry that he should have occasion once more to refuse a concession to which he was at one time apparently inclined. Mr. DISRAELI has, on a large scale and in less vulgar circumstances, some of the qualities of an American manipulator of elections. He may perhaps sometimes have thought that county householders would be easily manageable, and that they might have no insuperable prejudices in favour of Liberal doctrines. He is now, on the other hand, fully convinced that his own followers are not prepared to take a second leap in the dark; nor is it worth while to risk a majority which varies from sixty to a hundred for the purpose of trying doubtful experiments. One of the numerous causes of Mr. GLADSTONE'S defeat at the last election was the certainty that he would soon introduce household suffrage in counties as a Cabinet measure. His successor at first seemed disposed to tamper with the question; but two years of office have taught him prudence.

DULL TIMES.

THE times are dull rather than hard, but they are very dull. Years have passed since there was so bad a season, and it might have been expected that a season marked by the return of the PRINCE OF WALES would have been one of more than usual brilliancy. In every direction there are signs that the world is economizing, and has less money than it used to have for luxury and recreation. Pictures do not fetch their old prices, houses will not let, the supply of horses exceeds the demand, and servants cannot get places equal to the height of their ambition. London is less gay because London is less rich, and that London should be so far less rich as to have begun to make its economies evident means much in the current history of the country. The wealth of the provinces is poured into London, and when London shows the pressure of dull times, there can be no doubt that times are very dull throughout England. It is not that any great calamity is weighing on the country, but a number of small adverse causes have produced a large unfavourable result. We are not in the midst of a commercial crisis, and if trade is more limited, it is sounder than it used to be. People are not so much ruined as hit, and the number of people who have been hit in various ways is enormous. Large losses have been sustained by the holders of foreign bonds, and many who have been accustomed to live merrily on precarious incomes have found their resources suddenly at an end. But this is an element in the general aggregate of impecuniosity the importance of which may be easily exaggerated. London is not much affected by the miseries of Turkish and Peruvian bondholders, and it is not until the home trade and home revenues are affected that economy becomes transparent. It is because steady people are suffering that London shows signs of distress. The dividends on English railways, for example, have grown less; traffic is decreasing, and apprehensions are entertained lest dividends should fall off still further. The capital represented by investments in railways has naturally diminished in nominal value with decreasing dividends, and investors find not only that they have less to spend out of their income from railways, but that they have less to reckon on as a provision for their families. If the present price of the stocks of the leading railways is compared with that which they commanded a year ago, it will be found that the loss to investors is much greater than that which can be supposed to have fallen on the English holders of foreign bonds; and the holders of English railway stocks are for the most part prudent people who, when they find they have less to spend, are content to spend less, and immediately begin to retrench in all that part of expenditure which is optional. The stagnation in trade not only makes those who live by trade economical in the absence of profits, but has cut down the dividends of banks and of the soundest industrial undertakings. The coal and iron industries are so enormous that bad times with them must mean bad times with thousands of well-to-do families. The depreciation in the price of silver again has seriously affected those who live on remittances from India; and the numerous classes who are dependent on the existence of some sort of activity in business generally, as brokers or agents, feel painfully, though without necessarily having anything to reproach themselves with, that times are dull. Of course there are numerous classes who are not touched at all. The holder of Consols, if he does but hold enough, may still smile at the sorrows of his neighbours. Men and women still die and go to law, and doctors and lawyers are as happy as usual. But the general run of well-to-do people are suffering more or less; and what distinguishes the present period of suffering, and gives it its peculiar character, is that it is not speculative and imprudent persons who are the sufferers so much as the prudent and the respectable householders who have no notion of getting into debt if they have less to spend, but immediately consider in what ways, without altering the permanent position of themselves and their children, they can best cut down expenses.

Even, however, in dull times people will do something, and England under any circumstances is so rich that some small ventures will always be made and some new schemes set on foot. But in times like the present adventurers move in a very modest way. Limited Liability Companies, for example, are not much in favour now, but still Limited Liability Companies are always being formed; and while their number testifies to the perennial activity of the community, their humble proportions and aims testify to the narrowness of the limits within which the spirit of adventure is now confined. Not much fewer than seventy new Companies were registered last month; but most of them were for local or unambitious purposes, and with an amount of capital that cannot much shake the wealth of England even if it is all lost. Skating-rinks and political clubs naturally afford an outlet for the energies of the numerous hangers-on of local society; and if grander objects are sometimes presented to the dreams of cupidity, it must be owned that their authors do not form an exaggerated view of the capital necessary for their purposes. One Company proposes to open a Public House for the People—a description which

seems scarcely sufficient to distinguish this from other places of refreshment; but then the Company proposes to spend only 2,500*l.* in conferring this vague benefit on thirsty souls. Another Company has set before itself an aim no less imposing than that of Fertilizing the South of England; but our admiration of the imposing grandeur of this purpose is diminished when we find that the South of England is to be fertilized by a total outlay of 2,100*l.* There is nothing in this to provoke the jealousy or rivalry of the North; and, generally speaking, as we look through the list of new Companies, we may feel sure that neither their success nor their failure will add much to human happiness, or take much from it. Those, perhaps, who are now troubled with most anxiety are the holders of securities which they see exposed to daily and violent fluctuations on the Stock Exchange. Quiet persons can hardly realize how little these fluctuations for the most part mean. They mostly depend on the calculations of a set of gamblers that, if they resolutely set a lead, they will get a sufficient number of persons to follow the lead, simply because it is set. They decide that a stock shall go down or up, and when times are bad it happens in nine cases out of ten that they decide that a stock shall go down. They sell boldly, and if they once succeed in frightening the *bonâ fide* holders of the stock, they clear a large profit, as, in their desperate anxiety to avoid further loss, these holders rush in and sell for what they can get. Many of these fluctuations, too, are transparently disproportionate to the causes assigned for them. Turkish Stock, for example, rose fifty per cent. on the news of the deposition of the SULTAN, without anything being known of the character of the new SULTAN, or of the policy which had dictated his call to power, or would be likely to be pursued by him after his elevation. Persons who cannot form some sort of judgment for themselves as to the circumstances of foreign countries ought not to hold foreign stocks at all. Nor is it by any means evident that investors gain anything by avoiding buying on their own account, and taking shares in Companies which offer to buy for them, and to hold masses of different securities the proceeds of which they distribute to the shareholders. It is true that in this way one loss cannot bring ruin; but neither can it if the investor himself distributes his investments; and the principle of the association has in itself a peculiar source of danger. There must be some cost of management, and generally the cost is by no means very slight. Even if it costs as little as a half per cent. this imparts an element of risk much greater than it seems to do. To get securities paying steadily on the average of years six per cent. is a task of great difficulty, requiring much attention and special knowledge; but to get securities that will give six and a half per cent. is a very much more difficult thing. The increase of insecurity becomes at each point greater; and thus investors who have their investments managed for them may be sure that they really pay for management, not by receiving diminished safe returns, but by incurring greater risks.

Those who are now suffering, not from speculation, but from the diminution of incomes through the general depression of business in the country, must naturally ask themselves with painful anxiety how long this state of things is to endure. Are they going through a little hour of difficulty which will soon be over, or is business likely to be bad for a considerable time? No doubt, if no new disturbing causes intervene, trade will revive—England is too completely at the head of the commerce of the world for this not to happen some day; for other nations, and especially the United States, must sooner or later work their way into new prosperity, and whatever benefits any part of the world also in some measure benefits England. But there can be no doubt that there is a deep and difficult question to be settled before it can be said that prosperity will again be seen in England such as in our most flourishing days we have witnessed. Can this prosperity revive without a very serious struggle between the working classes and their employers? There are many signs that, for the purposes of general competition, wages are too high in England. Up to the present time employers have, as a whole, made the utmost possible efforts not to reduce wages. They have been content to produce without profit rather than come into collision with those they employ. Reductions of wages have no doubt been made in many districts where great losses must have been sustained if reductions had not been made; but, as a rule, employers have strained their resources to keep up wages, and this cannot go on for ever. Belgium, France, and Germany compete with us at an advantage, and, low as iron is here, it is kept down to this ruinous price by foreign competition. It is no doubt true that, in the long run, wages will rise abroad if orders are taken away from England to be executed there, and there is a general tendency to an equality of wages in competing countries. The wages of English workmen need not fall to the present Continental point to make competition possible; but they must, it would seem, fall in some degree, and the habits of the English workman must change at the same time, and he must be willing to work harder and better. It is perhaps safe to assume that, under the stern discipline of necessity, the English labourer would learn the lesson he needs; but it is only very sanguine people who can believe that he is likely to learn it quickly and calmly. Much has still to be endured and learnt before very lively times are likely to return; but, on the other hand, there is no reason to expect violent convulsions or sudden losses. It is care and prudence and economy that are now needed, and that the respectable classes of English society are willing and ready to exhibit these virtues when called on is evident to any one who notices the changed aspect of the streets and parks of London.

THE COMMONS BILL.

THE opposition to the progress of the Commons Bill has been as ill advised as it was well intended. Mr. CROSS had introduced a measure which was far more liberal in its scope and intention than many persons would have expected from a Conservative Government; but, instead of giving him credit for all that he proposed to do, and showing in a spirit of friendly suggestion what he might do in addition, his opponents have attacked the Bill as though its only purpose had been to make unlawful inclosures lawful. It is possible, no doubt, to go too far in the way of complacency towards Bills that you intend to defeat at a later stage, and an inconvenient practice has grown up of assenting to a second reading without in the least meaning that any one of the provisions assented to shall become law. But even this extreme seems preferable to the opposite practice of moving the rejection of a Bill because it does not in its original form do all that you think it ought and might be made to do. There is a curious inconsistency between the complaint that the Bill does not prevent illegal inclosures and the desire that no Bill whatever shall be passed. If the grievance of illegal inclosures is really urgent, legislation on the subject ought not to be delayed. If it is not really urgent, it is not a valid objection to a Bill which purports to deal with other matters that it leaves this particular matter alone. It can hardly be maintained that the Bill will make things worse than they are now; for so long as the temper of the House of Commons is hostile to inclosures, the obstacle which has stood in the way of their being made for some years past will continue to operate. If the temper of the House of Commons underwent a decided change, it would soon be reflected in the action of the Commissioners, no matter what might be the precise provisions of the Act which they had to administer.

The same spirit of exaggeration which has led those who wish to see open spaces preserved to take up a position of avowed hostility to the Bill has prompted them to propose a strangely injudicious addition to it. This will be best seen from the explanation of the addition which is given in the last Report of the Commons Preservation Society. The ownership of a common, says this Report, is vested in the lord of the manor of which it forms the waste. The tenants of the manor or other persons are entitled to certain rights over it, and when the lord applies to the Commissioners for leave to inclose, he has either to prove that his interest in the common amounts to two thirds of the value of all the interests in it, or to obtain the concurrence of a sufficient number of commoners to make up this proportion. There are certain statutes, however, under which a lord of the manor may claim to inclose without the leave of the Commissioners, and in other cases special customs are alleged to exist which enable him to inclose if the consent of only a few of the commoners has been obtained. It often happens that the lord proceeds to inclose on one or other of these grounds, when, as a matter of fact, neither of

them really exist. But, supposing that he sets up a fence round the common as owner of the soil, and challenges objectors to prove that their rights of common have been disregarded, proceedings to abate the inclosure can only be taken by a commoner. In many cases this is tantamount to their never being taken. The commoners are ignorant of the precise extent of their rights, or they do not care to quarrel with the owner of the land, or they have not the means of undertaking a lawsuit which is sure to involve some expense, and may involve a great deal. The consequence is that illegal inclosures often succeed for want of some one rich enough to contest them. This is an evident wrong both to the commoners and to that larger public which profits by the maintenance of open spaces that is involved in the recognition of rights of common; and it is a valid objection to the Bill as it stands that it does not make adequate provision against this wrong. But the way to prevent inclosures from being made illegally is not to be looked for in a sweeping prohibition of inclosures, even when they can be made legally. Yet this is what the amendment proposed by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre on Monday really came to. He wished to make any inclosure of a common unlawful unless sanctioned by Parliament under the provisions of this Bill. Now, as the law stands, inclosures made under certain conditions without the sanction of Parliament are either lawful or unlawful. If they are lawful, to force the lord of the manor to go to the Commissioners, and ultimately to Parliament, for leave to do what he has a legal right to do, is to deprive him of his property in the common; and though it may be very beneficial to public health and enjoyment that he should be deprived of this right, it is by no means beneficial to public morality that he should be deprived of it without compensation. If, on the other hand, such inclosures are altogether unlawful, as the Report seems to imply, all that is needed is to create a new depositary of the right to take legal proceedings to prove their illegality. The simplest expedient for this purpose is to vest this right in the Inclosure Commissioners, making some provision for the expenses of law-suits in cases where the resistance to the inclosure may prove unsuccessful. These cases, however, would be of very rare occurrence. The mere fact that lords of the manor had to give notice to the Commissioners of their intention to inclose, whether under old statutes or under special customs, would prevent them from making snatches at commons, as they occasionally do now, in the belief that no one will be found to oppose them. It might be necessary at the outset to fight some representative case in order to have the law of the question fully and finally ascertained; but when once this had been done, a lord of the manor would usually take the notice that the Commissioners had been advised to contest his right to inclose as a sufficient indication that no such right existed. Mr. Sandford has promised to propose a clause to meet the difficulty of illegal inclosures; but, unless the Government accept it, it will almost certainly break down on the question of expenses. Such inclosures can only be prevented by putting the right to resist and the purse to pay the cost of resistance in the same hands; and unless the money can be raised by fees, it must ultimately be found by the State. We can conceive of no application of public funds more entirely legitimate than to pay the cost of resistance to illegal attempts to destroy commons undertaken in the conviction that no one will be found to oppose them.

Another grave defect in the Bill is the absence of any sufficient recognition of that larger public who enjoy what Mr. Bristowe happily described as privilege of common. It would be an extremely narrow view of the great Surrey commons to treat them as being of value to no one except the commoners who have the right of pasturing geese, or cutting turf or firewood. They are of inestimable and increasing value to the whole population of London. Year by year London grows bigger, and the journey which has to be undertaken in order to reach any really unspoilt country grows longer. If the wide ranges of heath and down which lie along the southern and western borders of Surrey should be inclosed, it will no longer be possible to reach any such piece of country and to return on the same day, and this impossibility would operate as a virtual banishment of the great mass of Londoners from the scenery which they have hitherto enjoyed. Yet, as the Bill stands, no public body would have any *locus standi* in opposing schemes for inclosing such places. There would remain the chance that the Standing Committee might throw out the scheme presented by the Commissioners, but there would be no opportunity of modifying or improving the scheme supposing that it were not radically a bad one. If notice of every application to inclose land within forty miles or so of London had to be given to the Corporation, this object would be attained. The Corporation has shown great determination and public spirit in the matter of Epping Forest, and the public interest in the maintenance of commons could not be entrusted to better hands. By this means the Londoners who now have the privilege of common in Surrey would at least not be deprived of it without a hearing. It may be objected that but few persons really avail themselves of this privilege. It would be truer to say that those who do avail themselves of it have not always the opportunity of taking a holiday, nor the means of making so long a journey when they do take one; and it may fairly be hoped that, as the tastes and habits of the people improve, the benefit of a few hours in genuine country—not the country of a well-ordered park, but the country of heath and moorland, which comes so much nearer to London than most of us know or imagine—will be more valued. To inclose this land now would be to take advantage of an ignorance which is gradually disappearing, and to store up a host of regrets. To give the Corporation a *locus standi* in resisting such schemes would prevent this advantage from being taken without Londoners being made aware of it.

SCIENTIFIC MURDER.

THERE has lately been an unusual number of cases of poisoning, some purely accidental, and others suggestive of foul play, and it is not surprising that there should have arisen a good deal of uneasiness on this account. It would appear that there is a growing tendency to carelessness and recklessness on the part of non-professional persons in helping themselves to doses of dangerous drugs; and there can also be no doubt that, both because of the more common use of such drugs, and of the discovery of poisons which leave little, if any, trace, poisoning can now be accomplished with less risk of detection than formerly. The benefits of scientific progress are certainly not unalloyed. The introduction of dynamite has given an appalling range to the possibilities of fiendish crime; and it is also evident that human wickedness is subjected to increased temptations, and human life to new perils, by the facilities for poisoning which now exist. There are people who brood over such expedients, not perhaps with any conscious or deliberate intention of actually applying them, at least when the subject is first taken up, but simply from the fascination which the notion of possessing such a terrible power of swift destruction exercises on minds of a certain class; and by and by, hatred, cupidity, or possibly even morbid curiosity, precipitates a fatal experiment. We should be sorry in making these remarks to excite useless alarm, though we suspect that it is impossible to touch on such a matter at all without making timid persons uncomfortable. There was a case indeed the other day in which a man died from fright at the mere sight of a poison-label, which he had not previously observed, on a bottle from which he had just taken a dose of simple medicine. It may be hoped, however, that, if attention is directed to the danger, some checks or precautions may be devised. The case which has just been tried at the Old Bailey at least shows that the subject deserves serious consideration, and, as a psychological study, it is painfully suggestive.

In December last an advertisement appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* to the following effect:—"To medical "men in need of money, or students well up in "chemistry and anatomy. A gentleman engaged "in an interesting experiment is willing to give "liberal remuneration for professional assistance." This advertisement was answered by William Vance, a medical student, who was doing the work of a practising surgeon, and a correspondence through the post ensued between him and the advertiser, "M. Q.," who was subsequently discovered to be Mrs. Smee, though Vance had no idea who his correspondent was, and addressed her as a man. "M. Q." professed to be tired of life, and anxious to do good to a friend by leaving the world, and to have resolved to do this in one way or another. But it was necessary that the feelings of the person who would gain by the death should not be wounded by the knowledge that it was

voluntary, and also that there should be no risk of invalidating the will. A hundred pounds was offered to VANCE for his advice on this subject. VANCE appears to have suggested chloral as the safest poison, and indeed to have supplied that drug, with a small quantity of prussic acid; and he also advised the addition of a few drops of peppermint to give a flavour and neutralize odour. He had evidently studied the situation in a business-like manner all round, and gave very precise and practical instructions. In these days when we are asked to believe that medical men are invariably the most humane and fastidiously scrupulous of all people—as if, unlike all other classes of society, they had no black sheep among them—it is highly instructive to have an opportunity of knowing the deliberate conclusions of a promising medical student on such an interesting experiment as how to kill a person without exciting suspicion and having any bother with a coroner's inquest. In a recent discussion in the House of Lords the Duke of SOMERSET hinted that, if surgeons were prevented from experimenting on cats and dogs, they would do so on their patients; and Mr. VANCE—who may be perhaps the KLEIN of the future in the natural course of development of species—has evidently raised himself to that high philosophic point of view from which a living human being is regarded as only a "subject." Mr. VANCE was not in the least staggered by learning that the interesting experiment in which he was asked to assist was a murder, and he proceeded to give his mind to the subject with genuine professional enthusiasm. We print the significant parts of the letter in full because it is really an important document, as marking the point at which, at any rate, one medical practitioner of our day has arrived. He writes, with sufficiently intelligible meaning, if with dubious grammar:—

"My plan in this sudden death allowed or apparently "suspicious death acknowledged, still a favourable verdict "may be returned, which in no way can invalidate a will "made antecedent to death probably many weeks, the "peculiarity of my suggestion is that, although the actual "cause of death is found out, and that a narcotic, yet the "verdict will be the most lenient—viz., by misadventure; "or, as it is phrased sometimes more specially, 'the de- "'ceased was in the habit of taking chloral, and died from "'an overdose unconsciously administered by himself.' "I can arrange details to square with this and submit "them to you at our meeting or on paper.

"If you like, chloral might be administered to a dog or "a cat, or you might try yourself an ordinary dose and be "thereby cognizant of the *bona fides* of the agent.

"Upon mature consideration, I know of no more feasible "method. The cases of the poisoners PRITCHARD and PALMER, "both doctors, were ingenious; yet they were detected. "They lived before these chloral times.

"As an anatomist and medical jurist, I altogether frown "on any attempt to excite [illegible] "to adduce reasons. [illegible] we might arrange to meet, and "If you adopt the subject. You can select your own "then tak[illegible] "fit time

There is something very touching in Mr. VANCE's pathetic reference to those eminent practitioners Dr. PRITCHARD and Mr. PALMER, who might have poisoned more cloverly if they had lived in more advanced days, and also in his high-minded repudiation of such a low and clumsy method of murder as arterial rupture. He suggests that, after pouring out a dose, his correspondent should dilute what remained in the phial to divert suspicion, and leave it on the mantelpiece, "not "hard by the bed," and throw any other bottle away; destroy all his letters except that as to his remuneration; and "let all around you remain in usual condition, to "imply absence of design; the entire affair is to show "*prima facie* accident." In another letter he said he had been for a trip into the country, but could hardly enjoy it with this matter hanging over him. At the trial Dr. BOND gave evidence as to the poisons found in VANCE's possession, stating that chloral would not leave any trace, unless an examination of the body took place very soon after death; that one drachm of prussic acid would produce death; and that the various poisons were all in use as medicines.

It will be observed from these facts that a person who wishes to murder any one by poisoning has no great difficulty in finding a medical practitioner to give advice as to the best process, or in procuring the necessary materials. Mr. VANCE did not know who was going to be killed by his help, and apparently did not care. It was all in his day's work. That he distinctly understood that there was to be a "sudden death" is admitted in his letter; and his readiness to participate in an atrocity of this kind is not made less horrible or alarming by the good character which was given to him by various witnesses, and which the jury seem to have regarded as carrying with it a license to kill on easy terms. As for Mrs. SNEE, she may perhaps be regarded as suffering in some degree from hypochondriacal mania. There is no reason to suppose that she intended the poison for any one but herself; and, as the result showed, even in her own case, if she had ever any really serious design, she thought better of it. She was a lonely woman, whose husband was, from the nature of his business, much away from home; she had a romantic turn of mind, read rubbishy novels, went a great deal to the play, and had a vague craving for some kind of morbid excitement. In a more fashionable rank of life she would probably have plunged into the whirl of PRINCE'S; but in Camden Town the pleasure of brooding over a murderous plot of the WILKIE COLLINS kind seemed more accessible. It is a painful fact that the vagaries arising from the vapours and ennui of silly, idle women are becoming one of the great social scandals and dangers of the day.

The indictment against the prisoners charged them with conspiring together, and feloniously and of malice aforethought, intending to kill and murder one ELLEN SNEE, and also with conspiring to cause the death of some person unknown. The first count had, however, to be given up, as it was clear that VANCE could not have intended to kill ELLEN SNEE, of whose existence he was ignorant. On the other count both prisoners were convicted, and there can be no doubt that they did conspire to compass the death of some one. VANCE planned the scheme, and apparently supplied the materials, and if Mrs. SNEE had poisoned herself according to his directions, he would undoubtedly have been guilty of murder. Mrs. SNEE's conduct may perhaps be excused on the ground of a kind of temporary aberration, but VANCE seems to have acted in a perfectly cool, collected, and business-like spirit. He accepted the proposal to concert a suicide with cheerful alacrity, and made no attempt to dissuade his correspondent from committing a criminal act. Nor did he think it even necessary, as the Judge observed, to obtain an assurance that the use of the poison would be limited to the person asking for it. Without the slightest hesitation or compunction, he put it in the power of a person of whom he knew nothing, and who might be bent upon or capable of the most atrocious wickedness, to commit a series of murders. It is impossible to imagine a more abominable act, and there has evidently been a failure of justice when such a villain escapes with eighteen months' imprisonment. Mr. Justice MELLOR remarked that [illegible] been framed under another statute as it ought to have been, the sentence might have been ten years' penal servitude. There is a similarity between this case and that of THOMASSEN, which points to the importance of removing any doubt as to whether the planning of murder, or what amounts to murder, without any precise idea who the victim or victims are to be, is to be included in the category of legal murder.

THE *TIMES* ON A FALSE SCENT.

THE *Times* has lately discovered a mare's nest of unusual pretensions. In a leading article which appeared on the Thursday of last week it took to task the Government and the House of Commons for ignorance of the legislative independence of Canada, and the Canadian Ministers for over-modesty in allowing this legislative independence to be recognized in a particular instance as a matter of favour instead of as a matter of right. The occasion of these reproofs was the introduction by Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY into the Merchant Shipping Bill of a proviso that the Act shall not apply to Canadian ships in Canadian inland waters. This clause the *Times* described as "mischievous surplusage," and predicted, with a degree of positiveness which made the prophecy hardly distinguishable from a command, that it would be "cut out in the Lords as misleading." The English Parliament had "abandoned altogether the power of "legislating for Canadian shipping"; and to make the ignorance of the Government more extraordinary and re-

prehensible, the Act by which this was done was passed through the House of Commons by Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY when Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. "The Act "of 1867," said the *Times*, "which sanctioned the establish- "ment of the Dominion of Canada, declares that 'the exclu- "'sive legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada ex- "'tends to all matters coming within the classes of subjects "'next thereinafter enumerated,' and among them occur, be- "sides the general class, 'the regulation of Trade and Com- "'merce,' the more special class,' Navigation and Shipping.'" It was not only Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY, the *Times* went on to say, who had forgotten the provisions of this important Act. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had made precisely the same blunder when he maintained, in opposition to an amendment moved by Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, that it was not desirable to draw a distinction between vessels trading under the Canadian and under the British flag. "Desir- "able or not," said his critic, with superb contempt for ignorance in high places, "it was done nine years ago when "the shipping of Canada was made subject to the legislation "of Canada, and the shipping registered in the United "Kingdom remained subject to the legislation of the home "Parliament." Culpable as the forgetfulness of the Government had been, the *Times* was willing to help them out of the dilemma into which their want of care had led them. They had meant to legislate for colonial ships as well as for foreign and British ships when they came into British ports, and the insertion of the word "colonial" wherever the word "foreign" occurs would enable them to attain their object. By the adoption of this simple device there would be "perfect equality of "treatment of all ships of every origin coming to our "ports," while the Bill would not "attempt to overstep "the clearly defined limits of the authority of the home "Parliament."

The article was written in a strain of such unhesitating confidence that many readers of the *Times* must have been surprised to find that it rested on a total misconception of the meaning of the Act of 1867. It is fair to say that, when due allowance has been given to the haste with which the reference to the statute was probably made, the misconception is not a very unnatural one. The writer saw that certain matters were declared to come under the exclusive legislative authority of the Dominion Parliament, and he jumped to the conclusion that matters which fall within the exclusive legislative authority of the Canadian Parliament must necessarily be outside the legislative authority of the English Parliament. He did not stop to consider what the Act of 1867 was intended to do. If the Act which established the Dominion of Canada had for the first time given the people of Canada representative institutions, his interpretation of it would have been perfectly sound. The legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada would have been distinguished from the legislative authority of the English Parliament, and all matters declared to come within the exclusive cognizance of the former would have been withdrawn by the natural force of that declaration from the cognizance of the latter. Unfortunately for the *Times*' interpretation, there had been local Legislatures in the North American provinces before the Act of 1867, and as soon as this fact is remembered the application of the word "exclusive" is altogether changed. Down to the passing of the Act these local Legislatures dealt with all colonial matters, subject in the last resort to the control of the Imperial Parliament. The Act of 1867 created an additional Legislature, the Dominion Parliament, and this necessitated a statutory enumeration of the subjects with which for the future the local Legislatures would continue to deal, as distinct from the subjects which would henceforward be reserved for the Dominion Parliament. But the Act only regulated the relations of the new and the old Legislatures between themselves. It left the relations of both to the Imperial Parliament unchanged. As Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY said, "The Imperial Acts bind Canadian subjects in this matter "just as much as English subjects. It is a total mistake "to suppose that the Act of 1867 in any way altered the "relation of Canadian subjects to the Imperial Par- "liament."

If the matter had ended here, it would not have called for any notice. Leading articles have to be written under pressure, and with very little time for making references; and, provided that journalists do not claim to be infallible, large allowance ought to be made for their occasional errors. But the *Times* was not content to leave the matter here. On Thursday last it printed a letter from "HISTORICUS," proving, with almost needless minuteness, that the opinion that since the Act of 1867 the authority of the Imperial Parliament to bind Canada by legislation had passed to the Dominion Parliament was an error. It might have been thought that, if the *Times* had not been convinced by Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY's statement, and by its own reperusal of the Act, it would not have stood out against the arguments and references which "HISTORICUS" had heaped together. It had been proved to have made a blunder, and to blunders the proverb "least said soonest mended" is emphatically applicable. At all events, "HISTORICUS" had thought the error worthy of two columns of refutation, and this was certainly more honour than it might have seemed to deserve after Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY's explanation. But the *Times* was determined that its mistake should not be soon forgotten; and on the same day it devoted a column and three-quarters to an article in which, under the disguise of an essay to prove that the Imperial Parliament ought not to legislate for Canada, an assumption that it was, to say the least, an open question whether it had the right to do so was ingeniously slipped in. The doctrine that Imperial Acts bind Canadian subjects equally with English subjects is described as a "view held in the "department of the Board of Trade," and as a "position "which 'HISTORICUS' attempts to establish." After a while the writer grows bolder and ventures on the assertion that, by the Act of 1867, "the supremacy of the Crown is "maintained, that of the Home Parliament is abandoned, "and the Colonial Legislature is empowered to make laws "for the colony just as the Home Legislature makes laws "at home." In only one respect does the writer seem to have profited by experience. In the original article he imprudently quoted the words in the Act which he supposed to operate as an abandonment of the supremacy of the Home Parliament. In the second article, though he reiterates his statement, he carefully avoids giving chapter and verse for it. He does, it is true, say that the preamble "indicates the degree of legislative independence to be "enjoyed by the Dominion," and from this he slides into the passage quoted above, meaning it perhaps to be inferred that in the enacting part of the statute there is a clause which gives the Dominion the degree of legislative independence indicated in the preamble. But the authority of the Imperial Parliament is not to be "aban- "doned" without express words. If there is any part of the British dominions for which the English Parliament cannot, if it chooses, make laws, words cannot too soon be accommodated to facts, and nominal independence be given where real independence already exists. How little faith the *Times* places in its own theory may be seen from its sophistical attempt to commit those who maintain that Parliament has the right to legislate for Canada to the wholly different doctrine that it ought to exercise its right. "Can it be pretended," it asks, "that any attempt to regulate" Canadian trade "by an English Act would be politic?" We know of no one who has "pretended" anything of the kind. The art of politics mainly consists in drawing accurate distinctions between occasions in which a right may be exercised and occasions in which it ought to be waived, and where the Dominion of Canada is concerned the latter will be by far the most numerous. But to waive a right is not the same thing as to abandon it, and the difference, though elementary, is often so important that the *Times* will do well to take more pains to grasp it than it has hitherto thought to be necessary.

MR. GLADSTONE ON RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

SINCE his retirement from office Mr. Gladstone appears to have divided his attention between Homeric and theological studies, and the *Contemporary Review* has had the benefit of his meditations on both subjects. Hitherto, however, he has dealt chiefly with particular burning questions of the day, such as "Vaticanism" and "Ritualism." In the present number of the *Contemporary* he has entered on a larger and more ambitious, or in his own phrase a bolder, undertaking, and endeavours to define and classify the various phases or "courses of religious thought" which dispute possession of the modern European mind. For though he does not confine himself within the doctrinal limits of Christianity, he deals exclusively with the mental conditions of nominally Christian society, not considering that Islamism or Buddhism shows any present signs of a capacity for influencing the religious future of mankind. And we shall certainly be quite content to restrict our own comments on his speculations within the same not very narrow boundary line. Mr. Gladstone premises two explanations—first, that any classification of the kind here at-

tempted must necessarily be more or less a cross division—which is true, only it seems to us to be more true of his own schedule, so to call it, than he is quite aware; and, secondly, that there is a fundamental distinction between principles and opinions—men who are governed by the same principle often differing widely in their opinions, and *vice versâ*. This also is true in itself, but we are not equally sure that Mr. Gladstone is always right in his application of the theory. After settling these preliminaries, he proceeds to his fivefold division of existing "schools or systems," which are thus classified:—(1) the Ultramontane; (2) the Historical, believing in a visible Church, but rejecting the Papal monarchy; (3) the Protestant Evangelical, rejecting a visible Church, but holding to "the great central dogmas" of Christianity; (4) the Theistic school, believing in God and a future life, but not in Revelation; (5) the Negative school, which is subdivided into eight varieties of partial or absolute unbelief. Before following the author into his strictures on these different schools in detail, it is obvious to remark that not only do they more or less overlap one another, in the sense that many religious or irreligious thinkers "will not fall *clean* into any one of the five divisions," but moreover the "principles" themselves overlap. Thus, if Ultramontanism is meant, as it evidently is, to include the great body of the Roman Catholic Church, while the entire Eastern Church is to be brought under the second or "Historical" category, there is, to say the least, something forced and artificial in the nomenclature, considering how very few are the points of doctrinal difference between the two bodies, while as to the principal one of them, the Anglican Church—which is also referred to the Historical division—agrees with the Roman against the Eastern Church. Then again, the "Protestant Evangelical" school, in so far as it adheres to "the central dogmas," stands on the basis of historical Christianity, though perhaps without acknowledging it. Another difficulty, which is not fatal to the theory but cannot fail seriously to complicate its application for any practical purposes, is that—putting aside the last two, which lie beyond the Christian pale altogether—these "schools" are neither confined within the limits of particular communions nor coextensive with them. Thus the Historical school is fully admitted to have its representatives (a good many more, we suspect, than the author supposes) within the Roman Catholic Church, while its proper home is assumed to be in the Eastern and Anglican communions; the Protestant Evangelical is spread over the non-episcopal communities, English and foreign, besides having a large following in the Church of England. And we may add, though the essayist does not say so, that if Ultramontanism is understood as a "principle," and not merely as an opinion about the prerogatives of the Pope, there are Ultramontanes of the first water in other communions beside the Roman, and among those who rival Dr. Cumming in their hatred of Popery. The real fact we take to be that Mr. Gladstone's classification is, not only, as he partially admits, a cross division, but an inaccurate one, so far as his first three schools are concerned. Those who maintain a belief in dogmatic Christianity, whether their dogmas are many or few, true or false, maintain it in the last resort on one of two principles, which may as well be called the Historical and the Protestant as by any other name, however inconsistent or defective may be their method of carrying out their principles. They either rest on the authority of Tradition and a Visible Church, though they may be mistaken in believing this or that tenet—say Papal infallibility—to be really covered by their fundamental principle; or they appeal to the authority of Scripture, as interpreted by the individual judgment under the prop[illegible] unconsciously, be indebted [illegible]ce, though they may really, ho[illegible] interpretation of its meaning [illegible] their faith in Scripture [illegible]s they disclaim.

[illegible] the traditional [illegible] turn to Mr. Gladstone's exposition of [illegible] scheme, which will further illustrate our criti[illegible] we appear to be its weak points. His language is not always as clear as could be desired. Thus, when he begins his account of the Ultramontane system by saying that "it derives its origin by unbroken succession from Christ and his Apostles," he asserts for it that very "historical" basis which would undoubtedly be claimed by its advocates, but which he himself expressly disallows. What he means, if we rightly understand him, is that it is derived by "an unbroken continuity" of development from Christ and his Apostles. But that again is just what the ablest and most moderate apologists of Roman claims—such writers as Möhler and Newman, and Petavius before them, who cannot in ordinary parlance be said to belong to the "Ultramontane school"—have insisted upon; and they have insisted upon it just as much in reference to doctrines which Mr. Gladstone would call historical, like the Nicene, *e.g.* as with reference to those which he rejects; but neither the Eastern nor the Western Church, so far as we are aware, has formally committed itself to the principle. A particular example, which Mr. Gladstone has himself introduced, may serve to make our meaning clear. Transubstantiation is one of those "opinions" which he thinks it probable that many Old Catholics inconsistently retain, though on the historical "principle" they ought to abandon it. Now of course we are not going to discuss the theological merits of the tenet, but we wish to point out to Mr. Gladstone that it has nothing to do with a belief in Papal infallibility, having been formally defined at the Lateran Council in 1215, and held long before; while it is just as much a doctrine of the Eastern as of the Latin Church, and was expressly defined as such at the Synod of Bethlehem in 1672. No doubt Eastern theologians would say that they were only expressing their traditional belief in this case as in the Nicene or Constantinopolitan creeds, whereas others might prefer to designate all alike as developments, but of a strictly historical and legitimate kind. Into that controversy we need not enter here. Our aim is to point out that no such hard-and-fast line can be drawn between the unbroken continuity of the system of the Eastern and Western Churches as is involved in Mr. Gladstone's classification. For the most part, their doctrines, whether described as traditions or developments or corruptions, are precisely the same; and if one party is at liberty to defend them on the ground of history and "the general consent of Christendom," it is hard to see why the same plea should not be equally available for the other. We are inclined indeed to think that Mr. Gladstone has stated his own view of historical Christianity rather than that which would be accepted by "the Eastern or Orthodox Churches," whose "scientific basis" he declares it to be. They might scarcely, for instance, be prepared to restrict the teaching authority of the Church to "the declarations which proceeded from her between twelve and fifteen centuries ago." On the other hand, when he gives special credit to the Eastern Church for freedom from those conflicts with the State, the family, and modern culture which distract, and ever have distracted, her Latin sister, he seems to have forgotten that, whether an advantage or a disadvantage, this is in fact simply the result of that stagnation of all moral and intellectual life which writers so far removed from Ultramontane sympathies as Döllinger and Stanley have dwelt upon as characteristic of Eastern Christendom since the eighth century. The Latin Church may have pursued a very faulty policy in her dealings with the restless social and national life of Western Europe, but the Oriental Churches have been relieved from the necessity for having any policy at all. If we are reminded of Russia, it must be observed that to an external observer—and we do not profess here to be examining the matter deeply—the Russian ecclesiastical discipline looks very like a splendid but crushing Erastianism; and Mr. Gladstone has so little love for "the system termed Erastian" that he expressly declines to include it in his enumeration, as having no claim to be regarded as a religious system at all. We do not say that there is no answer to the charge so frequently and plausibly urged against the Russian Church, but we do think that in discussing "the marks of weakness" peculiar to the Oriental type of Christianity he ought at least to have noticed it.

In dealing with Evangelical Protestantism, towards which Mr. Gladstone occupies a more neutral ground, feeling apparently neither any special sympathy for it nor any special antipathy, the essayist writes with a firmer hand. At all events, this strikes us as the happiest and most evenly balanced of his descriptions of religious parties. He fairly exposes its weaknesses, while he does justice to its strength. Nor are we disposed to quarrel with his account of the "Theistic" and "Negative" schools, except as being somewhat sketchy and incomplete; but we have no room to follow him in detail through this part of his argument. Certainly it is often true of the adherents of both schools, and it is a fact important to bear in mind in judging alike of their characters and their principles, that "they have come to be such not by rejection of Christianity, but by declension from it, and, in quitting their ancient home, have carried away a portion, sometimes a large portion, of the furniture." And, as well on this account as because these schools, if such they can be termed, consist mainly of "select individuals, scattered here and there" [illegible] of [illegible] ecclesiastical or either of them, however plausible or attractive as exemplified in individuals, would be found equal to the laborious duty of reforming and training great masses of mankind—which is, after all, the working test of a religious system or creed that can hold its own in the world. We must be content merely to enumerate the eight subdivisions of the Negative school into Scepticism, Atheism, Agnosticism, Secularism, Revived Paganism, Materialism, Pantheism, Positivism. With the exception of the last, which is a particular and very highly elaborated variety of Atheism, it is obvious that all these currents, or schemes of thought would constantly intersect one another, and might coexist together, or in rapid succession, in the same mind. "Paganism," which in its higher, or "Hellenic" form, is the most graceful and seductive of them all, has indeed the serious practical drawback that "it is plainly a religion for Dives and not for Lazarus"; but we feel sure that there is a good deal of it, so to say, in the air just now, both in literature and in life, and we wish Mr. Gladstone had dwelt a little more on its modern revival, instead of confining himself to drawing an admirable outline of its leading characteristics in ancient Greece; he would have found abundant materials ready to his hand for doing so. We shall look with interest for the second paper, in which he proposes to inquire how and why the currents of thought he has been describing "were brought into their present sharp and unordered motion."

THE SEA OUT OF SEASON

THERE are many places between Penzance and Stornoway where it is quite possible thoroughly to enjoy the seaside in spring, or even in winter. Easter week at Brighton or Torquay may also be very pleasant. A little imitation London with the sea thrown in and the smuts left out is exactly what some people think perfection, whilst the natural beauties of Torquay, added to

its fine climate, make it at all times an agreeable resort. But it is quite a different matter to spend a week in an ordinary retired sea-bathing village which cannot boast of anything but its perfectly flat sands and a good hotel. In fine weather it may be possible to endure the ordeal; but even one day of icy rain coming down in torrents and a north-east wind blowing a hurricane is enough to sink the most buoyant nature to zero and make the most confirmed misanthrope sigh for society. It appears that on the day of Mr. Bravo's poisoning preparations were being made for establishing the family at Worthing for change of air. No one seems to have suggested at the inquest that the mere thought of being shut up in such a place at such a time of year might be almost enough to drive any one of sense to imitate the Irish snakes who "committed suicide to save themselves from slaughter." When a man feeling the effects of a winter of hard work consults the family physician upon his symptoms, he is very probably recommended to "try a little sea air and perfect idleness." Thinking that one resort is as good as another in which to follow out such a prescription, he determines to go to a place in May which a friend had spoken of with praise in September. But sands that are delightful in sunshine are not necessarily pleasant in sleet. A person may not like to be jostled in a crowd, and yet the sight of rows of empty houses with the shutters up may not give him the least enjoyment. To be the sole guest in a large hotel no doubt insures to the visitor an amount of punctilious attention not always to be met with in such establishments. But this luxury has its drawbacks if the visitor is made to feel like a fly under a microscope, or a Royal Highness at a railway-station. Intense silence in a place usually associated with noise and bustle has a strangely depressing effect, which even the champagne ordered for the good of the house does not wholly remove. There is something weird and uncanny in seeing long passages without the slightest trace of portmanteaus, candlesticks, or boots. It is startling to have the bell answered as if the servant were stationed behind the door, and almost annoying never to be obliged to ask for anything twice. In the evening it would be an intense relief to ring the bell every few minutes for the sake of proving that the house was not entirely given over to the ghosts of the departed; but it is impossible to induce the fire to burn so as to require mending oftener than every quarter of an hour, and it is difficult to dispose of more than three bottles of soda water after dinner. Going to bed before ten presents difficulties, for the idea of lying awake listening to the melancholy ditties of the wild waves is too appalling, even for tired nature. But notwithstanding sitting up until the usual hour, the night is probably one of disturbed slumbers. The moaning sea, the driving rain, the ill-fitting window-sashes, and the starlings in the chimney that fidget all night and croak and chuckle continuously from early dawn, make sleep a series of feverish dozes and frightened starts. However, a good breakfast with fish that knows not ice brings some consolation; but after that, and before it too—the deluge. Looking out of the window at the rain which sweeps along horizontally soon ceases to be amusing, but in the afternoon the weather clears a little, and the invalid goes out for a constitutional on the beach. The prospect is not much more cheering, for the sea is like sepia, and the sky is a uniform dirty grey. There is no view, and not a single sail in sight. At one end of the sands a lugubrious-looking man with his arm in a sling and his leg bandaged is limping slowly along. Perhaps the Smashem Railway Company are paying heavily for his lodgings and his shrimps. Near him is another man who also appears afflicted, although he holds in his hand a formidable looking proof-sheet which may be the successful novel of the season or a farce which is to have an unprecedented run. The two men have several miles of the eternal shore entirely at their disposal, yet they do not seem to revel in their vast possessions. Presently a young ladies' school appears on the horizon, and promises a passing diversion. Unfortunately, the girls turn out to be exceptionally hideous and ungainly, and dressed as only English schoolgirls can dress. A sailor with a can of wriggling worms for bait next appears, and it is not unamusing to listen to his practical, if peculiar, views of natural history. He thinks it strange that the eels leave the river at a certain time of year and return half the size, and regrets that the prawns always be small in the season when there is a good market for them, and at their prime when there are no visitors to eat them. There is scarcely a single little footmark to be seen on the sand, and the shells lie ungathered. None of the aborigines ever appear outside their houses, except on Sunday, and then carefully avoid the beach. A group of children in deep mourning are chasing each other round the empty seats on the esplanade, trying to get warm; but the biting wind blows their black ribands into their eyes, and makes them so miserable that they begin to quarrel and take refuge in sulks. Some little brother or sister has probably died of scarlatina or measles, and the rest of the family are sent to inoculate another house with infection for the benefit of future lodgers.

Tired of "the barren, barren shore" and its cold wet sands, the visitor starts on a tour of inspection through the village. He walks down the principal terrace, which is probably called Bellevue. There is considerable, indeed surprising, variety in the architectural adornments of the houses and in the laying out of the miniature gardens. One might almost judge of the proprietors by the arrangement of the pots round the windows. The house in which the little maid-of-all-work is singing as she polishes the teapot looks promising. The next one, where the rose-tree has been allowed to fall off the porch for want of a few nails, ought certainly to be avoided. The lodgers who mysteriously disappear every autumn are now allowed on a treat to stand at the window in their shirt sleeves on wet days when no one is likely to come. Some of the landladies are sitting behind their curtains like sly old spiders; others, who have climbed, are preparing tea for them in the smart, but bare, parlour that the small fry are taught to disappear at the smallest hint and hide themselves like the little sand-crabs. One old lady is sitting knitting, her expression calmly supercilious, for she has let to a "good family" for the long season, and she is sure of more than her rent in the shape of perquisites. Another in easy circumstances who depends on getting a fancy price for a few weeks at the height of the season, is only now taking up her carpets and having them beaten on the common. This causes much indignation to her neighbours, who have put up their clean white curtains. Down a side street is a small shop with "Circulating Library" painted in Brobdingnagian letters. This is a welcome discovery. The simpering librarian, who also sells Berlin wool, is only too glad to display her treasures. But there is something rather strange about the books. There are several shelves quite full of orthodox-looking volumes in sets of three, but the names on the backs are entirely unfamiliar. No remembrance of having seen them reviewed, even in the *Cumberland Meteor*, can be revived. Are they unique? Has a Company been formed to print single copies of romances that can find no publisher? There are such titles as *Pale Pimpernel*, *Plantagenet of Navarre*, *Widow's Wishes*, *Spider's Love*, *To-morrow Morning*, which remind a novel-reader of things he has waded through, but on opening the volumes he does not find the most distant acquaintance. The custodian of these remarkable books is quite hurt at an insinuation that the new stock has not yet arrived. She considers her collection of the most fashionable and interesting character. Of *Daniel Deronda* she knows as little as the young lady who thought he was an officer in the Guards who had to resign his commission for cheating at cards.

But one of the most amusing things about a place before the season has begun is the makebelieve that is kept up. The omnibus, the hotel fly, and several crazy basket-carriages meet every train with praiseworthy pertinacity. The drivers cultivate a high rate of speed, and look as full of importance as stage-coachmen. But they go to a bourne from which no travellers ever seems to return, and the horses frisk back gaily with empty traps. A waiter stands at the hotel door flicking his napkin and ready to take an order for a sumptuous repast at a moment's notice. The brisk chambermaid flutters about in her highly starched dress, and seems to be overwhelmed with the preparations for fresh arrivals. Between the showers numberless donkeys appear on the common and vehicles more picturesque than inviting. Notices of lessons in swimming are posted about which cause a shiver, and there are cries of different things to sell but no one to buy. Any amount of spades, buckets, hats, and sand-shoes are hanging outside the shop doors, and although the pastrycook still wisely keeps his shutters up, there are sufficient bottles of sweets in the grocers' shops to poison the children of a whole county. A Punch and Judy man appears to spy out the land; but after a very languid performance, in which many of the principal scenes are suppressed, he goes off slanging his wife, and is no more seen. Toby creates quite a sensation amongst the dogs of the village with his smart red collar, his superior attainments, and knowledge of the world. But Toby's master could only get ragged urchins for audience, and ragged urchins don't pay. A photographer tries to ply his trade, but his tent is blown into the sea, and only saved by accident. The postman makes his appearance many times a day with a bag of dimensions suited to a London morning delivery. It is thrown over his shoulders, and in his hand are a few letters for a school at the extreme end of the beach. As he passes the swept and garnished lodging-houses and pauses to look at a new flower or speak to the grey parrot, he raises many a delusive hope in the hearts of the hungry spiders awaiting their prey. If landladies were not creatures outside the pale of human sympathy, we might wish to be a millionaire, to take all the houses that now lie so heavy on their minds, pay the rents, and send the poor wretches to a far-away midland county where for a time they could be free from anxiety and from the depressingly monotonous plash of the ever-breaking waves.

THE LITERATURE OF AGRICULTURAL AGITATION.

MR. BRIGHT made a very curious observation in the course of his speech on Mr. Trevelyan's motion. In describing the excitement which prevails among the agricultural labourers in certain quarters he referred incidentally to the sort of literature which is being largely circulated amongst them, and remarked that "there are many things in some of these papers which it would be better if the agricultural labourer did not read; many things which no intelligent friend of his would have placed before him for his mental instruction." And then, strangely enough, he went on to say, "But the papers are there, and the labourers are reading them," and to argue that, therefore, it would be well to put more power for mischief into the hands of those who are being educated in this objectionable and dangerous school. Mr. Bright also thought it necessary to give a stimulus to the movement by declaring that there was a great deal of "social tyranny in the counties to be broken up." We have no intention

here of discussing the questions between the various classes of agriculturists which are involved in this agitation; but it may be doubted whether people are generally aware of the character which the agitation is assuming, and it may therefore be worth while to give some idea of it. We may admit at the outset that in a case of this kind it would be absurd to be too nice or fastidious as to the manner in which a public controversy is conducted. Some roughness of speech, and even violence of demeanour, is only to be expected, and it is also natural that the rhetorical programme of the agitators should be stretched beyond their immediate hopes and plans. When men are deeply interested in anything, they are pretty certain to get excited and to use strong language. It may be supposed also that there may be very loud and angry barking without a serious intention of biting. At the same time, making every allowance for frothy extravagance, there seem to be in this agitation symptoms of what may prove to be really grave trouble. At any rate the spirit of the movement ought to be distinctly understood.

We presume that the *National Agricultural Labourers' Chronicle*, which is the organ of the Trade-Union, and also of what is called a "Land Union," which is apparently an offshoot of the other body, is one of the papers with which Mr. Bright expressed his dissatisfaction; and we have only to turn over a few recent numbers to find abundant justification for much stronger strictures. It is of course difficult to say what impression this and kindred newspapers produce on the minds of the labourers; but there can at least be no doubt as to the ideas which the leaders of the agitation desire to instil, and their method of procedure. We find in the *Labourers' Chronicle* for May 13th an article on the Land Question containing a gross personal attack on the Queen. She is accused of having "revolutionized the Constitution to serve her greed of property," and of receiving from the Duchy of Lancaster large sums annually to which she has no right whatever. It is also asserted that various Crown lands which ought to belong to the nation have been shamefully jobbed away to noble families. "We cannot find space or time," says the writer, "to go through all the counties; but we can say that all our rich landowners, dukes, baronets, and squires had and have the plunder." And then the writer goes on to demand that "wherever any plunderer has appropriated any house or land the property should be seized; and if the actual person is alive who converted public property into private, he should be prosecuted with some severity as a highwayman or a burglar, by way of a caution to others." He winds up by inquiring whether, with all these forests, and chases, and other Crown lands, "there is no land available to keep our peasantry in England?" and demanding "a careful consideration" of the Land question, which, it appears, implies the abolition of "the land monopoly of some two hundred families," and the subdivision of all Crown lands, old and new, for occupation "by the peasantry at fair rentals."

In the succeeding number of the same journal there is an article in which it is urged that "nothing but a real pinch of suffering" will ever bring English farmers to their senses; that, "if the landlords cannot be curbed and compelled by law and reason, they must be eventually by force"; and that, if there is to be a revolution, the sooner the better. Further on there is a characteristic argument in favour of putting the labourers in possession of the land; a man's land, it is urged, is different from his watch. "Who made the land? Who made the watch? The land-maker is not there, the watch was not." "The only injury we inflict on the county is a mental one, in depriving the landlord of [illegible]. On the other hand, that is tantamount to enslaving [illegible] hands, they would not only live the prospect is held out to [illegible] the surplus would pay all taxes, and get the land somehow." At a meeting in Nottinghamshire one [illegible] in plenty, but amid great applause, laid down the principle that [illegible] reduce the [illegible]ion"—meaning possession—"of the soil by the mass of the people is their first and inalienable right, and the only foundation of national prosperity." This is, in fact, the common cry; that farmers and landlords should be abolished, and that every labourer should till his own bit of land, paying rent to the Government. The poet's vision of the time

> Ere England's griefs began,
> When every rood of ground maintain'd its man,

is taken up as a practical scheme to be enforced by legislation. There is another feature of this literature which is also very significant. It is said that at the German gaming places in other days all the garden walks were laid out so as, no matter in what direction the visitor started, always to bring him back to the tables. And in the same way, whatever may be ostensibly the subject of any article in the *Labourers' Chronicle*, we are always coming round to the Land Union scheme. There is, for instance, what purports to be a story of "Village Gossip and Village Folly," but we have not got far before we come upon a puff of the Land Union. There is another tale in instalments called "Nehemiah Nudge, the Waste Land Reclaimer," the course of which is perpetually interrupted by digressions on the "sterling advantages" of the new project through which "the down-trodden labourer shall advance step by step to the land of plenty." "Do you mow the hay," the writer asks, "in your employers' fields, and is not the sweet smell of clover pleasant to your sense? Would it not be more pleasant if the meadow were your own?" Do you admire your masters' beasts, and "would not it be far more exhilarating if the team were your own?" "Would not the swinging flail sound sweeter, the grain look brighter, and the straw have a more musical rustle, if you were thrashing your own sheaves in your own barn? Would not the innocent sheep and lambs win more of your admiration and delight, and look whiter and fairer, feeding in your own pastures with your own initials on their sides?" And so on, each question being answered, "Then join the Land Union." And as the writer goes on he grows quite enthusiastic about "cultivating the wastes and turning the barren regions into grazing pastures" for the peasantry, till at last he gives way to his emotion in typographical emphasis, and he exclaims, "Give the Labourers Land! Land for the English Labourer," in large capitals. At the meetings on this subject the professional agents always lay stress on the "tremendous power" which the labourers would wield if they would apply themselves systematically to the acquisition of land. "Land! Land!! Land!!! for the Landless Labourers! Cheaper Food!" is, in sensational type, the heading of an article calculating that, "if every farm-labourer (600,000) had an acre of land to cultivate, it would add from six to eight shillings per week to his income, or an aggregate of from 10,000,000*l.* to 12,000,000*l.* per year to their present inadequate wages, and would produce yearly for general consumption 72 million bushels of potatoes, 11 million bushels of corn, 2½ million fat pigs, 12 million heads of poultry, 250 million eggs, besides tons of cabbages, carrots, onions, parsnips, peas, apples, and other fruits and vegetables." The labourers are called upon to remember that "every penny subscribed will be real property, bearing interest at 5 per cent. and upwards"; that "every penny will buy 4½ square feet of land; every sixpence 27 square feet, every shilling 54 square feet, and every pound over 1,000 square feet, at 40*l.* an acre." And a ballad has also been composed for the propagation of the same ideas, with the refrain—

> It's land that we want, and mean to have it too;
> Yes, some of the land of old England—
> Some of old England's soil!

This is the vision which is systematically kept before the eyes of ignorant and dissatisfied labourers. They are led to believe that unless, somehow or other, they can get the land into their own hands, there is no hope of improvement for them; but that, this step once attained, they will live for ever in ease and plenty, with perpetual sunshine and overflowing harvests. The other side of the picture—the risks of agriculture; the possibility, or rather probability, of failure when cultivation is attempted by incompetent persons who have no knowledge of farming beyond the mere manual labour which it involves; the outlay for machinery, manure, and rent; the chance of bad harvests—all this is of course left out of account in this rosy forecast of steady and unchequered prosperity. It is impossible to imagine anything more insane than the idea of taking the land away from those who have the means and experience to cultivate it properly, and putting it into the hands of poor and ignorant labourers. Yet this is what the agricultural population are being taught to regard, not only as the only remedy for their grievances, but as a right. It may be said that all this is very foolish, idle talk, and that the labourers have a right to their own opinions as to what [illegible] for them. Of course will deny this; but delusive kind leading to disaster. For the present, [illegible] it is proposed that the labourer shall have only so much land as he can buy; but he is also encouraged to believe that the soil is his by right, and that the usurpers who now hold it must somehow be swept away. As this idea gets more deeply rooted in his mind he will perhaps come to think that the process of buying land in the market is rather a slow one, or he may find himself impoverished by his bargain. There is also another possibility which ought not to be overlooked. What security is there that the funds of the Land Union will not be mismanaged? One day it may perhaps be found that, as in the case of other Land Societies, the capital has been hopelessly sunk in unprofitable investments. In short, it is easy to see how in this and other ways a very dangerous state of things is being created. A body of ignorant and discontented men are being practised upon by fanatical agitators and adventurers who hold out to them the prospect of a social revolution. For the present the dupes are hopeful, and think that their dreams may be fulfilled by peaceful means; but when they find how little progress they make towards this ideal, and how many difficulties there are in their way, a change of temper may come over them. During the strike of 1874 the agitators went about denouncing the farmers and landlords as "brutal oppressors," and even little children in the roads bawled after the farmers as they drove to market that labourers would soon have their gigs. Nor has this spirit subsided. A meeting of labourers is to be held at Yeovil on Monday, and the language of the placards, which are also adorned with sensational pictures of the wrongs and miseries of the peasantry, is a sufficient indication of the influences which are to be brought to bear upon the gathering. The labourers are addressed as "White Slaves of the West," and are asked:—"Who burnt three cart-loads of your charity-deeds, and put other parchments where the rats eat them? Who have been educated by the charities left for you? Who kept you in ignorance while they enclose your common lands? Echo answers who? You dry bones of the valley! stand upon your feet." At the top of this bill appears, in conspicuous letters, "Address by Canon Girdlestone"; and it is announced that the "Dead Marsh in Saul" will be played "in memory of Henry Steevens, a farm-labourer of Somerton, whose last words were 'Jane, I'm starving!'" The following "burning questions," as they are called, will then be discussed—emancipation of the mind, freedom of religion, equal

laws for rich and poor, restoration of our charities, manhood suffrage, both Houses of Parliament to be elected by the people, election expenses to be paid by rate, &c. A red card has also been distributed, "to be worn on the hat," with a picture of a skeleton ploughing, under the supervision of a fat farmer, and the words "Thus saith the Lord! Behold the hire of the labourers who have reaped your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. . . . Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, ever to make the poor of the land to fail, that ye may buy the poor for silver and the needy for a pair of shoes. Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness and his chambers by wrong, that useth his neighbour's services without wages, and giveth him not for his work. The congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." It is easy to say that all this is only windy rant and means nothing serious. But there can be little doubt that this perpetual agitation is instilling very dangerous ideas and aspirations into the minds of the labourers which ought to be taken into account in considering the expediency of giving them the franchise as a battering-ram.

THE CÔTENTIN.

THE "pagus Constantinus," the peninsular land of Coutances, is, or ought to be, the most Norman part of Normandy. Perhaps however it may be needful first to explain that the Latin "pagus *Constantinus*" and the French *Côtentin* are simply the same word. For we have seen a French geography-book in which *Côtentin* was explained to mean the land of *coasts*; the peninsular shape of the district gave it "trois côtes," and so it was called *Côtentin*. We cannot parallel this with the derivation of Manorbeer from "man or bear"; because this last is at least funny, while to derive Côtentin from *côte* is simply stupid. But it is very like a derivation which we once saw in a Swiss geography-book, according to which the canton of Wallis or Valais was so called "parce que c'est la plus grande *vallée* de la Suisse." And, what is more, a Swiss man of science, eminent in many branches of knowledge, but not strong in etymology, thought it mere folly to call the derivation in question. It was no good arguing when the case was as clear as the sun at noon-day. Now, in the case of Wallis, it is certainly much easier to say what the etymology of the name is not than to say what it is; but in the case of the Côtentin one would have thought that it was as clear as the sun at noon-day the other way. How did he who derived Côtentin from *côte* deal with other names of districts following the same form? The *Bessin*, the land of Bayeux, might perhaps be twisted into something funny, but the *Avranchin* could hardly be anything but the district of Avranches, and this one might have given the key to the others. But both *Côtentin* and *Bessin* illustrate a law of the geographical nomenclature of Gaul, by which, when a city and its district bear the same name, the name takes two slightly different forms for the city and for the district. Thus we have Bourges and Berry, Angers and Anjou, Perigueux and Perigord, Le Mans and Maine. So *Constantia* has become *Coutances*; but the adjective *Constantinus* has become *Côtentin*. City and district then bear the same Imperial name as that other Constantia on the Rhine with which Coutances is doomed to get so often confounded. How often has one seen Geoffrey of Mowbray described as "Bishop of Constance." In an older writer this may be a sign that, in his day, Coutances was spoken of in England as Constance. In a modern writer this judgment of charity is hardly possible. It really seems as if some people thought that the Conqueror was accompanied to England by a Bishop of the city where John Huss was burned ages afterwards.

We have called the Côtentin a peninsula, and so it is. Sir Francis Palgrave points out, with a kind of triumph, that the two Danish peninsulas, the original Jütland and this of the Côtentin, are the only two in Europe which point northward. And the Côtentin does look on the map very much as if it were inviting settlers from more northern parts. But the fact is that the land is not really so peninsular as it looks and as it feels. The actual projection northward from the coast of the Bessin or Calvados is not very great. It is the long coast to the west, the coast which looks out on the Norman islands, the coast which forms a right angle with the Breton coast by the Mount of St. Michael, which really gives the land its peninsular air. We are apt to forget that the nearest coast due west of the city of Coutances does not lie in Europe. We are apt further to forget that the whole of that west coast is not Côtentin. Avranches has its district also, and the modern department of Manche takes in both, as the modern diocese of Coutances takes in the older dioceses of Coutances and Avranches.

Part of the Côtentin then is a true peninsula, a peninsula stretching out a long finger to the north-west in the shape of Cape La Hague; and this most characteristic part of the land has impressed a kind of peninsular character on the whole region. But we must not forget that the land of Coutances is not wholly peninsular, but also partly insular. The Norman islands, those fragments of the duchy which remained faithful to their natural Duke when the mainland passed under the yoke of Paris, are essential parts of the Constantine land, diocese and county. Modern arrangements have transferred their ecclesiastical allegiance to the church of Winchester, and their civil allegiance to the Empire of India; but historically those islands are that part of the land of Coutances which remained Norman while the rest stooped to become French. The peninsula pointing northwards, with its neighbouring islands, save that the islands lie to the west and not to the east, might pass for no inapt figure of the northern land of the Dane. They formed a land which the Dane was, by a kind of congruity, called on to make his own. And his own he made it and thoroughly. Added to the Norman duchy by William Longsword before Normans had wholly passed into Frenchmen, with the good seed watered again by a new settlement straight from Denmark under Harold Blaatand, the Danish land of Coutances, like the Saxon land of Bayeux, was far slower than the lands beyond the Dive in putting on the speech and the outward garb of France. And no part of the Norman duchy sent forth more men or mightier, to put off that garb in the kindred, if conquered, island, and to come back to their natural selves in the form of Englishmen. The most Teutonic part of Normandy was the one part which had a real grievance to avenge on Englishmen; in their land, and in their land alone, had Englishmen, for a moment in the days of Æthelred, shown themselves as invaders and ravagers. But before the men of the Côtentin could show themselves as avengers at Senlac, they had first to be themselves overthrown at Val-ès-dunes. Before William could conquer England, he had first to conquer his own duchy by the aid of France. Bayeux and Coutances were to have no share in the spoil of York and Winchester till they had been themselves subdued by the joint might of Rouen and Paris.

It is singular enough that the two most prominent names among those which connect the Bessin and the Côtentin with England should be those of their two Bishops, Geoffrey of Coutances, for a while Earl of Northumberland, and the more famous Odo, Bishop of Bayeux and Earl of Kent. Geoffrey would deserve a higher fame than he wins by the possession of endless manors in Domesday and by the suppression of the West-Saxon revolt at Montacute, if we could believe that, according to a legend which is even now hardly exploded, the existing church of Coutances is his work. William of Durham and Roger of Salisbury would seem feeble workers in the building art beside the man who consecrated that building in the purest style of the thirteenth century in the year 1056. According to that theory, art must have been at Coutances a hundred and fifty years in advance of the rest of the world, and, after about a hundred and twenty years, the rest of the world must have begun a series of rude attempts at imitating the long-neglected model. But without attributing to the art of Coutances or the Côtentin so miraculous a development as this, the district was at all times fertile in men who could build in the styles of their several ages. A journey through the peninsula shows its scenery, so varied and in many parts so rich, adorned by a succession of great buildings worthy of the land in which they are placed. The great haven of the district is indeed more favoured by nature than by art. In the name of Cherbourg mediæval etymologists fondly saw an Imperial name yet older than that which is borne by the whole district, and the received Latin name is no other than *Cæsaris Burgus*. Yet it is far more likely that the name of Cherbourg is simply the same as our own Scarborough, and that it is so called from the rocky hills, the highest ground in the whole district, which look down on the fortified harbour, and are themselves condemned to help in its fortification. The rocks and the valley between them are worthy of some better office than to watch over an uninteresting town which has neither ancient houses to show nor yet handsome modern streets. The chief church, though not insignificant, is French and not Norman, and so teaches the wrong lesson to an Englishman who begins his Côtentin studies at this point. But, four miles or so to the west, he will find a building which is French only if we are to apply that name to what runs every chance of being præ-Norman, the work of a day when Rolf and William Longsword had not yet dismembered the French Duchy. On a slight eminence overhanging the sea stands Querqueville, with its older and its newer, its lesser and its greater, church, the two standing side by side, and with the outline of the greater—the same triapsidal form marking both—clearly suggested by the smaller. Of the smaller, which is very small indeed, one can hardly doubt that parts at least are primitive Romanesque, as old as any one chooses. It is the fellow of the little church of Montmajeur near Arles, but far ruder. But at Querqueville the name is part of the argument; the building gives its name to the place. The first syllable of Querqueville is plainly the Teutonic *kirk*; and it suggests that it got the name from this church having been left standing when most of its neighbours were destroyed in the Scandinavian inroads which created Normandy. The building has gone through several changes; the upper part of its very lofty tower is clearly a late addition, but the ground-plan, and so much of the walls as show the herring-bone work, are surely remains of a building older than the settlement of Rolf.

From the rocks of the Norman *Scarborough*, one of the only two railways which find their way into the Côtentin will carry the traveller through a district whose look, like that of so much of this side of Normandy, is thoroughly English, to Valognes, with its endless fragments of old domestic architecture, remnants of the days when Valognes was a large and aristocratic town, and with its church, where the architect has ventured, not wholly without success, on the bold experiment of giving its central parts the shape of a Gothic cupola. Is its effect improved or spoiled—it certainly is made stranger and more striking—by its grouping with a spire of late date immediately at its side? There is much to please at

Valognes; but when we remember the part which the town plays in the history of the Conqueror, that it was from hence, one of his favourite dwelling-places, that he took the headlong ride which carried him away safely from the rebellious peninsula before Val-ès-dunes, we are inclined to grumble that all that now shows itself in the place itself is of far later date. The castle is clean gone; and the traveller to whom Normandy is chiefly attractive in its Norman aspect may perhaps sacrifice the Roman remains of Alleaume if the choice lies between them and a full examination of the castle and abbey of St. Saviour on the Douve, *Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte*, the home of the two Neals, the centre, in the days of the second, of the rebellion which caused William to ride so hard from Valognes to Rye. A characteristic church or two, among them Colomby, with its long lancets, may be taken on the way; but the great object of the journey is where the little town of St. Saviour lies on its slope, with the castle on the one hand, the abbey on the other, rising above the river at its feet. The abbey, Neal's abbey, where his monks supplanted an earlier foundation of canons, has gone through many ups and downs. Its Romanesque plan remained untouched through a great reconstruction of its upper part in the later Gothic. It fell into ruin at the Revolution, but one side of the nave and the central saddle-backed tower still stood, and now the ruin is again a perfect church, where sisters of mercy have replaced the monks of St. Benedict. Here then a great part of the work of the ancient lords remains; with the castle which should be their most direct memorial the case is less clear. Besides round towers—one great one specially which some one surely must have set down as Phœnician—the great feature is the huge square tower which forms the main feature of the building, and which has thoroughly the air of a Norman keep of the eleventh or twelfth century. But when we come nearer, there is hardly a detail—round arches of course alone prove nothing—which does not suggest a later time. And the tower is attributed to Sir John Chandos, who held the castle in Edward the Third's time. Did he most ingeniously recast every detail of an older keep, or did he choose to build exactly according to the type of an age long before his own? Anyhow, as far as general effect goes, the tower thoroughly carries us back to the days of the earlier fame of St. Saviour. The view from its top stretches far away over the peninsula of which it was once the citadel to the backs of the hills which look down on Cherbourg and the sea, the sea which, if we believe the tale, bore the fleet of Æthelred when the elder Neal drove back English invaders more than three hundred years before Sir John Chandos.

The visitor to St. Saviour may perhaps manage to make his way straight from that place to Coutances without going back to Valognes. In any case his main object between St. Saviour and Coutances will be the great Romanesque abbey of Lessay; only, by going back to Valognes and taking the railway to Carentan, he will be able to combine with Lessay the two very fine churches of Carentan and Periers. Of these, Carentan has considerable Romanesque portions, the arches of the central lantern and the pillars of the nave which have been ingeniously lengthened and made to bear pointed arches. Lessay, we fancy, is very little known. It is out of the way, and the country round about it, flat and dreary, is widely different from the generally rich, and often beautiful, scenery of the district. But few churches of its own class surpass it as an example of an almost untouched Norman minster, not quite of the first class in point of scale. We say untouched, because it is so practically, though a good deal of the vaulting was most ingeniously repaired after the English wars, just as St. Stephen at Caen was after the Huguenot wars. Some miles over the *landes* bring us again into the hilly region round the episcopal city, and Coutances is seen on its hill, truly a city which cannot be hid. Of its lovely minster we once spoke in some detail; of the city itself we may add that none more truly bears its origin as a hill-fort. The hill is of no extraordinary height; but it is thoroughly isolated, not forming part of a range like the hills of Avranches and Le Mans. And, saving the open place before the cathedral—perhaps the forum of Constantia—there is not a flat yard of ground in Coutances. The church itself is on a slope; you walk up the incline of one street and see the houses sloping down the incline of the other. In the valley on the west side of the city is a singular curiosity, several of the arches of a mediæval aqueduct. Pointed arches, and buttresses against the piers, are what we are not used to in such buildings. A road by a few small churches leads to Granville on its peninsula, with its strange church where Flamboyant and Renaissance die away into a kind of Romanesque most unlike that of Ragusa, and the Cotentin has been gone through from north to south. The modern department and the modern diocese go on further; but the "pagus Constantinus" is now done with; the land of Avranches, the march against the Breton, has a history of its own.

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

THE correspondence or controversy between Lord Carnarvon and Sir W. F. Drummond Jervois on our past and future policy in the Straits Settlements furnishes an interesting example both of the sort of questions that arise in the East and of the working of the new system of colonial government by telegraph. It appears that Sir George Balfour, having served much in those Settlements, desired to place his experience at the disposal of the Colonial Office. He accordingly wrote a letter to Mr. Lowther in November last, shortly after news had arrived of Mr. Birch's murder, in which he says that so long as we had the old quiet in the Straits which terminated with the government of General Cavanagh, we might have abstained from energetically mixing in Malay politics; but from the hour when Sir A. Clarke established a Resident at Perak the old sleepy policy was at an end. "You cannot now draw back; you cannot stand still; and the only solution of our complications is active and decided enforcement of our power over these petty Malay chiefs." He adds that the disturbances then recently reported were favourable for opening up this fine land, and he recommends the construction of roads, the navigation of rivers, the presence of a large force, the destruction of native stockades and defences, the punishment of murder and breach of faith, and rewards and pensions for good service. He is only moderately alarmed at the prospect of a "holy war," as the Arabs, who would lead it, are fond of money, and might be threatened with deportation to Arabia, where the holy character would be as unmarketable as coals at Newcastle. The writer thus far seems to adopt the same policy as Governor Jervois, and, although he thinks that a military officer would have succeeded better than the late Mr. Birch as Resident at Perak, yet he regards the "upholding of our influence" as the Resident's proper business; and we may assume that he would not be satisfied with tendering advice only to be disregarded. Finally, by an intelligible metaphor, he declares that "Malay weather is suitable, pleasant in some respects"; and he hopes that a little judicious energy will soon bring "the affair" to a close.

If we rightly interpret Sir George Balfour's letter, it recommends a policy which Lord Carnarvon has rejected. The weather may be tempting, but he will make no voyage, and in his view there is no "affair" to be settled, and no particular scope for judicious energy. The substance of his telegrams and despatches to Governor Jervois is to do nothing, and to do it very much. Of course the outbreak must be vigorously suppressed, but it is not to be made an opportunity for anything like that "opening up" of the Malay peninsula which Sir George Balfour contemplates as probable. Lord Carnarvon seems to wish and almost hope for the restoration of that "old quiet in the Straits" which the late Governor, or destiny, destroyed. He has not the smallest desire for energetically mixing in Malay politics, and we may perhaps assume that he does not sympathize with the inclination of the new Governor to commence or prosecute a conquering and civilizing administration. Above all, he counts the cost of war, and remembers that military success, in itself gratifying, may disagreeably influence the year's estimates. On the whole, the Colonial Secretary may be regarded as a drag, often useful, but sometimes irritating, on colonial activity. He has so sharply reprimanded Governor Jervois for thinking and acting for himself that other governors are not likely hereafter to exhibit offensive originality. Enthusiastic posthumen, if there are any, would probably measure the happiness of mankind by the number of telegrams received; but a colonial governor may be excused for wishing Downing Street "[illegible]" when it demands telegraphic explanations of policy at the crisis of a revolt. It appears that Governor Jervois assumed office rather more than a year ago, and, having taken time to look about him, he had formed his plan of administration, which he erroneously believed to be in accordance with Lord Carnarvon's policy. Before his arrival, an "engagement" had been entered into between the British Government on the one side and Sultan Abdullah of Perak and certain chiefs on the other, by which it was arranged that British officers were to be appointed as Resident and Assistant-Resident in Perak, and "their advice was to be taken and acted upon on all questions other than those touching Malay religion and custom." As regards this "engagement," it may be questioned, first, whether the late Governor, Sir Andrew Clarke, had authority to enter into it; and, secondly, what it meant. But Governor Jervois found it in existence, supposed it to be binding, and understood it in its obvious sense. Even Sir George Balfour, although he thinks that "a captain of native infantry" as Resident would have had special power of persuasion, implies, as we understand, that there must be a power of compulsion in the background. Governor Jervois found that the relations between adviser and advised were unsatisfactory. The Resident's advice was disregarded, and he must either passively witness acts which he disapproved, or practically assume the government of the country. We all know that native princes are supple in manner and obdurate in conduct; they will sweetly promise everything and pertinaciously do nothing. "As intractable as he was civil, as obstinate as he was courteous, and as firm as he was seemingly acquiescent," is Governor Jervois's neat sketch of Ismail, the rival of Abdullah as Sultan of Perak. Lord Carnarvon has the telegraph at command, and if he can perform a task to which white-washing a negro would be a joke, a grateful nation will applaud him. He may perhaps encounter a difficulty like that which the Watch propounded to Dogberry when he charged them to call at the alehouses and bid those that are drunk get them to bed. "How if they will not?" On a moderate estimate of the longevity of Governments, it is probable that Lord Carnarvon's policy will last his time, although really it is more hopeless than Dogberry's; for the night's drunkards would be sober in the morning, but the Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor the leopard his spots, nor the Sultans of Perak their polite intractability. We may observe that even at the Colonial Office they often listen to advice which they do not follow.

Governor Jervois contends that he was only pursuing a course

initiated under sanction from home by his predecessor, and further that this course was necessary. The former question is personal and temporary, while the latter has general and lasting interest. Lord Carnarvon has dealt fully with the past transactions, but he reserves the question of future policy for a separate despatch, and whatever he writes upon this important subject will be carefully considered, although the task he undertakes is, we fear, rather too like mopping up the ocean. The latest Parliamentary paper issued on this subject contains a despatch as long as a pamphlet from Governor Jervois, and Lord Carnarvon's answer, which is not much shorter, and appears to have been presented to Parliament as soon as it was sent off. Colonial governors are allowed, or at least assume, considerable latitude as well as longitude, in the language they address to the Colonial Office, and perhaps the annoyance of perpetual telegrams is compensated by the opportunity of publishing pamphlets at the national expense. Lord Carnarvon, on the other hand, although perfectly courteous to his subordinate, is not so meek as when he addresses the blustering politicians of South Africa. But, after all, the "cheek" of the Governor or the responsive snub from the Colonial Office is of small importance to any but the giver and receiver. The matter of public interest is the future relations between the British Government and Perak and the other Malay States. "Even if it were ever contemplated," says Governor Jervois, "that the Residents should confine their attention to merely giving advice, it has been found from the very commencement that such a course has been impossible." Again he says:—"When I arrived here in May last I found that each Resident was practically administering the government of the State to which he was accredited, and I certainly always considered that this was understood to be the case in the Colonial Office, as it certainly was by every one out here, from the very commencement of the Residential system." This remark applies to all the States to which Residents had been accredited, and in the case of Perak the necessity for this course was enhanced by the anarchy caused by the rival claims of Ismail and Abdullah. The writer then quotes his predecessor's instructions to Mr. Birch, issued nearly a year before the outbreak, as to the revenue of Perak. He is to allow the existing system to go on for the present, but "he will use his best exertions to put down, by force if necessary, all unlawful exactions, of whatever nature." We do not see how these instructions could be carried out by a mere adviser of the Sultan. He then quotes from Reports by Mr. Birch showing how he carried out these instructions, and these Reports were seen by Lord Carnarvon. When he arrived at Singapore he found, as he says, that each Resident was practically administering the government of the State to which he was accredited, and he considered that he should only be carrying out the views of the Colonial Office in supporting such a system, and endeavouring, if possible, to bring it to a successful issue. This system was not introduced by him, but he found it in operation, and he considered it under the circumstances a logical consequence of intervention. In his view the only question with regard to Perak is whether the policy should be maintained of governing by a British officer in the name of the Sultan, or whether the country should be annexed as a portion of Her Majesty's dominions; and we cannot help thinking that, however Lord Carnarvon may labour to show that there is a third course open to him, it will ultimately appear that this is the only question. The revenue of Perak would increase, and the Government is assured by influential and wealthy Chinamen that, if Perak were under British rule, swarms of industrious Chinese would flock in; and these, with the Chinese and British capital which would soon be invested, would completely change the face of the country. The agricultural and mineral wealth of Perak is very great, and with the introduction of immigration and coolie labour, the Malays would soon be outnumbered, and all difficulties respecting them would cease.

Lord Carnarvon answers that Mr. Birch's Reports were seen to contain indications of an assumption by the Residents of duties in excess of their position as counsellors, and on this account he cautioned Governor Jervois against the growth of this tendency. Further, "he cannot admit that the system introduced by the Governor when the proclamations were issued, providing for the Government of Perak in the name of the Sultan by British Commissioners responsible to the Governor, was merely a slight modification of the existing system as already approved." Lord Carnarvon rightly holds that this was a considerable change, on which the Home Government should have been consulted, and it is difficult to perceive that necessity for immediate action which was assumed by the Governor. But even if this necessity existed, "the telegraph was available," and Lord Carnarvon thinks it should have been used. We may be sure that any possible exposition by telegram of the Governor's plan would have drawn a negative from home, and if the matter were urgent and could not be briefly explained, the Governor rightly acted on his own responsibility. But we doubt the urgency. The Governor admits that he erred in miscalculating the resistance which the Proclamation would provoke. We cannot help thinking that so grave a step should not have been taken without preparation, which would have involved reference to the Colonial Office and consequent prohibition. As to the past, therefore, Lord Carnarvon is well founded in his strictures, but we incline to think that Governor Jervois has more correctly gauged the future.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

V.

IT is hard to tell whether portrait-painting as an art is rising or falling, but certain it is that prices are rising. Of this encouraging fact to Academicians and others we may quote a cogent proof. Gainsborough painted the famous Duchess of Devonshire, a picture which, it is said, was in the year 1839 purchased for 50*l*. The other day, when, on the death of a well-known collector, the work had to be brought to the hammer, the state of things was changed as follows. The bidding began at 1,000 guineas, the next bid was 3,000, and then, with mad advances of 1,000 guineas, alternating with comparatively lucid intervals of only 500, the picture was finally knocked down, amidst applause, at the extravagant sum of 10,100 guineas, the highest price, it is supposed, ever realized in a London auction mart. We need scarcely add that this is the picture which has since been cut from its frame and stolen. Such being the rise in prices, it is no wonder that the genius of our generation, especially when the genius is so distinguished as that of Sir Francis Grant, should be given up to portrait-painting.

Portraiture, though often deemed a monotonous art, displays considerable variety. It is true that it often falls a victim to modern fashion, that conventional backgrounds are transmitted from generation to generation; but, on the other hand, faces that are far from fair, and figures that are by no means faultless, acquire "style" through treatment—a style sometimes borrowed from Vandyck, and sometimes from the Dutch, a style occasionally touched with dignity and with a deep glow of colour reflected from Titian, and often with a grace and persuasive manner as if certain artists of our day had inherited the palette and the pencil of Reynolds. Mr. Pettie's "Portrait in the Costume of the Seventeenth Century" (886) is in bearing worthy of Vandyck, and in colour recalls Venice. Mr. Sant and Mr. Archer, on the contrary, strive to emulate Reynolds. The fault of Mr. Sant is that, though graceful, he is colourless in the two "Daughters of Mr. Carl Siemens" (197). An analogous example of composition portraiture is Mr. Archer's "Spring Flowers. Norah and Hilda, twin daughters of the late Mr. David Reid" (41). This habit of transforming a mere portrait into a fancy composition is much to be commended, the manner is caught from Reynolds, a master who had a happy knack of suggesting a story through a situation, and of enhancing the childlike simplicity of youthful sitters by landscape surroundings which never violate the modesty of nature.

Mr. Leighton has tried a fresh technique in the vigorous head of "Captain Richard Burton" (128). To gain power, he exchanges his usually smooth surface for a rough texture loaded with pigments which stand out in absolute relief; thus extremes meet. Mr. Ouless also favours us with vehement handling in the head of "The Right Hon. Edward Ploydell Bouverie" (77). The same artist, in "The Portrait of Sir R. P. Amphlett" (456), achieves success in great measure by the studied relation between the head and the hands—a reciprocity of action, resulting as usual in the expression of governing intellect and will, which seems to have been suggested by certain celebrated figures by Titian and Raffaello. Our artists are wise thus to lay down their lines in the old landmarks. Mr. Wells is among the most liberal of contributors; he sends no less than seven works—one a landscape. In the portrait of "Dr. Lionel Beale" (1327) he relies on the now common device of loading on colours to gain force. But it is to be observed that our painters, in giving forth the abundance of a full-charged pencil, lack the adroitness of the old masters—Rembrandt and others—who with a firm lusting brush left marks of undulating lines which, as in line-engraving, express the modelling of surfaces.

Mr. Orchardson's best picture is a "Portrait" (107); the head, kindled into fiery colour, has been forced up by intensity of background; the treatment is defiant, but scarcely extravagant. The best work of Mr. Prinsep's also is a portrait; the artist has a fortunate subject in "The Lord Lawrence" (1334); the merit of the work greatly lies in the harmonious relation maintained between head and hands, which is always, as we have said, a distinguishing mark of intelligent portraiture. Mr. Watts is quite himself when giving intellectual consistency and concentration to the head of "Mr. Macnamara, Surgeon to Westminster Hospital" (1275). It may be objected, however, that the principle of subordination of draperies and accessories has been carried too far. We have before done justice to the portrait of "Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger" (248), by Mr. Millais. The artist seems to strive to combine the intellectual with the esthetic in the head of "The Right Hon. Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India" (240). Sad it is to confess that the male and female portraits of this year add point to the satire that, while God makes the man, the milliner makes the woman. Foreign painters are at their worst, especially Herr Koberwein, in his wooden effigy of the "Duke of Edinburgh" (105), and Herr Muller, in the portrait of the "Princess Louise" (395). Also conspicuous among failures are contributions from Mr. Hallé (1162), from Mr. Sandys (1139), and Mr. Charles Landseer (293). The following have deservedly obtained general commendation:—"Viscount Enfield" (312), by Mr. Lehmann; "Mrs. Marmaduke Whitaker" (386), by Miss M. Brooks; "Mrs. Henry King" (866), by Miss Starr; and "Mr. Thomas Selway, Stonemason, Ottery St. Mary" (1096), by Lady Coleridge.

Landscapes wherein figures take a prominent part have been for many years on the increase throughout Europe. We all know that even in Italy the time for "Flights into Egypt" and the like

is past; but in place of such sacred compositions the French addict themselves to classic idyls, and the English to pastorals peopled by rustic peasantry. Mr. F. Morgan, in a sunny, pleasant scene, well painted and happily composed, has combined haymaking, haymakers, and geese (2). Geese have become quite the fashion since Mr. Frederick Walker showed their pictorial value for high lights and for headlong movement. Mr. John Linnell, senior, somewhat after the manner of Rubens, felicitously composes landscapes with figures; the secret of success with him, as with all others, being the ordained unison between humanity and what Mr. Carlyle would call the universe. "The Hollow Tree" (51) is the simple theme which Mr. Linnell enhances by colour and enlarges by outlook across a distant landscape. Mr. Hook, who again disports himself on the confines of ocean, and Mr. Boughton, who prefers to take his stand inland, are other artists who bring figures into intimate relation with the primal elements of earth, air, and water. It may be objected, however, that, for the sake of effect, Mr. Hook sometimes exalts his figures to colossal proportions. We have marked for commendation "Mountebanks on a Wet Road" (349), by Mr. Richards, and "Lowering Marble from the Quarry—Carrara" (460), by Mr. Poingdestre, an artist who has favourably identified himself with these mountains of marble.

Landscapes this year receive hard treatment under anti-sympathetic hangers. Several artists who by arduous study have gained an acknowledged position find themselves absolutely excluded, while some of the worst landscapes, if they but come from within the pale of the Academy, gain distinction. Take as an example Mr. Vicat Cole's "Decline of Day" (308). The scale is ten times in excess of the motive, the execution is weak, the effect meretricious. The election of Mr. Oakes over the heads of several highly qualified competitors has taken the world a little by surprise. After the artist's usual manner, "Fording a Tidal Creek" (6) confounds creation with chaos. Better brought together is "Sheltered" (36); in this cove of the sea the wind is on the wave, and wind and rain are in the sky; the colour is modestly grey and wholly harmless. Not so, however, the flaring colour of "Sir Thomas's Tower" (532), by Mr. Brett, a leading competitor for the Associateship. The rocks here are as of cast iron coming out of a furnace. We can well understand that Academicians, who mostly have reached the state of mind in which "to rest and be thankful" becomes a welcome motto, are afraid of close contact with artists who threaten a conflagration. But Mr. Peter Graham was always safe from fire, though not from flood; and yet we fear that "Moorland Rovers" (885) will not open to him the doors of the Academy. Mr. MacWhirter, however, may approach a little nearer to the goal by "The Lady of the Woods" (511), a title not inappropriately given to feathery birch trees, which often raise their graceful heads among sterner growths as fairies of the forest. We may also note for commendation "An Autumn Evening; Barges passing a Lock on the Thames" (20), by Mr. Leader; "Coney-hurst Cottages" (5), by Mr. Adams; and "Capri, from the Valley of the Pines, Massa; Morning Effect" (489), by Mr. White.

"Over the Hills and Far Away" (106) we have already done full justice to. Mr. Millais's boy rushes into a rainbow, and evidently he has gained a little knowledge of nature since the time when he depicted a [illegible] district. Below repeating the precise order of prismatic colours [illegible] apple of an almond merest tiro in science knows that, in the not unusual first class in [illegible] two rainbows, the second reverses the colours [illegible] one first. In a previous article we enumerated some of the principal landscapes in the Exhibition; we may now add an impressive scene, "Near Via Reggio, where Shelley's Body was Found" (945), by Mr. W. B. Richmond. The artist has cast over an array of mountains, backed by a lurid tempestuous sky the dramatic intensity and grandeur which we have reason [illegible] when a disciple of high art transfers his motives from [illegible] landscape. An ominous storm bursting suddenly into [illegible] of sunset glory stands in natural relation to the tragic death [illegible] author of "The Revolt of Islam." We may here mention [illegible] amateurs on whom professionals can afford to look kindly. [illegible] Hunt Hardinge seems to have been greatly impressed by a "Mountain Pass in the Valley of Cashmere" (1299) and Sir Robert Collier, in "The Austrian Tyrol" (21), fails with other amateurs only because, misled by ambition rather than guided by knowledge, they all shoot at the moon and miss. Reverting to professional artists within the Academy, we come across certain bridges and water-wheels perpetrated by Mr. O'Neil, an Associate who does not appear quite competent to compete for a prize in "the O of Giotto."

Marine-painting is in decadence; yet the First Lord of the Admiralty argued at the annual dinner that it is "in maritime States that the fine arts have most succeeded," and that "the maritime supremacy of this country will *pari passu* be accompanied by excellence in art." Mr. Ward Hunt also ventured on the statement that Her Majesty's ship *Inflexible*, at the launch of which he had assisted, would prove a fit subject for the painter. When we look around the Exhibition, these hopes prove delusive. Mr. Cooke still naturally shows his old predilection for fishing-boats on the Zuyder Zee (223), and Mr. Hook continues to catch crabs in a little boat in chopping waters (254). We must give a passing word of praise to "Shearing Wraick in the Sound of Harris" (98), by Mr. J. Macallum; "Home from the Herring Fishing" (610), by Mr. Allan, and "A Lifeboat" in a devouring sea (455), by Mr. Henry Moore.

Animal-painting is sounder on the Continent than in England. Sir Edwin Landseer set an example which others have followed and exaggerated; he and his emulators make animals ape humanity; the poor dumb creatures are expected to speak, weep, or laugh. This excess of misplaced sentiment is possibly but the reaction from the stiff and stuffed animals which Mr. Cooper and Mr. Ansdell continue to paint and exhibit year by year. Too much after the circus style are "The Mares and Foals; Picardy" (557), by Mr. Davis. More sober and true to nature are horses ploughing on a spring morning (506). Mr. Beavis usually paints horses as if he had tried horse-breaking but never succeeded. Mr. H. Hardy is guilty of a most obnoxious menagerie, brought together on the pretext of "God's Covenant with Noah" (899). Such hideous creatures do not deserve to be saved from a Deluge; the colour is as detestable as the forms are disagreeable.

The two Galleries devoted to water-colour drawings, chalks, etchings, and architectural designs present little out of the common. Of the last we shall have something to say on a future occasion. Among the drawings, however, we may note "The Casket" (655), by Mr. Muckley; "Schoolwards" (696), by Mr. Lidderdale; "The Last Sight of Fiammetta" (757), by Mrs. M. S. Stillman; and "Idle Moments" (803), by Miss E. S. Guinness. We cannot congratulate Mr. E. M. Ward on "Jour maigre; the Fish-market, Caen, Normandy" (689); nor Mr. Chevalier, who was present by command at "The Grand Review on the Occasion of the Marriage Festivities at St. Petersburg, 1874" (857).

Mr. Henry Blackburn is the author of a pretty pamphlet entitled "*Academy Notes*, with upwards of one hundred illustrations of the principal pictures at Burlington House." The illustrations have all the more value because the drawings have in many cases been made by the artists themselves. The accompanying letterpress is intentionally descriptive and not critical. These illustrated Notes, which now reach a second year, are an improvement on the first. The little book, published at a modest cost, may serve as a pleasant reminiscence of many works with which we have sought to make our readers acquainted.

THE OPERAS.

TWO operas of widely different schools—*Semiramide* and *Les Huguenots*—have been given since M. Faure's appearance, with strong casts, at Drury Lane. *Semiramide* is an admirable example of the pure Italian school. There is immense opportunity in the story for dramatic treatment; but the composer's chief care was to produce a succession of melodious sounds. This result he perhaps never attained more fully than in the *Semiramide*, where every florid cadence, almost every harmony, whether for voices, for instruments, or for both combined, is completely beautiful. While the ear is in this way delighted, the eye might be equally pleased with the pomp and splendour of the Assyrian Court. But even if this condition were fulfilled, one could scarcely avoid longing at times for the dramatic fire of the later composer. Situations of the most intense character are lost in mazes of exquisite tunefulness, and here and there, notably in the accompaniment to Arsace's air in what, according to the book, is the second scene of the third act, Rossini's use of the orchestra reminds one of the term scornfully, and not altogether unjustly, applied to the Italian orchestration by the newest German school, who call it the twanging of a big guitar. It is the fate of established principles in art as in politics to be attacked in the interest of progress, and the result of the conflict in both cases illustrates the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The stormy fire of Phèdre's terrible story is in some way quenched by the slow stateliness of Racine's verse; and so is that of Semiramis's no less terrible one by the abundant sweetness of Rossini's music; but both play and opera have in different kind qualities by which they are likely to live in spite of later methods.

It depends greatly upon the singers in *Semiramide* whether the effect of the opera shall be dramatic as well as musical; and it would be difficult to find three singers so well fitted to invest the three principal parts with the desired passion as Mlle. Titiens, Mme. Trebelli, and M. Faure. Mlle. Titiens may be said, as a comedian and a singer, to belong to no school; she has in her acting, as in her vocalization, a sweeping grandeur which is exclusively hers. M. Faure and Mme. Trebelli have both brought the method of the French school to perfection; and each shows what effect constant and careful study, allied to the finest natural talent, can produce. M. Faure, whose costume and make-up were, as always, admirable, gave a most striking representation of Assur. He conveyed the idea of a villain, commanding, cold, and remorseless, whom nothing could divert from his purposes. The effect of the spectre's appearance on him is merely transitory. In the next scene alone with Semiramis he has completely recovered from the disturbance of his faculties, and there is a lofty, almost careless, scorn in his taunting her with their joint plot for her husband's death. It is worthy of remark how the singer, exhibiting here almost precisely the same facial expression which he presents more than once as Mephistopheles, yet gives to it another character which is dependent on something more than the different framing of the face. M. Faure appeared a little hoarse on the first production of *Semiramide*; but, as was only to be expected, his singing of the florid music was so sure and finished, his phrasing so well studied, that one would have been more than content with such singing even if it had not been combined with admirable acting. Mlle. Titiens's Semiramis is a splendidly tragic figure, and Mme. Trebelli's

Arsace is the embodiment of youthful ardour and nobility. The great duet between the mother and son was sung perfectly, and the expression on the one side of repentant, on the other of pitying, tenderness was admirable. Of the performances of these two singers, as of the others concerned in the opera, we spoke at length last year. A defect in the stage management which was then apparent remains unaltered. The amount of light upon the stage in the last scene gives an impossible air to the blind wandering after each other of the three principal characters. It is as if they were performing some curious dance figure. One would like to know also how carved elephants come to play an important part in the decoration of Semiramis's palace, and why the name of Ninus is written over his tomb in choice Italian. The overture was well played, the delicacy of the violin passages being, as before, admirable, and the choruses were given steadily.

One could hardly wish for a finer performance of *Les Huguenots* than has been given at this house. The dramatic feeling, the tunefulness, the command of orchestral resources, the power of investing music with characteristic passion, which together make up what the disciples of Herr Wagner are pleased to call "the olla podrida of Meyerbeer," do not often find such complete expression. It is the more strange that this contempt for Meyerbeer should be entertained, inasmuch as, if we are not mistaken, Herr Wagner's starting-point was the necessity for fitness in the music of an opera to the dramatic requirements of its story; and this is precisely what is found in Meyerbeer. However, Meyerbeer never recognized the real power of Herr Wagner, which may be some reason for Herr Wagner's disciples objecting to Meyerbeer; and there is some truth in what M. Blaze de Bury has said: "Les Allemands sont impitoyables; ils ne pardonneront jamais à Meyerbeer d'avoir pris en France le point d'appui de sa renommée, de les avoir voulu conquérir de chez nous."

The instrumental performance at Drury Lane was excellent, and would have seemed to us nearly perfect but for Sir Michael Costa's singular fondness for noise. The *Huguenots* does, no doubt, require a certain amount of noise, but it is surely not desirable to exaggerate this to the extent of drowning the voices, which are intended to be sustained by the orchestra. In the singing and acting of the opera it would be difficult to find much defect. Signor Fancelli and Mlle. Titiens appeared together again as Raoul and Valentine, and gave the great duet with surprising power. From Mlle. Titiens, indeed, one expects nothing else; but Signor Fancelli, who, with many merits, is apt both to phrase and act with some heaviness, seemed to us on this occasion to do better than he has ever done before. Mlle. Titiens's splendid voice was in perfect order, and her acting, even to the management of the two falls in the scene with Raoul, was, if possible, finer than ever. Another duet very finely sung and acted was that between Valentine and Marcel, which part was filled by Herr Rokitansky, who has reappeared after a long absence. Since Signor Medini's too short appearance here, no Marcel at all equal in merit to Herr Rokitansky has been seen; and Herr Rokitansky has the advantage of Signor Medini in certainty of intonation. He represented the bluff warrior and faithful servant with great truth and simplicity, and his powerful voice, which seems to have no harsh note in it, and to take without effort tones deep as the thunder, was managed with masterly skill. It would be well if the promise of Herr Rokitansky's appearance as Bertramo in *Roberto il Diavolo* were fulfilled. Mme. Trebelli's bright gaiety of manner and action, and exquisite skill and feeling in singing, made one wish, as always, that there were more of Urbano. The laughing impertinence with which she looks at Marcel in the first scene is delicious. Mlle. Elena Varesi sang the music of Marguerite de Valois with freshness and fluency; but one desired something more like royal dignity in her demeanour. Mlle. Varesi spoilt the effect of a good dress by the staring red face which she carried. Signor Rota's St. Bris was in all respects satisfactory, and M. Faure appeared as Nevers. There is a story that M. Faure's first performance of this part was the result of a wager with a manager that he would give it importance. Whether that is true or not, it is matter of record that M. Faure was the first singer who brought the part into light, and in so doing showed that Meyerbeer treated the personages in the second rank of his work with as much care as he gave to those in the first.

M. Faure's Nevers is the essence of gaiety, courtliness, and chivalry; the type in character of the Cavalier in romances which treat of Charles I.'s time. In his hands Nevers becomes the principal person in the first scene. One cannot help watching him as he sits at table, even when he is not singing, and observing how the actor's talent comes out even in the handling of his goblet. It is not recklessly brandished as goblets generally are in operatic drinking scenes; the Count seems to be really drinking and talking with a company of light-hearted friends; for M. Faure's wonderful brightness of manner seems to communicate itself to those around him, to create life where one too often sees the mechanical motion of puppets. Throughout the scene M. Faure's acting is the perfection of high comedy, and the small piece of business at the end when he stands laughingly in Marcel's way as Raoul goes out is admirably invented and executed. It is perhaps needless to say that his singing in this scene, as throughout, was perfect. While speaking of this scene, we may suggest that it would be desirable to bring in Raoul's letter without an envelope. In the second scene M. Faure's dignity in the quartet of the oath was remarkable; and it was with a fine perception that he made the outward expression of Nevers's wrath at the rejection of St. Bris's daughter by Raoul second to that of St. Bris himself. Nevers's appearance in the second act is very short, but the tender and chivalrous devotion of M. Faure's manner as he approached Valentine, the grace and dignity of his aspect as they went to the barge, gave it a singular importance. His most striking scene was of course in the third act. Here the changing expression of his face as he listened to the opening of St. Bris's designs for the extermination of the Huguenots, the repressed anger and scorn with which, having risen, he pulled off his gloves and flung them impatiently down as he took his place again, the moody attitude in which he sat until every one else had taken the required oath, led well up to the fine outburst of indignation and disdain with which, again rising, he refused to degrade his sword to assassination, and flung it at St. Bris's feet. The action gave the perfect idea of a chivalrous soul revolted at vileness; and the reassuring tenderness with which he paused and stooped to kiss Valentine's hand before he went out under the guard of St. Bris's soldiers was like the last fine touch to a splendid picture.

THE DERBY.

ON three candidates in particular for the great race of last Wednesday the attention of the public has been for weeks past directed. Petrarch, Skylark, and the Mineral Colt had each of them special claims to consideration, and each has been persistently supported by a large body of partisans. After the absurdly easy victory of Petrarch in the Two Thousand Guineas, it was difficult to find any sound reason for opposing his chance for the Derby. That the horse was not fully wound up at Newmarket was patent to the most ordinary observer; that he won in a style which has rarely been equalled was equally indisputable; and the utmost that could be urged by those whose wish was father to the thought that Petrarch was not a first-class horse was that he was only called upon to beat a second-class field. It was said that both the Middle Park Plate and the Two Thousand fields were of moderate quality, and that therefore it was no very great achievement to carry off these two races. It was not Petrarch's fault, however, if his opponents were not of first-rate quality. A horse can do no more than win his engagements in good style, and beat fairly and squarely such company as he may chance to meet. That Petrarch did this there can be no manner of doubt; and the greatest horse that ever was foaled could not have improved on the form shown by the son of Lord Clifden and Laura in the only two races for which he has started. It was said also that a horse with such astonishing speed is not always a stayer; and the fact of Petrarch's having won a mile race in a common canter was seriously urged as a reason why he would be unsuccessful in one over a mile and a half. Considering that until a horse has tried in public to compass a mile and a half it is premature to suggest his inability to accomplish this feat, the worth of this argument cannot be very highly rated. Every winner of a great race, however, has a certain number of enemies as much as every loser has of apologists; but even the most ingenious critics were unable to anticipate danger to Petrarch in the Derby from anything that finished behind him in the Two Thousand. The case of Julius Cæsar, of Great Tom, of Wild Tommy, and of Coltness was by common consent abandoned as hopeless; and it became necessary to look in another direction for the threatened opposition to the Two Thousand winner.

The public form of Kisber, better known as the colt by Buccaneer out of Mineral, deservedly commanded a great amount of respect. It is true that he was beaten three times as a two-year-old, by Levant, Farnese, and Gilestone in the July Stakes, by Farnese and M. de Fligny in the Stetchworth Stakes—both in the Newmarket July Meeting of 1875—and by Petrarch in the Middle Park Plate; but his solitary victory in the Dewhurst Plate was held by his friends to atone amply for his previous failures. In that race the Mineral colt not only beat Springfield, accounted at that time one of the best two-year-olds of the season, as well as Bay Wyndham and King Death, both winners of important events, but also ran away from Madeira, the second to Petrarch in the Middle Park Plate. Great expectations had been formed of the Mineral colt in the Middle Park Plate, and his signal defeat in that race was at once repudiated by his friends. When, therefore, a fortnight later, over a longer course, he succeeded in beating Madeira much further than Petrarch had beaten her, his supporters at once jumped to the conclusion that he was a genuine stayer, and longed for the time to come when he could do battle with the son of Lord Clifden once more. Certainly, as far as appearances went, the Mineral colt looked as if he would develop into a wear-and-tear animal, without a great dash of speed, but capable of staying over long courses; but still he had been beaten under circumstances that made it necessary to devise excuses for him, and it would have been an extraordinary circumstance if in a single fortnight a horse could improve a stone in form. Undoubtedly Petrarch gave the Mineral colt a stone beating in the Middle Park Plate, and for our own part we inclined to the belief either that Madeira went off between the Second October and Houghton meetings, or that Petrarch won the Middle Park Plate so easily that half the field were pulled up, and the barren honours of second place became a matter of chance, rather than that the son of Buccaneer and Mineral made such astounding progress in so short a space of time.

The last of the trio, Skylark, besides being a splendid-

looking horse, worthy in his outward characteristics of his illustrious sire King Tom, had the rare recommendation of being unbeaten, and of having won all his six races in thoroughly gallant style. As a two-year-old he won the Gladiateur Stakes at the Newmarket July Meeting, beating M. de Fligny; the Chesterfield Stakes at the same meeting, beating Gilestone and Hellenist; the Rutland Stakes, beating nothing in particular; and a rich Post Sweepstakes of a thousand sovereigns, beating King Death, Twine the Plaiden, and Coltness. This year, Skylark, having made all the improvement during the winter that could be expected, has run twice with equal success; and there were only two reasons why he has not figured for some time past at the head of the Derby quotation. The first was that doubts existed as to his soundness. He is known to have always been affected with curby hocks; but that ailment has not prevented many horses from winning great races. Of late, however, the rumour spread that one of his forelegs had shown signs of giving way, and in consequence his position has been seriously assailed, while, as week after week passed by and no rain fell, and the ground became harder and harder, his supporters were unable to conceal their anxiety. The second objection to Skylark was that he had never beaten anything better than M. de Fligny, Gilestone, Twine the Plaiden, and Hellenist. We have already mentioned that a similar objection was raised against Petrarch himself; and therefore it came to this, that the only two unbeaten horses of their year were both cavilled against because it so happened that they had never had an opportunity of meeting to decide their respective claims to superiority. We may add a remark which ought properly to have been made earlier, that one desperate argument for the discomfiture of Petrarch was found in the recollection that more than one winner of the Two Thousand had failed to repeat his victory at Epsom. Macgregor, it was remembered, who carried off the Two Thousand in a canter, was only a bad fourth in the Derby; but it was forgotten that the ground in 1870 was unprecedentedly hard, that the long drought had almost driven trainers distracted, and that only the week before the Derby Macgregor had been sent to Bath to race on ground as hard as adamant; that, in fact, everything within human power had been done to render his defeat a certainty. On the other hand, the double victories of Lord Lyon and Gladiateur were equally worthy of remembrance, and indeed the expectation of the winner of the Two Thousand finishing there or thereabouts in the Derby has become an axiom of the Turf which the event rarely contradicts.

The antecedents of the horses which finished behind Petrarch in the Two Thousand were duly referred to by us at the time, and need not be dwelt upon again. It was the universal opinion that not one of them had the slightest chance of turning the tables on the son of Lord Clifden and Laura at Epsom, and hence their names, up to the very last, remained almost unmentioned. But outside their ranks there were several promising candidates in addition to the Mineral colt and Skylark. Of these All Heart, who ran three times as a two-year-old, and was beaten on every occasion, was, strange to say, nearly as good a favourite as Skylark, who had run six races and had been victorious in all. All Heart made his first appearance at Doncaster in the Champagne Stakes, and, being totally unable to go the pace, was beaten by King Death and M. de Fligny, as well as by the winner, Farnese. Two days later, over a slightly longer course which it was deemed would suit him better, he was again beaten by Farnese, who carried a 7 lbs. penalty, but succeeded, at the same difference in the weights, in shaking off M. de Fligny. And, lastly, at the Second October Meeting, Farnese presented him with 10 lbs. and for the third time gave him a handsome beating. Against these three defeats what was there to set to the advantage of All Heart; what was there to be pleaded in his excuse? In his favour were his breeding, by King Tom out of Marigold, the dam of Doncaster, and his grand appearance, worthy of his relationship to the illustrious Derby winner of 1873. Seldom has a two-year-old excited such a feeling of unqualified admiration as All Heart when first he appeared in public in the paddock at Doncaster. "There goes a real Derby horse" was the verdict pronounced on all sides, and not all his defeats could alter the original conclusion of a jury whose judgment is seldom very far wrong. There is no doubt that All Heart comes of a family which requires time to bring out its great racing qualities. He was altogether raw, unformed, and unfit for racing as a two-year-old; and, for our own part, we never could see what object his owner had in view in prematurely forcing his powers, in exposing him to annoying defeats, and in jeopardizing his chance of future success. There was no chance of his winning last year from Farnese, at that time in the zenith of his career; but there was a great chance of his temper being spoiled, not to say of his breaking down. It did not need three defeats to inform us that All Heart was not in racing condition last season, and it was taking a good deal on trust to assume that, because he was half-brother to Doncaster, and because he was an uncommonly good-looking horse, therefore by the time he reached three years of age he would come out in very different form, and would scatter his enemies right and left. Those, however, who had seen All Heart this spring—and his owner has allowed him to be inspected by the accredited representatives of the sporting press, thus setting an example which, if generally followed, would dispose of the touting nuisance much more effectually than any hostile action on the part of the Jockey Club—had expressed themselves as thoroughly satisfied with the progress he has made, and their favourable reports no doubt tended to increase the confidence felt in his capacities. Of the remaining Derby candidates there is no occasion to speak much. Bay Wyndham's form as a two-year-old was very in and out. After winning the Woodcote Stakes from Charon, Kaleidoscope, and Father Claret, he secured the two-year-old Biennial at Ascot from Hellenist and Zee, but only beat the latter by half a length; but later in the season he suffered defeat from M. de Fligny at Goodwood and from the Mineral colt at Newmarket. Forerunner was well beaten by Springfield at York, but won two races afterwards in moderate company at Ayr and Newmarket. There was nothing like Derby form in these performances, and such favouritism as he has enjoyed was probably due to the fact of his being a stable companion of Julius Cæsar, who ran second to Petrarch in the Two Thousand. If he was discovered to be much better than Julius Cæsar, his friends might be excused for indulging some hope of his taking the measure of the cracks of the year. Bracounier was the hope of the Frenchmen; but his public performances did not warrant the idea of his carrying off the Derby, though through Camembert, who ran very fast in the Two Thousand and subsequently defeated Coltness and Wild Tommy, some sort of a line might have been obtained. The antecedents of Hardrada showed him to be a fair, honest horse, somewhat deficient in quality; and of Advance and Wisdom—better known as the colt by Blinkhoolie out of Aline—it is not necessary to speak.

It will thus be seen that, though the Derby field only numbered fifteen, the meeting of the two unbeaten horses, Petrarch and Skylark, and the antagonism of the Mineral colt, combined to give especial interest to the race; while the confidence of the friends of All Heart and Forerunner in the ability of their favourites to give a good account of themselves remained unabated up to the last moment. The holders of paddock tickets hardly got a return for their money this year; for though Lord Falmouth's pair, the Mineral colt (who was named Kisber on the morning of the race, the precedent set by Baron Rothschild in the case of Favonius being strictly followed) and Wild Tommy, came early into the paddock, it was not till the very last moment that Petrarch and Lord Rosebery's three—All Heart, Father Claret, and Bay Wyndham—put in an appearance. In fact, they merely walked through the paddock to the course, so that visitors could only obtain the most casual glance at them before hurrying back to the stand in order to see the preliminary canter. Kisber was unanimously pronounced the best-trained horse of the whole party, and All Heart the grandest-looking. Skylark also was in splendid condition, but opinions differed as to his soundness, some declaring that he walked lame, while others saw nothing whatever the matter with him. Wild Tommy excited attention on account of his immense height; but we do not think that much notice was taken of Forerunner in the paddock, despite the rumours of what he could do with Julius Cæsar. After he had cantered, it was a very different case; and there was a regular scramble at the last moment to back the horse who was generally voted the best galloper of the fifteen. Petrarch looked perfection itself, full of quality, and in perfect condition; but, strange to say, his preliminary gallop made him more enemies than friends. All Heart, too, failed to give satisfaction to the critics. His fighting action was complained of, and he pulled so tremendously that it seemed doubtful whether his jockey would be able to steer him safely round the turns. On the other hand, the style of going of Forerunner and of his stable companion Julius Cæsar was immensely admired. Though the parade was a little late, there was not much delay afterwards; and, after one or two insignificant breaks away, the flag fell to a rather straggling start, of which All Heart got all the worst. Father Claret made the running as well as he could, with the object of assisting his stable companion; but the pace for all that was wretched for the first half-mile, and his stable companion was past all assistance. We are not going to denounce All Heart as an impostor because he utterly failed to get near the front in the Derby. We think he will show a very different form some day, and that he still wants time; and he certainly is not the kind of horse who can stand being chopped at the start. Probably he is deficient in pace, and certainly he failed conspicuously last Wednesday to make up for the disadvantage he experienced at the outset, and he never once got on terms with his horses. At the top of the hill the pace improved, and Petrarch came round the bend with a clear lead, Kisber and the Russley pair, Forerunner and Julius Cæsar, being his nearest attendants. Up to three hundred yards from home Petrarch's victory appeared a certainty, but the extra distance stopped him, and when Kisber challenged opposite the hill, he seemed incapable of making an effort. From that point the Hungarian horse drew away further and further at every stride, Forerunner following in hopeless pursuit, and Petrarch dropping still more in the rear. It was quite a case of hare and hounds, and the leading hounds were not even well together at the finish. Kisber won by five lengths from Forerunner, who beat his stable companion Julius Cæsar by three lengths, Petrarch finishing as far behind the third, and Skylark being nearly as far behind Petrarch; so that between the winner and what we may call the main body of the field there was an interval of more than a dozen lengths. Seldom has the Derby been won in such hollow style, and seldom has there been so poor a struggle for the second and third places. The defeat of Petrarch was of course a great disappointment to his supporters, for no horse could have looked or gone better. His speed is extraordinary, and it is probable that over his own distance—a mile—he will hold his position against all opponents. The superior staying power of Kisber enabled him to dispose of the Two Thousand winner over a mile and a half course,

and he finished as if he would not have minded an extra half-mile. In short, the further he went the further he won; and there can be no surer test than that of a horse's ability to stay. Forerunner's forward positions showed that the sanguine opinion formed of his merits was not so much of an exaggeration after all; while his stable companion Julius Cæsar had obviously made considerable improvement since the Two Thousand day. The great three-year-old race of the year was carried off by the best trained, though not the best looking, horse; and to the skill and judgment of his trainer must be attributed, to a large extent, the easy victory achieved last Wednesday by the son of the expatriated Buccaneer.

REVIEWS.

MALLESON'S ESSAYS AND LECTURES ON INDIAN SUBJECTS.*

ANY attempt to make Indian subjects more attractive or popular deserves success. We have just learnt from Mr. Trevelyan that the sale of his uncle's Essays on Clive and Hastings far exceeded that of other papers from the same brilliant pen. Sir John Kaye has given us excellent biographies of Metcalfe and Malcolm, has imparted to the war in Afghanistan the interest of a Greek Trilogy, and has described the sufferings and deeds of our countrymen during the Mutiny in a style which, if turgid or redundant, is never tame. Colonel Malleson, evidently bent on similarly inducing English readers to comprehend Indian topics, has reprinted six papers which, about ten years ago, were either published by him in local reviews or read before heated but attentive audiences at Calcutta. No one subject has any direct or necessary connexion with any other. Three English generals and their campaigns are treated of in as many papers. A fourth is devoted to a native State. In a fifth we have the sad tale of the unfortunate Irishman who began his career as a soldier of the Grand Monarch at the age of nine, and ended it, to the shame of his adopted country, when he was not quite sixty, on the Place de Grève. The sixth paper discusses the last campaign of a native soldier of fortune whose military achievements may have occasionally turned the heads of others of his race and colour who possess his restless ambition without his sterling ability. In the Mahratta wars, in the raids of the Pindarries, in the grand-chances afforded to indigenous talent by the Mutiny, no one came to the surface who could compare with Hyder Ali. A writer of Colonel Malleson's political and literary experience may be assumed to handle his favourite subjects with dexterity and ease. And it is no more than his due to say that the leading authorities have been carefully consulted; that the facts have been marshalled with perspicuity; that the comments are, on the whole, apposite; and that the lectures are readable and not too long. A little revision would not have been amiss. But any one of the papers can be read separately, without a feeling of ennui; and there is a moral to be drawn from every one of them, although we may not agree with Colonel Malleson, who, to apply an Eastern proverb, is rather apt to look at Leila with the eyes of Majnun. Some of these reprints would have been the better for a notice of events that have occurred since their first publication. Here and there, too, we have an unpardonable sameness of phraseology. The expression "a tremendous fire" occurs no less than four times in two pages and a half, in the account which the author gives of Lord Lake's unsuccessful attempt to reduce or storm the fortress of Bhurtpore.

Nearly forty pages are taken up with a eulogy on the rulers of the native State of Bhopal. Colonel Malleson lays no more than proper stress on their hereditary good qualities, their capacity for governing, and their unswerving attachment to the British rule. Indeed there is something very exceptional and striking in the position of this State and in the merits of its Nawab and Begums. It was founded by an Afghan nobleman named Dost Mahommed, in the general scramble for good things which ensued after the death of the Emperor Aurungzebe. It has thus been in existence for rather more than a century and a half. It is pretty nearly in the centre of India. No chain of inaccessible mountains, no principalities ruled by friendly chiefs of the same creed, afforded it any protection against attack and absorption. More than once its independence was threatened by the armies of Gwalior and Nagpore. The British Government interposed, and immunity from invasion secured to Bhopal for more than half a century was repaid by the fidelity of the Begum to us in 1857; a fidelity which was proof against intimidation, evil counsels, the contagion of disorder and riot, and whispered doubts of our ability to weather the storm. No address could have been more appropriate than one delivered by Lord Canning to the late Secunder Begum, in the presence of warriors who had been quite equalled by this lady in courage, and of statesmen who were inferior to her in decision and tact. Re-writing or editing at a later date, Colonel Malleson might have informed his readers of the circumstances attending the death of this lady, whom he holds up as an example; of the great pride which she took in her condition as feudatory of the Queen; and of her dying wishes for the prosperity of Her Majesty and the Government. We are glad to be able to assure any readers of these essays that the Secunder Begum left behind her a daughter worthy of her name; and that the Shah Jehan Begum has accepted her responsibilities, has discarded all notions about the disabilities of women, has made a tour of her dominions, and has not slackened in the work of administrative reform. It is not by way of depreciation that we remind readers that Bhopal is a compact province, of moderate extent, just calculated to call forth powers that would be unequal to a kingdom of wider range. The population may be about three-quarters of a million. The yearly revenue is said to be under one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. The forces consist of rather more than four thousand troops of all arms, with seventy-three guns. The State pays a tribute of twenty thousand pounds to the Imperial Exchequer, besides smaller sums towards education and the repair of roads. In the recent discussions regarding the Royal Title, no better illustration could have been given of the subordination of a Mahommedan principality, loosely called "independent," to the paramount Power. Such a lieutenant, or delegate, of the Court of Delhi is now simply in his proper position, with hereditary privileges maintained and guaranteed by the foreign Power on which that Imperial position has devolved.

We pass from a line of illustrious women to three English generals, Lake, Havelock, and Lord Strathnairn, better known in Indian annals as Sir Hugh Rose. They were all successful, and yet very unlike each other. A large space is devoted to the first, and this expansion may be justified by the importance of the operations in the Doab of Hindustan and the Upper Provinces of India, in which it was the good fortune of Gerard Lake to play a conspicuous part. A soldier who triumphed over the Mahrattas trained under Perron and De Boigne, under whom four or five thousand British troops were more than a match for four times that number of enemies at Delhi, who reduced Agra and captured the fort of Aligurh by storm, and who thus gave full scope for the sagacious and commanding policy of the Marquess of Wellesley, is doubtless entitled to no mean place in the gallery of Indian captains. But even Colonel Malleson cannot disguise the fact that Lake "was not much of a tactician." He had certainly as a young man learnt something of war from Frederick of Prussia, and he had been impressed with the fatal effects of inaction by Cornwallis's surrender in America. But in real truth his generalship mainly consisted in rapidly pursuing and coming as soon as possible, at all hazards, to close quarters with the enemy. In this respect he reminds us very much of a more recent head of the Indian army—Lord Gough. The latter at Ferozeshah and Chillianwalla, charging the Sikhs at three in the afternoon through dense jungles, and at Goozerat only held back by the late Sir John Cheape and Sir P. Grant, reminds us very much of Lake, who is described as leading the charge of cavalry at Laswarree in the morning, and heading the 76th Regiment in its advance in the afternoon. A saying current in Indian society to this day, attributed to Lord Lake, bears out this view. A subordinate who talked about some elaborate report was quietly disposed of with the curt remark, "D—n your writing; mind your fighting." Pluck, vigour, and eagerness to close with the foe have done wonders against Rajpoots, Afghans, Mahrattas, and even Sikhs. But we should recommend young officers who think they may have the chance of confronting any European force equipped with arms of precision and commanded by no mere pedantic students of the art of war, to take their lessons of strategy from Havelock, and not from Lake. A very good account of Monson's disastrous retreat before Holkar is given in this essay. It shows the fatality incident to expeditions based on Lord Lake's principles, and not supported by his decision and coolness. Every subaltern and native soldier in India knows the travesty of the couplet on Warren Hastings:—

> Ghore pŭr howdah, hāthi pŭr zeen
> Is tarah bhag gya Kurnel Munseen.

In other words,

> Saddles on elephants, howdahs on nags,
> Thus Colonel Monson disorderly lags.

More correctly it would be, in prose—thus Colonel Monson ran away. Nor, in assigning to Lord Lake his exact position as a general, can we accept the author's exculpation of his failure to reduce Bhurtpore. To begin the siege of a fortress with an imperfect knowledge of its defences, with artillery inadequate to efficient attack, to persevere hopelessly and to abandon the attempt after a loss of more than three thousand men, is not usually associated with great strategy. Nor can we admit that a policy by which the Raja eventually conceded all our demands was "not the less successful." On the contrary, for more than twenty years, our civil and military servants often had Bhurtpore cast in their teeth by surly Mahommedans and wily Hindoos. "Is that the way to Hansi?" said one of our officers to a stout-limbed Jāt cultivator of Upper India only a few years before the capture of the renowned fortress by Lord Combermere. "I can't tell you," was the reply; but pointing in another direction, "that's your way to Bhurtpore."

The lecture on Havelock ought to be read as a fitting introduction to the admirable biography of this great captain by his brother-in-law, Mr. Marshman. There the reader may learn how Havelock was at Charterhouse about the time of Julius Hare, Thirlwall, George Grote, Sir C. Eastlake, and the actor Yates; how he served in Burmah in 1824–5; how he formed one of the illustrious garrison of Jellalabad; and how, in the Sikh campaigns and during a long period of neglect and inaction, he was gradually maturing those theories and acquiring that mastery of the principles of real warfare which enabled him to raise the spirit of the Indian com-

* *Essays and Lectures on Indian Historical Subjects.* By Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. Second Issue. London: Trübner & Co. 1876.

looking horse, worthy [illegible]. Great as have been the illustrious sire Kirkee's mere handfuls of British troops skilfully [illegible] of our Indian history, it may reasonably be contended whether any services have ever equalled those of Havelock between the 1st of July, when he assumed command of Allahabad, and the 25th of September, when he relieved, for the first time, the garrison of Lucknow. During July the whole of the Doab was in the hands of the insurgents. Cawnpore had fallen; we were besieged at the very capital which we had marched down to take; no gleam of sunshine illumined our political horizon; and peaceful and prosperous provinces were in the possession of mutineers. With forces that never exceeded two thousand, and which were soon reduced to fifteen hundred or a thousand men, Havelock fought nine actions, and won them all; and it was no pedantry that led him to record the fact that the battle of Cawnpore was gained by a flank march similar to the manœuvre of his favourite, Frederick II., at Leuthen. He had treasured up, ready for use, all the legacies of military commanders and critics, and at the age of sixty-two he astonished Europe by appearing as a general whose first campaign was as masterly as if it had been the crowning success of a long series of victories. Why the Indian Government superseded Havelock in his triumphs by appointing Outram to the command of the relieving force, neither Colonel Malleson nor Mr. Marshman has been able to explain to our satisfaction. But fortunately, if Havelock was a stern tactician, Outram was the soul of chivalry and honour, and refused to deprive his comrade in arms of the reward which then lay just within his reach.

The time is hardly yet come when the campaign of Lord Strathnairn in Central India can be dealt with like those of Outram and Havelock. Colonel Malleson lays too much stress on Major Rose's early services in Ireland, when he moved a few troops with rapidity in order to put down certain political and seditious meetings. These desultory chases over hills and bogs after men who aspired to be heroes of cabbage gardens may have been a sort of preparation for the pursuit of more disciplined and more numerous rebels in Saugor and Jhansi. But the most remarkable part of Lord Strathnairn's career is that a large part of his work had been diplomacy, and that he never saw any real fighting between 1820 and the Crimean War. In India he had to contend against heat, sickness, a march across a wide and not very easy country, and adversaries with considerable pretensions to military skill. Tantia Topi, or the "weaver," who had become an "artillerist," and the fierce and bloodthirsty Rani of Jhansi, were no ordinary rebels. The campaign in Central India is described by Colonel Malleson in a narrative clear and succinct, and not one whit more eulogistic than its difficulties warranted. And in days when a bold assumption of responsibility is not often the virtue or the failing of diplomatists, no historian is likely to forget that Colonel Rose took on himself to call on the British admiral to occupy Besika Bay with his fleet, while Mr. Gladstone shortly afterwards covered himself with ridicule by only budgeting for a trip of the Guards to Malta and back.

The essay on Count Lally is the story of a gallant Franco-Hibernian, zealous, impetuous, honest, wrongheaded, and quite unequal to the triple task of conciliating natives, overcoming the incapacity of his impracticable colleagues, and beating a compact army of Englishmen and Sepoys, commanded by such a leader as Coote. But, flagrant as were Lally's errors, they were cruelly punished, in a way quite in harmony with the spirit that animated the corrupt and degraded Monarchy which he served. The execution of Lally is a parallel to the crucifixion of an unsuccessful Carthaginian admiral, and it is also a good illustration of the principles of judicial awards which, before the French Revolution, sent the family of Calas to the gallows, and La Barre to the wheel. We have only room for a hasty mention of Hyder, of whom it might have been said by us, pretty much as Pyrrhus said of Curius and his legions, "This barbarian has nothing barbarous in his military arrangements." Colonel Malleson has given a spirited account of the ill-advised movements which ended in the slaughter and capture of Colonel Baillie's detachment. It is some consolation to us to think that the grandson of Hyder died only a few years back, a loyal supporter of the British Government, and that, as we have already said, in all the splendid chances afforded to native talent by the great Mutiny, nobody rose to the top who could compare with the leader called familiarly the *Naik*, in other words, the *Petit Caporal* of Seringapatam and Bangalore.

POLLOCK'S PRINCIPLES OF CONTRACT.*

THE design of Mr. Frederick Pollock's book on Principles of Contract is to elucidate those general principles which are, or ought to be, equally applicable to law and equity; and now that "the lamentable division of jurisdiction," as the late Lord Westbury called it, has come to an end, the equally lamentable division of exposition in text-books which has hitherto prevailed ought to come to an end also. We had for some time thought that a treatise on equity for the use of common-lawyers was desirable, and the grandson of a Chief Baron of the Exchequer, which was a court both of law and equity, was a proper person to compose it.

In order to show the need of such a work, we will take an actual example from the transactions of ordinary life, and see what are the legal principles applicable to it, and where they may be found. A gentleman takes a furnished house from April 1, for six months of four weeks each, under a written agreement which provides that the rent is to be payable every four weeks, and that if notice be given before the expiration of any period of four weeks the house may be given up at the expiration of the next period. After the agreement has been signed, the intended tenant, who is at a distance, finds that he does not want the house quite so soon, and the landlord finds that he cannot conveniently give it up on the appointed day. The landlord, in fact, retains possession until the 13th April, and this is done under some arrangement between the agents of the parties as to the nature of which it may be assumed that they will differ. On the one hand, it may be said that, admitting that the rent did not commence until April 13, when possession was given, yet, when possession was given, it was given on the terms of the written agreement; and therefore the day for giving notice would be at the end of each period of four weeks from April 1. On the other hand, it may be said that the agreement is to be read as if the date had been altered from April 1 to 13, so that for all purposes the latter would be the date of the agreement. Now suppose that the tenant gave notice to quit on May 8, the question would arise whether that notice ran from May 11 or from May 27, and on this question would depend the tenant's liability to a fortnight's rent. It may perhaps alarm both landlords and tenants of furnished houses to hear that difficult legal questions arise out of these circumstances. But, in the first place, an agreement for a six months' tenancy of a furnished house relates to "an interest in land," and therefore must be in writing. In the present case the original agreement was in writing, but the tenant sets up a variation of it which he would seek to prove either by letters written by himself to the landlord's agent or by verbal communications between the two agents, or by both combined. The common law has always strictly held that a written agreement where the law requires writing cannot be varied by subsequent arrangement by word of mouth. But the Court of Chancery has in some cases taken cognizance of these "parol" arrangements; and in one well-known case where a court of law refused to do this, it has been stated on high authority that the result of the case would have been in equity exactly opposite to what it was at law. Now, however, all branches of the High Court of Justice are bound to administer both law and equity. Yet there might be a further question raised on these apparently simple facts. We have spoken of an agreement for a tenancy of a furnished house, which must be in writing; but the transaction above described might be regarded as an actual "demise" or lease, which, in a class of cases which includes this, may be either by writing or word of mouth. In the first point of view, parol evidence to vary the written agreement would not be admissible at law, but might in equity; in the second point of view, parol evidence for the same purpose would be admissible both at law and in equity.

We have probably said enough to show the absolute necessity to ordinary practitioners of such a general view of the Law of Contract as Mr. Pollock proposes to supply, and we will now refer to his book to see what help it gives in the class of cases of which we have offered an example. He has a chapter on "Agreements of Imperfect Obligation," by which he means "agreements which, though they confer no right of action, are yet recognized by the law for other purposes." Where there is an imperfect obligation there is a right without a remedy. This is an abnormal state of things which can be produced only by the operation of some special rule. Such rules may operate—

1. By way of condition subsequent, taking away a remedy which once existed.

2. By imposing special conditions as precedent to the existence of the remedy.

3. By excluding any remedy altogether.

The Statutes of Limitation furnish an example of the first class. The Statute of Frauds (29 Car. II. c. 3. s. 4) furnishes an example of the second class, which we will briefly follow Mr. Pollock in considering. That statute enacts that "no action shall be brought" in five classes of cases which it specifies, and of which "a contract or sale of lands," or any interest therein, is one, unless the agreement or some memorandum thereof shall be in writing and signed by the party to be charged, or his agent. The words "contract or sale" are probably a misprint, and it is remarkable that, although the statutes have been in some sense revised, these words have never been corrected. Mr. Pollock uses the term "informal agreement" to signify any agreement which comes within this enactment, and does not comply with its requirements, and he considers what is the effect of the enactment on "informal agreements." There was some early authority for saying that it made them void, but this is not now the law. They give rise to imperfect obligations, and neither the obligation itself nor any right immediately founded on it can be directly enforced. But it is recognized for the purpose of explaining anything actually done in pursuance of it, and anything so done may in many cases be a sufficient foundation for a new obligation *quasi ex contractu*. A was the landlord, B the tenant, and C wished to become tenant of a farm; and C agreed to pay to B 100*l.* for the goodwill, out of which 40*l.* was to be paid to A for his consent to the assignment of the lease. The arrangement was verbal, and C paid the 100*l.* to B, who said that "words were wind," and refused to pay over

* *Principles of Contract at Law and in Equity, being a Treatise on the General Principles concerning the Validity of Agreements, with a Special View to the Comparison of Law and Equity, and with References to the Indian Contract Act, and occasionally to Roman, American, and Continental Law.* By Frederick Pollock, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Stevens & Sons. 1876.

the 40*l.* to A. But on action brought by A against B, the Court said that, if one agree to receive money for the use of another upon consideration executed, however frivolous or void the consideration might have been in respect of the person paying the money, if indeed it were not absolutely immoral or illegal, the person so receiving it cannot be permitted to deny his having received it for the use of that other; and accordingly A succeeded in the action. The Court said in effect that, as the arrangement was verbal, C was not bound to perform it. But he did pay the money to B, partly for B's own use and partly for the use of A. And the consideration was executed—or, in other words, A consented to the assignment—and therefore B held the 40*l.* for the use of A. But, further, it has always been the doctrine of equity that one who has partly performed an informal agreement may sue for a "specific performance" by the other party, "if the acts of part performance have been done on the faith of an existing agreement, and have been of such a kind that the parties cannot be restored to their original position." A familiar example is that of an informal agreement for sale and purchase of land, where the purchaser takes possession and lays out money on the land. In this case equity would compel the seller specifically to perform the contract, or, in other words, to convey the estate. But at law the seller might eject the purchaser, take the benefit of his outlay, and, if sued on the agreement, rely on the statute; or, in other words, commit a fraud by help of an enactment against fraud. And where the contract had been duly made in writing, evidence could not be received at law of a subsequent "parol" variation. In the well-known case of Goss *v.* Lord Nugent, there was a written contract providing for a good title to several lots, and the purchaser after the contract, and with notice of a defect in the title to one lot, verbally waived the objection and entered into possession, but afterwards resisted performance of the contract; and it was here that the seller could not maintain an action for the purchase-money on account of the statute. Lord St. Leonards, commenting on this case, says that, although the general rule upon the statute is the same at law as in equity, yet a purchaser is at liberty to accept a defective title if he thinks proper; and if he does so, and thereupon is let into possession, "equity would bind him by his act, and compel him to complete the purchase." We notice, though not by way of complaint, that Mr. Pollock does not cite this case of Goss *v.* Lord Nugent, nor the comment of Lord St. Leonards on it, although he cites and discusses more recent cases involving the same principle. The scope of his work is so extensive that this head of it is necessarily treated with more brevity than the practitioner may find convenient; and perhaps hereafter he or others may pursue further the useful labour of exhibiting in one view both the law and equity of Contract under its leading heads. In a recent case there had been a written agreement between a brewer and a publican for granting a lease of a public-house on specified terms, one of which was that, if the lease were sold at a premium, the brewer should receive half of it. A lease was granted, but the terms of it varied from those of the written agreement, and this lease was afterwards sold by the publican at a premium, of which the brewer claimed half. The publican successfully resisted this claim, on the ground that the agreement, which was originally in writing, had been varied by parol, and therefore the brewer was suing on a contract concerning land not in writing, and the statute says that no such action shall be brought. The decision in this case was given shortly before the Judicature Act came into force, and the defence prevailed at law, although one of the Judges intimated that in equity the result might have been different. We may now return to the case with which we started. There was a written agreement for letting a furnished house, and we will now suppose that the variation as to the time of giving possession was by parol only. We will also suppose that the landlord would sue on the written agreement, and the tenant, as defendant, would set up the parol variation. Now, as the statute says that "no action shall be brought" on an informal agreement, it might be contended that this is not equivalent to saying that no defence shall be set up, and therefore that a parol variation might be relied on to answer a claim, although not to found one. But Mr. Pollock has met this argument by reference to a case where the Court said that "the statute must mean that informal agreements are not to be enforced in any way."

Turning now to more elementary matter, we observe that Mr. Pollock has dealt fully with the subject of "consideration," of which a proper understanding is essential to any useful study of the law of Contract. He first explains that in Roman law "informal agreements (*pacta*) did not give any right of action without the presence of something more than the mere fact of the agreement. This something more was called *causa*. Practically the term covers a somewhat wider ground than our 'consideration executed.'" Perhaps a few words of Latin which have been transferred from the *Digest* to some of our law books put the matter as clearly as it can be put:—"Nudum pactum est ubi nulla causa subest præter conventionem; sed ubi causa subest ibi fit obligatio et parit actionem." Where there is a "causa" the nude pact becomes clothed with an obligation on which an action may be founded. Many writers on English law use "nudum pactum" in the sense of an agreement without consideration; but if Latin terms are used by English writers, they should be used correctly, as they are used by Mr. Pollock. He cautions readers to bear in mind that "in Roman, and therefore also in early English, law nudum pactum does not mean an agreement made without consideration." Sir Henry Maine, in his *Ancient Law*, has put this clearly:—"A contract was a pact (or convention) *plus* an obligation. So long indeed as a pact remained unclothed with the obligation, it was called *nuda* or *naked*." Originally a pact could only be thus clothed by the solemn form of the *nexum*. Afterwards certain contracts could be made obligatory *re*—that is, by delivery of a chattel, *e.g.* by loan of a horse. At a later stage of Roman law the prætor gave equitable relief on pacts wherever there was *causa*, meaning nearly what our law means by executed consideration. Mr. Pollock properly commences his work by distinguishing between "agreement" and "contract." It has become the habit of English lawyers to talk in equity of the "specific performance of an agreement," whereas the same instrument, if sued upon at law, would produce an "action of contract" or "on promise." Cases in equity would be digested under the head of "agreement," and cases at law under "contract." In the section of the Statute of Frauds to which reference has been made all these words—"promise," "contract," and "agreement"—occur; and some commentators on this statute have given a meaning to the change of phrase which perhaps was not contemplated by its authors. Mr. Pollock takes "agreement" as the larger word, to which use its derivation from "aggregatio mentium" is suitable; and "in the case of a contract something remains to be done by one or by each of the parties which the other has or will have a right to call upon him to do." In the language of Roman law there is an "obligation" between these parties, or the "vinculum juris" binds them; and "this," says Mr. Pollock, "is the specific mark of contract." Returning to the subject of "consideration," we observe that he does not fail to notice that the meaning of *cause*, in the French Code Civil, does not coincide with that of consideration in English law. The principle of our law has always been that an agreement embodied in a deed under seal does not require a consideration to support it, but that in an agreement in writing only or by word of mouth a consideration must be shown. Thus, to take a class of cases which are clearly explained in this book, suppose that a man after cohabiting with a woman promises to pay her an annuity. Now, if he promises this by deed, she can sue him on it, but if he promises by letter or verbally she cannot. The law does not here refer to the moral nature of the transaction, but, as the cohabitation is past, it applies the general rule that a mere bygone matter is not a consideration to support a promise not under seal. Such an agreement, says Mr. Pollock, "is merely voluntary," and "if under seal it is binding; otherwise not." After fully explaining the doctrine of consideration as it has been matured in our law, Mr. Pollock remarks that, "formal contracts remain, strictly speaking, outside the scope of these rules, which were not made for them, and for whose help they had no need." The ancient validity of formal contracts could not be amplified, but it might be restrained; and the decisions of modern times show a tendency to restrict the distinctive privileges of deeds. Equity admits in theory that a voluntary deed cannot be impeached merely for being voluntary, but Mr. Pollock shows, under the head of "Undue Influence," that a system of presumptions has been established which makes it difficult for persons claiming under a voluntary deed to uphold its validity. We may illustrate this by supposing a promissory note to be given without consideration, and sued upon at law. Then, as between the immediate parties to the note, the want of consideration would be a defence. But if the same transaction were carried out by bond under seal, there would be no defence at law, unless fraud could be shown; whereas in equity "undue influence" might be set up. Now under the Judicature Act all branches of the High Court administer both law and equity; and therefore there was need for a treatise which would bring both under one view.

If space permitted we might draw much more interesting matter from this book. We will only notice "the capacity of the governing bodies of Companies to bind the corporation by their acts" as a subject of great practical importance, of which Mr. Pollock gives a clear and comprehensive view.

MYTHS AND SONGS FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC.*

THROUGHOUT the islands of the Hervey group, says Mr. Gill, the custom prevails that "each member of the family has a separate food-basket, so that if hungry at night he should only take his own share, and not encroach upon his neighbours." In a somewhat similar manner each island of the Polynesian Archipelago has, it is remarked in the preface, "its own religious and mythological dialect," similar to that of neighbouring isles, but marked by distinguishing features of its own. From the island of Mangaia, one of the Hervey group, Mr. Gill has brought away an account every way excellent of the religion and mythology which he found existing there two-and-twenty years ago, but which are now mere matters of the past. His book will serve many good purposes, among others that of impressing (as Professor Max Müller says, in a preface which adds considerably to the value of the work) "upon students of religion and mythology the necessity of caution, the advantage of special research, and, above all, the necessity of a scholarlike treatment." Many a deplorable exhibition might have been spared us if every writer on mythology and religion had shared Professor Max Müller's opinion, that "what we have to learn is, first of all, to distinguish,

* *Myths and Songs from the South Pacific.* By the Rev. William Wyatt Gill. With a Preface by F. Max Müller, M.A., Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

to study each religion, each mythology, each form of worship by itself, to watch them during successive periods of their growth and decay, to follow them through different strata of society, and, before all, to have each of them, as much as possible, studied in their own language."

One of the most remarkable features of Mangaian legendary lore, as it existed of old in the memories of the priestly class, was the elaborate and methodical scheme of cosmogony which it seems to have taught. No such idea occurs in it as that of a Supreme Being who creates a universe out of nothing. "The primary conception of these islanders as to spiritual existence," says Mr. Gill, "is a *point*. Then of something *pulsating*. Next of something greater, *everlasting*." Afterwards comes "the Great Mother and Originator of all things," the parent of gods and men, who dwells in Avaiki, the lower world, the abode of spirits, from which the earth is dragged up, being "but the gross outward form of an invisible essence still there." Above spreads the sky, a blue vault of solid stone, divided into ten separate heavens, which constitute "the Elysium of the brave." To these heavens ascend warriors slain on the field of battle. Their spirits linger for a time about the spots on which they fell. At length they gather together on the edge of a high cliff facing the setting sun. Suddenly a mountain springs up at their feet, which they ascend by means of a road "over the spears and clubs by which they were slain." When they reach the summit, they leap into the blue expanse, thus becoming the peculiar clouds of the winter (or dry) season. During the rainy season they cannot ascend into their Paradise. In June, the first winter month, the air is full of expectant ghosts, their great number hiding the sun for whole days, and occasioning the dull, heavy sky, the cold, and the melancholy usual at that season. This state of things lasts till August, "when the coral-tree opens its blood-red blossoms, and the sky becomes mottled, and light, fleecy clouds pass over the heavens." They are the spirits of the warrior dead preparing for their flight. "The heavens soon become cloudless; the weather bright and warm. It is because they have taken their departure." It is true that one legend represents Rongo, the god of battles, "as coming up from the nether world at certain periods in order to feast himself upon the spirits of those slain in battle assembled for their last journey. With bits of ripe banana Rongo tempts them to his side, and then treacherously swallows them whole." But they eventually emerge safely from the paunch of the grim god, and ascend to their dwelling-place in the upper sky. There they live in happiness, decked with garlands of sweet-scented flowers, and looking down with amused contempt on the vulgar herd of ghosts in the lower world. For ordinary spirits do not fare so well. After leaving their earthly tenements, they, according to one account, wander at first disconsolately along the seashore, "arrayed in ghostly network, and a fantastic mourning of weeds picked upon the way, relieved, however, by the fragrant heliotrope, which grows freely on the barren rocks. A red creeper, resembling dyed twine, wound round and round the head like a turban, completed their ghostly toilet." Their only consolation is to follow the sun, or to revisit their former homes, wandering after dark among the trees near their well-loved dwellings, at times venturing to peep inside. Sometimes they huddle together in "the Red Cave," one of their chief gathering points; at other times they clamber up "the open, lawn-like place above the cave, out of reach of the billows and foam of the ocean." At length comes the hour for their departure. The chief of the band summons his ghostly followers. They assemble at the Red Cave and watch for the rising of the sun. As soon as it appears they go forth to meet it. Then, turning round, they follow it, assembling at an appointed spot before sunset. When the sun is on the point of sinking into the ocean, the ghosts flit after him along his path of gold, and follow him into the lower world, through the hole which gives them access to it. According to another account, the ghosts first seek the westward-looking cliff from which the souls of warriors slain in battle take flight for the sky. When they arrive there a large wave approaches from the sea, and at the same time a gigantic Bua tree springs up from Avaiki, the lower world. On to the branches of this tree the dead are obliged to clamber, and, when it is freighted with human souls, it sinks into the world from which it came. At its root is a great net into which the spirits fall, and which carries them, "wriggling like fishes in the vain hope of escape," into a vast lake. Eventually it is pulled up, and the draught of souls is laid before "the inexpressibly ugly Miru," who "feeds her unwilling victims with red earth-worms, black-beetles, crabs, and small blackbirds." Besides these delicacies, they are regaled by Miru's four daughters with bowls of strong kava. When stupefied by the draught, they are carried away to the oven and cooked. Miru and her family subsist on such spirits, the refuse being the share of her servants.

On one occasion, it appears, Miru was deceived by the ghost of a mortal man named Tekaue, or "The Chin." When at the point of death, he directed his friends, as soon as the breath was out of his body, to place on his stomach a cocoa-nut kernel and to cover it up with the grave-clothes. In due time he descended into the spirit world, and appeared before Miru, a hag possessing only one breast, and wanting half of one arm and half of one leg. She gave him a bowl of food, and told him to empty it. To his horror, he found it was full of living centipedes. But while holding it to his lips, he contrived to let them fall on the ground, munching meanwhile the cocoa-nut kernel. Miru waited for him to show signs of thirst, in order to direct him to seek relief in a lake close by. "None that dived in that water ever came up alive; such was the anguish and quenchless thirst so distracting their thoughts that they were invariably drowned. Miru would afterwards cook and eat her victims at her leisure." Weary of waiting, at last she dismissed him from the lower world, and told him to seek the upper, but not to tell any one what he had seen; the latter part of which order he did not obey.

The first man who died a natural death in Mangaia, says a very elaborate myth, was Veĕtini, the "All-Separating," in memory of whom his parents Tueva, the "Mourner," and Mauga, "Food," together with his sister Tiki, the "Fetched," instituted the signs of mourning and funeral games which were afterwards observed among the islanders, amongst whom grief was of old manifested by blackened faces, shorn hair, and slashed bodies, and by the wearing of mourning garments possessing a "very offensive smell . . . symbolical of the putrescent state of the dead." The funeral ceremonies occupied from ten to fifteen days, during which no beating of bark was permitted in the neighbourhood of the dead, lest offence should be given "to the female demon Mueu, who introduced cloth-beating to this world, but who herself beats out cloth of a very different texture. Her cloth-flail is the stroke of death." Veĕtini was buried near the seashore. Wistfully did his relations look towards the north, after his funeral, but in vain. Next day they sought him along the western shore of the island, singing dirges as they walked, until they were overcome by weariness, and lay down to sleep in a cave near the sea. Afterwards they sought him in vain on the southern shore, arriving at last on the eastern coast, where they again passed the night in a cave. Ere dawn Tueva rose to watch the sun rise, and presently he noticed "a tiny dark speck beneath on the ocean, which, as the sun advanced on its course, grew larger and drew nearer, passing over the ocean in the bright trail of the sun." This was Veĕtini, who had been permitted to revisit the upper world "in consequence of the passionate lamentations of his parents, and to comfort their sorrowing hearts. He also came to show mortals how to make offerings of food to please the dead." In order to allow him time to converse with his friends, the sun was stopped in its course for a time. When it again moved on, Veĕtini was solemnly conducted to the western shore. As the sun neared the horizon, gilding the waves with its light, Veĕtini shouted:—

> Thrust down the sun,
> That I may return to nether-land!

His parents strove to lay hands on him. "But, lo! they grasped at a shadow. They watched him gliding swiftly over the western ocean in the ruddy track of the sun, and, with its last rays, Veĕtini, now a tiny distant speck in the train of the King of Days, for ever disappeared." In a song composed about 1760 this story is thus referred to:—

> Tueva, who seven times lamented for his boy,
> Asked, "Why didst thou return to this world?"
> "I came," said Veĕtini, "to instruct you
> In making food-offerings to the dead,
> Offerings to those in spirit-world;
> Gifts from their relatives,
> Who yet linger in this upper world."

In obedience to his instructions, it became the custom to provide the dead with cocoa-nuts and other eatables. Seventeen years ago, says Mr. Gill, an aged heathen couple lost their only son, a Christian. A day or two after the funeral, they walked across the island to his grave, arriving there after dusk with a basket of cooked food and some unopened cocoa-nuts. "With many tears and affectionate words they called upon their boy to eat the food and drink the nuts (carefully opened for the convenience of the ghost at the grave, and the contents poured out upon the earth), which they had carried six miles. The aged couple slept under a tree, close to the last resting-place of their son; and at dawn on the following morning departed."

On one occasion an escape was effected from spirit-land. Kura, the wife of Eneene, was leaning against a Bua branch when it broke. She fell to the ground with the fragment of the sacred tree, the earth opened beneath her, and she dropped through into the lower world. There she was caught in the arms of a number of "infernals, called 'the army of Marama,'" who tied her to the central post of a house, with the intention of cooking and eating her the next day. Over her was set a blind old guardian named Tiarauau. Meanwhile Eneene had heard of his wife's disappearance, which had been witnessed by his sister. So, carrying in his arms an idol made of Bua wood, he went to the fatal spot, and uttered an invocation to the divinity of the sacred Bua tree. The earth opened, and he also dropped down into spirit-land. There he discovered his captive wife. Noticing that eight paths led from the house in which she was imprisoned, he plucked eight cocoa-nuts, and scattered their contents over the pathways. Hundreds of rats immediately came hurrying to the feast, and made such a noise as partially distracted the blind guardian's attention. Then, making a hole in the thatch of the house, Eneene descended to where his wife was, untied her bonds, and took her place while she crept out and hasteped "to the foot of the closed chasm by which she had so summarily entered Avaiki." For some time he waited patiently, answering in an imitation of her voice when called upon by the demon watcher. At length he followed in her steps, and found her awaiting him at the appointed place. Just then Tiarauau's voice was heard giving the alarm. Clasping his wife in his arms, Eneene cried aloud:—

> United in one fate,
> We ascend, we rise,
> To light, to light,
> To clear mid-day.

At the sound of these words "the gloomy rent again opened, and

both were borne through the chasm up to this world of ours, where it was still daylight. A moment later, and the enraged 'army of Marama' would have caught Ensene and Kura, so close were those infernal hosts upon their heels." If Mr. Verkovitch, the collector of the *Bulgarian Popular Poems*, had found this tale told of "Orfen" in Bulgaria, he might well have considered it a powerful argument in favour of his hypothesis that Orfen and Orpheus were one. But that similarity does not always prove kinship is one of the many points made clear in Professor Max Müller's excellent preface to this most valuable book. As he says:—

> At first, no doubt, we feel startled by such coincidences; and that they often offer a *primâ facie* presumption in favour of a common origin cannot be denied. But as we read on from one mythology to another, our sensitiveness with regard to these coincidences becomes blunted, and we feel hardened against appeals which are founded exclusively on such evidence.

JACK.*

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET'S new novel, which, in a dedication to M. Gustave Flaubert, he describes as "ce livre de pitié, de colère et d'ironie," is not much more pleasant than his last, *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné*, but in point of matter and treatment it is far more striking. It was impossible to avoid the conclusion that for much of the construction of that book its author was indebted to Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, while the style curiously enough reminded one here and there of Dickens. The outline of M. Daudet's present work resembles that of *David Copperfield* in being the history of a child devotedly fond of his mother, who makes a second marriage, or what passes for a marriage, with a man who dislikes the boy, and puts him to work in a class of life far below that in which he was brought up. But M. Daudet's treatment of his subject is original, and it is probable that the likeness between his framework and that of the English novelist is the result of chance.

The opening scene of the book cleverly displays the character of Jack's mother:—

> — Par un *K*, monsieur le supérieur, par un *K*, le nom s'écrit et se prononce à l'anglaise... comme ceci, Djack... Le parrain de l'enfant était anglais, major-général dans l'armée des Indes... lord Peambock... Vous connaissez peut-être? un homme tout à fait distingué et de la plus haute noblesse, oh! mais vous savez, monsieur l'abbé, de la plus haute... Et quel valseur... Il est mort, du reste, d'une façon bien affreuse, à Singapore, il y a quelques années, dans une magnifique chasse au tigre qu'un rajah de ses amis avait organisée en son honneur... Ce sont de vrais monarques, il paraît, ces rajahs... Celui-là surtout est très renommé là-bas... Comment donc s'appelle-t-il?... attendez donc... Mon Dieu! J'ai son nom au bout de la langue... Rana... Rama...
>
> — Pardon, Madame, interrompit le recteur, souriant malgré lui de cette volubilité de paroles et de ce perpétuel sautillement d'une idée à une autre... Et après Jack, qu'est-ce que nous mettrons?

She has come to place Jack (par un K) in the institution of the Jésuites de Vaugirard; but the recteur of that institution is a man of the world, and when, to his question as to the boy's name, she replies with some confusion by producing her card, which bears "ce nom souriant et insignifiant, Ida de Barancy," he, who has already his suspicions, asks if that is also the child's name. The interview ends by his agreeing to receive Jack under certain conditions as to her visiting him, which she indignantly refuses; and Jack, taken home by her, carries with him a pleasant recollection of the recteur's kind manner, and a wonder why he should have said with such a singular tone as they went away, "Pauvre enfant—pauvre enfant!"

It will have been seen that Ida de Barancy is a woman as to whose character there can be little doubt; and the story of her life is not altogether edifying. One could wish that M. Daudet, who is evidently capable of giving interest to subjects which are neither well worn nor disagreeable, had struck out a new line, instead of following the beaten track of satirizing what it pleases him to call "Mœurs Contemporaines." The vices attacked in *Jack*, and in a host of other cleverer and less clever French novels, do not, except in the mere fashion of their practice, belong more to this than to any other time. But they are no doubt convenient objects for the exercise of the wit and indignation which a novelist feels himself capable of expressing. When one has a quiver full of shafts of "ironie" and "colère," it would be a pity to keep them idle; but a first-rate archer should surely look for some better mark than a target so riddled and ragged with arrow-holes that its very existence seems doubtful. The infidelity of wives and husbands, which is the staple of French plays and novels, is probably not more common in France than in other countries; but, as Mr. Hamerton well observes in his clever book *Round My House*, writers of romance must find love interest, and as there is little to be got out of French life before marriage, it has to be sought afterwards. The starting-point of M. Daudet's novel cannot perhaps be condemned precisely on this ground, inasmuch as Ida de Barancy never had a husband; but later on the author has introduced, perhaps from mere force of habit, a tale of adultery in the mechanic class which is perfectly needless to the story.

The author's skill in the handling of character is shown chiefly in the cases of Ida de Barancy and of D'Argenton, the man who inspires her with her first real passion. Ida, with all her frivolity and vice, is saved by a certain childishness from becoming utterly odious; and with singular art the reader is shown how, until the last and most cruel experience of her shallow nature, Jack is able to retain his impression of her as she appeared in his childhood. D'Argenton, the incarnation of cold selfishness and empty conceit, who is in his own estimation the successor of Musset with a new force and depth of poetry, who is continually taking an attitude of defiance towards the world which has never seen and is incapable of appreciating his poems, is just the man to whom the shallow, sentimental Ida would become a willing slave. The occasion of her first seeing in him the ideal of her life is a "séance publique et littéraire" at the Gymnase Moronval, an impecunious and miserable establishment kept by a creole, to which Jack is sent after Ida's failing to get him admitted at the Jésuites de Vaugirard. Moronval, the proprietor, came to Paris intending to make his fortune as an advocate; but his pronunciation, which caused him to say "misère" for "misérable," stood in the way of that, and after various vicissitudes he hit upon the notion of setting up a school for the many children sent from tropical countries to Paris. Among his pupils he counted no less a person than the heir presumptive to the throne of Dahomey, whom, on his father's deposition, he converted into a servant. Moronval's great ambition, however, was to start a review in which he might display his learning and power of writing, and it occurred to him that Ida de Barancy might be induced to furnish the necessary funds. It was principally with a view to this that the *séance* was given:—

> Moronval avait lancé quantité d'invitations dans le monde artistique et littéraire, celui du moins qu'il fréquentait; et des coins les plus excentriques de Paris, tous les Ratés de l'art, de la littérature, de l'architecture, s'empressèrent en nombreuses députations.
>
> Ils arrivaient par bandes, transis, grelottants, venus du fond de Montparnasse ou des Ternes sur des impériales d'omnibus, râpés et dignes, tous obscurs et pleins de génie, attirés hors de l'ombre où ils se débattaient, par le désir de se montrer, de réciter, de chanter quelque chose pour se prouver à eux-mêmes qu'ils existaient encore. Puis, la gorgée d'air pur respirée, la lumière du ciel entrevue, réconfortés par un semblant de gloire, de succès, ils rentreraient au gouffre amer avec la force nécessaire pour végéter.

The various descriptions of life among those *Ratés*, poets without publishers, doctors without diplomas, singers against whom all managers combine in a cabal, who give themselves up to affected admiration of each other and sincere abuse of the rest of the world, are among the best things in the book; like most of it, they are cynical, and like much of it, they are true. Moronval's object in this particular assembly of the *Ratés* defeats itself. The proceedings are long kept waiting for the arrival of the "Comtesse," as, by way of advertisement, he calls Ida de Barancy; at length D'Argenton consents to recite his "Credo de l'Amour":—

> Debout devant la cheminée, les cheveux rejetés, la tête haute comme s'il débitait ses vers aux moulures du plafond, le poète déclamait d'une voix aussi emphatique et vulgaire que ce qu'il appelait son poème, laissant des espaces après chaque effet, pour permettre aux exclamations admiratives de se faire jour et d'arriver jusqu'à lui.
>
> Dieu sait que les Ratés ne sont pas avares de ces sortes d'encouragements.
>
> — Inouï!
>
> — Sublime!
>
> — Renversant!
>
> — De l'Hugo plus moderne!
>
> Et celui-ci, le plus étonnant de tous:
>
> — Goethe avec du cœur!
>
> Sans se troubler, éperonné par ces louanges, le poète continuait, le bras tendu, le geste dominateur:
>
> Et de quelques lazzi que la foule me raille,
> Moi je crois à l'amour comme je crois en Dieu.
>
> Elle entra.
>
> Le lyrique, toujours les yeux en l'air, ne l'aperçut même pas. Mais elle le vit, elle, la malheureuse, et dès ce moment ce fut fait de sa vie.
>
> Il ne lui était jamais apparu qu'en pardessus, en chapeau, vêtu pour la rue et non pas pour l'Olympe; mais là, dans cette lumière blafarde des globes opalisés qui blêmissait encore son teint pâle, en habit noir, en gants gris-perle, et croyant à l'amour comme il croyait en Dieu, en lui fit un effet fatal et surhumain.
>
> Il répondait à tous ses désirs, à tous ses rêves, à cette sentimentalité bête qui fait le fond de ces âmes de filles, à ce besoin d'air pur et d'idéal qui semble une revanche de l'existence qu'elles mènent, à ces aspirations vagues qui se résument pour elles dans un mot très beau, mais qui prend sur leurs lèvres l'expression vulgaire et dégradante qu'elles prêtent à tout ce qu'elles disent: "l'artiste!"

It is a good touch by which Ida, full of anxiety to know D'Argenton, is made continually to give him unintentional offence; he is persuaded, however, soon after the *séance*, to dine at her house in company with Moronval and his wife. Here again, by constant attention to his wants, which interrupts the flow of his discourse, she hurts his feelings. He is employed in detailing his interviews with various editors who have refused his contributions, and at the end of each interview, "Alors," he says, "je lui ai dit ce mot cruel." Whenever the narrative reaches this point, the luckless Ida interrupts the poet with a recommendation of some dish, so that "le mot cruel retardé si longtemps ne faisait plus d'effet, d'autant que le plus souvent c'étaient des choses comme ceci, 'A bon entendeur, salut' ou 'Monsieur, nous nous reverrons.' A quoi d'Argenton ne manquait jamais d'ajouter 'Et il était vexé.'"

In spite of these misadventures, however, Ida's devotion to D'Argenton is at last rewarded; they take a small house at Etiolles, and Jack is recommended during their absence to the paternal care of Moronval. This care takes such a shape that Jack flies from it and makes his way alone to Etiolles; the description of his journey is singularly true and touching. There his life is for a time pleasant and smooth enough, but presently D'Argenton resolves that the boy ought to make his own way in the world, and, urged by one of the *Ratés*, who has a brother in the works there, he sends him to become a workman at Indret. It is in the description of Jack's life from this time that the real value of M. Daudet's novel lies. So far as we know, there has been no attempt before this to unfold the habits, character, and daily life of a French mechanic. Jack starts as an apprentice in

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* *Jack: Mœurs Contemporaines.* Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Dentu. 1876.

the iron foundry an employment for which physically and mentally he is thoroughly unfitted by his rearing. The description of the life to which he finds himself condemned, surrounded all day by noisy cruel machines and by men and boys yet more cruel, has a terrible truth. It would be impossible to do justice to the remarkable strength and reality of this description by extracts, the more so because M. Daudet has the rare art of concentration, and in this part of his work hardly uses a word too much. It is disfigured, however, by the coarsely-handled story of intrigue of which we have spoken, and of which the only purpose seems to be to introduce a horribly vivid account of a whole day of a workman's debauch into which Jack is plunged by mischance. This, however, might easily have been introduced by other means; and the presence of the episode is the more to be regretted because Roudic, the husband, is a mere recasting of Risler Ainé. As a contrast to Jack's life at the iron foundry we have an incisive representation of Ida and D'Argenton in their forest home, Ida more devoted, D'Argenton more selfish, idle, and petulant every day. Jack finally becomes a stoker on board an ocean steamer, and becomes more and more degraded by the brutalizing life which M. Daudet describes with a bitter force. In his first spell at carrying up the buckets of used ashes from the furnace to the sea Jack turns faint, and a comrade offers him brandy, which he, warned by his one former debauch, refuses:—

— Non, merci, je n'en bois pas, dit Jack.
L'autre se mit à rire.
— Tu en boiras, dit-il.
— Jamais! . . fit Jack.

But a little later, after an hour's stoking:—

Il se sentit aveugle, sourd, sans haleine, étouffé par le sang qui montait, les yeux troubles sous les cils brûlés. Il fit ce qu'il voyait faire aux autres, et, tout ruisselant, s'élança sous la "manche à air" long conduit de toile où l'air extérieur tombe se précipite du haut du pont par torrent. . . Ah! que c'était bon. . . Presque aussitôt, une chape de glace s'abattit sur ses épaules. Ce courant d'air meurtrier avait arrêté son souffle et sa vie.

— La gourde! cria-t-il d'une voix rauque au chauffeur qui lui avait offert à boire.
— Voilà, camarade. Je savais bien que tu y viendrais.

Through all Jack's brutalized life the idea of his mother remains to him as the hope of a haven of rest, and what he finds that haven in the end to be M. Daudet has told with considerable force, but with not enough for his subject. *Jack* is not a book for maidens and boys, nor is it one that is pleasant to read; but it is valuable for its representation of a little-known kind of life, and remarkable for a good deal of imagination, as well as for its satirical power.

THE SUEZ CANAL.*

THE two works whose titles will be found below may conveniently be reviewed together, since both treat of the history of the Suez Canal. Yet they are very unequal in merit and value, and they deal with their subject from different points of view and for dissimilar purposes. M. de Lesseps's volume is a *mémoire pour servir* rather than a history properly so called. It supplies materials indispensable to the historian, but it does not pretend to give an exhaustive, or even a connected, narrative. It has all the interest and all the value that belong to documents of its class, but it is necessarily incomplete and one-sided. What M. de Lesseps knows, or at any rate what he chooses to tell, of the objects aimed at in the construction of the Canal, and the jealousies, rivalries, suspicions, plots, and counterplots that were aroused by its projection and marred its execution, the volume sets before us. But it is obvious that this story requires to be checked and filled by the Turkish and Egyptian accounts, and still more by the correspondence and despatches of Lords Palmerston, Clarendon, and Stratford de Redcliffe on the one side, and on the other by those of the late Emperor Napoleon and the political and financial adventurers by whom he was surrounded. Yet, though the book is necessarily one-sided, it has all the interest attaching to original documents that enable us to trace the conception and gradual shaping out, in spite of difficulties without number, of a project which is visibly revolutionizing commerce, transforming naval construction, and exercising a profound influence upon international relations. It has, too, the more human and personal charm inseparable from the story of the hopes and fears, the plans and disappointments, the struggles and triumphs, of one of those original minds which affect the fortunes of a generation. With unflagging interest we follow the movements of M. de Lesseps as he successively fascinates the Viceroy of Egypt and moulds him to his will, then wins over the Empress of the French, and through her directs French diplomacy to the furtherance of his project, gradually obtains the support of Austria, Prussia, and Sardinia, imperiously bullies the Porte, and finally confronts Lords Stratford de Redcliffe and Palmerston themselves. The translator, we must add, has done his part exceedingly well. We are offended by none of those Gallicisms and awkward unidiomatic phrases which too often disfigure translations. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's work, unlike M. de Lesseps's, is presented to us as a complete history, political, financial, and engineering, of the Canal. But it is hardly time yet to carry out such a task in a satisfactory manner. While the interest excited by the purchase of the Khedive's shares is fresh the public may be glad to have such an account as Mr. Fitzgerald's volumes supply. That account, however, leaves much to desire. Mr. Fitzgerald appears to be a hero-worshipper. He is not satisfied with admiring M. de Lesseps, but adopts all his views. It never seems to have occurred to Mr. Fitzgerald that, without suspecting M. de Lesseps of bad faith or conscious misrepresentation, his theories, inferences, and imputations might require critical sifting. In this way Mr. Fitzgerald is led to do something less than justice to Lord Palmerston. Now that the Canal is made, nobody, we presume, would desire to revive the spirit of hostility with which Lord Palmerston opposed its construction. But it argues a strange ignorance or a strange forgetfulness of the Europe of twenty years ago not to appreciate and do justice to the motives which inspired Lord Palmerston's opposition. Of course we do not expect M. de Lesseps to make himself the apologist of the statesman who delayed so long the execution of the great enterprise with which his name is linked, and who added so largely to its difficulties. But an English writer ought to be able to understand that the statesman was actuated neither by narrow insular prejudices nor by totally unfounded apprehensions.

M. de Lesseps—for his personal history is to so great an extent the history of the Canal that we necessarily begin with him—is the son of an official of the first French Empire. Napoleon did not abandon the idea of making French influence predominant in Egypt on the failure of his invasion of that country. He only felt compelled to change his tactics; and it argues a high opinion on the Emperor's part of the elder Lesseps that, on the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens, he was sent to represent France at Cairo. The Mamelukes were irreconcilably hostile to the French; and accordingly Napoleon directed his agent to seek out a Turkish officer to fill the place of Pasha of Egypt, who might be trusted to control the Mamelukes. It is sufficient evidence of M. de Lesseps's knowledge of character that he selected Mehemet Ali, then an unlettered soldier, unable even to write his name, who had recently arrived from his native Macedonia at the head of a thousand horsemen. The projector of the Suez Canal, it will thus be seen, had an hereditary claim to the gratitude of the Egyptian Vice-regal family. M. de Lesseps, the son, also entered the diplomatic service of France. He was successively Consul in Tunis, Egypt, Holland, and Spain; was then appointed Minister at Madrid; and was finally sent to represent his Government at Rome. M. de Lesseps had distinguished himself greatly in the course of his career, and had excellent prospects before him; but he quarrelled with his Government at the time of the French expedition to Rome, and retired from the service. He disapproved of the *Coup d'état*, and did not vote for the Empire; and he seemed to have settled down as a country gentleman, to pass the remainder of his life in obscurity, when the death of Abbas Pasha gave him the opportunity for which he had been watching during long years. When in Egypt, he had been treated with special consideration by Mehemet Ali, who recognized the debt of gratitude he owed to the son of the man who had been the founder of his fortunes. By this means he had been able to form a close friendship with Mahommed Said, the brother of Abbas, and in various ways to place him under an obligation. Long after M. de Lesseps's departure, and when Abbas had become Pasha, Mohammed Said fell into disgrace. He was accused of conspiracy, his family was exiled, and he himself had to fly. He made his escape to Paris, was there visited and befriended by M. de Lesseps, and the early intimacy that existed between them was renewed and cemented. On the death of Abbas, Mohammed Said became Viceroy, and in answer to a letter of congratulation he sent M. de Lesseps a pressing invitation to visit him at Alexandria. In his early consular days, while laid up in quarantine at Alexandria, M. de Lesseps had had his attention directed to Denon's work on the expedition to Egypt, had been fascinated by Napoleon's idea of a canal across the Isthmus, had studied the reports of the engineer Lepère, and ended by adopting the project as his own. The inquiries and studies of subsequent years strengthened his attachment to the scheme, but he had been obliged to postpone indefinitely its realization. Now, however, that his patron was master of Egypt, he revived the idea, and, encouraged by the warmth of the reception he met with, he after a little preparation proposed it to the Viceroy, and found it at once adopted. The impulsive disposition of the new Pasha makes it probable that he acted with very little reflection, and rather to gratify one to whom he was eager to prove his friendship than from any well-founded estimate of the benefits the enterprise would confer upon Egypt, and certainly without any adequate conception of the difficulties which the scheme would have to encounter. At the same time M. de Lesseps's volume shows that Said Pasha was eager to improve and regenerate Egypt. He was ambitious to signalize his reign by great works that would make it famous as well as benefit his subjects. But unfortunately he wanted the businesslike qualities necessary to guide him to the attainment of his objects. He was only an Eastern despot eager to play the part of a Western reformer. Yet it is to be noted further to his credit that, however thoughtlessly he may have committed himself to the project of the Canal, when once he had given his word he never departed from it. Obstacles and even dangers only led him to make fresh sacrifices. Indeed the prodigality with which he heaped grants and concessions upon M. de Lesseps and his Company have largely contributed to bring Egypt into its present financial embarrassments. On the very first proposal of the scheme it was, as we have said,

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* *The Suez Canal: Letters and Documents descriptive of its Rise and Progress in* 1854-1856. By Ferdinand de Lesseps. Translated by N. d'Anvers. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1876.

The Great Canal at Suez; its Political, Engineering, and Financial History. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1876.

adopted by the Viceroy. He and M. de Lesseps were then upon an excursion into the interior; on their return the Consuls of the several European Powers waited upon the Viceroy to pay him their respects, and he seized the opportunity to announce that he had decided upon the Canal, and had granted a concession to M. de Lesseps. The British Consul-General allowed it to be seen, without delay, that objection from England was to be expected. But Mohammed Said waited not a moment. He completed the concession, and chartered the Company, with M. de Lesseps as its director and founder.

M. de Lesseps had won a great triumph, but the real difficulties of his enterprise were only about to begin. The extraordinary ascendency he had acquired over the Viceroy placed the resources of Egypt at his disposal, enabled him, without expense, to have a preliminary survey of the Isthmus effected, and, in a word, supplied him with the means of executing his project. But he and the Viceroy had thought it advisable to obtain the sanction of the Porte for the concession, and this the Porte could not be induced to give. M. de Lesseps attributes the unwillingness solely to fear of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and tells us that the Sultan and the Grand Vizier were personally favourable to the Canal. But we should be inclined to question the correctness of the statement. The Grand Vizier, no doubt, led M. de Lesseps to believe as much. But the notorious duplicity of Turkish diplomacy, the universal resort of weakness accustomed to be bullied, disposes us to attach little weight to the assurances of the Grand Vizier, who, indeed, must have been deceiving either M. de Lesseps or the English Ambassador. And even if we were to credit the Porte with the most enlightened views, it might well look with suspicion on a project promoted by a Power which had first attempted the conquest of Egypt and had then supported Mehemet Ali in his revolt against his sovereign. But the Sultan's Government had strong reasons for not offending that Power, then actively fighting its battles in the Crimea, and it had also good reasons for not offending a vassal whose troops were the very flower of its army. However, M. de Lesseps sees in the shuffling and deception of the Porte only the hand of England, and with much cleverness and courage he set himself to combat English hostility. It was not difficult to enlist the French Government in his cause. The Empress zealously entered into his views. The Emperor affected a prudent and dignified reserve. It was necessary to be cautious and to respect English prejudice. Nevertheless, French agents were active in his behalf; and as those were the days when French influence was at its height, the Courts of Europe smiled upon M. de Lesseps. He further opened a correspondence with Mr. Cobden, in the hope of securing the influence of that gentleman on his behalf; and then he went in person to Constantinople to confront Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. But with all his diplomatic ability, he was obliged to confess himself vanquished, and had to vacate the field. From Constantinople he repaired to Paris. He had interviews with the Emperor; he duly plied him with memorandums and information, and obtained instructions to the French Ministers to give him all the assistance in their power. But still he was duly cautioned as to the necessity of respecting English opinion in the matter. Having thus made all his preparations, and having talked over the Paris Correspondent of the *Times* and induced him to write favourably of the enterprise, he visited London. The account of his interviews with Lord Palmerston is to the English reader perhaps the most interesting part of the volume, as it is certainly not the least characteristic. Lord Palmerston frankly avowed his hostility, and M. de Lesseps, on his side, was overwhelmed with astonishment at the futility and inconsistency, as he thought, of the arguments used by a Minister whose influence was felt all over the globe, and whose very prejudices the most powerful monarch of the day was anxious to respect. We are not concerned to defend Lord Palmerston's policy in all respects; and, as it happened, his opposition proved to be unavailing. Yet the opposition was not groundless. The Third Empire professed itself the heir of the policy of the First, and what the policy of the First Empire in Egypt was is known to all the world. It is also known that Lord Palmerston himself, not many years before, had barely avoided a war with France on account of Egypt. Nay, more, even if we assume that the construction of the Canal was a purely commercial enterprise, without a political thought behind it, will any one say that, if France had been successful in the late war, and had dictated peace at Berlin, our communications with India would not now be imperilled? The opposition of Lord Palmerston, therefore, was neither unreasonable nor merely prejudiced. That it failed was mainly due to the boldness, fertility of resource, and energy of M. de Lesseps, who, tired of Turkish delays, began the Canal without the Sultan's authorization, in the just confidence that, protected as he was, force would not be employed to stop him.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SKETCHES IN KINTYRE AND KNAPDALE.*

"BUT where are the ruins of the Abbey?" a visitor to Glastonbury was one day asked by a stranger who had come from a distance to see these famous ruins, and was then actually standing in their midst. Of course the questioner was thought very stupid, and perhaps Captain White may think us equally stupid for repeating the question, in spite of ourselves, when, on opening his first volume, we light upon his sketch of the "Ruins of Saddell Abbey from the South-West." But really we took the drawing at first sight for a study of the trunks and twigs of trees of sundry sorts and sizes. On looking again we can dimly make out three dark-looking bodies, intended for fragments of wall, in the middle distance. As these scraps are all that is left of the ruins, we are not at all surprised to hear that "it is utterly impossible to ascertain the architectural character of any portion of the monastery." Nor have its archives fared better than its stones. It is no wonder, then, that "the history of this religious house is almost a blank from first to last." Yet Saddell or Sagadull Abbey was the only considerable church in the district which Captain White has chosen as the field of his labours. Truly, the work of compiling two large volumes of Archæological Sketches from materials so scanty must have been even more disheartening than the task of making bricks without straw. The author's first sight of these interesting remains was not cheering. "The tombs were all wet with rain—the nettles, plentiful here as in all other similar spots, limp and dripping—and a melancholy wind sighing through the boughs overhead." Who that has ever tasted the dreary delights of a wet summer in the North can recall such a scene without a shudder? But, dismal and depressing as it must have been, it was powerless to damp Captain White's enthusiasm. The stones that were not to be found in their proper places on the walls he hunted out in neighbouring buildings, and chiefly in the stables of the Laird. In like manner, he has raked up all sorts of incidental notices of the abbey, and legendary stories connected with it. With such shadowy materials as these, and one original document of the house, a charter of James IV., he manages to fill three chapters. From these we gather that Saddell was a house of Bernardine Monks—"Nasturtiums," as we heard them called the other day by a Mrs. Malaprop of our acquaintance—and was in bygone days of much importance, to its own monks at any rate, though "not a word," we are told, "appears in any of the chartularies extant of the other Cistercian houses alluding directly to the monks of Saddell or any of their transactions." Yet Saddell had an abbot as its head when its more wealthy rival, the Cluniac house at Paisley, could only boast of a prior. The solitary charter sets forth that Reginald, the son of Somarled, was the founder. Captain White, however, is bent upon proving that this good work ought to be laid to the score of the father and not of the son. The question is not after all one of much moment, as it can only make a few years difference in the date of the foundation. Perhaps, as in the case of the Temple, the building was planned by the father but begun only by the son. We must not leave Saddell without mentioning that "from the faint tracks or mounds left in continuation" of the fragments of wall, Captain White has been "enabled to ascertain with tolerable certainty that the church was cruciform." As this is not an unusual form for churches in Western Christendom, the comment "The Cistercians, it may be noted, were rather given to build their churches in this shape," might surely have been spared.

As for the rest of the ruins which find a place in Mr. White's pages, they do not pretend to be anything more than simple parish churches. How simple the parish churches in those parts were it is impossible to realize without seeing their remains. As Captain White admits, "a generally prevailing plainness, sometimes bareness, of ornamental detail throughout" is one of the chief peculiarities of the church architecture in Argyleshire. Quantity before quality seemed to be the principle of church-building acted on in the Highlands in early times. In the most unexpected and now unfrequented places one comes upon the rough stone gables pierced by narrow lancet lights with just enough left of the connecting walls to trace out the limits of one of these tiny churches dedicated to the holy Bride or Blane, or some other less familiar saint whose jaw-cracking name recalls the golden age when the "land of the Saints" meant Ireland. The very frequency of these little chapels is supposed to bear witness to the existence of a much denser population at the time they were built than is now to be found in those thinly-peopled solitudes. If it were so, the proportions of the ruins certainly show that the population did its church-going by deputy or in relays of half a dozen at a time. Their poverty, too, is the more remarkable when contrasted with the rich and elaborate ornamental work found on the monuments lying near them. It is to these monuments that Captain White has specially turned his attention, and he has done for the sculptured crosses and slabs of Knapdale and Kintyre the same good offices which Mr. Stuart did some time ago for the standing stones of the Eastern counties.

The Argyleshire stones may be divided into two classes, the standard crosses and the sculptured slabs. On the latter the cross-hilted sword takes the place of the cross, and all the other ornaments are grouped round it. The sword is often surmounted by a galley, a favourite device in a region of lochs and islands, where roads were few and communication was carried on by boats. As the inscriptions are in most cases so much rubbed as to be unreadable, it is impossible to fix exactly the date of these curious and beautiful efforts of memorial art; but that they are much more modern than the Eastern stones is evident to any one who compares the two. Those strange symbols whose meaning and origin have been so much disputed, the crescent and sceptre and the joined circle known as the spectacle ornament, are not found in the West. It is but fair to say, however, that Captain White has found one stone on which there is a pattern in outline in which he traces the idea of the crescent and sceptre. From his drawing we should

* *Archæological Sketches in Scotland.* By Captain T. P. White, R.E., F.S.A. Scot. Vol. I. Kintyre. Vol. II. Knapdale. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Son.

say that the figure is not decided enough to warrant such a conclusion. Another distinctive feature of the Eastern stones is the strange beast called by courtesy the elephant. The legs of this queer creature resolve themselves into volutes, a sure sign that he was drawn in that primitive stage of art when the imitation of feet is felt to be beyond the reach of human skill. Artists, whether in the infancy of life or of their art, are ever prone to resort to some such simple expedient for veiling their own inability to finish off the extremities of their creations. Now the animals of even the oldest of the Western stones are all provided with feet of some sort—a sure sign of a great advance in artistic skill. The elephant on the very curious cross at Eilean Mor, the only one we believe to be found in the West, shows at once the points of likeness and difference between these two classes of monuments. The artist who designed it has been faithful to the tradition that there ought to be an elephant on the stone, but he has succeeded in making something much more like the "earth-shaking beast" than the conventional animal with its trunk turned back along the spine, the only pattern in favour on the earlier stones. Why the Picts, or whoever else put up these stones, should have fixed on an elephant as the most suitable design to be carved on their tombstones, must ever be a puzzling question. One suggestion is that the animal is no elephant, but an imitation of certain monsters in wicker-work in which in Pagan times human victims were burned alive. Whether this surmise be correct or not, it is very evident that for long after the introduction of Christianity the symbols of Paganism found a place side by side with the emblems of the Christian faith on these early memorials of the dead.

Next to the stone of Eilean Mor among the Argyleshire stones in point of antiquity stands the curious cross at Keills, a drawing of which forms the frontispiece of Captain White's second volume. He thus describes it:—

> This beautiful and singularly antique-looking piece of monumental sculpture is a pillar of a peculiar shape not commonly met with in the Scoto-Irish crosses, and stands 7½ feet high. The carving is confined to the eastern face, the reverse and the edges being left plain, which is somewhat unusual. The group of figures, and central boss at the intersection of the shaft and cross-piece, are raised into much higher relief than the remaining surface, and thus become the leading members of the sculpture. The effect is at once rich and graceful. The boss is flanked on either side by a pair of animals; above the boss is an angel treading down a serpent; below it a figure in prayer. The grouping is thus a crosswise arrangement, and very well balanced it is. The plait-work round the angel's figure, and the rest of the slab's surface, are in uniform relief. The six squares or panels of fret-work, and the curious scrolling of spirals, are thoroughly Irish in character, but rarely seen on the slabs of southern Argyllshire. We have noted, however, a similarity to the type of these spirals at Cladh Libile in South Knapdale. Two pair of animals, with plait-work much worn down, complete the ornament of the Keills cross.

The points which this cross has in common with the Camus stone in Angus were noticed by Mr. Stuart, and Captain White now traces its resemblance to the crosses at Kilkenny and Kirklispeen. It is therefore doubly interesting, not only from its own merits, but as a connecting link between the arts of two different branches of a kindred race. The likeness between the crosses in Ireland and in Argyleshire is not surprising when one considers that the inhabitants of both countries were really one people. This likeness, Captain White tells us, is less strongly marked in Kintyre than in Knapdale and the islands. But though they are like enough to show that they were worked from the same design—and how these designs remind one of the borders of the Irish MSS.—there are still points of difference enough to show that the artists who worked them out were no slavish imitators, but possessed genius enough to give to the works of their hands a character of its own. The open circle round the cross occurs only in two instances in Scotland. One of these is found in Islay, the other is the noted Iona cross. Curiously enough, it is only on these same specimens that the serpents common to the Irish and the Eastern stones are found.

The bosses so frequent on the crosses in the other districts are not found in Kintyre, though there, as elsewhere, one finds the shears, the mirror and comb, the mermaid, the hunting scenes, the rich tracery of leaf-work, and the beautiful interlaced or basket-work, which is a never-failing ornament on the stones of East and West alike. From the lavish and very early use of this pattern it has been supposed that the earliest of these standing stones were intended to reproduce still earlier memorial crosses made of basket-work. St. Mungo, the story goes, once set up a cross of sea-sand near Borthwick; and unless the legend means to imply a miracle on the part of the saint, it is clear that, if his cross was to stand erect, the sand must have been held together by a case of some sort, very possibly wicker-work. Even as late as 1603 Lord Dillon reported that on an island in Lough Derg he found a cross of interwoven twigs standing at the east end of St. Patrick's chapel. The beauty of the foliage on the Argyleshire crosses is a proof that they are not very old. Leaves were as hard as feet to the early Celtic artists. They seldom tried to copy them, and when they did, they failed signally.

The handsomest of the Kintyre monuments is the cross now standing at Campbelltown. Its date is about 1500. It stands ten feet ten inches high, is of the well-known wheel form, and is covered on both sides with elaborate carving. But the beasts and figures which on the earlier stones are the prominent objects are here shoved off to the extremities, while the rest of the surface is covered with that luxuriant leaf-work which at first was used only for filling up corners and borders. Of about the same date apparently is the beautiful and perfect cross at Kilmory Knap. From the inscription, "Hic est crux Alexandri Macmillan," it is called the Macmillan Cross, and popular tradition refers it to the palmy days of the clan, when their chief was lord of Knap, and gave his name to one of the towers of Castle Sween.

Captain White has done a good work in thus showing that some good things besides grouse and salmon can come out of the West Highlands. Those who wish to find them, however, must resolutely turn their backs upon the "comforts of the Saltmarket," and, leaving the beaten tourist track, be content to sojourn for a season in regions sacred to the smell of herrings, whisky, and peat-smoke. They will be rewarded by lighting on many beautiful specimens of a lost art, such as those which Captain White has rescued from oblivion in his handsome volumes. Those volumes, in all that relates to the sculptured stones, are valuable and interesting. The illustrations, made from his own sketches, are excellent. But we are sorely puzzled to make out what class of readers the rest of the book is meant for. The general reader, that omnivorous being with an ostrich-like appetite for print of any sort, will hardly consider Kintyre of consequence enough to make it worth his while to master all the details about the Kings of the Dalriads, Somarled's exploits, and the perplexing pedigrees of the Lords of the Isles, and the doings of the Columban saints, contained in Captain White's first chapters. Readers who are really curious about the sculptured stones probably know already more than Captain White can tell them about the history of Scotland, and will not care to hear over again familiar legends and traditions, or to wade through the oft-repeated descriptions of West Highland scenery, which would be more in keeping in one of Mr. Black's novels than among archæological sketches. The book would be very greatly improved by cutting away a great deal of the printed matter and retaining merely critical notices of the originals of the plates. As long as the author keeps to his special subject, he is clearly writing of what he knows something about, but directly he steps beyond it we find him tripping. Any one who has read Mr. Burton's History ought to know better than to treat the Jenny Geddes legend as other than pure fiction. To talk of the "unfortunate curate" at whom her "cuckie-stool," whatever that may mean, was aimed, is simply nonsense. It was the Dean and the Bishop of the King's new-made diocese of Edinburgh who served as butts for the cutty-stools or other missiles of the mob. To call Walter FitzAlan the "first of the race whose fortunes in after days were to be so faithfully followed by Somarled's posterity" might sound well if one did not know that the Lords of the Isles were as thorns in the side of the whole race of Stewart from the first to the last. And when we find an author writing of the man who gave counsel to kings, and swayed the hearts of their subjects, "Abbot Bernard appears to have been an ecclesiastic of very great fame in the reign of Louis VI. of France," we are driven to thinking that it was over the ruins of Saddell that he first made the acquaintance of the Cistercians and their saintly founder. We hope Captain White will continue his work, and ere long give us another volume with drawings as good of the stones of the Isles. By calling attention to the simple beauty of these memorial stones of a bygone day, his work may, we trust, do something towards reviving the power of making artistic tombstones—a gift which, like that of making prayers, has been denied to the present generation.

HER DEAREST FOE.*

MRS. ALEXANDER has two capital requirements for a successful story-teller; she is always good-humoured even when satirical, and she is discreet in her sympathy with her characters. Certain authors fall too much in love with theirs; but Mrs. Alexander, like her heroine Kate Travers, keeps herself well in hand, and allows her emotions to go only so far as her reason and judgment approve. She makes no faultless monsters even of those who are evidently her favourites, and whom we take therefore to be the exponents of her own thoughts on humanity and life. Her heroes are men very much as we see them in the world, with the prejudices of caste, the faults of temper, the moral inconsistencies belonging to human nature in general; but they are gentlemen, and not so weak in the knees, not such stuffed puppets, as women's men for the most part are. And her heroines are essentially women of honest flesh and blood, affectionate, sincere, natural; with their little shortcomings too in the higher regions of morality, but exceedingly feminine and loveable. Maggie, in *The Wooing O't*, was a specially delightful person, and so is Kate Travers or Temple in this present book; both, though unlike in personality, are women governed rather by reason than by impulse, and both, though affectionate and emotional, are women without passion or sensuality. This is indeed a noticeable feature in Mrs. Alexander's work; her characters, though living enough, do not rise into passion, seldom touch the depths of pathos, and never descend into sensuality; and she makes no demands on her readers by the tragic quality of her scenes and circumstances. She is always bright, amiable, and amusing; and rather skims the surface of life with a light hand and a pleasant smile, than dives into its graver depths or ventures to explore its more mysterious ways.

A certain spirit and glow in the character of Kate Travers give it the look of having been drawn from the life; and the mixture of determination and relenting, of rooted enmity and growing love, that she feels for her "dearest foe," Sir Hugh Galbraith, is very well con-

* *Her Dearest Foe.* A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander, Author of "The Wooing O't," "Which Shall It Be?" 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.

ceived and carried out. The whole progress of the love affair is excellently done; there is not a touch too many, not an indication too broad, but all is painted in with the lightness and delicacy which distinguish Mrs. Alexander's style, and which we find wonderfully refreshing after so much that is heavy and so much more that is indelicate in modern literature. For all this the story has not the same freshness as *The Wooing O't;* and, save in the scenes between Kate and Sir Hugh, it lacks life and "go." The business details are cold and a little confused; the conversations run into tedium, and, always with the exception of the scenes just mentioned, are not very interesting; too much of the story is told in these conversations instead of by scenes and events, which is the more pleasant and enlivening method; and there are some mistakes in grammar and diction which we are surprised should have been made. Twice the author uses "strata" as a noun singular; she speaks of "houses of a very superior description from the lowly cottages," &c.; "*bête noir*" is as faulty as "syrens"; "Mrs. Travers was too much occupied with other things than to bestow any on him" will not parse; nor will the "piquante peculiarities of his position"; such a phrase as "diapasons of delight" spoils a very pretty and effective scene; and what is her quarrel with those useful, if humble, parts of speech, the relative pronouns, that she never by any chance uses them when she can make her meaning clear without them? The absence of all distinctive "that's" and "which's" gives a singularly bald and disjointed character to writing; and the author would do well to take these discarded servants into her employ on the next occasion. These are the small blots which disfigure *Her Dearest Foe*, and which a little care would have obviated. A graver fault, we think, may be found in the treatment of Ford's action and influence on the story. The sketch of his character is exceedingly good:—

> If Mr. Ford had been a tall, dignified patrician with a schedule of debts and a doubtful past, or an eager, fiery democrat, burning to right the wrongs of every one under the sun, but leaving his children to fight their own battles the best way they could, the task of dissecting such characters—demonstrating their defects, demanding admiration for their nobler aspects, asking sympathy for their trials, compassion for their weakness, and justice tempered by mercy for the total—would be deemed no unworthy task for a novelist's or biographer's pen. But when the subject "of the sketch" is a middle-aged man, of middle height and sloping shoulders—of good business capacities, of undoubted integrity, of unimpeached morality, guiltless of any excess, his principal recreation a mild taste for art and a keen ambition to be attired as becomes a swell—which of our young lady readers would care to be informed how vanity and weakness combined to ruin and corrode much that was good, and how in a man, whose life of quiet, unvaried work knew little that was bright, an intense, unresisted passion, too strong for the character it dominated, mastered his reason and drove him into the wilderness where right and wrong were confounded in outer darkness.

While this description is good, Ford's action on the story, though important, is abortive. Though the motive is clear which urged him to forge a will and then propose to Mrs. Travers to destroy it, so that they might have the link of a common crime between them, and she might be thus thrown into his power and forced to accept his love, yet the author has not made this, which should have been, and is, one of the most momentous circumstances of the drama, strong enough in detail. The villany of Ford would have had more vitality if it had more thoroughly permeated the story, not merely been a thing which, when done, had to be undone. It has the look now of being something adventitious rather than integral to the plot—something not sufficiently welded into the life of the drama, though it is in fact the pivot on which the whole turns. It is rather the effect of a past cause than the most essential of the circumstances by which present events are governed; and this gives one the impression of perpetually looking back, which is not conducive to that sense of growth and progress which a novel should always produce. Ford committed this villany, but he has no active part in baffling, or trying to baffle, the efforts of the widow and her friends to bring the crime to light, as would have been the case in real life—adding to his first sin others induced by the dread of discovery. He is often spoken of, but seldom appears; and when he does appear, the situation is not sufficiently strong or striking—at least after the first scene where he makes love to Mrs. Travers. And this creates a curious feeling of unreality, from which the author's former works have been singularly free.

There are one or two scenes in this book so good as to make us regret that we have so few of them. The opening scene, where Kate's husband, Mr. Travers, is dying, is very well done. It is strong and reticent, free from hysterics, and natural; and that where Kate acts for the first time as Sir Hugh Galbraith's amanuensis is wonderfully graphic and lifelike. Indeed all the scenes between the widow and her "dearest foe" are excellent; they are the real story, while everything else comes in as padding. There is a *verve* in the description of her enmity, which, entirely removed from coarseness or exaggeration as it is, gives one the impression of latent strength, both in Kate and her author, which is to be understood only by those who read the book. Like the famous "look" which the dispossessed woman gives to her successful rival and enemy, it includes more than it expresses; but indeed this is the effect which Mrs. Alexander's writing has on us. There seems to be generally more in her than she ever brings forth; as if she could rise to greater success if she would but give herself the trouble of trying. We do not care much for Fanny Lee or her "young man" Tom. Nothing is more difficult than to give liveliness and naïveté quite naturally and without silliness; and we can scarcely say that the author has been entirely successful with Fanny. She serves all the better as a foil to Kate Travers; but we do not think that this was quite the author's intention; for we take it that Miss Fanny Lee was intended to be admired on her own account, and not merely commended as a background against which the beauties of her companion's nature shine with increased lustre. As the laughing young *ingénue* on the stage, contrasted with the greater depth and sweetness of the widow, she would come out very well; but in a novel she is scarcely so successful. This, however, is a necessity with the kind of character; and Mrs. Alexander has not failed more than her predecessors in an intrinsically hopeless task.

The story of *Her Dearest Foe* is simple, and made up of circumstances so dramatic that they would easily fall into an acted play. An elderly man, Mr. Travers, has married somewhat beneath himself in outward condition of life, though the woman herself is his equal, and perhaps his superior; and the story opens with the scene of his death, when he expires with a half-expressed doubt as to the justice of the will which he has made. A certain cousin, Sir Hugh Galbraith, had been led to believe himself the old man's heir; when he hears of the marriage he is naturally irate, and writes to his cousin with more freedom than prudence. On this Mr. Travers makes his will, and leaves everything he possesses to his wife. After this outburst it is known that he makes another will, whereby he bequeaths his fortune differently, and in favour of Sir Hugh; and this is the will of which he speaks when he expresses a hope, coupled with doubt, that he has done what was right. But the will cannot be found; and the widow takes possession under the former document. Ford, the confidential clerk of Mr. Travers, has long cherished a secret passion for the wife of his employer. After she has taken possession under the first will, he comes to her one day and produces one which leaves everything absolutely to Hugh; offering to destroy it, however, if she will sanction his doing so. Like a high-spirited and honourable woman she refuses, and rejects his proffered love with as much scorn as his proposal to commit a crime; gives up to Sir Hugh what she no longer regards as her own; changes her name, and takes a Berlin wool-shop in a small country place where she is not known, her friend Fanny Lee accompanying her. Here it is that Sir Hugh Galbraith is brought after an accident in the hunting-field; for the fair widow lets lodgings as well as sells silks and wools. And here it is that the first lines of the love affair are laid between her and the man who thus becomes her "dearest foe." All these scenes are perfectly well done. Mrs. Alexander has written nothing better, and the whole of this part of the book would, we think, dramatize with complete success; but we confess to a sense of weariness and heaviness in the collateral scenes and circumstances, of which there are too many. The conviction has been strongly forced upon Mrs. Temple—as Kate Travers calls herself—that the will which Ford propounded is a forgery; and this is the basis of the fight between her and Sir Hugh, helped on by certain disrespectful words to herself which she has overheard in Kensington Gardens. Hence the love which grows up in her heart for him, and that which he shows so plainly to her, are embarrassing facts, to say the least of them; and the play of the story lies in the balance between this love and her sense of justice to herself. We will not say how the story ends, but it ends happily, which is one point in its favour.

The character of Hugh is well touched in, but he is rather too much of a churl in his temper for such a bright and brave woman as Kate Travers. It is to be hoped that our gallant soldiers and gentlemen are not often so sour-natured. The sketch of his early boyhood and moral training, though slight, is exceedingly well done; and the book altogether abounds with bright and sparkling passages, and some good philosophy of a serene and pleasant kind—just such philosophy as a clever, but thoroughly womanly, woman would naturally hold.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

SAINTE-BEUVE'S popularity would seem to be on the increase, for all men of letters who had any dealings with him are apparently about to give us their reminiscences. Last month we had to notice two curious collections of *Sainte-Beuviana*, one of which, the *Chroniques parisiennes*, consisted of a series of real *causeries* addressed to the *Revue suisse* from 1843 to 1845. The editor of that periodical, M. Juste Olivier, equally distinguished as a critic and as a poet, was a great friend of his Parisian coadjutor; he had known him both in France and at Lausanne, and had a considerable share in bringing about the course of lectures on Port-Royal which occupies so remarkable a place in Sainte-Beuve's literary career. Here, then, was a new source of information available towards a biography of the French critic—a source, let us add, far richer than M. Troubat would lead us to suppose; for, as we have seen, M. Juste Olivier's acquaintance with his correspondent was anterior to 1845, and it lasted till Sainte-Beuve's death. We have now, in the May number of the *Bibliothèque universelle*, the publication of M. Olivier's own memoir, containing details of the most interesting kind * concerning not Sainte-Beuve only, but Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, and all the romantic school of literature in France. The present instalment gives us only the first part of these reminiscences; they are well

* *Bibliothèque universelle et Revue suisse.* Mai 1876. Lausanne: Bridel.

written and possess real value. The number also contains an article by M. Secrétan on Darwinism, and the concluding part of Montalembert's posthumous essay on Spain.

The immense mass of works on the French Revolution has recently been increased by a monograph on the events of Thermidor* and the termination of the Reign of Terror. M. Ch. d'Héricault, who takes decidedly the anti-democratic side, writes nevertheless with great impartiality, and his introductory chapter on Robespierre strikes us as a correct estimate of the formidable dictator, who, despite his wretched exterior, the decided inferiority of his talents, and the worthlessness of his character, soon rose to the height of power because he made himself the champion of equality—because he was the foremost and most persevering of those who sacrificed the principles of liberty to the levelling mania, which was the only thing the French revolutionists really cared for. M. d'Héricault has made excellent use of a number of documents hitherto imperfectly or not at all known. He describes the *dramatis personæ* without yielding to the temptation of making caricatures, and the sentence he pronounces against the Revolutionists is the natural result of his narrative of the events which occurred between September 1793 and the famous 9th Thermidor. If the event of that day deserves to be remembered as one of the greatest triumphs ever obtained by liberty and humanity, contemptible as were the men who played the leading part in it, it is because on the 9th Thermidor the existence, not merely of the French Republic, but of society itself, was vindicated against democracy gone mad.

The Revolution occupies also a conspicuous place in M. Auguste Vitu's amusing book, *Ombres et vieux murs.*† The old walls about which he writes are those of public buildings which have long since disappeared to make way for wider streets and more fashionable mansions; the shadows belong to the various epochs of modern French history. Suleau, the journalist, the citizen Pache, Marat, the Friend of the People, Danton, and Paul Louis Courier, may be named amongst the most conspicuous. M. Vitu's sketches are not limited to Paris; he takes us to the castle immortalized by the name of Lesdiguières, to the frontiers of Savoy, and in his company we spend a profitable hour at Versailles, discussing the famous legend of the banquet given by the guardsmen to the soldiers of the Flanders regiment. M. Thiers has often enough before now been accused and found guilty of inaccuracy, and M. Vitu is only one amongst a legion of critics who think that history should not be transformed into a pamphlet. We should be glad if he could find time to perform himself the task which he recommends to writers having both leisure and knowledge at their command—a new History of the French Revolution. In the meanwhile we heartily enjoy his unpretending *feuilletons*, and readers who wish to know something about the men of the *ancien régime* will do well to study the concluding chapter devoted to a short account of the Court Almanac.

M. Vitu's gallery of portraits comprises several original characters that have had their day, but are now completely forgotten. If we except the patient investigators who study the byways of literature, where shall we find a man who has ever heard the name of Suleau, or glanced at the effusions of "Le petit Gautier"? It is very much the same with the heroes of M. Charles Monselet's new work.‡ Mercier's *Tableau de Paris* may be familiar to some of our readers, and a stray volume of Elegant Extracts has probably given others a specimen of Cubière's *bel esprit*, but that is all. Yet, as M. Monselet correctly remarks, the eighteenth century should not be judged exclusively from its leaders; behind Voltaire and Rousseau, Montesquieu and Buffon, there is a host of second and even third-rate writers who had abundance of energy and life, and whose influence over their contemporaries was greater than is generally supposed. In those days any one who could handle a pen believed himself or herself to be a writer; we say "herself," because M. Monselet's characters include one lady, Olympe de Gouges, who expiated on the guillotine the unpardonable offence of wishing to be famous. At any rate she gave proof of a certain amount of courage, and so did Mercier, for he did not hesitate to call Bonaparte *un sabre organisé*, and to board in his den the Duke de Rovigo, Mme. de Staël's friend. As for the "Cousin Jacques," or, to call him by his real name, Beffroy de Reigny, it may be questioned whether any newspaper editor ever carried the art of puffing further than he did, and his subscribers must have been somewhat astonished at finding themselves dragged in like the chorus of a Greek play on the first page of a slovenly printed newspaper, and exclaiming, to the tune of "Vous danserez, Biron,"

> Serez-vous toujours joyeux,
> Moraux et point ennuyeux?
> Nous ferez-vous toujours rire,
> Sans prodiguer la satire?

The request was certainly a modest one, and "Le Cousin Jacques" could not do less than say, "Oui, nous le jurons!" whereupon the subscribers, *faisant une pirouette*, answered in unison, "Nous nous abonnerons!"

With M. Philarète Chasles we go back to the middle ages§, and to the dawn of modern civilization. The first essay contained in this volume treats of the intellectual and social condition of the world shortly after the first preaching of Christianity. The last introduces us to Gutenberg's printing-office and to the Renaissance period. Between these extreme dates what a crowd of great events and distinguished names! Around the well-known figures of St. Jerome, Sidonius Apollinaris, Salvian, and St. Cyprian, M. Chasles has endeavoured to reconstruct the Christian Church as it existed from the second century to the tenth. Hrosvita, Sebastian Brandt, and Alexander Barclay afford him the opportunity of studying the earliest manifestations of the novel and the drama in mediæval times. With Dante we are asked to watch an episode in the struggle between the temporal power of the Emperors and the pretensions of the see of Rome. All these chapters, originally written for periodical publications, bear that semi-sensational colouring which characterizes essays that aim at being lively, even when the subjects discussed are very much the reverse. M. Philarète Chasles, however, so honestly acknowledges this blemish that we will not dwell upon it further; the volume itself shows on the part of the author an extraordinary amount of reading, and in some degree reminds us of Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's translation of Marcus Aurelius*, illustrated as it is by excellent notes, and completed by an alphabetical index, is all that might be expected from so eminent a scholar. M. Saint-Hilaire's intention has been to publish a work of edification in the strictest sense of the term; he considers that on the ground of ethics Hellenic wisdom joins hands with the teaching of Christianity, and that the ancient Stoics deserve a place between the *De Imitatione Christi* and St. Francis de Sales's *Introduction à la vie dévote*. To the objection that Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus were heathen, our translator answers that moral truth is independent of religious differences, and that the *perennis quædam philosophia* spoken of by Leibnitz affects all questions bearing upon right and wrong, duty, virtue, and vice.

The Société de l'Histoire de France published, several years ago, an excellent edition of D'Argenson's Memoirs. Amongst the many public characters referred to by the liberal old statesman was a certain Count de Plélo†, till then very little known, but who appears to have occupied a distinguished place in the Paris society of the last century. The favourable manner in which D'Argenson speaks of him excited the curiosity of M. Rathery, who resolved upon erecting a biographical monument to the Count de Plélo, warrior, diplomatist, and author, member of the Société de l'Entresol, and as such recommending himself to the notice of all champions of political and religious freedom. In M. Rathery's volume our readers will find the full-length portrait of a thorough gentleman, who must have seemed rather eccentric to the contemporaries of Mme. du Deffand and Marshal de Saxe, for he was in the habit of scrupulously paying his debts, he loved his wife, and attended to his religious duties. Count de Plélo had one defect (*errare humanum est*); he was over-zealous as a diplomatist, and Talleyrand would no doubt have shelved him in consequence. Compiled from the Chabrillan family papers, and from documents preserved at the French Foreign Office and in the archives of the War department, this monograph is full of interest as a contribution to the history of the eighteenth century. We regret to say that it is the last work of M. Rathery's, who died in November 1875, and to whose memory a touching tribute is paid in the introductory pages.

The Countess d'Aulnoy's *Relation du voyage d'Espagne* was some time ago reviewed in this journal. We must now say a few words of the Memoirs which form the second volume of the work.‡ These Memoirs were copied almost verbatim by the Countess from a MS. entitled *État de l'Espagne de* 1678 *à* 1682, which was long supposed to be the work of the Marquis de Villars, and was published as such in 1861. Its authenticity has never been impugned; in fact, it tallies exactly with the despatches of Louis XIV.'s Ambassadors, and therefore Mme. d'Aulnoy's narrative, which is merely an expansion of it, deserves full credence. The characters introduced in the *Relation du voyage d'Espagne* appear for the second time in the *Mémoires*, but here they are more minutely described, and the Countess, who was mixed up with all the intrigues of the Court of Madrid, relates the preliminaries of the diplomatic difficulties which led to the war of the Spanish Succession. The book begins with the death of Philip IV., and gives one a wretched idea of a monarchy which had in other days ruled the destinies of Europe. Mme. d'Aulnoy's style is brilliant and agreeable, but she does not always sufficiently explain facts which are quite obscure to us, however clear they may have been two centuries ago. Here the editor comes to the rescue, giving us in her notes all the information required to understand the Countess d'Aulnoy's allusions.

M. Lemerre's *Livre des sonnets*, published some months ago, was an admirable anthology of its kind; now comes, by way of a companion volume, the *Livre des ballades*.§ Under this title are included some of the most original specimens of French literature; for, in the strictest acceptation of the term, the ballad, as it was cultivated by Villon, Christine de Pisan, and Charles d'Orléans, has nothing whatever in common with the metrical tales of Goethe and Bürger, or the legends versified by M. Victor

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* *La révolution de Thermidor; Robespierre et le Comité de salut public.* Par Ch. d'Héricault. Paris: Didier.

† *Ombres et vieux murs.* Par Auguste Vitu. Paris: Charpentier.

‡ *Les oubliés et les dédaignés.* Par Charles Monselet. Paris: Charpentier.

§ *Le moyen âge.* Par Philarète Chasles. Paris: Charpentier.

* *Pensées de Marc Aurèle.* Traduction nouvelle. Par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

† *Le comte de Plélo, un gentilhomme français au dix-huitième siècle.* Par E. J. B. Rathery. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Mémoires de la cour d'Espagne par la comtesse d'Aulnoy.* Edition nouvelle. Revue par Mme. Carey. Paris: Plon.

§ *Le livre des ballades; soixante ballades choisies.* Paris: Lemerre.

Hugo. Any reader who studies the history of ballad composition which forms the introduction of the present collection will soon see that there are ballads and ballads, just as there were in Molière's time "fagots and fagots." Talking of Molière reminds us of Vadius, in the *Femmes savantes*, who, wishing to show his genius, begins by "Hom, c'est une ballade"; being a pedant, he was naturally made to select a kind of composition long out of date, and to court ridicule by exhibiting his taste for a superannuated style of writing. It is singular that the literary innovators of 1829, whilst reviving the *sonnet*, the *triolet*, and the *rondeau*, completely neglected the ballad; for, we repeat, the poems to which this name has been wrongly ascribed are nothing else than the *Lieder* of modern Germany. The collection now given to the public by the joint talent and scholarship of MM. Lemerre and Asselineau is a most interesting work; it begins with Froissart, and takes us to M. Théodore de Banville. Villon's celebrated piece on the *Neiges d'antan* forms, of course, one of its chief ornaments; and the copious notes supply us, among other things, with an account of the laws according to which these little compositions were written by the best mediæval and Renaissance poets.

Books on America abound; since the appearance of M. Claudio Jannet's startling volume, which we noticed lately, three more have been published almost simultaneously. M. Chotteau places himself at the historical point of view *, and describes the various events which led to the separation of the United States from the mother-country. When we say that the preface is by M. Edouard Laboulaye it is needless to add that the tone adopted is one of constant and blind panegyric. M. Paul Toutain † appears to have studied American life with the simple desire of knowing the truth about a society which has been unduly extolled by some, unfairly depreciated by others. When he arrived at New York his enthusiasm about the Yankees was extreme; he has returned to his native country only moderately satisfied with the civilization of bowie-knives; the warmest admirers of America, he says, are those who have never been there. M. Simonin's volume ‡ is fuller of details than M. Toutain's; it contains the impressions of a traveller who has visited the United States five times, and has had many opportunities of studying American manners and customs from every side. He acknowledges that there are shades in the picture of New York life, and that the moral condition of the States is not of the most satisfactory kind. The *régime* of unlimited freedom has, he remarks, been on its trial for nearly a century; and, as the old Puritan traditions of the early settlers are dying away, abuses and excesses are cropping up luxuriantly, because they are no longer checked and denounced by public opinion.

The second volume of General Ducrot's *Défense de Paris* § takes us from the month of October 1870 to the battle of Champigny. Having previously sketched what may be called the period of preparation, he now shows us the French troops assuming the offensive, endeavouring to break through the German entrenchments and to set free the approaches to the metropolis. From the details given by General Ducrot it is evident, first, that the artillery was at that time in a very incomplete state of efficiency; and, secondly, that there existed a want of unanimity between the various branches of the army. The old traditions of what were called the "special services" (Artillery and Engineers) had fostered amongst them a spirit of false pride which prevented the harmonious co-operation so essential in war. General Ducrot's volume is supplemented by numerous elucidatory documents and illustrated with maps and plans.

M. Emile Gebhart is an enthusiastic admirer of Italy ‖; for many years it has been his intention to write the history of the Italian Renaissance, and in the meanwhile he has put together in a readable and suggestive little volume a series of sketches referring to various epochs and characters in Italian annals. As M. Gebhart says in his preface, the books which we were formerly wont to consult on the subject are now quite obsolete, and the conditions of a great people who have sprung into political life within the last fifteen years cannot be appreciated from the journals of travellers who lived and wrote half a century ago or more. The chapters detached by our author from his projected work are intended to illustrate certain distinctive features of Italian genius, and the introduction describes, with considerable accuracy, the progress, merits, and drawbacks of the Renaissance movement.

Two other publications relating wholly or in part to Italy are also before us. One is M. Charles Clément's collection of essays ¶ on the fine arts, originally printed in the *Journal des Débats*, and containing an excellent estimate of Raffaelle and a notice of Michael Angelo; the other is M. Elisée Reclus's geographical work **, the recent instalments of which treated specially of the two Mediterranean peninsulas. If beautiful maps, woodcuts carefully engraved and placing before us choice specimens of scenery and costumes, scientific treatment, and an attractive style could induce every one to study geography, our French neighbours would not deserve much longer the reproach cast upon them by German savants.

The *Petite bibliothèque Charpentier* is still living upon Alfred de Musset, the last instalments published containing the author's *Poésies nouvelles* and the first volume of the comedies.* We need not do more here than announce this elegantly printed series of literary *chefs-d'œuvre*. The *Epître à Lamartine* and the four *Nuits* have lost nothing of their freshness, and they are doubly striking when compared with the so-called poetry which M. Félix Frank, to quote only one instance, publishes under the title *Poème de la jeunesse*.† The gorgeous octavo called *Parnasse contemporain* ‡ is, like all anthologies, very unequal; we have noticed, however, several remarkable pieces by M. Théodore de Banville and M. Victor de Laprade.

We must not conclude without mentioning a fresh addition to the list of periodical publications; the first number of the *Courrier littéraire* § was issued at the beginning of March, and the Parts 1-4 enable us now to judge in some measure of the merits of this new journal. It appears twice a month, is edited by M. T. Colani, and is an excellent guide to the intellectual movement of the day. Amongst its contributors may be named Professor de Gubernatis, M. Reuss, M. Marc Monnier, and M. Gabriel Monod.

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* *Les Français en Amérique.* Par Léon Chotteau. Avec une préface par Ed. Laboulaye. Paris: Charpentier.

† *Les Français en Amérique.* Par Paul Toutain. Paris: Plon.

‡ *Le monde américain; souvenir de mes voyages aux Etats-Unis.* Par L. Simonin. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

§ *La défense de Paris.* Par le général Ducrot. Vol. 2. Paris: Dentu.

‖ *De l'Italie; essais de critique et d'histoire.* Par Emile Gebhart. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

¶ *Artistes anciens et modernes.* Par Charles Clément. Paris: Didier.

** *Nouvelle Géographie universelle.* Par E. Reclus. Livr. 21-30. Paris and London: L. Hachette & Co.

* *Œuvres complètes d'Alfred de Musset.* Paris: Charpentier.

† *Le poème de la jeunesse.* Par Félix Frank. Paris: Lévy.

‡ *Le Parnasse contemporain.* 3e série. Paris: Lemerre.

§ *Le Courrier littéraire.* Parts 1-4. Paris: Rue de Seine.

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HORSE SHOW.—Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Admission 1s.
HORSE SHOW.—Hunters judged Saturday, June 3.
HORSE SHOW.—Harness Horses, Monday, June 5.
HORSE SHOW.—Entrance, Islington Green only.

A Daily Parade of Prize and commended Hunters, Hacks, Harness Horses, Arabs, Indian Polo Ponies, Mules, and Tandems.
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ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND. Incorporated by Royal Charter, for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of British Artists.

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

The SIXTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on Saturday, June 17, 1876.

Sir WILLIAM FRASER, Bart. M.A., M.P., in the Chair.

Preliminary List of Stewards.

John Absolon, Esq.
George M. Atkinson, Esq.
Captain A. T. Arkwright, R.N., M.P.
C. B. Birch, Esq.
J. Cockran, Esq.
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Since the foundation of the Society, the sum of £37,077 10s. has been distributed in relieving widows and orphans of British Artists, and during the past year fifty three widows and sixteen orphans have received annuities amounting to £1,125. The institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts.

Gentlemen's Tickets, 21s.; Ladies', 10s. 6d., may be obtained of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 4 Trafalgar Square, W.C.

AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY of GREAT BRITAIN.

A GENERAL MEETING of MEMBERS will be held at the Society of Arts, on Wednesday, June 7, for the Reading and Discussion of Papers relative to Flight, and Subjects connected therewith. The Chair will be taken at Eight P.M. precisely.

Admission to Non-Members upon application to a Member, or to

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MISS GLYN (late Mrs. Dallas) has the honour to announce to her Friends and the Public, and to the Clergy and to Barristers, that she will teach READING and ELOCUTION during her leisure from public work, at her residence, 19 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, BRISTOL.—The COUNCIL are about to appoint the following PROFESSORS and LECTURERS:

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2. Professor of Modern History and Literature.
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4. Lecturer in Experimental Physics.
5. Lecturer in Political Economy.
6. Lecturer in Classical History and Literature.

The Stipend of the two Professors will be £300 per annum each, with a proportion of Students' fees. The Council guarantees a minimum emolument of £400 per annum.

The appointments of Lecturers are temporary, the engagement lasting only from October 1876 until the end of April 1877. Each Lecturer will receive an Honorarium of £150 and half the Students' fees.

The latest day for sending in applications is June 23.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary.

By Order of the Council, EDWARD STOCK, M.R.C.S. Eng., *Secretary.*

Temporary Office, Shannon Court, June, 1876.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.—The PROFESSORSHIP of GEOGRAPHY is now VACANT. Applications will be received till June 17. Particulars may be had on application to Miss GROVE, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., *Principal.*

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The COUNCIL desire to appoint a SECRETARY. He must be a University Graduate. Candidates will be required to state their age. The initial Salary will be £500 per annum. Further information may be obtained at the Office of the College. Applications and Testimonials will be received not later than June 10.

HARRY BROWN, *Assistant-Secretary to the Council.*

FETTES COLLEGE.—SCHOLARSHIPS.—Four of £40 per annum. Competition in July.—Apply for particulars to HEAD-MASTER, Fettes College, Edinburgh.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE.—JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS. There will be an ELECTION to SIX in June next. They are open to all BOYS who on June 1 are between Twelve and Fourteen years of age. The Examination begins on Tuesday, June 20.—For further particulars apply to the Rev. the BURSAR, Wellington College, Wokingham.

CLIFTON COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIPS.—EIGHT or more will be open to COMPETITION at Midsummer, 1876, value from £20 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £90 a year in cases of Scholars who require it.—Further particulars may be obtained of the SECRETARY, the College, Clifton, Bristol.

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For further information, apply to the Rev. ARTHUR FABER, M.A., Head-Master, late Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.

The THIRD TERM will begin on Monday, September 18.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Cambridge.—The School House is now ready for Boarders. At the last revision (Christmas, 1875) there were 26 Boys from this School at the University, of whom 21 had obtained Scholarships, Exhibitions, &c., at their respective Colleges. An Open Scholarship at Christ's and a Sizarship at Trinity have just been obtained.

For Terms, &c., apply to the Head-Master, J. B. ALLEN, M.A.

THE Rev. T. L. MONTEFIORE, M.A., Rector of Catherstone, Dorset, and Rural Dean, would be glad to receive TWO PUPILS to Read with his sons. Terms £150. Healthy situation. Good Sea-bathing.—Address, Charmouth, Dorset.

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HEAD-MASTER for the GROCERS' COMPANY'S MIDDLE CLASS SCHOOL, Hackney Downs.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Court of the Grocers' Company will, on or about the 16th day of June, 1876, proceed to the appointment of a HEAD-MASTER of their School at Hackney Downs, estimated to accommodate from 300 to 600 Boys, and expected to be ready for opening at Michaelmas next. Fixed Stipend £100 per annum. Capitation Fee of £1 per Boy up to 400, and 10s. per Boy beyond that number. A minimum salary of £500 per annum guaranteed for first Three years commencing from Michaelmas next.

The Head-Master will be appointed subject to the provisions of a Scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners. He need not be in Holy Orders, but must not accept or hold any benefice having the cure of souls or any office or employment which in the opinion of the Court may interfere with the proper performance of his duties as Head-Master.

Further particulars may be obtained upon application to the CLERK of the GROCERS' COMPANY, Grocers' Hall, Poultry, London, E.C.

ALDENHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near Watford, Hertfordshire.—HEAD-MASTER.—The GOVERNORS will shortly proceed to the ELECTION of a HEAD-MASTER.

The School has lately been reconstructed, under a Scheme of the Endowed Schools Commissioners.

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He will enjoy his House and Garden free of rent and taxes.

The course of instruction in the School will comprise such subjects as are required in Schemes settled by the Commissioners for Endowed Schools of the first grade.

Candidates are requested to forward their applications, with copies of testimonials, before July 10 next, after which day the Governors will proceed to the Election. Further information may be obtained from the undersigned.

CHARLES R. VINES, *Clerk to the Governors.*

Brewers' Hall, Addle Street, London, May 29, 1876.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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PUBLIC BUSINESS AND THE MINISTRY.

UNLESS some practical question of home or foreign policy should unexpectedly require discussion, there seems to be no reason why a dull Session should not have a quiet ending. The Royal Titles Bill has become law, and the Merchant Shipping Bill has at last passed the House of Commons. Private members cannot hope after Whitsuntide to attract serious attention to their measures. There are still one or two Intoxicating Liquors Bills pending, and there is a Bill for the repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts; nor are the measures of the Home Rule party entirely exhausted. Lord SELBORNE'S Bills against the Inns of Court will not in the present year pass the House of Commons, and the annual Wednesday Bills have been for the most part already debated and dropped. Mr. BUTT'S motion for Home Rule will be rejected after a conventional debate. The Government measures which remain are numerous and not unimportant, but few of them will excite active interest. The Appellate Jurisdiction Bill is a compromise to which the profession has already assented; and it would have been difficult to carry the Bill for which it is a substitute through the House of Commons. The debate on the question in the Upper House confirmed the opinion that the LORD CHANCELLOR had acted wisely in retaining the jurisdiction of the House of Lords. The LORD ADVOCATE is in charge of several Scotch Bills on which the Scotch members will form a conclusive judgment, and the SECRETARY and SOLICITOR-GENERAL for IRELAND will, if the Irish members consent, pass three or four Bills on matters relating to their own departments. Mr. CROSS will encounter little opposition to his Prisons Bill; and the debates on the Inclosure of Commons must be nearly finished. The Oxford and Cambridge University Bills will not be opposed on the preamble, and the opponents of clerical fellowships and privileges will be defeated after a discussion on clauses. Neither House of Parliament is startled by proposals for giving a body of Commissioners absolute power to redistribute revenues amounting to some hundreds of thousands a year. The precedent will not be forgotten by future innovators; but private property is, for the present at least, safer than corporate endowments. Mr. CROSS'S odd announcement that the two Bills are to proceed simultaneously will be practically verified by the early and rapid progress of both.

The only considerable party contest which is likely to occur will be raised on Mr. FORSTER'S amendments to Lord SANDON'S Elementary Education Bill. The questions in dispute are not immediately urgent, and the Government may safely rely on its majority. There may perhaps be other matters to occupy the Legislature during the remainder of the Session; but they are not sufficiently pressing to be easily remembered. Notwithstanding a series of mistakes committed during the last autumn and in the early part of the Session, the position of the Ministers seems not yet to be weakened. If there are any impatient politicians who blame the Government for want of legislative originality and vigour, they cannot but admit that the leaders of Opposition are equally unproductive. The only serious political change which has been proposed is not approved by the Liberal leaders, although Mr. BRIGHT spoke and Mr. GLADSTONE voted for Mr. TREVELYAN'S Resolution on household suffrage in counties. The principal opponent of the scheme was a member of the late Government, and Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. GOSCHEN and several of their colleagues declined to vote for the motion. It would be difficult to form a Cabinet in which the extension of the franchise and a comprehensive redistribution of seats should form an open question. The division of the Liberal party on the subject of constitutional change is the more embarrassing because other political issues are difficult to devise. After a longer or shorter interval there will probably be a reaction such as that which succeeded to the universal acquiescence in Lord PALMERSTON'S political optimism; but ambitious Liberals of mature age may perhaps feel that their chances are passing away. A younger generation may find fresh opportunities of remodelling the political system, and perhaps of subverting some of the institutions which still remain. For the present the country is tolerably well contented with Ministers who have no revolutionary aspirations, and who at the same time are not disinclined to modest reforms.

Two members of the Government have during the present Session acquired additional influence in the House of Commons. Mr. CROSS as Home Secretary, and as the author of several judicious measures, commands general confidence; and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, though he has sat for many years in Parliament, has of late perceptibly improved as a debater. If his Budget was open to criticism, the questionable principles which it involved had been repeatedly professed by his opponents and sanctioned by the House of Commons. The perverse system of imposing fresh taxes for the unnecessary purpose of paying off the debt has not yet lost its temporary popularity. In the general conduct of business Sir S. NORTHCOTE has taken a prominent part, as in the tedious debates on the Merchant Shipping Act. Mr. DISRAELI, who has the good sense to be conscious of his imperfect knowledge of the details of business, is fortunate in the aid of colleagues who are capable of supplying his own defects. Taunts directed against the financial inconsistencies of the PRIME MINISTER fall harmlessly on the head of a CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER who has never talked carelessly on subjects which he thoroughly understands. Mr. HARDY'S department has during the present Session furnished little occasion for debate. Mr. WARD HUNT is thought to have acquitted himself creditably in the technical discussions on the navy which are from time to time raised by professional critics or amateurs. On the whole, the Cabinet sustains its reputation of including more than an average amount of ability. While four or five of its ablest members sit in the House of Lords, the Ministers in the Commons are fully a match for their predecessors and adversaries. Mr. DISRAELI prudently holds himself aloof from debates of minor importance; and he perhaps sometimes regrets the partial secession of his ancient antagonist and rival. Sir S. NORTHCOTE is always ready to take his place; and, though he is not an orator, his ample knowledge and increasing readiness qualify him for the task of defending the Ministerial measures. There is no reason to suppose that the PRIME MINISTER will have frequent occasion to intervene in debate during the remainder of the Session.

If there were no other reason for being contented with the apparent stability of the Government, the threatening or disquieting aspect of foreign affairs would incline prudent politicians to deprecate a change. It is true that no definite declaration of policy has been made public, and there is some ground for the conjectural rumour that within the Cabinet itself two different tendencies are struggling for

predominance. It is said, but not on sufficient authority, that Lord DERBY, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and some of their colleagues, demur to an active policy which is supposed to be favoured by Mr. DISRAELI and Lord SALISBURY. The report is perhaps founded on assumed differences of temperament, but it is easy to believe that in a difficult crisis judgments and opinions may vary. The only decisions which have yet been made public have been provisionally approved. It was thought that the Government was right in assenting to the ANDRASSY Note after a cautious suspense, and nearly all Europe has applauded the refusal to concur in the dangerous pledges of the Berlin Note. Down to the present time the country reposes in the present Ministers a tentative confidence which was not bestowed on their predecessors. Lord DERBY is not suspected of readiness to engage in rash adventures, but neither he nor his colleagues have at any time displayed the precipitate timidity which resulted in the payment of the *Alabama* penalty and in the rupture of the Treaty of Paris. Mr. DISRAELI's knowledge is seldom accurate, but he is incapable of the wilful ignorance exhibited recently by Mr. GLADSTONE when he professed not to know whether the kingdom of Prussia had been altogether effaced in the German Empire. It is not improbable that the relative strength and popularity of political parties may for some time to come be principally dependent on questions of foreign policy. Mr. GLADSTONE apparently neither knows nor cares for the fate of Europe, if only England can maintain a safe isolation. Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON have thus far abstained with patriotic prudence from hasty censures or from unseasonable curiosity which might compromise the public interest. The Ministers have not yet committed any known mistake; but the state of affairs must have become more intelligible before it can be known that their conduct has been firm and prudent. The flagrant blunders of a former generation of statesmen in 1853 may serve them as a warning.

TURKEY.

THE dark and suspicious tragedy which has occurred at Constantinople will tend to abate any goodwill which may have been felt in Europe towards the new Government. The SULTAN and his Ministers must have been ill-advised if it is true that they have already intimated to the Continental Powers their determination to reject the proposed armistice and the other terms of the Berlin Note. It appears probable that they will anticipate the demands of the five Powers by spontaneously offering an armistice to the insurgents. It would seem obviously prudent, even if the Porte had resolved on a policy of resistance, to profit by the short delay in the presentation of the Note, and to allow time for a possible divergence of policy among discordant allies. The English Government will not be suspected, except by the idle newsmongers who attribute to its machinations the dethronement and perhaps the death of the SULTAN, of having recommended to the new SULTAN the adoption of dangerous courses. The reforms proposed by the five Powers have for the most part been long since urged upon the Porte by English Ministers; and a policy mainly directed to the prevention of war would not be promoted by an immediate rupture. The GRAND VIZIER and his more active colleagues have probably contented themselves with endeavours to convince the insurgents and their neighbouring abettors that they are determined to enforce submission, and, if necessary, to retaliate on the enemies who have hitherto carried on hostilities with impunity. Turkish diplomacy must have strangely degenerated if assurances of reform have been spared to the Governments which it is necessary to conciliate, or at least to restrain from active interference. The mysterious death of the dethroned SULTAN may probably create additional difficulties. A new excuse will have been furnished for hesitation in recognizing his successor; and perhaps the unfortunate victim may be represented as a martyr to the Russian alliance, which indeed was the immediate cause of his fall. The authors of the revolution, though they have from the first repudiated the charge of ill-will to the Christians, are, as leaders of a reforming party, almost necessarily associated with orthodox and national principles or prejudices. Turkish religion and patriotism, when most sincere, necessarily bear an exclusive character. The late SULTAN'S unpopularity among his own people was certainly not produced by any supposed want of liberality towards his Christian subjects.

In the discussion of Turkish affairs it is constantly necessary to check positive statements by calculation of probabilities, for the authors of contemporary Eastern history employ themselves in the promotion of various political schemes rather than in the narration of current events. The Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* has within a few days published alarming statements which are strangely inconsistent with the accounts from Vienna, from Constantinople, and even from St. Petersburg. The Berlin Correspondent, though he is well informed, habitually writes with a definite purpose which is supposed to coincide with the policy of his own Government. It is not impossible that Prince BISMARCK may desire to produce misunderstanding between England and Russia; nor could the object be more effectually attained than by the circulation of the rumours which have lately formed the substance of the Berlin correspondence of the *Times*. It will be prudent to wait for further confirmation of the startling reports of formidable preparations for war. It is asserted that the Servian army is assembled on the southern frontier of the Principality under a Russian general, and that a large sum of money has been contributed to the military chest in the name of Russian benevolent societies, but really by the Russian Government. According to the same account, the well-known agent who has hitherto affected to confine himself to philanthropic exertions for the benefit of the insurgents and their families has handed over to the Prince of MONTENEGRO the control which he had himself never professed to exercise of the military operations. The erection of a fortified camp with a large garrison in Bulgaria is reported, although it is believed at Constantinople that the Bulgarian insurrection is suppressed. The still more surprising statement is added that the King of GREECE, who is now at Copenhagen, has suddenly placed his army on a war footing, and that he has negotiated a loan with certain German capitalists, who must apparently be much in want of a profitable investment of their funds. All these wonderful events may possibly have occurred, but they may also be imaginary.

One of the numerous reasons for doubting the German version of the policy of Russia is that war between Turkey and a league of the petty States in the neighbourhood would not, whatever might be its result, tend directly to Russian aggrandizement. Servia and Montenegro, united or separate, would become not more, but less, dependent on their powerful protector if they had largely increased their territories, and amalgamated with themselves a kindred population. The Greeks also, who were supposed, since the failure of the Cretan insurrection, to have postponed their projects of aggression, have always cultivated an independent ambition which would be antagonistic to the designs of Russia. It is scarcely possible that the Greeks should combine with the Slavonic tribes in a concerted attack on the Turkish Empire in the hope of establishing themselves at Constantinople; but, if Greece were in a state of military or financial readiness for war, it might be thought practicable to obtain possession of Crete, and perhaps of Thessaly. The alternative of defeat must also be taken into consideration. Servia and Montenegro together contain the population of an average English county, and the force of Greece is insignificant. Except in alliance with an insurgent population in Bulgaria as well as in Bosnia, the supposed confederacy would be no match for the Turkish Empire. In former wars the Turks have almost always proved themselves most formidable after the occurrence of preliminary disasters. The commanders who have hitherto hesitated and blundered in dealing with the insurrection will be superseded by more capable successors; and the new Government is probably persuaded that it will be easier to deal with the Montenegrins and Servians as open enemies than as combatants who always possessed a secure retreat into a country which was supposed to be at peace. The Greeks, who have absolutely no cause of quarrel with Turkey, must be separately dealt with. They know by former experience that, if the Great Powers should unfortunately be drawn into the contest, they must submit to the direction of the Governments which may possess supremacy at sea. On the whole, it is doubtful whether Servia and Greece will run the risk of Austrian and English intervention.

If there are strong reasons for disbelieving in the reported declaration of war by the petty States, it is not less

improbable that Russia will openly attack Turkey. All the elaborate machinery of the Triple Alliance will have been wasted if a policy is suddenly adopted which must lead to immediate collision with Austria, and perhaps to a cessation of friendly relations with Germany. The efforts made by the organ of the German Government to create misunderstanding between England and Russia can scarcely be suggested by sympathy with projects of Russian aggrandizement. Although Germany would not take part in a war in Turkey, a conflict between Russia and Austria might induce either party to court a French alliance. The contingency of a Russian war with Turkey in which Austria should remain neutral may be dismissed as practically impossible. The influence of Hungary in the councils of the monarchy would prevent a suicidal acquiescence in Russian aggression. Count ANDRASSY has taken no pains to disguise the probable antagonism of Russia and Austria; and the Russian journals have already begun to ridicule the fiction of harmonious co-operation. In the present state of the Eastern question there are many elements of danger; but fortunately all Powers have a common interest in an expectant and temporizing policy. It must not be forgotten that Russian intrigues in Servia, Montenegro, and the adjacent Turkish provinces have been again and again commenced, to be afterwards baffled and suspended. It is not impossible that the solution which seemed in the first instance to be least objectionable may be ultimately adopted. The occupation of the disturbed districts by an Austrian force, if it could be effected with the consent of the Porte, would give time for the conclusion of some tolerable arrangement. No other method would be as efficacious in repressing outrage and retaliation; and the compulsory re-establishment of internal peace would exercise a beneficial influence on the neighbouring provinces. Neither Servia nor Montenegro would risk a contest with an Austrian army; nor could Turkish Pashas venture to disregard the injunctions of the commander of an occupying force. It is believed that some time since Russia would not have disapproved of the measure; and the same reasons which then existed might still recommend it for adoption.

DREUX AND NOHANT.

IN a manner studiously unostentatious the head of the House of ORLEANS has conveyed to the family burial place at Dreux the remains of his numerous relations who have died in England since the Revolution of 1848 cost the dynasty its throne. It is now twenty-eight years since LOUIS PHILIPPE and his QUEEN came to seek refuge and taste the long-forgotten joys of safety at Claremont. There they lived and died, unnoticed but not unhonoured. The KING, not improbably the last of the long line of French Kings, survived only two years to ponder on the instability of human greatness; but the life of the QUEEN was protracted to extreme old age, and was dignified to the last by the exhibition of constant serenity and unassuming piety. The Royal couple were buried temporarily at Weybridge, where also were deposited the remains of the lamented Duchess of ORLEANS, who, in the darkest hours of the family trials, had shown a spirit and a courage that did much to redeem the tameness with which LOUIS PHILIPPE slipped out of a position which he had schemed and sinned so much to gain and to hold. Death, too, was busy with the younger members of the ORLEANS family; and the Count of PARIS has now transferred to Dreux the remains of eleven of his relatives. It was the earnest wish of the old KING that, when the proper time came, he and those of his race who died in exile might finally rest at Dreux; and the COUNT has at last been able to fulfil the wishes of his grandfather. The proper time has come, not in the shape of a time of restoration and family triumph, but in the shape of a time when politically the family is so completely extinct that no one heeds the doings of the Count of PARIS more than the doings of any private gentleman. Marshal MACMAHON had not the slightest difficulty in according his sanction, although he politely seemed to attach a respectful importance to the occasion by begging that everything might be conducted with the utmost privacy. There can be no apprehension of the burial of LOUIS PHILIPPE being followed by the disastrous consequences which attended the mistaken pomp of his own reception of the remains of NAPOLEON. No mortal was ever less suited to become a legendary hero. Neither in life nor in death was he popular with his countrymen, and his faults have been vividly remembered, while his merits have been almost completely forgotten. Through a variety of causes, his descendants, though free to live in France, and commanding much respect through their character, their ability, and their wealth, are of scarcely any account in the political combinations of the present or of the immediate future. That they should pay the last honours to their dead is looked on as a natural exercise of proper piety, but provokes no ill will, because it awakens no fear. How completely the station of the ORLEANS princes in France has now become that of private gentlemen could not be better illustrated than by the very great difference in the interest and passions that would have been excited if the proposal had been to remove from their resting-place the remains of the dead, not of Weybridge, but of Chislehurst. The day will no doubt come when the BONAPARTES are sufficiently triumphant or sufficiently forgotten to permit the transportation of the remains of LOUIS NAPOLEON to France; but to get them there now would need a new *coup d'état*.

At the moment of this reawakening of ORLEANS recollections, one of the most famous writers of France, who even in the days of LOUIS PHILIPPE had conquered a great name, has passed away. GEORGE SAND has died at Nohant, where she passed her childhood, where she has long lived, and where she found so many of the scenes that she has delineated in her romances. No French writer of her time has exercised a greater influence over the thoughts, the feelings, and the tastes of Europe. She embodied more fully than any other writer all that was great, noble, passionate, feverish, and morbid in her generation. Having the immense advantage of writing in French, she commanded a ready access to kindred spirits in every country. If it was easy to disapprove of her writings, it was impossible not to admire them. If her own errors were reflected in her works, those who knew her history were aware that she was as much sinned against as sinning. Nor, although she treated the history of female frailty with an over-indulgent tenderness, was there ever anything that trenched on the monstrosities of vice in what she wrote. Her heroines, even when frail, were never ignoble, and in the midst of her scepticism she breathed a religion of her own. To most human beings, to part with the creed of their childhood is to part with religion; but it is not so with all; and those who did not share the general fate found in the pages of GEORGE SAND an expression of all that they felt and of more than they dreamed. It must, too, be added that she could paint virtue in forms as sweet as they were original. The author of *Lélia* and *Indiana* was also the author of *Consuelo* and *Mauprat*; and in the range of fiction it would be difficult to point to heroines more novel, winning, and elevating than CONSUELO and EDMÉE. It is impossible not to recognize that, for good or for evil, one of the most marked features of European life during the last half-century has been the growing aspiration of women for a larger, if not a happier, life; and no writer has more powerfully stirred, or more intensely experienced, the feeling than GEORGE SAND. Her views as to religion and women were so completely herself that she could never possibly escape from them; but her range of imagination and sympathy was so wide that she could depict with equal felicity the simplest and the more complex phases of human life. In narration, in conversation, in description, she never lost the charm of a style at once fluent, intelligible, and strong. She was profound without puzzling, and pathetic without gushing. Her art concealed her art; and in her delicate and minute studies of the characters of women, she totally avoided that wearisome examination of tiny motives and passing hesitations with which the authoresses of our day and country so painfully depress the spirits of the men who are persuaded or flattered into reading their compositions. As she wrote for her bread, she naturally wrote far too much for her fame, and her warmest admirers could scarcely keep pace with her publications. Her collected works will therefore be a burden to the shelves of posterity; but her masterpieces will live, and will delight mankind as long as the literature of the nineteenth century has any attraction for the minds of men.

The House of ORLEANS may be said to represent not inaptly the prose, and GEORGE SAND the poetry, of French life and character. A country needs both prose and poetry, and Europe is much the poorer when the prose and the poetry of French life are not represented in a conspicuous and adequate manner. LOUIS PHILIPPE himself, with his

peddling anxiety to be always on the safe side of the hedge, his keen eye for the main chance, and his *bourgeois* passion for putting his family into good things, was perhaps too prosaic to be a satisfactory representative of the life of French gentlemen at its best. But the Duke of ORLEANS had every quality that could awaken affection and respect, and to his early death, more than to any other single cause, may be attributed the fall of his family from power. The Duke of AUMALE is as well known in England as in France, and is universally recognized as a finished type of a prince combining varied accomplishments and wide knowledge with a keen love of work and a strict attention to business. The Count of PARIS himself would be one of the best of monarchs, as he is one of the worst of aspirants; and his countrymen observe, with a sort of contemptuous admiration, that he is equally suited and indifferent to success. No one would use success better if success could be rained out of heaven into his lap. Few people have ever done him a greater personal kindness than his cousin of CHAMBORD, whose obstinacy and timidity have saved him from the nuisance of having some day to reign. A Republic in which the ORLEANS princes are the first gentlemen of their country is probably the political system which the Count of PARIS most approves. The prose of a country life, as opposed to the poetry of adventure, enthusiasm, aspiration, and dissatisfaction, includes all that makes daily life go on in a sedate, dignified, busy, and prosperous manner; and it is not an unwelcome task to have, like the ORLEANS princes, to show this mode of existence at its best. But the poetry of life, enthusiasm, passion, the longings and questionings of disquietude, will only cease to be felt in France when France loses altogether its place in Europe; and one of the voices that spoke most eloquently to the world of these things has now been hushed into silence at Nohant. In France it may be necessary to note the defects of the ORLEANS princes and to dwell on the shortcomings and aberrations of GEORGE SAND; for men must criticize what may from proximity affect them too powerfully. But in England too little rather than too much justice is likely to be rendered to the varied excellences of French life, and we are not called on to allow any great sternness of judgment to mingle with the memories and feelings which Dreux and Nohant awaken.

THE COMPULSORY CLAUSES OF LORD SANDON'S BILL.

LORD SANDON'S Education Bill is a more considerable measure than adverse critics might have expected from the present Government. Farmers are most admirable and useful people; but they are apt to think that minding rooks (needful, no doubt, in its proper place) is the only practical shape that the education of the young agricultural labourer can ordinarily assume; and it might have been argued that there would have been nothing strange if, in a Cabinet which has the interests of the farmers so much at heart, an excessive allowance had been made for farmers' prejudices. The rural districts can hardly be said to have been prepared for more stringent legislation by the Agricultural Children's Act. That singularly weak-minded statute has remained inoperative in almost every part of the country, and, if its existence has had any effect on the rural imagination, it has probably been to encourage the notion that laws which tend to throw difficulties in the way of procuring field labour are not meant to be obeyed. The Government have not had the advantage, therefore, of ascertaining the farmers' attitude towards an extension of educational pressure; and it is the more creditable to them that, in the absence of any information on this point, they have extended to agriculture a class of provisions which have hitherto been applied only to manufactures. Whether the success of indirect compulsion in the latter sphere does or does not supply a reason for trusting to indirect compulsion in the former sphere is a question which it is not easy to answer. There is no doubt that the Factories and Workshops Acts have in many cases failed to bring any considerable number of children within the educational net. We do not know, however, to what extent this failure is due to the machinery by which the Acts are enforced. The position of the Inspectors and Sub-inspectors under the several Factory and Workshops Acts has been in many respects an invidious one. They have sometimes been regarded as a species of spy sent down from London to scent out the pleasant ignorant ways in which decent country people have been content to walk. The Government do not appear to be sure enough of their ground to interfere with the jurisdiction of the Factory Inspectors; for, after enacting that in school districts where there are no School Boards the provisions of the Bill shall be enforced by the existing local authorities, an express exception is introduced to cover the case of such factories and workshops as are now within the jurisdiction of the Inspectors. Probably, if the present Bill is found to work well, the powers of the Inspectors will hereafter be transferred to the several local authorities. There can be no need for maintaining a special authority charged with the supervision of a particular set of cases which do not differ in kind from the cases which are left to the local authorities. Mr. GIRDLESTONE, indeed, maintains that nothing "will have "any effect in the rural districts except making paid "officers, such as Inspectors, appointed either by Government or the Quarter Sessions, instead of voluntary "agencies, responsible for the enforcement" of any Education Act. But the creation of a staff of paid officers adequate to the work of seeing that every child in the country is at school would constitute a very heavy additional burden, either on the taxes or on the rates; and it is highly improbable that any Government would be able to carry such a Bill as Mr. GIRDLESTONE desires through Parliament, unless they were able to say that the experiment of enforcing the Education Act in the same way as other Acts are enforced—that is, by the agency of the local authorities—had been tried unsuccessfully. If this Bill passes, the School Boards, or, where there are no School Boards, the Town Councils in boroughs and the Guardians of the Poor in all other places, will be bound to see that no child is employed under ten years of age, and that no child is employed between ten years and fourteen who has not obtained a certificate either of a certain proficiency in reading, writing, and arithmetic, or of a prescribed amount of attendance at a public elementary school. If this power had been given to School Boards, and if at the same time School Boards had been established in every parish, the Bill would probably have been commended even by the National Education League. But it must be remembered that Town Councils and Boards of Guardians are elected by the same persons as School Boards would be elected by; and if the enforcement of school attendance by indirect means might safely be entrusted to School Boards throughout the country, it is not easy to see why similar results may not be anticipated from the exercise of the same powers by bodies elected by constituencies substantially identical with those that elect the School Boards.

Nor does the Bill leave the case of a local authority neglecting its duty unprovided for. By the 19th section the Education Department are empowered, if they are satisfied that a local authority has failed to perform its duty under the Act, to appoint any other person whom they may think proper to perform the duty of the defaulting authority. No limitations are imposed upon the Education Department as regards the nature of the evidence on which they are to satisfy themselves that the local authority is not doing its duty. They are at liberty to supersede it if they are satisfied on this point, "after such inquiry and "such notice as they think expedient." It is not true, therefore, that the dispositions of the local authorities are the sole measure of the efficiency of the Bill. Down to the point where inefficient performance becomes non-performance, no doubt this is so; but as soon as the local authorities have passed that point, the dispositions of the Education Department become the measure of efficiency. This 19th Section is of importance from another point of view. The duties of the local authorities do not end with the enforcement of indirect compulsion. There are certain measures which they are bound to take in the way of direct compulsion, even where they have not availed themselves of the permission to make compulsory by-laws under the Act of 1870. The 7th Section of the Bill provides that, if it appears to the local authority that the parent of any child between five and fourteen "continuously and habitually, and without reasonable excuse, "neglects to provide such elementary instruction for his "child as will enable the child to obtain a certificate under "this Act," it "shall be the duty of such local authority "to apply for an order of court to compel the parent "to sent his child to school." We imagine that

under this section the power of the Education Department to declare a local authority in default, and to nominate substitutes to perform its duties, would apply to the case of a local authority which disregards the proved existence of cases of continuous, habitual, and inexcusable neglect within its jurisdiction. If this reading of the clause is correct, the enforcement of attendance at school, whether children are at work or at home, will rest in the last resort with the Education Department; and nothing has yet suggested a doubt that the Department will be equal to any duties that Parliament may throw upon it.

How far the Government are justified in making two bites of a cherry, by leaving the adoption of direct compulsion as the ordinary means of enforcing attendance at school to the choice of the local authorities, must be decided in a great degree by the knowledge which they have of the probability that the permission will be used. If a very large number of local authorities are prepared to make compulsory by-laws as soon as the Act is passed, nothing more need be said in favour of the course which Lord SANDON has adopted. And it is at least possible that he may have information pointing unmistakably to this result. Even in the contrary case, the result might show that a more stringent law would be impolitic because premature. The opinion of the clergy has advanced in this matter with remarkable rapidity; and when the power of enforcing attendance at school can be had without the dreaded accompaniment of a School Board, the local authorities in parishes in which the parson is the principal influence may promptly arm themselves with this new weapon. There is no question but that one cause which has led the clergy to think so well of compulsion is the disheartening emptiness of the very schools which they have worked so hard to set up; and if the indirect compulsion provided by the Bill does not very soon effect a radical improvement, the same spectacle will drive them to desire the more radical measures which the Bill puts within their reach. If the clergy of a parish are eager to induce the local authority to pass compulsory by-laws, it will probably not be very long before they gain their end. Their influence in the election of Guardians will be considerable; and the reputation of being more reactionary and obstructive than the clergy is not one which any considerable number of laymen will care to earn. If voluntary schools are not filled under such a Bill as Lord SANDON'S, they are not likely to get so good a chance again, and this is a fact which the clergy will probably not be slow to appreciate at its proper significance.

ITALY.

THE Italian Government has issued a manifesto showing what would be the resources at its command in case of war. On paper the figures given make a very creditable show. The army of Italy is large even in these days of huge armies. It reaches a nominal total of 435,000 men, of whom 340,000 belong to the first army and 95,000 to the second. Behind this force come another body of 90,000 men who have had six months' drill, and one of 265,000 men who have had fifty days' drill. These figures must, however, be subjected to considerable reductions in order to estimate the number of those who could be really relied on for service; but the Government asserts that it could send 300,000 men into the field thoroughly well drilled and completely furnished with all the materials of war, and armed with breechloaders of a new pattern, while a force at least equal would remain in reserve to fill the gaps made in the first force as war went on. If Italy had to send an expeditionary army beyond its own borders, it could in fifteen days muster at least 100,000 men for the purpose. Further, Italy has ten ironclads in readiness, and four more which could be made ready in a short time. It is said that explanations were asked by the representatives of foreign Powers as to the reasons which had induced the Ministry to publish a statement which, at a moment when rumours of war were afloat, might seem calculated to inspire apprehension. The reply given was that the statement was simply meant to encourage and please the Italians. If such an answer had been given by any other Government than the Italian, it would have been looked on as a mere subterfuge. But all the world is perfectly ready to accept the explanation of the Italian Government as strictly true. The Italians suddenly find themselves in a new and strange position. They see Italy, to their great delight, announcing herself and treated by others as a sixth great Power, and they can hardly believe that this honour is not somewhat greater than they can justly claim. The Ministry merely wish to assure them that they are getting no more than their due. The present Ministry cannot be accused of a wish to puff themselves by showing the strength of the army. They have had nothing to do with the army of which they are proud. It has been the creation of their predecessors, and especially of General RICOTTI, whom they had to replace when they came into office. For many years General RICOTTI has been labouring to make the army a reality, and to get together a force which would, if ever called on to serve, wipe out the memory of Custozza. His work has been only partially accomplished, and it is uncertain how much of the Italian army is fit for more than defensive warfare. To a very great extent he built up his force on the Prussian model, and imitations of Prussia are apt to be very deceptive. They are sure to give a large nominal force; but it is only when the system has been perfected by long and laborious efforts that it escapes from the two defects that mark its infancy—the want of drill and discipline in the men, and the want of experienced leaders, and especially of non-commissioned officers. The Italians may have a general, but no one knows that they have one; and if they have any considerable number of officers, and particularly of officers of a humble grade, who know their business, they are very fortunate. Still, although it would probably be very rash to look upon the Italian army of 600,000 men as equal to a German army of the same size, there can be no doubt that the Italian army, with all its defects, is strong enough and sound enough to make the nation which has endured many sacrifices to create it justly proud of possessing it, and entitled, through possessing it, to considerable weight in the councils of Europe.

That Italy has not the slightest wish to use its army if it can help it is not only notorious, but it is a necessary consequence of its position. If a respectable army has been one of the aspirations of Italy, so also has a balanced Budget; and nothing would vex the Italians more than to disarrange their finances once more just at the time when they have placed their credit on the best footing it has occupied since a united Italy existed. Count MAMIANI has recently expressed the general feeling of his countrymen in a letter summing up the reasons why the policy of Italy must be one of absolute non-intervention unless war should be forced on her. The feelings of Italy are entirely with the insurgents as against Turkey. They have too lately gone through a struggle for independence themselves not to sympathize with the efforts of others to shake off an alien yoke; and the present Ministry has so strong a Garibaldian element in it that it would especially lean to a cause which the patron of universal freedom has taken under his protection. But the Italians have very strong motives for wishing to see the efforts of Russia to command the access to Constantinople defeated. They aim above all things at being a Mediterranean Power, and a Russian fleet at home in the Dardanelles would be as great a blow to Italy as to England. One of the dangers, too, which the present crisis involves presses on the Italians as it does on us. They cannot be indifferent to the prospect of a war of fanaticism between Mahometans and Christians. If the flames of such a war were once lighted, there is no saying how far they might extend. The Italian [illegible] true, no possession like India in which the [illegible] be raised so as directly to affect them; but the whole [illegible] North Africa, until the borders of Algeria are reached, is in the hands of Mahometans, who, if the cry of a holy war were once sounded, would be almost certain to take their proper share in it by massacring the Christian population. This population is largely Italian, and Italy is deeply interested in such trade as exists between North Africa and Europe. Italy may therefore be credited with a very sincere desire to see peace preserved, if some means can be found of at once guarding the Christian subjects of Turkey from oppression, and appeasing the religious passions of the Mahometans. In order to effect this object, Italy has to take care that her voice is heard. She must appear on the scene somehow, and ensure that she has a share in the final decision of the Powers. She does not pretend to be in a position of security and independence like that of England; and therefore, when the purport of the Berlin Note was communicated to her, she at once assented. She ran the risk of isolation if she prematurely claimed independence, and it seemed wiser to assent to what she may not have very cordially approved than to

have been told that it did not signify whether she assented or not. No Power, however, can have welcomed with greater satisfaction the firmer attitude of England. What England wants in the East is precisely what she wants, and in following the lead of England she would both pursue her proper aims and acquire an importance which her neighbours would not hesitate to recognize.

The internal history of Italy has lately been diversified by a remarkable incident. When the new Minister of the Interior, Signor NICOTERA, took possession of his department, he found among the archives a Black Book in which his predecessors had recorded all the scandals that spies and informers could rake together as to the lives of public men to whom they were in any way opposed. The new Minister turned with natural interest to the index, and there found mentioned his name and the names of most of his friends. The leaves in which their characters and lives had been portrayed were missing; but Signor NICOTERA, by a little judicious firmness, managed to compel their restoration, and he read all that had been said or imagined against him for years. Rumour soon told the secret of this curious discovery, and the subject was brought to the notice of the Chamber. The Minister had an excellent opportunity of damaging his political opponents far more than any secret records could in any case have damaged him. Signor LANZA attempted to extenuate the mischief of a bad practice by saying that no Minister supposed that the records were strictly true. The sources of information were known to be untrustworthy, and the records were not meant to be taken for more than they were worth. But no afterthought of the kind could justify a practice which was as stupid as it was undignified and mischievous. If the same party were eternally in power, it might believe that in such records it had an armoury of secret weapons against its adversaries. But directly a Parliamentary vote laid bare these records to the persons detained, it was shown that to have collected them was a silly mistake. The notion of storing up anecdotes of public men collected for the benefit or amusement of Ministers by the drogs of mankind was a legacy from the old days of childish despotism under which Italy was for ages misgoverned. The Italians have got past their babyhood now, and all parties are probably equally glad that the growing sense of the nation makes the recurrence to such a practice henceforth impossible. The Ministry gained by being the first to denounce and discontinue the practice; but even those who had adopted it were not much hurt by having been discovered to have done something which, if very foolish, was also very Italian. One more piece of antique barbarism has disappeared under the influence of new ideas; but the Italians are better aware than foreigners can be that there are many other things of the same sort which must disappear before Italy can be what the best Italians wish and hope to see her.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY CLUB.

THE speeches at the Political Economy Club in honour of ADAM SMITH are in many respects interesting. With the exception of M. LAVELEYE, all the speakers may be regarded as disciples of ADAM SMITH; and the advocate of modern Socialism, or of compulsory interference with every relation of life, professed with conventional courtesy to be in some sense a follower of the great champion of economical freedom. Of all who took part in the discussion, Mr. LOWE was perhaps the most consistent votary of the orthodox economical doctrine; and on one question the opposition which he perhaps anticipated was not forthcoming. M. LÉON SAY and Mr. GLADSTONE agreed with Mr. LOWE that commercial treaties of reciprocity are neither necessary, nor in ordinary cases legitimate, modes of promoting freedom of trade. It had been thought that Mr. GLADSTONE was prejudiced in favour of the French Treaty of 1860, in which he had a considerable share; but it appears that he rests the defence of the measure on its true grounds, as the only practicable contrivance by which an instalment of Free-trade could then be introduced into France. He added the remarkable statement that all the authors of the Treaty, including the Emperor NAPOLEON, theoretically disapproved of treaties of reciprocity; but it was necessary both to evade the restrictions of the French Constitution and to cheat the nation into a belief that relief to consumers was offered in the interest of producers. As Mr. GLADSTONE truly said, the conversion of England to Free-trade between 1840 and 1860 was generally regarded on the Continent as a crafty consummation of a deliberately selfish policy. It was thought that English producers only challenged competition when they found themselves strong enough to defy it. There was, in the opinion of foreigners, no reason why other communities should throw down the scaffold before they had completed the building. The Emperor NAPOLEON and Mr. COBDEN foresaw that the example of France would be more efficacious; and their calculations have been partially justified. Mr. GLADSTONE attributes the modified extension of sound economical doctrines on the Continent to the lessons derived from the French Treaty. M. LÉON SAY seems to concur in the belief that a deviation from strict economical principles has been in this instance beneficial. The approaching termination of the various European treaties will test the soundness of Mr. GLADSTONE'S sanguine anticipations.

M. LAVELEYE'S speech was probably received with proper deference and courtesy, though its tendency was to prove that ADAM SMITH and his disciples have from the first been hopelessly in the wrong. Political economy has never professed to be a complete ethical or political system. Mr. GLADSTONE eagerly adopted Mr. NORMAN'S indisputable remark that other objects must often be preferred to direct material advantage. If the warning is superfluous, it is at least unobjectionable, and it leaves a sufficiently wide field for economical researches and exertions. The paternal solicitude with which M. LAVELEYE and his school would superintend the distribution of wealth is inconsistent with the fundamental principle of the science which was founded by ADAM SMITH. As many previous socialists have complained, political economy is the systematic theory of selfishness, or of the absolute and irresponsible control of private property by its owners. That it is for the interest of society that the total amount of property should be as large as possible seems to economists to require no demonstration. ADAM SMITH held that the object would be most effectually attained by an unlimited reliance on the estimate which producers and owners form of their own private interests. Nearly all the legislative changes which were enumerated by the majority of speakers at the Political Economy Club were successive applications of ADAM SMITH'S protest against legislative interference. According to M. LAVELEYE, Belgian Chambers of Commerce already demand the entire abolition of Customs duties. It is not improbable that the commercial treaties which have shaken the system of Protection may, before the end of the present century, be discarded by the more enlightened nations as obsolete. Even Russia may at some future time seek to enter within the pale of economical civilization; and at a much earlier period American consumers will discover that they have been cajoled into payment of tribute to native manufacturers. M. LAVELEYE thinks that the theory of production or accumulation is nearly exhausted. He would now concentrate attention on the principles of distribution, which ADAM SMITH left to take care of themselves. M. LAVELEYE enumerated a long catalogue of German, French, and Italian writers who have, as he thinks, reconciled political economy with justice, with religion, and, above all, with their own notions of social fitness. M. LAVELEYE'S formula, "A chacun suivant ses œuvres" is perhaps less plausible than LOUIS BLANC'S demand of "A chacun selon "ses besoins." In a complete scheme of philanthropy it is an oversight to omit all provision for the aged, the infirm, and the idle. The defect of both chimeras is that they purport to dispose of wealth which would never have come into existence if an arbitrary distribution had been anticipated. M. LAVELEYE'S phrase means that no man should own anything except what may be assigned to him by some external authority as the due reward of his services to society. The object has been partially attained in some of the communistic associations of America, and more completely in mediæval monasteries. Equality under a beneficent and omniscient despotism is the first condition of the socialist economy. It is a mere delusion to suppose that the modern theory of arbitrary repartition can be reconciled with ADAM SMITH'S principles of production. Men will not toil and save for others as if they were working for themselves and their families. The supposed reconciliation of political economy with justice, religion, and equal division of goods is equivalent to the abolition or denial of the motives which have been exclusively regarded by ADAM SMITH and his followers.

Although all the speeches at the Political Economy Club are worth reading, the main interest of the occasion proved to be not scientific, but political. Mr. GLADSTONE has at last announced a conversion which has long been foreseen to the theory which is known as the voluntary system. The remoteness of the subject from the purpose of the meeting renders his declaration the more deliberate and significant. Mr. LOWE, whose fine reasoning powers are sometimes diverted or deranged by impulses of fancy and of temper, had quoted with approval ADAM SMITH'S denunciation of academical endowments. His annual tirade against literature at the Institute of Civil Engineers seems to imply that one of Mr. LOWE'S objections to fellowships and professorships is that they tend to promote the studies in which he once excelled and which he now despises; but the freaks and twists of a powerful intellect may be easily tolerated. Mr. GLADSTONE adopted Mr. LOWE'S censure of endowments more gravely and with a more comprehensive purpose. "He must confess," he said, "that very long "observation and practice in public affairs made him from "year to year more and more sensible of the objections to "endowments, and less and less convinced of their coun-"tervailing advantages to the community." By a natural fallacy, Mr. GLADSTONE attributes to observation and experience the results of an intellectual process which is peculiar to himself. It seems impossible for him to retain any conviction for more than a limited time; and his ecclesiastical tendencies, which are regarded by his political admirers as reactionary, oddly coincide with his rapid adoption of democratic opinions. In denouncing University endowments, Mr. GLADSTONE was probably influenced by a love of symmetry. There can be little doubt that his condemnation applied primarily to Church establishments. Several years have passed since Mr. GLADSTONE unexpectedly professed himself a supporter of universal suffrage. He has now accepted another main article of the Radical creed; and in denouncing academical endowments he has advanced beyond many of his allies. In replying to Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. FORSTER wisely confined himself to a defence of endowments for purposes of education. The discussion was but indirectly connected with the business of the day. The arguments for and against Established Churches and endowed Universities have little or nothing to do with political economy.

THE FRENCH RADICALS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE French Radicals seem to be losing patience with the new Legislature. The charge of inactivity has certainly some colour of truth about it. No one who wishes well to the Government or to the country can accept M. TALLANDIER'S theory that the present Chamber was elected to undo the work of its predecessor; but even a Conservative may feel that it is hardly wise for the new Chamber to do so little work of its own. Bonapartists and Legitimists agreed in cheering the warning that the country, if subject to a series of disillusions, might ultimately call for a despot. M. TALLANDIER can hardly be ignorant that there is no disillusion which would so certainly bring about this result as the discovery that a Republican Government meant government by men like-minded with himself. It is intelligible that even a French Radical should prefer anarchy, or even the Empire, to the present order of things. In politics, where abstract principles come in at the door, common sense too often flies out at the window. But it is not intelligible that even a French Radical should persuade himself that his views are the views of the great body of his countrymen. The late elections showed plainly enough that, though France does not desire a Republic without Republicans, she still less desires a Republic composed of none but extreme Republicans. Still a little more activity in introducing and carrying the measures which the most moderate Republicans admit to be necessary would advance the reputation alike of the Cabinet and the Legislature. M. DUFAURE could only say, in answer to M. TALLANDIER, that the Chamber had examined the credentials of its members, and that numerous Bills had been prepared. But this is rather a beggarly account to give of a Session in the second week of June. Even now judgment has not been given on the credentials of all the deputies, and the elections to fill the places of the unseated members have only just been held. At this rate of proceeding it will take one Session out of five to get the Chamber of Deputies into working order. It is fortunate that the accident of M. BUFFET'S personal defeat decided the question of his retirement, since, if he had met the Chamber as Minister, and declined to take its verdict until its composition had been finally settled, public affairs might still be administered by a provisional Cabinet. As regards the preparation of Bills, on which M. DUFAURE so prides himself, it can only be said that the children have come to the birth, but there is not strength to bring forth. A well-stocked set of pigeon-holes may be a cheering sight to a Minister's subordinate, since to him it represents a record of work accomplished. But to a Minister it is only a reminder of work yet to be done; and at M. DUFAURE'S age it seems singular that this prospect should cause him any satisfaction.

The one measure which the Deputies have been seriously at work on is the University Bill, and to this M. TALLANDIER'S description of the Chamber's duty may be applied with perfect appropriateness. The law of last year allowed the creation of free Universities, and entrusted the granting of degrees to a mixed jury taken from the several Faculties of the State University and of the free Universities. Whatever may have been the merits of this solution, it was doomed, in the estimation of the new Chamber, by the very fact that the clergy had shown themselves contented with it. Possibly, if there had been less activity in the founding of Catholic Universities during the recess, less hostility might have been shown to the compromise upon which they were supposed to rest. But the State University is necessarily an exceedingly influential body, from the large number of students whom it annually trains for active life; and to the average Frenchman there seemed something revolutionary in the notion that young men might obtain degrees, not only without having themselves studied at the State University, but without receiving its certificate as to the result of their labours. Accordingly the first measure brought forward by the new Government was a Bill to restore to the Faculties of the State University the exclusive right of examining for degrees. This proposal may be regarded in two aspects. Supposing that the free Universities were willing to send up students to be examined by a rival University, we are inclined to think that it would matter little that the Examiners were taken exclusively from the State Faculties. The number of candidates for degrees is so large, and the withholding of a degree inflicts so serious an injury on a young man's prospects in life, that it is inconceivable that any substantial injustice should be done to students, no matter where they might have received their education. We should as soon expect Examiners from Oxford or Cambridge to pluck candidates for the Indian Civil Service because they come from the University of London. It is to be feared, however, that the adoption of the new rule will, as a matter of fact, act very injuriously on the creation of free Universities. Their existence will depend, first, on the provision of the necessary funds, and next on the provision of the necessary students; and the abolition of the mixed jury will tend to discourage both these processes. There is a certain glory in contributing money to found a Catholic University which shall in all respects be on a level with the State University. Such liberality helps forward a conspicuous triumph of the Church, and brings with it the social, as well as spiritual, advantages which the Church in France has to bestow on her faithful children. It is a different matter contributing to found a Catholic University which will, after all, be nothing more than a sort of affiliated college to the State University. Catholics of an economical turn of mind will be able, when asked for subscriptions, to plead the degrading position in which the proposed University will be placed in reference to the State University, and to decline to have any hand in thus lowering the Church. Even the zeal of the clergy may wax cold when the students over whose education they have control must apply for degrees to the State University. It will irritate them in something the same way that the tutors of Keble College would be irritated if they had to send their men to be examined by the tutors of Balliol. The desire to secure a particular kind of education must be thoroughly genuine if it is not checked by having to submit to an obvious and recurrent indignity in order to gratify it. Besides this, however anxious the examiners may be to act with perfect fairness to all the candidates who present themselves, there will always be an impression on the minds of students and the parents of students that it is a good

thing to be taught by the same persons that examine, and this impression is likely to keep down the number of the students in the Free Universities. Under any circumstances, it would have been a hard matter for them to establish themselves in the face of the organized rivalry of the University which has so long enjoyed the monopoly of the higher education in France, and this additional obstacle may turn the scale against them.

The opponents of the Bill will probably have more strength in the Senate than in the Chamber of Deputies; but it is not to be desired that the first contest between the two branches of the Legislature should have its origin in what is virtually an ecclesiastical conflict. This inconvenience might be avoided, and the professed object of the Bill secured without bringing ruin on the free Universities, by the adoption of an amendment similar to that which M. RAOUL DUVAL unsuccessfully brought forward in the Chamber of Deputies. According to this plan, the examination degrees would be conferred by the Minister of Education on certificates of capacity awarded by a jury nominated by himself. The effect of this would be that, while the State would retain the key of the vestibule to the professions, and so satisfy a condition which most Frenchmen think indispensable, the degrees would be granted and the examinations held by the Government which is the common superior both of the State and of the free Universities. Supposing that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge enjoyed the sole right of conferring degrees on behalf of the State, and that the University of London resented the indignity of being compelled to present its students for examination at one [illegible] other of them, the easiest way out of the difficulty would be for the Education Department to take on candidates examinations into its own hands, and themselves before from all Universities alike presented of course be re- a State Board. Such a chance. But it does not sented by the University of the University which the appear that it is the [illegible] much as the protection of the Legislature has [illegible] intrusion of unqualified persons community [illegible] as completely as the Government measure, into the would have the additional merit of not preventing that development of educational freedom which was secured by the law of last Session.

BANKRUPTCY LAW.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR has undertaken to make another attempt to amend the law of bankruptcy, and he has at least one fact to start with which cannot be disputed—that is, that the Act of 1869 has utterly broken down. In those days it was thought that the bankrupt's estate was being eaten up by court officials, solicitors, and accountants; and the object of the Act was to give the creditors the power of realizing and distributing the debtor's property through persons appointed by themselves. In theory, nothing could be more equitable than this arrangement; but in practice it has not only failed to remedy the evils against which it was directed, but has introduced other evils of a much more serious and disgraceful kind, and the last state of the unfortunate creditors is worse than the first. At this moment the bankruptcy law is nothing more than a cover for a gigantic system of swindling, carried on by fraudulent debtors with the connivance of solicitors and accountants who share the plunder. It is worth while to bring together the principal features of the present situation. Last year there were 1,797 failures in the United Kingdom, representing total liabilities of about thirty millions sterling; and it is calculated that of the total number of persons and firms engaged in business three per cent. were unable to meet their engagements. It also appears that the cost of realizing and distributing debtors' estates has greatly increased, that many debtors get off by paying nominal dividends, and that the bulk of the property impounded goes to the solicitors and accountants, while the creditors receive hardly anything. "It happens," says the highly competent Committee on whose Report the LORD CHANCELLOR has based his Bill, "not occasionally, but so frequently as almost to form the rule, that a stranger, so far as appears on the face of the proceedings, is enabled by the proxies he has obtained to vote himself trustee, to fix his own remuneration, to nominate the Committee of Inspection, to order the payment of costs, and, finally, to vote in liquidation cases the discharge of the "charge." The trustee, in fact, is more frequently the agent of the debtor than of the creditors, and there is a regular traffic in proxies in order to secure the appointment.

The result of this system is that, year by year, there is a continual increase in the number, and decrease in the amount, of compositions. In 1874, out of 2,549 compounding debtors, only 162 were able to pay their creditors more than half what they owed them, 1,803 more than a fourth, 1,059 more than an eighth, including 501 whose composition averaged only a few pence in the pound. Last year the compositions had risen to 2,691, and were even smaller than before. It also appears that a large proportion of these compositions never reach the creditors. There are just now 3,000 open bankruptcies, and from 16,000 to 17,000 open liquidations by arrangement, and the number of such cases is constantly increasing. The trustees' accounts are not submitted to any official supervision, and in many cases there is no supervision whatever, and they retain all unclaimed dividends and undivided surpluses. They are thus exposed to a strong temptation to keep the money in their hands by declaring small dividends over a considerable period, giving as little publicity as possible to the notices, and raising obstacles to the actual payment of the dividends to small people. At the present moment it is calculated that trustees have from three to four—some say eight—millions in their hands, besides [illegible] received under the Trust Deed Clauses of the Act of [illegible], and held without supervision or audit. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that trustees are, as a rule, a bad lot. The LORD CHANCELLOR stated that last year one-sixth of the whole body were in default in the execution of their duties, and that a large proportion of them had bolted and could not be found; and he also gave some striking examples of their predatory habits. It will be observed that a system of this kind simply offers a premium to dishonesty. Fraudulent debtors are encouraged by the facilities which are put before them for escaping from their liabilities, and solicitors and accountants are also exposed to temptations which are more than ordinary human nature can be expected to resist. A gangrene is thus established which is spreading through the whole commercial world. It is bad enough that creditors should be robbed in this way; but the injury to public morality is infinitely more serious, and it is evident that sharp measures are required. Theoretically, no doubt, creditors have a right to take the property of debtors into their own hands, and so far the present Act is sound enough. But experience has conclusively shown that, as a matter of fact, creditors either cannot or will not take care of their own interests in this respect. They have other things to do than look after debtors and trustees, and they are therefore at the mercy of any professional man who gets hold of the job. It may be said that, if creditors will not take the trouble to do what they can for themselves, they must bear the consequences; but, in the first place, it is very little that such a scattered and disjointed body can do in self-defence against an organized professional combination; and, in the second place, the interests of the public at large must be considered. It is monstrous that a system which tends to foster reckless speculative trading, bad debts, and widespread dishonesty, should not only be tolerated, but encouraged by the law.

The existing system being indefensible, the only question is in what form a remedy should be applied. The Committee appointed by the LORD CHANCELLOR came to the conclusion that the abuse of proxies and the want of official supervision were at the bottom of the mischief. They therefore proposed that the trustee should be appointed, not by a loose body of creditors, but by the Committee of Inspection, and should hold office at its pleasure; that arrangements should be made to secure that the whole body of creditors should know what is going on, and should take part in any decision; and also that, in all important proceedings, the creditors should have the benefit of supervision by the Court of Bankruptcy. And these recommendations have substantially been adopted in the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Bill. The intention is to make the trustee more distinctly the servant, instead of the master, of the creditors, and to interpose the Court as a check on abuses; and to a certain extent these precautions would no doubt operate beneficially. It is possible, however, that the inspecting Committees might not prove sufficiently earnest and capable bodies; and the Court [illegible] certainly [illegible]

very difficult task to look after a large body of professional trustees with strong personal reasons for deceiving, if not defying, it. Mr. MANSFIELD PARKYNS, Controller of the Bankruptcy Court, who in the main agrees with the Report of the Committee, of which he was a member, has drawn up a memorandum on this point which, to say the least, deserves serious consideration. His view is that the proposed method of supervising the trustees is open to the objection that it is costly, cumbrous, and difficult to work; and that experience, as well as theory, is in favour of the principle that the receipt and payment of moneys should be entrusted to an official staff, which, under proper organization and control, could perform such duties with perfect security, and at infinitely less cost, than when individual cases are separately undertaken by professional men. The appointment of a separate trustee to each estate implies a separate arrangement as to his remuneration, and separate supervision by each Committee of Inspection, the members of which may or may not know enough of bankruptcy rules and practice to discharge the duty properly. In any case it is, Mr. PARKYNS contends, obviously extravagant to employ so many agents, each requiring a handsome profit, to do what would be better done by a permanent and responsible official, with the aid of a few practised clerks; while, on the other hand, there would be waste of another kind in allowing some twenty thousand irresponsible agents to make expenses, and keeping up a large and costly official staff to control them. The proper course, in Mr. PARKYNS'S judgment, would be to make some officer of the Court of Bankruptcy *ex officio* trustee, to act provisionally till the choice of the unpaid creditors' trustees, and afterwards jointly with them, giving assistance, but not interfering unless it be necessary in the interests of the creditors generally. This *ex officio* trustee should be bound at once to pay all moneys arising from the sale of property or otherwise, except as required for carrying on trade, to a general collecting office, which should be altogether independent of both the Court and of the trustees, and which should collect the debts due to the estate, keep accounts, and from time to time report how matters stand. These accounts would be audited by the controller, who would send an abstract to each creditor, and inquire into any complaints made to him. In this way Mr. PARKYNS believes that the expenses of bankruptcy and liquidation would be kept down, while security would be provided against any embezzlement of the large funds now left at the disposal of irresponsible agents. The co-operation of creditors in general for useful supervision being apparently out of the question, there is reason to doubt whether the changes proposed in the Government Bill would be sufficient to eradicate abuses; and it would certainly seem to be cheaper and simpler to place the charge of the money in the hands of a regular officer, responsible to the public, than to leave it with persons who, when wanted, might be found, as the LORD CHANCELLOR said, to have gone away and left no address. This is really the critical part of the question, and it is to be hoped that it will receive due consideration.

LITERARY SUCCESS.

WORDSWORTH went a long way towards adopting the doctrine that the immediate success of a writer is normally in the inverse proportion to his merits. The attractions of such a doctrine for the unpopular founder of a new school are palpable. Even Wordsworth's grand self-esteem required some plausible explanation for the indifference or ridicule which greeted the *Excursion* in the generation which went mad over Scott's Lays and Byron's *Childe Harold*. We need not at this moment speculate upon the causes which delayed the wider recognition of Wordsworth's poetical significance, nor discuss the relevancy of the examples brought to justify his theory. Undoubtedly many great works have only shown their true proportions after passing the ordeal of more than one generation of critics. And yet, though contemporary reputation is not an accurate measure of permanent fame, we should be inclined to hold that the divergence is considerably less than Wordsworth chose to maintain. Meanwhile the doctrine is naturally regarded with favour by a good many people who have thus much in common with Wordsworth, that nobody cares for their poetry. It would be almost cruel to tear away the transparent device by which this palpable fact is reconciled to their vanity. When a man is seriously convinced that his want of popularity measures the degree by which he is too good for the world at large, we should not care greatly to undeceive him. Let him enjoy in the consolation which cannot be taken from him—the posthumous applause of future generations. Conceit of this kind need not excite much resentment, for it is obvious only to its proprietor.

Sometimes, however, the sentiment takes another form. Instead of quietly wrapping himself in the consciousness of his own merits, the unpopular author takes to abusing the world. He deplores his fate, and holds that either some strange combination of accidents, or the jealousy of his brethren, *or* the malevolence of critics, has prevented him from obtaining the reputation which is his due. He does not hold that temporary obscurity is a natural incident of genius, and therefore a cause for some secret complacency; but that fame is distributed capriciously to good and bad writers alike. His excellences would be comprehended by the world if only the world could once be got to look at them; but he is mocked by fortune, or possibly ill treated by his publishers. This theory is a really mischievous one. Its victim, thinking that publicity is the one thing needful, tries to obtain it by unworthy means. In some cases, though the expedient is too expensive to be common, he takes to advertising of the ordinary kind. More frequently he tries to advertise himself indirectly by adopting some oddity of manner and sentiment or advocating some absurd paradox, purely for the sake of forcing himself into notice. Men of really fine abilities have fallen into such errors often enough to make it worth while to inquire how far does mere accident—that is, some cause independent of the real value of a book—determine its acceptance with the public?

We may begin by assuming one principle. Every writer who is at all entitled to be a writer—every one, that is, who has something to say or a new mode of saying something—has what we may call a natural circle of readers. There is, that is to say, a certain number of persons scattered up and down in the country who are prepared to receive his teaching, and are attracted towards him by a spontaneous affinity. They are so many potential disciples who will appreciate him if he is once fairly brought before them. A writer, of course, has, as Pope said of Johnson, to be *dêterré*. His writings may circulate in such obscure channels that they may not come to the notice of his spiritual congeners. Sometimes, as in the case of Bunyan, the circulation may of itself create a prejudice against him in the minds of the official dispensers of praise. Critics of the Addison and Pope school had a good deal of positive prejudice to surmount before they could see much merit in the favourite of an ignorant set of Dissenters. Or, again, it is possible, and, in the case of a very original writer, it is probable, that he may have to form the taste which he is to gratify. His style may repel at the first glance, as was the case with many readers of *Sartor Resartus*, though a more familiar acquaintance with it may convert the disgust into enthusiasm. The love of any very novel form of expression must be an acquired taste; and people are slow to acquire a taste until they have been assured on very good authority that the labour will be rewarded. Such difficulties have undoubtedly retarded the growth of many high reputations. But they are difficulties inherent in the case. A man who chooses to adopt a new language, or to write for a non-literary class, has only himself to blame if his admission to high honours is slower than in the case of less ambitious writers. Hume complained bitterly of his want of recognition by his contemporaries; but it was obviously unreasonable in a man who wrote upon obscure metaphysical questions, and took the side most opposed to the prevalent beliefs, to count upon speedy success. If we would alter men's habits or principles, we must have the reformer's virtue, the power of waiting patiently for the growth of the seed sown upon uncongenial ground.

Such obstacles to fame may be regretted; but it is unreasonable not to be prepared for them. We may add, however, that they are less troublesome now than of old, and that they are less aggravated by those accidental hindrances which would form more legitimate ground for some annoyance. Very few writers, in fact, of any moderate power have much difficulty in reaching their readers. The means of publication are too easy, and the circulation of literary knowledge is too rapid. We are much more inclined to be surprised at the speed with which any promising author becomes known to the world. Two or three articles in a magazine suffice to make a name known to all readers interested in the writer's subjects. Almost every book of the slightest pretensions is certain to be reviewed in a dozen journals. The reviews, it is true, are often such as not to flatter the vanity of the author; and we need not deny that they are often careless or unjust. But the damnatory power of critics is greatly exaggerated. If a book is condemned on account of its opinions, the condemnation acts as an advertisement to the opposite party. If its purely literary qualities are unjustly condemned, the criticism has less of this indirect utility; but even in such cases it is a fact that the book which suits a general taste very soon gains a circulation in defiance of the most authoritative condemnation. Indeed the real misfortune is of the opposite kind. The chance that a good book will meet with no recognition is far less than the chance that a bad book will be absurdly overpraised. The commendations of thoughtless critics do incomparably more mischief than their attacks. The worst of all services to a rising author is to flatter his vanity and encourage him to relax his efforts. It might be invidious to bring forward examples; but our memory must be very short if it does not present us with many instances of men of high promise who have been corrupted by premature adulation, and have gone on trying to repeat an early success when they should have been pushing forward to more arduous attempts.

Of all complaints, in short, the least founded seems to be the complaint that a man has not been able to bring himself into

tact with his natural circle of readers. The means of publicity are so abundant, the art of advertising has been brought to such a pitch, the very assaults of critics are so often indirectly useful, and the silent or, as we may say, the underground, spread of reputation is so rapid and certain, that a writer may count with almost complete confidence on being brought into contact with all who are competent to appreciate him. The one real danger is that a great man may be for a time lost in the throng of factitious reputations, or that the public taste may be perverted by the reckless adulation of third-rate writers. The last danger is indeed a serious one; but it does not imply individual injustice; and no man of real power need grudge the temporary participation of his glory by inferior writers. The grain will be sifted from the chaff soon enough, when they are brought into real competition amongst tolerably intelligent consumers.

When a man has once found his audience, he has little more cause for complaint. It is true that the kind of reputation which is most flattering to the vanity and most profitable to the purse comes at a later period; but it is a reputation of more questionable value. Every considerable writer is in some sense a prophet. He has a doctrine to preach and a sect to form. The sect, as in other cases, consists in its first stage of genuine believers and persons who can really appreciate his merits. But after a time the sect makes its fortune, and then begins to attract more worldly elements. The admirers of any great man, a Shakspeare or a Goethe, consist of three classes. There is the innermost circle of those who read and appreciate; beyond these is the more numerous circle which reads and only affects to appreciate; and, finally, there is the very much larger body which affects to appreciate without taking the trouble to read. A man of mark is surrounded by such bodies of disciples during his lifetime. When his name becomes the object of a literary cult, the readers who are really in sympathy with him propagate their creed with all the energy of new proselytes. "Not appreciate the great Smith or Jones! You must be devoid of the philosophical spirit or the æsthetic faculty." People are for the most part cowardly beyond description in matters of taste, and a devoted band of literary janissaries soon spreads the new doctrine which, as it assimilates heterogeneous elements, speedily degenerates into a superstition. Up to this period the name of the author has been made popular by his books; after it the books are made popular by the name. Praise turns into flattery and fame into notoriety; and another illustration is given of the truth of the famous maxim that nothing succeeds like success. It would be very pleasant, we have sometimes fancied in a cynical mood, to be a celebrated author, because we could then find a market for so much unsaleable trash. We could almost find in our hearts to wish for the premiership with a view to publishing a novel.

It is natural, nay, it is almost inevitable, that a man who is weak enough, as everybody is, to care for fame at all, should be anxious to gain such a position. In fact, it is the proof that he has really made an impression upon the world. It means that his writings have become a true spiritual force, and therefore, as is inevitable, are stirring up a good deal of mud besides setting up more desirable currents of opinion. A man cannot set his mark upon an age without producing much questionable adulation as well as much groundless abuse. But a wise man should school himself to be as little anxious as possible for these inseparable incidents of all good work. For it is such anxiety which produces a spurious imitation of the genuine process. A popularity which overflows the bounds of genuine appreciation may be attained in more ways than one. It may be, as we have said, the result of the zeal of genuine disciples impressing their belief upon others. But it may also be the result of pandering to the ephemeral tastes of the day. The great man is admired by many who do not understand him, because his praises have been sung by those who do. The charlatan is read by thousands who do not really care for him, because he is the fashion. The gregarious tendency of human beings leads them to worship at the shrines of false deities as well as at the more sacred temples. To flatter the taste for literary tinsel, to indulge in bombast or tall talk or sentimentalism, and to succeed in thus winning a wide reputation, requires very great dexterity, which is easily taken for more serious talent. The transitory nature of many great reputations, the vast success which has been followed by utter oblivion, shows undeniably that the feat has been accomplished. And, as a rule, it has been due to the prostitution of real genius. A true teacher of men has abandoned his function and condescended to discount his success in consideration of immediate popularity. That is precisely the danger which underlies the ordinary complaints against the injustice of readers and the unpopularity of great authors. The true meaning of such lamentations is too often that the complainer is prepared to succeed by foul means as he cannot succeed by fair. The best antidote is the recognition of the fact that a man of true literary force is at the present day in little danger of being kept in obscurity by accidental causes; and that, so far as his fame is retarded by intrinsic causes, that is, by the imperfect culture of his audience, he has no right to complain of a difficulty upon which every man must reckon who dares to be original. A man may be tolerably certain of finding full appreciation of all his genuine merits; he has a good chance or runs a great risk of finding sham admirers of his merits and flatterers of his faults; if he has any cause for complaint, it is for complaining of the temptation, not of the inadequate appreciation.

POCKET-MONEY.

THE man who defined happiness as "having a nominal income of five thousand a year and a real one of ten" merely meant that he liked to have plenty of pocket-money. He had made the discovery that it is not in the spending of an income, however handsome, that real enjoyment is to be found, but in the possession of a large percentage over and above the fixed scale of yearly expenses. A shopkeeper with a steadily increasing trade may have more use of his money than some of his customers who are twenty times as rich. Our poor seem to imagine that all lords go about with their purses full of bank-notes of large amount, with which they could light their cigars if it so pleased them, without suffering even temporary inconvenience. They would not give credence to such a fact as that some time ago, when one of our most wealthy young noblemen came of age after a long minority, he felt almost like a younger son. The vast accumulations of the estate had been invested to the last penny in improvements, which, although they eventually added enormously to his rent-roll, left him for the time being practically without pocket-money. He could of course borrow to any amount, but the mere notion of such a thing was too ridiculous. In some way or other the greater number of our aristocracy allow themselves to be so burdened with permanent expenses that they are not able, even if they were willing, to do the great public services which might well be expected from them. Those of our middle classes, too, who have fixed incomes very rarely so apportion them as to leave a sufficient margin for the extras which make all the difference between being able to enjoy life, and spending it in the endless drudgery of trying to make ends meet.

Women, as a rule, suffer a good deal from want of pocket-money. Young men send in their bills to their fathers, and have generally a sum wholly independent of necessary expenses to spend as they please, whilst their sisters have usually only an allowance for dress. In ordinary cases, and particularly where there are many girls of one family, this allowance is not one calculated to show any margin when the milliner's bill is paid. Miss Yonge lately spoke with regret of the ignorant young women who dabble in literature merely for the chance of earning a few pounds. She perhaps for a moment forgot of how much importance even a few shillings may be to a person who finds it almost impossible to make her income cover her inevitable expenses. Girls are often subjected to painful humiliations when staying at friends' houses merely on account of this dearth of pocket-money. They are perhaps forced to allow gentlemen with whom they are only slightly acquainted to pay for cabs or for an admission to a picture-gallery or a flower-show. They suffer agonies from not being able to give tips to servants. But, worst of all, they lose that nice sensitiveness in money matters which ought to be most carefully nurtured, and which of late seems to have gone out of fashion. It is cruel and wicked of parents to permit their children to be placed in circumstances where they are tempted to put themselves under obligations to people from whom they have no right to receive them. A girl, out of ignorance and impecuniosity, may sometimes find herself placed in an equivocal position from which she does not feel able to get free; and cruel embarrassment may be caused because she had not a few shillings in her purse when she wanted them. As a rule, a married woman in the middle classes is not much better off than her unmarried sister in the matter of pocket-money, if she has not brought her husband any fortune, and if she is unhappily burdened with a conscience. She finds herself in possession of house-money and dress-money, and, being probably inexperienced in management, she finds it hard enough to keep within her allowance. She never feels as if she could call a few pounds her own, and is thus deprived of many small pleasures, and even necessaries, which her husband would never dream of refusing to himself. This is one of the reasons why ladies' clubs are not at present likely to become very numerous. Clubs presuppose a certain amount of pocket-money which a woman has not hitherto been supposed to require. A man would feel that life was not worth having if he had to account for every cab, cigar, or brandy and soda; but a lady who is obliged to balance her weekly books would have to chronicle the small beer she gave to a friend at lunch, and all her afternoon cups of tea. She might, however, take refuge in the convenient item of "sundries," which fill an important place in most female account-books. Being obliged to do without pocket-money, and to empty the hitherto fairly abundant half-crowns into the family purse, is the real trial of a young man's life when he marries on the same income which he has hitherto spent on himself. He must remain very much in love with wife and home if he does not sometimes regret the jingle of the sovereigns in his pocket which were not mortgaged to house-rent or servants' wages. It will be well if he always remembers that he cannot both have his cake and eat it. This is the impossibility aimed at by many of our artisans. They encumber themselves with a wife and countless children, and then feel aggrieved if they cannot have as much money to spend on beer, tobacco, and music-halls as their single comrades.

It is provoking to get behind the scenes in a household where the income is amply sufficient if it was only sensibly apportioned, but where every one is made miserable by the constant screw that has to be kept on incidental expenses. The servants, the garden, the stable, swallow up everything. There is no margin left. One of the girls has a fine voice, but it is uncultivated; another draws cleverly, but has not learnt perspective. Lessons would cost too much, so Lucy must go on singing through her

teeth, and Maude doing sketches out of drawing. Perhaps another of the family becomes hopelessly ill from want of proper medical advice. Books, pictures, travelling expenses, and all the little etceteras which add flavour to life, are done without. No one is able to indulge any little harmless fancy or generous impulse. The mother's life is spent in trying to make every pound do the work of two, and her husband's in grumbling at the impossibility of keeping a balance at his banker's. It never seems to occur to them that, by substituting a neat parlourmaid for the puffy butler, and by being contented with fruits and flowers in their season, they might get rid of most of their anxieties and make their children much happier. A hundred a year reserved for household pocket-money can confer a wonderful amount of pleasure. It will buy a new piano, give three people a nice little tour, or present a stained glass window to the parish church, as their tastes may incline. It is dull work drawing cheques for the wages of servants who are only plagues and for the food which they spoil in the cooking. "Where much is there are many to consume it, and what hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" The French understand this better than we do, and reserve a large portion of their income for their amusements, whether these consist in drinking *eau sucrée*, eating bonbons, or going to the theatre. We often spoil our pleasures by not providing for them, and so turning them into extravagances. But this would not be the case if we laid aside money for the purpose of gratifying a legitimate taste, be it for lilies or *Lohengrin*. Any one without a taste does not deserve to have pocket-money. He does not know its use. We mean the word in its widest sense, of course, by which it can be made to include hobbies, whether they take the direction of ragged schools or etchings. Children can scarcely be given an allowance too early, but it should not all be for pocket-money. They ought to be required to provide certain things out of it. This teaches them to distinguish between income and pocket-money. Many people, unfortunately, never learn the difference during a long life. Parents are very apt to forget that their boys require to be taught about the management of money as well as how to do fractions. They avoid speaking on the subject before them, which is generally a great mistake. Young men are often extravagant, entirely from ignorance of the value of money. They get into debt before they are aware of it, and have not moral courage to take means to extricate themselves. They treat the allowance which their father intends to cover all expenses entirely as pocket-money, with painful results to all parties concerned.

The enthusiastic affection displayed towards pattern old bachelors and fairy godmothers of the approved type is mainly, we fear, owing to the command of pocket-money which they take care to have. But without it they could not fill their places to their own or any one else's satisfaction. The happiness that they are able to give keeps them young, and planning surprise gifts fills up many a lonely hour. What glorious visits to the pantomime and the circus, the Crystal Palace or the seaside, the youngsters extract from their magic purses! What Christmas-trees and rocking-horses, kites and canary birds! It is they who supply crisp bank-notes instead of ormulu candlesticks for wedding presents, it is they who help in outfits and buy long-desired watches. They have no children to tempt them to live in a style which they cannot afford. They keep themselves unencumbered with useless and unsatisfactory expenses. Many a young couple beginning life have it in their power to halve their anxieties and double their chance of being comfortable by so preparing their budget that mere everyday so-called necessaries shall not swallow up the whole of their means. But they will have the additional servant, or the diamond necklace, or the pair of horses, or the house in a fashionable street, which leaves them without the much more valuable item of pocket-money.

THE VIRTUE OF RESENTMENT.

OUR readers may possibly be aware that a sharp controversy has been going on in the pages of the *Contemporary Review* between Mr. Spedding and Dr. Abbott about the character of Bacon. Into that dispute we do not propose to enter here. But at the close of his article in the current number of the *Contemporary*, Dr. Abbott propounds a theory, for which he cites high authority, sufficiently startling to have an interest of its own, quite apart from any connexion it may be supposed to have with the circumstances or character of Bacon. "Mr. Spedding," he observes—the italics are our own—"cannot refrain from a sneer, because 'in Dr. Abbott's list of the Christian *virtues* "resentment" holds a prominent place.'" Upon this Dr. Abbott observes:—"Is it possible that a man of Mr. Spedding's education and acquirements can be ignorant that the author of the *Analogy of Religion* long ago set his stamp *upon this virtue* in his well-known discourse on Resentment?" And then, in order to show that Mr. Spedding had no excuse, as a Cambridge man, for being ignorant of this great ethical principle of Bishop Butler's, he proceeds to cite the confirmatory "dictum of Dr. Whewell, borrowed from Butler," "that resentment is a moral sentiment given for the repression of injustice." Now we do not know exactly what Mr. Spedding's contention was, and it is possible that he may have ignored or denied the important ethical truth laid down by these great authorities. Be that as it may, however, Butler certainly does not represent resentment as "a Christian virtue," nor does Dr. Whewell in the passage here cited. But, as Dr. Abbott has shown that it is "possible for a man of education and acquirements," who claims some familiarity with Butler's writings, entirely to misapprehend his meaning, it may be worth while to remind our readers what Butler really does say on the subject in the "well-known discourse" which has been so strangely travestied, although to Oxford men at least the explanation will appear superfluous. Bishop Butler, then, begins by dividing resentment into hasty and sudden anger and that deliberate anger to which the word more strictly applies. The former he describes as often "mere instinct," not based on a sense of injury, but on fear of harm, and implanted in our nature for purposes of self-defence. But deliberate anger, or resentment properly so called, is roused by a sense of wrong or injustice, whether towards ourselves or others, and thus "seems *in us* plainly connected with a sense of virtue and vice, of moral good and evil." This is a very different thing from saying that it is in itself a virtue or vice, and Butler does not admit that it is either the one or the other. On the contrary, he calls it "a *passion* natural to mankind," having for its object moral evil, in the shape of injury, which is resented as such, but of course in a varying degree in proportion to our greater regard for those who are injured, whether ourselves or those dear to us. While therefore the true end of sudden anger is self-defence, the true end of resentment is the administration of justice against offenders. It is "one of the instruments of death which the Author of our nature hath provided" against cruelty, injustice, and wrong, which our natural feelings of compassion might otherwise make it difficult for us to punish as they deserve and as the interests of society require. But so far from considering it to be in itself a virtue, Butler dwells in detail on "the chief instances of abuse of it," though he adds—what is his nearest approach to Dr. Abbott's statement, but what will be at once seen to be a totally different one—that, "as implanted in our nature by God, the passion is not only innocent, but a generous movement of mind." We might indeed fairly compare it to the physical appetites of hunger and thirst which may easily be abused by indulgence in drunkenness or gluttony, as our natural sense of resentment may be indulged till it becomes a mere unreasoning and vindictive hatred, but which are implanted in us to secure our taking the food requisite for preservation of health and life, and are rightly gratified when we do so. There is of course just this difference between the two cases, that no moral character attaches to our bodily appetites, whereas the "passion" or feeling of resentment against wrong has a moral element; but neither appetites nor passions are in themselves virtues, though both may become, so to speak, the raw material of virtuous or vicious action. Resentment is, as Dr. Whewell quite correctly interprets Butler's doctrine, "a *moral sentiment* given for the repression of injustice," and when it is exercised for that end the exercise is a virtuous one; when it is indulged for the gratification of personal malice and revenge, the indulgence is vicious. It is at best, as Butler remarks, a painful remedy, and ought never to be made use of but in order to procure some greater good; for otherwise it directly contradicts its own end, and, being designed for the prevention or remedy of misery, is made to produce it.

From what has been said it will be pretty clear that Dr. Abbott is not, as he imagines, "following Bishop Butler and Dr. Whewell in giving resentment a conspicuous place in the list of Christian virtues," or indeed giving it any place there at all, though he may possibly not have meant to go beyond the teaching of those great writers. But, if so, his language is, to say the least, infelicitous. The notion of revenge, which is resentment in action, being a virtue has, no doubt, prevailed widely, though not, so far as we are aware, among Christians. There is the old maxim to which Butler himself refers in order to put it aside, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy." And the gratification of this hatred was very commonly looked upon as not only lawful but meritorious, in heathen systems of ethics. Thus Plutarch makes Osiris ask, "What is the most beautiful thing upon earth?" and the reply is, "To avenge a parent's wrongs." Revenge has always held a high place among the virtues of savage life. And the idea, as far as it survived and was seriously defended among civilized nations, had its root in the psychological fact to which Butler draws attention. A modern writer has observed that, "before an effective administration of justice was organized, private vengeance was the sole preservative against crime, and political assassination against usurpation." This did not indeed render revenge or assassination virtuous, but it threw a halo of seeming goodness over what had become necessary evils; and hence the most cultivated nation of antiquity could elevate two political assassins, who, according to the popular legend, had acted from purely personal and vindictive motives, into the objects of its most enthusiastic hero-worship. The feeling of revenge, in the words of the writer already quoted, "was for centuries the one bulwark against social anarchy, and is even now one of the chief restraints to crime." Mr. Fitzjames Stephen even goes so far as to say that one of the two great benefits of the criminal law is that "it regulates, sanctions, and provides a legitimate satisfaction for the passion of revenge," to which, he adds, it "stands in much the same relation as marriage to the sexual appetite." And this is to imply, what we observed just now, that the passion of resentment is, like hunger or thirst, a thing indifferent in itself, but having a legitimate as well as an illegitimate scope for its exercise. On Butler's principle all three were alike implanted in human nature by the Creator for a good end, and cannot in themselves be evil; but all alike "may be indulged in such ways and

ogrees that at length they become quite another thing from what was originally in our nature."

A modern French school of atheistic writers has laid down the principle that "virtue and vice are natural products in the same sense as sugar and vitriol." This is certainly not the view which Dr. Abbott intends to advocate, but he seems to have fallen into a somewhat similar confusion of thought. Virtue and vice may be called natural products in the sense that they are the result and expression of natural qualities of the mind; but they are not identical with these qualities, and their moral character depends on the human agent, not on the raw material which he employs. At the same time, if the original mechanism of the mind, so to term it, was inherently vicious and sure to produce vitriol rather than sugar as soon as it was put into operation at all, it might be plausibly argued that an atheistic or dualistic explanation of the facts of experience is the most natural one. And accordingly Butler thought it important to meet the objection that "man had implanted in him a principle which appears the direct contrary to benevolence," by showing that the principle impugned is quite consistent with benevolence, and has, under the circumstances of the present world, an obvious and legitimate use. To knock down a scoundrel who is trying to pick your pocket, or who has insulted your mother, may be one example of such use of it; a judge who pronounces sentence of death against a convicted murderer gives formal expression to another. Such acts—and examples of the kind might be indefinitely multiplied—are in various degrees justifiable, or right, or commendable; in some cases they may fairly be designated virtuous. And they are ultimately traceable to this inherent passion of resentment. But to call resentment itself a Christian virtue, and even a conspicuous Christian virtue, is to confound the means with the end, and the natural capacity with the voluntary and deliberate use of it. If Mr. Spedding, as a Cambridge man, is open to the censure of his critic for his ignorance of Butler, he might perhaps retort by advising Dr. Abbott to cultivate a better acquaintance with Aristotle, who would teach him the distinction between a passion, an energy, and a habit, and would certainly not allow virtue to be relegated to the first category. Scholars will remember Butler's about "Nemesis" is much the same as Bish[illegible]

THE BLUE BOOK ON THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

A BLUE BOOK on a sound, well-contested, and long-standing Indian controversy resembles in some respects a debate on a Resolution in the House of Commons. The subject is thoroughly ventilated with a view to eventual action. Letters take the place of speeches, and instead of flights of oratory there is a flow of minutes. It is true that an Indian Blue Book may be somewhat ponderous, and we miss the incidents of a lively field-day—an epigram from the Prime Minister, a lugubrious prediction of ruin to the Empire from Mr. Lowe, the haze of diction by which Mr. Gladstone endeavours to explain to the House what he does not mean by such expressions as voting dead against your convictions. But the publication to which we now refer soars above Zemindar and Ryot, and deals out full measure to a very large, semi-English, and interesting subject, deserving the attention of householders with moderate incomes and large families. There are no unpronounceable Aryan or Semitic names; no jungles or labyrinths of Revenue and law terms; no stories about unlucky Rajas harassed by importunate creditors or bullied by despotic Residents. The book, in short, has all the animation of a debate in the House on a speculative question, followed by something practical and definite in the shape of a Bill which has passed its third reading.

About a year and more ago the Secretary of State for India put himself in communication with high authorities at both Universities, with the Civil Service Commissioners, with the Viceroy of India, and with the Governors of the Presidencies. The subject of discussion was the mode of selecting and training candidates for the Indian Civil Service. Every person who could throw light on such an important topic has been duly heard. Rulers and councillors have minuted; old civilians high in office, and young men who have just emerged from the drudgery of routine work at isolated stations, have contributed their quotas of knowledge. The pens of members of the Indian Council at Westminster have not been idle. There are important communications from such men as Dean Liddell and Mr. Jowett; and we shall now proceed to show as concisely as possible the gist of these three hundred and twenty pages of close print. Three main questions seem to have arisen in the correspondence, besides a host of suggestions on minor and subordinate points. Has competition answered, and ought it to be retained? What shall be the limit of the age of the candidate? After he has once gained his appointment, where, how, and under what conditions, shall his special training for the Indian service be carried out?

With regard to the principle of competition *versus* patronage, selection, or nomination, there is not very much to be said. Several writers are keenly alive to its extravagances and defects. All parties are, however, agreed that they do not see their way to any other system. The highest, weightiest, and most impartial authorities, whose reputation rests on the efficiency of the subordinate agents through whom they must govern, are quite at one on the following points. The system has effectively kept out the idle, the lazy, and the incompetent. It has recruited the service with many men who are efficient for district work, and with a very fair percentage of others who have displayed exceptional talent and brilliancy. A cynical observer might point a moral on the failure of vast and extravagant expectations by showing that, after all, it takes a big Blue Book to prove that competition gives us men as good as, or somewhat better than, those formerly supplied by the haphazard and cousinly nomination of a dozen elderly gentlemen sitting in Leadenhall Street. But a main justification of the competitive system is the favourable verdict of men who are now ruling India, and who are satisfied with their subordinates. We may add that intrinsic testimony to the better side of competition is found in the writings of the competitioners themselves. It is admitted that in some civilians there is a want of manner, polish, and tact; that the desirable connexion among members of a body exiled from their friends in this country, and isolated from each other in India, is not quite what it ought to be; and here and there we come on a young gentleman who evidently does not quite see that a really noble *esprit de corps* deserves to be welcomed, and not sneered at, even with its risks and its excesses. But the tone in which some of the younger or middle-aged civilians have discussed the questions of their early training, their college or school life, their Indian experiences, their responsibilities and hopes, is excellent. Any plan which turns out men who can deal with State questions from the point of view taken, and with the elevation of thought and language evinced, in several of the letters, which do not err on the side of brevity, carries on the face of it its own vindication. Moreover, the experienced men who are the first to detect flaws and blemishes, and who draw attention to evils against which Lord Macaulay and his colleagues were vainly thought to have provided, have really no other system or theory to recommend. We may assume, then, that, in the present state of public feeling and opinion, candidates for the Indian Civil Service will continue to present themselves at Cannon Row. Improvements can be introduced. Failings will be remedied. The devices of special preparation [illegible] must by half be paid. [illegible] or counteracted by the wisdom of Boards and examiners. But nominations will not again come into fashion.

The controversy about the foundation of the Civil Service is, however, languid in comparison with that which has raged on the limit of age. Men of the widest experience and the calmest judgment are here divided into two irreconcilable parties, and have been led to diametrically opposite conclusions while living in the same atmosphere and working at the same Board. At present any one can compete up to the age of twenty-one; and, allowing for two years of special training in law and Oriental languages, his active career then commences about twenty-three. It has been felt that this limit does not allow a man to take a University degree; and that in most instances he lives and works in obscurity in London, and has no special inducement to reside at either University. Such authorities as Lord Northbrook, the Master of Balliol, and Sir Robert Davies, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, would raise the limit of age to twenty-two, which might keep a successful candidate in England till he was twenty-four. On the other hand, the Governors of Madras and Bombay, Sir R. Temple, Sir W. Muir, and some others in high position would reduce the limit of age to nineteen. The lesser Indian officials are not quite equally divided, more being in favour of raising than of lowering the age. We have no space to go at length into the ingenious and weighty arguments by which these contradictory proposals are supported; but Lord Salisbury, in opposition to the Viceroy and in concurrence with Sir H. Maine and others of his own Council, has boldly decided on reducing the limit of age to nineteen. There are two or three paramount considerations which lead us to the conclusion that the Secretary of State is right. First, there is the English point of view. It is conceded on all hands that the strain of preparing for such an examination, on which a man's whole prospects for life are to depend, is protracted and severe. The sooner it can be got over the better. A man selected at nineteen because he has beaten two hundred competitors in four, five, or half-a-dozen subjects has surely given ample proof that he possesses that sort of ability, application, and steadiness which such a paper trial can gauge. A man rejected at nineteen has still time to turn to another profession. But a man rejected at twenty-two is not likely to go to the Universities, is too late for the army, is hardly fitted for the Church, and is disheartened for the Bar. The proportion of competitors will decrease, and the standard is likely to be lowered, with the extension of the limit. Then as to the Indian or practical consideration. Many of the new generation of civilians dwell feelingly and pointedly on the irksome, repulsive, and petty duties which every one must pass through before he can hope to be put in charge of a district or of a subdivision of a district, or be selected for one of the under-secretaryships in the Foreign, Home, or Financial Department. He must, they say, put his nose to the grindstone and go to school again. He must try petty cases in a stifling atmosphere at a lonely station, and discharge such humble functions as his superior, the magistrate or the joint magistrate, assigns to him. This may be endured, or even accepted cheerfully, at twenty, twenty-one, or twenty-two. But every year of life adds to the disenchantment of the East, and at twenty-four these ignoble occupations become odious and unendurable. We should be inclined even to go further than the Blue Book, and to say that, when an aspiring young fellow of eighteen or nineteen has once shown that he can distance many compeers in a written or oral test, the sooner he gets over his novitiate at Rungpore or at Leia, at Tinnevelly or at North Canara, the better for himself and the State. [illegible] age now selected is that

which limits candidates for such severe and open scholarships as the Balliol, for instance, and others; and, curiously enough, it is practically the age at which the majority of Haileybury men would have been leaving their old college or have been in the fourth and last term of residence. It will scarcely be denied that, if the Court of Directors did nominate incompetent friends or relatives, they did, in this way, occasionally catch statesmen unawares.

We now come to the third question. The candidate having given evidence of solid acquirements in three or four subjects studied in schools or private establishments, at what place or places will he be most likely to complete his course with advantage? It is quite clear that special training in Oriental languages, laws, codes of procedure, and political and social systems, must begin somewhere. In former times opportunities for studying these subjects were afforded at Haileybury and at the capitals of the three Presidencies. Since 1864 passed candidates have been allowed to reside at their own homes, at the Universities, or in London. The result is that a considerable number of them reside in town, at any rate for many months in the year. It is objected to this that men grow up ignorant of each other, with no bond of union, with none of the friendships which soften rivalries and elevate character. No one knows anything about their lives and habits. They may be as dissolute as French students in the Quartier Latin, or as pure and chaste as Sir Isaac Newton. They ought to be brought together in some institution where there is some semblance of discipline and control. And here, parenthetically, step in the opponents of sweeping and revolutionary changes, and say, with some relevancy, that all this might have been avoided if Haileybury had been retained after 1854. But Haileybury cannot now be resuscitated, on the ground of expense and other objections, and there are obvious reasons against the preference of any one University, or any one college at any University, for the residence of passed candidates. Fortunately, an incident to the method of selection and training enables the Government to interpose and lay down certain conditions which, without being one-sided or too stringent, seem calculated to secure the desired end. It has lately been usual to make a certain allowance to passed competitioners to enable them to get through their two years of probation. This burden on the Indian finances is defended on the ground that, had passed candidates proceeded to India at once, they would have drawn monthly salaries for a year or more of infructuous residence either at the Presidencies or at some station. It is also argued that the State has a full right to spend some of its revenue in perfecting its own servants in the duties which it will exact at their hands. Joseph Hume might possibly have urged that the nominees of Directors used to pay 300*l.* a year out of their own pockets for their education at Haileybury, provide outfit to boot, and put down their passage-money, without drawing one farthing from the revenue of India. But we do not care to cavil at this outlay, because it clearly justifies the Secretary of State in attaching certain conditions to the grant. It is now fixed at 150*l.* a year for each candidate. And henceforth this sum will be given for two years to all accepted candidates who shall pass that time at "some University at which moral responsibility for the conduct of the students is undertaken and rules of discipline are enforced." The Universities must be approved of beforehand, but we can hardly be mistaken in assuming that the object of the change is to send most men to either Oxford or Cambridge.

Several other questions naturally arise out of this reform. The period of probation is not to be less than two years. But if the candidate chooses he may not make his appearance in India until the fourth December after winning his appointment. In other words, he may spend fully three years more in following the academical course and winding it up with some University honour. How the pursuit of such distinctions is to be reconciled with the study of Sanskrit or Arabic, Bengali or Telegu, the land revenue and the penal code, is a question for the Civil Service Commissioners, the Secretary of State, and the high authorities of the Universities to settle between them. No doubt some modification of the special subjects is desirable and feasible. But though we have not the smallest wish to undervalue a first class in classics or a wrangler's degree, it is clear to us that these triumphs may be purchased too dearly. We doubt much whether the influence of Munro or Thomason over natives would have been enhanced if they could have put B.A. to their names, and we feel confident that the majority of passed men will not stay at the University of their selection one day longer than the prescribed period of two years. They will be zealous for active work, new scenes, and substantial pay. Every man who goes off as soon as he is permitted will think he gets the start of his compeer who remains to study for honours; and every man so remaining will be grievously disquieted by rumours that his friend or rival has already cross-examined a Pundit, detected a Baboo in cheating, fined six village watchmen for absence from their posts, tried endless cases of *mayeet*, made a successful essay in hog-spearing, shot some jungle fowl, seen the footprints of a tiger, thrown a new light on an obscure section of the code of criminal procedure, and fully held his own with an ancient collector as to the precise effect of the most recondite and difficult provisions of the Rent Act. But this dismal prediction is no reason why the experiment should not be tried. Even if only two per cent. of the candidates take a final degree, the whole body will have had a chance of cohesion and fusion. The polish of University companionship, the graces of academic training, will have been imparted. A connexion such as the Boden Professor of Sanskrit longs for will be commenced. The careers and characters of the selected candidates will no longer be shrouded in impenetrable mystery. They will not feel the solitude of a great city, nor in the crowd, the hum, and the shock of men be conscious of an isolation probably exceeding that which they can ever experience at Banda or Backergunge.

We wish that space permitted us to show in what manner other subordinate topics are discussed in this Blue Book. All kinds of suggestions and hints are thrown out either to widen the area of competition or to improve its material. It is hinted, for instance, that appointments might be offered, as gifts, to men who had taken a first class in classics or were in the first twenty-five wranglers; that there is little use, if any, in compelling successful candidates to sign bonds that they will refund the allowance which they have drawn during probation, if they are ever tempted to throw up India for some English career; that Haileybury, after all, had its favourable aspects; that too much stress is now laid on attendance at law courts and on furnishing reports of cases; that too many subjects ought not to be encouraged; and that the mania for examinations has been pushed to its furthest limits. We may conclude with a word or two on what is popularly known as "cramming." Several able writers have conclusively shown that this objectionable term really describes a process of careful preparation by skilled professors, who take a forward young fellow, develop his gifts and sharpen his faculties, with the view of his passing a series of hard tests devised by examiners who are not likely to be imposed on by a specious and flashy performance. They do not, and cannot, make sieves hold water or empty sacks remain upright. But it is not the less evident, on the other hand, that this elaborate process is not education in its highest sense; and some of the competitioners state confidently their opinion that there are one or two subjects in which knowledge can be "crammed" in the worst meaning of the term. It is also very evident that examination, in this view, assumes an undue importance, and is made the chief end of existence. The intellect is unduly forced and strained; men rely less on themselves, and more on the tutor. He it is who removes doubts, explains away difficulties, prepares typical questions, and exults in the prospect of the final lists in which his numerous pupils with their asterisks will attract the gaze of readers in the *Times*. One of the members of the Indian Council pertinently sums up the matter by asking whether administrators would prefer, for a public servant, the candidate who had come straight from a public school or University with a scholarship, or the man who had been specially fed up like a stalled ox or a fatted chicken? We believe many competent judges would select the former, though twentieth on the list, before the latter, though he might be in the first half dozen. It is not to be supposed that we have heard the last of these changes and modifications. But we are confident that they will improve the training of men whose main object in life must be to preserve and strengthen a wonderful system of government created by a set of men all of whom had been selected by favour, chance, or friendship, and who, in many instances, were sent out to India after passing none but very moderate tests.

A ROMANCE OF AMERICAN SOCIETY.

NOTWITHSTANDING the absorbing interest of the Centennial Exhibition, public opinion in the United States seems just now to be somewhat perturbed by a novel which has lately appeared, and which professes to give a truthful representation of what is called the "inner life" of American society at the present time. This work is written by an American lady, Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore, who is vouched for by several critics as having the best opportunities of studying fashionable society in her native land; and it is significantly entitled *On Dangerous Ground*. It is difficult of course for any one at a distance to judge how far such a picture is really trustworthy; but it would appear from the criticisms in the newspapers that the incidents are generally accepted as not at all improbable, though there is considerable diversity of opinion as to the moral tendency of the book, some regarding it as a great missionary effort, while others denounce it as appealing to a prurient curiosity and love of scandal. The publishers of the work have been good enough to advertise a long series of what they call "Conflicting Opinions of the Press," in which, however, they take care to leave unfavourable comments to be inferred from the protests of critics on the other side. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* is indignant at the "ignorant and malicious animadversions" which have been cast on this book, its pride in such a local celebrity as Mrs. Moore rising superior to any sensitiveness as to the equivocal moral reputation which she ascribes to that city. The *New York Evening Mail* says that "the characters are types of persons nearly all of whom may be found in various circles of American society, fashionable and unfashionable," and considers it "an eminently wholesome book, as teaching most impressively, but unobtrusively, the much-needed lesson of the dangers of flirtation before marriage and Platonic friendship after." "No young girl, no married woman," it is added, "but will be the better for reading it." The *Hartford Evening Post* assumes that the popularity of the novel proves its morality. "A novel," we are told, "that reaches a third edition in twice as many weeks cannot be pronounced a failure, no matter from what point of view it is looked at; intellectually and morally, as well as on the ground of literary qualities, it must be above the average of works of fiction." We cannot say that our own experience in regard to novels in England or elsewhere enables us to feel this unqualified confidence in

popular taste. The *Literary World* holds that only "men of the lowest instincts" would think ill of such a book. A Dr. Mackenzie gives a certificate that the story treats "a difficult subject with the greatest delicacy," and that the language is drawn from "the well of English undefiled." We must say for ourselves that, leaving the question of morality alone, Mrs. Moore's literary style is scarcely what in this country we should expect from such a source; but perhaps the Doctor judges by the local supply. He is probably a better authority as to the writer's "well-bred familiarity with the subject of the fashionable world." Dr. Hart also applauds the book for its "conversations in the style common to people of refinement and education," and for the "utter absence of slang"; but of course a good deal depends on what is considered slang, and there are various standards of education and refinement.

It is time, however, to leave the critics, and come to the work itself. It is prefaced with a sufficiently suggestive quotation from another American writer—"As a saint you are not amiss; but as a human creature, and a woman among earthly men and women, you need a sin to soften you." This evidently refers to the heroine, Agatha. It has been, we are told, the desire of her life to have a Platonic friendship, but she has hitherto been disappointed in finding all her friends turning into lovers. "More than once had she fancied that she had found her ideal; but each time, scarcely had she given herself up to the full enjoyment of the companionship, before the friendship straightway flamed up into love, and left her nothing but ashes." She was no beauty, but had "much soul in her face." She was of a very independent character, and neither her relations nor teachers had been able, when she was young, to "school her into the reticence which they considered desirable"—an experience which may be conceived to be pretty common among American teachers and parents. As, however, she grew into womanhood she had glided into "those grooves of society" which are usually accepted as "necessary to its maintenance in order and propriety." We meet Agatha first at her father's country house at Newport. Colonel Potten, one of her adorers, is trying to talk himself into her good graces, when her attention suddenly becomes riveted upon a dark corner of the piazza where they were sitting. Here she sees a man and woman sitting closely together, and the man "pressing passionately to his lips the long yellow curls of hair of his companion." Her first impression is that the man must be an idiot to believe in any woman's *chignon* in these days; but when she finds that he is her cousin Frank, and the lady is a married woman, Mrs. Arthur Grey, she is shocked. Colonel Potten explains to her that "this is what the German school of novels is developing in society, either under the name of Platonic friendship, 'affinities,' or 'free love'; it is all the same—this is what it ends in." But she will not let him abuse her favourite creed. That evening, sitting at the window of her bedroom, "her hair fell over her shoulders, and wrapped her in a purple cloud"; and, meditating on her probable future as an old maid, she thought she would like first to have a taste of Platonic love, and then fell into a dream of walking barefoot hand in hand with a man of noble bearing, who carefully guided her steps so that not a grain of sand clung to them; then they came to a muddy bit, but he took her safely over that too, till they reached a high and mossy peak, when he kissed her on the forehead and vanished. This dream confirmed her faith in the coming of her ideal; and she was therefore on the look-out for him. He turns out to be one Carroll Tracey, a literary man, who, however, does not seem to have got beyond translating and copying out other people's verses. He is already married, and his wife's conduct has given occasion to some scandal. It was said that she jilted another lover before marriage, and had since taken up with a new one after it. As one of the characters says, Mrs. Tracey is only one of a set "whom it is a sin to allow to go around loose, turning the heads of half the men they meet." Carroll himself is reported to neglect his wife, writing half the year, and going off shooting and yachting for the rest of it.

Following on Mr. and Mrs. Tracey's steps comes one Paul Howard, a notorious *roué*, who has scarcely concealed designs on Mrs. Tracey, and is her constant companion. In the meantime Agatha and Tracey become great friends, and while Howard's "rich baritone voice blends with Mrs. Tracey's in song after song, Agatha sits at the library table with Mr. Tracey, helping him to recover the time he has lost." He is translating a book, and she takes one chapter while he does another; and they thus discover that there is some mysterious sympathy between them which enables them to arrive at exactly the same ideas, and even forms of expression, as if by instinct. It has already dawned on Agatha that it must be "affinity"; for otherwise, as she says, "we could not so quickly have discovered what was sympathetic in each of us, nor could we have learned so soon to speak with such unreserved candour and to understand each other by a mere word or hint." It may be imagined that the situation is becoming dangerous. She gazes in admiration at his "handsome head"; their eyes meet, and there is "one quick look of appreciative recognition, soul speaking with soul, as it were." She noted that his eyes were peculiar eyes, of that pure grey which is rarely met with, and with long dark lashes, and a disturbing memory began to haunt poor Agatha, for she felt sure she had somewhere seen those marvellous eyes before. Mr. Tracey on one occasion was for a moment at a loss for a word to express his meaning, and asked Agatha to help him. They held the book between them, and as their hands met the touch produced a curious thrill. Then they agreed that they should write the translation separately, and compare the two versions. They proved to be identical. "What a singular coincidence!" exclaimed Agatha. "More than a coincidence," replied Carroll, in the voice of one who smothered some deep feeling. And then Agatha was struck by the lines of care and sorrow on the handsome face, and pitied him on account of his wife. The drift is here plain enough; and, after some high-flown mystic talk, we are not surprised to find Carroll more than once kissing Agatha's hand and gazing tenderly into her compassionate eyes. And then she feels "for the first time in her life the touch of another sending the blood pulsating through her veins in magnetic waves." It seems that from childhood Agatha has been peculiarly susceptible to "animal magnetic influences"; and now, when Tracey reveals to her the misery of his soul, "her strongly sympathetic nature was so worked upon that she seized his hand and, carrying it to her lips, pressed them passionately against it." This act of course amounted to a mutual revelation, and Agatha found herself in love with a married man. That very night Tracey was summoned away from Newport, but missed the steamer, and, returning, looked through a window, and saw his wife clasped in Paul Howard's arms. As he had once before found her in a similar situation with another man, he had no doubt a sufficient reason for casting her off; but it is revolting to find such an event welcomed by him as a piece of good fortune in regard to his relations with Agatha. The divorce is applied for on the ground of incompatibility of temper, so as to avoid scandal, and prepare the way for new marriages on both sides. Agatha has some scruples at first; but, after a time, accepts him as her husband. Mrs. Tracey has meanwhile married, not Paul Howard, or her other lover, Graham, but a third one, Frank Mortimer, Agatha's cousin, who soon tires of her, and runs after other women. In the course of the story Mrs. Grey, thrown over by Frank, goes off with a Mr. Jenkins, and other couples are also exhibited as badly bitten by the "affinities." In a conversation at a dinner party the talk turns on the relative morality of American cities. Mr. Tracey says that, if all he heard of the morals of society in the Quaker city at the time he resided there was true, it had no morals to speak of. Colonel Potten inclines to believe that human virtue is much the same everywhere:—"In Boston married people call their flirtations 'affinities,' and talk of a 'higher law'; in New York they do as they choose, without making any excuses. I do not know much about Philadelphia, but, if the people walk any straighter there, I daresay it is because the streets are so straight that they are compelled to; or, in other words, because every one there knows what everybody else is doing."

It will be seen that the chief characteristic of American society as represented in this work is universal flirtation among married people, who occasionally vary the secret pleasures of intrigue by a divorce and new nuptial ties, which, being frail to begin with, are perhaps soon again snapped. How far this is an exaggeration, we cannot pretend to say; but there can be no doubt that it rests on a certain degree of foundation in fact. It is sometimes said that such persons as Victoria Woodhull and Mr. Beecher are repudiated by the respectable classes in America; but it is difficult to account for the peculiar public position which they occupy, and the indulgent interest they excite, except on the supposition that there is in American society a general looseness of thought and feeling in regard to those arrangements on which social order and decency mainly depend. There may not be much chance of Free Love becoming all at once an organized institution, but it would appear that the spirit of it is spreading, and that domestic life is really getting, as this novelist asserts, upon dangerous ground. We have, no doubt, our own scandals of a similar kind at home, and have no right to throw stones. But what is happening in America may at least be taken as a warning of the consequences of making free with the old securities for decorum under the belief that human nature can suddenly arrest its evil impulses at the brink of peril.

THE AVRANCHIN.

THE town of Avranches is well known as one of those Continental spots on which Englishmen have settled down and formed a kind of little colony. A colony of this kind has two aspects in the eyes of the traveller who lights upon it. On the one hand, it is a nuisance to find oneself, on sitting down to a *table-d'hôte* in a foreign town, in the middle of ordinary English chatter. Full of the particular part of the world in which he is, the traveller may hear all parts of the world discussed from some purely personal or professional aspect, without a single original observation to add anything to his stock of ideas. On the other hand, it must be allowed that the presence of an English settlement anywhere always brings with it a degree of civilization in many points such as is not always found in towns of much greater size which our countrymen do not frequent. But to the historical traveller Avranches is almost dead. A few stones heaped together are all that remains of the cathedral, and another stone marks the site of the north door where Henry the Second received absolution for his share in the murder of Thomas. The city which formed the halting-place of Lanfranc on his way from Pavia to Bec is now chiefly to be noticed for its splendid site, and as a convenient starting-point for other places where more has been spared. Avranches, like Coutances, is a hill-city, and, as regards actual elevation, it is even more of a hill-city than Coutances. But then

the hill of Coutances is an isolated hill, while Avranches stands on the projecting bluff of a range. Seen from the sands of St. Michael's Bay, the site proclaims itself as one which, before the fall of its chief ornament, must have been glorious beyond words. It must have been Leon, as it were, with, at favourable tides at least, the estuary washing the foot of its hill. What the view is from the height itself is implied in what has just been said. The bay, with the consecrated Mount and the smaller Tombelaine by its side, the Breton coast stretching far away, the Mount of Dol coming, perhaps within the range of sight, certainly within the range of ideas, the goodly land on either side of the city, the woods, the fields—for in the Avranchin we are still in a land of pasture and hedgerows—all tell us that it was no despicable heritage of his own to which Hugh of Avranches added his palatine earldom of Chester. And if Avranches gave a lord to one great district of England, England presently gave a lord to Avranches. The Avranchin formed part of the fief of the Ætheling Henry, the fief so often lost and won again, but where men had at least some moments of order under the stern rule of the Lion of Justice, while the rest of Normandy in the days of Robert was torn in pieces by the feuds of rival lords and countesses. But musings of this kind would be more to the point if the city itself had something more to show than a tower or two of no particular importance—if, in short, the hill of Avranches was crowned by such a diadem of spires and cupolas as the hill of Coutances. As it is, Avranches is less attractive in itself than it is as the best point for several excursions in the Avranchin land. The excursion to the famous Mount of St. Michael and its fortified abbey need not here be dwelled on. No one can walk five minutes in the streets of Avranches without being reminded that the city is the starting-place for "le mont Saint-Michel." But no one suggests a visit to St. James, nor even to Mortain and its waterfalls. Nor should we ourselves suggest a visit to St. James, except to those who may be satisfied with a beautiful bit of natural scenery, heightened by the thought that the spot is directly connected with the memory of William, indirectly with that of Harold.

When we write "St. James," we are not translating. The "castrum sancti Jacobi" appears as "St. James" in Wace, and it is "St. James" to this day alike in speech and in writing. The fact is worthy of some notice in the puzzling history of the various forms of the apostolic names Jacobus and Johannes and their diminutives. *Jacques* and *Jack* must surely be the same; how then came *Jack* to be the diminutive of *John*? Anyhow this Norman fortress bears the name of the saint of Compostella in a form chiefly familiar in Britain and Aragon, though it is not without a cognate in the Italian *Giacomo*. The English forms of apostolic names are sometimes borne even now by Romance-speaking owners, as M. James Fazy and M. John Lemoinne bear witness. But here the name is far too old for any imitative process of this kind. And it is only as applied to the place itself that the form "James" is used; the inn is the "Hôtel Saint-Jacques," and "Saint-Jacques" is the acknowledged patron of the parish. Anyhow the effect is to give the name of the place an unexpectedly English air. Perhaps such an air is not wholly out of place in the name of a spot which was fortified against the Breton by a prince who was to become King of the English, and whose fortification led to a war in which two future and rival Kings of the English fought side by side.

For the castle of St. James was one of the fortresses raised by William's policy to strengthen the Norman frontier against the *Bret-Welsh* of Gaul, just as in after days he and his Earls raised fortresses on English ground to strengthen the English frontier against the *Bret-Welsh* of Britain. It stands very near to the border, and we can well understand how its building might give offence to the Breton Count Conan, and so lead to the war in which William and Harold marched together across the sands which surround the consecrated Mount. In this way St. James plays an indirect part in English history, and it plays another when it was one of the first points of his lost territory to be won back by Henry the Ætheling after his brothers had driven him out of the Mount and all else that he had. But the place keeps hardly anything but its memories and the natural beauty of its site. A steep peninsular hill looks down on a narrow and wooded valley with a *beak*—that is the right word in the land which contains Caudebec and Bec Herlouin—running round its base. The church—a strange modern building with some ancient portions used up again—stands on the extreme point of the promontory. This seems the best point for commanding the whole valley, and we may perhaps guess that a less devout prince than William would not have scrupled to raise his donjon at least within the consecrated precinct. But he chose the southern side of the hill, the side to be sure most directly looking towards the enemy; and church and castle stood side by side on the hill without interfering with each other. But the visitor to St. James—if St. James should ever get any visitors—must take care not to ask for the *château*. If he does, he will be sent to the other side of the valley, to a modern house, on a lovely site certainly, and working in some portions of mediæval work, but which has nothing to do with the castle of the Conqueror. The name for that, so far as it keeps a name, is "le *fort*." The open space by the church is the "place du Fort," and the inquirer will soon find that on the south the hill-side is scarped and strengthened by a wall. That is all that is left of the castle of St. James; but it is enough to call up memories of days which, from an English as well as from a local point of view, are worth remembering.

But there is another spot within the land of Avranches which has more to offer in the way both of nature and of art than St. James. Who does not read in the ordinary histories of England, and still more in local books which profess to make extracts from Domesday, about a person called "the Earl of Moreton," whose possessions would seem to have been endless? And people who affect any accuracy with regard to John Lackland before he became King, and who do not drag the Hanoverian fashion of "Prince John" into Angevin times, will often call him too "Earl of Moreton." We have often wondered what they fancy "Moreton" to be. They can hardly think that their "Earl of Moreton" is the same as the "Earl of Morton" who figures in Scottish history so many ages later. But, as the possessions of the first "Earl of Moreton" lay so largely in the West, they may perhaps think, if they think about it at all, that he took his title from Moreton Hampstead in Devonshire. But the "Earl of Moreton" is in truth the Count of Mortain, Mortain in the Avranchin, in the modern department of Manche, which has again a tendency to get confounded with Mortagne in Perche, in the modern department of Orne. The first Count of Mortain who had anything to do with England—and he had a great deal indeed to do with England—was Robert, the Conqueror's half-brother. And his son William, among many pieces of ill luck, had at least the privilege of being one of the few real nephews of the Conqueror among the crowd of persons to whom that relation is inscribed in the mythical pages of genealogists. Lord—Professor Stubbs has taught us that we must not call him Earl—of nearly all Cornwall, with vast estates elsewhere, but especially in Devonshire and Somerset, the Count of Mortain became possessed of the chief place in a quarter of England which might in many ways suggest his earlier possessions in Normandy. No Norman town or castle has seated itself in lovelier quarters than that of Mortain. The town on its height, with its once collegiate church; the wild glen at a little distance, where the castle has utterly given way to a hideous modern building, but where no barbarian has been able to get rid of the rocks and the waterfalls; the height, higher still above the town, whence the eye can range to St. Michael's Mount, all unite to form a picture which is not surpassed by many among the endless picturesque sites of the towns and castles of Gaul. The church of Mortain, in the middle of the town, belongs to a date a hundred years later than Count Robert, but it still keeps much of the stern and grand simplicity of his age. In plan it is almost a perfect basilica, with no break or interruption in its long ranges of columns, and with its single tower, remarkable for the extreme length of its lancets, standing quasi-detached on the south side. The pointed form is used for all the main constructive arches; yet the spirit is thoroughly Romanesque. In Normandy the use of the pointed arch must be set down as a sign of transition; further south one might have set down its use as Saracenic rather than Gothic, so little change has it brought with it in the general Romanesque character of the building. And one point should be especially noticed. Every one knows that the splendid doorways which were such a characteristic feature of the Norman style continued in use after the other features of that style had died out. Now here at Mortain we find on the south side a doorway of this type, while in the west front is a pointed doorway which, along with the rest of the front, is of a more advanced transition than anything else in the building. Some have thought the strictly Romanesque doorway to be a relic of an earlier church; but there seems no reason for such a belief. The western doorway was part of the general design of the west front, and it had to be made according to the last lights in the way of art. The south doorway was not in the same way a part of any whole. It had a distinct being of its own; and if the architect had a lingering love for the type of doorway that was dying out, there was no reason why he should not gratify it in this place. While the church of Mortain itself takes the form of a long basilica, the village or suburb of Neubourg on one of the hills near the waterfalls, has also a small cross church of much the same date, but wholly different in feeling. These and the small remains of the neighbouring White Abbey are all that Mortain has to show us in the way of buildings. It is a goodly stock certainly for a small town which in England would have hardly had anything beyond a single parish church; still we are inclined to grumble when we think what we have lost by the utter sweeping away of the castle from one of the noblest sites on which castle ever was perched. But at Count Robert's other fastness in our own land on the peaked hill of Montacute, we are tempted to rejoice that all trace of the presence of the oppressor has been swept away, and that what once was the hill of Lutgaresbury has come back again more nearly to its state in the days when the pious sacristan found there the wonder-working relic which gave England her war-cry. But in his own Mortain we should not grudge Count Robert any memorial of his history, and we can but curse the barbarism which has swept away the pile round which the whole history of the place gathered. For a castle standing, shattered indeed, but still living and cared for, still looking down with the pride of old times on the lands around it, we must go on to a spot which speaks to us more directly as Englishmen than the dwelling-place of the arch spoiler of the West, to the fortress of the Ætheling at Domfront.

MAGNIFICENT POSSIBILITIES.

THE greatest depth of the sea between Dover and Calais is 200 feet, and the width of the strait is twenty-five miles. Supposing, therefore, that a tunnel could be made and maintained under this strait, the descent and ascent of railway trains in it would be almost imperceptible. Between St. Margaret's Cliff near Dover and Sangatte near Calais, which would be the termini of the proposed tunnel, the distance is less than twenty-three miles, and the lowest point of the tunnel, after sinking to the depth necessary for safety, would, according to the plan of Sir John Hawkshaw and his associates, be less than 400 feet below sea level. It is expected that in the line selected will be found a soil soft enough to be easily excavated, yet hard enough to avoid the danger of the tunnel falling in, and free from fissures by which the sea might enter. The lower stratum of the chalk formation, which the French call *craie grise*, offers the desired quality of soil, and the important question is, whether this *craie grise* is continuous from shore to shore. A Commission have reported to the French Ministry of Public Works on this project of a Submarine Railway, and they say that the soundings taken by Sir John Hawkshaw show that the white chalk exists everywhere at the bottom of the sea between Sangatte and St. Margaret's Cliff, and the subjacent formations crop out to the west of that line with sufficient regularity. The gentle slope of the sea's bottom makes any great disturbance of strata improbable, and the opinion of geologists is against the existence of any important fracture. But nevertheless the Commission think that this vital question of the continuity of the *craie grise* can only be settled by running a tunnel through it. All they can say is, that if this lower chalk does exist in an unbroken stratum, the work of tunnelling under the Channel will be exceptionally easy. As regards cost of construction or probable income, the Commission discreetly avoid expressing any opinion.

Shareholders in any Channel Tunnel Company who had seen this Report could not say they had been deceived. But the uncertainty of success has not prevented the formation of a Company, which has commenced the preliminary work of sinking a shaft and driving a gallery to test the nature of the soil. The Board of Trade, having been consulted by the Foreign Office on the subject, have no doubt of the utility of the work if successfully completed, and they think it ought not to be opposed so long as the British Government is not asked to make any gift, loan, or guarantee towards it. The French Government last year submitted to the National Assembly a *Projet de loi* for granting a concession for a submarine railway, and in the introductory statement the Suez Canal and the Tunnel of Mont Cenis are mentioned as suggesting the inquiry whether it was beyond the power of modern industry "de faire disparaître cette barrière maritime par laquelle l'Angleterre est séparée du Continent." Our Board of Trade, like the French Commission, declined to go into the question of cost; but in the introduction to this *Projet de loi* it is stated that the capital necessary for the execution of the works has been put at 250 millions of francs. But this estimate is evidently conjectural, and at least one-tenth of this sum must be spent in experimental works before any tolerably safe opinion can be formed on the prospect of ultimate success. Both our own and the French Government reserve the right to stop traffic through the tunnel in case of imminent war, and our Government suggest that this interruption should give the Company no claim to compensation. It is rather startling to find the obliteration of our maritime barrier undertaken by the combined skill and capital of France and England; but it is certain that, if this tunnel could be made, it would be made; for the demands of commerce, and the desire to escape the discomforts of a sea-passage, would outweigh all other considerations. It would not, however, be difficult, in case of threatened invasion, to drown the tunnel; and as Dover is, or ought to be, a strong place, we should be able to defend the entrance to the tunnel as long as we could defend anything, and when we could no longer defend it, we could let the sea into it. Military considerations, however, are not likely to decide the question. If nothing appears to qualify present favourable conditions, it is likely that public confidence will grow with the progress of the work, and we may at least say that this is not the most hopeless enterprise for which British capital has been advanced. The *Projet de loi* already mentioned was referred to a Commission appointed by the National Assembly, and the Report of this Commission does not extenuate the difficulties of the undertaking. Nowadays Latin is not much quoted in speeches in the House of Commons, and no Committee would have introduced "Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos" into a Report, nor would the Chairman have proposed to predict for financial and industrial power a victory in which there would be no vanquished. But after what flourish their nature will, these Frenchmen come to business, and they distinctly state that observations of the opposite coasts, soundings, and measurements establish favourable probabilities, "mais des probabilités seulement et rien de plus." There is some apparent discrepancy in the measurements given in this Report. It first states that "le Tunnel présente dans sa partie sous-marine une longueur de 28 kilom." Afterwards—"Au centre et sur 26 kilom. le Tunnel présentera une partie légèrement arquée son point culminant vers le milieu du détroit à 100 mètres en contrebas du niveau de la mer et descendant vers les rives par des pentes inégales à 0·038 par mètre." And again—"Des deux extrémités de la partie centrale, on regagnera les rives anglaise et française par deux rampes de onze kilom. de longueur, ayant respectivement 0·0125 et 0·0135 d'inclination par mètre." Thus, as we understand, the length of the Submarine Tunnel would be 26+11 kilom.=37; and this result agrees nearly with the plan proposed by Sir John Hawkshaw and his associate Mr. Brunlees, which shows a length of rather more than 36 kilom. The central portion would be continued on either side in smaller sections for the sake of drainage. The Commission, "malgré les objections fondées que l'on pouvait tirer du caractère essentiellement aléatoire de l'entreprise" did not hesitate to bestow on it "la déclaration d'utilité publique."

In the same page with a report of the operations for sinking the preliminary shaft of the tunnel on the French side, the *Times* publishes a letter advocating another grand engineering project, of which the site would be French, but the interest is said to be universal. The Grand Canal du Midi would be a repetition on a vast scale of work which was done in 1681, when the existing Canal de Languedoc was opened. There is a gap between the most northerly slope of the Pyrenees and the most southerly slope of the Cevennes, and through this gap the river Aude flows to the Gulf of Lyons. The Garonne is navigable for some descriptions of craft from Toulouse to the sea, and the existing canal, beginning near Toulouse, follows for some distance the valley of the Lers, a feeder of the Garonne, and passing through the depression before mentioned, follows the valley of the Aude and the line of the coast to the sea at the port of Cette. But in this course it must cross the watershed between the Garonne and the Aude, and this, with the locks and lifts of an ordinary canal, would not be difficult. But the new and grand project now brought forward proposes to commence a ship canal at Pauillac, which is below Bordeaux on the Garonne, and carry it to La Nouvelle on the Gulf of Lyons, to the south-west of Cette. Ships entering the Gironde can always reach Pauillac, whereas they cannot always ascend to Bordeaux. The port of La Nouvelle is formed by a branch of the river Aude, and perhaps, if it is not a good port, it can be made good, if money be freely spent on it. The proposed canal would be ten yards deep and a hundred yards wide, "free from locks and all other hindrances," and it is destined by its projectors to accommodate the ships which now carry goods from London by the Strait of Gibraltar to the Mediterranean. Unless we knew the levels of the existing Canal de Languedoc, we could not say whether this scheme be practicable; but we will assume that the financial and industrial capacity of the age would be equal to the work, if it were worth doing. It is recommended to French and English capitalists in consideration of an impending, or supposed impending, change in the highways of commerce consequent on the completion of the St. Gothard Tunnel. Some persons profess to expect that trade will thereupon return to something like the route by Belgium, Germany, and Italy, which it followed in the middle ages. But if one line of railway can compete with the sea route, we do not understand why another should not, and there is already the Mont Cenis Tunnel, to which the access from England is through France. Supposing the Channel Tunnel to be open and available for carrying goods, they might be sent from Manchester to Brindisi by either of the Alpine tunnels. But we observe that the Commissioners of the National Assembly recommend the immediate improvement of the harbours of Boulogne and Calais, in the view that, even if the Channel Tunnel be ever finished, there will be more rather than less shipping entering these harbours. We think that Boulogne and Calais should be as far as possible improved before much money is spent on La Nouvelle. There is another project for a canal between Havre and Lyons, with the same object of shortening the water carriage to the Mediterranean; and this work is perhaps rather less remote from the scope of actual experience, whereas we can only reckon the Grand Canal du Midi as a magnificent possibility. The outlet of this canal from Havre must of course be found among the mouths of the Rhône, and we presume that, if a suitable port does not exist, one may be constructed, as Cette was two centuries ago. The attention thus given to canals in France might perhaps be usefully imitated by ourselves. When it has been gravely proposed to make a new mineral railway to bring coals from Newcastle to London, the question may be asked whether our canals and rivers might not be improved to accommodate heavy traffic where speed is not essential. Any project of this nature might, we think, fairly rival the Grand Canal du Midi in the affection of British capitalists.

HERALDRY.

IT has been mentioned in newspapers that the newly appointed Minister of the United States in England belongs to one of the "Knickerbocker families" of New York; but his name indicates Norman lineage. The "long continued and ancient family" of Pierpoint is descended, as the heralds tell us, from Robert de Pierpoint, who came into England with William the Conqueror, and at the time of the General Survey was possessed of the Lordships of Henestede and Wretham, in the county of Suffolk. One of his descendants fought valiantly for King Henry III. at the battle of Lewes, where he was made prisoner. Another married, in the time of Edward I., the daughter and heir of Michael de Manvers, Lord of Holme in the county of Nottingham, and thus the estate of Holme-Pierpoint came into the family. Another

married the sister of William Cavendish, Earl of Devonshire, and had by her a son, who was created Earl of Kingston-upon-Hull by Charles I., and with his near relation, the Marquess of Newcastle, maintained the King's cause in the North-Eastern counties until he was taken prisoner by the Roundheads, and accidentally shot by his own party in an attempted rescue. His son was rewarded for his family's loyalty by the title of Marquess of Dorchester under Charles II., and another descendant was created Duke of Kingston by George I. The name of this family rather seems to have been derived from some place in Normandy, as the name of Croy was from De Croy; and the motto of the Earls and Dukes of Kingston, "Pie repone te," was obviously constructed from their name, just as was the motto "Cavendo tutus" of the allied family of Cavendish. The last Duke of Kingston died without issue in 1773, and three years afterwards his widow was tried and convicted of bigamy, and, claiming "the benefit of the statute," was discharged without that burning in the hand or its substitute which was appointed for first offenders of humbler rank. Just a century ago the fashionable world had indeed something to talk about, and the leading case of the Duchess of Kingston in the House of Lords is still familiar to all lawyers in England and America. Miss Chudleigh had been Maid of Honour to the Princess of Wales, and, according to the evidence, she was privately married to Mr. Hervey; but afterwards the marriage was denied, and a collusive sentence of the ecclesiastical Court was obtained, and she married the Duke of Kingston. It is not wonderful that when a nephew of the last Duke took his name, which is now usually written Pierrepoint, he did not seek to revive the title of Earl or Duke of Kingston.

The late General Lee was undoubtedly descended from the Lees of Ditchley in Oxfordshire, and originally of Cheshire, one of whom was Earl of Lichfield and Colonel of the Grenadier Guards under James II. The motto of this family, "Fide et constantia," would have been appropriate to the career of the eminent soldier who bore their name. The assumption of a motto was, we believe, at pleasure, and accordingly in books of heraldry it is not set down with the same strictness as the arms and crest. Many of these mottoes were the war-cries of some tribe or people, and others were allusive to the bearings, or to the bearer's name, character, or history. The most familiar example of this kind is the "Ready, aye, ready" of the Napiers. The "Through" of Hamilton, the "Forward" of Douglas, and "Thou shalt want ere I want" of Cranston are equally significant. The author of the *Rudiments of Honour*, writing in the year 1723, mentions, as examples of suitable mottoes, "Quo fata vocant" of the Duke of Schomberg, "Sudore et sanguine" of Lord Cutts, and "Che sara sara" of Admiral Russell. Among punning mottoes may be mentioned "Templa quam dilecta" of Temple, "Bonne et belle assez" of Bellasys, "Ne vile velis" of Nevile, "Forte scutum salus ducum" of Fortescue. It could not be said of the author of the *Rudiments of Honour* that the foolish man did not understand his own foolish business, for he seems to have had the whole history and mystery of heraldry at his fingers' ends. He tells us that the martlet or martin is "an agreeable mark of difference for younger sons." For, as this bird seldom lights on the ground, "so they should trust to the wing of virtue and merit, and not to their legs, having no land of their own to set their feet on." The argument in favour of the law or practice called Primogeniture could not be more neatly stated. The swallow, he says, typifies feigned and temporizing friends, who in the spring of honour and summer of abundance gladly converse with those whom in the winter of adversity they will forsake and scarcely acknowledge. The increscent moon, with its horns towards the right side of the escutcheon, signifies the rising of some virtuous man illuminated and honoured by the glorious aspect and beams of his sovereign. The decrescent moon, with its horns towards the left side of the shield, may well befit a man advanced to honour in his old age, when all things decrease with him except wisdom.

The ground of the shield or banner is called the "field," and the figures borne upon it the "ordinaries" or "charges." All figures borne upon the shield are, indeed, "charges," but certain of them are called "ordinaries," and all others are "common charges." The colours are five—namely, *gules*, *azure*, *sable*, *vert*, and *purpure*; to which must be added yellow and white, which, being ordinarily represented by metals, are called *or* and *argent*. There are also two other colours recognized by heralds, but rarely seen in English coats of arms—namely, orange, called *tenne*, and dark blood-red, inclining to purple, called *sanguine* or *murrey*. These colours and metals are expressed in engravings by lines and points or dots. To "blazon" is to describe in proper heraldic terms the bearings of a shield or banner. The nine "ordinaries" are the chief, the pale, the bend, the bend sinister, the fess, the bar, the chevron, the cross, and the saltier. The chief is the upper third of the shield, determined by a horizontal line. The pale is the middle third of the shield when divided perpendicularly. The chevron has two equal limbs forming an obtuse angle, like the rafter of a house. The saltier is the St. Andrew's cross. These ordinaries give their names to the various single lines used in dividing the field where more than one metal or colour is required, such field being described as "parted per pale" when divided perpendicularly, "per fess" when divided horizontally, &c. In blazoning a coat the herald begins with the field, noticing the lines, if any, by which it is divided, then the colours, and next the charges, beginning with the immediate charge—that is, the one which lies nearest the field, as any ordinary, and nearest the centre of the field if a common charge; and, lastly, the more remote or inferior charge. We will now take a simple example of the year 1725 from the "lozenge shield" of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, widow of the unfortunate Monmouth and afterwards of Lord Cornwallis. Her arms are blazoned thus:—"Topaz, on a bend sapphire, a star between two crescents of the first." We should have mentioned that the arms of peers are blazoned not by metals and colours, but by precious stones, and *topaz* corresponds to *or* and *sapphire* to *azure*. Thus, in plain language, the shield of Buccleuch is yellow, with a blue band, or stripe, "dexter," that is, from right to left of the *wearer* of the shield, and on the stripe is a star between two crescents, all which are "of the first" colour named—*i.e.* yellow. The supporters are two women in coloured robes, and the motto is "Amo." Another more complex shield of the same date is that of Napier, which is blazoned thus:—

Quarterly, 1st and 4th pearl, a saltire engrailed between four roses rubie, for Napier; 2nd and 3rd topaz, on a bend saphyr, a star between two crescents of the first, within a double tressure, flowered and counter-flowered with flowers de lis of the second, for Scot of Thirlestain.

This means that the shield is divided into quarters, of which the top (wearer's) right quarter is *pearl*, or white, and bears a St. Andrew's cross with jagged edges and four roses in the angles, all *rubie*, or red. The top left quarter is similar to the arms of Buccleuch, with the addition of the double tressure or border "of the second," that is, blue, which was the honourable addition granted by King James V. to John Scot of Thirlestain:—"Quha command to our host at Sautra Edge with threescore and ten launciers on horseback of his friends and followers, and beand willing to gang with us into England, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stake all at our bidding." Wherefore the King granted to the said John Scot "an border of flower de lises about his coat of arms, sike as in our royal banner, and alswae an bundle of launces above his helmet, with thir words, 'Readdy, aye, Readdy,' that he and all his aftercummers may bruick the samen." The fourth and third quarters are respectively like the first and second. The supporters are an eagle "proper"—that is, of his natural colour, and a chevalier in a coat of mail.

The arms of Pierpoint, Duke of Kingston, are blazoned thus:—"Pearl, semi of cinque foils rubie, and a lion rampant diamond, supported by two lions of the last." This means a white shield, bearing red cinque foils "sans nombre," and a black lion standing on his hind legs among them. The supporters are two black lions. The arms of Lee, Earl of Lichfield, are "Pearl a Fess between three crescents Diamond. Supported by two Lions Ermines with each a plain collar of the field charged with three crescents as in the arms." This means a white shield with a horizontal black band occupying the middle third of it, and two black crescents above and one below the band. "Lions ermines" means lions in white coats powdered with black, and by a "collar of the field charged," &c., is meant a white or silver collar with three black crescents. The arms of the Duke of Bedford are "Pearl a lion rampant rubie, on a chief diamond, three escallops of the field." This means that the upper third of the shield is black, and the rest white, and on the black are three white escallops, and below them on the white is a red lion. The supporters are a red lion and a goat of "the last," *i.e.* red, with horns, hoofs, collar, and chain of gold. The crest is a white goat. The "blanche lion" of Mowbray, and afterwards of Howard, is borne on a red field.

The principle that metal upon metal or colour upon colour is false heraldry was always held in England, and although we have rendered "or" by "yellow" and "argent" by "white," it is important to bear in mind the distinction between metals and colours. The professors of heraldry have been treated with much ridicule, and some they have deserved. The refinements of this science, like the subtleties of our common law, are proofs that during several centuries the minds of men lacked healthy exercise. Instead of studying the forms and habits of live beasts, birds, and fishes, the heralds occupied themselves in describing and depicting imaginary animals or monsters. The practical heraldry of early times used simple signs which could be distinguished by an experienced eye in march or battle. The blanche lion really was the "cognizance" of Lord William Howard in the Border wars, and it may be believed that Lord Cranston habitually wore a helmet by which a Scot might know him for a foe. The roll of Caerlaverock, a Norman-French poem of the time of King Edward I., contains a catalogue of knights and nobles engaged in the siege, of which one item is:—"And Maurice de Berkelee, who was present at this expedition, had a banner red as blood, with crosslets and a white chevron, with a label of azure, because his father was living." This coat, as well as the name of Maurice, still remains in the house of Berkeley. "The label is the joy of the parents—namely, the first son," and it may be seen on the shield of the Prince of Wales. When heralds assert the antiquity in this limited sense of their profession, they are secure from ridicule; for they do not usually go back beyond the Trojan war, and Æschylus gives armorial bearings to the leaders of a siege in which the father of Diomed bore part. The saying that the simplest coat of arms is the oldest and most honourable is widely, but not universally, true. One class of bearings properly belongs to the descendants of Crusaders, and among these the cross, in many varieties, the Saracen's head, the escallop-shell, and the byzant are the most familiar. The escallop-shell of Dacre is now borne by the Earl of Carlisle as descendant of the marriage of Belted Will Howard with the heiress of Haworth Castle. The line

Ancient plainness ancient race doth show

might be quoted by the house of Cavendish, which bears "Diamond, three harts' heads cabosh'd pearl, attired Topas"—in other words, three harts' heads, full-faced, white, with golden horns on a black ground. The crest, a serpent "proper," may typify the politic caution expressed in the "canting" motto of this house. The arms of Keppel are simply three white escallops on a red ground. Those of Paulet are three swords on a black ground. Among commoners, the coat of Baines is simple, not to say grim—"Sable a shin-bone in pale surmounted of another in fess argent"; or, in other words, two shin-bones crossed on a black ground. Sir Walter Scott has made us familiar with the three-legged symbol of the sovereignty of Man, which was borne by the Earls of Derby as long as they were Kings in Man. Tremaine, as might be guessed, has three hands and arms similarly disposed. Dalziel bears "sable a naked man with his arms extended proper," and this coat, with the motto "I dare," is said to have been given by a grateful King of Scots, whose friend had been killed and hung up to dry by the Picts, until the ancestor of Dalziel brought off the body. The Royal Arms are now much simpler than they were under Kings who ruled Hanover and pretended to be Kings of France. The yellow lions of England were formerly "impaled" with the red lion and "double tressure counterflory" of Scotland in the first quarter, while the fleurs de lys of France occupied the second quarter, and the harp of Ireland the third, and the lions of Brunswick, the lion in a "semi" of hearts of Lunenburg, and the white horse of Lower Saxony, made a united happy family in the fourth. It must be a great comfort to patriotic Scotchmen that the ruddy lion now ramps in gold in his own peculiar quarter, without being cumbered with the presence of the more pacific beasts of England. The two-headed eagle, "looking towards both east and west," has always symbolized far-reaching empire.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

VI.

THE most melancholy side of British art is sculpture. We have seen revivals in architecture, we have witnessed one or more new developments in painting, but in sculpture, after Flaxman and Wyatt, and since the more recent days of Gibson and Foley, the decadence has been continuous. The present collection is one of the worst ever seen either in Trafalgar Square or Burlington House, and in looking round "the Vestibule," "the Central Hall," and "the Sculpture Gallery," we have to encounter not only a deterioration in quality, but an absolute diminution in number. The works now exhibited fall below the average of the last five years. We need scarcely say that this discouraging result was not anticipated when the Royal Academy provided ample and well-lighted halls to honour the presumptive genius of our sculptors.

It has become notorious that the noblest motives seldom animate modern works. Winckelmann, when treating of sculpture among the Greeks, speaks of beauty as the loftiest aim and the central mark in art—"that same Beauty which exhibited herself to the great artists, and allowed herself to be felt, grasped, and figured." This points to something more vital than the vague "general idea" of Reynolds, which in its misconception conduces to the inanities now seen in marble and plaster within the Royal Academy. After this sort is "From Stone to Life: Pygmalion me fecit" (1414), by Mr. Marshall, R.A. Equally indicative of the dying out of vitality and vigour is "Zenobia" (1457), by Mr. Adams-Acton; while "The Spartan Boy" (1443), by Count d'Epinay, shows how noble art may pass into the ridiculous. And yet this puerile figure, which does not possess a single redeeming point, stands in one of the most conspicuous situations in the Central Hall. "The Diver" (1426), by Mr. G. G. Adams, reminds one of the famous "header" in the *Colleen Bawn*. The modelling is as weak as the action is violent; the Greeks in the nude were so close to nature that it could almost be told in an athletic which particular muscles had won the prize. Mr. J. Bell has designed "Peace" (1347) for the great hall of the Foreign Office. The style, a conventional classic, may be said to symbolize peace at any price. The manly sculptors of the middle ages, such as Donatello and others, would have identified peace with something more than passive and powerless submission. In art, as in policy, peace is best protected by a heroism which proclaims preparation for war.

Mr. Boehm cannot be accused of feebleness, though he may be open to the charge of extravagance, in the composite and somewhat incongruous group "St. George and the Dragon" (1433). The horse, rearing so high on his hind legs as to be in danger of falling back on his tail, may have been hired for the occasion from a brewer's team. The dragon is a mean sort of creature, unworthy to be classed with the noble army of dragons which do duty in the pictorial and plastic compositions of Turner and others. Lastly, St. George, well poised in torso and limbs, a figure which might have alighted from a steed in the Elgin frieze, disports himself overmuch as a dandy; if dressed, he might adorn a drawing-room, but, here in the nude, as if ready for the circus, he is not a saint, nor quite a sinner. The group does not hold well together; the study of lines is so chaotic that the composition becomes unintelligible save from a single point of view. At one end we see legs, on the reverse a tail; altogether, we are reminded of a certain image wherein the thighs were of brass, the legs of iron, and the feet of clay. The late Professor Kiss, of Berlin, ruined his reputation by a much better "St. George and the Dragon" than that before us. J. Bonheur, of Paris, favours the Academy with a compact, well-matured composition, executed as by a master hand, "King Pepin le Bref in the Arena" (1418). Mr. Webber is also to be commended for sharp, emphatic modelling in the "Warrior and Wounded Youth" (1407). Mr. Thornycroft is less trenchant in a well-conceived group, "A Warrior bearing a Wounded Youth from Battle" (1440).

Pictorial and picturesque, sentimental and spasmodic styles continue to please the public. Several Italians still frequent the Academy. Signor Fontana supplies a spasmodic personification of Death foiled in his attack upon the living (1384). But perhaps the worst specimen of the modern Italian manner is "The Young Dante" (1394), by Signor Civiletti. This young person has no more to do with Dante than with Romeo or Hamlet. The upper part of the figure is conspicuous by a belt and buttons, while the lower extremities are adorned by a pair of striped breeches. A few flowers decorate the stump on which this piece of desolation reposes. Mr. Junck, whose precise nationality we do not know, cultivates, not wholly without success, a picturesque naturalism in "Thrift" (1434). Here we are led to suppose that a little girl possesses but a single pair of stockings in the whole world; one stocking she is mending, the other she is wearing. The great masters in sculpture, whether ancient, mediæval, or modern, never descended to such trivialities. M. Dalou has reproduced in "marble" "La Berceuse" (1441), a group of a mother, baby, and rocking-chair, which we criticized and commended two years ago, when it was exhibited at this identical spot in plaster under the title "Hush-a-by, Baby." The design gains by being promoted to marble. Marble is to plaster what silk is to cotton.

That religious sculpture should in modern times be so unworthy of religion is almost unaccountable, but the fact cannot be doubted that Canova, Thorwaldsen, and Gibson were more at home with Paganism than with Christianity. In like manner, Mr. Armstead, A.R.A., falls below his habitual standard in a statue of "Religion" (1439), designed to be executed in bronze for a fountain at King's College, Cambridge. We have also seen better works by Miss Grant than "St. Paul" (1404). Not that she has allowed her ideal to be brought down to the level of the tradition that the Apostle of the Gentiles was short or mean in stature. On the contrary, St. Paul as now presented rises at least seven feet high. The objection to be taken is against the art treatment; the figure erects itself rigidly as an inanimate mass, wanting life and destitute of inspiration. To Mr. Lawlor may be accorded the merit of having removed himself from the common reading of the "Mater Dolorosa" (1468), not only in a stern nobility which conquers pain, but in the decisive accentuation of brow, eyes, nostrils, and mouth. The want of such pronounced interpretation of nature has proved the ruin of so-called Christian sculpture in modern days. How much more close at once to nature and to the supernatural are the figures in Gothic cathedrals!

The treatment of reliefs—whether "alto," "mezzo," or "basso"—is usually a test of the state of a school of sculpture. Modern art tends to a mongrel—that is, to a confused mixing up of distinctive styles. Of low relief—taking the Elgin frieze as the standard—one of the purest examples we have seen for many a day is Mr. Caldecott's "metal bas-relief," a "Horse Fair in Brittany" (1499). Here a simple and almost rude incident in nature has been brought within the law and the symmetry of art; so true is it that art exists everywhere, if only the artist be present to bring it forth from its lurking-place. More romantic, and therefore less severe, in the way of low relief, is a medallion, "Sabrina Rising from the Water" (1400), by Mr. Montford. The lines of the composition are mellifluous, as of figures flowing and floating beneath a blue sea. The spectator may suppose himself looking into an aquarium tenanted by fairies instead of fishes. Mr. Woolner, R.A., a master of relief, is particularly prominent this year. The best places at the top of the Central Hall are accorded to him. This artist proves how well he can conform to the strict principles of basso-relievo in his diploma work, "Achilles and Pallas shouting from the Trenches" (1417). To the same sculptor is due the bas-relief, a Crucifixion with attendant figures (1419). The sentiment, unlike that of most religious works in the Exhibition, is not mawkish, but manly. Lord R. Gower's head of Christ crucified—"It is Finished" (1498)—has all the pain of death without its victory; the idea of the great masters would seem to have been a sleep which suggested an awakening, a death with the near approach of a resurrection. Mr. Rodfern's "Crucifixion of St. Andrew" (1349) also ranks below the dignity of sacred art. "The Last Supper" (1359), by Signor Fucigna, is a mere picture translated into high relief. Mr. Tinworth, possibly elated by the unlucky praise of Mr. Ruskin, repeats his spasmodic puppets of last year in two miniature terra-cotta panels, "Judas" (1381), and "The Stable" (1380). The marble medallion which Mrs. L. Cubitt has perpetrated of herself (1402) must be accounted false in art; a bulky head has here been stuck on grossly to a background in still worse taste is Mr. Ewing's alto-relievo bust (1363), surrounded by purple velvet and set in a circular gold frame.

It is impossible here to discuss fully the long-disputed merits or demerits of the Wellington Monument for St. Paul's Cathedral designed by the late Mr. Stevens. After perplexing and painful delays extending over about twenty years, after repeated complaints in Parliament, followed by apologies pleading the over-sensitive genius of the sculptor, who could neither please the

public nor content himself, we have at last some data by which to judge of the long-looked-for performance. The design is strictly monumental, or, as some would say, "architectonic." The leading structural members are an arch sustained by columns with a crowning cornice above. The equestrian statue of the Duke, the climax to the original composition, has been abolished on the plea that a horse ought not to enter a church, though precedents to the contrary are numerous. Two important fragments of the collective monument are now exhibited in bronze. One is a colossal group, "Valour crushing Cowardice" (1427). Cowardice in terror crouches beneath a shield whereon a truly grand figure personifying the valour of the conquering hero rises supreme. The conception, though not servilely imitative, obviously owes much to Michael Angelo; on the whole, it must be admitted that the group goes far to justify the unswerving faith of the sculptor's friends. On the other hand, "The Recumbent Figure of the Duke" (1522), stretched in death upon the tomb, gives a contrary reading. The handling is feeble, fumbling, and vacillating, as of a man who had muddled his subject and at last had lost his way. Hence the interminable delays prolonged into wearisome decades. But for the present we refrain from expressing a decisive opinion on an artist who, while evidently great, at least in conception, failed to make himself understood.

Busts in plaster, terra-cotta, and marble vary in style almost more than portraits on canvas. At any rate, classic adaptations, which had become almost extinct in portrait-painting, are still deservedly prominent in sculpture. To classic modes of treatment, as seen in the busts of the Vatican and the Capitol museums, we owe deliverance from the debasement of modern costume. What can be worse than the effigy of "The late Marquis of Bristol" (1452), by Herr Raemackers; the barber dressed the hair, the man-milliner arranged the collar and necktie, and the tailor cut the coat. To the same order of merit belongs the head of "Sir Henry Cole" (1453), by Mr. Boehm. But perhaps among numberless bad examples the worst is Count Gleichen's bust of "The Duchess of Edinburgh" (1361); this is a composite of decorations, necklace, needlework, and flowers, all carved out mechanically, as by the hand of a stonemason. Nor does Miss Dubray's paraphrase of "The Princess of Wales," (1431) belong to a high order of art. The materials are a conglomerate of marble, gold, and ivory; we need not say that the product is not quite on a level with the chryselephantine sculpture of Phidias. There are fairly good busts by Mr. Durham, A.R.A., Mr. Noble, and Mr. Theed; the general fault, however, is that, in proportion as they shun naturalism, they lose character. Mr. Leifchild's head of "Mr. Bryce" (1480) is firm in touch and incisive in character; Miss H. S. Montalba, in her posthumous record of the late "Mr. Richard Burchett" (1454), is, like her sister the painter, knowing, showy, and clever in seizing on and emphasizing the traits which can be turned to most account for art effect. Terra-cotta is still the rage. In this material, red as brick-dust and assailant in protuberant surface "as quills upon the fretful porcupine," Mr. Boehm's bust of "The Earl of Shaftesbury" (1364) is the best example, while an anonymous "Portrait" (1474), by Mr. Mullins, ranks as the worst. If we could but imagine as a groundwork the head of a ruffian disguised by beard of river-grass, and further clothed with ocean seaweeds, the head before us would find its original. The art is beneath serious criticism. Among literary men who win immortality in marble are "Thomas de Quincey" (1495), by Mr. Steel of Edinburgh; the face is rather flaccid in its over-soft flesh surfaces; but Coleridge under like opium-eating propensities fell into a similar sensitive and nerveless condition. Mr. Woolner, R.A., has long studied "Alfred Tennyson" (1424); indeed he and Mr. Watts, R.A., are the best interpreters through art of a head which reads as the epitome of a life; the poems of many years seem to write their lines across cheek and brow.

The full-length portraits are neither numerous nor remarkable. More energetic than artistic is Mr. Brock's "Model of the Statue of Richard Baxter, to be erected in the Town of Kidderminster" (1411). The style may be said to be "nonconformist," as is the subject; in its vehemence it does not conform to established law and order. But the action arrests attention; one hand rests on the Bible, the other is raised, as sometimes in pictures of St. John the Baptist when exclaiming "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." A certain breadth and rudeness in the treatment do not militate against the theme. Faint praise will suffice for "Dr. Priestley, erected in Birmingham" (1437). Mr. Williamson represents Priestley in the act of discovering oxygen. It is seldom that scientific operations translate kindly into art forms; after all that has been said to the contrary, art for the most part ends where science begins. Mr. Woolner has endowed with the presence of calm command the "Model for a Bronze Statue of Lord Lawrence, to be erected in front of the Government House, Calcutta" (1442). We remember, after the Indian mutiny, to have heard the Viceroy return thanks in public for a high encomium. He said, "I deserve no praise, I simply did my duty; I could do no less." In this statue we read the man.

THE OAKS.

THE field for the Oaks was twice as large as last year, but we question whether any one of the fourteen competitors was as good as Spinaway, the winner in 1875. The foreigners were in great force on this occasion, Count de Lagrange running Camelia and Allumette (first and second in the One Thousand Guineas), M. Lupin being represented by Enguerrande, second in the French Derby, M. Delamarre by Filoselle, and M. de Mongomery by La Seine. The nine English fillies made but a poor show by the side of their French-bred sisters; and, unfortunately, the best of them, Levant and Twine the Plaiden, went amiss a few days before the race. Of Count de Lagrange's pair, of Twine the Plaiden, Margarita, and La Seine, we spoke at some length when commenting on the One Thousand; and we may now add a few words about the antecedents of the more noteworthy of the remaining competitors. Enguerrande, a daughter of Vermont, the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris in 1864, only ran once in England as a two-year-old, when Kaleidoscope, giving her 8 lbs., beat her by a neck. This year her best performance was in the French Derby a fortnight ago, when Kilt only succeeded in defeating her by a head. As, however, Camembert was barely more than a neck behind her, there was nothing very wonderful about the form. Levant, by Adventurer out of Repulse, was, on her best public form, undoubtedly superior to all the fillies of her year, and was a good match for the best of the colts. She ran thirteen times as a two-year-old, and was unsuccessful on ten occasions. At Sandown Park she was beaten by Kaleidoscope and Red Cross Knight; in a match at Newmarket First Spring Meeting she succumbed to Town Crier; at Chester she was beaten by Bella and Merry Duchess; at Stockbridge by Julia Peachum, King Death, Julius Cæsar, and Coltness; at Nottingham a second time by Julia Peachum; at Brighton by Camelia, Gilestone, and Majesty; and in a second essay at the same meeting by Lucy Hawk and M. de Fligny; at Doncaster by Ithona, King Death, Charon, and Margarita; at Newmarket Second October Meeting by Hardrada and John Day, and, two days later, by Chaplet. Against these manifold defeats must be set Levant's one great victory in the July Stakes at Newmarket, when she defeated one of the finest fields of the season, including Parnese, Camelia, Kisber, Gilestone, Coltness, and Cerberus. It is true that her victory on that occasion was partly, if not mainly, due to the magnificent riding of Fordham, who held her head as if in a vice, and literally drove her in first past the winning-post; and it is also true that in all probability she never forgot the severe discipline to which she was then subjected, for certainly in her subsequent races she ran worse and worse, till at length she seemed to be incapable of winning in any company at all. Still a horse must be judged by his best, not by his worst, performance, and a winter's rest not unfrequently brings him back to his original form. Levant had wintered well and had grown into one of the finest fillies in training, and her behaviour at home in her gallops had caused the most sanguine expectations to be formed that she would show in the Oaks the same brilliant form she displayed last July at Newmarket. It was most unfortunate therefore that she should have gone wrong at the very last moment, after undergoing a capital preparation, for there was not another English representative with any pretensions to challenge the victorious French fillies; and through Majesty, who ran third in the One Thousand Guineas, Lord Rosebery had a fair idea of what chance Levant possessed against Camelia. Merry Duchess, a daughter of The Duke and Mirella, ran six times last season; but only accomplished one victory, carrying off the Newmarket Two-Year-Old Plate from a moderate field. At Chester she was twice beaten by Bella—then at the zenith of her brief and brilliant career—but managed to get in front of Levant. At Epsom she was beaten by Brigg Boy, Allumette finishing behind her; at Doncaster she was nowhere in the Bradgate Park Stakes; and in the New Nursery Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting she showed in equally bad form. The most careful examination of the *Racing Calendar* will fail to bring to light any performance of Liris, a daughter of King Victor and Scylla, which would justify the support accorded to her, from some unaccountable reason, on the Oaks day; and Catinka and Vittoria may be dismissed with a similar remark.

In the paddock almost the only competitors that attracted observation were Enguerrande, who was much admired; Levant, who was so obviously amiss that her chance was [illegible] hopeless; Filoselle, a French filly who has run prominently on the Continent this season; and La Seine, who looked by no means as well as on the One Thousand day. The favourite, Camelia, did not enter the paddock at all, and as the field on the whole did not deserve a very lengthened inspection, every one was gratified when the ceremony of the parade past the Stand and the preliminary canter were over, and the starter had them fairly under his charge. The flag fell to a much more even start than that for the Derby, and Allumette at once went to the front to make the running for her stable companion—a mission which she was only able to fulfil for about a quarter of a mile. Half way down the hill Camelia took the lead, and on entering the straight Enguerrande and Filoselle were her nearest attendants, all danger from the English division being over at this point. At the distance Enguerrande shook off Filoselle, and running with the greatest gameness reduced the lead of Camelia inch by inch, and just managed to catch the One Thousand winner in the last stride and make a dead-heat with her, Merry Duchess, four lengths off, beating Filoselle on sufferance for third place. The finish between Camelia and Enguerrande was very exciting, and the latter must be one of the gamest of the game to get where she did, for at the distance Camelia was a good length in front, and a length is a great deal to make up in the last two hundred yards of the Oaks course. Thus both the great races of the Epsom week fell to the foreigners; and English colts and fillies will have to play second fiddle in the three-year-old races this year, unless later in the season Levant should succeed in turning the tables

Cornelia. As long as Kisber keeps well there is little chance of his colours being lowered.

The general racing of the week was on the whole more interesting than usual, and attracted a larger share of attention. In the Craven Stakes Thunder almost met his match in Wisdom (the colt by Blinkhoolie out of Aline), who would have won if he had had the heart of a mouse. The fact was, however, that Mr. Vyner's grand old horse faltered towards the finish, if, indeed, he did not actually break down. Certainly he pulled up very lame, and we doubt whether we shall see him in public again. The match between Controversy and Chaplet was all one way, Chaplet never being able to get near Lord Rosebery's horse; and in consequence the hopes of the supporters of All Heart rose higher and higher, only to be utterly crushed on the morrow. The Egmont Plate produced an astonishing fine finish between Killiecrankie, Inglewood Ranger, and Bonny Blue Flag, the first-named coming in first by a head, while the other two ran a dead heat for second place, and Trappist, one of the best weight-carriers of the day, finished not more than a head behind the dead-heaters. Most curiously the heat of the weather caused the rider of Killiecrankie to lose just an ounce or two during the race—enough unfortunately to turn the scale against him in weighing in, and to cause the disqualification of his horse. The Woodcote Stakes brought out a field of ten, and introduced us to Chevron, a bay son of Rosicrucian and Cognisaunce (own sister to Achievement), who carried off this important race in a style worthy of his illustrious lineage. This victory came very opportunely a few days before the sale of the young Rosicrucians at Middle Park, and no doubt stimulated the anxiety of purchasers to bid for them. In the Paddock Stakes, on the third day of the meeting, Trappist made very short work of Tangible, who has probably seen his best day; and in the High Level Handicap the American aged horse Preakness improved on the form he has hitherto shown. They say that he still wants a great deal more work; but most horses at his age would be thinking of rest rather than of work. In the Epsom Cup another old horse from America, Mate, finished a bad third to Dalham and Wisdom; but the rest of the field, including Trappist and Controversy, were pulling up at the time, so that his position was only obtained on sufferance. We are told that Preakness will show to much greater advantage later in the season, over a long course—in the Goodwood Cup perhaps—but at present the experiment of running nine-year-old horses against English three and four-year-olds seems likely to be attended with scant success. Dalham's victory in the Epsom Cup was only secured by a head from Wisdom, who must be accounted an unlucky horse, having run well for a mile and a quarter in the Derby, as well as having fairly taken the measure of Thunder in the first race of the meeting, yet being unable to gain the coveted distinction of first place. He has good racing qualities, but has not the best of tempers or the stoutest of hearts, and thus the honours of victory were snatched from him at the last moment, when they seemed well within his grasp.

The Derby week was appropriately wound up with the annual sale of the Middle Park yearlings. Out of forty-nine lots, forty were disposed of at a very satisfactory average, and the young stock of Rosicrucian and of Victorious deservedly commanded high prices. Three of the Rosicrucians got into four figures, his sons from Lady of the Forest and Finesse fetching 1,300 guineas apiece, and his son from Little Heroine being knocked down for a round thousand. The stock of Rosicrucian show all the elegance and quality of their sire—one of the handsomest horses that ever trod the turf—and have proved themselves possessed of fine racing qualities. The stock of Victorious are also very good-looking, and sold well; while a high-bred daughter of Parmesan and Anderida fetched a high price. Altogether, the sale was a great success, and the second epoch of the existence of Middle Park as a breeding establishment bids fair to be as prosperous as the first.

We may remark that some little excitement was caused last week by a formal objection being raised against Kisber, the winner of the Derby, on the ground that the 16th Rule of Racing, which enacts that the certificate of the age, pedigree, and colour of any horse foaled out of the United Kingdom shall also include a description of the [illegible] which such horse is distinguished, had not been observed. The Stewards overruled the objection, and stigmatized it also as "frivolous," thereby, we imagine, intimating their opinion that the rule was never intended to be construed literally. It is a pity, then, that a vague and indefinite rule is allowed to remain in force; and it may be hoped that in the revised edition of the laws of racing this palpable defect, among many others, will be remedied. What are distinguishing marks, and how many of them are to be enumerated in the certificate of a foreign-bred horse, and how many are to be passed over as unworthy of notice? These questions deserve to be answered with some approach to accuracy, for it cannot be agreeable to a thoroughly practical racing-man, like the owner of the second in Kisber's Derby, after taking a course which the plain *bonâ fide* interpretation of the rules of racing would seem to justify, to be described as a frivolous objector. If rules are lax, those who sanctioned them, and who permit them to remain in force, are deserving of blame, not those who read them as they are written, and take the proper measures to have them applied.

REVIEWS.

MEMOIR OF LORD ALTHORP.*

SIR DENIS LE MARCHANT had many qualifications for the task of writing the Life of Lord Althorp, which he undertook at the request of his brother and successor, the fourth Lord Spencer. A life of official employment passed in intimate connexion with the principal members of the Whig party must have given Sir Denis Le Marchant an intimate knowledge of the political history of the time; and he was well acquainted with the subject of the present biography. Alone among the Whig leaders Lord Althorp was never alienated from Lord Brougham, who first brought Sir Denis Le Marchant into office. The Memoir, having been left unfinished, has been completed and arranged by Sir Henry Le Marchant, who acknowledges the value of suggestions which he has received from Lord Belper and from the late Lord Lyttelton. The work forms a valuable addition to the constantly accumulating mass of materials for the history of Lord Grey's Administration and of the Reform Bill; and it has the far higher merit of genuine biographical interest. Lord Althorp during his short public career exercised extraordinary influence, having done more than any of his colleagues to keep the Reform agitation within the bounds of law and of Parliamentary control. The first Reform Bill would have been with difficulty carried through the House of Commons if Lord Althorp had not, after a few weeks, taken the conduct of the measure out of the hands of Lord John Russell. During the two years' struggle he never lost his temper; and, while he commanded the unbounded confidence of his own followers, he provoked the smallest possible amount of hostility in the defeated party. His authority depended wholly on the combination of high moral qualities with plain common sense. Lord Althorp had not a spark of genius; he was a very bad speaker, and his range of knowledge and accomplishments was narrow; but he was clear-headed, straightforward, and intellectually as well as morally honest. His rank and fortune, and his thorough sympathy with the tastes and pursuits of English gentlemen, redeemed, in the estimation of Tory squires, the decided and sometimes extreme Liberalism of his opinions. His well-known aversion to office inclined the House of Commons to attach additional value to the continuance of his services. During one of the many Ministerial complications of the time Lord John Russell said, in answer to a charge of indirect contrivance, "I might believe that Althorp would intrigue to lose his place, but never that he would intrigue to keep it." Sagacious observers like Mr. Charles Greville were at first puzzled and almost scandalized by the success of a Ministerial leader who never took the trouble to disguise his blunders; but it was gradually found that he was generally in the right, even when he did little justice to his reasons. Sir Robert Peel complained that, when he had himself exposed in convincing language the defects of a statement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "Althorp gets up, and takes off his hat, and shakes his head, and, before he has said a word, the House is satisfied that there was nothing in the argument against him." Mr. Greville acutely remarks that the tolerance of which Lord Althorp was assured beforehand had the disadvantage of making him careless. The mistakes which another Minister must have elaborately explained away were condoned as soon as Lord Althorp set himself right with a good-humoured smile. It is true that he was entirely exempt from the imputation of levity. His temperament, though cheerful, was neither humorous nor gay, and his habits were laborious. All his contemporaries liked a character which all men could understand.

A political career which has secured to Lord Althorp a place in history extended only over four years. It is true that he had previously been six-and-twenty years in the House of Commons, and that at the beginning of that period he had been for thirteen months a Lord of the Treasury; but in those easy-going times he seldom took the trouble to come to London; and when he was compelled to make up a Board at the Treasury, he had relays of horses posted on the road, and rode down in the night that he might hunt with the Pytchley in the morning. After the downfall of the Coalition Ministry, Lord Althorp attached himself to the section of the Liberal party which, under the lead of Mr. Whitbread, held opinions in advance of the orthodox Whigs. It may be incidentally remarked that Sir Denis Le Marchant's characters of Mr. Whitbread and of some of his contemporaries add much to the value of the work. As he observes, with unquestionable truth, the Radical members of 1809 must not be confounded with those of our own time. "They belonged to the same class, were governed by the same social influences, and, with their common political principles, it was plain that, if true to themselves, they could have no separate interests." Some of the younger Radicals of the present day also belong to the same class with their more moderate allies and their political opponents; but they form a mere fraction of a numerous party which has nothing to do with the social influences which affect themselves. As the Opposition became more and more powerless in consequence of the successes of Wellington in Spain, Lord Althorp almost ceased to attend the House, devoting himself by preference to his duties as Master of the Pytchley Hunt, a function which had become almost hereditary in his family. He was a bold rider,

* *Memoir of John Charles, Viscount Althorp, Third Earl Spencer.* By the late Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart. London: Bentley & Son. 1876.

though he had not a safe seat; and he kept the hounds with profuse liberality. The methodical taste which afterwards found vent in the study of financial statistics led him to keep a minute and accurate journal of every run; and "he kept an account of every shot he fired in the course of the year, whether he missed or killed, and made up the book periodically." Among other pursuits which were then popular, he took great interest in the prize-ring, and he was himself a respectable proficient with the boxing-gloves. After his accession to the peerage and retirement from office, he was sometimes disturbed by a whimsical scruple or doubt whether he was not neglecting a duty in not regularly attending prize-fights. It was at a late period that he concentrated his interests on the breeding of stock. In sheep he acknowledged that the late Duke of Richmond excelled him; but in shorthorns he had no superior. Although, after his succession to the family estates, he found it necessary to practise strict economy, he was content to lose 3,000*l.* a year on his model stock farm.

In 1814 Lord Althorp married at the age of thirty-two; and the death of his wife in her first confinement, after a happy life of only four years, saddened and matured his character. One effect of the loss was to produce or cultivate strong religious feelings; and he became more closely interested in politics as he cared less for his former amusements. "My two lines of reading," he said, soon after the death of Lady Althorp, "are divinity and political economy; the first to do myself good; the other to enable me to do good to others." In a fragment of autobiography, begun after his retirement from political life, he avows with remarkable simplicity the questionable proposition that "the only object I ought to have in view is to secure my eternal happiness." A more sophisticated intellect would have striven to disguise from itself the purely self-regarding motive which might be thought to defeat or neutralize itself. On Lord Althorp's own showing his study of political economy was more meritorious than his theological lucubrations; but good men are rarer than sound ethical reasoners, and Lord Althorp was a good man. After 1818 he became more regular in his attendance in the House of Commons, and he took an active part as a member of some important Committees. On the death of Lord Liverpool he at first strongly opposed the coalition of the Whigs with Canning, to whom he felt a strong aversion; but, apparently under the influence of Brougham, he was at last reconciled to the new Government. After the death of Canning, the selection of Lord Althorp by Huskisson, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, was the immediate cause of the fall of Lord Goderich's feeble Administration. For some time he offered no active opposition to the Duke of Wellington's Government; but he supported more than one motion in favour of retrenchment, and he had gradually and unconsciously become the most trusted member of his party. It was not before the middle of the Session of 1830 that he was chosen leader of the Whigs. He himself urged the claims of Brougham to the vacant post; but the Whigs insisted on their choice, and with the assent of Brougham himself Lord Althorp accepted the nomination. The unhesitating choice of the party between the two competitors was highly instructive. In knowledge, in eloquence, in the power of swaying the House of Commons, and in popularity out of doors, Brougham was incomparably superior. Lord Althorp had the advantage of being one of the Whig aristocracy; and he was universally trusted, while his brilliant rival was capricious, unsteady, and prone to intrigue. It is to the credit of both that they maintained their friendship and even their political alliance to the last. Sir Denis Le Marchant mentions for the first time a project of inducing Lord Spencer to form a Cabinet when Sir R. Peel's Government was supposed, in 1844, to be insecure. It seems that Lord Spencer was not indisposed to encourage the overture; but he foretold his failure, because he thought himself bound in honour to propose Lord Brougham as Chancellor. It may be inferred that he disapproved of Lord Melbourne's exclusion of Brougham from the Government of 1835. It is strange that the most conscientious of statesmen should have deliberately preferred personal claims to the public interest.

On the fall of the Duke of Wellington's Government Lord Althorp unwillingly became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Ministerial leader. Notwithstanding the claims of his party on his services, he would probably have declined office if Lord Grey had not positively refused to form a Ministry without him. The profound repugnance to official life which he felt by anticipation never abated or varied. He consistently declared that he had sacrificed the happiness of his life to public duty; and on the first opportunity he finally abandoned political life. Lord Grey had reason for the importance which he attached to Lord Althorp's aid. Among his own followers it would at the time have been impossible to find another leader who would have been acceptable to the House of Commons. Brougham, even if the party would have endured his appointment, could not have afforded to sacrifice his profession for a strictly political career. Lord John Russell and Mr. Stanley had not yet attained sufficient Parliamentary rank to entitle them to seats in the Cabinet. Sir James Graham was a comparatively new and doubtful recruit; and Lord Grey could not be expected, even if he had fully appreciated the ability of Lord Palmerston, to select as his confidential lieutenant a recent seceder from the Tory ranks. Sir Denis Le Marchant makes, without mentioning his authority, the novel and remarkable statement that Lord Palmerston proposed himself to Lord Grey as leader of the House of Commons. He could not refuse to acquiesce in the preference which had been given to Lord Althorp; and, fortunately for himself, though he had already been nearly twenty years in office, he could afford to wait. On Lord Althorp's retirement Lord Palmerston was not even thought of as his successor; and it was not until six-and-twenty years had elapsed from the formation of Lord Grey's Government that he assumed his proper place as Prime Minister and leader of the House of Commons. The Reform Bill could scarcely have been carried by a Minister who accepted it as an unwelcome, though necessary, measure. Lord Althorp thoroughly approved the principle of the Bill, and he would not unwillingly have rendered it still more democratic. The vicissitudes of the contest are fully recorded by Sir Denis Le Marchant, who was at the time principal Secretary to the Lord Chancellor; but there was little to add to many previous narratives, and especially to Mr. Greville's minute and accurate account of Lord Grey's negotiations with the waverers who followed Lord Harrowby and Lord Wharncliffe. As the biographer of Lord Althorp, Sir Denis Le Marchant properly records the wretched squabble which ended in the resignation of Lord Grey, and in Lord Althorp's retention of his office under Lord Melbourne. Brougham's restless love of intrigue, the awkward indiscretion of Mr. Littleton, the Irish Secretary, the vulgar and faithless cunning of O'Connell, and the excessive sensitiveness of Lord Grey, are perhaps more fully illustrated by the present biographer than by any previous writer. Lord Althorp himself for once appears to disadvantage as an honest bungler. Those who take the trouble to study the details will have no difficulty in understanding a disagreeable story. Lord Grey, on the demand of Lord Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, included in a Coercion Bill certain provisions against public meetings which were denounced as tyrannical by O'Connell. Lord Brougham privately entreated Lord Wellesley to facilitate the passage of the Bill by withdrawing his statement that the obnoxious clauses were necessary. Lord Wellesley, preferring the supposed convenience of the Government to the interests of peace and order, assented to the request, and Mr. Littleton communicated the secret to O'Connell under a pledge of confidence, which was of course immediately violated by the unscrupulous demagogue. In the meantime Lord Althorp and Mr. Littleton found that the Prime Minister was less willing than themselves to understand or accept the inconsistent statements of the Lord-Lieutenant. Lord Grey's family, if not himself, suspected that the whole intrigue had been devised by Brougham in the hope of supplanting his chief; but the more charitable construction of his conduct is probably just. A violent and passionate remonstrance addressed to Lord Althorp on the supposed dissolution of the Government shows that Brougham was taken by surprise at the result of his own indirect proceedings. Lord Althorp had acted indiscreetly, and he was compromised by Mr. Littleton's less excusable blunders; but it never occurred to any party in the transaction to doubt his uprightness of intention. It was at Lord Grey's urgent desire that he finally consented to retain the office of which he was finally relieved at his father's death three months afterwards.

A mere notice of well-known political transactions does injustice to Sir Denis Le Marchant's work. His biography sustains its interest and proves its accuracy by the entire consistency of Lord Althorp's character from the beginning to the end of his life. In his case the boy was father of the man. A letter to his father written at seven years old shows the same tastes which he retained in his maturer years, and illustrates his faculty of coming to the point in his statements:—

"Dear Papa,

"I went to Brington Hill this morning, and catched four rabbits, and there was a good many people; and I did not know who they were all. We threw off at ten o'clock—Tartar and Bowler and Punch and Turpin did very well, but Jenny's puppy did not do well, for she cried at the bushes—Fanny did very well too. I rode upon Castlebar and Ned Corns was behind. John Townshend and James walked by me, and I went a gallop, and had good sport. When you come back there is to be a race in which you are to run, and so shall John Townshend, and Jack Corns and Peter. I am to ride on Ginger, and you shall ride on Cowslip; I got three horses at the races at Northampton, and yours is a very good one. You have been a long time away, so no more.

"Jack Spencer, Viscount Althorp."

His sister, Lady Lyttelton, in a letter to her daughter, gives a touching account of his last moments. "He said that he deeply felt that his had been a happy life, and that he was now most happy; but that this did not diminish the joy with which he obeyed the awful summons, and accepted the call to heavenly peace." Probably the chief drawback to the happiness of his life, except the loss of his wife, had been the political success which made him eminent and useful.

BROOM'S PHILOSOPHY OF LAW.*

THERE is hardly anything more remarkable in the literature of English law than the want of good elementary books, unless it be the singular failure of almost all modern attempts to provide for it. The present work, notwithstanding its ambitious and ill-chosen title, whose relation to anything in the contents we have been unable to discover, appears to be in substance an attempt in this direction. Dr. Broom tells us that it "is meant for perusal not only by law students, but by the public," and "exhibits the

* *The Philosophy of Law; being Notes of Lectures delivered during Twenty-three Years* (1852–1875), *in the Inner Temple Hall.* Adapted for Students and the Public. By Herbert Broom, LL.D. London: Maxwell & Son. 1876.

elements of our existing law." A book that should really do this in a moderate compass, with any tolerable method, with competent accuracy, and with sufficient literary skill to make it interesting to readers willing to be interested, would undoubtedly be of the greatest value. But it is unhappily quite impossible to say that the book now before us answers any such description. In the first place, the elements which it purports to exhibit turn out to be the elements not of the law of England as a whole, but only of certain limited though important branches of it. Contract, Wrong, and Crime are the only general heads dealt with in these chapters, and it is hardly needful to state that these are very far from making up the whole body of the law. Why these particular heads have been chosen we are left to guess as best we may; the text gives no explanation. From the titlepage we gather that the book is in fact an outgrowth of several courses of lectures extending over a space of many years, and one can only presume that one or more distinct and independent courses were devoted to each of these distinct topics. Each of them is in itself a natural and proper topic for a course of lectures; nor is there any harm in afterwards bringing them all together in one volume. But authors and publishers are no less bound than dealers in more gross and material commodities to describe with reasonable correctness the wares they bring to market; and it appears to us, especially when we consider that the book is partly meant for laymen, who cannot be presumed to know by mere inspection how much of "the elements of our existing law" will not be found in it, that in this case there has been a certain laxity in the observance of that elementary duty.

Putting the question of nomenclature aside, however, let us consider these chapters on the merits of their actual contents. Every one of the subjects here dealt with is a large and abundant one, and demands a careful exercise of choice and method in order to make it clear, even in its most general features, to a reader coming to it for the first time. We may fairly assume that such a reader is here contemplated, but in our judgment he is not likely to be much enlightened; or, if he is, it will be by his own efforts in digesting and re-arranging in his mind the materials thus put before him. The method followed by Dr. Broom, if method it can be called, consists in starting a chapter with the statement of a few generalities of the barest kind, and then running off without further explanation into a long string of instances which might almost have been taken at random just as they were noted up in a commonplace book. The special subdivisions of the main topic are brought in anywhere and anyhow by way of digression, and as often as not are only to be found piecemeal in two or three different places. We begin with a chapter of Prelatory Observations on "The Province of Law." One is rather surprised at the outset by learning that the Common Law of England has been derived "from enactments of the Legislature" among other sources; but let that pass. Then we have paragraphs about the construction of statutes and the theory of judicial precedents, which have much to do with the determination and administration of the law, but to our poor apprehension very little with the definition of its province —which indeed is not a legal question at all. Then comes a somewhat confused statement of the distinction between civil and criminal law; then two or three instances of civil wrongs; then a sudden digression about fraud in its civil and criminal aspects—and so on for twenty pages. This, for example, is a singular paragraph to find in a general introductory discourse on "The Province of Law":—

> Subject to the condition that no riot be committed, a nuisance may sometimes be abated, *i.e.* removed and put a stop to, by the person whom it injuriously affects. The treasurer of a County Court has been held justified in breaking open the offices of the registrar of the Court, during the absence of that official, in order to get at the books kept by him, with a view to their being audited. Here no breach of the peace could have ensued from the act of violence in question. So if A. take goods out of the actual possession of B. against his will, B. may justify using force for retaking the goods, and so may set up a good ground of defence in an action of assault; and if goods are obtained under colour of a contract of sale, but really by trick and fraud, the semblance of a contract disappears—the property in the goods does not pass, and they may be recaptured.

As to the relevance of this in the place where it comes, we leave the reader to judge. As to the matter, we very much doubt whether the last proposition be true, and at all events it is not borne out by the cases cited in the notes, which are far from going to such an extent. Dr. Broom has certainly taken care to give plenty of references to recent authorities; but, although it is now understood that, other things being equal, recent authorities are the better, it is likewise understood that one should first be assured of their being in point. As to the manner and general utility, we confess that, when we have occasion for this kind of reading, we very much prefer Fisher's Digest.

After this we are abruptly taken to Contract; it does not appear why, but we have already waived that question. We very soon come to the familiar story of the old Common Law rule against the assignment of a *chose in action* having been devised by the wisdom of our ancestors to repress litigation. Now one must not be too hard on Dr. Broom about this, as he does no more than almost all the modern books have done in repeating without question an assertion first made by Coke. Still it is the kind of thing which a writer professing a philosophical interest in his subject might not unreasonably have paused to look into. When one does look into it, the result which comes out is that Coke's dictum is a mere rhetorical flourish (and, moreover, limited in its application by the context in which it occurs), and that, so far as one can make out by the help of the Year Books and of general analogies, the doctrine was in truth no politic invention, but, in this connexion at any rate, simply belonged to the ancient conception of contract as a strictly personal relation between the original parties. A little further on the terms *voidable* and *void* are introduced without explanation, so that a student might think them synonymous; whereas there is an important difference between them, which is, indeed, often lost sight of in the books, but for that very reason should be the more diligently and distinctly pointed out in elementary teaching. In like manner we presently read of a contract "implied by law *and* inferred by a jury," which is just what it cannot be; here, again, a distinction that ought to be made clear from the first is not merely omitted but obscured. Dr. Broom is of course not answerable for the unfortunate double meaning with which the term "implied contract" is used, standing sometimes for a real though not express agreement "inferred by a jury," sometimes for an obligation independent of agreement, the arising of which on a particular state of facts is a question of law; but one main use of such exposition as is here undertaken is to give timely warning and explanation to the learner on difficulties of this kind. The language here used is only fitted to perplex him. To make his confusion even worse, we find mixed up in this context one or two instances of legal presumptions touching the intention of the parties to certain kinds of contracts as to events on which the contract itself is silent, which is yet a third and different matter.

There is a chapter entitled "Mercantile Contracts" containing many things that have nothing to do with mercantile as distinguished from other contracts, and not one word on the really peculiar and characteristic features of the Law Merchant. There is something about agency, something about fraud, and something about illegality, but nothing whatever about negotiable instruments, nor about the rules governing public employments of a commercial kind, such as a carrier's, which from a still older time have been embodied in the Common Law as being "the custom of the realm." Moreover, it is said that "in regard to a mercantile contract the nicest good faith must be observed," which is an excellent moral precept as regards all contracts, but is not correct as a proposition of law. For instance, something far short of "the nicest good faith" is admitted in the contract of sale of goods, as appears by a remarkable case decided within the last few years. A special duty to communicate all material facts within the party's knowledge does exist in one or two special classes of contracts, but is distinctly treated as exceptional.

The following chapter, on "Written Instruments," is mixed up, like the last, with miscellaneous information. We are told here that a bond is the simplest of deeds. It has always appeared to us to be the most artificial and perplexed. The first specimen of it that a law student sees is usually the bond which he executes on his admission to one of the Inns of Court; and, as far as our experience goes, the effect of it to a novice is highly puzzling. The instrument may be described as a promise, stated in a curiously involved manner, to pay a sum of money if a specified event does not happen. The happening of this event, which may be the payment of money, the observance of the rules of a Society, or any other lawful act, is the only real object of the parties, and is in fact the thing contracted for. I want to promise A that I will ride to York; first, I profess myself bound to pay, say, 100*l.* to A, and then it is explained that, if I ride to York, I am to pay nothing. Such is the form of the simplest of deeds, which Dr. Broom's cursory statement almost assumes to be known by the light of nature. The absurdity of the whole thing is completed by the modern statutes which in many cases expressly forbid the Courts to enforce the instrument according to its terms.

Under the head of "Legal Principles applied to Contracts" the expounder proceeds to give a number of instances whose order and connexion we have failed to trace. There is a digression on the duties of Railway Companies to passengers, without so much as a hint at the existence of the Railway and Canal Traffic Act. The chapter on Torts is very simply constructed. A tort, we are told, is the infringement of a right; then follows an enumeration of various rights which may be infringed. It is perhaps a real question, however, whether a distinct genus of torts ought to stand at all in the arrangement of English law. The position of *delicts* in Roman law may be accounted for by the fact that most of the injuries to property or possession which with us come under the head of trespass were remedied in the Roman system, not by actions *ex delicto*, but by real or possessory actions. Delicts, therefore, correspond to a real division in procedure at all events. But the Common Law has not, if it ever had, any Real Actions in the Roman sense; even our old "real actions," all but the writ of right, were merely possessory; and the modern possessory actions are historically special variations of proceedings *ex delicto*. So that Tort, instead of being a genus co-ordinate with divers others, has really come to swallow up almost every part of our private civil law which does not come under the head of Contract. Practically the chief use of it is to lump together in a rough provisional way various topics which have really little in common except that for various reasons they have not been made the subject of monographs.

A good proportion of space is given, and so far rightly, to the somewhat difficult topic of Negligence. But Dr. Broom's language is sadly wanting in precision. First he says breach of duty may include negligence; then he speaks of "the distinction between breach of duty and negligence"; then he repeats that negligence is "one phase of breach of duty"; then he varies it again by saying that "the phrase 'breach of duty' may be identical with the term 'negligence.'" All this time he never explains the main

thing to be explained—namely, that negligence in a legal sense is a purely negative expression, meaning the omission of that amount of care which the law sees fit to require in the particular case, either as a positive duty or as the condition of asserting a right; and that the real question always is, What is the measure of the care which the law did in this case require? Further on, in the chapters dealing with the criminal law, the marvellously absurd Common Law definition of larceny, whereby a carrier was a thief if he opened a bale of the goods entrusted to him and took some of them, but not if he took the whole bale, is given, together with this consequence of it, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. After an interval of thirty pages we find the like treatment of "the curious results"—curious indeed in their unreasonableness—and "nice distinctions"—nice in Chaucer's as well as in the modern sense—which spring from the doctrine that there can be no larceny of things annexed to the freehold. These absurdities were no doubt sufficiently exposed about two centuries ago in a certain "Dialogue of the Common Laws of England," written by the founder of the English school of the philosophy of law; but Dr. Broom can hardly presume this to be so well known to his lay readers that further explanation is superfluous.

The motto on Dr. Broom's title-page—a motto more than once used by law reporters, and for their works a very fitting one—is *His utere mecum*. The pronoun refers, we presume, to the authorities made use of in the composition of these lectures. Lawyers and students will doubtless continue to use those authorities; but we conceive that they will be little assisted in so doing by such slight and inadequate guidance as is here offered to them.

THE ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.*

THE novel has so often passed through experimental phases only to return, time after time, to the ordinary mechanical level of gossiping narrative, that it is perhaps idle to speculate on its future form; but just now it seems to be chiefly used for the illustration and discussion of social problems presented in a fanciful aspect. George Eliot puts the case of an ambitious girl whose first principle of conduct is not to be like other girls. Mr. Black also exhibits a dashing young lady in desperate conflict with the conventionalities of society, but subdued by love. Mr. Hardy takes another kind of problem; given an aspiring and clever woman, the daughter of a butler still in service, with brothers and sisters dependent on her for support, who finds her way as a guest to the table where her father waits, and is troubled with offers of marriage which add to the difficulties of her peculiar position, how would she be likely to act? and he treats it in his witty and poetical way. And in the work now before us, which has been appearing in instalments in the same magazine as Mr. Hardy's, Mrs. Linton also sets herself to the working out of an ideal position as illustrative of social perplexities. In each of these cases the philosophical aim is much the same, though the style of treatment varies. The authors of *Daniel Deronda* and *Madcap Violet* adhere pretty consistently to the limits of ordinary possibility, while the other two are disposed to give more license to the imagination. We must say for ourselves that we consider the various exercise of every kind of mind and talent in fiction to be so desirable that we are ready to accept any good story on its own theory, unless there is something positively objectionable about it. And, indeed, this is only fair. A close representation of the everyday incidents of life is very well in its way, especially when characterized by deep feeling and delicate art; but there is no reason for limiting the efforts of fiction to this kind of delineation; and we are therefore glad to see a free range of fancy and invention. Although we have just coupled the *Atonement of Leam Dundas* and *The Hand of Ethelberta* in the same general category, it would be a great mistake to suppose that they have, except their originality and romantic air, anything in common. Mrs. Linton looks at life from a point of view of her own, and certainly not with the genial complacency and whimsical humour of the other novelist. Her book produces on the reader as he goes through it very conflicting impressions, the balance of which he may at the close find some difficulty in striking, especially if he adopts the ordinary notion that a novel is intended solely as light reading and amusement. Those who take up the work before us with this expectation will certainly be very much disappointed; and indeed we should not be surprised if those who judge of a literary dish by the first spoonful were tempted to give it up in a state of mind at once exasperated and perplexed. In the first place, in order to enter into the spirit of the story, it is necessary to bear in mind that Mrs. Linton is not a sayer of smooth and soothing things. She has her own views of life, and on the whole finds it very jagged and unsatisfactory, except in so far as its systematic hypocrisy is redeemed by occasional impulses of superior sentiment and passion. How far this is a true or complete view of life it is unnecessary here to discuss. There are aspects of society which, as it seems to us, the writer leaves too much on one side, and the tone of bitterness and mutiny which breaks out occasionally in the course of the narrative has undoubtedly something morbid about it; nor can we say that she does not carry her conscientious and uncompromising desire not to stoop to mere giving of pleasure and amusement a little too far. We should be sorry to deter any one capable of appreciating such a work from reading it by saying that it is a very serious production; yet the writer's seriousness, her keen sense of the evils and waywardness of modern society, and of the duty of speaking out about them, must be taken into account in judging of her narrative. We ought to add, however, that, if it is serious, it is certainly not dull. Mrs. Linton has devised a series of incidents of a very striking and suggestive character which are perhaps not impossible, though they hang together in a way which strikes one as, in some respects, inconsistent; but, however that may be, she is entitled to have the conditions on which her story is based distinctly recognized and kept in mind.

The heroine, Leam Dundas, is the offspring of two very unlovely and repulsive beings. Her mother, Pepita, who exercises the deepest influence on her character, is presented to us as "a superbly beautiful Spanish woman, with the face of a sibyl, the temper of a fiend, the brutality of a savage, and ignorance to correspond." She went about in the morning in unsavoury garments, her long black hair tangled and uncombed, and her superb sibylline face innocent of soap and water and loaded with yesterday's powder and paint; and did not rub off the coating of white of egg which she substituted for ablution, do her hair, or put on a decent gown, till far into the afternoon. She was not only queer in these ways, but hated English society, and preferred to spend her time swinging in a hammock in the garden and puffing cigarettes and thumping a zambomba or Spanish drum, improvised from a bladder and an inverted flower-pot. When she did not agree with any observation which was made to her, she replied, "You do lie," or "You are as stupid as a pig." Another of her amusements was a box of dolls, which she shared with her little daughter. One of these was dressed like the Devil, and was called "El señor papa"—that is, Mr. Dundas, for whom, of all others, Mrs. Dundas had the keenest hatred and contempt. He had in his loose youth been captivated by her animal beauty, when he first picked her up in a small wayside tavern in the wilds of Andalusia; but she had married him only to suit her own purposes, and had observed that his admiration had fallen off after the first hot flush. When she was transplanted from Spain to a dull, damp English village, where sunshine was rare and fruit sour and scanty, where there were no festas, no bull-fights, no castanets, no flowers, no colours, no priests, no saints, she felt that she had been deluded and betrayed, and began simply to rage against her situation, and revenge herself on her husband. She was violent and paroxysmal in everything; hating her mate with sustained intensity, and perpetually insulting him in the most opprobrious way; loving her daughter, caressing her extravagantly, yet at times beating her savagely, and once even making her teeth meet in the child's lean brown arm. Her favourite lesson to Leam was that all Protestants were pigs, good only to be roasted by slow fires; and once, to express her feelings on the subject, she took the cat as representative of the parson, tied a pair of paper bands round its neck, and crying "Preach Birkett, preach; the one as good as the other," kept it hanging up till it died. Then she kicked it aside, saying, "I wish it had been the man-dog instead. A priest with a wife, pah! he should be burnt." Mr. Dundas, this fury's husband, is a weak, amorous fool, who sees he has made a mistake, returns Pepita's abuse in kind, and takes no interest in his daughter.

At the opening of the story, Leam, living between two open enemies, had chosen her side, and clung to her mother with a kind of religious fervour. She had been taught to dislike and despise her father, to think herself a true Spaniard, and to abominate English people and Protestants. She had no sense of religion except this, and a dim veneration of, and trust in, the saints and the Virgin Mary, and was densely ignorant both as to conduct and knowledge. She was absolutely destitute, we are told, of any fragment of moral sense besides her passionate fidelity to her vixen of a mother. "The words right and wrong were words having no meaning for her, and she knew no barrier, save material impossibility, between herself and her desires." She tried to coax the saints by prayer, but rated them soundly if they neglected her desires. This other state at fourteen:—"A mere bit of brute material, potentially active; a soul unborn; a heart untouched save by one affection; a spirit imprisoned; an intellect unawakened; a vitalized machine after the pattern of humanity, but as yet only a machine"; "volcanic forces for the present battened down, and with the surface smoothness unrent and undisturbed." She was shy and taciturn, meagre and undeveloped, a dark-eyed melancholy little statue, too proud to cry and too shy to thaw. Other children dreaded her, and she dreaded them, and shrank away. The event which first broke through the stagnation of her existence was her mother's sudden death in a fit of apoplexy, brought on by an outbreak of frantic jealousy at the suspected [illegible] of her husband to another woman. This was a mysterious [illegible] calling herself Mme. de Montfort, which in confidence [illegible] was raised to "Countess," who had suddenly appeared one night, with an infant girl, in the village of North Aston and settled there, having, as the reader is led to suppose, given the child a dose of opium to serve as a pretext for exciting the sympathy of the residents and explaining her abrupt stoppage on her journey. It comes out afterwards that she was a thoroughly disreputable adventuress; but her good looks and plausible manners conciliated her new friends, and were especially powerful in their effect on Mr. Dundas. She described herself as the daughter of an

* *The Atonement of Leam Dundas.* A Novel. By E. Lynn Linton, Author of "Patricia Kemball," "Lizzie Lorton," &c. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

American clergyman, married to a French nobleman, and afterwards living in London; and told such absurd and improbable stories that it is difficult to understand why her imposture was not detected. However, she marries Mr. Dundas within a year after he became a widower, and takes her place in North Aston society. This event appeared dreadful to Leam, who regarded the marriage as an atrocious injury to her mother, whom she supposed to be grieving in heaven. When she hears of the impending event, she flies out against her father for having made mamma miserable while she lived, and now making her miserable in another world. She tells him that if the saints forgot her mamma, she will not, and she will never acknowledge another; if another come she will kill her. But her father only laughs at her excitement. We can hardly, however, conceive of any one educated as a gentleman, however weak and wicked, suggesting to his own daughter that her mother was more likely to be in a place of torment than in heaven. Leam hid herself in the woods on the day of the wedding, and afterwards proclaimed open war against the new mistress of the house. The thought of her mamma was constantly in her mind; she feared the saints had deserted her, and that she had to look only to her own poor hands and bewildered brain to protect her mother's memory and revenge her wrongs. She heard a voice murmuring in her ear, "Little Leama, I am unhappy; sweetheart, do not let me be unhappy." When her new mamma and her father came home from their wedding trip, all this became more agonizing to her, and she resolved that the stranger must somehow be swept out of the place she had usurped. The girl had trusted to the saints to do it, but they had made no sign, and now she was thrown on her own resources. One day she had chanced, when with a playmate, the son of a retired doctor in the village, to be in the laboratory, and had heard from him of the operation of poisons. This had a strange fascination for Leam, and, watching her opportunity, she stole a little bottle of prussic acid. On the evening of Mr. and Mrs. Dundas's return, the bride was found lying dead in her bed-room, with a phial of cherry-water on the table near her. There were all sorts of surmises as to the cause of death; the jury attributed it to an over-dose of the cherry-water, but many people thought she had poisoned herself. The inquest was, as usual, a mere farce, and there was no *post-mortem* examination of the body. If there had been, it would have been found that it was something more potent than cherry-water which had been administered. This, in fact, was the use which Leam had made of the poison she had appropriated from Dr. Corfield's laboratory. She had gone into the bed-room which had previously been her mother's, to take a last look at it before it was desecrated by the new-comer; had noticed the phial on the table; and, as if by a flash of inspiration, saw that now her chance had come of revenging her mother, and poured the prussic acid into the bottle.

After this catastrophe, Mr. Dundas sent Leam to a boarding-school, shut up his house, and went abroad. Four years elapsed before they returned together to the old home. Leam had by this time gone through a process of civilization; she was no longer a little savage, but a well-bred, graceful young lady; grave, quiet, and laconic. She had also discovered the nature of the crime which she had committed as an act of devotion to her mother, and the gulf which had thus been created between her and the rest of the world. The memory of that dreadful deed overshadowed her life, and though remorse was not always present with her, it broke out at intervals in gusty storms. She was alone in the world, isolated from all around her, and with a terrible secret shut up in her heart. When the sense of sin was most burning, she felt as if she must at once make avowal of her hideous tale; then the instinct of self-preservation would come into play, and she would rush out for a long solitary ramble on the moor. The poor girl's fluctuations and sufferings under this terrible pressure are described with much force and pathos. Nothing can be more tender and delicate than the way in which the dawning of her pure and almost unconscious love for Edgar Harrowby—a worthless fellow, though Leam does not suspect it—and the dr[illegible]like happiness which suddenly comes over her when she [illegible]returned are brought out. It seems to her as if the dark passage in her history has now been blotted out, and that in the indulgence of a natural affection a new life has been opened up to [illegible]sense of "home and rest to one very tired and long lost." The vision, however, is only the fitful gleam that heralds the storm, the parting of the clouds before they close in darkness and make day night. We cannot attempt to follow this deep and touching study in detail, but must be content to say that it reveals a power of delineation, going below mere surface characteristics, of a very high kind.

It is in this part of the book undoubtedly that Mrs. Linton is seen at her best, and we could almost wish that she had allowed it to stand by itself as a proof of what she can do when she chooses to concentrate her mind upon a distinct subject, and to restrain the discursiveness which occasionally leads her astray. There is much in the early part of this novel which seems to us needlessly rough and disagreeable, and the main plot is also weakened by idle complications which only divert attention from what ought to be the leading feature of the story. Madame de Montfort is a very commonplace adventuress, and has an air of being introduced into the plot for a purpose which the writer afterwards abandons. Mr. Dundas's third marriage, with Josephine Harrowby, also helps the story very little, and the episode of old Gryce is not only absurd in itself, but quite superfluous. It is significant that in these padding parts of the work the style of the author is apt to sink into a looseness and slovenliness which contrast strangely with the compressed power and finish with which the central idea is worked out. The weird beauty and spiritual bewilderment of Leam are depicted with delicate grace and vividness, and the little glimpses of scenery—not thrust in to make up for want of incident, or elaborated under the delusion that a catalogue of colours is equivalent to a picture, but coming in naturally as a background—show the hand of a true artist. Perhaps the most serious fault of this work is the tendency to throw out what may be called nagging remarks on opinions, types of character, and ways of life which are distasteful to the writer. Thus there is in the present novel a continued insistance on the notion that the upper class are a set of hypocrites, who harden their hearts against the poor, and have no real charity or sympathy. In the description of the village of North Aston the "stately mansions of the local aristocracy on the slopes in favoured places" are contrasted with the ill-ventilated, ill-constructed, unhealthy cottages among the swamp and drainage of the bottom. This tone runs all through. The rector is represented as having a profound contempt for the poor, and no interest in his clerical duties beyond the fact that they yield him an income. His daughter is called a model English girl, "orthodox and lady-like," yet cold-hearted, intensely selfish, who, when she marries, will treat her "servants as serfs" whom she has "bought in soul as well as body, in mind as well as muscle," and will shirk the trouble of looking after her children. This strain of sneering at orthodoxy and respectability may no doubt be justified in certain cases; but its introduction as a sort of refrain in a novel conveys a one-sided and discoloured view of life, and is besides obviously a defect in art. The object of an author should be, not to irritate or offend his readers, but to conciliate them, and bring them into sympathy with his narrative. Still, with all its defects, *Leam Dundas* is a very remarkable and interesting book, with a true intellectual flavour and intensity which are very rare in current fiction.

TO THE VICTORIA FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.*

A BOOK of travel does not altogether depend on its freshness to recommend it, and yet we do not see why it should be supposed to gain, like wine, by being "laid down" for a certain number of years. But it appears to be becoming a not unusual practice to publish travelling reminiscences after an inexplicable delay. More than one volume that we have lately noticed has supplied instances in point, and now we have Mr. Edward Mohr giving us a narrative of South African wanderings and sporting adventures which took place no less than seven years ago. A good deal has happened since then in some of the districts he passed through. The excitement of the diamond-digging attained its height; our colonists have had a fair share of chronic troubles with their aboriginal neighbours and the Dutch boers, and the dependency of Natal in particular has been in a political ferment. But, as Mr. Mohr only concerns himself incidentally with local politics or social changes, the fact that events of some historical importance have taken place since he visited the country does not seriously impair the interest of his travels. His objects were principally sporting, though partly scientific; he has written a pleasing book in a fresh and spirited style, and his translator has done him every justice. As might be surmised from his name, Mr. Mohr is a German; and as his countrymen have scattered themselves all over the world, he never found himself far from the German Fatherland, even in the wild borderland which divides the South African settlements from the savage interior, or among the bold miners and elephant-hunters who push their way into the wilderness. For himself, it was his intention to make the journey from Natal through the Orange Free State, the Transvaal Republic, and the ill-defined territories of the great Matabele tribe to the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi—an intention which he happily carried into effect, having been fortunate in securing the company of a compatriot, Herr Adolph Hübner, a mining engineer of some celebrity. Consequently he opened up no new country, and cannot be said to have made any actual contributions to our knowledge of African geography. Throughout the journey he came upon parties of white adventurers, who had gone out for the most part after ivory. But as he went amply provided with astronomical instruments, and was indefatigable in taking observations and determining localities, his labours are likely to prove useful to those who may follow him.

Nothing strikes us more in successive works on African travel than the steady way in which the interior is being opened up, although the progress of colonization may not go forward very rapidly. As the game recedes before the advance of the settlers and the multiplication of white trading adventurers, the difficulties diminish that used to loom so large. What was waste and wilderness in the last generation is now picketed by snug farmsteadings, whose inmates are ready to barter farm luxuries for tea and coffee, powder and shot. Trustworthy information as to the easiest routes is to be obtained far towards the interior, and the ponderous waggons, instead of pioneering their own way, jolt forward over rough-made tracks which marvellously facilitate their progress. For, as Mr. Mohr points out, in the African jungle as much as anywhere else, "ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." The passage of the first waggon involves the felling of trees and grubbing of scrub, with the occasional cutting away of sand-banks when some deep river-course has to be forded.

* *To the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi.* Translated from the German of Edward Mohr by N. D'Anvers. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1876.

But when once a waggon has gone by, others may follow comparatively easily; and accordingly, when the news gets about that a single white man has passed forward anywhere, there are sure always to be watchful countrymen of his who will not be far behind him. And nowadays the danger of trouble with the savages is very much less than it used to be. Should the stranger fall between hostile tribes in times of war, it is quite possible that he may suffer from the disturbed state of the country; but, if things are quiet, he has seldom anything more to fear than an irritating detention, with the idea of taxing him more heavily. The chiefs have become alive to their own interests; they fully realize the profits of the regular trade that opens to them a market for their skins, ivory, and ostrich feathers; and, besides, they have a wholesome dread of the retribution that may possibly follow any act of violence. Mr. Mohr relates how, on a former journey, he left his unprotected waggons to the care of the Matabele, while absent on a shooting expedition, although they were stocked with abundance of everything that is most precious in native eyes. And on this occasion he acknowledges the thoughtfulness of the Matabele chief when an unsparing war of succession was on the point of breaking out in the tribe. Peremptory orders were issued that all the white men should return to the frontier; and at first general indignation was felt. But the chief explained that his intention was to send them out of the way of harm, and the explanation was received as entirely satisfactory. It would appear, in fact, that now the chief inconveniences of travel south of the Zambesi are those natural obstructions which time can do little or nothing to remove—the unhealthiness of the country, the scarcity of water, and the poisonous tsetze fly. As to the first of these, it is Mr. Mohr's opinion that sickness may be generally avoided by proper precaution and a judicious selection of camping ground. As for water, although there are deserts where there is none of it to be found in the dry season, yet in the wooded country the permanent pools and springs are being steadily discovered as exploration proceeds. Again, although no remedy has as yet been discovered for the fatal bite of the tsetze, it has been proved that the fly is strictly confined within certain well-defined limits. In short, Mr. Mohr asserts that patience rather than courage is the indispensable quality for the African explorer; and although a man ought to have strong nerves to sleep tranquilly to a serenade of lions, or to dodge the mad rush of the wounded elephant or rhinoceros, yet we can easily believe that the assertion is true in the main. Imagine the wear and worry of having repeatedly to dig out your embedded wheels while pushing eagerly forward to the water that should be reached before nightfall; or, worse still, of being obliged to discharge the waggon of all its carefully packed freight in order to lighten it for the passage of some flooded ford that threatens to bring the march to a standstill.

Though there are still herds of antelope to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of D'Urban, the larger game has been driven back so far that it was not until the sportsmen were over the Limpopo that they had to take serious precautions against invasions of their night camp. But on the banks of that river lions are still plentiful, and as they held on their way to the northward they got into an excellent shooting country. Notwithstanding that elephant-hunting has become a regular trade, for many marches to the south of the Zambesi they were continually coming upon fresh elephant spoor. The troops of giraffes and herds of buffaloes were numerous; rhinoceroses, though generally of solitary habits, were common enough; while as to the manifold varieties of the deer and antelope tribes, in some districts there was literally no end to them. Although these are yearly slaughtered in vast numbers for their skins, the thinning has made no visible impression, and extermination seems as remote as ever. The exciting scenes described by Harris and Gordon Cumming far to the southward are repeated still, although much further in the interior. The horseman sights a troop of something or other, and starts in pursuit. As the game flies before him fresh herds are disturbed and join in the flight, till at last, in whirlwinds of dust, the plain is covered with a moving menagerie of gnoos, elands, quaggas, zebras, antelopes, &c., dominated by the tall necks of the cameleopards, who lead the way with their shambling gallop. There is seldom any want of volunteer beaters, for swarms of hungry natives are sure to crowd round the camp of the successful hunter. Yet, although native gluttony is equal to an incredible consumption of flesh, the indiscriminate slaughter sometimes exhausted their powers. "On a long halt in the wilderness the carcases of the wild animals destroyed accumulate on every side, and swarms of jackals and hyænas assembled about the camp at night, alarming the oxen and horses with their constant howling." Occasionally the presence of more formidable night prowlers than the jackals kept the travellers in constant anxiety, in spite of the blazing fires and the hastily improvised fortifications. Though lions and panthers can never suffer from hunger in districts so abundantly stocked with game, yet they would appear to have a weakness for a change of diet, and specially to have an inveterate craving for oxflesh. Once in particular Mr. Mohr had an anxious time of it, to say nothing of an exceedingly narrow escape, in an encampment on the banks of the Nata. The party had seen so many footprints of lions in the sands of the river, that they had entrenched themselves with unusual care. Mr. Mohr had lain down to sleep under his waggon, with a tame goat and a favourite bulldog established close behind his pillow. Awakened by a noise at his head, he sprang to his feet and seized his gun, when from a clump of bushes close by he heard the howls of his dog. He fired repeatedly in that direction, and shortly the poor animal crawled in, fearfully lacerated. Next morning, strange to say, they found the body of a huge panther, killed by a random shot. That incident over, he composed himself to sleep again, but only to be awakened a second time. Lions were roaring all around them; as new arrivals came up, they chimed in with the savage chorus; and all the precautions that usually prove effectual neither silenced them nor scared them away. In vain they piled on fresh fuel and kept up a discharge of fire-arms. "Nothing seemed to do any good. . . . This horrible suspense lasted about half an hour; then all was still again, and men and animals became calmer; but the natives kept watch all night, smoking and chattering by the fires."

Owing chiefly to the presence of the tsetze in the country near the Zambesi, Mr. Mohr was compelled to make out the last part of the journey on foot, leaving his waggons in the bush. Although in comparatively light marching order, he seems to have found the intervening forest all but impracticable; frequently he accomplished but a very few miles in the day, and repeatedly he had to deflect considerably from his course. It is true he carried with him, not only the indispensable articles for barter with the Zambesi natives, but also the instruments for taking those observations which were among the main objects of his expedition. On one occasion, when his native carriers had grown mutinous and were on the point of deserting him, a lucky incident kept them to their allegiance; for a rhinoceros that burst out of a thicket rolled over to his rifle, and the flesh proved an irresistible attraction. Of course the Victoria Falls have been repeatedly described before, but Mr. Mohr's enthusiasm was rewarded by seeing them to unusual advantage. There had been heavy rains in the country higher up, and the river was coming down in flood, but the weather was brilliant, and the lights were glorious. "The majestic river, a mile wide, comes down from the north-north-west, and flings its waters down 400 feet into a rocky ravine, varying in width from 240 to 300 feet, which runs across its bed. From the river above the falls rise many islands, all adorned with the richest tropical vegetation. The banks are covered with dense but not vast forests, in which occur whole groups of tall-stemmed palms, giving a thoroughly Southern character to the scenery." There are no habitations near; the continual moisture fosters the naturally luxuriant growth of the neighbouring woods; and the sense of savage loneliness is impressively brought home to one by the fresh spoor of the innumerable elephants and rhinoceroses who crowd to the place to enjoy their mud baths. Perhaps the strongest proof of the profound impression which the scenery made on Mr. Mohr is, that after having more than gratified his highly wrought-up expectations, he had little power of admiration left for the narrow gorge that is the sole outlet for all that vast breadth of water which is perpetually precipitating itself over the falls; yet just below them the whole volume of the river is compressed into a chasm of 270 feet wide, and the flood rushes down between precipitous rocks five or six hundred feet high and absolutely inaccessible. Even his stolid native attendants were moved to admiration by the spectacle. His measurement of the veils of spray that hung floating over the falls gave a height of 1,055 feet; and they had distinguished these vapoury cloud-masses the day before, from a distance of at least eight miles. Having accompanied Mr. Mohr to the great goal of his expedition, we may take leave of him there. We need only add, by way of practical information, that the cost of a journey which lasted twenty-six months was 1,500*l.*, inclusive of all hotel expenses and the passage-money from Germany and back again.

KENNEDY'S VIRGIL.*

ALTHOUGH in shape a somewhat unwieldy school-book, too cumbersome in method and arrangement to vie with Conington's three volumes, and yet too cramped and closely-printed to be an agreeable library companion, Dr. Kennedy's one-volume Virgil—the expectation of which dates back [illegible] as far as the commencement of the Bibliotheca Classica—will be welcomed by Latin scholars on the faith of its containing the responses of a lively and shrewd oracle to Virgilian questions [illegible]. Hereditarily familiar [illegible] the Mantuan poet through translations by his father and brother, and himself a Latin scholar of the highest distinction, Dr. Kennedy has naturally accumulated a large store of solid criticism on Virgil's works, and has not been content to acquiesce in the ordinary tradition of readings, explanations, and punctuational variations. He has now fulfilled the hope of many years, and put forth, in what he depreciatingly calls a school edition, a volume of some six hundred and fifty pages upon the text, interpretation, and literature of Virgil, in which, though, like the late Professor Conington, he does not profess to have collated MSS., he exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the best texts and commentaries, and an acumen which almost always enables him to arrive at a right judgment as to the poet's words and sense, often by weighing the conflicting views of others, not seldom by introducing some shrewd interpretation of his own. We could have wished, school exigencies apart, that the text and notes had not been dissociated; it would also have been more convenient if Dr. Kennedy's method of breaking up whole pages of interpretation into the several headings of (1) outline, (2) translation, (3) select vocabulary, (4) notes, (5) parallel passages, had

* *P. Vergilii Maronis, Bucolica, Georgica, Æneis; with Commentary and Appendix.* By Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

not superseded the old-fashioned plan by which a scholar despatches a passage in all its aspects by a slow and sure process. At the same time the real value of what is given under each of these heads soon comes to be discoverable by a little practice, and it is always competent to the learner to pass by the translation for the notes, though we warn him that, in so doing, he may overlook some excellent blank-verse renderings of difficult or striking passages. It is pleasant moreover to notice that in this work there is none of the acrimony which was displayed against a rival Scotch professor in the *Studia Sophoclea*, while not the less, where doctors disagree, Professor Kennedy will be found to assert and hold his own.

It is probably not to this work that readers will refer for an elaborate or comprehensive account of Virgil's life, writings, and poetic standing, though, considering the limited space allotted to these topics, there is no fault to find with what the author has done. He has wisely passed lightly by the minor and doubtful works of the poet, being apparently unimpressed by any except the Copa and Moretum. As one might expect, he takes the affirmative side on the question "Was Virgil a born poet?" though here he commits himself to no extravagant claims. "I venture," he says, "to call Virgil a true poet by nature; inferior in power to some famous poets, inferior probably to others of minor fame; but one who by fine feeling, exquisite skill, and intense study, reached a poetic perfection which has given him the place he holds in the world of literature." This is not asking so much as many might have claimed for the author of the Æneid, which great work, as the Professor elsewhere reminds us, is, after all, incomplete and unrevised. The nearest approach to originality in Dr. Kennedy's Life of Virgil is where he suggests a fancy supplement to the passage in the Sixth Book comparing the glories of Hellas and the renown of Rome, and conceives a finish to the lines (850-1)—

> Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
> Describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent—

in a couplet affirming the superior excellence of Greek poetry, the spirit of which, he thinks, might be in this wise:—

> Accessu propiore petent Helicona tempia,
> Mortalesque regent divino carmine mentes.

But beyond question the great value of this edition of Virgil will be found in its clear insight into the niceties of grammar and syntax, and the fruits which it bears of long experience in the discernment of constructions. There may and will be two opinions as to endorsing all the terminology of the *Public Schools Latin Grammar*; but when Dr. Kennedy proceeds to unravel and disentangle a confused construction, it is hard to contend with him. Two puzzles in the very first Eclogue (vv. 54-5 and 68-70) are here so well handled as to furnish a good augury at the outset. In the former the editor justly prefers taking "vicino ab limite" as attributive to "sepes," "the hedge on your neighbour's boundary line"; and then all is plain, if "depasta" is seen to be a participle and "quæ semper" has "suasit" supplied from "suadebit." In the other passage, which has more real difficulty, the mind must divest itself of Claudian's sense of "aristas," *i.e.* summers, and regard "post" as an adverb, and "aristas" as the object of "mirabor." "Mea regna" will be limited in apposition to "pauperis tuguri culmen" in the previous verse, and then, if "videns" is taken to represent "cum videro," the sense will be as follows:—"Ah, shall I ever on beholding a long time hereafter my country's bounds and the turf-thatched roof of the poor hut, my *old* domain, after this, look in amazement at a few ears of corn?" In the Third Eclogue, v. 50, at

> Audiat hæc tantum—vel qui venit, ecce, Palæmon,
> Efficiam posthac ne quemquam voce lacessas,

the Professor points out that there should be only a comma after Palæmon, and that this fiftieth verse should be connected with the next, Menalcas having begun his sentence before seeing Palæmon coming up. To put it grammatically, "tantum" (which is *i.q.* "dummodo") with its verb "audiat" forms the protasis, and "efficiam" the apodosis. "Be but our umpire—ay, even Palæmon who is approaching—I'll effectually prevent you from challenging anybody to sing hereafter."

The Georgics furnish a good field for similar helpful criticism, and new light is thrown by Dr. Kennedy's editing upon passages the minutiæ of which had scarcely struck us before. In Georg. i. 150-1 he shows that the construction of "Mox et frumentis labor additus ut mala culmos esset robigo" is that of the substantival sentence in apposition; "*is* labor additus *est* ut," &c.; or in English, "Corn crops had toil and trouble attached to them in such sort that mildew devoured the stalks"; and in two other notable passages he brings out the force in a very striking manner by nice discrimination of the sense of particular words. The first is the well-known simile in G. i. 201-3:—

> Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
> Remigiis subigit, si brachia forte remisit,
> Atque illum in præceps prono rapit alveus amni.

Here he regards the comparison intended as not of *seed* and *man*, but of seed deteriorating under man's neglect, and a boat retrograding when man does not pull. He then ignores the supposed archaic sense of *straightway* in "atque," and gives it a co-ordinative force with the extra notion of *suddenness*. Then the Latin order will be, "Non aliter quam *fit* si forte (is) qui lembum vix subigit remigiis adverso flumine, brachia remisit, atque illum (lembum) alveus prono amni in præceps rapit"; or, in English, "As happens if by chance one who with difficulty rows a skiff up stream has slackened his stroke, and lo, the skiff is whirled headlong by the river down the current." He also satisfactorily elucidates the passage about the hurricane, in G. i. 318-21:—

> Sæpe ego, &c.
> Omnia ventorum concurrere prœlia vidi
> Quæ gravidam late segetem ab radicibus imis
> Sublimem expulsam eruerent, ita turbine nigro
> Ferret hiemps culmumque leves stipulasque volantes.

Here, with Professor Conington and most editors, "ita" stands for a particle of comparison, *i.e.* "So would winter carry," &c. But Dr. Kennedy demurs to thus weakening a powerful description by a simile without force or picturesqueness, and argues that it would be surplusage to use "culmus" and "stipula," just before used of the barley, to express other haulms and straw whirled up elsewhere at another time. "Ita," therefore, he takes with Wagner, Keightley, and others as a particle of transition (= ἔτι); "hiemps," as storm; and "ferret" as continuing the construction of "eruerent," *i.e.* "and then with black eddy the storm whirled up the light haulm and flying straws." It first tears up the barley by the roots, and carries it high into air, then with eddying current whirls it round and round in that situation. The picture is thus complete, and stands out, as one of our latest translators has it:—

> Up from the roots the pregnant corn is driven,
> Swept up on high and dashed across the heaven:
> Soaring away go reeds and sheaves and all,
> In buoyant circles riding the black squall.

Whilst we are on this passage we may remark that Dr. Kennedy does full justice in his notes to the "elaborate splendour" of the grand description of the storm and its ruler which follows in vv. 322-34.

In Georg. iii. 237-9, he declines to follow Professor Conington and others in punctuation. The lines run:—

> Fluctus ut in medio cœpit cum albescere ponto,
> Longius ex altoque sinum trahit; atque volutus
> Ad terras immane sonat per saxa, neque ipso
> Monte minor procumbit; at ima exæstuat unda;

and Conington would remove the comma from "ponto," and disconnect "ex alto" from "longius" by putting it between them. We quite believe that "Longius ex altoque" represents one notion, viz., "from further back," the wave being reinforced from the sea rising behind it. Dr. Kennedy regards the second "ut" as temporal, so that "ut volutus = ut volutus est," "as soon as it has rolled to land." "Medio ponto" is equivalent to "out at sea" as opposed to "on shore," in a sense which Dr. Kennedy at Ecl. viii. 58, "Omnia vel medium fiant mare," shows to have been unnoted by Facciolati, Freund, and most lexicographers. The sense of the passage, however, will stand thus:—"As when a wave out at sea begins to whiten, it draws a curving swell from the outer deep, and when it has rolled to shore sounds," &c.

In other places good service is rendered by nice and exact elucidation of the sense of words; as where, in Ecl. vi. 24, it is shown that "satis est potuisse videri" cannot mean "it is enough that I can have been visible" (which would require "videre"), but must be "it is enough to seem to have had the power." Again, where in G. ii. 416 "Jam canit effectos extremus vinitor antes" is explained not exactly in Conington's sense of "the last dresser singing the song of 'all rows finished,'" for the construction is that of "currere aquor," "The vine dresser," says Dr. Kennedy, "sings all the time he is working, and when he comes to the end of the rows he is still singing." Therefore he is singing over the finished rows. Once more, in G. iv. 484, "Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis," we are fain to think that he has proved his case for explaining "vento" as *i.q.* "in a time of wind"; *i.e.* to heighten the miracle, Ixion's wheel stood still in a time of wind, or though the wind was blowing. The passage in G. i. 431 is a case in point.

If we pass on to glance at the Æneid, it will be seen that the editor shows no falling off in diligence or acumen as his work advances. In Æn. iii. 684-6 a well-known rock of stumbling to readers of Virgil is the passage:—

> Contra jussa monent Heleni, Scyllam atque Charybdim
> Inter, utramque viam leti discrimine parvo
> Ni teneant cursus: certum est dare lintea retro.

Professor Conington here takes *ni* in the sense of *ne*. Dr. Kennedy regards the passage as corrupt, but prefers to take the words as meaning, "The injunctions of Helenus warn (of peril) if they do not hold a mid course between Scylla and Charybdis, either passage a hair's breadth from death." Thus *ne* retains its natural sense. In an excursus on Book VI. Dr. Kennedy seems to have elucidated most convincingly the parallel constructions of Æn. iv. 683-5, "Date volnera lymphis abluam," &c., Æn. vi. 883-5, "Manibus date lilia plenis Purpureos spargam flores," &c. In each instance "abluam" and "legam" and "spargam," &c. are in immediate dependence as objects upon "date" in the sense of "sinite" (see *Publ. Sch. Gr.* § 197). One passage more we must notice, by way of showing how clearly the editor sets his author's pictures *in extenso* before the reader. We might indeed have quoted Æn. i. 159-68, "Est in secessu," &c. in Dr. Kennedy's blank verse, which omits no single feature from the famous Virgilian picture of the natural harbour; but this is only one of a number of neat pieces of translation which will speak for themselves. The explanation of the *coup d'œil* in the simile i. 393-7, "Aspice bis senos," &c., where the swans rallying from the eagle's swoop are made an augury of the recovery of the Trojan ships, is in prose, as follows:—

A flock of twelve swans have been scattered in the air by an eagle's swoop; they have reunited, and after several circuits in the sky with

whirring wings and song they are now descending to the earth in columnar order. The van is just alighting, while the ranks behind with sloping necks seem to be looking down on the spot chosen for occupation.

The peculiarity, it is added, is that while the picture is necessarily taken at a particular moment, the simile refers in part to moments past. We may remark that Mr. Morris in his new verse translation hits the sense as to the diverse attitude of the two sections of birds:—

And now seen choosing where to pitch, now on their choice to gaze.

Strangely enough he speaks of "twice seven" instead of "twice six" swans.

There are two or three passages, however, where we are disappointed of the help we looked for. In Georgic iii. 170,

Atque illis jam sæpe rotæ ducuntur inanes
Per terram, et summo vestigia pulvere signant—

is simply noticed as belonging to the injunction that young calves must be habituated to bear, first light, and then heavy weights. Conington translates, "By this time let them have an empty waggon often and often dragged at their heels, just printing the wheel rut on the surface dust." But a highly competent verse translator, Mr. Blackmore, surmises that "rotæ inanes" is used for "wheels unattached to any carriage," in contradistinction to "juncti orbes" in 174, and that "vestigia" means not the "wheel rut," but the footprints, light because the weight behind is light. Thus:—

Now let them often draw unbodied wheels
And scarcely mark the dust with flitting heels;
Soon must the beechen axle creak and strain,
And pole of bronze drag well-compacted wain.

We are disposed to think Mr. Blackmore right, and hence could wish that Dr. Kennedy had dwelt upon the passage. In another, Æn. ix. 486, "Nec te tua funera mater Produxi," all that he has vouchsafed is "Funera produxi," "carried out to burial," and we look in vain for a stray light in the appendix on Virgil's text. Professor Conington translates, "Nor have I, your mother, followed your corpse to the tomb," and Mr. Morris, "Not e'en may I, thy mother, streak thee, son, thy body dead," this last seemingly with commendable literality. Would Dr. Kennedy, with Ribbeck and Catrou, regard "tua funera" as epexegetical of "te," or in what sense is "funera produxi" "carried out to burial"? Hardly in Servius's sense of a private mourner, "funera," or "funerea." Upon "Haud numine nostro," in Æn. ii. 396, Dr. Kennedy seems to have fixed the meaning "With no deity succouring us," instead of "Under protection not our own," for reasons which might be taken to point the other way. But, on the whole, he deserves our best thanks for a valuable help to the interpretation of a poet whose favour is never likely to grow less; and he has been at pains to be as exact in matters of fact and common sense as in points of scholarship. It is amusing to find him, at Ecl. iii. 30, pointing out that Virgil must have been a bad farmer for making a cow have twins, "Binos alit ubere fetus,' though his slip arose from the too free copying of Theocritus, where the dam was a she-goat. But in the details of the Georgics Dr. Kennedy will be found as well posted up in agriculture and other technical matters as Martyn or Blackmore, and throughout his work there is much valuable matter in excursuses and appendices.

RECENT MUSICAL WORKS.*

THE *Dictionary of Musical Terms* which has just been brought out under the editorship of Messrs. Stainer and Barrett supplies a very urgent want in our scientific literature. The subject of music embraces sections of so many distinct departments of knowledge, such as physics, physiology, and æsthetics, together with the history of art and inventive industry, and has besides such numerous connexions with other subjects, as, for example, the drama and religious worship, that the student who would be thoroughly familiar with all its aspects needs to have some such work of reference as this always at hand. It seems to speak well for the growing taste and intelligence of Englishmen in relation to music that the publishers of this Dictionary have thought it worth while to bring out a work so thoroughly scientific in its aim. It is by no means an encyclopædia of music, constructed after the pattern of the great lexicon which is being published in Germany, and which is designed to take the place of particular treatises and historical works. It is an elegant and in no way cumbrous volume, which will attract the eyes of amateurs as well as of students, and which is eminently fitted to supply the amount of special knowledge that an inquiring amateur desires chiefly to secure. Thus, for example, while the articles on Counterpoint and Fugue will not take the place of text-books on these subjects with the professional student, they will serve exceedingly well to supply the general musical reader with a clear and succinct account of the nature and range of these studies.

As every student knows, the theory of music has been greatly enriched during the last fifteen or twenty years by the researches of numerous physicists and physiologists, among whom Helmholtz occupies the first place. The editors of the Dictionary have been fully alive to this progress, and the articles on the physical and physiological foundations of musical systems are all that could be wished. We may refer more especially to the brief but very full article on "Acoustics," by Mr. A. E. Donkin; to the one on "Temperament" by Mr. Bosanquet, which goes a long way towards making this exceedingly intricate subject intelligible to a careful lay reader; and to the fresh and graphic accounts of the ear, the larynx, and the hand (as concerned in pianoforte execution), supplied by Mr. Champneys. In the last-named paper, entitled "Fingering," the writer explains very fully the well-known defects of the third finger, and offers the startling suggestion that, by a simple surgical operation which would, it seems, be easy and not painful, though attended with a certain risk of inflammation, the "slips" which are given off by the extensor tendon of this finger, and which connect it with the corresponding tendons of the adjacent fingers, thus impeding its independent movements, might be divided so as to give increased facility of action to the hand. This expedient might no doubt be somewhat less objectionable than Schumann's mischievous experiments with his ring-finger, yet we hardly imagine that musicians will resort to it in large numbers. One may indeed well ask whether a rapidity and smoothness of digital movement such as may be reached by natural means—for example, in the case of Rubinstein—do not more than suffice for all the demands of the most acute and delicate ear. Mr. Champneys has further some ingenious observations on the greater amount of misery inflicted on the ear by sharp singing than by flat. He is inclined to think that this is due to the recognition of an unnecessary exertion in the first case. The singer "is using unnecessary muscular force, and we have a natural, though not purely rational, idea that, if he took less pains, exerted himself less, he would sing in better tune; we feel he is committing a 'presumptuous' musical sin." This psychological suggestion has rightfully perhaps no place in an article on the larynx, yet we do not feel disposed to quarrel with Mr. Champneys for giving it to us.

The more æsthetic or artistic aspects of music are dealt with for the most part historically, and in this way the discussion of these topics is freed from everything like capricious subjective opinion. When a question as to the end or value of art is unavoidable, the writers appear to treat it in a broad and impartial spirit. We would refer in illustration of this to the sensible and temperate criticisms of Wagner's innovations in operatic music (*sub voce* "opera"). We could have wished that the work had been a little richer in properly æsthetic ideas, such as one finds in abundance in any German handbook. Under the subject of "Form," for example, some reference might surely have been made to the proper place of form in all art as this is variously defined and interpreted by different schools of writers and artists.

The historical papers are an interesting feature of the volume, and, though necessarily condensed, furnish the reader with a good deal of curious and valuable information. We would mention among others the papers on "Opera," "Country Dance," and the excellent articles of Mr. W. Chappell on "Ballads," "Greek Music," and "Notation." Our present system of notation is said by the Sol-Faists to be needlessly cumbrous and complicated, yet a perusal of the article on this subject will show that this system has been very slowly developed out of the rudest and quaintest expedients by a large number of successive displacements and improvements. Another article largely historical in form, that on "Sonata," illustrates in a striking way the growth of the idea of structure in modern musical composition. The writer hardly brings out the relation of these melodic (monophonic) forms of composition to the contrapuntal (polyphonic) forms which they have in a large measure displaced. The most elaborate rules of imitation, inversion, &c., were carried out in the weaving of separate threads of notes into a complex strand, long before any skill was attained in varying and developing a single melody. It was not till the sense of melody had been revived and more highly cultivated by the growth of the opera at the commencement of the seventeenth century, that the idea of reaching a complex structure in a properly melodic style of music began to spring up, and finally to bear fruit in our classical sonatas and symphonies.

A word or two may be added respecting the general arrangement of subjects. The editors have evidently taken pains to make the Dictionary as complete as possible, so that no term which can by any legitimate process be shown to be musical shall be missing. This feature gives great practical value to the book; at the same time we are inclined to think that they have gone too far in this direction. The insertion of an article on Copyright may no doubt be justified in a general guide to musicians; but it is surely a little beneath the dignity of a scientific work to supply translations of simple and non-technical foreign words such as "début," "Daumen," "Theoretiker." In one or two cases also there is a slight confusion in the distribution of the subject-matter. Thus the principles of sonata form appear under both the heads "Sonata" and "Form." Again, there is a special article on mediæval musical instruments; but if one wants a list of Greek instruments, he must go through the whole Dictionary, collecting them one by one. We have noticed very few errors in this carefully prepared work. The uniform misspelling of the name of the composer Kuhnau as

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* *A Dictionary of Musical Terms.* Edited by J. Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc., Magd. Coll., Oxford, and W. A. Barrett, Mus. Bac., S. Mary Hall, Oxford. London: Novello, Ewer, & Co. 1876.

A Treatise on Musical Form and General Composition. By the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. Clarendon Press. 1875.

The Third, or Transition, Period in Musical History. A Course of Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By John Hullah, Honorary Fellow of King's College, &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1876.

Kuhnau should be avoided in another edition. We can heartily recommend this Dictionary as a safe and ample guide to that increasing number of persons who wish to make a careful, though limited, study of musical history and theory.

Students of music have been amply supplied with text-books on the theory of Harmony and of Counterpoint, but they have hitherto had to dispense almost entirely with works on the form of musical composition. It is pretty certain, therefore, that the little treatise of Sir Gore Ouseley on this subject, published in the Clarendon Press Series, will be widely welcomed. The book is very well printed, and its whole appearance will be sure to recommend it. Moreover, it is clearly and pleasantly written, and, though making no pretension to profundity of view, generally enters with sufficient fulness into the subject it deals with. This subject is of far wider general interest than the more technical ones of harmony and fugue. It consists of the principles of structure of *melody* in its various forms and combinations. We all talk about melody, and have a dim conception perhaps that it must conform to certain laws of structure and possess a symmetrical arrangement of parts. But it requires special study to recognize all the subtle distinctions of form which mark off different vocal and instrumental melodies. In the work before us melodies are analysed into their constituent parts, periods, phrases, and strains, and their peculiarities of form are referred to differences in the combination of these elements. Numerous examples, drawn from well-known classical and popular works, are added in illustration of these principles. We are disposed to think that the author seeks too great a degree of absolute symmetry (which word he uses in the sense of perfect equality of parts) in some of the melodies analysed—for example, in that of Lord Mornington's well-known chant (p. 20). An arrangement of three bars, four bars, three bars, four bars, can hardly be called "a limping and anomalous structure," and the attempt to reduce it to an equal arrangement by regarding two consecutive phrases as overlapping in a common bar savours too much of the old-fashioned and decidedly unnatural modes of explaining musical combinations. The writer is careful to remind those students who might fondly imagine that melodies are to be composed by a simple process of measurement that "in the case of melody no amount of study can teach an unmusical man to invent a new tune." In other words, the principles of melodic form inform us of the general arrangements to which every good melody conforms; they cannot teach us the whole secret of any melody's beauty or charm.

After examining the various structure of melodies, the author proceeds to state the several modes in which different melodies may combine in whole musical compositions. Excluding the fugue form, which is generally discussed as a separate branch of composition, there are six well-marked forms of structure to be found in the works of the classical composers. These are (1) the Ancient Binary Form, (2) the Modern Binary Form, (3) the Ternary Form, (4) the Minuet Form, (5) the Rondo Form, (6) the Variations Form. One of the most important of these is the Modern Binary Form, called also the Sonata Form, which is illustrated in the leading divisions of all symphonies and sonatas. The author does not appear to be very clear as to the precise significance of these classical forms of musical structure. He sees, of course, that there are many compositions which cannot be brought under any of these heads, and "which yet possess a certain regularity of structure peculiar to themselves." He even goes so far as to state that "after all, regular forms (those here described) are absolutely arbitrary"; and yet, *mirabile dictu*, in the very same sentence he tells us that "experience and the practice of the best composers have demonstrated their superior excellence and value" (p. 59). If there is a superior excellence in these forms which has been recognized by the best composers, they can hardly be arbitrary. The slightest digression into the region of æsthetic principle might have sufficed to show the author wherein their superiority lies. But possibly this is asking too much of a mere elementary book of instruction for musical students, for which purpose Sir Gore Ouseley's little work is admirably fitted.

In Mr. Hullah's lectures on the Transition Period of Musical History, of which a second edition has just appeared, we have an expansion of a part of the subject handled in his earlier volume of lectures. The period dealt with (1600–1750) is of singular interest in the history of music, covering, as it does, at least two events of primary importance. The first of these is the rise of the opera, with the accompanying development of modern melodic music in place of the old learned or contrapuntal style of composition. The second event is the development of independent instrumental music and the first discovery of those forms of instrumental composition which the classical masters afterwards elaborated and made permanent. A third event falling within these limits which has a peculiar interest to Englishmen is the appearance of perhaps the greatest original English composer, Henry Purcell. Mr. Hullah carries us pleasantly through the several phases of this period of history. If there is not much original research—and the subject perhaps hardly admits of it after the excellent histories of Burney and Hawkins, not to speak of later German works—there is a freshness and vividness in the mode of presentation which gives an independent literary value to the work. Mr. Hullah has enriched his volume with numerous and lengthy illustrations, and the amateur pianist or vocalist may derive a renewed pleasure from the rendering of pieces which would otherwise be inaccessible. We find the treatment of the German music of this period least complete. The early developments of instrumental music are not sufficiently illustrated, no mention being made of Kuhnau, who, according to Brendel, was the composer of the first sonata in the modern sense of the term.

NICOLAI'S MARRIAGE.*

ONE is apt on seeing announced the sequel to a book that has been read with unusual pleasure to await its publication with a certain amount of dread, lest the vein of fancy which yielded good ore enough for one book should prove to have been worked out when a demand is made upon it for another. And in English works of fiction, the habit which Balzac affected of introducing the characters of one novel in a variety of others has of late become decidedly tiresome. In *Nicolai's Marriage*, however, the merits of *Nöddebo Parsonage* are, if not surpassed, fully equalled, and no one can object to making further acquaintance with Nicolai himself, the only one of the characters in *Nöddebo Parsonage* who plays a prominent part in the present volumes. The author's former work was marked by a picturesque, even poetical fancy, a pleasant faculty for exhibiting various shades of character in the natural course of the story without any appearance of effort, and a talent for telling incidents of simple light-hearted fun so as to make them neither laboured nor puerile. The book had also the merit, which in these days, when many novelists set themselves, without Balzac's power, to explore, like him, the darkest recesses of mean or villanous minds, it is singularly refreshing to find—that of dealing with the pleasanter aspects of human nature. It had nothing of what is ordinarily understood as incident, and yet, save for a few semi-religious passages which by their simplicity were guarded against any worse accusation than that of being tiresome, it was never dull. It dealt with the fortunes of three brothers of entirely different tastes and temperaments, each of whom the reader learnt to like in various degrees; and it is the youngest of these who is the hero of *Nicolai's Marriage*. He appeared as a young man of an impressionable character who was always falling in and out of love. He was further distinguished by a self-conceit which was somehow rather attractive than repulsive, and an innocent cunning which he employed in the most transparent way to gain the good opinion of people about him. He occasionally rebelled against the checks placed upon his dangerously high spirits by his more staid brothers, the "Old Man" and "Corpus Juris." He was left at the end of *Nöddebo Parsonage* having fallen desperately in love with his blue-eyed partner at a dance. "Well, I am married, and have my own establishment," he says at the beginning of the present novel, "but the blue-eyed daughter of the Justitsraad is not the fair one, as I once thought she would be, for in the course of a few months I discovered that she was a mistake, as so many others are. Nor did I engage myself upon the day of my examination as I had intended, for this good reason—that I never passed a theological examination." He devoted himself instead, having gained his brothers' consent, to art-studies, and about four years after this determination his brothers married and went off to new homes.

> I was left in sole possession of our old lodgings at the corner of Vestergade and Vestervold, and I was at liberty to move the furniture about the three rooms as much as I pleased, without any fear of remonstrance from Corpus Juris; I might also sing as loudly as I liked without being called to order by the Old Man's stern "Silence, Nicolai!" At first I was very well satisfied at being able unchecked to have my own way in these trifling matters. I arranged a bed-room as the dining-room, and the dining-room as my study, dragging about the sofas and tables until, at last, a message came from the people who lived in the flat below me, requesting to know if the Candidate would soon be finished with his moving. I sang so lustily at the open window that I verily believe I was heard all over the rampart.
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> However, this exuberance of spirit did not last very long; the complete solitude soon began to oppress me. I missed the Old Man's friendly "Good morning" when I appeared at the breakfast table, and Corpus Juris's well-meant scolding on my return home in the afternoon. The rooms seemed so strangely empty when no one was there to growl at me, and to exclaim, "What have you done that for now, Nicolai?" or, "There you are, late again; we have been waiting three-quarters of an hour for you!" upon which generally followed a refreshing little shower of admonitions to be more careful in future. Now I looked round upon the four walls; they never said a word to me; I no longer came home too late, for there was no one waiting for me. It is true I might go to Corpus Juris, in the Kastanie Alley, and upset a cup of coffee, or, what was even worse, tear the newest Dagblad in pieces. Corpus Juris did not scold me as in former days; he treated me now as his guest, and merely remarked, "It is of no consequence—do not trouble yourself about it," but with a certain amount of formal civility, which deprived me of all pleasure in committing such excesses again.

Nicolai having spent many years in constantly falling in and out of love, always with the one great idea of betrothing himself before him, now makes up his mind that all such notions must be given up in the cause of art, and congratulates himself that "there are some young men who feel conscious of the heavy responsibility of duty, and who can and will show the thoughtless world that they are prepared, for the sake of an idea, to sacrifice the greatest and the best of blessings which this life can offer." This noble resolution does not last very long, however. He meets in one of the picture galleries an interesting middle-aged artist, with whom he presently makes acquaintance, and to whose house he goes. There, from a chance remark, he discovers that his

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* *Nicolai's Marriage: a Picture of Danish Family Life.* By Henrik Scharling, Author of "Nöddebo Parsonage" and "The Rivals." From the Danish. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1876.

new friend is married. "But you are a painter, an artist," he exclaims with innocent surprise:—

"Are painters and sculptors prohibited from marrying? What is the matter with you, my young friend? I hope mounting so many steps has not had the effect of making you giddy and setting your brain in a whirl."

I began to recover from my first surprise. My ideas on this subject were the fruit of years of mature reflection; there seemed to me to be something peculiarly beautiful in the thought that, for the sake of art, one should make a great and important sacrifice; indeed, I considered this to be a proof of true, unselfish love towards it, and I looked upon myself as a shining example of the same. I therefore felt hurt at my companion's flippant assertion that artists might marry as well as ordinary mortals, who merely exist for the paltry objects of the hour.

It then appears that the painter has not only a wife, but four daughters and a brother-in-law, called Morbro'er, an abbreviation of mother's brother, who for all practical purposes lives upon him. The result of Nicolai's first visit to the painter is that, when he returns home, his thoughts have taken a new turn. "It was a charming still spring night; the half-moon stood high in the heavens, and nodded cunningly down to me, as if it would say, 'You ought to marry, Nicolai! You really ought to marry!'"

Presently he falls in love with the painter's second daughter, Estrid, and for the first time finds that his love lasts. One evening, when the stars are out, the conversation between Nicolai and Estrid, who have become separated from the rest of the party, takes a critical turn:—

I gazed down upon Estrid: the stars were reflected in her clear eyes. I seized her small, white hand. She permitted it to rest in mine, and did not draw it back.

"Estrid!" I whispered, "even here, on earth—will you—" The words stuck in my throat, my thoughts had become jumbled up together—the stars, the sun, Estrid, Rembrandt, Raphael, all danced in wild confusion before my brain, without my being able to collect or arrange my ideas.

Still, underneath it all, I had a sort of dull conception that the moment was an extremely critical one; so with a supreme effort I gathered my strength together, as I stammered, "Will you—follow me—and be my wife?"

Estrid turned towards me; there was an indescribable expression of tenderness and love in her eyes; she leaned her head against my shoulder, and whispered scarcely audibly, "Yes."

In an instant I had recovered the power of speech.

"Oh, you sweet, precious girl!" I cried, seizing her head with both my hands, and kissing her frantically.

"Hush, there is some one coming!" she exclaimed, as she jumped up.

The proposal is well received by all the relations concerned, and Nicolai observes, "Well, here I was betrothed, and, according to my own theory, and that of all the poets I had read, I ought to be the happiest individual under the sun." He soon discovers, however, that the time of betrothal has its disadvantages. When he is at work over his books his attention is constantly distracted by the thought of Estrid, whom, after a struggle, he rushes off to see. But the moment he reaches her house he is seized with regret at having left his work, so that he is, "like the hero of a French tragedy, continually being placed upon a dangerous cross road between duty and love." Sometimes when he has abandoned his books to fly to Estrid she observes his restless and fatigued looks, which are really caused by remorse, and he replies to her anxious questions, "Oh, I am rather occupied at present." "Poor fellow!" she says, "I only hope you are not working too hard. You allow your studies, I fear, to absorb you too much." "Alas! the dear girl did not understand my misfortune was that my studies absorbed me far too little."

The appointment to a small post in one of the art museums, however, makes the marriage possible earlier than had been hoped, and Nicolai and Estrid set up in rooms at the top of a house commanding a view of green trees, with an old servant named Ane, of whom they both stand in great awe. It is hardly possible within our limits to convey any notion of the charm which the author has given to the story of Nicolai's and Estrid's married life. For a long time there is nothing in it to be told that might not happen any day to two pleasant young people under the same circumstances; but the narrator has the rare art of investing the most ordinary occurrences with touches of poetry or quaint humour, which raise them at once to interest. Thus several pages are amusingly taken up with an account of how the two go out for an evening walk in one of the public gardens, and find themselves first locked into the garden and afterwards locked out of their own house. Nicolai, when this last misfortune occurs, threatens to give Ane a "regular rowing" for not having sat up to let them in. "Estrid replied nothing to this; she full well knew the rowing would never take place; Ane's manners were too majestic for either of us to venture on such a thing." And, in fact, all that comes of the intended scolding is that Ane, when she hears of what has happened, says in a sharp tone, "If you will come home so late, you ought at least to remember to take the key with you." Ane, indeed, rules the young couple so severely that Nicolai's dignity as master of the house is much hurt, and yet he cannot find any tangible ground for complaint in her conduct. If Estrid orders the beef to be underdone, Ane replies, "Beef tastes best when thoroughly roasted," with an air which makes further discussion impossible. Again, whenever vegetables are ordered, she boils so many of the same kind at once that they have to be eaten every day in the week; and to all remonstrances answers that it is the most economical way. Nicolai comforts Estrid by telling her that they can give Ane notice to quit at Michaelmas, "so we determined to be patient, although both of us well knew that nothing would take place, for neither of us had the courage to send her away."

Ane's tyranny comes, however, at length to a crisis in a small country cottage which Nicolai takes for the summer, and the removal to which is attended by various incidents that owe their importance to the manner of their telling. Ane's temper is tried by having to share a kitchen with the woman of the house, and she bursts into an outbreak which is repressed by Nicolai, who speaks with a firmness and decision at which he is himself half frightened, and from that moment things go more smoothly. In this cottage the plot of the book begins to be unfolded, and in the management of this, although none of its incidents are new, the author has shown that he can artfully conceal a mystery, as well as tell a simple tale pleasantly. An old student friend of Nicolai's, who has become a sculptor, appears, and his appearance leads to various complications. Later on in the book, at a dinner given in honour of Estrid's birthday, Nicolai's brother Corpus Juris reappears, and one of the harmless wrangles which went on in *Nöddebo Parsonage* takes place between them. It begins by some one speaking of a portrait of Cort Adler's, and Corpus Juris, between whom and Nicolai the merits or demerits of Cort Adler are a standing ground of dispute, immediately exclaims, "Oh! that portrait is mere humbug and braggadocio, as everything is that comes from that quarter." "I beg your pardon," exclaimed Whitebear, amazed, and naturally supposing the words "from that quarter" referred to him. The battle between the two brothers, however, begins so quickly that there is no time for explanation, and it is only stopped by Corpus Juris proposing Estrid's health, and saying that "all know that brother Nicolai and I mean no harm; but we are both of us like lucifer matches, which ignite the moment they are struck together."

Those who cannot be satisfied with a novel unless it contains either extravagant scenes of passionate love-making, or keen dissections of unpleasant character, had better avoid *Nicolai's Marriage*; but to all who care for a bright, graceful story, told by a writer who likes to look at the happier side of life and gives to his characters a vivid reality, it can be safely recommended.

MINOR NOTICES.

THE late Rev. W. Harness, well known as an accomplished scholar and talker, some years ago printed for private circulation a selection of poems by Miss Catherine Fanshawe*, as a memorial of one who, "in her varied accomplishments, her acute perception of the beautiful, her playful fancy, her charming conversation, her gentle and retiring manners, her lively sympathy with the sorrows and joys of others, and, above all, her simple piety, was so cherished a member of a society not very extended, but intimately united by a common love of literature, and art, and science, which existed in London at the close of the last and opening of the present century, and which perhaps, taken for all in all, has never been surpassed." This volume Mr. Pickering now reproduces, in the hope that it may lead to a fuller collection of pieces by the same hand. It may be assumed that the personal characteristics so touchingly described by Mr. Harness gave a special value to Miss Fanshawe's verses among her friends, and perhaps readers of to-day, to whom these associations are strange, may not be equally impressed by them. There can be no doubt, however, that it was worth while to reprint them, not only on account of the quaint charm of their style and their genuine humour, but for the sake of the illustrations which they furnish of contemporary society. The first, an epistle to Earl Harcourt, on his wishing the name of Catherine to be spelt with a *k*, is perhaps rather too elaborate for such a subject; but the versification is of good quality, pointed, crisp, and animated. The next piece, a humorous warning to two young ladies, inspired with botanical enthusiasm, to avoid tasting any of their simples, is better; and so is the mock-heroic elegy by a beau of the last century on the abrogation of the birthnight ball and the subversion of the minuet. He contrasts

> The graceful bow, the curts'y low,
> The floating forms that undulating glide
> (Like anchored vessels on the swelling tide),
> That rise and sink, alternate, as they go,
> Now bent the knee, now lifted on the toe,
> The side-long step that works its even way,
> The slow *pas-grave*, and slower *balancé*,

with the clumsy antics of the modern style,

> Without a hoop, without a ruffle,
> One eternal jig and shuffle.

There is also a satirical sketch of the "Member for Odium" (Oldham)—that is, Cobbett—who is represented as moving for leave to bring in a Bill to abolish the sun and the moon, in a speech in which he complains very bitterly of the general maladministration of the univ[illegible] and shows [illegible]at the working of the elements urgently demands reform. A frag[illegible]nt in imitation of Wordsworth is very deceptive; but perhaps [illegible] most amusing piece is a representation of Ugo Foscolo's [illegible]yglot talk. He is urging that all living things are either slaves or tyrants from their birth:—

> *Les hommes, les femmes, et les petits enfans,*
> *Tutta la casa! tout ce qui est dedans!*
> Each prey on other—great fish eat the small;
> Beast, bird, the same—and mankind eat them all.

* *The Literary Remains of Catherine Maria Fanshawe.* With Notes by the late Rev. W. Harness. Pickering.

Some eat their little ones—three, four, five, six;
That animal—the mother of the Picts—
Je parle des pourceaux et de la femelle;
Now see, in English, comment cela s'appelle?
L'araignée soi—she who weaves *la nuit*,
Her cobweb on the *travée*, what she do?
She kill her husband on the wedding day.

He is coming to the conclusion, when, looking round, he finds his audience dispersed. The riddle on the letter *h*, which has been ascribed to Byron, is given here as Miss Faushawe's, beginning, "'Twas in heaven pronounced, and 'twas muttered in hell," instead of, as it is usually given, "'Twas whispered in heaven." It may be noted that this little book also contains a good story of a passage of arms between Byron and Mme. de Staël, in which Byron played his usual part of a social Manfred.

Among the revived arts of the day must be included, we suppose, the driving of four-in-hands, of which Captain Malet *, himself an old and experienced whip, gives us a gossiping historical account in his *Annals of the Road*, in the hope, apparently, of stirring up the spirit of modern coaching. There can be little doubt that as regards the vehicle and horses, the four-in-hands of to-day are much in advance of those of former years; but whether as much can be said for the drivers is another question. The high polish and delicate springs of the modern coach would have been out of place at a time when roads were often rough and broken, and when all sorts of accidents and strange adventures had to be faced; nor would the beautiful animals which may now be seen at a meet in the Park have been equal to the severe labour and fatigue to which their predecessors were subjected. Any one who turns to Captain Malet's book will get a vivid idea both from the text and the coloured prints which illustrate it of the perils to which mail-coaches used to be exposed. One of the dangers of the road was then the recklessness of drivers, especially amateurs, who vied with each other in rapid motion and feats of what was called "feather edging," that is, trying to go as near another vehicle as just to shave it, which often resulted in an accident. There is a story of a member of the old Richmond Driving Club who was celebrated for being "dangerous," and never could get a passenger to join him, till one night some one after dinner at Richmond climbed up to the box, not having observed whose coach it was. The driver was so much flattered that he started immediately; but the passenger, looking up, and recognizing his driver, never hesitated an instant, but jumped straight from the box into the middle of the road. The systematic organization of the mail service in 1784, chiefly due to the efforts of Mr. John Palmer, M.P., gave a great impetus to coaching, and made the whole country look up with patriotic pride and admiration to the noble array of coaches and horses. The excitement of a national victory was enhanced by the news being carried through the country by coaches decked with laurels, flowers, oak leaves, and ribbons—coachman and guard, passengers and horses alike, spreading the enthusiasm. Previously the mails were carried by post-boys, going at five miles an hour, but the coaches, beginning at six miles, soon increased their speed to eight and nine, and at length to ten miles an hour. One of the oldest coaching clubs was the Four Horse Club, which was started in 1808, and ceased to exist before 1826. The Richmond Driving Club began in 1838, but was soon given up. It was not till 1856 that the present Four-in-Hand Club was established, while the less exclusive Coaching Club dates from 1870. In 1862 the Brighton coach was taken off, and there was almost a total cessation of coaching. In 1866, however, a revival began, which has since been kept up with much spirit and enterprise. Four horses may be assumed to be as large a number as it is safe or convenient to handle from the box; but the writer of this book has seen the Norwich and Cromer coach with eight horses during a severe winter. It is perhaps because Captain Malet has written his work in India that he tells us very little about contemporary coaching in England. He deals almost exclusively with the past, and, in fact, his materials consist mainly of "Nimrod's" essays, and other articles of the same period. The general science of driving no doubt remains substantially unchanged; but a work of this kind [illegible] ought to contain some account of modern [illegible] construction of coaches and style of driving.

Thank[illegible]nce of publishers, literature is now largely de[illegible]ervice of lunatics. Here, for instance, is a solem[illegible] book of some four hundred and fifty pages, called *The [illegible]ums' Book*†, translated from the French of Allan Kardec, which is, it seems, the sequel to another work, by the same writer, called *The Spirits' Book*. The object of the present volume, of the original of which eighty-four thousand copies are alleged to have been sold, is to display "the theoretic teaching of spirits concerning all kinds of manifestations, the means of communication with the invisible world, the development of medianinity, and the difficulties and dangers of practical spiritism." It is intimated that this work is not addressed to materialists, and it will readily be understood that implicit faith in Spiritualism is necessary to begin with. The chief foe of Spiritualism, however, is, it appears, not so much its open enemies as a certain class of spirits who exercise a malignant ingenuity in humbugging pious devotees and making their faith ridiculous. "Innumerable contradictory theories," we learn, are put forth by ignorant and pretentious spirits; and "the cunning of deceptive spirits sometimes passes all imagination." "The art with which they erect their batteries and combine their attacks, would be a curious study if incessant pleasantries were their sole object; but these mystifications have very painful consequences for those who are not thoroughly on their guard." The writer adds that he could fill a volume with the most curious instances of spirit-hoaxings which have occurred within the circle of his own personal observation. In one case, a lying spirit dictated a feeble-minded letter in the name of Bossuet, and when challenged on the subject, confessed that he had been impelled by a desire to attract attention. He was then asked, "But did you not foresee that it would be judged spurious?" and replied, "Who can ever be sure what will happen? You might have been taken in." In fact, when we observe the many difficulties in the way of getting at the truth from spirits, such as their malice, ignorance, and wantonness; their doubts, when honest, as to how much they should let out; and last, not least, "the inadequacy of human language to express things pertaining to the incorporeal world," we do not wonder that people who have much to do with spirits get bewildered. We quite agree with the writer when he says, "It is, in fact, the readiness with which many persons accept whatever comes from the invisible world, under the apparent sanction of a great name, that encourages deceptive spirits." In other words, the folly of Spiritualists on earth is fearfully demoralizing the spirits whom they worship; and by and by, we fear, there will be hardly an honest spirit left. A chapter is devoted to the great question where the spirits get their clothes. The wearing of an old coat might, it is suggested, be accounted for as the result of "an action of the spirit's memory, and as forming, so to say, a part of his individuality"; but this, we are told, would not explain a snuff-box, stick, pipe, or so on, though we should have thought the explanation as good in one case as in the other. St. Louis, being consulted on the subject, shuffled a good deal, and at last, when pushed into a corner, said that the spirits could do anything they liked, but then they would not like to do anything that was "an infringement of the laws of natural order" which rather seems to cut the ground from table-turning, &c. Besides unprincipled spirits, there is another form of spiritual mischief which is called obsession. Obsession, we learn, exists when a malefient spirit imposes itself on a medium, and subjugates him more or less. There was a friend of the author's who was thus forced to kneel down and kiss the ground in public places, and who was therefore uncharitably supposed to be mad, but this the writer indignantly contradicts. A spirit, when examined on this point, said very frankly, "I have an itching to torment some one; a reasonable person would drive me away; I stick to this idiot because he has not the active virtue to withstand me.' On the whole, it would appear that spirits are, as the Scotch say, "kittle cattle" to have to do with, and show great discrimination in their choice of victims. Some specimens of flatulent verbiage are given as genuine messages from spirits.

With the help of the light thrown on spirits by the volume just noticed we can the more readily explain poor Mrs. Berry's delusions.* She was long an unbeliever, but she was one day convinced, by the repetition of familiar names and places, that she had been brought into the presence of one from whom she had parted in grief and sorrow; and since then her faith has remained unchanged. She has seen tables spinning about, heard bells ringing and banjos played, and has "repeatedly had her boot taken off, but never could induce the spirits to put it on again." Mrs. Berry after a time herself became a distinguished medium. At one of her *séances* "an eminent naturalist" received a blow on the head which drew blood, but he admitted that it was because "he was very curious to know what sort of hand was playing the guitar," an impertinence which was naturally resented by the spirits. In another case all the people in the room had their faces daubed like Red Indians. The finest sight of all, however, was Mr. Herne floating in the air, "Mrs. Guppy being struck on the head by his boots as he came down, and then rising again with Mrs. G. clutching hold of him, and rising also into the air." "Rather unfortunately, at this moment the door was unexpectedly opened, and Mr. Herne fell to the ground, injuring his shoulder, Mrs. Guppy alighting with considerable noise on the table, where, on the production of a light, she was found comfortably seated, though considerably alarmed." "A profoundly symbolical ceremony"—a glass of wine all round—"now took place under spirit direction." Mrs. Berry also furnishes us with some deep remarks by "an Egyptian spirit who lived contemporary with Semiramide" (*sic*), of which the following is a favourable example:—"I would not knock like death at the door, but I would pull the bell of immortality."

We have now a specimen of lunatic literature of another kind. The author of *Social Architecture* † is quite as infatuated in his way as Mrs. Berry or the author of the *Mediums' Book*. He calls himself an exile from France, but he is, it appears, a Styrian by birth, and was turned out of France in 1848 as a suspicious political character. He explains very clearly how he got into his present hopeless state of mind. Frequent visits, he tells us, to the reading-room of the British Museum "introduced him to the works of Plato, Sir Thomas More, Robert Owen, Stuart Mill, John Ruskin, Fitzjames Stephen, and others." He had already studied St. Simonism and Fourierism in France, and his education was completed by Karl

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* *Annals of the Road; or, Notes on Mail and Stage Coaching in Great* [illegible] By Captain Malet, 18th Hussars. Longmans & Co.

† [illegible]*ums' Book*. By Allan Kardec. Translated by Anna Black-

* *Experiences of Spiritualism*. By Catherine Berry. James Burns, Spiritual Institution.

† *Social Architecture; or, Reasons and Means for the Demolition and Reconstruction of the Social Edifice*. By an Exile from France. Simpkin, Tinsley.

Marx in London. The result has been that the writer has brought to maturity a "plan for a comprehensive system of social regeneration," and we are bound to say that, whatever else it may be called, it is sufficiently comprehensive. There is hardly a custom or institution of modern civilized life which he would not abolish or reconstruct, and his system, if carried out, would certainly leave the w[illegible] great doubt as to where its head was and where its heels. [illegible]hort, *Social Chaos* would be a more appropriate title than *Social Architecture*. Capital is to be converted into common property, and trade suppressed, because it tends to keep the minds of the commercial classes in helpless stagnation. The writer denounces "the insipid occupation of persons devoting their intellectual energies" to common arithmetic, and also thinks that merchants and clerks under the present system "waste their intelligence in perusing endless price-lists every day, and in frequently raising or lowering the prices of their goods." This will be remedied under the new system by the "total omission of all accounts concerning profits and losses, good and bad debts, sales and purchases, bills, drafts, auctions, &c."; such limited labours of this kind as will be allowed being devolved on the older members of the community, so as to leave the young the free use of their limbs. The shopkeepers will also be protected against the "pitiless attacks and disastrous consequences of free competition," and the loss of time and temper which they at present incur in waiting on foolish and impertinent customers. "The insolence, whims, and caprices of customers, the frequent and unsuccessful attempts of purchase by undecided and hesitating purchasers, must be very galling to shopkeepers and shopmen," and lead to bad temper on both sides; and therefore must be put down by the State undertaking the duty of distribution of produce. "Private homes" are also to be put down, as conducive to conceit and oppression, and children and young people will thus be relieved from "the tyrannical and arbitrary treatment they often experience on the part of parents, brothers, sisters, governesses, tutors, servants, and relatives." The writer takes the saying that money is the root of all evil in its literal sense and promptly abolishes it. All kinds of private property are also to be thrown into the common stock. Under the arrangement which the author says he is prepared to devise, the main body of the population will be employed in agriculture, which will then be "rather of a recreative nature," labour in the fields being varied by healthy rambles in fine weather, and attention to domestic and other pursuits in wet or cold. Railways and carriages are to be much reduced, because it is much more wholesome for people to walk than to ride. The abolition of locks and locksmiths is to follow, as no doubt it logically does, the abolition of money and private property; but an exception is to be made in favour of locking your front doors for privacy. Our space prevents us from going through this extraordinary work in detail, but we must not omit to say that the writer is very indignant at what he calls the "conventional shyness of most people to speak about sexual relations and functions," and he certainly shows that he is himself entirely exempt from these prejudices by the language which he uses, and which we wonder any respectable publisher should print.

*Lord Byron Vindicated** is another of the crazy books which are published from time to time. "I have," says the author, "willingly lain (*sic*) down my life for the noble spirit whom I devotedly love. It is true I live to pen these lines, but the vitality, the strong principle of physical life has been lost, perhaps forever (*sic*) in this cause." It appears to have occurred to the writer that some people may wonder why a poem in vindication of Byron should be chiefly occupied with ancient Rome; and it is therefore explained that this has been done partly because "with the general subject of Rome the sympathies and interests of all educated societies must be forever blended"; and, further, because such a theme is needed to secure a perpetuity of fame. The volume is full of rhapsodical verses headed Rome, Greece, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Napoleon, Love, Byron, and so on; but what it all means it is impossible to say.

Many attempts have been made in recent years to translate Heine's poems into English, but, as a rule, without much success. The truth is that Heine's vigorous simplicity, his use of homely, familiar language to express deep or pathetic ideas, cannot be satisfactorily rendered in any tongue but his own. Mr. Egan's translations of *Atta Troll* and other pieces† are, on the whole, easy and natural, but they are eked out by words, and even occasionally ideas, of which there is no trace in Heine. Take, for instance, such a passage as—

> Die schöne Maid, die putzet sich,
> Sie summt ein lied gar wunderlich:
> "Rinne, rinne, Wässerlein,
> Wasche mir das Linnen rein."

How imperfectly this is rendered by such lines as—

> The beauteous maid bestirs herself,
> She hums a song, the mystic elf;
> "Ripple, ripple, fountain bright,
> Wash me clean this linen white."

How stiff and stilted is "beauteous" compared with "schöne," "ripple" with "rinne," "fountain bright" with "wässerlein." In Heine there is nothing about "mystic elf," nor has he to drag out his line by adding "white" to "linen." Again, in another piece, how absurdly such a phrase as "tenderest effusions" represents "weiche Reime." In spite of these faults, however, Mr. Egan's translations have a certain spirit and animation which make them readable; and those who do not know German will at least get a notion of Heine's humour, if not of his style. Mr. George MacDonald has also, in his *Exotics*, tried his hand at Heine; and, though his language is more delicate and poetical than Mr. Egan's, Heine's magical use of homely little words completely baffles him. In the preface, in which he lays down the rules of translation, he is sound enough, insisting that the poet's "individual meanings" must be kept, and "his peculiar mode, the aroma of his style, preserved." But his practice of these rules is rather weak. The pieces lose their simplicity and directness, and what Heine expresses by a single word becomes a phrase. For example, "Durch alle Strassen herum," is stretched to "Through the streets with unsteady foot."

> Und starrte in die Höh',
> Und starrte nach deinem Fenster,

is clumsily expanded into

> And gazed, one glimpse to gain—
> Stood staring up at thy window.

The charm is also taken out of "Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen auf's Herze mein," when it is turned into

> The little hand lay on my bosom, dear:
> What knocking is that in the closet?—hear!
> There dwelleth a carpenter evil, and he
> Is hard at work on a coffin for me.

The "lieb Liebchen" is enfeebled; "bosom," as applied to a man, is a horrible Americanism; and a "carpenter evil" is a mere shirking of "ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg." Mr. MacDonald's volume also contains translations of Novalis's Spiritual Songs, Luther's Hymn-book, and other German and Italian poems; and in some of these he is more successful than with Heine. Luther's religious songs are interesting in themselves, and are also vigorously rendered. Mr. Hedley, in his *Masterpieces of German Poetry*, has taken pains to give, as near as possible, the measure of the originals, and has succeeded fairly well. He has caught the style and tone of Heine better than either of his rivals just noticed, but has given only one specimen. Indeed the selection of pieces for this work is not very judicious, some of them being very poor stuff. Mr. Hedley should have kept to the real masters, and given more of them.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has published a summary of the evidence collected by the Royal Commission on Vivisection*, and a statement of the position taken up by the Society on this question. It gives a good deal of information in a handy form.

Mr. Somers introduces his work on Trade-Unions† by a quotation from Mr. Bright, who lately suggested that "a book, not a small one, might be made up of the strange doings of Trade-Unions," adding that "monopoly is hard to teach," and that he feared "working-men will only learn through suffering, and may do mischief which cannot be afterwards repaired." Mr. Somers enforces a much-needed lesson by a digest of the evidence which has been collected in recent years as to the working and tendencies of Trade-Unions. His work is written in a very clear, earnest, and straightforward manner, giving authentic facts, and tracing out the natural and logical consequences of Trade-Union principles. He urges with much force the folly of treating such a question as "an undetermined and merely playful element in party politics," and points out that Trade-Unionism has in recent years been changing from a system of kindly mutual support and assistance into one of a [illegible]ely aggressive character which ought to be boldly faced. [illegible] that the financial difficulties of the Unions are due, [illegible] is the law, which has given them every assistance, [illegible] Unions themselves never having condescended [illegible]rs in a legal or consistent shape. At this mo[illegible]nce, they attempt to provide an insurance system by mean[illegible] which are continually diverted to purposes of agitation an[illegible]re. Mr. Somers hopes that in the future the Unions may have less of the character of fighting bodies, contending pell-mell, and often blindly, for indefinite and unattainable trade purposes, and will become "friendly societies of mutual help and of industrial and intellectual culture." Apart from Mr. Somers's own views, his book, as a logical and systematic digest of evidence, is a valuable contribution to the literature of an important question.

Mr. Frederick Clifford, the writer of the letters in the *Times* on the Agricultural Lock-out of 1874, has prepared a very clear and useful abstract of the Agricultural Holdings Act, explaining its details, and giving practical directions as to its working.

The fact that the *Churchwarden's Guide*§ has gone through nine

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* *Lord Byron Vindicated; or, Rome and her Pilgrim.* By Manfred. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

† *Atta Troll, and other Poems.* By Heinrich Heine. Translated by [illegible]omas Selby Egan. Chapman & Hall.

[illegible] *Exotics: a Translation of the Spiritual Songs of Novalis, Hymn[illegible] of Luther, &c.* By George MacDonald. Strahan.

[illegible] *Masterpieces of German Poetry.* By F. H. Hedley. Illustrated. Trübner

* *Vivisection. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Royal Commission.* Smith, Elder, & Co.

† *The Trade-Unions: an Appeal to the Working Classes and their Friends.* By Robert Somers. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. London: Longmans.

‡ *The Agricultural Holdings (England) Act, 1875.* By Frederick Clifford, Barrister-at-Law. Clowes & Sons.

§ *The Churchwarden's Guide.* Ninth Edition. By W. G. Brooks, Barrister-at-Law. Knight & Son.

editions seems to show how much such a work is wanted by those who fill that anxious and perhaps too often ungrateful office. The present edition contains the substance of the most recent legislative and judicial decisions.

The essays on land tenure in various countries which were published under the auspices of the Cobden Club in 1870* have just been reprinted in a revised and cheaper form.

The third edition of the *Englishman's Illustrated Guide-Book* to the United States and Canada† contains, in addition to a general account of those countries, which is especially adapted to the use of British tourists and settlers, an appendix dealing with the Philadelphia Exhibition.

The Rev. J. Magens Mello has written a little handbook on the geology of Derbyshire‡—a peculiarly interesting district from that point of view—which, for those who have any scientific curiosity, should add to the pleasure of a tour.

Professor Bernstein has aimed, in the work on the Five Senses§ which he has contributed to the *International Scientific Series*, at hitting the mean between a mere popular sketch and an abstruse study.

Mr. Burnand has, no doubt, a certain sense of rollicking fun‖, but he is turning it to very poor account in a mechanical repetition of his old joke of "Happy Thoughts," which did very well for once, but won't do for ever.

Mr. Watson Lyall's Guide and Time-tables¶ for the use of sportsmen and tourists in Scotland has now become a necessary part of a traveller's outfit. It gives a great deal of information as to the rivers, lochs, moors, and deer-forests, in a compact and handy form.

M. Gustave Masson has edited two little text-books** for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press—one containing eight chapters of Mme. de Staël's *Dix Années d'Exil*, with specimens of her own poetry and that of her contemporaries, and the other Collin d'Harleville's play *Le Vieux Célibataire*. Each contains useful notes and a biography.

Miss M. A. Baines has written some simple and unpretending verses descriptive of the Months†† as an accompaniment to a series of very delicate and beautiful etchings by Miss Wilhelmina Baines of the flowers, ferns, &c., belonging to the various seasons.

Mr. F. S. Turner, Secretary of the Anglo-Oriental Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade‡‡, naturally discusses the subject with an obvious bias, but he has collected a good deal of interesting information, and his work is worth reading. He has of course no difficulty in demonstrating the evils which result from the consumption of opium as a narcotic, but the question is whether these would not be rather increased than diminished by the British Government giving up all control over the trade.

Mrs. Rattray, in a series of plain, familiar letters, apparently written to friends, gives a curious account of country life in Syria.§§ She and her husband, who had some kind of farming operations in hand, settled at Mualleka, in the valley of Cœlo-Syria, at the end of 1863, afterwards removing to Zahleh, which has the reputation of being the most turbulent and bigoted community in the Sultan's dominions, and then to Karak. They seem to have had rather a rough life, the natives being filthy in their ways, and food scarce and bad. Mrs. Rattray kept no servants, made the bread and butter, and did all the household work except washing. One day when her husband was absent in the fields along with the other able-bodied men and boys, a party of Kurds came demanding black-mail, but Mrs. Rattray, arming herself with a couple of loaded guns and a pistol, threatened to fire if the visitors attempted to lay hands on anything, so they rode off. As a rule, the peasantry do not venture to resist these marauders, who commit sad havoc. Mrs. Rattray seems to have mixed very freely with the people, and gives an interesting account of their peculiar habits. Her husband's farming did not turn out well; and in 1872, after they had lived for some time "in a hand-to-mouth fashion, without any money to fall back upon," his crops, which represented his whole income, were seized by the peasantry. Altogether, this is, from its unsophisticated candour, an amusing little book.

A considerable part of Sir Sibbald Scott's record of his visit to Jamaica‖‖ is devoted to the voyage out and home, and the rest of the narrative is also composed in a large degree of personal gossip. Sir Sibbald, in fact, does not seem to have gone into anything very deeply; but here and there he has some interesting jottings. On the whole, the condition of Jamaica seems to be improving. Tobacco is becoming a valuable staple, and the sugar estates are also reviving. A scheme is in operation for irrigating some 43,000 acres of waste land. The immigration of coolies has also been of advantage to the colony. There are now about 4,000 there, and, of 1,599 who in 1873 completed their term of service, only 420 chose to return to India. Those who left took back with them 3,855*l.* in Treasury bills, besides other valuables and specie. The fact that a military force not exceeding nine hundred men, and six hundred and eighty policemen, controls a population of upwards of half a million is a proof of the general contentment and tranquillity.

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* *Systems of Land Tenure in various Countries.* Published by the Cobden Club. Cassell & Co.

† *The Englishman's Illustrated Guide-Book to the United States and Canada.* Third Edition. Longmans & Co.

‡ *Handbook of the Geology of Derbyshire.* By the Rev. J. Magens Mello. Bemrose.

§ *The Five Senses of Man.* By Julius Bernstein. International Scientific Series. Henry S. King & Co.

‖ *Round about my Garden, &c.* By F. C. Burnand. Bradbury.

¶ *The Sportsman's, Tourist's, and General Time-tables and Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer-Forests of Scotland.* Edited by J. Watson Lyall. Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

** *The Pitt Press Series. Dix Années d'Exil.* By Mme. de Staël. *Le Vieux Célibataire.* By Collin d'Harleville. Edited by Gustave Masson, B.A. Cambridge University Press.

†† *Poems of the Months.* By M. A. Baines. The Etchings by Wilhelmina Baines. Sampson Low & Co.

‡‡ *British Opium Policy, and its Results in India and China.* By F. S. Turner. Sampson Low & Co.

§§ *Country Life in Syria.* By Harriet Rattray. Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday.

‖‖ *Jamaica and Back.* By Sir Sibbald David Scott, Bart. Chapman & Hall.

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